

PURE-BLOODED

MARCH 2019 REQUEST STORY

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"AKENO!? What gives!?" Issei Hyoudou knew he'd gone to sleep in his own bed after yet another long day of chaos and conflict. He knew that, yet when he'd stirred next the warm comfort of his sheets was nowhere to be seen, nor was the supple flesh of the demon that often haunted his bed. Okay... that sounded a little dramatic, but that didn't change what Rias was. He really didn't care what she was though, their bond was thicker than that. Not like he could talk about demons at this point either, really.

But this? This wasn't a bed at all. He was still laying down, fully clothed in... what looked like his uniform? Had someone changed his clothes? That was a little skeevy and a little disconcerting, particularly when the woman looming over him was one known for her moments of self-gratifying sadism. He was laying on what looked to be a series of desks pushed together, at least until he sat up. Was this in the school? The blinds were drawn but from the absence of light in the crack behind them he could only assume it was still nighttime outside.

Hair that was long and black, violet eyes stared blankly down at him as her own arm was drawn across her voluptuous figure. There was no doubt in Issei's mind that this was Akeno Himejima, Rias' Queen. To say his relationship with her was complicated would be an understatement. Best friend of Rias, the one to which his heart belonged, and yet she also yearned for Issei just like Rias did. Her methods were always a little underhanded... or in some cases *he* was a little underhanded in using her interest in him to benefit the others.

Wait, no! That was Koneko's fault! It was so they could win that fight!

"Issei... I'm going to make you mine." The strong voice of the woman looming over him held an eerie echo. None of her usual emotion was there. Something wasn't quite right with this. 'Akeno' held flat on her palm: a chess piece. But not just any chess piece, the King. It seemed to be important? Was she being controlled? A possession? His first assumption was that the chess piece was responsible for it... perhaps an attack from another clan looking to wrest Rias' pieces from her?

Which meant it was time for action! Having found the energy to move Issei placed one hand on the table and pushed himself off. If it was as simple as stealing that piece away then he didn't need to activate his Boosted Gear or anything like that. Having leaped, he reached for the piece and...

"GOTCHA!" Fingers wrapped around the King piece, grazing 'Akeno's own fingers before he crashed into the desk behind her.

Of course, there had never been any actual proof that Akeno had been brainwashed, nor that the King piece was to blame. Both assumptions were wrong. To begin with: that wasn't even Akeno. Or hadn't been before. And the King piece?

"...What the hell!?" Issei righted himself so that he was standing once more, but the chess piece grew hot in the grasp of his right hand a moment before the sensation of its presence just disappeared entirely. The piece,

however, was merely a match. A match meant to light a flame in the young man whose insides suddenly overflowed was a power he both recognized and didn't. Demonic power. He'd felt its strength for himself, and when he took on the properties of other pieces he'd certainly tastes it, but this was far too raw. He felt like his body would buckle and, falling to his knees with his teeth grit, he did. The man knew full well he wasn't a suitable container for this strength -- his body was crying out after all. **"What did you... do...?"**

"You'll see."

But Issei didn't feel like waiting to see. He threw out his arm ready to bring forth the power of his Boosted Gear and... *nothing happened*, much to his alarm. It was a power he'd grown used to using, but trying to bring it forth now only made him aroused. Tent took shape in his pants as strange thoughts stirred in relation to his own power. The Boosted Gear was so strong, and it belonged to Issei... **"Wait! I'm Issei!"** Getting a boner while thinking about himself was certainly a new one. **"Go away... go away... go away..."** Leave it to a member of the Perverted Trio to talk to his own dick, but it usually helped when he got an unintended stiffy.

And it worked! A little *too* well. The tent shrunk and shrunk, indicating his dick had gone flaccid, but while that would usually be that there'd been an even stranger feeling to follow. The feeling that something had burrowed into his crotch where his dick should be. **"Come back! Come back! Come baaaaack!"** But it was too late. Still under the influence of demonic energy he pawed at where his dick should have been above his pants and found nothing. Worse off, he was pretty sure he slipped a finger into something. The only thing that a finger could go into and make him feel good there was a pussy.

"IT'S GONE!", he shrieked. The masculine qualities of Issei's voice had begun to deteriorate and he almost sounded like a young, teenaged boy as

he reached for the button of his pants. Akeno being present or not, he *had* to see what was going on down there.

But once he'd slipped his thumb in between his pants and the button he suddenly found the digit a little more snug than it would have been the day before. Space was growing thinner and the waistband of his uniform pants strained as hips pushed outward with no small amount of pain attached. Eventually the button popped off on its own, landing almost comically down the cleave of the woman looming over him. Akeno paid it no mind, her eyes seemingly focused on Issei.

