Summary

He was born different. Unique. A Nephalem. Raised a Phenex and a hero of the civil war, he was betrayed by those he trusted most. He left to mend his broken heart and it has been two hundred years since his self-exile. Now he returns as new enemies appear to defend his family and loved ones and to show the world why they still tremble in terror of the idea of Nephalem. Harry/Harem.

Notes

Prologue

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, setting, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. All other concepts and ideas from other books or stories belong to their respective authors. No copyright infringement is intended.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Prologue

Chapter Notes

Prologue Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, setting, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. All other concepts and ideas from other books or stories belong to their respective authors. No copyright infringement is intended.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Deception may be found everywhere, and as devils we see it every day. However, if one were to simply open their eyes and observe carefully, they would see that the roots of all deception lie at home. For it is where we are at the most ease that we feel the need to overlook the most important things, no matter how small they seem. For these very things are the root of our problems, they slowly blinds us all to the bigger picture, the grand conception, and in doing so opens us to heartbreak and sorrow. I find it safe to say that deception would not exist in this world at all so long as we all just opened our eyes and stopped our everyday tasks to take a moment and think about what truly causes our pain. Is it the act of a breaking bond? The death of a friend? The destruction of a home? All are tragic, yet none compare to the pain that can be felt when one is betrayed, the pain of an iron wedge being driven through your heart. Yet even this is dwarfed by the betrayal of family, for when that wedge starts burning it does not just separate the betrayer from the others. It will tear a family apart slowly as they grieve and fight, an act that is as cruel as can be.

-Harry Bune reflecting on his past and his friends' betrayal

Betrayal.

One word. Three vowels. One meaning.

The dictionary definition of the word betrayal is “the breaking or violation of a presumptive contract, trust, or confidence that produces moral and psychological conflict within a relationship amongst individuals, between organizations or between individuals and organizations.” The one who betrays is usually called the betrayer or traitor and is mostly universally looked on with scorn.

Arguably, the most infamous of traitors (other than Judas Iscariot) is none other than the original Lucifer himself. Once considered the most beautiful of God's archangels, Lucifer's fall began when God began favoring man over angels. This caused envy and jealousy to enter Lucifer's heart as he couldn't understand how God could favor the “hairless apes” over those he considered His greatest creations, the angels. Since then, the name Lucifer has been associated with betrayal of the highest order.

Thousands of years ago, the God of the Bible created the Angels. Now, the official definition of an angel is of an ethereal creature who assists and serves the God of the Bible. In the Christian bible, angels were portrayed as powerful and dreadful, endowed with wisdom, correct in their judgment, holy, but not infallible. When their duties were not punitive, angels were beneficent to man. When
their duties were punitive, they were known as avenging angels and were mentioned in verses such as II Sam. Xxiv. 15, in which an angel annihilates thousands on God's command. These avenging angels were used by God to punish men for their sins.

Now, the important part was this: they were not infallible.

Lucifer's betrayal showed this clearly and its effects changed the scope of the Judeo-Christian religion forever. Angry at God loving Man above him, Lucifer tried to prove mankind was beneath them and created the first demon, Lilith. He thought that by corrupting her, he was proving how low Man could fall and how beneath the angels they truly were. This act was Lucifer's betrayal in God's eyes and he ordered Michael to cast Lucifer out of Heaven for all time as punishment for his actions.

Lucifer felt betrayed both by his Father's unjust (in his mind) punishment as well as his brother Michael for siding with Him. Wishing revenge for their betrayal, Lucifer created a kingdom in the part of the Chaosplasm left over from when Creation was made, where he had been banished to. This kingdom was eventually named the Underworld though it was often confused as Hell. This was due to the fact that Lucifer began creating an army of devils in the Underworld in order to eventually wage war on God for his 'betrayal'. And so was born the second Faction of the Biblical pantheon.

Lucifer then went further and transformed himself and the three fellow Fallen Angels who came with him into the first four Devils: Lucifer himself, Leviathan, Beelzebub, and Asmodeus. There, he carved his own kingdom which was a separate dimension that was the same size as Earth with the exception of having no bodies of water and a purple sky that made it perpetually twilight. The atmosphere was also made in such a way as to be toxic to pure humans.

There, in his new kingdom, which many confused with Hell, Lucifer and his fellow Devils bided their time and created more Devils. They did this by using the souls of the damned that they plucked from the section of true Hell reserved for those who followed God of the Bible's religion. The process he used to do this is lost to time but many say he got the idea from an ancient enemy of Heaven that he once fought before his Fall.

Eventually, their army grew and many Devil generals rose above the others. The 72 highest and most powerful ones eventually appeared in what is now known as the Ars Goetia of the Lesser Key of Solomon. Each Devil general had their own region of control within the Underworld, some more than others but each important in their own way to the continued survival of the Devil race.

Meanwhile, Lucifer's actions had caused a stir amongst the angels in Heaven who began to wonder how he was capable of doing that if they were supposed to be inherently good. God, fearful of his angels rebelling and causing chaos on Earth, set up the System which would eject any angel who 'sinned' from Heaven as well as turn their wings black to signify their new status. This was meant as a deterrent to stop other angels from following in Lucifer's footsteps. He thought that the threat of being ejected from Paradise would prevent them from doing something he did not wish them to.

Unfortunately, this had the opposite effect as many angels saw this as a restriction on their freedom. Why should they be so restricted when humans, God's favored beings, were not similarly restricted?

Eventually, this frustration erupted into mass rebellion led by twelve-winged angel Azazel who then became the leader of the fallen angels. These fallen angels were then organized together into the group later named the Grigori. And so was born the Third Faction of the Biblical pantheon.

However, before the Great War started, another conflict began. One against a new breed of being that was both Angel and Devil: the Nephalem.

Nephalem were first created from the mingled ashes of Angel and Demon by Lilith during the
unrecorded time before the Great War. Incapable of giving birth to children after complications in the birth of her first and only child, Lilith had been desperate to give life in a different way. Furthermore, the Great War was inevitable and she wished to give the Underworld an unstoppable army that would ensure victory.

However, the power to create from nothing was not amongst the abilities of Devils, tainted as they were by the darkness that created them. Only Angels or at least those created by the God of the Bible could truly create. Therefore Lilith mingled the ashes of dead Devils with the seed of male Angels and from that the Nephalem came into being.

Being both Angel and Devil, they were far more powerful than both and Lilith favored them over her natural-born children. Like she intended, their power surpassed anything ever seen before and in many instances, they surpassed even the God of the Bible's power.

However, the mingled blood of the two races that were intrinsically opposed caused many Nephalem to either go insane or self-destruct before they reached adulthood. In order to prevent this fate, they had to find a way to balance their Angelic and Demonic blood. Even then, those who survived into adulthood were depraved beyond even the cruelest Devil and the crimes they inflicted across the worlds were innumerable.

Their power eventually went to their head and they decided that their pedigree gave them right to rule both the Heavens and the Hells (including the Underworld). Believing such, they declared war on all the pantheons, the Hells and Earth itself.

Led by their leader, Absalom the First Nephalem, they waged war outside of time and as such the war took time immeasurable and no time at all. Much of the fighting was done in what is now known as the Dimensional Gap, the empty area between the worlds in which only Gods and the Nephalem could enter without being destroyed. Knowing that the Nephalem could possibly destroy all of Creation with their power, the different pantheons joined forces for the first time in history against the threat.

However, even with the combined might of all the pantheons and Hells, the Nephalem were too strong and were gaining the upper hand. Even when the dragons, including Great Red himself, joined the battle against the Nephalem, the most they could do was stalemate against them. And during all this, they razed entire worlds across the universe, committing crimes that sickened even Lucifer himself. In fact, they used Lucifer's ability to turn souls in Hell into Devils in order to reap the souls of the fallen civilizations and turn them into weapons.

With the Nephalem being capable of breeding and numbering far more than they, it seemed inevitable that eventually the Nephalem would emerge victorious. If only through attrition.

However, as luck would have it, four Nephalem had grown tired of the constant warfare. Approaching the pantheons and Great Red, they promised to help defeat and imprison their brethren forever if they were spared and could live out their lives in peace. The pantheons and Great Red agreed to this as long as the Nephalem agreed to let their powers be stripped from them. The four Nephalem, now named Horsemen of the Apocalypse, agreed.

Empowered by the Pantheons and with Great Red leading them, the Four Horsemen turned on their brethren and slaughtered them to a man. None were left alive and the Nephalem died, betrayed by their own brothers.

Knowing that the Nephalems' power was such that their souls could possibly linger and return in another form, a prison was made for them whose seals were hidden away forever. The prison was called Limbo and the seven seals that held it shut were scattered amongst the pantheons, never to be
reunited ever again.

For her crime of creating them, Lilith was imprisoned in the deepest reaches of Hell where no other soul has or ever will go. Meanwhile, the Four Horsemen willingly gave up their power and became simple humans in order to help repopulate the Human race which had been almost rendered extinct through the actions of the Nephalem.

The events of this war caused tensions to rise higher than ever between the Three Factions. The Fallen Angels and Heaven Factions feared the Devils created more abominations like the Nephalem and decided they couldn't be allowed to live. At the same time, Heaven decided it was time to punish the Fallen Angels for their crimes in order to show the world what happened to those who defied God's commands.

This started the Great War between the Four Great Satans and the Devils, God and the Angels and Azazel and the Grigori. The Great War lasted millennia with neither side gaining any leverage over the other. Late in the war, the Fallen Angels retreated from the fighting though the Four Great Satans and the Angels continued to fight each other.

In the final climatic battle of the Great War, the Four Satans and God fought each other. The battle lasted for days until eventually, with a tremendous explosion, it ended. From the ashes of that battle, nothing was found, showing that all Four Satans and God himself had perished.

Knowing the effect God's death would cause, this was hidden by the higher-ups of all three sides. While a real peace wasn't established, a tentative cease-fire was formed between the three sides. The losses caused by the war made continuing it a suicidal endeavor. It would only end with all three sides dead.

For a while, things seemed peaceful. However, eventually discontent and rebellion began to grow in the Underworld. The descendants of the old Satans wished to continue the War, sure that now with God dead they could win the war. The majority of the devil population, however, did not wish to continue fighting a war that they felt had lost all meaning with the original Satans' death. This created a state of Cold War between the 72 Pillars that did not wish to continue the war and the four Satans and their supporters who did.

During all this, Harry James Bael was born.

During the last years of the war, James Bael, the then heir to the House of Bael, had met and fell in love with an angel by the name of Lily. At first, Lily rejected James advances, believing them to be from lust instead of love. However, with God's death, Lily became distraught and James comforted her genuinely. This caused Lily to start to reciprocate his feelings and the two eventually fell in love.

In secret, the two saw each other and in order to prevent Lily's Fall and therefore possibly alerting everyone to their affair, they always made love the angelic way despite the pain it caused James. Due to this, Harry James Bael became the first pure Nephalem to be born since the end of the Nephalem. While there had been other hybrids between Devils and Fallen Angels, these were not true Nephalem since their angelic blood was from Fallen Angels and not pure Angels like Lily. Therefore, Harry became the first of his kind.

It seemed poetic irony that Lillian, whose name was derived from Lilith, should give birth to the first Angel/Devil hybrid since the imprisonment of the Nephalem all those millennia ago.

Lily had been both ecstatic and terrified when she found out about her pregnancy. While she was happy that she was going to be a mother, he was terrified about what would happen if people found out about her son's hybrid status. There was much discrimination against those not purely Devil in
the Underworld and as a Nephalem, Harry would have it even worse.

Therefore, Lily went into hiding in the human world, faking her death so as to not have angelic search parties out for her. James used a property in the Human World only accessible to the heir of House Bael in order to hide her. James told no one except his two closest friends, Sirius Amduscias and Peter Ronove his secret so they could help him cover for his absences.

Soon afterwards, Harry James Bael was born much to the joy of his parents who loved him unconditionally. For a year afterwards, the small family lived happily, raising their son with all the love they had.

All that ended one Halloween night when the ten-winged Fallen Angel Voldemort attacked.

Somehow he had discovered the existence of Harry and, remembering the war against the Nephalem, set out to end the threat. He had attacked when they least expected it and killed both James and Lily before turning on one year old Harry.

However, when Voldemort attempted to kill young Harry.... he failed.

For you see, what Voldemort had forgotten was that as Nephalem, Harry was born with a powerful resistance, almost immunity to Holy objects as well as Light-based attacks. So when Voldemort attempted to kill young Harry with a powerful Light spear, his resistance plus a spell his mother cast before her death caused it to rebound back on the fallen angel, killing him instantly.

Sirius was the one to stumble upon the destroyed home and, heartbroken and not knowing what to do, he took Harry back to the Underworld to the Bael Clan. However, when the Bael clan found out about Harry's 'half-breed' status, they were quick to tell the Satans and banish young Harry from the clan. Seeing a chance to get a powerful ally to their side, gain the favor of the Bael Clan and get rid of the rebellious Amduscias heir who had been becoming increasingly rebellious, the Satans ruled that young Harry was to be killed.... unless someone else willingly offered themselves in his place.

As they expected, Sirius quickly offered his own life in exchange for Harry's. They agreed and executed the Amduscias heir which ended the Amduscias House in the male line. Agreeing with the Bael family's decision to banish him, they planned to adopt young Harry into the Lucifer Clan and raise him as their weapon when someone intervened.

The new Lady Gremory, formerly Venelana Bael had deeply loved her older brother and had been heartbroken at his death. When she saw what the Satans were planning, she quickly offered to adopt him into her House, claiming blood ties between her and him as taking precedence. Angry at being stymied but unable to deny her claims, the Satans allowed young Harry to be adopted into the Gremory Clan. And so it came to be that Harry was fostered by the Gremory clan as an adopted son of the clan alongside their son, Sirzechs.

Growing up as the adopted son of the Gremory clan, Harry Bael had a happy childhood and became friends with many other Devils his age. Among them was Serafall Sitri, Ajuka Astaroth and Falbium Glasya-Labolas. The five friends (including Sirzechs) were close and spent much time together. Amongst the group of friends, Harry was closest to Serafall, often pulling many pranks together on the others. The only person to which he was closer to was his brother, Sirzechs.

Despite being adopted, Sirzechs and Harry treated each other as true brothers and loved each other greatly. They became almost inseparable as they grew up and others would often see them running around together and training. They quickly bonded due to both being outcasts due to their extraordinary power and unDevil-like compassion that the Gremory instilled in them. Together with their three friends, they secretly plotted rebellion against the Four Great Satans to stop another Great
War from erupting.

It was Harry's dream of peace that inspired the rebellion. A world free of constant warfare where they didn't have to fear burying their children or watching friends and family die to an Angel's lance. Harry had the ability to unite people under one banner and they followed him out of love and respect rather than fear as those who followed the Satans did. So when Harry turned twenty, he made the first act of rebellion by attacking the Lucifer Clan lands along with his adopted brother, Sirzechs.

With this, the civil war erupted with the Old Satan faction wanting to continue the Great War and destroy the Angels and Fallen ones, and the anti-Satan faction composed of the 34 remaining Clans of the 72 pillars wanting only peace.

The conflict lasted for over a decade with many heroes on both sides. However, amongst the anti-Satan faction the five friends stood head and shoulders above the rest.

Their power was unmatched, each one capable of destroying a country several times over. Of the five, Sirzechs, Ajuka and Harry were even stronger than the rest due to the former two being Super Devils and Harry being a Nephalem. The latter, especially, was especially devastating since his ability to use light and immunity toward the same gave him an undeniable edge against Devils. These three changed the course of battles in their favor with their very presence on the battlefield. Harry was credited with killing most of the Lucifer Clan and the Asmodeus Satan while the other two each defeated a Satan and their followers by themselves as well.

Sirzechs and Harry especially caused fear and terror in their enemies. Sirzechs's Power of Destruction and Harry's Sacred Darkness Flames destroyed entire armies on their own. When together, they were like an unstoppable force of nature, beautiful yet terrifying at the same time.

The civil war took its toll but eventually it ended with Harry defeating Rizevim Livan Lucifer in the final battle, signaling the anti-Satan's faction victory.

Celebrations for the anti-Satan faction's victory lasted weeks as the Old Satan faction hid as the Underworld came under new management. The five heroes took the reins of leadership and helped their home recover from the terrible civil war. They didn't know which of the five would become Satans but decided to decide that later.

However, before this was decided, an event happened that fractured the bonds between the two brothers and threatened the stability of the Underworld.

This event wasn't caused by some terrible monster or calamity. No, this event was caused by one woman.

Grayfia Lucifuge.

During the third year of the civil war, Harry led the charge against the Lucifuge Clan mansion and killed many loyal Lucifer followers. During the battle, Harry rescued Grayfia from the fires of the burning mansion and the two fell in love. It was like a fairy tale romance with Harry being her hero and her being the princess and for years afterwards the two loved each other deeply. They were each others' world and neither could imagine being without the other.

During the civil war, Grayfia was considered the epitome of the perfect Devil woman; beautiful, smart, powerful and capable of controlling unruly male Devils. While Serafall was powerful and beautiful, Grayfia simply exuded a grace that Serafall lacked. Plus, her near storybook romance with Harry, another hero, caused many female Devils to swoon when they heard it.
However, while Harry gave her his heart completely and stayed loyal to her, over time Grayfia's eyes and heart slowly strayed to another.

This culminated until a few weeks after the fall of the Old Satan faction, Harry found his girlfriend in bed with none other than his brother in all but blood, Sirzechs.

For the first time in remembered history, the Underworld felt the full terror of Harry's rage as well as having undeniable proof of who was the strongest of the five heroes when Harry released his full power in his attempt to kill his now former brother and best friend. The resulting attempt destroyed an entire country's worth of land that would never recover as his power seeped into the land, scarring it forever. Luckily, no one had been killed in the backlash of his power though there were many injuries.

Only the combined efforts of Grayfia, Lord and Lady Gremory, Serafall, Ajuka and Falbium were enough to get him to calm down. Even all together they couldn't forcefully subdue him and it was only when he almost killed his adopted mother with an errant spell that he calmed down enough to stop.

It didn't take long for everyone there to realize what had happened and when they did, an argument erupted. It split between those defending Sirzechs and Grayfia and those on Harry's side along with Falbium who was neutral (mostly due to laziness). Eventually, Harry set an ultimatum, Grayfia had to choose who she wanted and choose carefully because once she did, there was no going back.

A week later, she made her choice. She chose Sirzechs.

Grayfia tried to apologize and explain but the conversation eventually devolved into an argument with Harry throwing accusations at her which left emotional scars on both of them. At the end of it, he told her she was never to darken his doorstep with her presence again and that as far as he was concerned the years he spent with her and everything associated with it was the biggest mistake of his life. His final remark was that he should have left her to die in the fires of her home, a comment which hurt Grayfia down to the soul. Harry then shut himself in his personal mansion and refused to talk to anyone.

Harry shut himself in the darkness of his room with only his dark thoughts and his once happy memories with Grayfia now torturing him as he questioned whether she ever truly loved him or was just using him. He ignored any attempts to contact him by anyone and retaliated violently to any letters from Sirzechs and Grayfia especially. Any letters from the latter two would usually be returned with a fire bomb and they eventually stopped trying to contact him.

Two weeks after Grayfia making her choice, he heard news of Sirzechs and Grayfia's engagement. Apparently, even his adopted parents had given their blessing for the union, meaning they approved of it. Heartbroken at yet another betrayal and no longer capable of staying, Harry left the Underworld. Before he left, he got a letter offering him the position of Lucifer and therefore, leader of the Underworld.

Thinking it was offered to him as a consolation prize for losing Grayfia, he violently rejected it and this only solidified his desire to leave the Underworld. He couldn't deal with the idea of seeing the woman he loved marrying his own brother and the fact that even his own adopted family was supporting the marriage only made it worse. Deciding that he had no family anymore and therefore, no reason to stay, he left and traveled to the Human World where he wouldn't be found. He told no one beforehand and simply left without a word.

Desperate for any family connection, Harry also left to find out anything he could about the previous Nephalem.
It didn't take long for Harry's disappearance to be noticed and this created a rift between the Four Satans. Harry had been the glue that tied the five heroes together and it was his dream of peace that eventually inspired Sirzechs to dream the same dream. His disappearance and the obvious reasons behind it was a blow to the Underworld as a whole whose population didn't know the reasons behind his departure, not knowing about Sirzechs' betrayal.

While Harry's departure and self-exile from the Underworld was a blow, life continued. The Underworld slowly recovered and the remaining four heroes took up the mantles of the Satans; Sirzechs as Lucifer, Serafall as Leviathan, Ajuka as Beelzebub and Falbium as Asmodeus. However, since the new Satans weren't related to the original Satans by blood, they couldn't call upon the souls of Hell for power and then trickle it down to other Devils.

In answer to this, Devils were forced to answer the summons of humans to fulfill their desires and collect that desire as power for themselves. This caused much unrest since it basically turned Devils into little more than glorified servants and it stuck at their pride. However, they had little choice and so the contracts system was born.

To replenish the Devil population, Ajuka brought to life an old idea between him and Harry called the Evil Piece System. Based on Harry's idea to get allies from the youkai during the civil war, the system used chess as base to turn other creatures into Devils. The usual were humans but youkai and anything short of a God worked as well.

The Evil Piece System led to the Rating Games which made it extremely popular in the Underworld. Devils, ever the violent species, could prove their superiority through their Pieces in a Rating Game. Through this, Devil Clans could rise in rank without having to go into real battle and expand their holdings.

All seemed to be going well on the surface. However, on the other side of the coin the cracks were visible.

Harry's departure and the circumstances around it had broken the bonds between the Four Great Satans. Serafall had long been bitter of everyone comparing her to Grayfia and Grayfia's actions against Harry destroyed their relationship and turned the once good friends into barely tolerable acquaintances. The greatest example had been the fight between them to decide who would be Leviathan where Serafall turned a friendly spar into outright war as she released her anger out on Grayfia. Their battle matched the worst battles of the war in intensity if not power where Serafall won hands down.

Sirzechs, of course, grew angry at what should have been a simple spar sending his wife to the hospital for two weeks. The resulting argument between Serafall and him almost turned physical and almost fractured the already tenuous alliance between the Four Satans. The end result was Sirzechs realizing he had lost another friend and how badly he'd betrayed his brother and its consequences.

Ajuka was also affected by Harry's departure. Without Harry to drag him from his experiments, he shut himself in his lab all day, every day and no one could bring him out. He became a recluse and barely attended his Satan duties and even then it was only the bare minimum necessary.

However, Falbium was even worse. The lazy Devil became even lazier and outright refused to do any work. For this reason, the military suffered greatly and it could be said that the Underworld didn't have an army to speak of so much as a loose conglomeration of specialized peerages that may or may not fight together if given a common enemy.

Two centuries passed and the Underworld plodded on. The Four Satans tried to help the Underworld recover from the losses of both the Great War and the Civil War afterwards but it was slow going.
None of them were as politically savvy as Harry had been and so were forced to make many concessions to the pillar families. Despite this, the Satans managed to force some changes to the Underworld, many of which had been thought up by Harry himself before his self-exile.

During all this, the Gremory Clan and Harry's former friends always kept an ear out for any hint of the lost hero's whereabouts. The longer he went missing, the wider the cracks holding the Underworld together became and even Sirzechs and Grayfia's marriage showed the strain. Serafall, especially, desperately searched for Harry, the hole in her heart left by his departure incapable of being filled by anyone or anything else.

Yet despite decades of searching, no whisper was heard of the lost Nephalem hero....

