Chapter 18: There’s a certain grey area when it comes to dictating whether a person is mature or just shameless. That area usually can be determined and quantified by just how many people that individual is comfortable with knowing their less than kosher habits.

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Six years ago:

Issei blinked.

He blinked again.

He inhaled to speak. Stopped. And then blinked once more.

To his side, Jasmine was more or less in the same rather perplexed state.

In front of them on the other side of the table, Riser and his recently christened Queen Yubelluna tried to look composed as they allowed the pair to digest their rather unorthodox request.

“I… can you say that again please? I’m just, not sure that I heard you right.” Despite the nature of the request, Issei was keeping himself surprisingly reined in and calm.

“You have some nerve requesting Riser to repeat-” The Devil grunted irritably before a hand snaked over his and held it firmly.

“Riser-sama.” Yubelluna chided softly before turning to Issei gain. “Riser-sama and I, request your expertise on, bedroom arts. Both of you.”

Issei and Jasmine blinked once again before looking at one another with some concern. “Bird Person, are, are you having erectile dysfunction issues?”

“I do not have-!” The air in the room began to spike as Riser’s temper took hold of his powers, only for a strong squeeze from his Queen’s hand reminded him of the situation at hand. With an embarrassed flush, he calmed and sat back down again. “That is not the issue at hand. It is a matter of, duration.”

“Ah. I get it.” Jas looked at Yubelluna with understanding and pity. “He’s constantly finishing before you can get started.”

The simultaneous nod from one and the refusal to make eye contact with the other summed up the situation nicely.

“Riser is not premature… Yubelluna is just that divine…” The Devil muttered a petty excuse, only to get his Queen to hug him in consolidation, followed by kissing his cheek.

“He’s so cute when he sulks like that.” She smirked, making eye contact with Jasmine before slightly nodding to Issei.

“Sadly I don’t share your tastes Bella.” The human snorted. “I’m not a bird person.”

“That was terrible and Riser is ashamed for being even remotely related to that joke.”

“Foreplay practice? That’s it?” Issei finally got on the bandwagon while remaining completely ignorant of the silent minor conversation. “Why do you need our help with that? Couldn’t you two just, you know, practice on your own?”

Riser shifted uncomfortably. “We have. Progress has been, inadequate.”

“So your first thought was to go to the school’s unofficial human tramp and its official sex savant preteen?” Jasmine skeptically concluded.

“When was it official?” Issei looked at her confused.

“When you turned in your third report on the historical parallels between the underworld’s sexual activity, subsequent birthing spikes, and the human world’s societal and technological advancement, for peer review.”

“Oh yeah.”

“We would have chosen more flattering titles for you two, but yes.” The Queen shamelessly nodded. “Between your combined theoretical and worldly experience, not to mention our already close relationship, we were hoping that you would assist my King. If he is having troubles with just myself now, then we fear what may come when his Peerage expands.”

Issei and Jasmine looked at one another with a good deal of concern, then scanned their surroundings to make sure no one was listening to them.

“Bella, you do realize what you’re asking for, right?” Jasmine leaned forward and almost whispered. “Issei’s a genius, but he’s still eleven. You know you can look up general foreplay techniques anywhere online.”

“Jasmine.” The Queen’s expression was calm, but cool. “We know what we’re asking for.”

Surprisingly, Issei didn’t explode or shout. If anything, he had put in a genuine effort to shut down his emotions to keep the conversation on track. “Bella-nee. As part of my medical education, I have worked primarily with cadavers and terminal patients, and even my own body when nobody is looking. I can map out the reproductive organs and nervous system of most humanoid females better than the bulk of the teachers here. I have done research into how to properly satisfy women. Common and esoteric tricks alike. I know things, but the list I’ve *practiced* and experienced firsthand isn’t much.”

Most of his actual hands on experience was only with Jasmine’s consent. The bulk of what he knew that was applicable to this situation was mostly massaging techniques and some minor tricks to stimulate a woman’s body’s natural functions with magic.

… Well, that and proper breast fondling techniques. Clothes or not, Jas had not been successful stopping preventing every time the horny brat attempted to cop a feel. Which occurred several times a day.

She would never admit it, but he really was a natural.

“Issei. You make and play with sex toys for fun, write anonymous articles for porn magazines solely to, and I quote, “enlighten the pitifully unprepared masses”, and I know for a fact that that annoying instant orgasm spell making waves across campus was your doing.”

“That spell is a trivial joke I made while half asleep! A petty momentary overstimulation of some glands and nerves!” The boy hissed. “The kind of petty trick used as a prank! Worse, if it’s overcharged it could actually do actual harm to the subject! It’s a shortcut to the end of a session to cut things off quickly, not prologue it! No one with half a brain that intends to pleasure their other would even consider using it! I don’t even know how that spell got out! I never taught it to anyone! I just used it a few times to get a point across some jerks in the neurology department and left it at that!”

“Okay. Okay. Calm down. Nobody’s accusing you of anything Issei.” Jasmine rubbed his shoulders and hummed a few notes to lower the fuming kid’s blood pressure. The topic had been a sore point for the past few months, and no matter how many times he tried to argue his case, few seemed to take his word for what it was.

She believed him though. She had been around him long enough to know when he was skirting around a topic.

That, and she also agreed that the neurology department was full of stuck up pricks. It really was a pity that one of Issei’s specialties was in that very same field.

“My point.” Yuballuna got them back on track, “Is that both Riser-sama and I agree that there are few people in this college, let alone this city, that could match the services you two could provide. Even just telling us what you can’t show us in person is valuable.”

“That’s nice and all, but aren’t you two forgetting the tiny caveat about roping a kid in this?” Jasmine frowned. “If this goes sideways, then we’re falling under Devil laws. You guys might be naturally less inhibited than most, but everyone knows that you have stricter child safety rules than anyone. Fuck, what I do with Issei already pushes the line more than I’d like to admit sometimes.”

She wasn’t kidding either. Due to their low birthrates, Devils put in extra care when it came to child safety, and were exceptionally vicious to those that broke that rule. So long as the kid wasn’t an outright threat to anyone’s welfare, no intentional harm was permitted to come to one in Devil territory that was unrelated to willing training. This ruling extended to Human, Yokai, Monster, and even Angel and Fallen children too.

It’s gotten to the point that a running joke was that the Church could learn a thing or two from them about the topic.

True, the age of consent with Devils was fifteen, and the overall population was not at all shy about exposing their young to sex related topics, paraphernalia, conversation, etc, but there were still some lines that they didn’t cross as a general rule. Child molesters for example, pretty much got the same treatment here as they did in the American prison system.

All things considered, Devils managed issues of this manner far better than most of the human cultures topside.

On a side note, the low birthrates also made pregnant sex one of the most popular and searched categories of porn on the Devil internet servers.

The problem was that it was hard to tell what side of the line Issei fell on sometimes. He was still clearly an eleven year old kid, but simultaneously he was a medical student that had literally been elbow deep in bodies both living and deceased. He knew and had touched more of the human(oid) body, male or female, with a straight face than most “mature” adults thought possible.

Simply writing him off as just a kid and treating him as such was quite frankly just not possible. And that was before taking into account he was the Sekiryuutei.

Jasmine knew she wasn’t the only one with this issue either. She had had this conversation with everyone from his parents to Azazel with more or less the same results.

At the end of the day, everyone more or less left the decision to determine how far was too far up to Issei himself. Treat him like a kid when he wanted to be, and treat him like an equal when he acted the part.

It was an extremely irresponsible decision to make to be sure, but at the same time it underscored just how much everyone trusted his judgement and maturity in the first place. If he truly didn’t feel comfortable with something, he wouldn’t do it, or at least show it.

“I can just go over everything up to second base.” The preteen in question suggested without a moment of hesitation. “Nee-san can cover all the intimate do’s and don’ts after that if you want.”

“Riser is surprised. Riser expected you to jump at the opportunity to get your hands on Yuballuna’s body.” The Phoenix frowned. “… Riser is more surprised in hindsight that Ghost is not taking greater joy in this situation.”

*“As the only person on this table that actually HAS successful long term romantic experience, I take offence to that.”* The immortal in Issei’s right arm grumbled. *“There’s no shame in asking for help in improving your sex life so long as you do it right and for the right reasons. Trying to bottle up your problems and pretend that nothing’s wrong is a shortcut to fucking everything up early.”*

“You’re taking shots at puritans again aren’t you?” Jasmine deadpanned.

*“Fucking useless insecure cowards ruin everything for everyone!”*

“Riser still has trouble believing that someone as foolish as that was capable of having a stable marriage. Let alone five.”

*“What was that chicken boy? You squawk something or are you still busy figuring out how to choke yourself?”*

“That arrangement does work with us.” Yuballuna cut in before more stones were thrown. Issei had a vicious tongue, but Ghost knew how to land critical hits if he felt like it. “It doesn’t go too far against the law as far as Issei is concerned, and we can all get the job done so long as we’re comfortable with it.”

“Hold on there, Bella. The “job” isn’t happening until we agree on what the little perv and I are getting from this mess.”

Issei opened his mouth.

“And the payment isn’t the opportunity to mess with Bella’s body and hold this entire thing over Riser’s head if he gets annoying.”

Issei closed his mouth.

“Thank you for the flattering thoughts regardless.” Yuballuna smiled kindly.

“I did ask you to be in The Harem when we met…” The boy muttered. It wasn’t his fault Riser had gotten to her first.

“Please do recall the second part of what she said.” Riser deadpanned.

“I did. And?”

He didn’t take the bait. Egotistical as he was, even a Devil Noble knew a lost battle when he saw one.

“… What would you want?” Riser knew better than to assume that Jasmine would just do them this as a favor. The woman never did anything to be simply generous. He wouldn’t deny, he was attracted to that part about her, but he also knew that she was strictly Issei’s territory. Forbidden fruit, as it were, even if she was rather easy to “pluck” for most other people. It was a peculiar relationship that their group had that took some getting used to, but he was reluctant to claim he hated it. It was, different.

“An unspecified favor on request in the future.”

“Does Riser look like a fool? Riser does not do blank checks.”

“Why do you keep trying that? You know it doesn’t work like in the movies.” Issei frowned.

“It was worth a shot.” The human sighed. “Fine. Backup plan. Phoenix Tears. A vial a month free of charge for a year or until that project of ours finally gets enough supporting to pay cover the supply without issue.”