“Is this seriously happening right now!?” He pushed himself onto his ass, too distracted to notice his seat had grown softer from thick flesh filling his rear, tugging his pants down a little ways to see the crack of his ass poking up from within. The material around his thighs had grown strained as well as it struggled to properly contain hairless thighs that bore seductive feminine volume. Issei was finally able to slide his pants down to his knees with minimal chaffing, the sight revealed to him shocking. Glistening under the classroom light was a pair of supple, feminine legs. Thighs shone like radiant bounties and yet it did not stir him. He wore his badge as a pervert with the utmost pride, but looking at this sight he didn't really feel anything.

Wasn't this kind of the dream? If he was a girl then he could play with himself all he wanted! Or he'd thought before. But... Even looking at Akeno, who'd fallen to her knees before him, didn't stir any feelings of horniness. It was like his mind had been rewired to not be attracted to women! But what about...

Issei's muscles. How Issei is so kind... These thoughts were about himself again, but they made him feel a little warm beneath his new pussy. The thoughts, too, were beginning to feel less and less like he was thinking about himself and more and more like he was thinking about someone dear to him.

A shudder ran up the boy's spine as Akeno slid fingers between his thighs. **"H-Hey! Akeno, cut it out! Something's wrong her-- EEP!"** The squeak of surprise was wholly girlish as thighs were pulled apart so that his vagina was on full display. Akeno stared for a moment, grin upon her face.

"That's good. It's starting to look like mine." Like *hers*? What did she mean?

"Could you give me a heads up about what's going on here!? I still feel really weIRD!" Voice cracked once more as he showed more vulnerability to his Queen. His... what? Issei shook his head for but a moment before a pressure building around his chest became more apparent than the demonic power that had been eating a him. In fact, that demonic power was feeling less and less evasive as the changes carried on.

The usual, red shirt he wore beneath his navy blue jacket began to rise as a pair of new tents began to form. At first it had been two nubs where his nipples had been. They'd felt swollen, fuller, and a hand reached up to explore them through his shirt (*though the changes to make his fingers increasingly effeminate and cared for had escaped his notice*), and he found them to be quite sensitive.

"Hoo!" A perverted noise escaped his lips as those small bumps suddenly began to erupt into fully-fledged honkers. They were small at first, like Koneko's, before quickly reaching the size of Asia's. It was around this point he'd grabbed them with nostrils flared, Issei in absolute bliss as they bounced up yet another size. A size that would undoubtedly rival Rias' own while not meeting the heights of Akeno's.

Speaking of Akeno, she crawled over top of Issei and slid her fingers beneath the red shirt (*which has risen in position with the added accommodation of his breasts, showing how his stomach had pinched sexily inward*) and yanked it upward. Breasts got caught on the shirt in the

meantime and flopped up and dropped down once more with a jiggle once they were freed.

Issei felt like he should have resisted Akeno as she stripped him. She pulled off his jacket and then finished pulling off his shirt, and the boy didn't notice at all as crimson hair spilled over narrower shoulders with the motion of having his shirt removed. He'd only groped himself a moment prior and yet he no longer had any drive to do it. In front of Akeno? Why would he. After all he was saving his satisfaction for Issei.

Where *was* Issei? Head bobbed from side to side as *she* sat wholly in the nude. A scent that had been her own just a moment ago was almost erotic in nature as it wafted from the clothing littered around her. Crimson hair spilled around her butt and fluttered in a patch of pubes above her wet pussy, blue eyes warily trying to comprehend why she was naked at class. **"Akeno? Why am I here?"** Of course the fastest way to get an answer would be to ask, though she felt like she was forgetting something important.

Akeno herself seemed to be stripping, tossing her clothing at the Rias that laid naked on the ground. Rias had wondered why her Queen's clothing had appeared so tight, but it was actually Rias' own uniform, wasn't it? It made her a little mad to see it so ill-fitting on Akeno, whom she already knew was more buxom than herself. **"Why were you...?"**

"I don't know. I was attacked by a demon and found myself in these clothes. He said something about my 'new form' and handed me a chess piece. I was hypnotized and so I couldn't help but comply, but looking at you Rias I feel a little odd. Like I'm looking in a mirror. Fufu... But there's no way that's true, right?"

"It would only be true if you were me." Rias responded, amused.

If only the two had known just how true that was. They weren't the first two victims that the mentioned demon would make victims of. Turning Rias into Akeno, and then Issei into Rias were only the first two of his targets. He wouldn't rest until this place, until Gremory domain, was thrown into complete disarray.