Sons of Hell

by UnknownUnseenUnheard

Summary

After the events of DMC3, Dante comes across a pair of little boys under attack by a horde of demons and everything changes.
Chapter 1

Three Half-Demons Walk Into an Alley

Dante was exhausted.

Really, truly, he was.

Fighting Vergil had been… It had been wonderful. The blood pumping in his veins, the challenge, the struggle. No one but his brother was so evenly matched against him, no one but his brother could give him such a run for his money, no one but Vergil could make Dante work for his victory like that.

Dante would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy the thrill of a fight.

He was sure it was his demon blood calling out for carnage and his demonic half practically purred the few times he allowed himself to give into his bloodlust.

That wasn't something Dante did often. It was so easy to lose himself in the wild flow of battle that Dante tended to avoid complete surrender to his demonic instincts except when he truly needed it. He'd avoided becoming a monster for so long. He wouldn't become one just out of pure curiosity.

As such, fighting Vergil was exhilarating. It was such a release. It felt so good.

It felt…

Dante choked back tears.

Vergil…

Vergil was gone.

His brother was gone.

Sure, they'd had their up and downs. All siblings did. Admittedly, most siblings didn't end up tearing each other to pieces and dueling for the fate of the entire planet, but that was different. His brother… His brother…

God, where had very thing gone so horribly wrong?
They'd been separated as children. Dante had assumed Vergil had died. Then, finally, years later, he discovered Vergil was alive.

The happiness he had felt!

The joy!

The wonder!

Except… Except…

Vergil had changed.

There was a look in his eye, a fire, a twisted strength.

Vergil had done what Dante had so long fought against.

His older brother, who had always been so calm, so strong, so cool in the face of danger… He’d given into his inner darkness. He’d surrendered to it. He didn’t even bother fighting it.

Even then, Vergil being Vergil didn't turn into a wild animal. Of course, he became something worse, a calm, intelligent beast that was capable of complicated thought and machinations.

And now, Dante was covered in his brother's blood. Kinslayer. He'd killed his brother. This made him a Kinslayer.

Among demon kind, there was no worse insult.

Demons were expected to be violent.

Demons were expected to be destructive.

Demons were expected to be selfish, self serving, uncaring of the needs of others.

Demons were expected to be pleasure seekers, regardless of the consequences.

Cutting down one's flesh and blood, however…

That was the one big no no among demonkind.

Dante wasn't exactly a monster in that respect. He was half human. Because of that, most of these rules did not apply to him. However… Dante had still cut down his brother. He might as well have finished Vergil off himself. Yes, Dante hadn't really had a choice. Yes, the portal had been closing and if he hadn't moved, he would have been just as condemned as Vergil now was.

However, that didn't change the fact that Dante had lived while Vergil would die.

Dante had every confidence that his brother could take care of himself. Vergil, after all, was the only one who could give Dante a run for his money. Their father's blood made them powerful.

However, Vergil was wounded. Dante had defeated him. Vergil was wounded and weak and alone and trapped in hell. Maybe if he had gone in at full strength, it would be different. Instead, however…

No!

Dante realized he only had one choice. He would have to have faith Vergil survived. That faith,
though, was a double edged sword. He could have all the faith in the world. Either his brother was
dead, or he was alive and would become a much greater threat to the world than even Mundus
could hope to be.

Only time would tell.

Dante was knocked out his thoughts by a screech. He blinked repeatedly. That sounded like a
scarecrow. A dying scarecrow. He considering for only a second.

What better way to lose himself than in more blood?

Rin didn't get his freaky super strength. And, at this point, he had long since realized he was the
one with extra strength and it wasn't that the other kids were all weaklings.

Rin was strong and powerful. If he wanted to, he could tear down most adults with little trouble.
He'd once underestimated his strength and hurt daddy.

Rin remembered that day.

He'd been so furious. So angry. He couldn't even remember what he had been mad about
anymore, not really. It was probably something to do with Yukio. It usually was.

Yukio was Rin's opposite.

Yukio was the yang to Rin's yin. Rin was strong. He was powerful. He wasn't the smartest kid, he
realized. Yukio was weak. He was frail. He was a goddamn genius.

It seemed like Rin got all the physical traits and Yukio had gotten all the mental ones. At least,
that's what it seemed like.

Right now, Rin realized something.

This made them the perfect team! He could be the brawns, Yukio could be the brains! They could
be superheroes! It would be like starring in his own anime!