_They say that the passage of time can heal all wounds...._  
The scene shows a man with black hair and green eyes painting on a blank canvas, an almost manic energy in his hands as the painting came to life. As if trying to convey his feelings into the painting.  
_But the greater the loss.... the deeper the cut._  
Night came and went and the the man continued to paint with an almost desperate intensity, a beautiful painting of a sunset over a purple sky coming into view.  
_And the more difficult the process to become whole again._  
Days passed with the man not moving from his newest obsession, adding details to the point that the painting almost seemed alive. When he finished, the painting revealed to be a beautiful depiction of wide open fields under a violet sky that glittered as if filled with stars. On the ground, six figures could be seen and despite being no bigger than an inch, details were easily discernible to identify each.  
_The pain may fade but scars serve as a reminder of our suffering._  
The man woke up in the middle of the night from a nightmare, before reaching over to the night table to a scotch bottle and downing it all at once in an attempt to drown out the memories of the war the nightmare brought back. These thoughts inevitably led to what happened after the war which only worsened his mood and led to yet another nightmare when he went back to bed.  
_And make the bearer.... all the more resolved, never to be wounded again._  
The man finally gives up on trying to sleep and gets dressed before leaving the apartment.  
_So as time moves along, we get lost in distractions._  
The man returns to the apartment while kissing a busty brunette woman whose name he didn't even know before picking her up and taking her into the bedroom.  
_Act out in frustration._  
The black-haired man is pounding down at the woman, frustratingly trying to purge his emotions through sex while the woman happily took it.  
_React with aggression._  
The man is later shown in another bar hitting on a dark-haired woman when her boyfriend comes up and starts arguing with him. The black-haired man, rather than argue back, picks up a bottle and
smashes it on the boyfriend's face, getting a scream from the woman he was hitting on. The boyfriend's friends get up and attack him in revenge, drawing a cruel smile from the black-haired, and now shown to be obviously drunk, man.

*Give in to anger.*

The scene shows the man standing over the unconscious and bleeding forms of everyone in the bar. He reaches over to the terrified, yet still conscious, woman he had been hitting on earlier, grabs a cigarette from her pack and lights it with a black ember he summoned on the end of his pointer finger. Inhaling deeply, he leaves the bar as the sound of sirens approaches.

*And all the while, we plot and plan.*

The same man is shown reading large tome named “Magicks Most Evile” with a determined look on his face.

*As we wait to grow stronger.*

The man is shown training in a large desert, blasts of black fire and other explosions being seen from a large distance.

*And before we know it, the time passes.*

The sun rises and sets as decades pass. The towns make way for cities and skyscrapers, cars filling the paved roads where dirt roads once were. All the while, the man stays the same... unchanged and alone, his anger giving way to loneliness and pain which eventually turns into sorrow.

*We are healed, ready to begin anew.*

The man is shown sleeping next to a busty brunette woman before suddenly his eyes open, revealing glowing emerald eyes.

---

*Munich, Germany*

*One hundred and ninety years after self-exile*  
*(Ten years before canon)*

“I still don't get the appeal of painting or your obsession with it,” said the busty brunette from before as she lounged on the nearby couch wearing the same dress she was wearing the previous night.

“I don't expect you to understand, Katerea,” responded Harry as he continued to paint. He was only wearing a pair of jeans showing off his chiseled physique as well as a few scars here and there. “But painting relaxes me. It gives me a sense of control that I've far too often in my life.”

“If you join my organization, you'll have control over a lot of things,” pointed out the newly revealed Katerea. “Whether you like or not, you're a true Nephalem. Unlike other Angel-Devil hybrids from Fallen angel and Devil unions, you're the only true Nephalem since your mother was still an Angel when you were born. The side you choose will have an incredible advantage over the others and I doubt you'll want to return to the Underworld which is ruled by your former brother.”

Katerea smirked when she saw Harry grip his paintbrush harder, showing his anger at his former brother hadn't faded. “Awww,” said Harry with a forced smirk as he turned to Katerea. “And I thought you liked me for me.”

Katerea smiled seductively as she stretched out her body in a way that caught his eye. “I didn't know
you before to have an opinion on you. Though,” a lustful gleam entered her eye, “we certainly got to know each other better last night.”

“We certainly did,” said Harry with a smirk as he returned to the painting which showed itself to be a painting of the very same woman behind him and himself in bed together. His skill with painting was shown in how realistic the scene looked with one thinking they could reach out and touch the two in the painting. Nothing explicit was shown since everything was covered in a white bedsheet yet at the same time, the painting gave off an aura of sensuality far higher than even the most explicit of porn films.

“So did you hear about the new addition to the Gremory family?” asked Katerea with a calculating look once Harry turned back to the painting. She smirked as she saw him freeze and almost break the paintbrush in his hands, showing he certainly had. “Looks like the new Lucifer finally has an heir. Though they're calling him Gremory instead of Lucifer for some reason. Millicas Gremory.”

Harry seemed to regain control of himself as he continued painting. “Yes, I have. It looks like after centuries of spreading her legs to anyone willing, Grayfia finally decided to give Sirzechs a child. Though if I were him I would conduct a blood test just to make sure it was mine. Whore that she is.”

Katerea smiled evilly at his insults toward the current Lucifer's wife, feeling amused at them. “Sounds like a man whose made peace with his demons.”

“All my demons are dead,” stated Harry blandly. “Or driven off.”

“Except, of course,” came a third voice which came from an average-looking brown-haired man that entered the room. “For the lingering monster with whom you share a bed.” The man showed the woman her high heels which she had kicked off during Harry and her's passion last night. “I trust you can find the door easily enough.”

Katerea looked affronted but wisely decided not to say anything when she saw Harry not react. This showed the man was trusted enough to be able to speak his mind and was probably close to Harry as a result. Antagonizing him would only anger Harry.

Picking herself off the couch with dignity, she walked over to Harry and gave him a lingering kiss on his cheek. “Call me later if you're not busy.”

Harry smirked at her. “Maybe I will.”

Katerea smiled and exaggeratedly swung her hips as she walked away, grabbing her heels from the man's hand before leaving in a magical circle.

Once they were alone, the brown-haired man seemed to eye where Katerea disappeared before speaking. “You do realize that that... woman is a descendant of the original Leviathan and more importantly, daughter of one of your former enemies from the Civil War, correct? And that she still plans to overthrow the current Satans to reinstall the system you worked so hard to overthrow?”

“What better way to settle old rivalries than with a quick tumble between the bedsheets, right Nicholas?” answered Harry with a smirk.

“And forget the fact that she's planning on overthrowing and killing three of your oldest friends as well as their families,” retorted Nicholas angrily. “Or has your anger and rage at the Gremory come to encompass Serafall, Falbium and Ajuka as well? Will you actually take up arms against your home?”

Harry seemed to flinch at the accusation before turning back to his painting. “I won't go against them
but the Underworld is not my home. It never was and never will be. It was only a place I was raised and I've moved on from. As for Katerea's plans.... they don't concern me.”

“It's been almost two centuries, Harry,” said Nicholas firmly, causing Harry to freeze. “Now I understand your rage at what she and your former family did but you need to move on. Not forgive them, but at least let it go so the wound can heal. You'll never heal if you wallow in the past.”

Harry slowly put down the paintbrush and palette before turning to Nicholas with a broken look in his eyes. “Perhaps...... I'm simply too broken to mend.”

With that, Harry grabbed a shirt before leaving the apartment, leaving a sighing Nicholas Flamel behind.

Harry was walking through the snowy streets of Munich, not knowing where to go as Nicholas' words went through his head.

To tell the truth, he simply didn't know how to move past Sirzechs' and Grayfia's betrayal. He had trusted them above all others and they had betrayed him in the worst way. No matter how he looked at it, even if they loved each other, it didn't forgive their betrayal. It didn't help that even after two hundred years he was still in love with Grayfia. How could he move past their betrayal if he still loved her?

The news of Millicas' birth had shattered him. Until now, he had survived by feeding off his rage and need for revenge on his former family. He had trained day in and day out and grown stronger, planning increasingly cruel ways to get revenge on those who betrayed him. His need for revenge being the only thing driving him forward and keeping him from wallowing in his grief and pain.

Yet the news of the child's death had destroyed all those plans. He remembered how it felt to be an orphan even if the Gremory had taken him in and raised him as one of their own. He wouldn't wish that on anyone and the idea of making an innocent child, even if he was the son of the two who betrayed him, an orphan ruined any plans for revenge he might have had.

Yet without revenge.... what did he have to live for? He had no family he wished to acknowledge. No position or goal to attain.

He was hollow..... and he would live forever.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts by the feeling of a powerful magical signature appearing not far outside Munich's city borders. Concentrating harder made Harry realize that there were two other signatures near it and from what he felt, they were fighting against the stronger one.... who seemed to be losing.

Harry froze for a moment before sighing and revealing his wings before starting to fly in the direction of the fight. Damn him and his 'saving people' thing.

When Harry arrived, it was to the sight of the fight being almost over. Studying the area, he realized that the powerful signature he felt had been from the fallen silver-haired woman lying in a crater across from two men, obviously Exorcists from their getup. For a moment, Harry thought it was Grayfia before realizing it couldn't be.

For one, there would be signs of ice magic around and other than a few craters and the snow already on the ground, there was no sign of ice magic having been used. Also, the woman was more slender than his ex-girlfriend, smaller in the bust yet more curvy in other areas. She was actually quite beautiful and had a certain aura of innocence around her that looked out of place in the current
Harry’s eyebrows furrowed as he realized he couldn't place her magical signature to any known supernatural creature. It felt almost human yet... not at the same time. Like there was something off about it for some reason.

Harry was brought out of his contemplations when the two Exorcists began to move and he turned to study them. One Exorcist had brown hair and looked fairly average except for the sword he was holding. Even Harry recognized the sword Caliburn which made the man before him a descendant of King Arthur. The other man was black-haired like Harry himself though a bit lighter than Harry's midnight black. He only had the usual mass-produced holy sword that all Exorcists used though his being around middle-aged, considering the normal life span of Exorcists being twenty-five, showed he was quite skilled.

Harry decided to make his presence known and landed in between the Exorcists and the fallen woman, surprising them badly.

“Who are you?” asked the Caliburn wielder angrily. “Are you a Devil in league with this abomination?”

“Isn't it polite to introduce yourself before demanding another's name?” asked Harry, coolly assessing the two men in front of him.

The black-haired Exorcist looked like he was about say something scathing when the Caliburn wielder stopped him. “My name is Uther Pendragon, descendant of King Arthur Pendragon and this is my friend and partner, Tom. Now who are you and are you a Devil or not? Your aura feels... strange.”

“My name is Harry... Peverell. AS for being a Devil... yes and no,” replied Harry coolly. “But no, I'm not in league with this woman. Though I have to ask what she did that deserved having the Caliburn wielder himself come to execute her? Did she commit some crime perhaps?”

The black-haired Exorcist named Tom spat in the direction of the fallen woman. “That thing is not a woman. It's an abomination in the shape of a woman. A homunculus created by some mad scientist who thought to play God. We've already killed the scientist and all that's left is to kill his Frankenstein abomination. And you too if you get in our way as well! So step aside.”

Harry cocked an eyebrow at his words before turning to the woman. He knew what homunculus were, of course. Artificial bodies shaped in the form of a human being but with some defect to show its artificial nature. It could something as simple as being shorter than normal or something more complex like some mental deficiency. The most obvious sign though was that most homunculus lacked the ability to truly feel the same way other living beings did. They were emotionally stunted in some way that made it hard for them to connect with normal people.

However, as Harry turned and looked into the barely open eyes of the homunculus woman, he saw something familiar. There was an innocence in her eye, showing that she wasn't truly bad in nature and had probably only fought to defend herself. There was a spark of intelligence shown in how she was assessing him even in her barely conscious state. And beneath all that was the look of someone who had lost all hope.

It was the same look Harry saw whenever he looked in the mirror.

“Well,” asked Uther firmly while gripping his sword tightly. “What's it going to be, heathen? You going to stand aside or will I be forced to purify you?”
Harry turned back to the Exorcists and made his choice. “I'm sorry to say boys that you will not be killing this innocent woman today. Not on my watch at least. However, I will give you this one chance to escape... before I send you to meet your Maker sooner than you expected.”

“Bastard!” yelled Tom as he charged Harry, Uther following soon after though at a slower pace. “As if we'd lose to the likes of you!”

Harry grimaced in resignation. “You made your choice then.”

Before Tom the Exorcist could react, a black katana materialized in Harry's right hand. Quicker than either Exorcist could track, Harry swung it and shattered the black-haired Exorcist's Holy Sword before the blade continued to cut the man in half at the chest.

“Tom!” yelled Uther in distress before turning to Harry with rage on his face. “You fucking Devil bastard!”

“I'll have you know that my parents were happily married,” responded Harry impishly as he parried the Caliburn wielder's strikes without trouble, easily shrugging off the Holy aura of the weapon. “You see, I'm not a Devil or at least not just a Devil. I'm so much more and you don't stand a chance.”

Harry mockingly continued to parry the man's strikes, easily avoiding the blast of Holy aura released by the blade every time the man swung. Harry started to get bored as he thought the man to be nothing more than a brute with no skill, just a powerful sword.

Suddenly, the man jumped back to create space before concentrating on Caliburn. Caliburn lit up with its Holy aura filling the clearing they were fighting in. Anything lower than a Middle-class Devil would have disintegrated just on the Holy aura alone while higher-class Devils would be greatly weakened. Harry, however, wasn't even slightly affected thanks to his Nephalem status and just smirked cockily at the man.

Harry was ready for the man to use the holy aura to attack him like so many other Holy Sword wielders did. However, Harry was surprised when instead of the holy aura attacking him like a beam of light, it instead seemed to.... enter Uther, filling him with its power.

Harry wondered what that was supposed to do when he got his answer when Uther suddenly appeared in front of him almost faster than he could track.

'Fast!' thought Harry in alarm as he tried to jump back to dodge an overhead strike.

However, Harry's arrogance cost him as he wasn't in any position to dodge and did so awkwardly. Harry managed to step back to dodge most of the strike but not completely. A thin cut went down from the top of his right eyebrow, down across his eye and down his cheek, blood gushing out of the wound as he cried in pain.

Yelling out in pain, Harry jumped further back to get some space but Uther wouldn't give it to him. Now with his right eye closed, Harry was forced on the defensive as whatever Uther did made him as strong and fast as an Ultimate-class Devil at the very least. Normally, this would be no problem since Harry was known to be able to match even chieftain gods. However, two things worked against him.

First, Harry was already handicapped with his wound. His inability to see out his right eye messed with his depth perception and so he sometimes dodged clumsily, jumping too far back or too far in one direction. It was only his reflexes and skill with a sword that kept him from being wounded.
Second, the knowledge of Millicas' birth (and subsequent loss of the need for revenge that had driven him for centuries), had caused him to enter a deep depression. The feelings of the sword's wielder affected his skill with it and that, coupled with not having even practiced to maintain his skill in almost a year, caused his skill level to drop markedly. After all, between two master swordsman where one is determined to win and live and the other is slightly suicidal, the former has a much better chance of victory no matter the latter's experience.

Harry grit his teeth in anger, cursing his own arrogance that led to him underestimating the Caliburn wielder. He'd been so sure in his own power he'd discarded any thought of a mere human giving him a challenge, much less wounding him. Yet here he was, being pressed by a mere human with nothing but his own skill and the most powerful Holy Sword going for him. It was humiliating.

Enough was enough. Harry's open eye flashed black as he released his aura, causing Uther to stumble slightly which gave Harry the opening to jump back, giving him space. Wanting to finish this quickly, Harry channeled his Sacred Darkness Flames through his blade and slashed in Uther's direction, a wave of flames heading toward Uther.

However, Uther surprised him yet again when he channeled Caliburn's holy aura once more and slashed in Harry's direction. "Rising Sun that Cleaves the Hells!" yelled Uther angrily.

Harry's eyes widened when a wave of holy light came from Caliburn, it's power easily enough to kill even a Satan-class Devil easily. It easily matched Harry's Sacred Darkness Flames, causing both to cancel each other and disperse.

Okay, now Harry was pissed. He prided himself on his flames destroying anything and to have a human with nothing but a strong Holy Sword match them (albeit when they were at one-fifth power), was more than his temper could take.

He had to finish this here and now. He was tired of playing with the man. His wound wasn't healing, he was annoyed at how long this battle was going and he just remembered that the woman he was protecting was badly hurt and needed treatment. It would be the height of insult if he managed to kill this bastard only for the woman to have died from her wounds, giving Uther the pyrrhic victory.

Harry's undamaged eye narrowed when he saw a thin line of blood come out of Uther's mouth. It seemed fighting at the level he was put stress on his body. Understandable since he was only human. The human body could only be pushed so far before you started getting negative returns. Harry could simply win through attrition with this knowledge but no, he wanted to show this man (and himself) that he won on his own skill. This was no about his pride in his own power.

Luckily, Harry had gotten a feel for Uther's style and while it had technique, it primarily revolved around pure strength and power. He could use that against him.

Harry dashed forward, faster than the eye could track, clashing swords with Uther once more. The two exchanged slashes at lightning-fast speeds, Uther forcing his body technique to the max in order to keep up, feeling his body tear from the inside the longer he kept it up. Eventually, the pain started to distract him and he made a mistake when he tried to go for an overhead strike.

The fight quickly came to an end when Harry parried the man's strike to the side, causing him to overextend. Harry quickly seized the advantage and disarmed the Exorcist... by cutting off both the man's hands at the wrist. Luckily for the Exorcist, Harry had channeled his black flames through the blade when he did it so it cauterized the wounds so he wouldn't bleed out.
The King Arthur descendant looked down at his cut off hands as he fell to his knees in shock. Meanwhile, Harry telekinetically summoned Caliburn to his left hand and held it and Yamato, the name of the black katana, in a cross pattern with a blade on either side of his neck.

“By the way, I'm not just a Devil.... I'm a Nephalem,” finished Harry as he summoned his twelve wings, six on each side with each side being made up of three Devil wings and three Angel wings. The one thing they all had in common was they were made up of his Sacred Darkness flames.

The Exorcist looked at his wings in shock before scowling at Harry in defiance. “Abomination.”

Narrowing his eyes at the man, Harry dragged both blades across, easily cutting off the man's head. Harry watched dispassionately as the man’s head rolled across the snow before he impaled the man's body with Caliburn, leaving it there for the Church to find later, having no use for the sword.

Harry turned back to the fallen woman who had watched the entire fight through barely opened eyes as she fought off unconsciousness.

“Why?” asked the woman in a barely heard whisper.

Harry paused and sighed. “Guess I have a 'saving people' thing. Come one, I'll take you home and fix you up.” Gently, making sure not to hurt her further, Harry picked the woman up bridal style and started to carry her home. “My name's Harry Bael by the way.”

The woman was silent for a moment and Harry thought she'd finally passed out when her answer came in a near whisper.

“Irisviel. Irisviel von Einzbern.”

Chapter End Notes

AN: And there's the prologue!

For those who will no doubt ask, SoulReaperCrewe gave the okay for me to use a similar “Grayfia cheated on (insert protagonist name) with Sirzechs” prologue.

The background of the Nephalem was taken from Darksiders while the Four Horsemen losing their powers and turning into humans was from the Diablo series. It's to explain why Christians believe God created humans. He was the one who took the Horsemen's powers away and in doing that, made them human. So in a way he DID create humans..... just not the first humans.

The Caliburn wielder Harry killed was NOT Arthur from the Khaos Brigade later but his and Le Fay's father, the previous wielder. Harry's murder of him will have a bearing later in the future and as you imagine, Arthur and Le Fay will NOT like Harry at all.

As always, Read and Review!
Harry's old and new family

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, setting, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. All other concepts and ideas from other books or stories belong to their respective authors. No copyright infringement is intended.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It isn't good to hold on too hard to the past. You can't spend your whole life looking back. Not even when you can't see what lies ahead. All you can do is keep on keeping on, and try to believe that tomorrow will be what it should be—even if it isn't what you expected.”

- Jim Butcher

---

**Gremory mansion, Underworld**

**Two hundred years after Harry's self-exile**

Venelana Gremory let out a sigh of relief as she left the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around her body protecting her modesty. No matter how many centuries passed, a long warm bath always helped relax her after a stressful day.

Venelana hummed to herself as she dressed herself in her night gown, being careful to put on her husband's favorite so as to better seduce him tonight. She knew that he'd had a long, hard day today and that there would be no better way to relax him than a long round of lovemaking.

Despite being over 500 years old, she knew she was still attractive enough to turn even a teenage Devil's head thanks to her Devil physiology and magic. She had long brown hair that fell in waves and blue-green eyes that her husband said captivated the soul. She had a large bust and curves in all the right places to seduce even the most stalwart of men. Her husband had often joked that the reason Angels fell was because they had caught the sight of her bathing.

Venelana smiled to herself as she finished putting on her nightgown and had opened her underwear drawer, undecided about whether or not to put on underwear, when she froze. Moving her underwear aside, Venelana pulled out a small pendant hidden deep inside her underwear drawer. The pendant was a red stone that had flickering black flames trapped inside.

It had been given to her by her adopted son Harry for her birthday a little after the Civil War started to ease her worries. He'd said it would burn for as long as he was alive, therefore assuring her he was fine. Even now, two hundred years later, it still burned, proving that her wayward son was still alive.

It had been the last gift he'd given her. Afterwards the Civil War had taken up both her sons time and they had to concentrate on the war. And after the war....

Venelana sighed as she remembered the events that led to her adopted son/nephew's self-exile.
The first time Venelana met Grayfia, she had thought she was the perfect match for Harry. Harry had always been loving, even for a Gremory. He was brave, selfless and possessed an extreme strength of character even as a child. When the other children picked on him for being a 'half-breed', he had been unafraid to stand up for himself even if their jibes hurt him. Despite that, he had always been hot-headed as shown in the way he declared war against the Satans not a week after turning twenty and gaining full control of his Nephalem powers. Grayfia's patient and calm demeanor had seemed like a wonderful contrast and she thought they fit well together.

When she'd found out about Sirzechs and Grayfia's affair and betrayal, she had been torn. To be frank, Sirzechs and Grayfia had obviously been in the wrong. She was horrified by the way Sirzechs betrayed his own brother in such a way, adopted or not. The two had always been close and the fact that Sirzechs betrayed him in such a manner made her want to smack her son stupid for his actions. Grayfia had also been on her shit list for her actions and Venelana had been distant to her for decades afterwards. Her making her a maid instead of an official member of the household had been punishment for her betrayal of her adopted son. Regardless of their feelings, there was no excuse for their sneaking behind his back.

Yet on the other hand, Sirzechs had been determined to marry Grayfia. He loved her and simply couldn't stand aside and let the woman he loved and who loved him be with someone else. It would be living a lie for both of them and neither could live like that. Being a Devil as well, he was selfish enough to not be able to live with seeing her with his brother of all people. He wanted to marry her himself and shout to the world his love for her even if it hurt his brother.

This put Venelana in a tight spot. If she had refused to give them her blessing and they married anyway, she would have been forced to disinherit him as her son as well as any children they might have had. It was the law in order to prevent heirs from marrying people not approved by the Lord of their House. She would, in short, be disinheriting her own son and placing a divide between them that would probably never fully heal.

In the end, Venelana had been forced to choose between hurting her adopted son's feelings by giving her blessing for their union or losing the other completely.

Venelana's eyes closed as she tried to fight the tears threatening to escape. Even two centuries afterwards she still wondered if she had made the right decision. The day the maid had come to her saying that Harry's mansion was empty and that he had left a letter proclaiming he had no family still haunted her to this day. The pain of losing her son, adopted or not, left a hole that had yet to heal. She'd never thought he would be so hurt by her actions as to completely abandon them. She'd thought that his friendship to the other Satans at least would keep him there and they could make up over time.