That, was still a pretty hefty request, even if it was to his benefit in the end.

“Isn’t that a bit one sided? Twelve vials, you could buy a lot more than just sex lessons with that. Like the building the lessons take place in.” Yuballuna frowned.

“It’s for some of Nee-san’s side projects.” Issei sighed. “She wants to experiment and see if she can develop new chemicals and compounds in cultures with the tears, or use them as catalysts to accelerate the growth of certain rare and hard to grow bacteria and or byproducts that take too long to develop normally.”

Riser and Yuballuna looked at one another briefly. It was easy to forget considering her demeanor and the company she kept, but Jasmine was in fact one of the top bio-chemistry and pharmaceutical students on campus. While she wasn’t on track to break the record for the fastest PHD in the college’s history like Issei was, she was making good time to get at least a Mastery or two early, along with some other certifications. She had just finished the first trimester of her junior year and she only had a couple of classes left to finish her first bachelor’s degree. By the time she finished her fourth year she should be on track to get not only her second bachelor’s, but most of the way through her Masters degrees as well.

If it weren’t for the campus politics and her poor reputation keeping her back, she probably would have gotten some major job offerings already. Though she probably would have preferred to work as a contractor for the extra freedom.

“Assholes charge more than my tuition for basic resources. Market prices my ass. Fucking price gouging and monopolies the lot of them. And they have the nerve to call *me* a whore…” Jasmine’s ranting grew more and more inclusive as she began another rage induced list of complaints aimed at the current medicinal and pharmaceutical market.

In reality, while Jasmine did do sexual favors every now and then to further her plans, she usually did so as a shortcut to get something done, or last resort. Grade wise, she was one of the top students in the school on her own pure ability. No cheating or bribery was needed there.

The only reason why she was considered the “tramp” of the magical department of Yale was because she technically was still not part of any major organization, and thus was free roaming. What she did, she did for herself. Not for some sugar daddy or half assed political agenda.

… Unlike some of those other brainless whores at the school who slept around so much that it was only because magic that half the populace and staff didn’t have HPV at this point.

The only reason why those tramps were still around was the same reason why there were idiots in most high ranking schools, money, politics and connections. The world was run by intelligent hypocrites and retarded masses. What else was new?

“Yes yes. We know. The system can take a dozen horse cocks raw in their fishy cancer holes.” In a complete reversal of earlier, Issei was now the one calming her down with a gentle shoulder massage.

Just as Issei’s sulking was not an uncommon sight for Riser and Yuballuna, neither was Jasmine’s.

“If anyone asks about Issei’s involvement, we can always say that he’s practicing some cursory medical tests on me.” Yuballuna smiled. “We can match our stories later, just in case. Does that sound good?”

“Hai.” Both babysitter and babysat mumbled.

“Riser. Will you provide them with the tears?”

“Six tears.”

“Twelve.” Jasmine’s eyes took a sharp sheen immediately.

“… Eight tears.”

“Twelve.” Her eyes were on fire now. Riser blamed Issei for that, logic be damned.

The Devil twitched. He wasn’t used to being cornered while haggling, but he knew better than to try and outdo Jasmine. He had seen what the girl was willing to do to the elderly at the grocery store when the meat was on sale and he did not want to repeat that fiasco with his own body on the line. Elemental regeneration be damned. “Twelve, on the conditions that you provide any hardware for our sessions, AND Riser is informed first should any of your experiments with the tears be fruitful in detail so he can benefit as a primary investor.”

Jasmine’s eyebrow twitched in annoyance, but otherwise she didn’t snap at him this time. “Fine. You better tag me a percentage into some of those profits Bird Person. Flat value’s for sellouts that can’t budget for shit.”

“Aren’t you being supported by Azazel-sama for taking care of Issei?” Yuballuna frowned in confusion.

“I refuse to live off of the charity of others as a means to survive. If I share a life with someone, that’s fine, but I am not going to spend it wasting time on a hobby while relying on someone else to do all the hard lifting.”

“Nee-san’s awesome like that.” Issei grinned. He was not at all bothered that, in his mind at least, she had more or less declared that she did not want to depend on him for everything in the future even when she was with him.

In short, he had twisted her statement as a declaration that she was part of The Harem.

He did that a lot.

“Shut up and rub my shoulders child servant.”

“Haaaaai.”

Yuballuna smiled. It was adorable how those two got along so well. “Well, since we got that settled, any advice you could give us for the time being before our first group session?”

“Bird Person should start with a cock ring.” Issei answered immediately without a moment to think.

“A what?!” Riser paled as the whiplash kicked him in the face.

“Training wheels for endurance.” Jasmine lazily nodded as the boy worked her shoulders. “Squeeze the base and cut the flow of blood just enough to cap most cocks during a session. Great for edge play beginners. Pretty basic stuff.”

“Riser is not getting a cock ring!”

“Of course not.” Issei snorted. “You’re getting a bunch. You’re too much of a novice to get the heavy metal ones. You’d either break your dick or give yourself an infection with those if you aren’t careful. The plastic and rubber ones come in packs. Now do you want disposables or washables?”

“Stop trying to peddle your disturbing wares to me again!”

“Well I’m not going to let you borrow *mine* you sick bastard. That’s just gross.”

“Why on earth would you have such infernal things in the first place you retarded lizard?!”

“Unlike *some* people, I actually try to prepare for the important things in the future you fried chicken!”

“Stop excusing your queer attempts at pleasuring yourself as a reasonable way to enhance your ability to please women when you’re just going to scare them away in the end!”

“You take that back!! I am adorable and women love me!”

“There they go again.” Jasmine sighed as Issei jumped over the table and assaulted Riser and dragged him down to the ground. It had been a while since the two hot heads got into another meaningless argument and went at one another’s throats.

“Boys.” Yuballuna agreed as the two idiots began rolling on the ground and wrestling viciously. “Does it ever get easier Jas?”

“No. Training them is a lifetime commitment. You just get conditioned to their stupidity eventually. Sex is supposed to help tame them, but I obviously have to wait a bit for that step.”

“At least they’re cute.” The recently reincarnated Devil sighed whimsically. “So about our scheduling.”

“Right. So, we have some deadlines this week, but Issei and I have time to cuck your idiot on Sunday and Tuesday. Does that work?” A tongue of flames passed by her head. “Hey! HEY! What did we say about fire in public places you two?!”

Riser and Issei continued to try and maim one another on the ground, but there was notably no more fire anymore.

As the two women scheduled how one of them was going to get molested in the future, and the two young men wrestled on the ground throwing childish slurs and insults at one another, no one noticed a voyeur sitting a fair distance away. Her head buried in a book and a hair of pure white.

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Present Day:

Issei thought that with his latest stunt he’d finally get some extended peace and quiet.

Well, as much peace and quiet as he could get with Jas, Vali, the Cougar, and Ninja Puppy in his house.

He still went to school (and slept). Between classes he snuck into the other Devils’ classes to appear behind them to freak them out, as he had claimed he would do for their situational awareness training.

None of them detected him in time, but that was understandable. They were all still green as hell.

Several teachers and the classmates of his victims were a bit freaked out by his behavior and ability to sneak in without anyone knowing, but he just brushed them off and told them to ask the Weeb and Enabler for details.

He didn’t know why they were so worried. It’s not like he was touching anybody or interrupting class.

His backlog of homework was finished by Tuesday, not that it took him long to finish it.

Nobody in his class seemed to want to bug him other than the two idiots and that suspicious girl that had styled her hair too hard to seem innocuous. Odds were high she was a bigger perv than the idiots, only she was actually capable. Now if only she’d stop trying to act like she was actually important.

If she kept on trying to bug him, he’d be forced to make her slip and expose her dirty nature in class… which would probably mean brushing up on the current popular batch of male porn stars so he could pop a name or two up in conversation and trap her. Fun.

The real gem of it all was coming back home and getting some relaxing time with Jasmine. Some porn. Some lap pillows. A bit of groping here and there. He could literally *feel* the stress that had accumulated in his body bleed out of him with every passing second, and he would be lying if he said that he didn’t shed a tear in genuine relief and bliss in the process.

He could *sleep* again. He could finally remember what it was like to be at *peace.*

There were no words in existence that could fully describe how much he desperately *needed* this.

His problems weren’t solved. He doubted they ever would. But this, this at least could make him forget for a while.

And then Weeb reminded him on Thursday that he had promised to fight the Man Slave once the latter finished the Fate Stay Night visual novel.

So here they were on the school grounds after closing time. His group, the Weeb’s and the Enabler’s.

“You sure you want to rush into this?” Issei looked at Kiba with a tired expression, his slack body language all but screaming that he was not into the idea of fighting right now. “I would have thought that you would want to train a bit more and abuse what I taught you to have a better shot of maiming me.”

“You do make a very tempting argument.” Kiba was being completely honest when he said that too. More than half of the Devils there wanted Issei to at least be inconvenienced by this fight. “But, I want to at least see where you stand in the first place. You’ve claimed you could take us all out without much issue in the first place, and I suspect you weren’t referring to that trick you did with your cell phone.”

“I’m not using my Sacred Gear for this. Or Presence.” Issei held his ground, annoyed. He wasn’t exposing himself for some petty spar, and Presence would end the fight too quickly even by his standards.

“Is that some sort of condition you place on yourself?”

“No it’s because I can floor anyone on your level in half a second if I use either. And then someone would bitch to me about it being unfair afterwards.” Judging from his apathetic expression, he fully believed that would come to pass too.

“Wouldn’t be the first time.” Jasmine smirked, looking at Vali.

“I didn’t complain that his Presence was bullshit. I complained that his white magic was bullshit.” Issei’s so called rival stated factually without shame. “Asshole weaponized it to be a guaranteed one hit KO on almost anyone.”

“Well that is the point of being a Battle Medic.” Sona spoke as if stating the obvious.

Jasmine cringed. “Ugh. Right. I forgot that’s what Devils are calling his style these days. He must have sworn up a storm when he found out.”

“He did.”

“I’m more surprised that it’s his preferred style to fight in the first place.” Rias mused as she sat with her peerage. “Given his aggressive personality, I thought that he’d be more of a brawler type.”