However, at that moment he had to get back to a tiny thing called reality for one little inconvenient
reason.

"Duck, Yuki!"

Yukio shrieked as he dodged a scythe. Rin ran up, jumped up, and kicked. The scarecrow thingy
exploded in dust. Rin spun in midair, landing before his brother and lifting his fists.

What were these things?

"You can see them?" Yukio spoke.

Rin blinked.

"Of course I can see 'em- shit!"

Rin dodged but he didn't dodge fast enough. One of those blades ripped a line across his arm.

Rin twisted, grabbed one of the bladed arms, and shoved it into the creature's own stomach. It
screamed as it disintegrated.
With a pant, Rin backed away a little. He was strong but these things were wearing him out, whatever the hell they were.

"Besides, Yuki, this is obviously a dream," Rin revealed.

Behind him, Yukio almost fell over. Dream. Rin thought this was a dream. On the bright side, if he could get Rin to actually take a nap when they got home he might forget this whole thing. Rin wasn't suppose to be able to see demons! That was suppose to be Yukio's burden to bear!

Then, a blade arm came down and Yukio screamed as it cut into him.

"YUKI!"

Blue. Blinding blue. So pure, so bright. So warm. Yukio gasped as the flames exploded around them, burning away at everything around them, burning away at his pain as he fell over. Panting, Yukio felt at his chest. The blade hadn't had a chance to cut far but he was still bleeding profoundly. Glancing up, he saw Rin sway slightly before falling back into the arms of a white haired man wearing a red coat.

A white haired man who was wearing a red coat and carrying what Yukio could only suspect to be a demon killing sword. Yukio leapt up.

"Wow, kid! Take it easy!" the man spoke. Rin looked up, eyes glazing over with exhaustion before he fell unconscious. The man lifted Rin into his arms gently before looking over at Yukio.

Yukio growled.

"Give me back my brother!"

The man blinked slowly, looking back and forth between Rin and Yukio. Then, at last, his eyes locked back on Yukio.

"You're," the man paused, looking around at the dying embers of Rin's flames, "You're both like me."

Then, the man tossed his head back and laughed.

Yukio glared. What was so funny about this situation.

Suddenly, the laughter stopped and a gun was drawn. Yukio screamed again as a gunshot rang out. Dust exploded behind him. Slowly, he looked back. Scarecrows. More Scarecrows. Where were they all-

"Wha- lemme go!" Yukio yelped as an arm wrapped around his waist and hoisted him up.

"Normally," the man began, "I'd wipe the floor with these fuckers. But, first things first, so let's get you kids to safety."

So it was that Yukio and Rin Okumura were promptly kidnapped by the Son of Sparda.

A/N: This one has been in my head for months. How is it so far?
Infuriating Little Baby Cousins

Chapter 2

Infuriating Little Baby Cousins

Nero had always been considered by most of his peers to be a freak. Not that Nero gave a fucking shit what anyone else thought about him, but it was the general consensus of… Well. Everybody.

Silver hair, supernatural reflexes and strength, never seemed to get sick, could shrug off blows that would leave anyone else at the very least dazed. The list went on.

You would think that, in a town like Fortuna that prided itself on the knowledge of the Savior and the hunting of demons, that someone with the Savior's likeness would be more well received.

That wasn't the reality at all.

Fear supersedes all else, and, when looking at Nero, parents would flinch away in fear and in turn teach their children to follow said example.

Nero had only one person he could call friend, and one person only. This was why, no matter what happened, no matter what was done and said, no matter how things ended turning out or what twists and turns life decided to throw their way, at the age of five and a half Nero had decided he loved Kyrie with all his heart.

Of course, most people would take one look at a small little five year old professing his love, smile, find it cute, and think nothing of it. Those people did not know Nero. Whenever Nero decided to do something, he would do it with his all. He would pour his very soul into it because that's the kind of person Nero was.

And, Kyrie was worth it, Nero decided. She didn't run from him like the other kids. Yes, his strength scared her. Nero could see that. He pretended not to notice the look of fear that had shown in her eyes the first few times she had witnessed Nero casually lift things that would take a group of grown men to do with ease. It had lessened with time, but regardless, Kyrie had never run, not like the others.

No, instead, she had stood by him.