Instead he'd left completely, cutting all ties to the Underworld and since he was not officially a part of any noble House there was no way they could force him to remain. They barely managed to keep him from being marked a Stray Devil and that was only because he wasn't a pure Devil in the first place and they technically had no authority over him.

Venelana sniffed as she held the pendant close to her chest.

As a mother, she knew she shouldn't have favorites. However, in truth Harry had always been her favorite. When they were small, Harry would often joke that they should always take each other's side due to both having darker hair compared to Sirzechs and her husband's crimson red hair. Harry had always been closer to her than to her husband and she had doted on him.

Courageous and loyal were the traits that defined Harry. So was thoughtful and intelligent. He was fearless when it came to his own safety and fiercely protective of his family, especially her and
Sirzechs who was younger than him by two months. He valued loyalty above all else and would go
to great lengths and effort to protect those he gave his loyalty and love to.

As a child, Harry had possessed an instinctual, intuitive intelligence that allowed him to make
intellectual leaps as opposed to the logical intelligence of Sirzechs or Ajuka. The simple way of
explaining it was that while Sirzechs used his mind to make plans, Harry used his understanding of
people to see connections that others couldn't. This ability allowed him to correctly predict how the
enemy would act during the Civil War and plan counter to their actions, which was the reason for
many of their victories during the war.

However, of all of Harry's personality traits, it was his loyalty that defined him. He often refused to
leave a man behind on the battlefield, regardless of their rank at great personal risk. This earned him
the love of many of the common soldiers and high ranking officers alike as he showed he valued
each soldier regardless of position. This loyalty went to extreme lengths for his family and friends as
shown when he once charged an entire battalion of High-class Devils to rescue a surrounded
Sirzechs.

Because of this it was little wonder he'd left as he had. He must have seen her giving them her
blessing as a betrayal and with both her, Grayfia and Sirzechs, the people he was closest to,
betraying him he must have felt he no longer had any family in the Underworld. He had always felt
like an outsider due to his heritage and their actions only made sure to cut any ties he might have had
to the Underworld.

Venelana couldn't hold back her tears anymore as she cried over her lost son. Her beloved little
Harry who used to follow her everywhere when he was a child and constantly tried to impress her
with his successes. She had adored him and his self-exile had cut deeply and left scars on everyone.

Sirzechs hid his pain by acting even more of a fool and was fiercely protective of Rias, Grayfia
became even more distant and refused to address anyone familiarly when she was 'working', Ajuka
became an anti-social recluse, and Falbium became a lazy bastard with no motivation for anything
besides sleeping.

However, it had been Serafall who took it worse. She had always been close to Harry. When they
were kids, Venelana would often see them playing in the garden or playing pranks on the servants
and staff.

When Serafall caught wind of what she did, it caused her to cut all ties of friendship to the Gremory
family. She only talked to them when forced to and never attended any of their social functions. In
fact, it had only been at Lady Sitri's insistence that she allowed her younger sister, Sona, to even
associate with Rias and it took her a long time not to treat Rias badly due to her relation to Sirzechs.
It had only been Lady Sitri pointing out that she was also Harry's baby sister that caused her to
eventually warm up to the youngest Gremory.

As for Venelana, she obviously couldn't hate her own son no matter how angry she was or how
much she disapproved of his actions. She had tried to be distant to Grayfia and treat her like any
other maid but two hundred years was a long time to hold a grudge, especially when the betrayal was
not against her personally. Over time, she had reluctantly found herself slowly warming up to the
silver-haired woman. Her giving birth to her first grandchild erased any lingering animosity between
them. She couldn't in good conscience hate the mother of her grandchild.

Yet despite this the pain of Harry's absence still ate at her. She had tried many times to find him but
no sign of him had ever been found. Many thought he had died by now but she refused to believe it.
His pendant's black flames still burned which meant he was still alive somewhere, though it didn't
mean that he couldn't be in pain or trapped somewhere. And if he did die, she was quite convinced
she'd go insane from the guilt and sorrow.

Venelana was so lost in her sorrow and guilt that she didn't sense her husband entering the room. It wasn't until he laid a hand on her shoulder that she realized he was there.

“Hey,” said Lord Gremory softly. He looked at the pendant in her hands and his eyes softened with guilt and remorse as well as understanding before he gently took it from her hand and placed it on the bedside table. “Are you okay?”

Venelana started to nod her head before stopping and shaking her head in the negative. “No. His birthday was a few months ago, you know? He would be 234 by now. An old man by humans standards but barely an adult by Devil standards. I'd be nagging him to get settled down and he'd proclaim I'm the only woman he needs in his life and we'd laugh. He used to say stuff like that before the war, you know?”

Lord Gremory sighed as he hugged his wife to him as he let her cry into his shirt. While he may not show it as much, his adopted son's absence also hurt him. While not as close to him as he was to Sirzechs, he had been his son in all but blood. He'd loved him and being forced to choose between Sirzechs and him had been the hardest decision he'd ever had to make.

However, unlike his wife, he'd long come to terms with his choice. While it may have hurt his feelings, it was better to have hurt Harry than to lose Sirzechs as his son forever. At the time, he'd thought it was for the best. Harry would eventually get over it and come back and he wouldn't have lost either son.

Yet two hundred years had passed and there had been no sign of his wayward son. Even he was starting to lose hope that he would ever return. By now he must have either forgotten them or settled down somewhere where they couldn't find him. Despite what many thought, the Underworld didn't have spies everywhere and there were many ways to stay hidden from them. His son had always been smart, a genius many would say, and it would be simple for him to stay hidden from them amongst the billions of humans.

If he wanted to return he would have by now so either he was incapable of returning or did not wish to. Despite his son's loving nature, he was one to hold a grudge, as shown in how ruthlessly he hunted down and destroyed the Lucifer clan for their hand in killing a friend of his during the war. He had a long memory and didn't forgive easily.

While the circumstances around his departure were hidden from many of the low-class Devils, it was impossible to hide it from the Pillars or the soldiers who fought with him and knew about his relationship with Grayfia. It only took hearing about her upcoming marriage to Sirzechs for them to figure it out and it had caused much discontent to say the least. They kept it secret but the soldiers had abandoned the army en masse in disgust and defiance while many other nobles called Grayfia “The Whore Queen” behind her back. Needless to say, support for the Gremory had fallen greatly and it had taken centuries to reclaim it.

“All we can do is hope he comes home so we can make explain our actions and hope he forgives us,” said Lord Gremory reasonably. “No matter what, he's our son and we'll always be his family.”

A trembling smile crossed Venelana's face at her husband's words and she nodded in agreement. “Always. Our son forever.”

The couple held each other as they both hoped their missing son was safe and happy.
Grayfia sighed as she looked over the mess that was her and her husband's room before she began to pick it up. Really, even after two hundred years together Sirzechs still hadn't learned to pick up after himself. It drove her insane sometimes.

At the same time, his little eccentricities was one of the reasons she loved him.

Grayfia smiled to herself as she picked up her husband's clothes before gently folding them and placing them in the laundry basket. She blushed when she found a pair of panties belonging to her amongst the clothing and quickly threw them in the laundry in embarrassment. It seemed like her husband had rubbed off on her.

Grayfia finished quickly and went to her drawer to grab a change of clothes for a bath. Sirzechs was out on Satan business (for once!) and wouldn't be back till later. She had already tucked Millicas into bed after telling him his favorite bedtime story so she had time to herself while waiting for his return.

Grayfia's smile dropped and a sad look came to her face as she remembered what the subject of Millicas favorite bedtime stories currently was.

Millicas loved to hear stories about his parents exploits. As he grew older, the stories went further and further back into their pasts, becoming more and more grim as time passed.

The other day, they finally told him about his Uncle Harry. Millicas had been enraptured with the story of Harry's defeat of the Rizevim Livan Lucifer and how he ended the war. He was even more enraptured when he was told he was his uncle.

When he asked why he had never met him, they told him Harry had left for personal reason around two hundred years ago. When he asked why, they lied and said they didn't know.

However, they knew and knew well why he left. To this day, Grayfia still remembered the look of hurt and betrayal on his face when he caught her and Sirzechs in bed together. It tore at her even now, two hundred years later.

While Grayfia didn't regret choosing Sirzechs or the years she spent with him, she DID regret how things ended with her and Harry. She had never wanted things to end that way. She had never planned her affair with Sirzechs. It had just... happened. She long knew she had feelings for Sirzechs but she had never wanted to hurt Harry that way. She just couldn't stop what she felt.

At the time, Grayfia had felt horrible for her feelings for Sirzechs. Harry had never been anything but the perfect boyfriend; passionate, loyal and loving. They had fit well together and she had truly loved him. The day he caught them, Grayfia felt her heart break at the look of sheer heartbreak in his eyes. To be betrayed was one thing but the ones who betrayed him had been the two people he trusted most in the world. Much less that he caught them in the very bed she shared with him every night.

It was yet another betrayal. Not only had she cheated on him but on the very bed she shared with him. It still filled her with shame and self-disgust that she actually did that there of all places.

When he forced her to choose, she had spent the entire week wrapped in indecision. She loved Harry... but she was in love with Sirzechs. In the end, she had gone with her heart, knowing that even if she said she chose Harry she would just be lying and that it wouldn't be fair to either of them.

The last conversation she had with Harry still haunted her. His accusations of her cheating behind his back for years and never truly loving him hit her right in the core but nothing she said convinced him that she had loved him. He believed she had used him from the start and never truly loved him. She had destroyed any trust he had in her with her betrayal and his final words had truly hurt her. She
understood that he was lashing out but they had still hurt to hear.

Grayfia walked over to her dresser and pulled out something she kept safe there. A smile crossed her face as she took in the portrait before her even as tears gathered around her eyes.

The portrait was a painting since photos didn't exist back then. It showed Harry in the center with a wide smile and his right arm thrown over Grayfia's shoulder who also had a small smile on her face. On Harry's other side was Sirzechs with a goofy grin on his face as he had an arm over Harry's shoulder as well. Next to Grayfia was Serafall with a happy smile and even the still portrait showed how she was barely holding herself still. On Sirzechs' other side was Ajuka who for once wasn't researching something but smiling softly as he posed for the portrait. Finally, Falbium, wide awake for once, was next to Serafall and had a half-smile on his face.

The portrait was made during the fifth year of the civil war during a rest period between battles. Harry had insisted they pose for it, saying it would be a good way to immortalize one of the few times they were all gathered together. Grayfia had kept her copy to this day and she knew Sirzechs still had his hidden in his sock drawer.

The smile faded from her face as she remembered what happened to the people shown in the portrait two hundred years later.

Sirzechs had become even more eccentric and protective of his loved ones, the guilt for what happened eating away at him to this day. It was for this reason he acted so childishly at times, in order to mask the guilt he sometimes felt when he looked at Rias or their son, the former due to remembering his other sibling and how things ended with them and Millicas due to him reminding him of his own childhood of which Harry was a large part of.

Serafall had become even more childish, for some reason refusing to grow up as if acting like a little girl would somehow bring back the happy times when Harry was with them. While she was a little less cold to them now that she had been when Harry first left, the relationship between them and her still wasn't what it had been before Harry's departure.

Ajuka was a shut-in, working day after day on his experiments and listening to no one's attempts to get him to go out. He would only be seen to give an Evil Piece set in person or to announce a new creation. It wouldn't be so bad if his inventions were useful but he tended to waste money on inventions that had no practical use such as a bath tub that could walk on its own or a spell to scratch your back where you usually couldn't reach.

Falbium had become even more unmotivated if that was possible and outright refused to do any work. This affected the Underworld's military in a big way as new recruits basically did nothing but chores all day instead of actually training. This meant that despite the new blood in form of resurrected Devils introduced by the Evil Piece system, the Underworld was still as bad a state as it was two hundred years ago in terms of military strength.

That wasn't even counting the Low-class. It seemed they got angrier and less content with their rule every year and they'd already had to quell three riots this past decade alone. How Harry had managed to keep them happy even during a civil war she'd never know.

The truth was that without Harry, the Underworld was like a ship without its captain. It worked and could run but no progress was made in any direction and the crew constantly fought over who got the captain position. Sirzechs may be the official leader but even he accepted he wasn't made for it. He simply didn't have the charisma and political know-how to do it without bending someone's arm. Most of the time he had to rely on intimidation to get things done and even then it was done reluctantly.
Harry, on the other hand, was made for the position. Serious, motivated and capable of persuading even the most stubborn of people to his way of thinking, Harry was made for the position of Lucifer. He was capable of gaining people's loyalty and keeping it. During the civil war he managed to get the common people to support them despite the war destroying their livelihood. He didn't do it through speeches or making promises but by connecting with them and make them sympathize with them. It was his most powerful skill and invaluable for them during the war.

But most importantly, they all missed their friend. Harry had been the central piece of their lives and it hadn't been until they left that they realize how much their lives revolved around him. It was like he was the sun and they were planets that orbited him. Without him they were simply drifting through space aimlessly, nothing keeping them tethered together.

Grayfia sat down on the bed, looking at the portrait, lost in bitter regrets and wondering where her first love and old friend was and whether or not he had or would ever forgive her.

---

**Peverell Castle**

**Near the base of Higashiyama mountain outside of Kyoto**

Closed eyelids flickered slightly before opening, revealing the emerald green eyes of one Harry Peverell as he had taken to calling himself now. He had forsaken his Bael surname as a way to finally cut ties with his past. Taking a deep breath to push away the remaining cobwebs, Harry got up, being careful not to awaken his bed companion as he did so. Said companion muttered sleepy complaints at the loss of her bed warmer but did little else, still too sleepy to get up.

Smiling lovingly at his bed mate, Harry got off the bed and starting doing his morning stretches to get the blood flowing. It helped wake him up fully and was good for the body so it was a habit he hadn't gotten around to breaking yet, despite his bed mate's complaints of it causing him to be too energetic in the mornings.

Harry hadn't changed much in two hundred years. His hair was still a midnight black with a lustrous sheen to it. His eyes were still emerald green but now seemed to glow with an inner light similar to an Angel's. His body was muscular but not overtly so, built for both speed and strength equally. He stood at a respectable 5’11”, taller than most Japanese natives but not a giant.

The only difference was the addition of a light scar over his right eye. It hadn't cut deep enough to damage the eyelid or eye but enough to leave a permanent mark as a sign of Caliburn's power.

All in all, Harry looked like a more mature version of himself.

Once done with his exercises, Harry walked over to the window to look over the lands of what he now called his home.

Peverell castle was located in one of the many forests surrounding Higashiyama mountain. In the two centuries of traveling Harry had done he had seen many countries but Japan always held a special place in his heart. Which is why when he decided to settle down and build a home, he had decided on Japan for the country location. Wanting privacy, he had chosen to build the castle close enough to civilization to drive there but far enough so one can't reach there by accidentally walking across it. There was only one road leading to the castle and it could only be found if one knew where it was.

The forest surrounding the castle was large enough so that it would take over four hours to cross it on foot at a normal human pace. While Knights moved faster than that, he doubted they'd have the stamina to use their speed continuously to cross the forest and still have energy to fight on the other side. Since the trees extend themselves to cover the sunlight coming from above, it was impossible to
see more than 10 meters ahead inside the forest. The forest also had other, nastier surprises for people with hostile intentions crossing it.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts when two slender arms wrapped around his waist and two large mounds pressed against his back.

“Harry-kuuun! Come back to bed, it's too early!”

Harry turned around to look into the sleepy red eyes of his wife, Irisviel Peverell von Einzbern.

After saving Irisviel all those years ago, she had decided to stay with him, having nowhere else to go. Irisviel then told him about the circumstance around her creation and her own uniqueness as a homunculus.

Irisviel had been created by a rogue mage trying to create the perfect companion to protect him from the ones hunting him. Homunculi weren't considered true living beings since they were creatures given birth through Alchemy by combining of human genetic material with several special substances and making the resulting embryo develop without the use of a womb. Though Harry wasn't sure, given that he didn't delve too deeply into Alchemy, he assumed that their body is made out of pure magic given form. The term used to process of making a homunculus is “coining”.

The creation of humunculus was strictly forbidden amongst mages which is why her creator had been forced to flee when evidence of his research into homunculus was found. His theory was that it was possible to recreate previous powerful mages as homunculus in order to help them combat Ultimate-class Devils and other such supernatural creatures.

Wanting to use the genetic material of someone noteworthy, the mage had used the leftover genetic material of a powerful witch named Justeaze Lizrich von Einzbern (thus explaining Irisviel's surname). Justeaze had been the most powerful witch of her time with magical power akin to a Ultimate-class Devil. Since he wanted to prove that he could create a witch as powerful as her through a homunculus, she was the perfect candidate as the donor.

However, the price of being given life through such artificial means was that the homunculus will invariably have some sort of physical defect. These 'defects' vary from short stature to short lifespan to lower intellect or even the inability to reproduce.

Irisviel's 'defect' was her naive and innocent nature. While she looked to be a female adult from 'birth', she was still a child in mind. Despite having downloaded the accumulated knowledge the mage saw fit to give her, it didn't come with experience which was how one grew and matured. Because of this, Irisviel was very unemotional and naive when she came into being and was easily tricked.

This became a flaw in battle as proved when the mage's hunters caught up to them and defeated her despite her superior power. They considered her an abomination due to both her status as a homunculus and due to her looking like someone they admired and viciously tried to cut her down, her being too naive in regards to emotions to understand the reason for their anger. She had fled though and the chase after her eventually led them to where Harry found her.

Irisviel's naive and innocent nature touched a long dormant part of himself that Harry thought he lost and he found himself growing fond of her. As time passed, Harry taught her about emotions and the joy of living, slowly changing the naive and unemotional woman into an optimistic and upbeat woman who captured his heart.

She was still pretty naive to certain things though.
Slowly, feelings grew between the two which eventually turned into love. After so long, Harry finally moved past his feelings for Grayfia and fell for Irisviel. Finally, the two married about eight years ago and had been truly happy ever since.

Irisviel was a beautiful woman with long silver hair and crimson eyes. The first time he'd seen her fully, he'd thought it was a cruel trick that she had silver hair like her and eyes the same color as his hair. However, he'd since learned to ignore that and didn't let his feelings for them color his perception of her.

Irisviel would be considered a beauty by anyone who saw her. She gave off an air of classical beauty seen in high-class ladies which combined with her short stature of 5'2", modestly sized breasts, long legs, curves in all the right places and tendency to wear ballroom dresses, made her seem like she stepped right out of a novel of the Victorian era.

Harry always found it funny how she looked like a high-class lady but acted more akin to an innocent and naive child. Truly, even after ten years Irisviel was still as innocent and full of life as when he met her. She was a breath of fresh air to the then disillusioned Harry and it was small wonder he fell in love with her so quickly.

The years since they'd married had been the happiest years of his life.

“Early?” asked Harry playfully. “It's almost 8:00 a.m., Iri. You should be getting up by now.”

Irisviel puffed up her cheeks cutely at his words. “I don't wanna!” A seductive look then came to Iri's face as she wrapped her arms around Harry's neck and pressed her not-inconsiderable bust to his chest. “I think I know how to convince you to come to bed~.”

Harry hid a smile at her words as he felt himself start to react to his beautiful wife's body being pressed against him. “Oh, do you now? And just how are you going to do that?”

Smiling impishly, Irisviel dragged him back until they reached the edge of the bed and she fell back onto the bed, dragging Harry down with her.

Giggling cutely, the naked nymph in his arms wrapped her arms and legs around him before putting her mouth next to his ear. “Still want to get up early?” breathed Iri in his ear.

Smiling playfully with a hint of lust, Harry nipped at her neck, drawing a moan from his wife. “Well, if this is what I get every morning to drag me back.... then yes.”

Giggling, Irisviel kissed her husband lovingly, pouring all her love into the kiss. Harry returned it with equal fervor and started to grind against her drawing a deeper moan from his wife. The two continued this for a few minutes before they were forced to stop when they heard the bedroom door opened.

Neither turned at the sound of the door opening, already knowing who it was since only one person in the castle would open the door without knocking.

“You know, this is your fault,” mumbled Iri into Harry's mouth. “You encourage her.”

Harry groaned softly, low enough so the person 'sneaking' up on them wouldn't hear him. “Yes and its times like this that I regret that.”

Suddenly the person 'sneaking up' on them jumped onto the bed with a joyful cry right on top of the married couple.
“Wake up, mommy, daddy!” cried the young Illyasviel Peverell von Einzbern. “It's time to get up! Come on, daddy! You promised to play in the forest with me today!”

During all this, the young sprite was jumping up and down on Harry's back which didn't really help with pushing down his erection considering it was still pressed up against his wife's core. While Irisviel enjoyed the effect, it really wasn't appropriate to act on it with her daughter in the room which meant it was more of a cruel tease than anything.

“We're up, we're up,” said Irisviel quickly before she got too excited... well, more than she already was anyway. Wrapping the sheets around her naked form and thankful that Harry still had his boxers on, at least, Irisviel grabbed her energetic daughter and dragged her down on the bed between Harry and her.

Letting out a musical laugh when her mother tickled her slightly, Illya shrieked as her mother's tickles intensified. “Stop, mommy! Daddy, save me! Hahahahaha!”

Chuckling fondly at the mother-daughter moment, Harry grabbed the two most important women in his life and started tickling them both. “There, Illya. Now mommy's no longer tickling you.”

Both shrieked at his tickles and tried to escape to no avail. After a while both females screamed for mercy and he gave it. Tired from laughing, both females curled up against him, Iri curling up against his side while Illya simply flopped on top of his chest.

Chuckling slightly, Harry gazed down lovingly at his six year old daughter whose birth made his life and family complete. Both Iri and him were surprised when she ended up pregnant seven years ago. Due to all the experimentation to her genes and being a homunculus, neither were sure she could get pregnant until that moment.

However, neither were unhappy with the development and had in fact been ecstatic with the coming member of their family. It had been Iri's pregnancy that had convinced Harry to finally settle down and build a permanent home instead of constantly traveling. Calling on a few favors, he had managed to get this castle built within a month thanks to magic before transferring it wholesale from where it had been built in Germany to its current location in Japan. His friendship with the kitsune clan leader, Yasaka, meant he was easily given permission to live anonymously within kitsune territory.

Young Illya looked almost exactly like her mother with silver hair and crimson eyes. Both guessed she would favor her mother more in regards to magical alignment for that reason but would still have some traits from Harry though neither knew which traits she'd develop. With her cute face and tendency to dress in expensive and fashionable clothing like her mother, she was so adorable that she basically had her father wrapped around her pinky finger.

A fact she knew and ruthlessly exploited to her benefit proving she at least got the Devil trait of taking advantage of favorable situations.

Harry's attention was brought to the door when it opened once more, revealing one of the castle's several maids and one of Illya's personal maid/bodyguard, Hilda Beelzebub.

Yes, Hilda was, in fact, a descendant of the original Beelzebub. However, she had been abandoned at birth due to being half-human. Worse yet was that she was abandoned in the Underworld, forcing young Hilda to fight to survive in the poor districts of the Underworld.

Eventually, she'd made her way to the Human world a little over six years ago where she'd met Irisviel. At the time they'd been searching for more maids to work at their new home since, despite
them not shirking cleaning themselves, it was too big to do alone. While Hilda hadn't had much experience as a maid at the time, she was very eager and willing to learn. She also swore eternal loyalty to them and their family if they took her in which they eventually did.

Harry had been wary of letting someone descending from that family into his home but had eventually relented after seeing how sincere the blonde was. He'd yet to regret the decision and had even assigned her as Illya's personal bodyguard once he saw how loyal she was as well as how well-trained and strong she was. Then again, managing to grow up in some of the worst places of the Underworld with her beauty and still be a virgin said much about her strength and skill.