“He is, if he feels like it.” Vali shrugged. “But don’t let his constant shouting and short temper fool you. That guy hates fighting in general. He considers it a complete waste of time, which is why he came up with his bullshit style in the first place.”

“I don’t follow.” Akeno frowned in confusion. “He hates fighting, so he came up with his own way to fight?”

“It’s not so much as a fighting style as it is a slew of methods to shut down anyone that bothers him as fast as possible so he can get back to what he wants to do.” Jasmine elaborated. “It’s like that famous scene in that one Indiana Jones movie. The main character is confronted by some mercenary twirling around his sword, and instead of a major fight scene, the protagonist just takes out a gun and shoots the guy before getting back to what he was doing.”

“I think the story was that the main actor was sick on that day of filming, so they just scrapped the fight and went with that to save time.” Saji hummed in thought.

“That said, your friend down there does have a slight advantage.” Jasmine observed. “Issei’s proficiency with magic as a whole is rather terrible. He has next to no ranged attacks that isn’t fire related or some tool that isn’t pulled from his hammerspace.”

“Kiba’s a weapon user. So long as he stays out of Issei’s hands literally, he might actually win.” Gasper noted, before smiling forlornly. “Of course, Sempai probably knew all of that already and has come up with something ridiculous to deal with it.”

“Yup.” Raynare popped the end of her affirmation lazily. She had been around the nut long enough to know that he was self-aware of his own weaknesses… outside of how crazy he was in general.

“Oi sword brat! If he takes out a cardboard box, run! Don’t question it! Just get the fuck out of there!” Vali shouted.

“Do we even want to know?” Sona asked.

“Depends on how much of degenerate masochist you are.” Jas replied, completely serious.

Akeno was seriously tempted on learning anyways, but kept her silence regardless. There were too many witnesses. She was a masochist, not an exhibitionist.

That was Rias’ thing.

“So how do you want to do this?” Issei yawned as he swayed left and right lazily a small distance away from Kiba. “First to give up or black out loses?”

“If we did that you’d give up or knock yourself out as soon as the fighting starts.” Kiba accused.

Issei clicked his tongue in annoyance, not denying the fact he had been playing with the idea.

“I talked to Jasmine-san. She agreed that if you try to weasel out of this, she wouldn’t let you sleep on her lab for the remainder of her stay.” The swordsman went on.

“That idiot’s playing with fire.” Vali gave Jas a side glance to ask if that was true. All he got in reply was an impish smile and a causal shrug.

The Sekiryuutei immediately saw red and his eyes ignited in flames. “You are dead to me. I hope you have prepared for your imminent maiming Man Slave.”

“It’ll be interesting to see you motivated to do anything other than rant for once.” Kiba smirked as he made a sword and took a stance.

“Boys. Am I right?” Jasmine smirked to the rest of the audience.

“As if you didn’t come up with that ultimatum in the first place.” Rias shook her head before cupping her hands around her mouth. “Are you two ready to fight?”

“Yes!” Kiba nodded.

“Blood for the Blood God!” Issei ranted. Everyone took that also as a yes.

“Then on my signal!” Rias gave the countdown. “Go!”

Kiba vanished in a blur of speed.

Issei dropped to his knee and touched the ground. The following instant, a giant wave of dust exploded upward enshrouding the field.

“I thought you said he was terrible at most magic.” Sona accused.

“He is. Making and kicking up dust is pretty much the best he can do with the earth element, other than making cracks in stone and grabbing fistfuls of whatever the ground is made of. Can’t even levitate or manipulate small rocks for shit, and he has to physically touch whatever he’s using the spell on with his hands.” Vali shrugged, unsurprised by the display. “Still doesn’t stop him from using it when he wants to.”

“That kid better wise up and get out of there if he knows what’s good for him.” Jasmine yawned. “Or at least blow away the cloud if he can.”

“Why’s that?” Akeno asked. “Is Issei-kun apt at stealth as well?”

“His stealth isn’t that bad, but that’s not why your friend should get out of there.” Vali lazily pointed at the cloud. “Issei’s natural specialty is fire magic, remember?”

Rias paled as she connected the dots. “Wait, you don’t mean he’s going to trigger-

BOOM!!

The cloud went up in flames as Issei set off a dust explosion from the inside.

Knights weren’t known for their durability, but a mere dust explosion was not going to be enough to beat Kiba. Singe, stun, and surprise him, yes, but not take him out of the fight.

More importantly though, it staggered his speed.

And that’s when the fireballs came flying.

“Should have seen that coming.” Sona frowned. “But, you need to refine dust into particularly fine particles in order to trigger an explosion that easily. That’s not something a basic earth spell can do.”

Jasmine smiled lazily. “True. It’s actually a hybrid earth white magic spell. A delicate but refined surface level scraping. Originally it’s used for grinding down materials for processing and refining for medicines, but it also works wonders for exfoliation.”

The girls in the group did a double take at the human and noticed that yes, her skin looked particularly fresh and smooth that day.

“Of course he’d somehow make that spell link up to porn somehow.” Koneko grumbled as she turned to watch Kiba dodging the exploding fireballs in the school yard.

“I’m assuming that his water element…” Sona started off skeptically.

“Just as terrible. He can barely make bubbles, let alone a steady stream. But it’s still used to monitor bodily fluids. He also makes a wonderful moisturizer spell.” Jas hummed, stretching her body in just the right way to make her skin glow in the afternoon sun.

“Wind?” Saji probed.

“He’s actually barely passable at wind magic, he just never got into it much.” Vali shrugged. It made sense. Ghost himself was supposedly a pretty damn powerful wind manipulator, so some of that must have eventually rubbed off onto Issei after a long enough stay. “Mostly uses it for environmental control. Filters and all that. Some basic sound manipulation too. Nothing special.”

“You’ll hear similar things about light, dark, soul, plant, and most other magics.” Jasmine concluded. “Barely average at best, terribly low and incompetent on average, but creatively proficient in what little he can do. It’s only lightning and healing magic that he pushed himself past his given natural limits.”

“For an extreme eccentric, he’s remarkably practical.” Tsubaki mused, getting several degrees of agreement from the rest of Sona’s peerage.

On the field, Kiba was still dodging fireballs, but was now avoiding the occasional flicker of what appeared to be a whip made of pure liquid fire as well. Each crack was enough to bite deep into the ground, but it was not fast enough to catch up to the Knight.

The only reason why the Devil hadn’t struck back yet was because where Issei was supposedly hiding was simmering with a low burning fire that, while was only knee high at best, disrupted the air above it so much that it shrouded the fire user’s position as if in an illusion.

It wasn’t a particularly wide area, but it wasn’t one that Kiba could strike at carelessly either. Getting close exposed him to all sorts of danger, and his few AOE ranged attacks required some time to build up in order to use, which Issei wasn’t allowing.

“Hm. The more I hear, the more I can see him being a walking masseuse parlor.” Akeno laughed. She didn’t even try to ask what his proficiency with lightning elemental magic was, having experienced it firsthand already.

Raynare, who had actually received the walking masseuse parlor’s treatment, didn’t say anything. She didn’t want to potentially ruin one of the few good things that she did get from being under its thumb.

Vali waved his hand lazily. “That’s not that far from the truth. You know how he gets about porn. You could say that he’s linked proper hygiene and body care to that as well. Guy could have been a doctor by now if he… wasn’t so fucked over.”

Nobody missed how Vali cringed at his momentary slipup and chose his words more carefully afterwards.

A brief flash made everyone flinch and turn their attention to the fight again. Kiba was visible again and desperately backing away from the fire while launching swords at the blaze randomly and shielding his eyes. Odds are Issei had just used a cheap move to momentarily blind his opponent while his guard was down.

“This’ just sad.” Jasmine sighed, clearly bored. “Can’t really even call this a fight. Issei’s just playing with the poor guy.”

“How can you tell?” Gasper asked, confused.

“Issei hasn’t moved a damn inch since the thing started. Lazy bastard.” Vali’s eyes narrowed, clearly seeing past the wavy heat generated illusions to see their maker. “He’s a strong fire elementalist, but if he ever fought for real he’d charge in and finish things off as fast as possible as soon as there was an opening. Even if he is out of practice, that guy’s just way too far out of his opponent’s league.”

“At least he’s a medic and can heal the poor sap if things get taken too far.” Jas hummed.

“Aren’t you taking Kiba too lightly?” Rias was aware there was a difference between the two, but she did not appreciate her peerage being written off so easily. “Issei hasn’t been able to land a solid hit either outside of the dust explosion. Kiba is exceptionally fast, even for a Knight piece.”

“You make it sound like he’s trying hard to hit your boy in the first place.” The human rolled her eyes. “All blondie is doing is just running around dodging fireballs and firing off some swords that don’t even hit that hard. He isn’t even bothering to pay attention to the battlefield.”

“The battle... shit he’s setting himself for a turf advantage!” Saji shouted as he looked at the school yard and immediately understood what was happening.

Every small crater Issei made with his fireballs and every gouge dug with his whip like flame house smoldering embers and tongues of deep red that were not going out when they should have.

With every passing second, more and more ground was subtly being turned to the Sekiyruutei’s favor.

“I give it another five to ten minutes. Depending on how well that kid can dodge and hold out at the end.” Vali took out his cell phone, clearly losing interest in the show. What was taking place wasn’t a fight but an endurance test as far as he was concerned.

“Sounds about right.” Jas nodded.

“You know, you two are being quite rude for guests.” Sona glared at the pair.

“Not your guests. Not your problem.” Vali shrugged.

“Mmmm.” Jas nodded, looking at her own buzzing phone now. “Ah shit, I’m being commissioned to do another show next week.”

“Well you’re the one that says that if the money’s good. You aren’t cheap.”

“I know I know. I’ll run the paperwork by Issei later to make sure this is on the up and up. Damn it Azazel, I told you to hold off on work while I’m here.”

“By show, you mean…” Rias trailed off.

“Porn, yes.” She waved the girl off absently as she scrolled through the contract. “I finished recording for the bulk of the anime I voice act on in advance when I learned of what happened here and scheduled to come over, and there haven’t been any incidents lately with dragons that need my services. Well, any dragons other than Issei.”

“Sounds more like prostitution to me.” Sona noted.

“Every job in existence is practically prostitution in one form or another kid. You sell yourself for a service and you get payment in exchange. The only way out of that spot is if you’re the one hiring for services yourself.”