Him, the abandoned orphan that had been found at the steps of the Order on a cold winter night. Him, the little freak with the silver hair. Him, the insufferable little smartass that had been known to make teachers and students alike snap.

She stood by him.
She had always stood by him.

Credo, of course, hadn't approved but had reluctantly let it slide.

It made Nero smile, even as he had to cover his arm and leave it in a sling that he knew perfectly well he didn't need. Yes, the arm had come as a major fucking what-the-hell-is-going-on, oh-my-fucking-god and blah blah moment, but Nero was over that.

It's not like he intended to show the arm to anyone. Why would he ever do something as stupid as that? Besides, this arm had helped him protect Kyrie. An unconscious Kyrie since Nero didn't think even she would continue to stand by him if she knew he was a goddamn Hanyou, but still.

Then, he felt it. Like a pulse, ripping across time and space. Startled, Nero gazed off into the distance.

What… What the hell was that?

It hadn't felt like the rise of the Tower, but it sure as hell was something. Nero gave a shiver as something ancient, in the back of his mind, told him to run. To hide. That this, whatever he felt, was older, stronger, and far more twisted than anything he could possibly imagine.

This concept might have worked on most children.

However, on Nero, the result was rather simple.

Face scrunched in concentration, Nero tossed a pack over his back and began to make his way towards the source of the disturbance.

"Bring it, bitch."

"That thrice damned twisted little cousin of mine! Could he not have at least tried for some subtlety? But NO, instead, little cousin, you raise your goddamned tower in the middle of a rather inhabited city and start announcing that you're having a party to attract ArchDemons from all corners!"

Mephisto was royally pissed off.

Hiding the existence of demons and the supernatural world was hard enough. Yes, it helped that ordinary people just didn't have the perception to see or perceive spiritual entities in any way, shape, or form. However, there was a limit to just how skewed that perception was.

For example, when one raises a GIANT FUCKING DEMON SPEWING TOWER IN THE MIDDLE OF A GODDAMN CITY!

Even Mephisto hadn't been able to conceal it entirely. It didn't help that a Leviathan, of all things, had spawned from the tower and ripped past the illusions he had cast to keep the whole thing concealed.

Little cousins were infuriating creatures to the point where even he, the great Samael, was resisting the urge to tear his hair out.

"You ask me for one favor, Vergil, and I honor it. I honor it because I'm a good cousin. And how do you repay me?"
Anime tears began to rip their way down Mephisto's face.

The incident at Temen-ni-Gru was already being looked at by the best of the True Cross Order. That incident was slightly behind them. True, the after effect of Vergil tearing open a whole to Gehenna itself was one they'd likely be feeling for years, but the one thing Mephisto would never forgive his baby cousin for was the task that now lay before him.

"Damn you, Vergil!"

Paperwork, paperwork, paperwork!

Mephisto was swamped in so much of it that there were actually pieces of it just randomly floating in random corners of the Academy.

If Vergil wasn't dead, Mephisto would kill him himself.

Actually… Come to think of it, didn't he have two little cousins? Mephisto tilted his head before giving a shrug. Even if there was another, it couldn't really be too bad, right? What harm could another cousin possible do?

Just then, an underling barged in. Tsubaki, if Mephisto's mind was accurate. The one who pretended to have that rather eccentric girlfriend, Kitty was it? Mephisto wasn't sure anyone bought the story, really, but to each their own. He arched a single eyebrow and watched as the Exorcists gulped.

"This had better be good," Mephisto began, "as you can see, I'm rather busy." he waved to the paperwork, which, really, he'd have tossed away if Azazel hadn't cursed the whole wretched lot of it to appear anytime he tried to open a manga, covering the pages.

Satan had nothing on Azazel as far as Mephisto was concerned.

"Two… Two or our spies reported seeing the Son of Sparda kidnap the children of the Paladin! I came to report it to you immediately."

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Mephisto's swearing could be heard on the other side of the globe.

Okay, Dante supposed this hadn't been his brightest ideas. In his defense, he'd always been more of the act now, kick ass, ask questions later kinda guy.

"Where- are- you- ah, my glasses!"

Dante hissed. Yukio screamed as he was tossed straight into the air. Spinning around, Dante drew Ebony fired a charged shot. One of the demons chasing them burst into flames. Summoning Rebellion, Dante charged a blast and swung, watching as red energy ripped apart his opponents. Then, without missing a beat, he picked up the fallen glasses, twirled them, and shot them straight up.
Yukio could only blink in shock as he landed back in Dante's arms, his glasses falling onto his face seconds afterwards.