Hilda was an attractive young woman with blonde hair that covered the left side of her face and was usually tied in a bun. She was green-eyed like Harry, though hers were a shade lighter than his, and was well-endowed with a large bust. Her usual clothing was mostly elegant and black with frills and white quillings, thus resembling elegant gothic lolita fashion. Since it fit with her maid position he never told her to change it and let her continue to wear what she wished.

Hilda walked into the room and bowed to the family of three. “Good morning, Master, Mistress. I'm sorry for letting Illya wake you so early, Master, but you did insist that you be woken early so you could spend the day with her.”

Harry just waved her off. “It's no problem, we were awake anyway. Plus, it's best we get up now anyway, so we can actually eat breakfast at a normal time for once.” The last part was said while looking at Irisviel who always woke up later than his usual time.

Huffing at his words, Irisviel got off the bed while using the sheets to protect her modesty. “Fine. But tomorrow I'm sleeping till noon and you better not wake me up before then.”

With that, Irisviel walked into the bathroom to the chuckles of her husband and daughter.

“Okay! I won't lose today!” declared Illya as she walked across the snow-covered grounds of the forest. With a determined look on her face.

She was currently wearing her winter ensemble which consisted of a collared, purple long-sleeved shirt with a purple jacket over it and a light purple scarf to match, a long white skirt and purple boots. She was also wearing white gloves and one of those purple hats that looked similar to Russian papkhas.

She looked so adorable that it took all of Harry's manliness to stop himself from hugging the stuffing out of her and screaming 'kawaii!'

….yeah, he had definitely spent too much time in Japan.

They were currently playing what they creatively called 'the walnut game'. Not very creative but it explained the point of the game well enough.

Said game was created by Harry last year during winter in order to amuse the then bored Illya. The game consisted of both walking through the many walnut trees they'd planted in the forest looking for walnut buds. For each one found, the person would get one 'point' and the one who got the most points by dinnertime won. They would stop only for lunch and would have great fun just exploring the forest together. The most dangerous thing there were wolves and Harry could easily scare them off just by stretching his aura at them so it wasn't dangerous.

Illya had a cute look of concentration on her face as she looked around for any signs of walnut buds. Considering her heritage, she obviously had higher than average eyesight and observation ability,
making a normally difficult endeavor much easier. Her eyesight was even better than his, much to his embarrass­ment.

Harry followed behind her at a more sedate pace wearing black jeans and a black shirt with a black trench coat over it. Iri always complained that he wore too much black but he insisted that black went with everything.

...Plus it made him look badass.

So he still had some childish tendencies, so sue him.

Harry smirked as he caught sight of a walnut bud near the top of a tree. “Found one!”

“Ehh?!!?” yelled Illya in confusion before running back to him. “No way! Where?! I'm pretty sure I didn't miss any!”

Chuckling, Harry pointed at the walnut bud which was so high up on the tree that the shorter Illya probably missed it. “Right there. See it at the top of the tree? That's today's first walnut bud. One point for me!”

Illya deflated as she saw he was right before huffing childishly and running ahead screaming, “I won't lose!”

Chuckling at his daughter’s actions, Harry followed at his normal sedate pace while keeping his other senses alert for any danger. While the wards protecting the property extending all the way to the edge of the forest on the other side and told him there was nothing dangerous around, he knew there were ways to fool even the best of wards. He doubted anyone in the supernatural world (except for Yasaka, of course) even knew about Ilya's existence but it never hurt to be careful.

He would never take risks with his daughter's safety.

Father and daughter continued their game with Illya desperate to find a walnut bud to match her father. Eventually, Illya succeeded, finding a walnut bud at eye level (for her) in a nearby tree.

“I found one, too!” yelled Illya happily.

“Really? But I'm at two already!” came her father's amused voice.

“Eh!” Illya quickly ran back to her father who was staring at her in amusement. “Where's your second?!”

“Right there,” said Harry pointing at a nearby branch.

Illya blinked when she saw the branch which..... looked nothing at all like a walnut branch.

“That's not a walnut branch,” said Illya with puffed cheeks to express her annoyance.

Harry chuckled and kneeled so he was at her level. “No, Ilya. That's called a wingnut. It's similar to a walnut. So that makes it a walnut bud.”

Illya froze before waving her arms around in annoyance. “No fair! No fair, no fair, no fair! You're cheating! You've been cheating this whole time haven't you, daddy?!”

Harry chuckled nervously. “But daddy has no chance of winning otherwise. You have better eyes than me, remember?”
Ilya huffed and turned her back on him. “I won’t play with you if you keep cheating!”

“Oh no! I’m sorry! Please forgive me!” said an amused Harry in response. Really, she was just too easy to rile up sometimes.

Ilya looked at him from the corner of her eye as she tried to see whether he was being sincere. Luckily, Harry had a very good poker face and she believed him. “Do you promise not to continue cheating?”

“I promise,” said Harry with a smile.

Ilya sniffed disdainfully but turned back to him. “Very well. I accept your challenge. A champion takes on all challengers!”

“Indeed, I am honored…” a mischievous look came to Harry’s face. “… my princess!”

Ilya squealed as Harry lifted her up and sat her on his shoulders. Ilya had a wide smile on her face as she looked around from her new viewpoint. “I'm so high up! Daddy, will I be this high up when I grow my wings too?”

Harry chuckled at his daughter's question. She'd been asking when she'd grow her own wings ever since he showed her his a few months ago. “Even higher. You'll be soaring above the trees.”

Ilya's eyes widened at his words and she squirmed in excitement. “I can't wait! Teach me, daddy!”

Harry laughed at his daughter's impatience. “You have to grow your wings first. But I promise that once you do I’ll teach you first thing.”

Ilya deflated at being reminded that she'd still to grow her wings. If one followed normal Devil maturity, she'd grow her wings when she was around eight at the earliest. Even then, she wouldn’t be able to fly very much or far until they grew stronger and her magic core grew enough to use magic to support her weight when she was around ten.

“Awwww!” pouted Ilya cutely. “Okay! Are you going to teach me?”

“You bet,” promised Harry.

“Did your daddy teach you?” asked Ilya innocently.

Harry froze at the question, not knowing how to answer before forcing himself to continue walking. “Y-Yes... yes, he did.”

“And how old were you?” asked Ilya, wanting to know at what age she could expect to learn how to fly.

“..... around ten,” said Harry quietly, memories of his flying lessons with his adopted father and Sirzechs coming to mind.

Ilya pouted at having to wait so long to learn to fly but instantly thought of something else. “Daddy? Why haven't I met your daddy or mommy? Did they die and go to Heaven?”

“Yes, they're dead.” ‘Though I doubt they're in Heaven.' thought Harry bitterly.

“So who raised you?” asked Ilya innocently.

Harry froze for a second at her question before continuing to walk. “My Aunt and Uncle, the Lord
and Lady Gremory. They raised me like I was their son.”

“Are they in Heaven too?” asked Ilya with a confused look on her face.

Harry had to hold in a guffaw at the idea of Lord and Lady Gremory going to Heaven. Heaven to them would be more like Hell to everyone else. “No.... they're still alive.”

Ilya frowned at his words. “Then why haven't I met them? Mommy says she doesn't have a mommy or a daddy so that's why I can't meet them, but what about yours?”

Harry sighed at his daughter's insistence.”It's... complicated. I'll explain later. Right now, I have a game to win!”

Ilya gasped but pulled on his hair with puffed up cheeks. “You're not going to win! I am! Onward!”

With Ilya successfully distracted, Harry thought over why she asked about his parents when she hadn't before.

It was obvious that the reason was because she was lonely. She basically grew up in the castle with only her parents, Hilda and the other maids as company. There was no one her own age to play with and she obviously wanted a friend her own age or at least someone new to talk to and possibly spoil her.

He had kept Ilya hidden due to fear of what would happen if the supernatural world caught wind of her existence. A hybrid between him, a Nephalem, and a powerful homunculus would attract attention from all Three Factions. Attention he didn't want. It was bad enough that both Heaven and the Fallen Angels were wary of him due to his Nephalem status and the history all Three Factions have with Nephalem. At least with him they know he has no intention of following in his predecessors' footsteps. But if word got out he had a child with a chance to become a Nephalem herself.....

Needless to say, all three factions would try to influence or outright kidnap her for their own benefits. He would not allow that to happen which would prompt him to react violently and things would only escalate from there.

Still... maybe it was time Ilya had a few friends her own age. Yasaka had a daughter around Ilya's age, didn't she? Maybe they could meet each other and become friends.

His plan decided, Harry turned his attention to the game with Ilya.

After all, it was moments like these that he treasured.

---

**Unknown location**

“You have your mission, Kuroka. Find your target and report his whereabouts to us. Once located, we will send a team to convince him to join us.”

Kuroka bowed to the faceless person who gave her her mission. It was entrusted to her since only she could hide her presence completely thanks to her Senjutsu and considering who she was tracking, a confrontation was the last thing she wanted.

She may be strong but this person was on a whole different level.

“As you say, nya. Any clue as to his last known location, nya?” asked Kuroka curiously. It would
help to at least have a starting point, after all.

“None. Though there are reports of strange activity in Kyoto. Start your search there.”

“Okay, nya,” agreed Kuroka easily. “I will locate and observe one Harry Bael at once and report my findings as soon as possible, nya.”

“Very good. Once located we will convince him to join us.... one way or another.”

Chapter End Notes

AN: And there's chapter 1!

As you can see, I changed a lot from my original version though some things stayed the same. Yes, Harry is married but he will have other girls joining him eventually.

This chapter was to show how things have changed and also to show Harry's new life with his new family. As you can see he hardly ever thinks about his old family and next chapter will delve more deeply into his thoughts regarding them. Needless to say, they aren't very positive.

As always, Read and Review!
A hooded figure dashed in between the trash cans of the alley, peering out from behind them before dashing to another. The figure was obviously female as even the large hooded cloak they wore wasn't enough to hide the large breasts they possessed. The hood was up but one could see narrowed blue-green eyes glowing from under them as they looked around in paranoia.

The hooded figure eventually reached a point where there were no trash cans between it and the end of the alley. Remembering something she saw in a recent game she played, the figure proceeded to belly crawl to the end of the alley, its cloak making it almost invisible in the darkened floor of the alley. The figure belly crawled similar to the way Solid Snake snake crawled in Metal Gear Solid 4. Of course, Snake never had such.... generous endowments as she did and therefore her face never actually touched the floor. The end result was something similar to a retarded snake trying to bunny hop.

The figure eventually reached the end of the alley and peeked around the corner at her destination. Said destination was a game shop that had a large poster announcing the release of the newest Gundam game that very day. The figure used magic to enhance their eyesight and saw that there was still one game left on the shelves. The reason it was left there was obvious since it was the Director's Cut edition that came with twenty more hours of gameplay and a rare Gundam reserved for that game only.

The problem, of course, that this made it three times as expensive as the regular game which was already pretty expensive as it was. This meant it had been left on the shelves and probably wouldn't be bought until someone with money to waste entered the store.

The figure jumped when it heard something crash behind her and let loose a ball of crimson-black energy in the direction of the sound. She let out a sigh of relief when she saw it was only a cat which had barely avoided her attack. Cursing herself for being so jumpy, she lowered her hood, revealing her identity as none other than Rias Gremory herself.
Rias once more peeked around the corner to make sure her arch-nemesis was nowhere nearby. Right now she should be with her peerage training her newest peerage member, Issei Hyodou, but this was very important as well. The newest Gundam game had come out and she would never be able to forgive herself if she didn't buy it. She had every other edition of the game and even the figurines! She must have it to complete her collection.

She had gone all the way to a store in another city to buy it in order to throw her arch-nemesis off her trail. Said arch-nemesis had a tendency to buy the last copy of whatever she wanted before she could get it and this had been going on for the past three years.

The first time she'd met him, she'd thought all she'd have to do is flash a little skin, maybe a little cleavage and he'd be putty in her hand. It had worked many times before and she had been sure of her femininity and good looks.

However, that day she'd learned not to rely on her looks as he'd somehow made a stripper song come out of the speakers and yelled at her to 'take it off!' Instantly, dozens of horny teenage otakus (and not strictly otakus either) appeared throwing money at her to take off her shirt and skirt combo.

It had been one of the most humiliating moments of her life (up there with her brother calling her Ria-tan when he visited her in the middle of class) and it had only been through extensive use of memory erasure spells that she lived down the rumors of her night-lighting as a stripper. Worse yet was that she got home only to find a present waiting for her with none other than the game she wanted inside along with a note saying that he didn't have money so he was giving her the game as payment for the hilarious show.

Ever since then the man had always shown up, taking the last copy of this or that anime merchandise that she wanted and even musing that he'd use them as paperweights of all things! The last time he'd bought a limited edition Sailor Venus figurine that had her in her original costume before joining Sailor Moon. Most didn't know the difference but there WAS one! She had saved up her money for weeks to buy it only to find that man walking out of the story with a smug smile on his face and mockingly waving at her with said figurine in its box in a bag in his other hand. She always got what she wanted, either through the mail or as a present on her birthday if it was close, but only after going through some humiliating moment that caused her to have to erase dozens of people's memories in order to preserve her image.

If people ever remembered when she dressed up as a bunny and went around asking for carrots, she'd commit suicide.

But not this time! This time she'd made sure to leave dozens of false trails to other stores around the country to head him off. She'd painstakingly made sure to leave no trail as she made her way to this store. It wasn't even a big store but one of those small game stores one found in the street corner.

It was for this reason that she'd come here. She knew that by wasting her time on all those false trails and taking the long way here, she risked not getting the game at all if she missed it here, but she was certain that this time, her arch-nemesis wouldn't be here to grab it at the last minute. This time she wouldn't be forced to endure unending humiliation just to get what she wanted.

Rias looked around once more with paranoia in her eye which caused many passerby to avoid her out of fear. Even her best friend said she got a crazy look in her eye whenever this man came up. However, Rias ignored them all. It wasn't paranoia if someone was actually out to get you. Or at least out to get something you desperately wanted.

Once she was sure the coast was clear, Rias took off, her hooded cloak flying off her as she made a desperate run to the store. She used everything she knew, every trick and spell to increase her
physical attributes and was little more than a blur even to most trained Devils. She dodged around the civilians, not even bothering to hide her powers as her eyes took on a maniacal look as she drew ever closer to her destination.

Eventually, she reached the store and burst through the door like a hurricane, actually managing to throw a few people who were about to step outside into the wall with the force exerted. However, Rias ignored everything, her eyes on the prize.

The game was still sitting on the shelf and to Rias it looked as if the light of Heaven was shining down on it, making it look ten times more glorious than it was.

Her heart leapt as she noticed her arch-nemesis was nowhere to be seen and she jumped toward the display, her desperation fueling her strength so she made the twenty foot jump easily. Rias’s eyes took on a mad glint of utter joy and a wide smile crossed her face as she drew ever closer to her target. Time seemed to slow as she drew closer, as if wanting to immortalize this moment for all time. Her fingers were inches from the game.....

.... when another's hand suddenly came out and grabbed the game from beneath her outstretched fingers while an annoyingly familiar voice said, “Yoink!”

Rias's eyes widened in horror at the sight of losing her precious game. However, her eyes widened even further when she realized that her momentum was still leading her toward the shelves. Rias crashed into them with extreme force, continuing to roll into yet another shelf which rained games down on her defeated face.

With a look of complete horror on her face, Rias burst out of the wreckage to look on with despair as her arch-nemesis finished buying the last copy of the new Gundam game.

“Thank you, come again,” said the sales clerk with a happy smile on his face. And why wouldn't he be happy? He got 20% of all collector's edition game sales so he was a very happy man today.

Meanwhile, Rias could only fume in impotent anger as her arch-nemesis turned to her with an innocent smile on his face.

Harry smirked at the look on Rias' face as she watched him take the very last copy of the new Gundam game. “Hey Benihime-chan! Strange seeing you here! You usually stay in the more modern areas to buy your stuff, don't you? I guess we both had the same idea and went to the lesser known stores to avoid the lines, huh?”

Rias marched over to her enemy, each step leaving a deep imprint of her shoes on the floor as she grit her teeth at the look on his face. She took in his current attire with a critical eyes, as if trying to look for any weakness she could exploit.

He was currently wearing his usual attire which consisted of a pair of black pants whose bottoms were tucked into knee length brown combat boots and a red shirt. Over this he wore a black long coat with three tails and a red snake like pattern on the right side of the jacket. The red shirt was tight over his chest, showing off his muscular build and broad shoulders.

She wasn't blushing in anything but anger. Definitely not arousal. Like she would ever be attracted to this bastard no matter how much she wondered what it would feel like to caress his six-pack. How it would feel to have his strong, muscular body pressed against her softer, womanly curves and feel his breath in her ear....

Rias shook herself from her thoughts as she blushed in arous- anger! Yes, definitely anger.
Harry watched in amusement as Rias marched up to him with a cute look of rage on her face. He so loved to rile her up. She looked like an angry kitten every time.

Rias marched up to her arch-nemesis and glared at him in the eye. “Give. Me. The. Game.” Each word was said through gritted teeth and she glared at her sworn enemy.

More than Riser, more than any other person who'd ever angered her, this man she swore to someday defeat in some way or die trying! At first she'd thought he was some Angel, Fallen Angel or even Stray Devil but her senses never picked up anything from him so she sadly concluded that he was nothing more than an ordinary human.

That stung even more. An apparently ordinary human continually outplayed her at every turn. It couldn't be possible! He had to have a Sacred Gear of some kind or something! Maybe a Longinus! It's the only explanation!

Harry had a look of mock shock on his face at her words. “This wasn't the last game, was it?” Harry gave her a look of false sympathy. “Tough break. It looks like you'll have to wait two weeks till they restock it again.”

Rias grit her teeth and made to grab the bag only for him to mockingly keep it out of her reach. She jumped up but was too short compared to his almost 6 foot frame and cursed. “What will it take for you to give it to me?” asked Rias through gritted teeth.

Harry only gave her a wide smile and tauntingly waved the game in her face. “You know the rules. You know what you have to do this time. I know you got my note.”

Rias gave him a look of utter horror as she looked around. There weren't many people around but there were still a few. The store owner was crying over the mess he'd have to pick up from her impromptu flight and fall, and the other patrons were looking at them in curiosity.

Rias gave him a look of desperation as she impotently shook her head. “Please... in front of everyone?”

Harry shrugged. “It's not like you'll ever see these people again. You live far away from here so the only people of importance are you and I. So, on with it.”

Rias' shoulders slumped as Harry stood in front of her mockingly and she readied herself for utter humiliation. She went down on her knees in front of him to start what she knew he wanted....

“I'm a little teapot, short and stout.” sang Rias in humiliation as she danced in a childish version of the song's dance. “Here is my handle,” she placed one hand on her right hip, “here is my spout,” she put her other arm out straight. “When I get all steamed up, hear me shout! Just tip me over and pour me out!” As the first part of the song ended, she leaned over and tipped her arm out like a spout.

Her impromptu song and dance had gotten the attention of the other customers and no one tried to hide their laughter at her humiliation. Blushing in utter embarrassment, Rias looked at Harry only to get a cocked eyebrow, telling her to continue. Lowering her head in defeat, Rias finished the song and dance. “I'm a clever teapot, yes it's true. Here's an example of what I can do. I can change my handle to my spout,” she switched arm positions and repeated the tipping motion. “Just tip me over and pour me out.”

By the end, Rias was as red as her hair and the customers were laughing at her little performance. Luckily, it seemed like no one had brought a camera so there was no evidence of her utter humiliation.
Gathering what dignity she had, Rias put out her arm in a gimme motion and Harry stopped laughing long enough to give her the game. All thoughts of her humiliation left her mind as she hugged her new game to her face, cooing to it and telling it everything would be alright now that she'd saved it from the cruel monster.

Rias looked up to see that her arch-nemesis had left, leaving a note behind. Getting a sense of dread, Rias picked up the note.

'Thanks for the show. I can't wait to upload the video on Youtube.' -Harry

All was silent for a moment before Rias released a cry of utter fury and humiliation which succeeded in scaring the shit out of the other customers and getting the owner to call the police. It would take over an hour of careful magical hypnosis and all the money she'd saved up for the game to erase all the evidence before Rias could sneak back to Kuoh where her peerage was waiting.

Harry's study, Peverell castle
Outside of Tokyo, Japan

Harry appeared in his study, still smiling over his latest encounter with Rias.

When he had first heard that his former adoptive parents had had another child, he'd instantly written her off as unimportant. She was part of their family so why should he bother with her? She was probably just like her family and preach one thing and yet do another. The Gremory weren't his favorite people after what happened to him so long ago and the time since then had only made him more embittered towards them. The fact they had the gall to actually be happy during the two hundred years since their betrayal only made it worse in his mind. It might be petty but it hurt to see how quickly they moved one after he left.

And yet he had found himself curious about this member of the new generation. Would she be different from the rest? Would she actually give a damn about others or just use them for her own gain?

He kept an eye on her over the years but the first time they met face to face was soon after she moved to the Human world. They had bumped into each other after Harry, by sheer coincidence, bought the last copy of a game they were both interested in. When he saw her looking like an almost carbon copy of his adopted mother, he was hit by memories of his time with his former friends.

The love, the laughter, the joy.

But also the betrayal, heartbreak and pain.

It had taken all his skill not to show his emotions on his face and because of that he had been slightly rude to her when she tried to use her feminine wiles to seduce him. The humiliation he put her through had been due to the bad memories she invoked and she hadn't deserved it. He had felt bad afterwards and sent her the game as a sort of 'sorry' present. He had then promised himself not to judge her on her family's actions.

After meeting her for the first time, he had wondered why she had moved there, at first thinking it was just to get new peerage members. However, he soon found out it was a bit of teenage rebellion after finding out about her arranged marriage to the youngest son of the Phenex family, Riser. Apparently, they had basically sold her to the Phenex Clan in order to unite the two families in a formal alliance as well as greed for the power of the grandchild created from such a union. The ability of the Power of Destruction to absolutely eradicate everything it touched plus the Immortality...
of the Phenex. A tempting union for any devil considering how greedy and selfish the race was as a whole.

Harry couldn't help but sneer when he heard that. Despite their love of 'family' they continued to prove themselves to being Devils to the core who only cared about their own ambitions in the end. They had basically sold their own daughter/sister (not to mention only heir) to the Phenex Clan just to fulfill their own greed and desires. It really stank of hypocrisy.

Feeling pity for the girl he'd acted like a fool in order to give her some sort of outlet for her frustrations. He knew how it felt to be betrayed by family and he tried to help her as much as he could without revealing too much. He still hadn't felt ready to reveal himself to the world at large, though he knew that time was fast approaching.

He could only hide for so long before he would eventually be found, especially since he'd stopped moving around. Better to reveal himself on his own terms instead of being found and give those searching for him the momentum.

One of those looking for him was the group Katerea tried to get him to join all those years ago. It seemed they were being more and more insistent on getting him to join. Apparently, the idea of having the only Nephalem on their side was too tempting for the leader of the group to pass up. Normally, he wouldn't care since he was more than strong enough to beat almost anyone short of Ophis or Great Red. However, he was no longer alone and he had Irisviel and Ilya to think about. The former especially had her health deteriorating lately and he didn't dare go on the run in her current condition. He would lose access to all his resources to find a cure and it would only be a matter of time before her health completely failed in that case.

No, first he had to find a cure for Irisviel and fast, before they were found. Then, he'd reveal himself to the world at large. He'd hoped to wait till Ilya was older but what can you do?

Harry was brought out of his thoughts when someone cleared their throat. Looking up, he saw an amused Irisviel sitting in a chair nearby.

“Did everything go well, Harry?” asked Irisviel in amusement.

Harry smirked and showed her the video camera in his hand which he had hidden from Rias through an illusion. “Yep. We have another video to add to the home collection of 'Rias's embarrassing moments'.”