“But, you *are* doing porn though.” Akeno tentatively pointed out.

“Children.” Jasmine rolled her eyes in annoyance. “Yes. I get paid to have people record me having sex. I’m an A lister, so my name alone is worth top dollar. I’m expected to do pretty much whatever they ask so long as it doesn’t cross my red lines. They fuck up? They don’t fuck me. And for what I charge, my clientele are few in number and less in the desire to piss me off.”

Truth be told, her services were so exclusive that she only had half a dozen or so jobs per year in the porn industry now. It was a pleasant irony that few people on the outside ever managed to wrap their heads around.

“Sounds like an elite crowd.” Rias pondered just who the woman’s clients could be. If Azazel was supporting her, then the number of people she rubbed shoulders with could very well match those of some nobility.

“It’s the same story with most major movie stars, only with more sex and less idiots trying to pretend it doesn’t happen. And surprisingly less accidental pregnancies.” She waved them off. Those that actually did well in the porn industry were more careful about that sort of thing than their more reputable counterparts, ironically.

“I suppose that makes sense. You are a prominent figure in the adult entertainment industry. Given how Hyoudou is, I doubt you would have gained his attention otherwise.” Sona stated in the same disinterested and rude tone Jas had been using.

“Ah shit. Here we go again.” Vali groaned, picking at his ear with his free hand.

“Sona!” Rias hissed, not the only one surprised by the Sitri’s rude assumption.

“Hooo~?” The young star hummed with a peculiar tune in her voice, her head turning to the Sitri with renewed interest. “What’s that supposed to mean, little Devil girl~?”

“I am merely stating the obvious.” Sona held her ground diplomatically. “With Hyoudou’s obsession with porn, it is only reasonable that he would cling onto someone involved in that work that is willing to spend time with him. Regardless of how close you two are, he does not mind your intimacy with others in the slightest. Your Sacred Gear and your affinity to Dragons are likely secondary to that as far as he’s concerned.”

Jasmine laughed. It was an amused chuckle absolutely saturated with pity and vindictive hunger. “How adorable~. The little noble Devil child is trying to play grown up and pretend to be her big scary sister~. I’d be more annoyed if it wasn’t so sad~.”

Rias cringed. The woman pressed the Serafall button. Sona was usually composed and calm, but she usually got ugly whenever anyone pressed the Serafall button and nobody important was around.

“I find it hypocritical that an *adult* like yourself has settled for whoring herself out for a living instead of trying to do something productive. From where I stand, your behavior matches your position, though I suppose those wanting traits only endears you to Hyoudou further.”

The audience was silent as the majority stared at Sona gobsmacked.

Vali shook his head in pity, finger still in one ear. “You idiot.”

 Jasmine’s eyes developed a cold fire. “You, have quite the mouth, don’t you little Sitri~?”

It was that final tone in her question that seemed to trigger a small bomb in all of their heads, causing both peerages and Raynare to reel back as their skulls were suddenly in grotesque agony.

“Wh-what the?!” Rias cradled her skull in such pain that she couldn’t see straight. No, it wasn’t that her eyes were skewed, but her entire body was having trouble keeping itself upright as well. Her sense of balance was completely shot, and it took everything she could to not fall off the bench she was on. Seconds later, she felt a wetness coming from her nose. A subsequent wipe indicated that she was bleeding from it. “What… what did you do?”

“With a certain chain of notes, Jas can make anyone’s brain explode. Or hurt real bad in your case.” Vali took his finger from his ear and began picking at the other one. Both ears needed to be open to get hit with the full effects, but he wasn’t going to let them know that particular fact. “It takes a while for her to hit all of the needed notes, but yeah, it’s a dirty instant kill once set up. We called her the “Voice of the North Star” for a while as a bad joke when she first got it down.”

Ghost was the one that taught her this particular trick so she could protect herself if worst came to worst, along with a few other interesting gimmicks, but there was no point in telling them that.

“I shouldn’t have gotten so mad at the provocation of some stupid child that doesn’t know anything. But considering who you are I just couldn’t let your words slide~.” Jas’ final humming word caused all her victims to clench their skulls in agony as it echoed endlessly in their brains.

“Who we are? What do you mean by that?” Sona hissed, clutching her skull in a desperate attempt to dampen the pain she was experiencing.

“You mean other than the fact that your pathetically overhyped siblings are partially to blame for our current situation?” Vali snorted.

“Now now Vali. You know that Sirzechs actually does have a valid excuse for walking away~.” Jasmine chastised. “Serafall and the other two on the other hand have no such crutch to lean on~. Just like how I could do so much more to her sister if I wanted, she could have done so much more for Issei, but didn’t. The irony would not be lost on her.”

The Devils swallowed heavily but refrained from saying anything, not wanting to push the clearly irritated woman that could very easily kill them all with an absent minded tune if she so desired.

“Tell me~, do you shortsighted children think that Issei was the only one hurt when all those events that turned him mad took place?” Jasmine continued, as if talking about the weather. “Do you think that there were no repercussions for the few that actually had the decency to stand by him~, even as it became apparent that doing so was a lost cause?”

Her question caused her audience to momentarily forget their pain, forget the fact that their lives were on the line, and realize that there was more to the story that they didn’t know.

Jasmine didn’t turn her eyes off of Issei, still clearly playing around with Kiba.

“We still don’t know where Ichirou, his father, is. He just disappeared one day. The entire fiasco caused cracks in the family from the start, and it only got worse as time went on. We think he either just ran away or killed himself somewhere where no one could find him.”

Whatever her audience was going to say before, they weren’t going to now. There had been guesses as to what the story with Issei’s dad was, but no one ever got a solid answer, let alone a hint from mother or child.

“Same goes for my friend Amalia. She supported Issei too at first. But, something happened that changed her tune. Her testimony warped into something that was more suited for a tabloid than an actual trial, and then she just up and vanished.”

She began ticking off people and groups off of her fingers. “That useless bird sold him out just for the opportunity to be cucked. The meathead was even worse. He had been in the perfect spot to stop all of it early but sat around with his thumb up his ass because he didn’t want to “escalate the situation”. Fucking coward. Heaven bailed out early, citing a bible and a half’s list of paper thin excuses and loosely defined rules to defend themselves. The Devils stuck for a little bit before jumping ship at the worst possible time. Kuro was blackmailed to keep quiet or else. Azazel stuck around for as long as he could before war was literally on his doorstep if he didn’t back off. At the end, the only people that openly supported him that remained were myself and Asami.”

“Before anyone asks, I’m legally under Azazel’s care, so when he backed out I was literally dragged away so I wouldn’t make things worse and or kill half of the vermin that were rigging the system.” Vali added, not including the fact that he was at one point tied and gagged in his room after the third escape attempt.

Jas let out a tired sigh. “I was one semester away from finishing my second Pharmaceutical Master’s degree, a few more months more from getting my practitioner’s license, and on the verge of finalizing several deals that would make me as loaded as some of your useless noble families. The patents I had filed. The projects I had. All fucking confiscated or stolen as “evidence” and never returned. I was kicked out of school, my diplomas canceled, and even better, was charged as a *fucking pedophile, child molester, and groomer.”*

Jasmine turned just enough to look at Sona in the eyes. Just enough to convey just how much the human wanted to murder her at that very moment.

The youngest Sitri had spent a good part of her life around people that were capable of killing her with the twitch of a finger, but she had never been at the mercy of someone that could literally end her just by breathing.

“You accuse me of being some careless whore little girl. Well, it turns out that the job pool for someone marked a *chester* in both the underworld and human world is somewhat limited, regardless of my skillset. No school would take me in, regardless of money or my prior credits. No idiot with resources to spare is willing to sponsor any companies or projects with my name tagged to it either. And that’s not even taking into account that the cunts responsible for all this are still keeping an eye out on me to this day. They want, no, they *expect* me to break. To fall. To degrade myself into something less than what I am.”

“So, I delivered.”

Her smile wasn’t the horrible lie that Issei’s was, but it was still a traumatizing thing that was saturated with malice and sedition. She wanted, *lusted* for blood as much as Issei did on a bad day. She just hid it better. “A degenerate whore~, an escort~, a porn star~. To the brainless upper class, they’re all the same. But the interesting thing about sex is that everyone wants to show just how long~ they last. So much so that a person can do so many things~ if they are creative.”

Sona’s skin turned cold as she realized what the woman was implying. Judging from her declaration, Jasmine’s body count was far higher and diverse than she was implying.

Vali rolled his eyes. “Calm down you idiots. The Maou already know what she does, and despite how low our impression of them is, we have no plans to piss them off.”

For now at least.

Plus, Jas didn’t blow up people’s heads while screwing them.

She simply set up multiple embolisms in their bloodstreams that would give her targets lethal brain hemorrhages, organ failures, and heart attacks after about a week. She had plausible deniability that way. She didn’t have to clean the mess herself either.

Jasmine sighed, already losing interest in her audience. “This is why I hate dealing with kids. They learn one or two bits of a story, and if those parts are even the slightest bit cringy they immediately jump to conclusions without bothering to learn what the hell actually happened. Parents never bother to teach them the value of shutting up and thinking things through. Oh no~, I’m a porn star, so that means I’m a degenerate whore. Poor cucked Issei. Clearly he had no say or idea of what his dirty and unfaithful Nee-san was doing behind his back.”

Vali snorted. “Stop going full ham Nee-san. Your character is slipping. Stick to doing porn and cartoons.”

He didn’t bother getting whacked upside the head if his wry smirk was any indication.

“What about Issei though? Doesn’t he care about it?” Rias winced as she tried to get her headache to subside.

“Of course he cares. He knows what I’m capable of and what I should be doing, just as I know what he’s capable of and what he should be doing. But unfortunately we don’t have those options available to us. And he knows it pisses me off more than it does him. He’s a smart boy. He knows not to preach to the choir.”

“Then why does he let you do it?” Gasper asked. “If it’s Sempai, he’d probably try to set you up so you wouldn’t have to work a day in your life he you asked.”

Jasmine and Vali blinked in surprise at the effeminate boy’s statement. Not because it was the truth, but because they didn’t expect any of the Devils there to actually come to that conclusion, let alone believe it.

The woman leaned back in her seat and looked wistfully at the person that she had owed more of her life to than her own father. “You really want to know the reason why Issei isn’t making a fit about what I do?”