"Not working. Hm. Come on, kiddies, were going on a trip!"

Suddenly, there were two Dante's and Yukio screamed again. The one holding him glared. "Stop being so loud! How do you think they keep finding us?"

Yukio gulped, falling silent, face lit with fear.

Daddy had just started his training at the Academy, but this? This was… This was just way too much. This was scary. This was frightening. Yukio just didn't know how to deal with it, and the strange man wasn't making it much better.

Still, as Yukio focused on the literal horde of demons chasing after them, he came to a rather startled decision. Screaming and fighting back against the weird ojisan in the red cloak would mean they had to face those demons. The same demons that Rin had fought until he couldn't move anymore.

Rin at that moment gave a loud snore, punctuating the point.

"Hm. Aha! Some sort of barrier around this place! Perfect!"

Yukio couldn't help the childish screech that left his lips as the man leapt through the air, seemingly landing on platforms of glowing red energy before rising higher and higher. In his defense, he was just shy of his eighth birthday. Around them were the skeletal beginnings of a skyscraper, of all things. Landing on one of the rails, the man grinned before turning to look down at the demons.

Yukio followed his gaze and watched in shock as the demons collided against an invisible barrier that left them on the fritz, collapsing and shattering apart.

What?

"There's a barrier keeping low level demons out. Interestingly enough, it's keyed to let higher level ones like us through." The man explained on seeing Yukio's confused look.

Oh. Huh. That made sense.

Wait…

"I'm not a demon! Wait… You're a demon!"

Then, Yukio attempted to scramble away. A single eyebrow arched in amusement, the silver haired self proclaimed higher level demon just smirked at him.

Yukio slipped.

He screamed and closed his eyes, ready for the coming pain of colliding with the ground. It never came. Instead, he blinked and opened his eyes, only to realize that the man had apparently caught him.

"Careful, careful, little spawn. You'll go splat."

Yukio glared.

"I'm notta demon!" Yukio spat out.
The eyebrow continued to arch.

"You're something, alright, and human ain't it kid. What's your name? I'm Dante," the man introduced himself with a dramatic bow before smirking up at Yukio with an air of arrogance and self assurance.

"My daddy is gonna kick your ass." Yukio sniffed.

The man blinked several times before tossing his head back and laughing. Yukio's eyes burned with anger. How dare he laugh at daddy!

"Oh, kid, I hope he tries." The mirth faded into what Yukio could only as cold burning rage. He flinched back slightly at the sight. The man locked eyes with him again. "I got to the pair of you before he did, after all. I'd like to have a little chat with the man that had something so important to do that he didn't realize an army of demons were currently targeting his children. Believe me, kid, I'm gonna enjoy it."

Then, Dante crunched his knuckles, eyes gleaming. It might have been more menacing if Rin wasn't storming from his perch on Dante’s shoulder.

Yukio shivered.

This… Was not going to end well. He just knew it.

A/N: So… I failed to take geography into the equation when I started this story. Then again, it's hard to pin where everything is. The critical, important location that Vergil raised his tower of doom and destruction and despair is called… The City. No, seriously. Other locations in the game aren't really explained either as to exactly where on a world map they're located. So, I'll take a few liberties with it.

This will mainly affect Fortuna, which will come up in the next chapter.

Thank you everyone that favorited and reviewed. I appreciate every single one of them (: and to the question about Nero, yes. He'll have a big part in the story.

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Warnings: Violence, spoilers here and there.

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**Chapter 3**

Clash of the Guardians

Dante was glad, very glad, that he had listened to that little voice in the back of his head nagging him that he should go visit Tokyo. Mostly, it had been retracing Vergil's footsteps that had ultimately lead him here to this place, but there had been something more, something else nagging at the back of his head.

Now, he knew.

Jaw clenched in barely suppressed rage, Dante realized that this is what drew him here. Perhaps it was fate, or instinct, or maybe it was just coincidence. The thing is, Dante didn't believe in chance so it didn’t take him long to realize there was a something else at play. He didn't like it, not for a second. He didn't like being manipulated. He wouldn't be anyone's chess piece either.

But, too little too late, really. Because, he'd taken the bait and now he was caught, and only a monster would turn away. Dante might be a Devil, and he had embraced that fully, but he was also human.