The married couple laughed for a moment before the door opened, revealing one of Irisviel's personal maids. Said girl cleared her throat and bowed in their directions. “Master, Mistress, I've came to tell you that breakfast is ready when you're ready to eat.”

Harry sighed. “Airi, I told you not to call me master. Just call me Harry.”

The now revealed Airi bowed once more with a slight mischievous smirk on her face. “As you wish, Lord Harry.”

Harry groaned in resignation even as Irisviel giggled harder at his failure to get Airi to treat him more casually. Then again, considering how they met it was understandable.

Harry first met Airi when he was alerted to her presence in a human town by an old friend. Apparently, there had been some strange deaths in the town and while the signs pointed to a rogue Grim Reaper, something about the way they died seemed strange. Usually, Grim Reapers killed by using their scythe to 'cut' the life force of their target from them, draining them at the same time.
However, the process was slow and took a while to kill the target. The people who died, however, seemed to have died instantly from having all their life force drained at once. Stranger still was that there was no supernatural sign of it being done with a blade of any kind. The strange deaths stopped about two months ago but Harry was still curious about what it could be and investigated.

During his search he stumbled upon an astralized Airi haunting an abandoned house. After calming her down from her panic at him being able to see her, thinking he was a Grim Reaper, she told him her story.

Apparently, she had been responsible for all the deaths though they hadn't been on purpose. She was a Grim Reaper/human hybrid whose reaper abilities had mutated. Apparently, in order to maintain physical form she needed to 'feed' on life force constantly much like a vampires feeds on blood. If she went too long without feeding, she would take her current astral form and be invisible to everyone but other Reapers as well as being incapable of interacting with the physical world until she fed once more.

The deaths had been due to her just discovering that when she entered puberty and having a sort of feeding frenzy due to not being able to control herself. She had eventually managed to control herself but her family had abandoned her, not wanting to associate themselves with her due to her mutation.

As for Airi herself, she had felt horrified after she'd seen what she'd done and purposefully gone without feeding rather than kill someone. The problem was that she still couldn't control how much life force she absorbed from others and therefore killed them by mistake.

However, Harry had changed that. Being a Nephalem and a powerful one at that, his life force was stronger than most. This meant she could drain him for what she needed without harming him too much and in that way learn to control how much she absorbed.

She had been so grateful that she swore herself to his service and in that way, become a maid attached to their household and Irisviel's second personal maid, much to the latter's joy. Irisviel tended to treat her maids more like friends or daughters than maids most of the time and she saw the young Airi as someone she could spoil. And like always, Harry let it happen.

He never could say no to Irisviel.

Airi was a red haired girl who usually tied it in twin tails with blue-green eyes similar to Rias. In fact, the first time he saw her he thought they were twins and it was only the fact she was a Grim Reaper hybrid that stopped any thought of her being related to the Gremory. She was slender and looked to be in her teens but was developing into quite the attractive young girl. Airi was dressed in her usual French maid outfit which was just shy of being indecent which would send any teenage boy's mind straight to the gutter.

The fact that his wife had actually designed the outfit and made all the maids in the mansion wear them made him wonder if she did it on purpose to tease him.

It didn't help that he vividly recalled the feeling of Airi's naked and soft willing body beneath him as he thrust into her warm heat....

Harry closed his eyes as he forcibly pushed down such thoughts before his body could physically react. It seemed he didn't do it quickly enough since when he opened his eyes, he found Airi blushing shyly and Irisviel smiling and winking in his direction, as if encouraging him to act on his lust toward his cute maid.
He sighed as he thought about his wife's tendency to hook him up or encourage his sexual exploits with other women. It was a mistake for him to let her surf the internet when she was still young (relatively speaking) and impressionable. That, and his short explanation on Devil society, gave her the idea that the male having a harem was not only okay but expected. When he tried to explain the reasons why it wasn't, he found himself unable to muster a good argument and had had to concede to her wishes. While he didn't really mind it since it allowed him to create a romantic relationship with two very special women, it often gave him the feeling he was taking advantage of Irisviel. It didn’t help that she supported if not outright pushed him to do stuff she'd read in the internet. A case in point was her insistence that if the maid was okay with it, Harry could unleash 'his carnal, beastly urges on their willing, nubile bodies'.

Really, who talked like that?

In a small old-fashioned inn somewhere in Japan a purple-haired woman sneezed, feeling as if someone was talking about her.

Back with Harry, he shook himself from his thoughts when he felt a familiar presence enter the room invisibly. Looking at Irisviel told him she sensed it too. Smiling at his wife, who had a mischievous smile on her face, Harry turned to Airi who seemed oblivious to the new person in the room. “Whatever. Anyway, we'll be there in a second. We just need to check something and we'll be right there.”

Airi curtsied in acknowledgment. “As you say, Master. I will alert Lady Ilya and the cook that you will be there momentarily.”

With that, Airi left the room, leaving only Harry, Irisviel and the third, invisible presence.

Harry smirked, completely unconcerned, before looking up at the ceiling. “Report, Karasuba.”

In a rush of black feathers, a woman appeared in front of him. The woman was extremely beautiful with light gray hair and gray narrow eyes. Her uniform emphasized her slender figure with a tight black leather top, a black miniskirt and stockings. Over the shoulders, she wore a grey haori with her personal crest printed on it. When they first met her five years ago, she had had bags under her eyes, giving her an exhausted look. However, now those bags were gone and it made her look much younger and happier.

This was Karasuba, one of Harry's most trusted agents, a Fallen Angel and a powerful one that could give even Harry trouble when it came to pure swordsmanship.

Karasuba smile her queenly smile as she stood before him. “Reporting for duty, lover.”

Incidentally, Karasuba had been a lover of Harry's during the time before he met and married Irisviel. They never had an official relationship but they also never denied being more than friends. She had most... displeased when she found out about him and Irisviel. However, Irisviel had actually encouraged them to continue their relationship, saying she wanted 'sister-wives' as she called them and thought Karasuba was 'cool' as she called her.

Both Harry and Karasuba had initially been thrown off by her words but had tentatively reignited their old relationship. Ilya affectionately called her 'Auntie Kara-chan', one of the few things that brought a genuine smile to Karasuba's face.

“Kara-chan!” yelled Irisviel happily as she hugged Karasuba happily, drawing a grunt from said woman. “I'm so happy you're back. I was so bored without you. With Soi-chan out on missions all the time, there was no one I could share girl talk with. It's almost like Soi-chan is avoiding me.”
Harry and Karasuba shared a knowing look, before the latter smiled down at her lover's wife. “Hello, scatterbrain. I see you're still okay. You feeling better?”

Irisviel pouted at her friend and puffed up her cheeks indignantly. “Mouuuu~, I feel fine. You and Harry-kun worry too much! I'm fine! You act as if I'll trip down the stairs and kill myself or something!”

Karasuba just smiled and patted her cheek slightly condescendingly. “Whatever you say, scatterbrain.” Karasuba then turned to Harry, ignoring Irisviel's pout even as Harry tried to hide his smile. “Harry, there's been a development.”

At that, both Harry and Irisviel got serious. Irisviel let Karasuba go and went to stand behind her husband to his right, an unconscious show of solidarity and support. “Oh? Tell me.”

“That fool, Azazel, has tasked all Fallen Angels to keep a lookout for you and to report your location once you're found,” explained Karasuba with her usual queenly smile, though it had a hint of disdain when she mentioned Azazel. “Apparently, he somehow discovered about the Khaos Brigade, but more importantly, how they extended an invitation for you to join ten years ago. However, he doesn't know whether or not you accepted and wishes to know. How he'll react to afterwards, I don't know, but either way, his looking for you endangers your need for secrecy.”

Irisviel looked worried as she looked at the visibly angry Harry. “Is it that much of a problem, Harry-kun? You're a lot stronger than him, aren't you?”

“If it was just a matter that could be solved with violence then even Karasuba could deal with him,” said Harry while gritting his teeth in annoyance at this development. “Unfortunately, not only is Azazel the leader of the Grigori, therefore his death or disappearance wouldn't go unnoticed, but he's also become buddy-buddy with my former brother Sirzechs. Even if he left without knowing my plans, he would no doubt alert Sirzechs and possibly others to our location, as a way to keep an eye on me through someone else if nothing else. My former family would no doubt try to contact me as well as people from my former life, not to mention what would happen if Heaven and Gabriel knew where I was. There would be no way to keep my plans a secret if that happened. And if they knew what I had planned...”

Harry didn't need to say anything else. If any of the pantheons found out his plans they would try to stop him. Through force of necessary. Harry was strong, of that there was no doubt. But he couldn't fight off the forces of all the pantheons if they arrayed against him. He could, possibly, take on any single pantheon if he called in a few favors and friends to help him. But more than one?

No. He would be overwhelmed and his plans undone. He would no doubt be killed and Ilya, his daughter who would no doubt inherit his powers would be taken by one of the pantheons if not outright killed. While only half-Nephalem, their fear of his kind was such that it was only his own power and overall neutrality that kept them from acting against him. But if they knew there was more than one of him....

Harry grit his teeth at this development. His plans involved not drawing attention to himself until it was too late for anyone to anything about it. Once his plans bore fruition, he would be strong enough to defend himself against any threat or at least keep them wary enough that even the idea of a coalition wouldn't give them enough confidence of victory.

Harry looked out the corner at his eye at Irisviel who was looking at him in concern. Her eyes were telling him to stop his current plans before the pantheons found out. Because if they did, they would no doubt do anything to stop him. However, Harry noticed how Irisviel's hands were shaking ever so slightly, betraying the weakness her illness had given her before he steeled his resolve.
No. No he would not stop his plans. Not when he was so close. Irisviel's life was at stake and he wouldn't let the risk of being discovered interfere with his plans.

“Thank you for the report, Kara-chan, but this changes nothing,” said Harry resolutely. “We'll continue as planned. We'll just have to be more discreet and make sure to leave no traces of my presence until I'm done.”

Karasuba smiled viciously at his words, becoming visibly excited at what he was not saying. That if worse came to worse, he would fight the world if he had to. For a battle-maniac like Karasuba, the idea had a lot of appeal.

“I knew there was a reason I fell in love with you and decided to side with you,” purred Karasuba. “You spoil me so much.”

“So it wasn't the incredible sex?” asked Harry in faux-hurt. “I'm hurt. Really. Right here.”

“That's just a bonus,” said Karasuba airily. “Plus, I had to train you to please me as well as you do. If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't be half as good as you are.”

“For which I'm very thankful,” said Irisviel in amusement.

Both women shared a laugh at that, causing Harry to pout and dispelling the tense atmosphere for a moment. However, Karasuba quickly got serious again, telling them there was more.

“There's one more thing and it's more immediate,” said Karasuba seriously. “It looks like Kokabiel has made his move. He ordered several lower-level Fallen Angels to kidnap the nun we were keeping an eye on in order to take her Sacred Gear for themselves. He did this without Azazel's authorization or knowledge. I've managed to track them to an abandoned church in Kuoh town but since that town is under Gremory control, I came back to ask for your orders. I know how you don't want to attract attention and someone as powerful as me appearing in the same town as the Gremory heir who just happens to be the Lucifer's sister... it would raise flags. Especially since it wouldn't take long for them to find out I went there without orders from my supposed superior, Azazel.”

Harry mulled over what to do in his brain before coming to a decision. “The main reason I was interested in the nun was out of the off-chance that Twilight Healing could heal Irisviel. Thinking about it though, I doubt it. If it could, it would be considered much more powerful and rare. Still, I would like a sample of its healing powers for study. Go to Kuoh and if you can, take a sample of Twilight Healing's aura and bring it back for study.”

Karasuba nodded with a smile. “And the Fallen Angels that took her?”

Harry's face hardened. “Capture them if you can and once you do, bring them to Azazel so they can tell him who gave them their orders. I doubt Kokabiel gave them their orders directly and they probably think that the orders came from Azazel. Either way, it'll keep Azazel busy in trying to find out who's working behind his back and root out those against him, allowing us to work more freely.”

Harry smiled a special smile just for Karasuba which got her heart racing. “It's too bad you have to leave so soon. I was looking forward to... properly welcoming you back.”

Irisviel just smiled at her husband's words and made a show of remembering something. “Airi did say breakfast is ready and I don't want to miss it when the cook worked so hard on it. I'll go eat and leave you two alone to catch up. I'll tell them to save you two a plate for when you're done.”

Karasuba sent Irisviel a look of thanks while Harry cocked an eyebrow at his wife. “You sure, Irisviel?”
Irisviel giggled. “Yes, I'm sure. Karasuba has been working hard so she needs to be rewarded for her hard work.”

Harry rolled his eyes at his wife's innuendo as she walked out of the room. The moment the door closed, he was in front of Karasuba, pushing her against the far wall and kissing her passionately. Karasuba returned it with equal passion, ripping his pants off without even trying to take them off the right way.

“You know,” muttered Harry as he took Karasuba's top off and started to suckle on her right nipple. “I liked these pants.”

“Awww,” mocked Karasuba breathily. “Let me make it up to you.”

Karasuba twisted them around so Harry now had his back to the wall before she ripped Harry's shirt open and started to kiss down his chest. Eventually she kneeled in front of him and helped him out of his underwear, unveiling his eight inch hardness to her eager eyes.

Harry moaned as she went to work, his hands instantly going to her head to help her establish a rhythm. “God, I love it when you make it up to me.”

And that was the last thing either of them said for the next hour beyond moans, groans and exclamations to God.

Harry and Irisviel were sitting in the back of the limo while Illya was in the front with Leysritt and Hilda, playing with them and giving them some privacy.

“I see Kara-chan was very relaxed when she left,” teased Irisviel at her blushing husband. “Should I be jealous?”

Harry smiled a special smile he reserved just for her. “Never, Iri. No matter what, you'll always be my number one.”

Irisviel smiled at her husband's cheesiness but eagerly kissed him back when he kissed her, moaning into his mouth when he introduced his tongue. However, the couple was forced to part when they realized they car had stopped, telling them they'd arrived. Smiling at each other, Harry opened the door and the couple caught sight of Yasaka's estate.

Yasaka's place was a simple Japanese style mansion with various kitsune motifs carved into various locations. The kitsune motifs were actually the basis of powerful protection barriers to keep unwanted intruders out. Harry had helped Yasaka improve the wards as thanks for letting them live so close to kitsune territory.

Harry had bathed and changed after his session with Karasuba and was now wearing a long-sleeved burgundy dress shirt with a black suit jacket over it and black dress pants finished with black dress shoes. He wore it to match Irisviel's outfit which consisted of a burgundy blouse with a brooch, a white skirt, thigh-high white boots, and black tights. It was her 'casual' wear but even her casual wear probably cost more than a normal household's salary.

Irisviel never skimped when it came to clothes shopping.

Illya got out of the front of the car and was wearing her usual collared, purple long-sleeved shirt with a light purple scarf to match, a long white skirt and purple boots. Like her mother, her clothing probably cost a fortune for most people but was mere pocket change for Harry considering the amount of money he'd accumulated over the last two centuries of adventuring and fighting in various
wars, most of which he'd fought as a mercenary. An extremely well-paid and effective mercenary.

Even then his savings would have probably have taken a serious hit over the past two decades if he hadn't invested in cars and gaming systems when they were just coming out. Needless to say, the investment paid itself a thousand times over.

Harry pitied the man who married his daughter. Unless he was a multimillionaire, she'd make him destitute within the week.

Harry gently took Illya's hand as she had a nervous look on her face now that they'd reached Yasaka's house. This would be the first time she met a stranger or ventured outside of her home so she was understandably anxious to make a good impression.

Irisviel turned to Leysritt and Hilda who were sitting in the front seat. “Can one or both of you stay with the limo? We don't want it to be towed if we leave it alone and there's nowhere to park.”

Leysritt and Hilda exchanged glances before nodding and Leysritt got out of the limo. “I will be joining you, my lady. I will not leave you all unprotected.”

Harry chuckled slightly at her words. “Yasaka is a friend so we're not expecting any trouble. Plus, I'm pretty sure I can defend us if anything happens.”

Leysritt bowed to Harry in acceptance while wearing her usual maid uniform with a white hood, hiding her pale hair. “Yes, my lord, but you need not dirty your hands if this turns out to be a trap or trouble brews. As your maid and bodyguard, it is my honor and pride to defend you with my life.”

Harry's smile softened at her words and he nodded in acceptance.

Along with her sister Sella, Leysritt was a homunculus created by him a couple of years ago while trying to discover a cure to Irisviel's illness. He had created her and her sister in hopes of using them as a base to curing Irisviel's own deteriorating health. They had helped him greatly in understanding homunculus physiology and he had made great progress in finding a cure for Irisviel.

Sadly, while he cured the usual defects that came with being a homunculus in them so they did not have to fear dying within three years and were functionally immortal unless killed, it wasn't enough for finding a cure for Irisviel. Irisviel was created using the cells of a dead person and it was Harry's hypothesis that that was where the illness came from. Leysritt and Sella weren't made from dead cells but straight from alchemy using the sperm cells donated from a nearby sperm bank.

He would have used his own but didn't know what effect his being a Nephalem would cause and so had refrained.

There was also the fact that Irisviel had birthed a child, a first amongst homunculus who were usually made infertile. So that was another thing different about Irisviel and he was reluctant to do more intensive studies on her and possibly make things worse.

His current research was heading in a different direction and hopefully, with Nicholas's help, it would work. The Master Alchemist truly was a lifesaver and Harry often wondered what he'd done to deserve such a stalwart friend.

Harry and company made their way toward the front door and pressed the doorbell. They only had to wait for a few minutes before the door was opened by a maid. The illusion hiding her ears and tails was quite good but Harry was skilled enough in detecting to know they were there. This proved that he was in the right place as the maid before him was a kitsune.
“May I help you?” asked the kitsune maid politely.

“Yes, my name is Harry Potter and this is my wife Irisviel and my daughter Illyasviel. We're friends of Yasaka and we called ahead to say we were coming?”

The maid's eyes widened and she curtsied. “Forgive me. We did not expect you so early but please, come in.”

The group of four followed the kitsune maid through the hall before stopping in front of a shogi door.

“I will alert the mistress and young mistress that you are here. Please excuse me.” The maid entered the room, leaving them alone standing outside of it.

They only waited for a few moments before the door was opened with the maid gesturing them inside. “The mistress will see you now.”

The group entered the room which revealed itself to be a sitting room with a traditional Japanese low table in the center and various cushions for sitting around it. Sitting in the center of the table was none other than Yasaka drinking what smelled like sake.

Like all kitsune, Yasaka had both a human form and a fox form. In her current human form, she looked like a young woman with a voluptuous figure and golden blonde hair with matching eyes. She was dressed in her usual shrine maiden attire that seemed especially made to emphasize her figure. Not that she needed it since despite her age (which will never be mentioned aloud), Yasaka was beautiful enough that she blew most supermodels out of the water.

Yasaka looked up at their entrance and a wide, slightly tipsy, smile crossed her face. “Harry! You're early. If I knew you would be coming so early I would have prepared accordingly.” The last part was said in a sultry and teasing tone.

Despite this, Harry just smiled and took her hand before placing a kiss on the back of it like a gentleman. “I'm sorry Yasaka but my heart already belongs to someone else. You should know since you were at the wedding.”

Yasaka's eyes gleamed mischievously and she made a false gasp of shock. “Really? Poor Kunou. I'll have to tell her that her father has another wife. However will she take it?”

Harry rolled his eyes as Irisviel and Yasaka laughed while Leysritt and Illya looked on confused. The fact that he was Kunou's father was a running gag between Yasaka and Irisviel ever since that time Kunou was three and came up to him asking if he was her father. Neither Irisviel nor Yasaka would stop teasing him for weeks with Irisviel calling Yasaka her sister-wife and Yasaka teasing Harry about whether he would like to give her another baby.

It was all in good fun though there was a hint of truth to it. While he wasn't Kunou's biological father, he was the only father figure in her life after her real father ran out on Yasaka when Kunou was one. Yasaka never spoke of him and outright refused to even say his name much less tell Kunou who he is and Harry wasn't much better. He just couldn't see how a man could run out on his own child regardless of the circumstances.

Illya looked from a laughing Yasaka and Irisviel to her father and puffed up her cheeks. “Is Kunou really my sister?”

Everyone paused for a moment before Yasaka broke down laughing while Irisviel could barely keep herself standing up due to laughing so hard. Harry blushed deeply at their laughter and made a face
at them. “Yeah, yeah, laugh it up.” He turned to Illya and shook his head. “No dear, Kunou isn't your sister or my daughter. Your mom and Yasaka are just making jokes. Ignore them.”

“Aw, don't be like that,” teased Yasaka through her laughter. “Kunou loves her Harry-Otousan.”

As if to enforce her words, there was a cry of “Harry-Otousan!” and a small blonde-haired missile slammed into his right leg. Harry sighed and ignored his wife's and friend's renewed laughter as he looked down at the perpetrator.

Kunou was young girl with the appearance of an elementary school student. She has golden blonde hair that was usually tied in a ponytail and matching eyes much like her mother. Despite her young age, her heritage showed in that she also had nine golden fox tails and matching ears, proving herself Yasaka's daughter. She was wearing her main attire which was a traditional miko outfit and tall geta with white tabi. The sleeves of her haori featured a giant red star-shaped pentagram on the sleeves, surrounded by five smaller pentagrams in between the points. She was also relatively short, being able to ride on his shoulders easily.

In short, she looked like a miniature, much more innocent, Yasaka in a miko outfit.

Harry smiled down at Kunou and gently rubbed her head between her two fox ears. “Hello, Kunou. How have you been?”

Kunou pouted up at him. “You haven't come in over a month, Harry-Otousan! I've missed you.”

Harry smiled apologetically down at the eight year old girl. “I'm sorry, Kunou but I've been busy. But I'd like you to meet someone.” He gently pushed Illya toward Kunou as the latter let go of his leg. “This is my daughter, Illya. Illya, say hello to my goddaughter and your godsister, Kunou.”

Both girls exchanged shy hellos as each held to one of his arms, Kunou his right and Illya his left. The two stayed silent for a moment before Kunou finally blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

“Your white hair is weird!”

There was a beat of silence before a tick mark appeared over Illya's eye. “Oh yeah? Well, at least I don't have rabbit ears!”

Harry held back a snicker much like Irisviel and Yasaka. It was true that Kunou's ears were longer and more pointed than normal fox ears and it had been a point of consternation for the young kitsune. Yasaka had assured her it was normal and it would eventually grow into normal fox ears as she grew older but it still bothered her and she was sensitive about them.

This was seen as the normally shy Kunou glared at Illya. “What did you say?!”

“You heard me,” said Illya airily, purposely turning her back on Kunou to show that she looked down on her. “You have rabbit ears. You sure you're a kitsune and not a mutated bunny rabbit?”

Illya closed her eyes in victory before suddenly feeling something off about her attire. She looked down only to see her normal purple scarf missing. She turned and saw Kunou standing near the door with her scarf, sticking her tongue at Illya.

“Nya!” With that, Kunou ran off with Illya's scarf, Illya hot on her tail.

“Give that back, you mutated rabbit!”

“Never! Nya-Nya-Nya-Nya-Nya!”
Harry shook his head as he heard the two terrors running around the compound, causing a ruckus wherever they went. “And there they go. At least they're getting along.” He purposefully ignored the sound of something falling and breaking and turned to Leysritt. “Can you go with them and make sure they don't get into too much trouble?”

Leysritt nodded, expertly ignoring the sounds of people yelling at the two troublemakers and things (probably expensive things knowing his luck) breaking from years of practice with Illya. “As you wish, master.”