Judging from the silence around her, she took it as a yes.

She let out a tired sigh. Fucking children, can’t figure out something so trivial. “Simple. It’s because before I left, I sat him down, told him my plans, and *asked* him to trust me.”

They all stared at her with mixed levels of disbelief.

“That’s it?” Sona balked at the idea of something so simple.

“Yes, actually. Even in his disturbed state, despite knowing that he actually would completely fall apart beyond repair if I did truly abandon him, he still trusts me without question. He trusts me even while I whore myself out around and under the world. He trusts me because I was one of the only people that stayed with him when he was at his worst.”

He trusts her, because he can’t forgive himself for what she sacrificed just to be by his side.

“He loves you.” Rias couldn’t think of any other explanation for the relationship between the two.

“… Yeah. He does.” The Porn star hummed softly.

The thing with Issei though was that he had the capacity, no, the instinctive *need*, to truly love more than one woman. The Harem could not be considered infidelity, as he would never be dishonest or betray anyone under his care. Everyone would know of everyone. Everyone would understand what their family, their life would be like in conjunction with their own personal goals.

Everyone would be happy.

Or at least, that had been the idea.

Genuine trust, and love by extension, is something she found most adults, human or otherwise, are too immature to have. They always find excuses to throw it away if their feelings are hurt, some petty standard is crossed, or if they’re tempted by something they think is “better”. Even faster if someone else doesn’t follow their shallow standards.

Hypocrites, the lot of them.

Genuine trust shouldn’t be solely determined by what a person does with their cock and cunt. Anyone that says otherwise either spends too much time obsessing about cocks and cunts themselves, or they have obsessive habits about controlling others in general.

Of course, being *careful* with one’s cock and cunt should be a given regardless when making a decision about a mate, but again those shouldn’t be *the* deciding factors.

“Before anyone even asks, I just like fighting the guy and owe him a few favors.” Vali added nonchalantly.

“You two bickered so much that we half expected you to make out in public sometimes.” Jas deadpanned. “And that’s not getting into all the twisted shit Issei did to you.”

“Bros before hoes Jas. Jealous?”

She smacked him upside his head again. “Smartass. And you know that Issei would probably get pissed if you tried to rope him into that mindset.”

He smirked, not even flinching at the hit. “And?”

“Ugh. Useless adrenaline junkie.” She rolled her eyes. “Don’t tell me you’re going to jump in there after he’s done playing with that poor kid.”

“Nah. Not the right place for it. The barriers here would break before we’d get to do anything fun. Plus, Issei did an Issei again.”

All the Devils, and Raynare mentally groaned on reflex at Vali’s declaration. Regardless of the tense situation, Issei’s insanity had a tendency of just cutting though common sense and go straight into making them question if someone spiked the water for the past three months.

“You’d think he’d at least grow out of some of those habits by now.” Oddly enough, Jasmine didn’t seem to sound as put out as she should be. “Well, then again, he wouldn’t be Issei if he wasn’t an adorable oblivious idiot sometimes.”

“Adorable?” Raynare dryly echoed.

“It’s an acquired taste.”

“You can have him.” Sona was all too eager to put more distance between herself and the idea of being with the headache.

“You make it sound like handling him is a one girl job.” Jas muttered, though she didn’t put any effort in hiding it. “Well… he isn’t too terrible so long as he’s not worrying about something.”

“Easier said than done.” Koneko grumbled, getting several nods of agreement.

“Can’t argue against that.” Dwelling on the Issei then and now, Jas had to admit that he was a high fidelity project. “Though it wouldn’t hurt to give you lot a reminder to save us all some headaches.”

“Reminder?” Rias was not sure what she was getting at.

Jas turned to look at her with a sharp glint in her eyes. “I’m talking about that little issue you’re having with the Phoenixes, Gremory.”

The redhead stilled and her complexion paled. “You know about my engagement?”

“Considering how much it’s being pushed and the stir it’s causing, it’s hard not to have heard of it by now.” Vali snorted.

“Which of course means that Issei hasn’t the slightest clue.” Jas waved her hand as if to express a forgone conclusion.

“In conclusion, don’t get him involved.” Sona got to the point.

“More like don’t tell him jack if you can help it. No marriage. No bird people. Nothing.” Jas snorted before letting her head drop in resignation. “Is what we’d like to happen, but knowing how observant he can be and how fucked things tend to get when he’s around, he’ll probably figure out something is off eventually. So, we’ll meet you in the middle.”

“Meaning?” Rias swallowed heavily, possibly seeing a glimmer of hope in her situation.

“Meaning, if things get bad, you can ask Issei for help for training if it comes to that, but no more. Don’t get him any more involved than that. No names. No plots. Just training.”

“Isn’t that what he’s doing now? What we’re doing now?” Akeno was confused.

Vali snorted. “Please. All you’re doing now is getting used to using your powers differently and efficiently. Odds are you scrubs haven’t even bothered trying to figure out how to fucking *break* them yet. You’re all wasting time trying to be *strong* when you should be finding how to be *unfair*.”

“I take it you’re speaking from experience.” Saji noted.

“More or less.” Vali shrugged. “I’m strong too, in case you were wondering. Turns out once you’re unfair, getting strong isn’t that difficult to pull off. Of course, then you’d have to work your ass off to go further, but you scrubs aren’t ready for those lessons yet.”

“And I suppose Issei is both strong and unfair like you?” Rias hummed.

“As if. That jackass is pure bullshit. He’s in a league of his own making and he doesn’t give a damn what direction he goes in.”

“Pretty much.” Jas agreed halfheartedly. “That guy really doesn’t give a damn about the standards that others go by. He does what he wants when he wants.”

“I’m back. And I brought Man Slave.” Issei nonchalantly announced his return.

Carrying a burnt and naked Kiba in his arms bridal style.

It took a few moments for the image to register with his audience.

“Case and point.” Jasmine to her credit, only blinked a few times in surprise at the irregular sight.

“I’m starting to see what you mean.” Akeno took it all in shamelessly.

“Issei. Why is Kiba naked?” Rias asked the question that everyone else was too afraid to inquire.

“Because some of his clothes were seared to his burns. Had to get rid of them with a spell I made to prevent infection.”

“Dress Break.” Jasmine and Vali spoke the spell’s name at the same time.

“… And why does Kiba have an erection?” Rias asked the *other* question that was on everyone’s minds. And eyes.

Because yes, the Gremory knight was at full mast in Issei’s arms. It was a rather unexpected sight to see.

Although several members of Sona’s peerage were not against it.

“One of the safer spells I use to knock people out fast involves overstimulating the body’s nervous system. At low levels, it makes people ejaculate uncontrollably. At high levels, it causes widespread temporary organ failure.” Issei answered with a completely straight expression, as if seeing absolutely nothing wrong with what he did.

“How is widespread organ failure *safe*?” Koneko whispered to Gasper, who shrugged cluelessly.

Akeno held back some drool at the idea that Issei had turned a move for the bedroom into a one hit KO.

“Talk about insult to injury.” Saji shivered, not wanting to suffer a similar fate.

“And the reason why you do not have any pants on anymore?” Sona threw out the *third* glaring inquiry that they all had.

“I what?” Issei looked to see that he was indeed naked from the waist down, his own manhood on full display, though not erect like his patient’s.

“You forgot to fireproof your clothes again you moron.” Vali deadpanned. Apparently when Issei had hid himself in his fire for protection, he had forgotten a vital step.

“Ah shit. Not again.” He muttered before pausing for a moment. “Oh, so *that’s* why he froze when I finally went to fight him up close.”

In a way, Kiba was fortunate to be unconscious. The fact that Issei was just realizing all of this now would have made him cough blood in humiliation.

“Just like old times, eh Vali?” Jasmine smirked, elbowing her disparaged bodyguard.

“At least I’m not the one being paraded around naked this time.”

“Mmm. Well that’s interesting.” Issei mused as he looked at his audience.

“What is?”

He shrugged. “Nothing big, I just didn’t expect everyone here to be yaoi enthusiasts.”

The accused enthusiasts paused and blinked.

“Come again?” Sona once again lamented coming today. She was never prepared for the mental gymnastics that Issei put her through.

“Two physically attractive males, sweaty, half and fully naked in close proximity to you all. Not to be rude, but not a single one of you is even trying to hide your arousal.”

It was at that moment that the Devils, plus Raynare, remembered that they were all still bleeding from their noses somewhat from Jasmine’s subtle attack on them earlier.

“Dirty perverts. The lot of them.” The one responsible for their states shook her head in disappointment. “I understand the Cougar having a filthy mind, but all these kids as well? Just what are they teaching kids these days in the underworld?”

All of the Devils had a kneejerk reaction to accuse the woman of bullshit. That she had attacked them and was the reason why they were bleeding.

And then they remembered why she had done so in the first place, and who they would be telling this to in the process.

Raynare just growled in minor annoyance. She did have a dirty mind and wouldn’t deny it, but she didn’t want to be put on the same level as these Devil kids.

Issei blinked several times in confusion, looking at the accused before turning his attention to Saji. “Dio I could understand, but et tu Runt?”

“I don’t want to hear that from the half-naked guy bride carrying another fully naked guy at full mast!”

“Sempaiiiiiii.”

Needless to say, there wasn’t much progressive conversation after that.

o. o. o.

Two Days Later:

“Yeesh. What the hell crawled up their asses? Try to give them a few references on some gay porn sites they might like and they get all snippy.” Issei huffed as he closed the front door of his house and made way for his room.

“Well honey, I’m not an expert but I’m pretty sure that most people don’t like getting advice on where to get porn from out of the blue. Your ability to time things has always been somewhat lacking.” Asami chided from the living room where she was watching tv.

“I’m working with Devils! One of which comes from a family of exhibitionists! They shouldn’t give two shits about timing when it comes to porn talk!”

Then again, there might have been something else going on that he didn’t know about. The Weeb and Yandere seemed a bit more on edge than normal when he saw them… meh, probably nothing.

Opening the door to his room, he opened his mouth to say something else, but stopped cold.

Right in front of him was the rather curious sight of Jasmine in a full Mistress outfit of a black latex string micro-thong, thigh high boots, a corset that pushed up her breasts to mouthwatering proportions, dark makeup and lipstick to made her face elegant yet arousingly menacing, a high pony tail, and a whipping crop.