Two halves to a whole, something Vergil hadn't understood. To Vergil, you could only be one or the other. It wasn't that simple. Their existence wasn't that simple. Not for the first time, Dante cursed his father and wondered just what exactly happened to that damned bastard.

"So, let me get this straight, kid," Dante began. "You and your brother are half demons, but your brother has active demon blood in him while yours is dormant. So, your ever intelligent excuse for a guardian decided it would be a fun idea to teach you about demons and monsters and things that go bump in the night so you could protect your older brother while keeping said older brother in the dark about everything?"

The little boy nodded. It had taken hours to coax anything out of Yukio. If anything, the only reason Dante was getting anything now was because Yukio was starting to grow frightened. As the time passed around them, demons kept attacking at random, only to be repelled by a barrier. Rin kept on sleeping and there was no sign of anyone coming anytime soon.
Dante's opinion of the kids so called dad was dropping by the second. He was reminded of his own father briefly before tossing it aside.

His dad had tried to give both his sons a normal life. Yes, it had failed rather destructively and had ended with the death of Dante's mother, but Sparda had at least tried.

From what he was gathering, the man that had adopted these two boys was more of a manipulative bastard than anything else.

Dante wasn't going to bother sugar coating. He didn't do sugar coating. Way too boring. The man that was raising these two, at first glance, seemed to love them. Dante couldn't tell if it was fabricated or genuine at this point, though. Not from just the kids perspective.

Either way, their so called father was setting them up for a life that would bring only pain. The secrets and walls he was already building between the two twins would only lead to anguish.

Dante knew that first hand.

He didn't... No, he couldn't, let it happen again.

Another him and another Vergil, fuck that. He wouldn't let it happen. Never again.

"That," Dante gritted his teeth, "Is the biggest piece of Leviathan shit I've ever heard."

The kid gaped at him. Then, teal eyes narrowed.

"You don't know my daddy!" the kid shouted.

"It damn well is! You're just a kid! It's not your job, or your responsibility, to watch over your brother!" Dante scolded. The kid flinched back. Dante hid a wince. He was trying to help and be a good person for once, and scaring children was not the way to go. Still... "That's the parent's job! Yes, as siblings, you should take care of each other and watch each other's backs, but you should never be expected to fight those kinds of things at your age!" Dante jutted a finger behind them. Several Wraths kept exploding, again and again, against the barrier. They were rather persistent.

Why was beyond Dante. Something had set them all off, and they seemed intent on getting to the kids for some reason.

Little Yukio clenched his fists.

"You don' know anythin' about me! I will be an exo-exo- demon stopper person, and I will protect my brother!"

"Yuki, lemme nap. Yell later."

Yukio froze. Head tilting towards his brother, Yukio paled.

"You're... You're awake?"

Sleepily, Rin sat up, rubbing at his eyes.

"'Course. Been awake the whole time. Didn't wanna move." Then, the sleepy look faded slightly as Rin narrowed his eyes. "Why've you an' daddy been lying to me? Did... Did I do something wrong?"
Yukio was stunned.

Dante twitched.

"You haven't done anything wrong, kid." It was Dante who answered. Rin responded by barring an impressive pair of fangs at him. "Who and what you are isn't something that should have been kept from you."

"You mean, than I'm a monster?" Rin spat out.

Dante took several steps back. This was a stupid idea. If Lady was here, here, she would shoot him. If Vergil was here, he would help her. Still, the sun was starting to get lower and the only way Dante was getting these kids out of here without knocking them both unconscious was if they cooperated with him. Yes, knocking them out would be the easiest solution but it would also shatter any semblance of trust, which was something he wanted to avoid.

Lies wouldn't work, because lies have this nasty habit of getting unraveled, case in point right before him.

Blunt reality, though?

Both of the kids screamed as Dante let his Devil Trigger loose. The smaller one, Rin, leapt to his feet and pulled the older one behind him before taking a stance, fists raised high and ready to fight. Just a hint of blue surrounded him, but for whatever reason the aura looked as if something was trying to suck it away.

Dante let the Devil Trigger fall.

"I'm just like the pair of you. Part human. Part demon. It doesn't make you a monster unless you choose to one. We're intelligent enough to distinguish between good and evil, and we have a choice. What's your choice?"

Then, Dante extended a hand. A human hand out to the boy. Rin stared at it in evident reluctance, unsure if he should take it or not. Yukio, on the other hand, was glaring.