Harry shook his head in exasperation as Leysritt left to try and control his uncontrollable daughter and the equally hyperactive goddaughter. Turning back to Yasaka and Irisviel, he was confronted by his wife's and her friend's mischievous smiles.

“Ah, Harry-kun,” teased Yasaka, “Are you perhaps thinking of adding Leysritt to your group of lovers? I had no idea you were into incest. Should I be scared for Illya's virtue in the future?”

Harry sputtered as Irisviel and Yasaka laughed at him. Regaining his composure Harry glared at them. “What are you talking about, Yasaka?”

Yasaka smiled at her old friend while taking a sip of sake. “Iri here told me about you and Airi. My, my, I never knew you were such a beast, Harry-kun. To take advantage of your helpless maids like that. I think I should make sure not to leave you alone my own maids for too long.”

Harry couldn't help but flush in embarrassment at their laughter. A few weeks ago, Irisviel had airily commented on how Airi seemed to have a crush on him. She then went on to say that as their maid, it was Airi's job to take care of all of their needs and Irisviel had just realized that she'd failed in one respect. When Harry asked what it was, she told him she would take care of it.

The very next day, Irisviel had brought him to their room where a blushing Airi had been waiting wearing the new maid uniform Irisviel had designed (which was what all the maids now wore). One thing led to another and before Harry knew it, he had been fucking Airi on their bed, much to Airi's vocal joy. Afterwards, Irisviel had assured him that that was her intention all along and spent the next week teasing both him and Airi about it and whether Airi enjoyed her new duties.

“Oh, I doubt Airi will be enough,” said Irisviel airily though with a mischievous twinkle. “I have superhuman stamina and even at my peak Harry sometimes outlast me by a wide margin. I think even if all our maids ganged up on you you'd still be raring to go.”

Here Harry rolled his eyes. “Now that's just an exaggeration.”

“Maybe,” said Yasaka with an amused smile. “But I've seen the way that girl eyes you whenever I visit, not to mention that other maid, Hilda. That one probably believes the sun shines out of your ass and probably wants to rise your cock like a bronco. You could practically smell the pheromones those two give off whenever you're around. I'm surprised Irisviel is so okay with it.”

“Airi doesn't seem like she wants a long term relationship,” said Irisviel simply. “I think its simply the rush of sleeping with her 'master' plus her being grateful to you for what you've done that explains her current 'feelings'. Once that wears off, I think she'll stay as your lover but not as anything more. If she wanted something permanent then that would be a different story.”

“And if I take other lovers and they do want more?” asked Harry bluntly. It may be blunt but it's best to get it out in the open and discuss it instead of ignoring the possibility. “I know you're okay with Karasuba but are you really okay if one of the girls you keep pairing me with wants more?”
“If they want more then I'll simply welcome them as part of our family,” said Irisviel simply. A giddy smile crossed her face and she clasped her hands happily. “It'll be like having sisters! If enough join we can even have a slumber party!”

Harry and Yasaka deadpanned at Irisviel before exchanging glances and nodding. Sometimes, they forgot that while she may look to be in her early 20s and could act serious at time, she still acted like a ten year old most of the time.

They were interrupted when the shogi door was opened, revealing Illya dragging along a confused Kunou.

“Mom! We have an emergency! We need to go clothes shopping!” yelled Illya.

The adults all blinked before the aforementioned female spoke slowly. “Um... why, honey? You don't look dirty or anything.... well, not in any way that can't be cleaned.”

“Mom! Kunou doesn't know what Prada or Gucci is?!”

Irisviel instantly had a look of horror on her face at the revelation and hugged Kunou into her bust. “Oh, you poor thing! You must be so repressed! Don't worry, Auntie Iri is here now so we can finally buy you good clothes instead of the rags you had before!”

Harry couldn't help but sweat drop at her words and turned to Yasaka only to see aforementioned kitsune in the corner with a raincloud over her head muttering, “I thought her clothing was nice enough...”, while tracing circles on the floor.

Illya nodded furiously. “I know! That explains the bad clothing material and lack of acceptable color scheme in regards to her skin tone. She simply didn't have any clothing of acceptable levels to wear.”

In the corner, over dramatic sobbing could be heard.

“It's a good thing you spotted it, Illya-chan! Who knows how much longer she would have gone without good clothing?!” She turned to a sweat dropping Harry with a serene smile. “We're off to the mall to buy Kunou some clothes. You don't mind paying for it, right honey?”

Harry gulped as a dark aura covered his wife, warning him of the consequences of saying no. “O-Of course not! Go right ahead dear!”

Irisviel was instantly all smiles and rainbows and turned to Leysritt. “Come, Leysritt! We're off to buy Kunou clothes!”

“To the mall then?” asked Leysritt curiously.

“Of course not!” exclaimed Irisviel. “We're going to the special designer Gucci and Prada stores! Nothing but the best for my little goddaughter. Come, Illya!”

“Yes, mom! Bye, Dad!”

The shogi door closed, leaving Harry and a depressed Yasaka alone in their wake. The silence stretched on for a while before Yasaka broke it.

“I can't believe she called the clothing I bought Kunou rags. I thought they were top of the line and there they go spoiling her with Prada. She's totally going to love Irisviel more than me now.”

Harry snorted. “You think you have it bad. I'm going to have to pay for it.”
Harry and Yasaka walked down the stairs towards the dungeon level of her estate. While not usually used, sometimes there were Youkai too strong to kill that needed to be imprisoned. While technically under the Devils authority, ever since the massacre of the Nekomata occurred, the relations between the Youkai and Devils had been tense. It wouldn't take much for the Youkai to split from them and so they were now tending to govern themselves rather than turn to the Devils out of fear they would be given the death sentence simply for being Youkai.

An understandable conclusion given the many unjust sentences given to Nekomata over the years.

Harry had been called for one such a prisoner. While he had also come to introduce Illya and Kunou, he could have done that another day if he wanted. He had specifically come today due to a message he received from Yasaka asking for his help.

Apparently, there had been a young half-Youkai, half-human boy causing trouble for a while by hunting other Youkai down. Apparently, his Youkai heritage had come out due to the death of his human mother and he had rampaged through much of eastern Kyoto.

Once they captured him, he was brought before Yasaka for judgment. Normally, he would be executed for his crimes but Yasaka had decided to give him a second chance since it wasn't his fault. However, his actions made him unwelcome among Youkai and he was too powerful to simply leave alone.

That's where Harry came in.

They were hoping that he would be able to suppress his Youkai side and then train him to be able to use it and keep his mind. If he couldn't then they would have no choice but to execute him. He was too powerful and dangerous to leave free, especially since he was still feral.

The two eventually reached the cell holding the prisoner and Yasaka opened the door. Walking in, Harry saw their target and his 'accommodations'.

The boy couldn't be older than 15, maybe 16 at most with long black hair that reached his knees. He had a peach to tan skin complexion and had a skinny but lean, muscular body. He had demonic markings on his face, arms and chest that were barely visible through the large and thick metal bars holding him against the wall. The metal was holding him similarly to how a straight jacket would only bolted against the wall and leaving his stomach bare, probably to hit him there whenever he tried too hard to escape if the bruises on his stomach were any indication.

However, what caught Harry's attention was the slight aura of demonic energy around his body and the brown eyes that held nothing but animalistic rage in them. There was no human comprehension in them, showing his Youkai blood still held control over him.

"How long has he been like this?" asked Harry seriously.

Yasaka shrugged. "About a week, maybe more. He hasn't returned to cognizance in the entire time he's been here though, even after we knocked him out he got up again. He can't seem to fight off his Youkai bloodlust and power. I doubt he had much training regarding demon power before the event though he has some training."

"Why do you say that?" asked Harry curiously as he thought about what to do,

"Because even when fighting instinctively, he still used some martial arts moves and some generic spiritual powers such as enhancing his punches with demon energy and such. That points to some training in using his powers beforehand... just not enough to fight off the brutal awakening of his
Youkai blood.”

Harry nodded his head and ignored the boy's growling as he got closer. Mentally deciding on what to do, Harry slammed his pal onto the boy's bare stomach, a large seal crawling out of his hand at the point of impact.

The effects of the seal became obvious as the demonic aura dissipated and the boy's long black hair slowly regressed until it became short black hair. The long hair must have been part of the Youkai heritage and he usually had short hair.

However, with the suppression of his demon powers returned human thought processes and the boy blinked slightly before his head rolled to the side in exhaustion. “W-What... what's going on?”

“Welcome back to the land of those not mentally challenged, Mr...?” Harry turned to Yasaka but she just shrugged so he turned back to the boy. “What is your name again?”

The boy groaned slightly but managed to get out. “Urameshi..... Yusuke Urameshi.” He tried to move only to realize he was bolted to the wall and forcibly pushed on them. “What the hell? Why am I bolted to the damn wall?!”

“Ah,” Harry nodded to himself. “Well, you see Mr. Urameshi, you've been imprisoned for your crimes.”

“Crimes?” asked/yelled Yusuke angrily. “What crimes?! I haven't done anything!”

“What is the last thing you remember?” asked Harry instead.

Yusuke stopped struggling for a moment as he tried to remember only to grit his teeth once he did and try to hold back tears. “T-That man, no, monster.... killing my mother.”

Harry sent the boy a look of sympathy before sighing. “Did this man by any chance have large bat-like wings?”

Yusuke looked up at Harry and narrowed his eyes. “Yeah. How did you know?”

“Investigators did find remains of a devil where the rampage started,” confirmed Yasaka quietly. “That could be the one who killed his mother.”

Harry sighed but spoke to Yusuke. “That, Mr. Urameshi, was what is known as a devil. Not THE Devil, A devil. They're a different species from demons and Youkai. My guess is that he wanted you as part of his peerage, a glorified way of saying slaves, and your mother rejected him. He must have killed her for that and that's when you had your... episode.”

“Episode? Devils? Peerage? What the hell are you talking about?!” asked Yusuke angrily.

Harry sighed once more but this time out of annoyance. “To be short, Devils are a different species from demons that I believe you know of. They originate from the same devils of Christian mythology. Anyway, the problem isn't them since from what Yasaka says, you manage to kill the Devil who killed your mother.”

“Is that my crime?” asked Yusuke angrily.

“No,” responded Harry evenly. “Your crime was going on a rampage after your demon powers awoke and hospitalizing over two hundred people and killing over twenty. That's your crime.”
Yusuke froze at his words. “Y-You're lying... I wouldn't. I would never-!”

“No, I imagine not,” said Harry firmly. “But the problem is that you're half-Youkai. I imagine that the trauma of seeing your mother die caused them to awaken prematurely and the bloodlust and power overcame your rational mind, causing aforementioned episode. You were eventually stopped and brought here until I could come and suppress your demon half. This is why you're chained as you are. To prevent you from rampaging again until I could come and suppress it.”

“Oh, okay,” said Yusuke silently. It seemed as if he was still processing everything, not the least of which is that his mother is dead. His eyes suddenly narrowed. “But if you've already suppressed my demon half then why am I still tied up?”

Harry shrugged. “So you didn't reflexively attack us out of confusion mostly. I imagine you would be disoriented when it was suppressed since apparently you don't remember anything that happened while it was in control. But if you want out...”

Yasaka blinked and turned to protest what he had planned but was too late.

Harry drew the katana that appeared in his hand, sheath and all, in a flare of black flames and with three quick slashes, cut the metal restraints holding Yusuke to the wall into pieces.

Yusuke wasn't prepared for this and fell to the floor but quickly got up again. He looked up warily but seeing Harry having sheathed his blade and no one making any hostile movements, he relaxes slightly. “Thanks...” he rubbed his shoulder blades and stretched his arms.

“No problem,” said Harry easily. “Now to explain our current problem.”

Yusuke frowned. “What problem?”

“To be blunt, you drew a lot of attention to yourself with your little rampage,” said Harry bluntly. “You may be half-Youkai and normally the Youkai community would accept you with open arms. However, in your rampage you seemed to instinctively look for other Youkai and attacked them. This made you a feared figure amongst Youkai and with the current tension between Youkai and Devils... well, they probably won't risk sticking their necks out for you.”

Yusuke flinched at the reminder of how many people he hurt but stood stoically. “So basically I'm on my own. Figures. Don't worry I'm used to it.”

“Not so fast now,” said Harry quickly. “The problem is that that seal won't last forever. Eventually it'll fade and without training the same thing will happen again.”

“Don't worry, I'm being trained by old lady Genkai. I'll have to double my training but that's nothing new.”

Harry looked surprised at the revelation but shook his head. “That explains where you got training but that's not enough. She can train you in using human spiritual power but demonic power is different. You'd still go insane once the seal broke.”

“There's also the problem with the Devils,” continued Harry ruthlessly, putting all the cards on the table. “They've already come after you once, what makes you think they won't try again? Devils are a selfish group and now that they've seen your power, they'll want you even more. They've already shown that they're willing to kill your mother to get you, what else do you think they'll be willing to do?”

Yusuke growled in frustration even as tears came to his eye as he remembered his mother's death.
“Then what the hell am I supposed to do then?! Just stay here chained up?! No thanks!”

“Let me train you,” said Harry bluntly, shutting Yusuke up. “I'm half-devil myself so I know how to use that power and I have... influence over both Devils and Angels. They won't bother you if I take you as my apprentice. Genkai is well-known and has influence but not enough to stop them from trying to get to you. The fact that you're half-Youkai would give them the excuse that they rule over you. It's politics but unless you want Genkai to be forced to fight off hundreds of B-rank Devils to defend you, you don't have much choice.”

Yusuke growled and narrowed his eyes at Harry. “What's to say you're telling me the truth? You could be lying to me just get me to join your 'pariage' for all I know.”

“It's 'peerage','” corrected Harry dryly. “And I don't have a peerage. I'm more or less neutral but I'm powerful and influential enough that neither side would go against me just for you. They're not that crazy.”

Seeing him look unconvinced, Harry sighed. “If you want, we can go see Genkai for her opinion. I haven't met her personally but she should have heard about me and will back me up. Will that be enough to convince you?”

Yusuke seemed to mull it over before nodding. “Fine. We'll see what old lady Genkai has to say then.”

Harry nodded before a sympathetic look came to his face and he placed a hand on Yusuke's shoulder. “I'm sorry for your loss, Yusuke. No one should have to watch their mother die right in front of them. I hear they already gave funerals for everyone that died in the rampage but I'll try and track down your mother's grave for you.”

Tears gathered in Yusuke's eyes which he forcibly pushed back and just nodded silently. Patting him on the back gently, Harry led the way back up the stairs and to Yusuke's freedom.

Back upstairs, Yasaka and Harry watched in amusement as Yusuke ate his food without any show of manners, showing just how hungry he was. He had already eating almost an entire course himself and showed no sign of stopping.

The three had managed to iron out the details while Yusuke ate. If Genkai backed Harry up, Yusuke would train under Harry while coming to Yasaka for monthly check-ups to make sure he was progressing well in his demon powers. She said that if he showed promise, she would even show him such special kitsune tricks of the trade.

The three were just finishing up when the door slid open, revealing the missing members of the group.

“We're back!” exclaimed Irisviel gleefully. She pranced into the room happily before gesturing behind her. “Come on, girls! Show Harry and Yasaka your new clothes!”

Illya was the first to enter. She was wearing the same clothes as before but had a new winter hat for some reason as well as white winter coat... despite the fact she had at least four at home.

He'd never understand women of any age.

Kunou followed soon afterwards wearing a black winter prada dress for young girls that looked as expensive as it probably cost. He had to admit Kunou looked adorable in it and her happy smile more than made up for its cost.
Yasaka seemingly agreed and smiled happily at her daughter. “Don’t you look cute? Now say thank you to Aunt Iri for buying you that pretty dress.”

“Thank you, Aunt Iri,” said Kunou dutifully. She then turned to her mother with an inquisitive look. “Momma, where do I put the rest of the clothes? I don't think they'll fit in my closet.”

Everyone except Irisviel and Illya blinked in confusion before Yasaka asked the question on everyone's mind. “How many clothes did you buy, sweetie?”

Suddenly, a horde of maids and butlers passed down the hall toward what he guessed was Kunou's room carrying at least five large bags chock full of clothing. Each bag was either from Prada or Gucci, making sure that it was of the highest quality.

“Just a few,” said Irisviel airily. “We didn't have a lot of space in the limo so we only bought her spring clothing. We'll need to come back for her summer, fall and winter clothes.”

Kunou smiled happily. “I love them, Momma. They're so much better than my old clothes!”

Instantly, Yasaka was back in the corner tracing circles in the floor with a dark cloud over her head. “So cruel....”

Kunou ignored her mother and turned back to Irisviel. “I'm going to throw out all my old clothes and wear yours every day!”

The sobbing in the corner increased.

Irisviel smiled happily at Kunou before noticing Yusuke and cocking her head curiously. “And who's this, honey? I don't think I've seen him before.”

Harry smiled at his sometimes absent-minded wife. Despite everything she did, he still loved her. “This is Yusuke. He's going to be my new apprentice and stay with us for a while.”

Irisviel's eyes widened joyfully. “You too!? I picked up a new child too!”

Harry blinked at her words before they were answered when Irisviel left the room for a moment and came back carrying a young girl.

The first thing he noticed was that the girl's eyes were incredibly wide, almost like she was permanently surprised and a sort of grayish color strangely enough. Also, the canines on her lower jaw are larger than usual, and a sort of a cartoon-like skull sat on the top of her head. A crack ran along the left side of the mask and four teeth on the left side of the skull were broken off. She had a large scar coming down from her forehead to her nose and a crimson line that stretched horizontally across her face below her eyes. She had bluish-green hair which was probably the reason they dressed her in a green (and expensive) childish Prada dress though he noticed she was barefoot much like Kunou usually was.

The things that grabbed his attention were two things: her skull looked similar to the ones adorning Grim Reapers and the crack along it was leaking a thick miasma of power that was slowly but surely leaving the girl and dissipating into the air.

All in all, Harry was definitely intrigued. Not the least of which was how Irisviel had found her and why she was here.

“Isn't she adorable?!” gushed Irisviel while rubbing her cheek against the girl's own. “She says her name is Neliel and we found her wandering around town in rags! I couldn't just leave her and when
she told us she was alone and had no parents I decided to take her in. Illya always wanted a sister and now she has one!”

Harry rubbed his forehead to fight back the oncoming headache. “Iri, you can't just adopt any old kid off the street! We could get in trouble for kidnapping!”

Irisviel stuck her tongue out at him and turned her face away from him. “You adopted Yusuke so I can adopt Neliel-chan! Oh, you'll love it at home, Nel! We live in a big old castle with large grounds where you can play!”

“Really?” asked Nel shyly. Her eyes flickered to Harry and shrunk into herself. “Nel won't be a bother?”

“Oh course not!” exclaimed Irisviel. A dark aura surrounded her and she smiled menacingly at Harry. “Right, Harry-kun?”

Harry gulped as beside him Yusuke dropped his chopsticks in shock at his first exposure to Irisviel's dark side. Who knew such an optimistic and kind woman could be so scary?

“Oh course, Iri-chan,” assured Harry quickly. “She's more than welcome. Consider me your new tou-san, Nel-chan.”

Instantly, the dark aura dissipated and Nel, who didn't seem to have realized anything happened smiled widely. “Yay! Nel has a Tou-san and a Kaa-chan!”

Harry couldn't help but smile gently at seeing Nel's happiness and even Illya seemed happy at having a 'sister'.

Beside him, Yusuke leaned over to whisper. “Is this normal for you guys?”

Harry looked at Yusuke in amusement. “What are you talking about? This is a slow day!” Harry couldn't help but break out laughing at the look on Yusuke's face.

---

**Master suite, Peverell castle**

**Outside of Tokyo, Japan**

**Four hours later**

**Lemon start**

Irisviel had to stop herself from fidgeting when the blindfold covered her eyes. It was her idea to add the blindfold to this in order to add a new spice to their sex life. Harry had been determined to attend to her tonight so she added the blindfold to make it even better. She was curious since Yasaka told her about it and wondered if doing this with her eyes covered and her hands tied up would really heighten the experience.

Of course, Yasaka had recommended it be done with a stranger to make it even naughtier but there was no way she was going to do that. Her heart and body belonged to her husband and she would allow no other to touch her in that way.

“Are you okay?” came the concerned voice of her husband. “It's not too tight is it?”

Irisviel pulled lightly on the handcuffs tying her to the bed but shook her head. “It's fine, Harry-kun. So what's next?”
Irisviel could almost feel his amused smile as he hovered over her. “Now... let me worship you.” He paused slightly. “But tell me if something bothers you and I'll stop, okay?”

Smiling warmly at the concern in her husband's voice, Irisviel nodded. “Can you undo the restraints on my arms? They're kind of chaffing.” As exciting as it was to be under her husband's mercy, they really were slightly uncomfortable. Apparently he hadn't had the time (or felt too embarrassed) for the more fluffy handcuffs and the metal ones he was using bothered her sensitive skin.

Mumbling an apology, Harry did as she asked, releasing her from the handcuffs. Rubbing her wrists lightly, Irisviel laid back down on the bed, making no move to remove the blindfold. It heightened the entire experience to not be able to see and be forced to rely on touch alone.

The blankets beneath her was cool from a faint winter chill and she shivered slightly. She feels a dip in the bed from where her husband kneels and she feels it shift as he moves to sit by her feet.

Irisviel forced her heartbeat to slow down as she anxiously waited for her husband to start. While she was no stranger to her husband's touch, the loss of sight added a new angle to the experience. It was like every other sense was heightened to an absurd degree. She could hear his breath as he breathed, she could feel the drafts of air through the slightly open window, she could smell her growing arousal.

Irisviel was startled out her thoughts when the first touch comes in the form of Harry brushing the cold tips of his fingers over one of her ankles.

“I'm sorry. Are my hands cold, tsukihime?”

“A little.”

“Let me fix that.”

She listens as Harry breathes into his hands and then rubs them together. When he places his hand on her ankle once more, it feels much warmer. “Thank you, Harry-kun. That's better.”

Harry hums and drags the tips of his fingers along the curves of Irisviel's ankles, swirling them over the raises and dips of the bones. Irisviel bites the inside of her cheeks but she can't hold back the faint giggle at the ticklish sensation. Harry is moving slowly but surely, no hesitation in his movements.

From her position, Harry shifts over, bracing himself over her legs. He's light in his touch when he grips Irisviel's nightgown (which she had taken to wearing lately due to the cold winter nights), raising it till it was just over her knees, disappointingly lower than what she wanted.

Harry seemed to sense this and chuckled in that husky way of his. “Patience, tsukihime.”

Irisviel lets out a grunt of impatience which only causes him to chuckle more. She feels his breath ghost over the skin of her thighs. He doesn't touch her with his lips just yet but she could feel his soft hair brushing against her skin, eliciting goosebumps behind its trail.

His fingers aren't far behind her lips but they take their time inching up her calves. He sketches invisible lines up her skin, swirls and indiscernible patterns that Irisviel can see in her mind. Despite his hard training, her husband's touch is soft, with the firm edges of callouses from his sword training. With nothing to look at, Irisviel finds herself studying the finer details of her husband's hands as they gently smooth their way up the back of her thighs.

Harry leans down and places a kiss along the side of her knee. His lips part and his tongue slips free to worry over the skin. He pulls back and blows lightly on the wet skin and Irisviel shivers. Keeping
the blindfold was definitely a good idea.

Her world narrows as her husband begins to move again, kissing a trail up her thighs, pushing her gown out of the way to get at more of her skin. His lips are amazingly soft and gentle against her skin with just a hint of stubble due to having shaved yet this morning. He's warm though, unnaturally so. Every touch of the Nephalem's leaves her own tingling with warmth.

Irisviel breath hitches when his kisses reach the top of her thighs but he only shifts in bed, landing kisses on her naval instead.