Next to Jasmine was a completely naked and borderline helpless Raynare with her arms tied behind her back, a ball gag wedged in her mouth, legs frog tied, and her body mounted on a sibian that appeared to be of the double dildo variety.

“Hmmmmm!!!” The Fallen Angel tried to scream for help through her gag. Her situation did nothing to hide the usual scathing defiance she had in her eyes.

“…”

“…”

“…”

Whack!” Jasmine brought her crop down on Raynare’s red ass, making the girl squeal and her cheeks ripple.

“I told you she had a good ass.” Issei absently noted the way the Fallen’s cheeks rippled hypnotically.

“I never said she didn’t.” Jasmine replied just as easily.

“Hi Issei-san. Welcome hoooooo-*what are you doing*?!” Asia walked in to greet Issei only to easily get distracted by what was going on and instinctively reverting back to Italian.

“Issei! What have I told you about closing your door when doing your porn?!” Asami yelled from downstairs.

“Not my fault! Not my fault! Sorry! Sorry!” The unnerved teen frantically as he pushed Asia away from the door before closing it behind him and subsequently locking it.

“If I was a lesser person, I’d be worried about what we just did to that poor girl.” Jasmine sighed whimsically, playing with the crop in her hands.

Hopefully there would be no repercussions to what just transpired. Last thing they needed was a corrupted nun/ninja puppy running around.

“I’m going to catch so much shit for this later.” Issei groaned as he unshouldered his bag and dropped it to the floor. “So, what did the Cougar do this time? Let me guess, she ran her mouth again.”

“Hmmmm!” The Cougar took great offence to that.

“Yup.” The dominatrix nodded, brushing her crop against Raynare’s sore breasts. From the red markings, it was clear that her ass wasn’t the only one that had been getting tenderized lately. “You really haven’t been doing a good job of training your pet Issei. I’m disappointed.”

“Yeah yeah. Sorry if pissing off the homicidal Fallen that lives in my house isn’t high up on my priority list.”

“Hmmmm! Hm mmm mmmm!!”

“Oh shut up. You probably deserved it. Odds are you’re more pissed that Nee-san can pull the dominatrix look better than you more than the fact that you’re double stuffed and a hood away from being a proper gimp.”

“MMMMMMMM!!!!”

He took that as a yes.

Whack!

“Seriously, why did Azazel land you with this one?” Jasmine shook her head in disappointment as she whipped out the crop again. Two wings. Short temper. Outside of being a relay, Raynare was not ideal for a high priority job like this at all.

“I have an idea or two. I’ll talk about it later.”

“Hmmm?”

“To her. Not you.”

“Hmmm hmmm?!”

“For the same reason why you’re on your knees right now.”

“Hmmhm!”

Whack!

“Language.” Jasmine chided before looking at Issei again skeptically. “You know, you could show a bit more enthusiasm about this. Most men would pay top dollar for just a recording of what we’re doing, let alone have it in their room.”

Most men would have been aroused, turned on, out of their pants, or at least distracted by the current situation by now, but Issei merely took it in stride. He was accustomed to Jasmine’s beauty and somewhat sadistic personality. He was used to witnessing appealing women in all sorts of carnal actions.

So long as he was not directly involved, he treated it as any other event in his life. It didn’t matter if he was physically there or not. He didn’t even try to take part in the “festivities”.

It was an invisible barrier that he subconsciously put up to protect himself. To protect his heart.

“Most men won’t be cleaning up after this once everything’s put away.” Issei shook his head and sat on his couch, giving him a good look at Raynare’s frontside. He frowned as he spotted something he missed earlier on the Fallen’s abdomen. “… Is that a Pavlov seal?”

Indeed, there was a glowing seal on the sexually tortured woman in his room. A common sensual marking in the sex industry, the sex seals could range from being simple erotic tattoos to full blown sex slave seals that eroded the bearer’s mind until they were nothing more than a drooling meat hole. Obviously, the latter was outright banned in most planes of existence, and only legally used as a punishment on the most serious criminals in those that did allow it.

The Pavlov seal that Issei identified was actually one of his own making, and admittedly a bit on the extreme side depending on who you asked, but still not something that altered the mind directly. Instead it essentially restricted the bearer from being able to climax unless a certain criteria was met. The end goal was to train the bearer to cum on the spot whenever the trigger occurred, regardless of how aroused they were.

There were two ways to get rid of it. The first was if the maker dismissed it themselves. The second was if the seal was triggered a preset number of times, thus completing the “training” as intended.

Of course, it could be removed by an outside seal specialist if needed, but that was neither here nor there.

Issei made a decent side income from the patent he still owned on it and the other half a dozen sex seals he had licensed.

People paid top dollar for their kinky shit in bulk. Didn’t matter if you were human or not.

“Yup. Hasn’t been linked to a trigger yet so it’s incomplete, but it does give her that kinky helpless slut look.”

“Hmmm!”

“Quiet helpless slut. Mommy and Daddy are talking.”

Issei’s attention jumped between Jasmine and Raynare several times before dropping his shoulders in defeat. “I give up. What’s going on?”

The look that Jasmine gave him almost screamed “really?” for a few seconds. She finally gave up expecting him come to the right conclusion himself and sighed. “Fine. You’re lucky you’re cute Issei. Let me just make this conversation a bit more private. Hold on.”

She made the conversation more private by taking out a leather hood and shamelessly encasing Raynare’s head in it against her will.

“Is that the…”

“The sensory deprivation hood, yeah.” No sound. No light. Not even smell or taste unless the source was crammed in the target’s head literally. It was one of the particularly restricted sex toys that Issei made. Something that he required the other party to sign a soul binding contract to not abuse outside of its intended purposes out of fear of what it could do if utilized improperly. On paper it was a pretty kinky item, but in practice it could damn well be a legitimate torture device if left on for too long.

Neither of them were worried about using it on Raynare though. If she actually did go through the Fallen Angel espionage training in its entirety, then she could handle a good half a week with the thing on with little consequence.

 Issei shook his head and leaned back in his seat. “Well?”

Jasmine’s stare didn’t waver as she finished the hood and met his eyes. “Issei, when was the last time you got off?”

The teen stiffened like a child that had been caught stealing from a cookie jar. “I’m not sure what you’re talking about.”

“I talked to Kuroka recently. I know she’s been the one that’s been helping you over the years. I also know that she’s aware of that recent screwup that happened between you and her sister.”

“She…” That last bit clearly surprised him, but his mood soured moments later. “She already knows huh. I thought it was weird that she hasn’t come by yet.”

He didn’t think he could handle seeing her for the time being. She *lied* to him. About her sister, about what happened. She, she didn’t trust him.

He knew there was probably more to the story that he didn’t know about now, but it hurt. It hurt far more than it ever should have.

The dominatrix crossed her arms under her bust. “Issei, don’t ignore the bigger problem. I’m only visiting. You need an outlet of some kind or else your physical health is going to somehow get worse than your mental.”

“I know!” He snapped at her for the first time she visited, before realizing what he had done and visibly retreated in himself like a guilty child. “… I know. You don’t need to remind me. I’m the one that lectured about the testosterone imbalances that adolescent male dragons have to Ass-man about it for days on end, remember?”

It was something of a genetic flaw that occurred in most Dragons. When males reached their adolescence, their bodies began to produce an *absurd* amount of testosterone and male hormones in their bodies to accelerate their growth. Consequentially, it also tended to make them extremely active, aggressive, and horny.

For most species of Dragons, this wasn’t an issue. Kids were meant to be fight and fuck and hunt and make mistakes. Same with any other species. Nothing inherently wrong with that.

The problem was in the rare occasion that the Dragon in question didn’t act on those instincts and chemicals, and subsequently didn’t burn them off sufficiently.

In situations like that, the Dragon’s body would not be able to maintain a form of equilibrium with the chemicals they were pooling up. They’d get more aggressive. More unstable.

And in extreme cases, they’d be poisoned by their own bodies. Often times lethally if it ever devolved to that final stage.

There were a couple of species that went against the grain and were normally lethargic and peaceful, but those long lived monsters usually hibernated for decades on end to get around this issue.

Many accused bearers of Dragon type Sacred Gears to be unstable and excitable individuals by nature, but the reality of the matter was quite the opposite. They were jumpy and energetic because of their higher dragonified state, and were progressively worse the more they relied on their powers. They were better as soon as puberty ended, but the need to regulate that chemical balance would still persist to some extent for the rest of their lives regardless.

And the stronger the Sacred Gear, the stronger the effects on the user’s psyche. More so if the user exchanged any body parts for their tenant’s prior.

Training helped a little. Meditation too. And medicine could only curb the worst of it for so long before that too became more of a poison than a cure.

Vali wasn’t a philanthropic man whore, but he was an adrenaline junkie and loved a good fight whenever he could get one. When he wasn’t doing either of those, he was either training with his Sacred Gear or serving as Jasmine’s bodyguard.

Issei on the other hand… for someone that had next to zero interest in fighting and the like, there was only one real alternative option.

“I hope I don’t have to spell out the rest of this setup, do I?” Jasmine sat down next to Issei and looked down at the still struggling Raynare in front of them.

His hands tightened into fists, clearly at odds with himself. “… You don’t.”

She wrapped an arm around him in a side hug, urging his head towards her breasts so he’d calm down a bit. “She’s not the best option, but at least this new pet of yours has a nice ass. That said, are you ready to tell me the real reason why she’s still around? Somehow I doubt you decided to keep her because you needed a hole to stick your dick in.”

He didn’t say anything at first, merely groaning and complaining incomprehensively in annoyance. Ultimately, he looked up at her and gave her “the look”.

“The look” was something their group had developed over the years just to convey just how frustrating and potentially bullshit something was going to be.

“You’re serious. Her?” Jasmine had trouble believing it. “She’s a scrub. Slightly above average for a two wing, but that’s more to do with her being around you all the time than anything.”

“She has an affinity with all Seven Sins.”

“… What?” After all these years, she was getting that feeling again. The feeling of Issei doing something ridiculous on a whim that shouldn’t have been possible or sane.

“Yeah. That was my reaction when I first verified it. I rescanned her over the course of a week to make sure I wasn’t seeing something wrong but it came out the same every time.”

“Does Azazel know of this? All seven… there are barely any records of Fallen having *four*.”