"Demons are evil! You're a bad man!"

Rin reeled back as if struck. Yukio's eyes went wide as he realized what he had just said. Rin had been awake the entire time. Or maybe, not the entire time, but for some of their conversation. Enough to know that daddy had told Yukio that Rin was a demon and that is was Yukio's job to keep him from going out of control.

Dante winced. Whatever the intentions their father had, he was so beating the shit out of-

"Step away from my children!"

…

Speak of the devil.

Dante spun around as several of the demons exploded in fiery rage. There, striding through the ashes, came a gray haired man in a priest's robe, glasses adorned on his face with a pair of crucifixes added for whatever the hell reason. In one hand, he carried a pistol. In the other, a sword.

"So," Dante drew Rebellion, "you're the old fuck that's been messing with their heads. I won't let
you turn either of them into a weapon. I won't allow it." With that declaration, Dante pointed the sword directly at his opponent.

"My skyscraper. Really, you had to come to my skyscraper? Although, I suppose that's why it took us so long to track you. Do you have any idea how long it took us to find you because you came to the one place I hadn't thought to look, little cousin?"

Dante blinked. Little cousin?

Then, next to the apparent Exorcist appeared a strangely dressed flamboyant clown carrying an umbrella of all things. An umbrella. A goddamn umbrella.

Dante narrowed his eyes.

Shit.

"And you brought a Yato with you? I'll have to take you more seriously."

The man blinked. The clown twitched.

"I'm a demon, you fool! Ow dare you mistake me for those pale pasty neanderthals!"

Both children gasped.

"Daddy… Why are you wiff a demon? You said they were bad."

The man glanced past Dante to the children he was currently guarding.

"Mephisto is an exception, Yukio. You'll find there are exceptions to every rule, like your brother. As long as his demon half is sealed-"

"You sealed part of his soul?" Dante interrupted, his face twisted with utter disgust. "You're even worse than I thought!"

"It was a necessary evil," the clown, Mephisto, stated as he produced a handkerchief out of who knows where and casually waved it. "You have no idea what you're dealing with, little cousin."

"I'm not your cousin. Who the hell are you?"

The clown blinked.

"It's been but a week's since we last saw each other, Vergil." Mephisto stated in evident confusion. Dante froze. "Have you already forgotten me? I did do you that favor. And how did you repay me? Do you have absolutely any idea how much paperwork your little stunt has caused me, never mind the mess this incident right here will also cause?!"

Rebellion began to glow. Mephisto paused, detecting that something wasn't quite right. For one, the sword was glowing red. Red, instead of blue, which was the color of Vergil's demonic aura. Which meant-

"Uncle had two of you?!"

"What the hell did you do to my brother!"

Mephisto sneered.

"Careful with him, Shiro. This man's father rivals my own."
The man, now identified as Shiro, reacted to the words by hardening his stance.

Dante could care less about him. He had a better target to vent his frustrations on. With a wild roar that would leave Vergil tsking in disappointment, Dante charged, sword aimed for the demon that had, apparently, had a hand in his brother's downfall.

However, instead he was intercepted by the adoptive father, Shiro. Rebellion clashed against the man's sword and Dante grit his teeth as he pumped more energy into the blade. Both swords began to glow and spark red, and Shiro rapidly let go of his and leapt back as it exploded in a colorful display of shrapnel.

Dante could care less about him. With a snap of his fingers, Dante switched to Trickster style.

Mephisto swerved as Dante closed the distance between them in a heartbeat, dodging to the left as Dante swung. Another swing had him blocking with his umbrella. Mephisto's expression darkened.

"You are a thousand years too young to challenge me, little cousin."

Faster than Dante could see, he was blasted back by a string of blows that left even him a bit dazed. Faster than…

Eyes narrowed, Dante realized just exactly what he was dealing with. With another snap of his fingers, he switched styles again as a pale aura surrounded him.

Quicksilver.

Mephisto's eyes widened in shock as Dante shattered through his time spell. The shock cost him as Dante swung. Mephisto swore as he dodged back, his arm flailing as it fell to the earth.

His had been disarmed. Literally. That would be a pain to reattach, but Mephisto would manage it. He was quite fond of this vessel, after all.

Glowing eyes met his before Dante turned away. Mephisto glowered at the arrogance of the fool before he realized what was going on. Dante was attacking Fujimoto, who had moved to retrieve his children the second he realized their kidnapper was preoccupied. Ah. Perfect.