“You're such a tease,” complained Irisviel, though she made no move to force him back to where she wanted.

Harry chuckled and continued to lay kisses across her stomach, his fingers circling her naval. “Now, now. Patience, my tsukihime. Remember, this was your idea. Plus, if you like it we can maybe add other stuff to the bedroom.” There was a heavy tone to his voice that got Irisviel's heart beating quickly in desire but she forcibly calmed herself down.

“Hold still.” Harry grabs hold of her and tugs her down so she was almost on top of his boxer-clad thighs. Harry reaches over to grasp her gown and pull it over her head.

Irisviel had never been particularly shy about her body but lying blindfolded in only her underwear across her husband's boxer-clad lap sent pleasant little shivers up and down her spine. She wishes she could see his face, to see where he was looking and what he's feeling. At the very least, she could feel how obviously aroused he was so she knew at the very least that his opinion was positive. She felt the strangest desire to cover herself up.

“I wish you could see just how beautiful you look like this,” said Harry huskily. Irisviel blushed at his words, as if they embarrassed her more than being half-naked across his lap.

Irisviel takes a deep breath and then tries to relax her body. Harry waits patiently, stroking her sides until the tension leaves them and then, with an arm around her waist, pulls Irisviel flush against him. She feels his breath hot against her for only a second before his tongue is at her again, kissing and licking at her collarbones.

Irisviel lets out her first real sound when she feels his lips on her nipples.

Harry smiles against her skin at that, his lips turning slightly upward, then its his tongue, licking her nipples until they were hard nubs. Irisviel's hands tightened on the sheets. She leans desperately into the touch, trying to feel more of her husband but he presses her back down onto the mattress with a firm hand and shifts again so he's back between Irisviel's thighs. He shifts away and Irisviel feels the loss but then hears a rustling sound showing he had started to undress.

“I'm starting to think the blindfold was a bad idea,” said Irisviel but she makes no move to take it off. Instead she reaches out and her hand brushes against her husband's chest. She felt the hard muscle that came from years of training. Her hand dips down to trace his six pack, shivering in desire as she did so.

“Nope,” said Harry playfully. “You agreed to leave it on so you have to leave it on. Plus,” Harry's voice takes on a husky tone. “It makes things better doesn't it?”

Irisviel bites her lip but has to agree. Without her sight and relying only on touch, every single touch felt ten times better and more intense.

“I know but I still want to see you,” says Irisviel truthfully. Even now she can remember the glorious
form of her husband's naked body. All hard muscle that despite looking stronger than steel, was still soft to the touch. It excited her like nothing else.

Harry lands a soft kiss on the junction of her thighs and she laughs. “Are you trying to distract me?”

Irisviel feels his smile against her skin before he pulls off her underwear. “No. Just getting ready for the main course.” And without another word, he sinks down to bury himself between her legs.

“Oh!” Irisviel jumps in surprise at the feel of Harry's tongue. She immediately feels childish at the outburst but Harry's doesn't seem to mind. In fact, he only draws her closer by pulling on the back of her thighs, letting out a pleased sound into her wet folds.

Irisviel didn't know why his skill with his tongue surprised her the first time he did it. Like everything he did, she found it perfect and the feeling left Irisviel shivering helplessly as the tingling spread through her spine like fire.

Harry's doesn't hesitate to stroke her with his tongue, gently but relentlessly until Irisviel feels her toes curl. Blinded as she was, the sensation of her husband between her legs, his warm tongue between her legs and his hands stroking her thighs was all she knew. Her skin was hot, a sheen of sweat on it now, and she could feel herself gasp whenever she felt a flick of his tongue on her clit.

“Oh-god!” she says breathlessly. Harry hums in response and Irisviel throws her head back in a moan as the vibration turns turns the faint tremor of pleasure into tremors of electricity through her body. “Ahhh-Harry!”

However, just his tongue wasn't enough. She wanted to feel all of him and firmly pulls him up her body till she kissed him passionately, the taste of herself on his lips only arousing her further. She blindly reached for her husband's manhood and led it to where she wanted it.

Irisviel couldn't help the moan that left her lips when he entered her. No matter how many times they did this, each time felt like their first. Each time special and different, even the times they, to be frank, more fucked than made love were special.

For Irisviel, the overwhelming presence of her husband over her was comforting. Despite being so much larger than her in both broadness and height, she never felt smothered when he laid over her.

If anything, she felt warm and safe. As if the flames that he used made up his entire being and infused her with their strength and warmth. Harry often called her his tsukihime, his 'moon princess'. But if she was the moon then he was her dark sun which shone on her, allowing her to show her brilliance to the world. Without him she would have died that day and even if she had survived she would have never have become half of what she was now.

Partner. Wife. Mother. Always and Forever. That was the vow they made to each other.

All of this, she now was where before she was nothing and she couldn't imagine doing all that with anyone else. She loved this man and even if she died tomorrow, she would die happy having felt a quarter of the happiness she had experienced.

The feel of her husband thrusting deeper into her brought her back to the here and now and she moaned at the feel of him. Irisviel could only hold on and moan as he thrust into her, her sight taken making her sense of touch hyper-sensitive. She lost count of how many orgasms she had but she slowly felt it building to a crescendo that promised to make all the others pale in comparison.

“Ah-Harry!” said Irisviel through her moans. “I'm- I'm coming!”
“Me too, my tsukihime,” grunted Harry. “Come with me.”

Their climax came simultaneously, Irisviel lifting her hips up to slam against his as she climaxed along with him. The feel of his thick cum splattering against her walls only heightened the experience and she absently hoped it would seed and give her another child.

**Lemon end**

The couple panted as they tried to regain their breaths. Irisviel felt when Harry reached up and took off her blindfold, allowing her to see once more.

Harry was panting after their lovemaking session, a sheen of sweat on his body. Irisviel's eyes trailed down his perfect form and if she wasn't so tired no doubt she would try for an encore.

“So what did you think?” asked Harry with a roguish smile.

Irisviel giggled and kissed him deeply. “Perfect. Everything was perfect.”

“What was your favorite part?”

Irisviel looked up at her husband and answered truthfully. “Opening my eyes afterwards and seeing you there.”

Harry's smile turned soft and he gave her a gentle kiss that nonetheless managed to convey his love. The two moved to go to sleep, Harry spooning behind Irisviel who snuggled into him.

“Will you be here when I wake up?” asked Irisviel sleepily, her mind so tired she didn't even realize what she'd said.

There was a pause before he spoke. “Always,” said Harry firmly. “Always and Forever.”

Smiling sleepily, Irisviel drifted off to sleep in the arms of her husband.

**Chapter End Notes**

AN: And there's chapter 2!

Hope you liked the chapter! The first part was to show that Harry knows about Rias and set the basis for next chapter which is when the action starts. Harry has been secretly helping Rais escape her forced marriage contract due to pity and thinking that the Gremory are basically shafting her like they did him. You'll see more next chapter as well as Karasuba meeting the Gremory group. As you could see, instead of being during the Riser training arc, this time it was set just when Issei became a part of the peerage which I believe was more or less a month before the whole Riser thing.

Yes, Karasuba is in the story. She plays a big part in the coming chapters and next chapter delves in her backstory a bit. Right now Harry is in a serious relationship with Irisviel, Karasuba and one other girl. Airi is just a fuck buddy, I guess you could call her. He does care about her but he doesn't love her like he does Irisviel,
Karasuba and the third girl. There will be only two, maybe three, more added to the harem and that's it.

As always, Read and Review!
Truth and Punishment

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, setting, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. All other concepts and ideas from other books or stories belong to their respective authors. No copyright infringement is intended.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Abandoned church, Kuoh town
Two days later

Karasuba watched in annoyance at the scene unfolding before her. It had taken her a while to track down the Fallen Angels who kidnapped the nun without being sensed, but she had managed it. She was now looking over the unfolding scene, waiting for the right moment to make her move, while reminiscing about the past.

Karasuba was special, having been amongst the first born of the second generation Fallen Angels. Basically, she was a Fallen Angel having been born from two Fallen Angels and not having been created by God as an Angel before Falling. Her father had been a high-ranking ten-winged Fallen Angel of the Grigori while her mother had been an especially attractive two-winged Fallen Angel. Due to her father's position, it had been expected she be born especially powerful, much like Azazel's own Fallen Angel daughter, and the first of the second generation, Miya.

However, instead of the almost unmatched power Miya had been born to, along with twelve wings, Karasuba had been born with a little above average amount of power, and only two wings.

Needless to say, she had been considered quite a disappointment by her birth father and the only thing he ever gave her was her love of battle and nothing else. Her mother had died at childbirth so Karasuba was basically left to fend for herself during the height of the Great War.

At the time, she had been determined to gain her father's affection and so threw herself into training day in and day out. She used Miya as her measuring stick and constantly trained and challenged her to better herself.

Miya. How Karasuba hated her. Perfect Miya who was born with power exceeding her own and never failed to rub in her superiority over her. She even had the gall to be disgusted by her love of battle, as if she was any different! As if she was better than her!

Yet Karasuba grew stronger little by little, training every day till she couldn't move. Until eventually, she grew strong enough to hold her ground against even Seraphs despite having only six wings. While she lacked the raw power higher-winged angels had, she made up for it in her unmatched swordsmanship and skill. Most angels were like blunt instruments, having no technique beyond slinging their light spears at the enemy and maybe some flight skills. Even the higher-winged angels were the same and only a few such as Michael had any real technique.
Despite this, she was always in Miya's shadow and could never get her father's approval. This caused resentment towards Miya to grow, which only became worse when the bitch abandoned the Grigori due to falling in love with some human. Heck, Miya even went so far as to hang up her blade and become a pacifist of all things. Acting like she's nothing more than a kind widow and owner of an inn who was nice enough to let people stay for free. As if she hadn't been the ruthless leader of the Grigori's Discipline Squad who killed thousands of Angels and Devils during the Great War.

Yet despite Miya's departure, Karasuba was still overlooked by her father. She was still constantly compared to the departed Miya and seen to have fallen short despite being amongst the most powerful in Grigori. She was even despised by her own side due to the fearsome reputation she had made for herself. It became even worse when Yume came into the picture.

Much like Karasuba, Yume was amongst the first of the second generation. However, unlike Karasuba, Yume was a pure Angel and was therefore on the side of Heaven. Karasuba and Yume clashed many times during the war and every time, it was either a draw or Karasuba was forced to retreat. Much like Miya, Yume never trained much or at all, having simply been born with her incredible power. Hell, her parents were carefully selected, almost like a breeding program run by God, in order to make sure Yume was born as powerful as possible.

Karasuba never won a single battle against the girl during all the times they fought. Dozens of times they clashed, scarring the landscape with every battle, yet every time Karasuba was forced to retreat, barely alive. This only caused her father to look down on her further due to his inherent belief that Fallen Angels were the superior species. He believed that if she, a Fallen Angel, couldn't defeat Yume then the fault lay with her and not with the fact that Yume was simply stronger.

For this reason, Karasuba made it her life's mission during the War to defeat and kill Yume. The fact that the latter constantly preached about love and how it could redeem her only made Karasuba hate her more, thinking Yume was looking down on her like so many others did. Acting as if she was something to be pitied and looked down and that she, in her perfect grace, was willing to forgive Karasuba her sins. Karasuba's hate for Yume almost eclipsed her hate for Miya, yet in a strange way Yume was a sort of friend/rival. Even if it was slightly condescending, Yume was the first to actually speak with her in any kind way and believed she had some worth. If it wasn't for her infuriating personality that made Karasuba want to kill her, they could have even become friends in different circumstances.

Yet in the end, even her goal was taken from her when Yume gave her life to protect two Angel children when the Devils attacked the base she was at. By dying in that way, Yume had the last laugh and took away Karasuba's purpose and drive.

All this turned Karasuba into a very hateful and angry person. The War had ended not two weeks after Yume's death, which meant that even the thrill of battle was taken from her. She had only been good at battle and with the war over, she had nothing to do except brood on her life, causing her to slowly slip closer to the insanity her father had fallen into centuries ago.

That was when she met Harry.

At the time, Harry had been working for... someone else, due to a deal he'd made. Karasuba had challenged him, wanting to fight and kill the infamous Nephalem in order to make more of a name for herself and finally come out from under Miya and Yume's shadow.

Yet when she fought him...... she had lost. It wasn't because Harry had used his powers to defeat her but in terms of pure swordsmanship, He had been more than a match for her in terms of pure skill with a blade, and that, combined with his physical abilities, had ensured her defeat.
Yet instead of gloating about it or killing her, Harry had praised her skills, saying that she was one of the few he'd met who could actually match him in a fight of pure swordsmanship. He had let her go, saying he wanted her to live so they could fight again. He didn't want to kill such a worthy rival.

She didn't know it then, but his actions of respecting her skill and calling her a worthy rival had cemented a place for him in her heart. He had been the first to actually praise her ability instead of deride her lack of pure power. The fact that him, a powerful Nephalem, called her a worthy rival only made her feel better about herself. However, at the time she only felt insulted at his supposed pity and promised to defeat him one day.

The two clashed many times over the following century and a half, even after he left her employ. With a worthy rival and a reachable goal, Karasuba's skill improved even further and she found herself... happy for the first time in her life. She started to look forward to their little fights and the fights at some point turned from battles to spars between friends.

Eventually, after one such spar their relationship became intimate. One moment they had been trading lightning fast blows and the next Karasuba had jumped him, kissing him passionately while trying to rip off each other's clothes. Since then, they had developed a strange relationship where each insisted they were just fuck buddies and rivals, yet met and sparred at least once a month, followed by an ardent lovemaking session. Whether Karasuba wanted to admit it or not, she had fallen in love with the man.

So she had been heartbroken when Irisviel entered the picture. At first, Karasuba hated the bitch. Her innocence reminded her so much of Yume that she swore she was her reincarnation. The fact that Irisviel was actually extremely powerful and beat her in a spar only reinforced that belief. So when Harry revealed they were getting married, she might have... overreacted. Just a bit. The humans passed it off as a freak storm, so it wasn't as if there was much loss there, and that mountain had been in the way anyway. It blocked a perfect sunrise from the east and a sunset from the west. A little memory modification, and adjustment of the world map, and everything was right as rain.

Yet afterwards, Karasuba had been surprised when Irisviel had actually encouraged her and Harry to stay together and even welcomed her as a 'sister'. At first, Karasuba had thought it was to mock her by showing that she was the wife while Karasuba had been regulated to being just the lover. Yet Irisviel never derided her and genuinely welcomed her as a sister of sorts and slowly, Karasuba began to like the scatterbrained Homunculus.

Now here she was, years later, a pseudo-wife of Harry's and supporting his goals. If his plans reached fruition then not only would Karasuba be part of a powerful Fourth Faction where she'd actually be respected, but she would also get a massive power boost which might finally allow her to surpass Miya. The fact that she'd get revenge on her father for murdering her mother was just a bonus.

It had turned out that her mother had not died at childbirth like she'd been told. The truth was that her father had killed her, blaming her for Karasuba's supposed weakness. When Karasuba learned that, all the desire for her father's approval had turned into blistering hate for the man that ruined her life. Karasuba didn't know if her life would have been different if her mother had lived but the fact that she didn't even get a chance to find out angered her to no end.

That was one of the reasons she had sided with Harry. Azazel would never allow her to get her revenge out of some misguided attempt to save as many of their kind as they could. For that reason, she'd make sure Harry's goals were met, so that by the time her siding with Harry was discovered, they would be too strong for the other Factions to do anything about it.

Unfortunately, it seemed that she had arrived a bit too late and that idiotic whore bitch Raynare had
managed to steal Twilight Healing from the nun. Karasuba had never liked the sniveling bitch. She always complained about her lack of power but never did anything to try and improve. Simply expecting power to simply drop into her lap without her working for it, something Karasuba despised to no end.

Karasuba liked Raynare less now that she had caused her to fail her mission. There had been a chance, however remote, that the nun was skilled enough in wielding her Twilight Healing to be able to cure sicknesses. If possible, they could have taken her in and discreetly studied her to find a way to enhance it and perhaps heal Irisviel.

But that was gone now. While she could steal Twilight Healing from the bitch easily enough, it wouldn't work as well as if it had been in its true possessor's hands. It would never reach its full potential in anyone but the true owner's hands so any chance to get what she wanted was lost. Karasuba was seconds away from killing the bitch and everyone there for that alone when the devils arrived and a plan started to form in Karasuba's mind.

Karasuba watched with amusement as the devils cut through the Stray Exorcists like they were nothing. The brown-haired one was pathetic to tell the truth but at least he had determination. That alone wouldn't have been enough though. Raynare may be a sniveling bitch but she could easily handle most Low-class Devils so the boy would have eventually lost.

That is, if he hadn't revealed to be the wielder of Boosted Gear.

Karasuba watched intently as the boy 'boosted', as he called it, until his raw power matched a High-class Devil. Karasuba couldn't help but sneer and glare at the gauntlet for its ability. It was almost the very embodiment of what she despised; power without the sacrifices to gain it. This boy had done nothing to earn the power yet just because he had the Boosted Gear, he could match someone much stronger than himself.

Still, once she studied it more closely, she summarily dismissed it as a threat. While the ability to double one's power every 10 seconds was impressive, it had several flaws and depended on several factors. The most important being time and one's own base stats.

In the hands of someone like Harry, the Boosted Gear would truly be a horrifying ability. Harry himself was stronger than any single chieftain god. That combined with the ability to double his power every ten seconds..... within a minute he could possibly match even Ophis.

Okay, that may be an exaggeration since she didn't know exactly how powerful Ophis was but it was certainly possible. The important thing was that, at this moment, the boy's base stats meant he wasn't much, if any, threat to someone on her level even if powered up as much as possible. His stamina simply didn't allow him to do much of anything with the ability. At the moment he could only boost enough to match a High-class Devil. With time, he could become even stronger but only if he raised his base stats even higher.

Karasuba decided to withhold judgement on the boy until later. If he did nothing and depended on the Boosted Gear to do everything for him without training, then she would cut the idiot down for being an insult to everything she believed in. However, if he actually trained himself and raised his base stats then Karasuba would let him live. It may seem callous but Karasuba always hated those who gained power simply due to their birth and did nothing with it. She didn't blame them for something they couldn't control but if they always fell back on it, not training a single day to become even stronger and simply depending on their natural-born abilities while looking down on those who bled and sweated for their power.....

An image of Miya looking down on her crossed her mind and Karasuba snarled.
She'd cut them down. She'd show them that all their natural-born abilities were no match for someone who actually bled for their skill.

Karasuba shook herself from her dark thoughts when she saw the Boosted Gear boy punch Raynare across the room, causing her to fall into a heap on the floor. Karasuba knew when she felt the Gremory girl arrive outside that it was time to interfere. The other Fallen Angels were dead so Raynare was the only one she could capture to turn in to Azazel for Harry's distraction plan.

But first....

Raynare appeared behind the other spectator with her sword at his throat, causing him to stiffen in fear. “Look who's here,” purred Karasuba with a cruel smirk. “I do so wonder why you're standing around here just watching instead of helping your fellow devils. Then again, considering your hand in this, it isn't so surprising.”

The devil stiffened at her revelation of her knowledge of his involvement in this, which caused her to smile cruelly. “Oh yes. I know about your part in this. As well as your little fetish with nuns. I wonder how Heaven and, more importantly, your brother would react to your extracurricular activities. Somehow, I don't think your being his brother would save you from the executioner's axe.”

The devil stayed silent for a moment before speaking fearfully. “What do you want?”

“Oh nothing much, devil-kun,” purred Karasuba, getting a shiver of fear from the devil she was threatening. She loved the smell of fear in her prey. It always made the hunt all the more enjoyable. “You just make sure not to mention my presence here to anyone in your little Brigade and I won't mention yours. Understand?”

The devil hesitantly nodded in agreement and Karasuba let him go. Karasuba watched in amusement as the devil hastily disappeared in a transportation circle before turning back to the scene below. Seeing that the Gremory girl was now talking, she knew she had to move quickly or risk Raynare being killed.

With that thought in mind, Karasuba appeared kneeling on the floor between Raynare and the devils in a flurry of black feathers, startling the devils badly as they hadn't sensed her presence till now. Standing up with her usual queenly smile, Karasuba looked around with a relaxed air, seemingly unconcerned with how the devils were getting ready for another fight.

“My, my, isn't this a mess you're in, Raynare?” asked Karasuba lightly as she looked in the Fallen Angel's direction.

If Raynare had been scared before, she was downright terrified now. If she turned anymore pale, she'd resemble a corpse more than a living being. “K-K-Karasuba-sama! W-What are you doing here?”

“Why,” said Karasuba with a seemingly kind smile that wouldn't have looked out of place on a certain Thunder Priestess during full-on S&M mode. “I've come for you, of course. Azazel-sama was so worried when you and the others disappeared without even alerting him beforehand. It almost seemed... suspicious. I just had to investigate to make sure you poor little lambs didn't get hurt. After all, I just knew you wouldn't do something as stupid as breaking one of Azazel-sama's laws.”

At this, Raynare had curled in on herself and was looking at Karasuba as if she was the Grim Reaper herself. She was shaking in terror as Karasuba approached, standing over her with her smile still in place.
Karasuba shuddered in ecstasy at the look of utter terror that crossed not only Raynare's but the other devils faces at the revelation of her name. She always enjoyed the effect her reputation had on her enemies. They tended to be so terrified that half the battle was won already, their fear ruining their ability to properly defend themselves and making her job all the much easier. Right now, the terror of her reputation would keep those devils from doing something stupid like attacking her. She only promised not to hurt the red-head and the half-breed, she didn't promise not to hurt any of the others.

"Yet what do I find," continued Karasuba, completely ignoring Raynare's whimpering and instead seeming to revel in it. "But you breaking Azazel-sama's command to steer clear of Devil territory so as to not provoke a war? Worse yet, you killed two Sacred Gear holders and only got Twilight Healing in recompense."

"B-But I-I-"

"Shhh," said Karasuba in false kindness as she kneeled down till she was at the same level as the terrified Fallen. "Tell me, Raynare. What are the laws regarding both Sacred Gear wielders and Devil territory?"

Seeing Raynare too terrified to answer, Karasuba continued. "In regards to Devil territory, we are to steer clear of all known Devil territories in order to maintain the current cease-fire. You, my dear Raynare, walked into a well-known Devil territory. And not only any Devil territory but the territory of the Gremory Clan, which is in possession of the Gremory heir and the Lucifer's little sister, but is also the territory of the Sitri heir and the Leviathans little sister as well. Were you perhaps trying to start a war, Raynare?"

Raynare was almost crying at this point, seemingly trying to melt into the wall of the church and Karasuba was amused to see her sending pleading looks at the devils, as if asking for their help. Karasuba knew they wouldn't do a thing, no matter what their opinion on the matter. Her reputation was so fearsome that the very idea of such green devils challenging her was laughable. Truly, no matter how powerful they are, her sheer experience would make it so they would never rank as a threat until after their first two centuries of life. Due to the lack of war, it would take that long before they could manage to get enough experience to maybe pose a threat.

And worse thing was.... they knew it.

"And to top it all off," here Karasuba lost the pleasant tone and posture and almost growled at the poor Fallen in front of her. "You attacked and killed two Sacred Gear holders. Azazel-sama doesn't usually give orders but his orders on Sacred Gear holders were very clear to NOT harm them in any way. And not only did you kill two, you left them both whole enough for one to be resurrected as a devil, giving the devils access to that very same Sacred Gear."

"I-It's just a Twice Critical!" said Raynare, trying to defend herself.