“He suspects something. She wouldn’t be here if he didn’t, but I doubt even he expected this.” Issei sighed as he let his body relax again against Jasmine’s breasts.

He could feel her concern and pure emotions as clear as day. Her sincerity. Her *love*. It was an ambrosia that was more soothing and addicting than any drug she could ever concoct. He didn’t want to move from this position for the rest of time.

“So that’s the real reason why you’ve been careful dealing with her.” She shook her head. “Shit, even now you’re a magnet for the absurd.”

“Lucky me.”

“Some would say that yes.” She smirked before growing stern again. “You’ve been training her to reach her potential then… no, you’ve been establishing her foundation first. Conditioning her. I noticed you subtly putting pressure on her in the house. How strong do you think she could be?”

He shifted uncomfortably. “Realistically, I could get her to ten wings without much trouble. A full twelve if we’re both careful and have enough time…”

“Issei, what are you holding back?” She knew that trail off. Her view of the world tended to fracture soon after he did that.

“… I always wondered why Angels were capped off at *six* pairs of wings when there were *seven* Virtues and Sins.”

Jasmine froze as his hypothesis struck her body and momentarily paralyzed her.

“…”

“…”

“… Nee-san?”

“Issei. You know I hate it when you pull shit like that from under me.”

“I know. Sorry.”

“Stop apologizing.” She grit her teeth momentarily before sighing in defeat. This wasn’t the first time he had done something like this and it wouldn’t be the last. “So I’m guessing that your master plan is to properly train her while tweaking her connection to God’s System then.”

“More or less.”

“Do you really think that’s a smart idea though? She’s not exactly a loyal follower type. Just looking at her gives me “Starscream” vibes.” She looked down at the Fallen that was still thrashing in her bonds, albeit not as viciously as before. It would probably take the unwilling sub another twenty minutes for her to calm down and enter a susceptible state of heightened arousal and awareness.

“No. But she wants power and she knows I’m her best shot of getting it.” Issei relented. “Not like she has anywhere else to go now.”

“That she does not.” Jasmine had been one of the first people to talk to Azazel after the incident, and it had been one of the rare few occasions that she had heard him be outwardly pissed at anything. “So, I guess her role in this house is settled then?”

“I guess…” Issei muttered.

Oh no. She knew that tone and was not going to leave matters at that. Without so much as a moment to think, she snaked her free hand down between his legs and grabbed him firmly.

His body jumped, and not in the happy way.

“Issei.” She smiled all too pleasantly, her hand kneading her prize expertly. “You weren’t thinking of agreeing with me and then procrastinating the matter long after I left, were you?”

“N-No. I w-wasn’t.” He squeaked. Whether it was from fear or arousal, even Jasmine couldn’t tell.

“Then wouldn’t it be best if we got that pesky little chore out of the way now?” She whispered in his ear sensually.

He shook his head frantically. “It’s her choice.”

Well that killed the mood. She huffed and leaned back. “Given her situation, that’s not saying much.”

“But it’s still hers to make.” He frowned holding his ground.

“Fine fine. You win. We’ll ask her first.” Taking her hand off his crotch, she moved to Raynare and removed the hood off of her head, shortly followed by the gag.

“Fwa. Uah. Finally. Assholes. I thought I was going to get lockjaw if I had that thing in for much longer.” Spitting, Raynare shifted her jawbone to loosen her muscles.

“Impossible. My gags have seals to prevent that.” Issei automatically corrected her. It was a major selling point of the product.

“Lovely. Now if you don’t mind, GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF THIS SHIT ALREADY!!!” The only person she would ever be a willing gimp for was Azazel and she had made no effort to hide that fact from pretty much everyone that bothered to hit on her.

“Hold on there little crow. We have something to talk about first.” Jasmine cut in firmly.

Raynare looked like she was about to argue, but the riding crop that had been used liberally on her for the past few hours cut through the air and stopped in front of her face menacingly. “… Fine. What the heck do you two degenerates want?”

“It’s less what you can do for us, and what we can do for you. Give and take really.” The dominatrix hummed far too innocently to be believable. “Issei? If you would?”

He shot Jasmine a dirty look, but relented a moment later. “You still want power Cougar? To get stronger?”

Raynare already knew that there was going to be a catch. “Of course I do. I’m doing that bullshit training of yours, aren’t I?”

“You willing to go the extra mile for it?”

“Bitch I’m willing to suck your dick if that’s what it takes.”

Issei didn’t say anything. He just held eye contact and lifted an eyebrow skeptically.

“… Wait, you’re serious?”

The teen sighed, looking like an old man as he did so. “Cougar, here’s the thing about dragonic energy. To put things simply, it’s a lot like radiation. It sinks in virtually everything with enough exposure. The stronger the source, the longer the exposure, and the more intimate ingestion of materials, the stronger the results. The materials of this house alone are already warped enough that the insides could be considered another reality even without the barriers and seals protecting it.”

He leaned back in the couch. “You want power? *My* power? Well, there are several ways to do it. The long way is just staying in here for god knows how many years. It’ll work, but it’s inefficient, and I’ll probably die of old age or drive you insane before you get anywhere you’d like to be.”

“And the short way involves sucking your dick?” She already knew she wasn’t going to like this.

He shook his head. “It involves ingesting my energy, in one form or another. If you were a priestess or something of the like, you could just suck the power out by a finger if you wanted. Purification rituals and all that bull. Since you obviously aren’t the devout type, you’ll have to do the more direct ways. Primarily by ingesting bodily fluids.”

The usual ones that came to mind for this kind of thing were spit, blood and semen. Hair, sweat, piss, and shit also technically counted, but no one ever bothered with those options for obvious reasons.

To the normal vanilla baby, something like this sounded extreme, but to anyone that didn’t have their head up their asses when it came to the mystical arts, this was actually pretty standard fair.

“So bottom line is I whore myself to you and get power as payment.” Raynare frowned. “That it?”

“Pretty much. You can say no if you-”

“I’m in.”

“Never mind then.” Issei didn’t skip a beat in adapting to her answer.

“That was fast.” Jasmine snorted.

“Were you expecting me to actually think about the morality of such a stupid situation?” Raynare snorted. “There are girls that suck dick for a sandwich on a good day, and you expect me to complain about getting a literal *permanent* *dragon power* boost for the same deal on top of what I’m getting now? The world is run on power you idiots. The stronger I get, the better my life will be down the line. You humans are so fickle sometimes it makes me want to throw up. Get over yourselves already.”

Said the Fallen Angel that has been a borderline sex slave for the past few hours.

“When she puts it like that it really makes you feel like an idiot, doesn’t it?” Jasmine glanced at Issei.

“Shut up.” The accused blushed.

“Well, at least this makes telling you two about the completed seal easier.”

“… Wait what?” Raynare and Issei looked at Jasmine confused.

“The Pavlov seal.” She elaborated, pointing at Raynare’s stomach, then at Issei’s dick.

Issei looked down at his privates to see the fading glow of the matching seal to the one on Raynare blaring through his slacks. “… You didn’t.”

“What did she do?” Raynare looked nervously at Issei. “This isn’t some slave seal, is it?”

“No, but you might wish she did.” He swallowed. “Nee-san pretty much made it so that you can’t climax until I do.”

“With a five hundred counter.” Jasmine held up a v sign proudly.

“… You. Fucking. BITCH!! UNTIE ME RIGHT NOW SO I CAN TEAR OFF YOUR TITS AND WEAR THEM AS DISCOUNT MEAT SLIPPERS!!!”

Yup. She took it pretty much as well as they expected. Not that Issei was much better.

“Nee-san. Why?” He looked at her with hurt puppy dog eyes.

It made the porn star feel all tingly inside.

“Just some extra insurance to keep you two active.” She whistled casually. “Didn’t want you two pussyfooting around one another just to realize you want occasional hate sex.”

“Sucking dick for power is one thing, but I refuse to be perpetually edged by some one-shot cherry boy!” Raynare snarled.

Issei took offence to that. “Oi.”

“Let me handle this.” Jasmine cut him off before he could go on a rant. “Girl, you do realize that as a porn and sex addicted white mage, our boy here knows virtually nearly every tantric trick and spell in the book by heart, right? Human or not, I’d put my money on you running out of steam hours before he does.”

“Bullshit.” She denied it flatly. She refused to believe she could be outperformed by a antisocial shut-in human teen.

The facts however were not in her favor.

Issei knew five different ways to increase his stamina, two to safely engorge both his corpus cavernosum without complications, six that could rapidly refill his seminal vesticals, which was the organ that *actually* produced the fluids for ejaculate discharge, and double the output of his testicles, which just produced the semen.

In other words, if he so chose to, he could easily be a one man bukkake factory with a dick the size of his forearm and just as hard for the length of the movie Titanic, pun not intended. It was an unrealistic and undesirable feat, but still within his ability.

Of course, there was that whole potential, “unloading so much you risk literally dehydrating yourself to death” issue… that he may or may not have accidentally personally encountered firsthand once, but that silly little problem could be easily addressed. A military grade hydration pill could keep a person’s water levels afloat in the Sea of Gehenna for three days was easy to get your hands on in today’s market.

“Ironically, it’s getting this teenage hypocritical nut going that’s the problem. You could say that he’s a top class performance vehicle with a faulty ignition.” Jasmine went on, ignoring Raynare’s defiance.

“Hey.” Of course there was that particular issue, but he didn’t like thinking about it.

“Issei you’ve obsessed with porn and sex for so long that you habitually disassociate yourself from every encounter you have even if someone is genuinely flirting with you. The more extreme things get, the more you clinically examine everything in the third person even if you’re directly involved and about to get some. You’ve been literally cock blocking yourself since before everything went to shit, trauma or not.”

“So you’re saying the idiot thinks too much to get hard.” Rayanre deadpanned. “For a supposed genius, you’re a fucking dumbass.”

“… Ngh.” He didn’t have the nerve to deny it, blushing and avoiding eye contact from either woman. He hated it when they was right like that.

Jasmine’s hand snaked down to his pants again and began to work her magic, leaning up against her “prey” sensually. “Here’s a free lesson for you, Cougar. Issei’s a bit shy at times, and his brain’s a place that only the most incompetent and overconfident would even dare to understand, so the best way to get him to play along is to convince his body to ignore the idiot box in his head. Meaning a more hands on approach.”

Even while Issei was shivering in slight confusion, she gently grabbed one of his hands with her free one and rested it on her breasts. Almost instantly he began to sway as if in a daze. “While he does calm down if he’s groping you, he’s also more receptive and open to getting aroused too. Particularly if that’s what you’re aiming for. After that~…”

Jasmine didn’t even bother to hide her intentions as she mounted Issei and started making out with him with little resistance. Rather, after a few seconds of surprise, the teen gave up any presence of propriety and embraced the woman, one hand on her thong clad ass and the other on her head, preventing her from pulling away.

It was passionate. It was engulfing. It was-

“Hey. HEY! Don’t you two dare fucking cuck me like this!” Raynare snarled, still bound up and mounted on the sibian less than a meter away from the action.

Turning the Fallen angel on really hard.

Jasmine groaned before tapping Issei twice on the head to let her go, which he did reluctantly.

She then quickly got up off the couch, undid Issei’s pants, moved behind Raynare, pushed her literally between Issei’s legs, turned on the sibian’s dildos to max power, shoved Issei’s half erect dick in her mouth to shut her up (with surprisingly little resistance), then mounted Issei again while grinding against the back of Fallen’s skull.

Raynare didn’t complain. She was too turned on and busy trying to get Issei off so she could finally get off.

Ten minutes later, the closet door opened to Vali exiting the training dimension covered in burns, sweat and dirt. He opened his mouth to say something, but paused as he saw the threesome still in full swing. The smell of bodily fluids and arousal in the room was damn near suffocating, and if he had not been accustomed to similar environments he may have been roped into the madness.

“… About fucking time.”

With a snort and bitter laugh, he turned around and went back to the dimension for a double workout session.

Might as well enjoy the place while he could regardless. The unstable alternate reality was an ideal extreme training zone. It wasn’t often he was able to expose himself to such a vicious and unforgiving setting without restraint.

It was the place where Issei was taken to when he had his final showdown with the leaders of the three factions after all.

o. o. o.

Rias quietly sat at her desk, hunched over her paperwork, but reading and writing nothing.

Too fast. It was all moving too fast. She thought she had more time than this. Sirzechs had said that she had at least a few more months before her situation devolved to this point.

“Rias-sama.” Akeno spoke formally, standing at her side loyally not as her friend, but as her Queen. “Your thoughts?”

“… I don’t like it.”

“Forgive me, but I’m afraid that much is already apparent.”

“I had more time, Akeno. Something isn’t right. This is something that we assumed would be dealt with during the fall at the earliest. Riser is an incorrigible ass, but he does not have the backing or the nerve to push my family and my brother to accelerate things by this margin.”

“Perhaps that is why he was so generous as to grant you three weeks to prepare for the Rating Game.” Akeno noted.

The fact that Grayfia was there didn’t hurt either.

“The timing simply fit. Three weeks is the end of our May vacation. If I, if we do loose, then my absence from school afterwards can be explained easier to the populace. Politically and statistically speaking, it would be easier to manage for everyone.”

“But you don’t intend to lose.” Akeno’s eyes narrowed.

“Of course I don’t.” Rias snapped irritably before regaining composure. “Sorry. It’s just, I’m…”

“You don’t have to explain anything, Rias-sama. We all feel the same way.” Akeno soothed her nerves. “Let me brew you some tea to help you calm down.”

“Thank you.” Sagging into her chair, Rias could only thank her luck that she had such a caring and attentive best friend.

“It’s what I’m here for.” Akeno made her way to the door, only to pause. “You know we will have to enlist Issei’s aid as soon as we can to maximize our odds.”

“I know. He won’t like it, but, he’s not stupid Akeno. Or heartless. The moment he realizes that I’m in a spot, he’ll help us without too much complaining.” Rias smiled wryly, not sure if she was dreading or anticipating the encounter.

“I must admit, I’m curious as to what he can do with us in that time.” Lifting her hand up to examine her fingers, Akeno watched as arcs of electricity jumped from finger to finger in short, but controlled bursts and patterns. A childish exercise to be sure, but one that she could instinctively tell would yield interesting results.

“Do you think we can handle it for that long?” Rias jested. It was always a bit of a show whenever Issei was around, for better or for worse, and that was in short bursts. Who knows what long term exposure would do to them?

“I’m not sure. But, there’s no question he knows what he’s doing.” Akeno hummed as she left the room. “It’s funny, but as annoying as he is at times, I can’t help but put our faith in him just as you are. A pity he’s not interested in being a Devil.”

Rias sighed, turning her gaze to the side where her remaining Peerage Pieces were standing proudly on a shelf for all to see.

“Mmm. It really is a pity.”

Despite trying to relax as she closed her eyes, her mind couldn’t help but gravitate back to Riser’s visit just a few hour prior. His demeaning attitude. His sexist and crass words. His selfish, spoiled, and overbearing personality…

But one moment in particular stood out in spite of all that.

He had been sauntering around the meeting room, mocking her lifestyle and her choice of education, when he stopped by the window and looked down at the school yard. It had been several hours since the gates had closed, so there should have been no one other than them still on campus. Indeed, that had been the case.

And yet his eyes were still hypnotized by the unmarked field itself, seeing something that no one else could.

*“Rias. By any chance, do you happen to have a user of fire magic in your peerage*?”

It was the way he asked it that caught her attention. There was none of his usual swagger or confidence in his body language for that short period of time. Instead, there was almost a wary tenseness in how he carried himself, as if there was something there that he should not take lightly.

She didn’t know why he had asked that question, or what he had sensed, but she knew deep down that the Phoenix had sensed the marks that of the Dragon on campus.

She denied it of course, as it was the truth. It seemed to placate Riser as well, and he must have assumed that someone from Sona’s peerage was responsible for whatever triggered his instincts. Moments later, he was back to his usual obnoxious self, his concern gone as quickly as it had appeared.

She was certain of it now. It was a longshot to be sure, but she was confident that Issei was the key to getting out of her situation.

One way, or another.

o. o. o.

Omake: The beginning of something horribly beautiful

Raynare panted, slumping almost lifelessly against the stripper pole in Issei’s bedroom.

It had been almost a week since she was forced to dance for hours on end every day on this damn thing and it wasn’t getting any easier. Her body ached. Her muscles ached. Her mind was mush. She could barely speak properly. And she was still getting electrocuted with high frequency currents at least six times a day.

If she wanted the electro treatment that badly, she’d go to that poor excuse for a sellout under Gremory… wait. Actually it was probably best if she didn’t. That idiot looked like the type that would completely forget about self-control the moment her kink started acting up.

She was surrounded by the insane or the incompetent.

“Raynare-san?”

Exhibit… fuck, she couldn’t even bother to sort out just where the useless nun fell on the spectrum right now.

Ah, in hindsight, she wasn’t completely useless. The clueless child did save her life with that Sacred Gear of hers in the end after all.

“Haaah?” Turning around, the Fallen Angel gave the confused and curious nun at the doorway a dirty look.

“Am, am I coming at a bad time?” Asia asked with some concern.

Any time was a bad time as far as she was concerned, but the world seemed to not give a shit about what she wanted these days. “What is it?”

“I was just, wondering what you were doing?” The blonde girl shifted in place with a blush, avoiding eye contact…

Oh that was right. She was a shut in nun, and Raynare was in pretty much her underwear right now. Protestants and all that.

Wait, didn’t the girl also see her on the sibian a few days ago? She didn’t remember.

“What I was doing?”

“You’ve been at it for a while now. I was wondering why you were exhausting yourself so much.”

Oh this sweet summer child. Innocent and delectable enough to give even the mythical diabetes.

“Dancing.”

Asia blinked and did her own version of a doubletake. “Dancing? On a pole in Issei-san’s room?”

“It’s a special kind of dancing.” She didn’t even want to try and explain that she was doing under duress and punishment of torture.”

“Is it fun?”

Raynare blinked, not sure if she heard that right. “Is it fun?”

“Yeah. I heard that dancing is fun. I never learned to do it myself. And you must really like it if Issei-san let you do it in his room.”

Raynare’s first instinct was to snap at the poor girl for her childish misunderstanding of the situation.

Her second instinct was to laugh hysterically at how stupid it was.

Her third instinct however, significantly more evil than the others, shut its kin up before they could take control, as it had at the last possible moment come up with an idea so twisted that it immediately began to brighten her mood.

“… Yeah. Yeah, it is pretty fun, once you get the hang of it.” The fallen Angel’s tone turned almost sickeningly sweet. “Come on in. I’ll teach you.”

Asia’s eyes shined with the sort of naivety that one could expect from a child or one that saw way too much good in other people. “Really?”

“Yeah. I’ll even get you started. First thing we have to deal with is your clothes…

o. o. o.

Two days later:

Issei sighed as he walked into his room. It had been a long day trying to keep his sanity at the school and then dealing with the weeb and her group’s ever shifting melting pot of personal issues that he simultaneously wanted nothing to do with and wanted to fix so they wouldn’t bug him anymore.

“Ah. Hi Issei-san.”

“Mmm.”

But that could be for later. He was in his room again where it was safe. Time to relax. Kick back. And pull… up… some…

Slowly his mind registered that he wasn’t alone in his sacred abode.

With a cracking sound that wasn’t physically possible in a human body, Issei turned around to see Asia dancing somewhat clumsily in what could be described as a blue apron and underwear on the stripper pole in his room.

“H-How’s my dancing?” The impossibly innocent girl asked as she swung and hugged the pole in front of her.

Issei bolted out of his room.

“Hi honey. Did you forget-” Asami greeted her eccentric son at the bottom of the stairs.

“The Ninja Puppy was pole dancing in my room!” He shouted in horror as he rushed past her and fumbled with the front door. “And she isn’t that good at it!!”

His mother blinked in genuine confusion as her mind tried to process the bizarre statement. “Okay? Is, is that a good thing or a bad thing?”

Issei wrenched open the door and bolted outside. “I don’t know!!!”

Asami couldn’t get another word in before her son was already out of earshot, sprinting who the hell knows where in a blind panic.

She then turned to Raynare, who was laughing her ass off in the living room.

“… You taught an impressionable nun how to pole dance, just to screw with my son?”

Raynare laughed even harder.

“Fair enough.”

Asami really should feel guiltier about the current turn of events, if only for Asia’s sake. But she couldn’t.

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