Karasuba grabbed Rayanre's hair and brutally slammed her face against the church wall, causing a crater to form where Raynare's head hit. The only reason her brains weren't splattered across the wall was because Karasuba was channeling her power into her head to keep it from happening. She then twisted Raynare so she was looking in the direction of the devils, specifically Issei.

"Look at that gauntlet, girlie. You see it?" Raynare nodded fearfully. "Does it look like a Twice Critical?!" Raynare hesitantly shook her head, too terrified to say anything. "No. Of course not. That's because that's not a Twice Critical, idiot. That is the Boosted Gear, one of the thirteen Longinus with the power to kill a god." Here Karasuba tightened her grip, drawing a pained cry from the younger-looking Fallen. "Which you basically handed it over to the devils!"
Raynare looked near tears as she tried to defend herself. “I-I didn't t-think-”

“That's right,” interrupted Karasuba cruelly. “You didn't think. That's because you're a stupid, incompetent, little, brat!”

Karasuba harshly threw Raynare to the floor, where the Fallen started to cry. Karasuba watched with a sneer as the realization that she had basically made the devils, their sworn enemy, even stronger by handing them such a powerful weapon sunk into her mind. To tell the truth, Karasuba knew that everything else she did could have been overlooked if it wasn't for that simple fact. After all, she had ripped Twilight Healing from the nun within an abandoned church, which was technically Fallen Angel territory so she could defend herself taking the Twilight Healing.

However, Standard Operating Procedure ever since the revelation of the Evil Piece system in regards to killing Sacred Gear wielders was to destroy their body afterwards until there was no trace. That way, they couldn't be reincarnated into a devil. This wasn't just to deny the devils the Sacred Gear but because once they become a devil, the reincarnated devil's Sacred Gear is taken out of the system until that devil dies. Basically, as long as that devil lives, the Sacred Gear won't reappear in another human, cutting into Azazel's ability to study them.

He couldn't exactly study the Sacred Gear if it was held a devil, could he?

Yet knowing this, she had left Issei's mostly whole body behind within known Devil territory where he could easily have been reincarnated. Heck, as long as they got to his body within 24 hours they could have reincarnated him, so once the body was found and taken to the morgue, the devils could reincarnate him and erase any memory of finding his body.

In short, Raynare had screwed up big time. The fact that the Sacred Gear the pervert held was such a powerful Longinus was just the cherry on top to seal her fate. Karasuba almost felt sorry for her. Almost.

Unfortunately, Karasuba couldn't kill her like she wanted if she wanted to complete the plan. “Luckily for you,” Raynare opened her eyes, confused since she no doubt expected to be killed already. “All of your compatriots are either dead or fled and I don't have the patience to track them down. And since I need at least one live prisoner, that means you're coming with me back to headquarters.”

Raynare gave a sigh of relief at that, no doubt glad to know she'd live to see another day. Karasuba knew that it was doubtful that Azazel would kill her once Raynare told him where she got her orders. She'd still be punished heavily but not as much as she would have if she had done it on her own. It was times like that that Karasuba thought Azazel was too soft to be the leader of the Grigori and should just retire.

Hmmm... Governor General Karasuba. It had a nice ring to it. But those thoughts were for later.

“Now give it,” Raynare looked confused at Karasuba who had her hand outstretched in her direction. “The Sacred Gear. Give it!” A wicked smile crossed Karasuba's face as she laid a hand on her sheathed sword. “Unless you want me to cut off your fingers and take it.”

Karasuba's threat worked and Raynare quickly complied, not wanting to test whether she'd go through with her threat. Karasuba quickly swiped the two rings that represented Twilight Healing from her hand and turned to the devil group.

Said group had cautious looks on their faces as she turned to them, no doubt hoping she didn't turn
her anger towards them. From their tense and wary stance, they no doubt knew that if she did, they wouldn't stand a prayer of a chance. They had gotten nervous when Karasuba had mentioned her anger at the devils having Boosted Gear on their side but when Karasuba did nothing, they relaxed a bit. Personally, Karasuba thought them foolish for letting down their guard since even when kneeling she could have killed them all before they had a chance to blink, but whatever.

“I believe this belongs to the girl over there, correct?” asked Karasuba in a slightly mocking tone as she showed them the Twilight Healing rings.

The Gremory cunt seemed to steel her courage and stepped forward, warily eying the woman before her. “Indeed. Will you be taking it?”

Karasuba just smirked at her question, amused at the slightly nervous yet angry tone barely hidden underneath. It seemed she had wanted the Sacred Gear for her own peerage and was annoyed at the idea of Karasuba taking it. Curious.

“Healing isn't my thing, girlie,” said Karasuba lightly, amused at the slight twitch from being called girlie. She decided to act on a theory she'd devised from what she knew happened and some facts she knew of her peerage's past. “The nun can take it and once you reincarnate her, you'll have access to her Sacred Gear for your little peerage.” Karasuba barely open eyes opened slightly wider as she smirked at the suddenly nervous King. “That was your plan, wasn't it? Let the nun die and then swoop in like the savior and resurrect her as part of your peerage. You let the boy attack to make sure my compatriots didn't run off with the Sacred Gear, while killing off any witnesses, and you get both the boy's gratitude and loyalty as well as a new and versatile member for your peerage. Pretty sneaky. Just what I'd expect from a devil princess.”

Karasuba felt the dark part of her laugh as the Gremory girl winced at having her plan so easily seen through and said out loud. Karasuba noticed the Boosted Gear boy look at his King with a bit of hurt in his eyes while the others looked uncertain. Truthfully, Karasuba had simply guessed that the Gremory girl had planned for Asia's death in order to benefit from it. That way she'd get a new peerage member without having to go through the whole trying-to-convince-them-to-join thing. By resurrecting them, she'd get them in her peerage without fuss and they'd be so grateful for being resurrected that they wouldn't question it so much.

It was a devious and manipulative yet effective way of getting strong peerage members for little fuss. Truthfully, Karasuba's only complaint about it was the way she hid it. Harry never did that. He was always truthful and straight with her. Always telling her exactly what he had planned and why he needed her to act in a certain way. Even when he told her his plans and asked her to join him, he had been completely truthful.... even if he had threatened to kill her where she stood if she ever betrayed him regardless of his feelings for her.

It may seem cruel but Karasuba valued the blunt honest. It was better than being lied to even if those lies were with the best of intentions. Better a cruel truth than a pretty lie.

Karasuba internally smirked as she saw the effect her words had on the other devils. Truth be told, Karasuba had just said it out loud in order to cause some friction and discomfort in the group. She may be more sympathetic and kind since she met Harry but she was still a sadist at heart. She loved to make others uncomfortable. Perhaps she should allude to the Gremory girl possibly letting Issei die in order to make him a peerage member?

Karasuba doubted the girl had been blind to the Fallen Angel presence or Raynare's pathetic acting to seduce and kill Issei. She probably knew all along and simply let it play out in order to get what she wanted.
Hmmm.... no. Better to let the boy figure it out himself. It would be all the more heart-breaking and believable if he figured it out himself. The seed of mistrust was planted and unless Rias confessed then it would grow when he figured it out himself.

This was also a test for the girl. While Harry may be willing to give her the benefit of the doubt, Karasuba was not so willing. She would test the girl to see whether she would continue to try and cement the lie or admit to the cruel truth, both about herself and her actions. That was another thing Karasuba admired about Harry. He was honest both to others and himself. He knew some of his actions were cruel, manipulative, and downright evil, but he never made excuses for them. It was actually an admirable trait about him.

The Gremory girl quickly took Twilight Healing and stepped back to her group, who quickly surrounded their King in case Karasuba tried anything. It seemed despite the friction her words had caused, they still cared enough about their King to protect her. “We thank you for this and you may take Raynare and go now.”

Karasuba twitched at the almost-order in the little red-haired cunt's tone but suppressed her instinctive response to behead the bitch. Harry had a soft spot for her and he would probably be angry if she killed her.

“Actually,” said Karasuba calmly. “I have something to ask the nun. So go ahead and resurrect her. I promise not to attack or anything. I just have a question for the nun”

The Gremory girl grimaced but realized she'd have to do as Karasuba said. She knew that she couldn't exactly force her away and if she tried to take Asia's body and run, Karasuba would run them down like dogs. Not kill them, but you'd be surprised what you could live through.

With no other choice, Rias quickly put Twilight Healing back inside the nun before resurrecting her as her Bishop. Asia slowly opened her eyes once the ritual was done. Issei smiled in joy and the two reunited happily, much to Karasuba's annoyance. She had a schedule to keep, after all.

Karasuba grabbed their attention by clearing her throat, reminding them of her presence and returning tension to the atmosphere. “Sorry to cut this reunion short but I need to ask the nun something, remember? Your name is Asia Argento, correct?”

Asia seemed confused at the sight of the woman before her, who had a leg on the fallen Raynare's back to prevent her escape, but otherwise looked as if nothing was wrong. “Y-Yes. I'm Asia.”

“Good,” said Karasuba, glad to have confirmed that this was the Twilight Healing user they had been keeping an eye on. It would have been embarrassing if she had come all this way just for it to have been someone else. “I just wanted to ask you something in regards to Twilight Healing's abilities. Twilight Healing..... it can heal any wound?”

Asia blinked at that, probably not having expected that. “Um... yes. At least.... I've never had any trouble healing wounds.”

“And how about sicknesses?” asked Karasuba a bit more sharply, getting to the reason she had waited for the girl to be resurrected. “Can it heal sicknesses like cancer and similar genetic defects?”

Asia seemed to wilt at the question but shook her head. “N-No. I'm sorry but no. I tried once but it didn't work. It only seems to work on physical wounds.”

“Shame.” And it really was. If this girl could have healed Irisviel then Karasuba would have killed everyone else and dragged her back home, damn the consequences. Looks like Harry will have to
continue researching alternative means of healing her. “Azazel-sama was curious so I'll be sure to inform him.” It was true, after all. Azazel had been curious to know if it was possible a while back. It was a good cover as to the reason behind her question.

“Well, I'll be going now,” said Karasuba lightly. Almost negligently, Karasuba brutally punched Raynare across the face, knocking her unconscious immediately. Lifting the unconscious Fallen and throwing her over her shoulder, Karasuba mock bowed in the devil group's direction, not being able to resist one last parting shot. “I hope to see you all again...” Karasuba then looked at Akeno, making sure she knew she was speaking to her specifically. “...cousin.”

Karasuba then disappeared in a rain of black feathers just as a lightning bolt pierced through where she had been standing, the sound of her laughter echoing behind her.

---

**Occult Research Club clubhouse**

**One hour later**

The mood was tense as the group returned to the clubhouse after the battle at the abandoned church, which was followed by the meeting with one of boogeymen of devils everywhere.

The name Karasuba never failed to inspire fear in any devil who even browsed over the history of the Great War, much less fought in it. Her deeds were legendary and terrifying, more so due to her only having six wings. Normally, an angelic being with six wings was only about as strong as a High-class Devil at most. Yet Karasuba had consistently fought even with both Seraphs and Satans during the Great War, cutting through anyone below their level of strength like a hot knife through warm butter.

Her acts during the War were the stuff of nightmares. Everything from destroying an entire army of devils on her own to maiming the original Leviathan, Karasuba had earned her epithet of the 'Black Angel of Death'.

And her peerage had run into her and survived. Not because they managed to fend her off but simply due to Karasuba's whim. If she had absently decided to kill them, no one would have known they were dead until they went searching for them. Rias doubted there would be enough of them left to fill a single coffin.

Rias knew she had a lot of growing to do. Her entire peerage did. Yet she had never felt so badly outclassed before. Not even Riser, despite being stronger than her, made her feel this small and insignificant. While she mentally knew her brother was stronger than her, at the moment it didn't feel like it. The sheer killing intent she had given off even when she had no intention of harming them had terrified her to no end. Every second Rias had spent in her presence had made her more and more convinced Karasuba wasn't a Fallen Angel but rather the incarnation of the Death God himself.

Rias shivered for a second before forcibly putting herself back together.

She was the heir of the Gremory Clan and the King of this peerage. She had to hold herself together for her peerage and for the pride of her family. Even if Karasuba made her feel like less than a bug on a windshield and could beat her with both arms tied behind her back, she would not cower before the phantom of her. She would stand tall and proud even in the face of certain death.

“Buchou?” Rias looked up to see it was Kiba speaking, looking slightly uncertain yet resolute. “Who was that back there at the church? It seemed like you and Akeno-senpai knew her...”

Rias gathered her thoughts before answering. “I don't her personally but anyone who's read about the
Great War has heard of her before though I'm not surprised you don't, Kiba. She hasn't exactly been very active recently..."

Shaking her head in order to gather her thoughts, Rias sat up straight before speaking to the entire group, who were all leaning forward eagerly. Even Koneko had a slight look of curiosity on her normally blank face.

“As you know, the Great War ended around two hundred and fifty years ago,” explained Rias calmly, remembering her own lessons on the Great War. “However, before it ended, the War had lasted for millennia. In fact, no one really knows when it actually started or the exact cause, only that few remembered that far back.”

“As you imagine, there were many famous people on both sides of the war. The Maou, obviously, Michael the Archangel, Azazel of the Grigori as well as God himself. However, there were also other, just as important, members of the Three Factions that made a major impact on the course of the war.”

“One of these was Karasuba a.k.a. The Black Angel of Death,” stated Rias calmly. “Karasuba is part of the first generation of second generation Fallen Angels, meaning she wasn't an Angel who Fell but rather was born from two Fallen Angels. Despite being the daughter of a high-ranking member of the Grigori, she was born with only one set of wings, making people believe she would be no threat.”

“However,” here Rias' tone became grim, “Karasuba defied all expectations and quickly became a threat on par with any of the Seraph. Despite only ever getting to three sets of wings, Karasuba made up for it with her unparalleled swordsmanship and speed that was said to completely unsurpassed by any other supernatural creature. Up until then, most devils has given Angels and Fallen Angels a threat level according to the number of wings they had. Karasuba changed all that.”

“For the first time, pure power was not the deciding factor of battle but rather skill. Karasuba was well-known to match Seraphs and even Maou in combat using nothing but swordsmanship, speed and near unnatural combat ability. The only ones who ever managed to outright defeat her in combat were Michael, God, Lucifer, Miya of the Totsuka and Yume of the Light. Even then, Karasuba always survived those encounters, something few could ever boast of.”

Rias was grim as she remembered the real reason she was so feared by devils even today. “However, all that wasn't why she was feared. The reason she's so feared is due to her incredible ruthlessness and cruelty during the War. Until then, there had been some unspoken rules of battle that made the War more or less civil in some respects. Karasuba went against all that. She attacked devils while they were making contracts, attacked devil and angelic cities that held nothing but civilians and always left nothing but corpses behind her.”

Her peerage looked suitably horrified at her description of the Fallen Angel they just met and they finally realized just how lucky they were to escape alive.

“Furthermore,” continued Rias with a fearful tone. “She never took any prisoners or showed any mercy, killing without even a second of warning. She was known to sometimes attack even other Fallen Angels if they got in her way. Sadistic and cruel, Karasuba quickly became a sort of boogeyman for devils everywhere. Not even Miya, Azazel's daughter, who was much stronger, was so feared. Nowadays, she's known as Azazel's Ace and unofficial Punisher for those who break his rules. The fact Karasuba shows no compunction about killing her own kind only gives further credence as to the rumors of her sadism and cruelty.”

The rest of the peerage, with the exception of Akeno who already knew all this, finally realized how
lucky they had been tonight. If Karasuba had been feeling differently or truly wanted them dead, they would be dead. It was only her apparent disinterest in hurting them and her focus on bringing Raynare back alive that kept them alive.

Issei was frowning in thought before he spoke slowly. “So she was lying? When she said you planned for Asia to die just to make her a part of your peerage? She was lying right?”

And now Rias was in a conundrum. Given what she'd explained about Karasuba's bloodthirsty and cruel nature, she could easily lie and said Karasuba had been the one lying and they would believe her. After all, if she could callously kill even her own kind, lying wasn't that big of a stretch. Rias would be free and clear and her peerage would once again trust her completely.

On the other hand... she would be lying to people she considered family. She had never directly lied to them before. She may have deflected or spoken in half-truths, but never really truly lied to them. It was partially because she herself hated being lied to and partially because she knew that lying just made things worse. Being caught in a lie would destroy any trust they may have in her even if the lie was for the best of intentions.

It would also give her a chance to explain why she did what she did instead of them coming to the wrong conclusions.

In the end the question was, what would she prefer in their shoes? The brutal and slightly hurtful truth or the appeasing lie?

With this in mind, Rias made her decision. “No, she wasn't lying. I purposefully planned things to go the way they did since it was the best course of action at the time.”

Issei looked shocked and hurt at the admittance as did Asia. Kiba and Koneko looked just as shocked though less so than the former two while Akeno just looked accepting, probably already deducing why Rias did what she did.

“Let me explain,” said Rias when she saw Issei getting angry. “You know that the Three Factions are currently in a form of cease-fire, correct?” At Issei's nod, she continued. “What do you think would have happened if we had attacked the Fallen Angels with no reason to? Regardless of whether we would have rescued Asia or not, war would have resulted unless the Fallen Angels were appeased. That probably meant that both you and Asia would have executed in order to stop war from breaking out. Your family, Issei,” here Rias' tone was genuine and earnest yet firm, “but your life means much less than the Maou's desire to maintain the peace. You would have accomplished nothing but caused Asia to be killed later instead of earlier.”

“But if you just threw me out of your peerage-” started Issei angrily.

“But nothing!” interrupted Rias angrily. “As a Stray you both would have been hunted and killed by both sides. You may think you would be a hero, Issei.” Here Rias' tone became slightly scornful and pitying. “But you would have only accomplished both of you dying instead of just you.”

“Therefore,” continued Rias in a much calmer tone. “I made a plan to both save Asia and prevent a war from happening. First, if we had taken Asia from Fallen Angel custody when she was just a normal human nun, then we would have risked war. However, if she had died and we resurrected her as a devil, then they couldn't say anything could they? Therefore, yes I had to let her die. But I would have resurrected her right afterwards. As for her Sacred Gear, I have a right to defend my territory from any intruders. Those Fallen Angels did not have my permission to be in my territory and had already attacked my Pawn without provocation. Therefore, I had a right to retaliate without repercussions.”
“Meaning you could have killed them without problem,” finished Kiba understandably, the tension bleeding from his frame, “and if you just happened to get Asia's Sacred Gear back from it then that’s just a nice side effect.”

Rias smiled with a nod as she sat back while crossing one leg over the other. “Exactly, Issei, I wanted to lead you into your new life slowly, but you need to understand something. You're a devil of Gremory House now. You're now bound by devil laws just like I am. As a human, you couldn't steal or attack people without reason, correct? Well, as a devil there are similar laws in place to keep another Great War from breaking out. You may not like the fact that I manipulated you, but it was the only way I knew to save Asia without both of you being executed as a result.”

Issei seemed to mull that over before speaking lowly. “If you couldn't get her Sacred Gear back... would you have still resurrected her?”

“Yes,” said Rias truthfully. “Whether or not we managed to regain Twilight Healing, I still would have resurrected Asia, if only for your sake.”

That seemed to cause Issei to relax and Asia smiled gratefully at her. “Okay then, Buchou. I don't understand all this complicated stuff about laws and wars, but I trust that you were honestly trying to save Asia and help me. Thank you.”

Rias smiled and relaxed, glad that Issei forgave her even if he didn't completely understand her point of view or agree with her actions. Then again, he was only human a few weeks ago and still had the idea of heroes and villains in his head.

As he spent more time as a devil, he would learn that the world was a lot more grey than he thought it was. A part of Rias felt bad for the loss of innocence that would no doubt occur when he realized that. She really liked her innocent and perverted Pawn as he was, but she knew it had to happen if he planned to survive as a devil.

As the group left towards their respective homes, Rias inwardly realized she had been lucky he hadn't asked about his own resurrection. If he had asked, she would have been forced to admit she had purposefully let him die in order to assure his joining her peerage. While she had little doubt he would have joined if she had simply asked, the pressure of her upcoming engagement made it so she didn't want to take any chances. Only Akeno knew about the engagement and therefore, was the only one who knew what Rias had done and why but Rias trusted her Queen implicitly. Akeno also understood Rias' actions even though she didn't completely agree with them and that gave Rias some comfort.

Rias got up and went up to her bedroom in the second floor where she began to disrobe for bed, tired from the day's ordeals. The stress and terror of meeting the infamous Karasuba face to face had affected her more than she let on and she just knew she would be having nightmares tonight. The casual killing intent Karasuba gave off had rocked her to her core and probably did worse to her cute little peerage even if they didn't show it.

As Rias finished disrobing, her eyes fell on a note on her dresser. Remembering when she found it inside the Gundam game she had gotten from her arch-rival, Rias walked toward it and read it once more.

Dear Rias,

Hope you enjoy the game! Consider it my gift towards you in celebration of your upcoming marriage to Riser Phenex. Considering what I've heard of the man's attitude I didn't think he was your type but to each his own. I thought we had something special but I guess it will never be.
However, if you ever change your mind, call me at this number because I've found several ways to neutralize fried turkeys if necessary.

Your friend and rival,
Harry Peverell

Below that was Harry's number, a Japanese one from the area code meaning he lived in the country at least.

However, the contents of the letter had thrown her world upside down. It proved that 'Harry' was far more than human and had contacts within the devil community at least if he knew about her engagement. It also said he must be powerful if he managed to hide his power signature from her so thoroughly and actually make her think he was human. While not a master of sensing by any means, she was no slouch. So him hiding it from her even during the few times they touched said volumes about his control. Only beings with complete and total mastery of their power could hide it so well. Not even her brother could do that.

So while a part of her felt better about losing to him now that it was revealed he wasn't a normal human, the other part of her was wary. To have that absolute control of your power took enormous skill and made him very dangerous. He could have killed her at any time due to her not having her guard up around him since she had thought he was just a normal human.

Yet he hadn't. He had made her do very embarrassing things but never tried to physically hurt her, just embarrass her. That made him, at the very least, slightly trustworthy in her book.

The fact that he basically gifted her dozens of her favorite manga and games had absolutely nothing to do with it.

So as Rias settled in to sleep, she considered whether or not taking 'Harry' up on his offer of help or not. Because as things were at the moment, she wasn't completely sure she would be able to beat Riser if it came to a Rating Game.

Chapter End Notes

AN: And that's chapter 3!

Sorry it took so long but I originally planned to add two more scenes to this. The problem was it just couldn't come out. I would get distracted or something and couldn't find the motivation to write the scenes since they gave no more information beyond foreshadowing and stuff. It simply wouldn't come out so I decided to cut them out and just skip to the next chapter.

Next chapter will have Harry interact with Rias' peerage and therefore, what I call the Rias' storyline more. We'll introduce more characters and get a better insight into Harry's plans for the future.
As always, Read and Review!

End Notes

AN: And there's the prologue!

This is the rewrite to my Lord of Purgatory story. I rewrote it because as I researched more of the Dxd world, I found that my wanted plot wouldn't work in that world due to it being based on the fact that the Underworld was hell when the visual novels state that they're two different realms. In fact, the Underworld is actually the Demon Realm while Hell is someplace else.

This is my revised idea. I made it so Harry was a Nephalem child of the Phenex Clan (since Lily was originally from the Phenex Clan) and fought in the Civil War. I purposefully painted Sirzechs and Grayfia in a bad light to show they weren't perfect. Like all teenagers and young adults, they made mistakes and the one with Harry came to haunt them for centuries afterwards. It also gave a reason as to the whole Rias and Riser marriage contract thing. It was a way to get back in the Phenex's good graces. I can't think of any other reason for the Gremory to give away their only daughter and heiress to marriage to another Clan.

Next chapter will start off a bit before canon Dxd and show what Harry's been up to in the meantime.

As always, Read and Review!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!