No matter how strong his little cousin was, and Mephisto could admit that he had seriously underestimated his cousin, there was no possible way he could take both him and the Paladin at the same time all on his ow-

Fujimoto leapt back as blue fire struck at him.

All the combatants froze.

Rin, little Rin, was panting, swearing falling from his brow, both arms stretched out in front of him. Behind him stood Yukio, who stared in bewilderment at his brother as if he had never seen him before. Like he was looking at a stranger.

"Rin…"

No one seemed more shocked than Shiro. Mephisto couldn't blame him. Oh, this was such a twist that Mephisto had to resist the urge to let out an amused chuckle. This, he had not seen coming.
It seemed he might win their little bargain after all.

"Why… Why did you lie to me? Why… Why did you tell Yuki I was a monst- monst- under the bed thingy!" Rin shouted out, tears streaming from his eyes and he waved his tiny fists in betrayal.

Shiro paled faster than fresh concrete. Mephisto didn't bother hiding an eyeroll. He had told Shiro that these secrets were a bad idea and they never turned out well, but had he listened? No, he hadn't, and now they'd likely need to wipe the boy's memory after this mess was sorted out.

Unfortunately, Yukio would be trickier. The shock had faded and now, uncertainty warred on the child's face. If Yukio turned on them as well, that would be a far greater problem to rectify. Annoyingly enough, Mephisto couldn't just wipe that child's memory. At least, not in the same way he could wipe Rin's.

Rin might have the flames and the utter aggressive aspect of their father, but Yukio seemed to have Satan's defense, or something along those lines. Strange, when you consider how physically weak the child is, but his resistance to demonic elements was frighteningly large.

For all he knew, Yukio would shrug off a mindwipe with enough time, which would leave them with an even bigger mess.

Still. Time to put this farce to an end.

"Enough of this. We'll explain everything, boys," Mephisto ignored the glare Fujimoto sent him, "however, here is not the place, as there are rather unsavory characters preset," Mephisto shot a look at his cousin which got him a sneer in response. "So, if you would kindly-"

"Go away, gay clown!"

Then, Rin Okumura did perhaps the one thing that would defeat even he, the Great Samael, with one simple act that circumstances had made Mephisto's current weakness.

He tossed a bloody Manga at him.

Mephisto was promptly buried in a small mountains worth of paperwork.

"Damn you, Azazel!" Mephisto screamed, batting away the papers with his remaining arm. As they flew away, Mephisto realized his mistake as his cousin appeared before him.

Shit.

That glowing blade stabbed, ripping pat his vessels organs with ease. Then, using him as leverage, his cousin lifted himself off the ground and a foot collided with his head. Mephisto was sent sprawling backwards. Before his body even hit the floor, several shots fired and he fell in a heap.

Well.

So much for keeping the body.

"This isn't over."

Then, Mephisto was forced to do something he really didn't want to do. He let himself vacate the body he had been possessing before his spirit shot out, escaping away.

He needed a new bloody vessel. Annoying, really, the advantage that his little cousin had by being half human. No matter. He would bring this to an end, and there would be a reckoning.
This was not what they had expected. Yes, Shiro had known their opponent would be a dangerous one from what Mephisto had stated. A descendant of Sparda, the report said, had taken his children.

His precious boys had been kidnapped by a demon. It was Shiro's worst nightmare come to pass. It seemed many nightmares were coming through today, from Rin threatening him to Yukio gazing at him slowly increasing distrust.

In that moment, Shiro remembered one particular conversation, a warning he had been given only a few months prior. A warning he should have heeded.

"You can't hide the truth forever, Fujimoto."

"They're children! I won't have you manipulating them, Mephisto! They are not your pawns!"

"Tut tut. My pawns? Surely you jest. After all… You are the one who suggested training the younger to be an Exorcist. If anyone is manipulating those children, it's you. Although… I do wonder, Fujimoto, how this one will explode on you."

Mephisto had cackled that day, thrilled at the thought. Shiro had scoffed at the idiotic notion. He wasn't scoffing now.

The man in the red cloak pointed his blade at the Paladin now that Mephisto had been effectively taken out of the fight.

"Now… Your turn. I can sense you're human, so I'll go easier, but don't expect me to hold back if you intend to take those kids."

Shiro wavered. His heart was shattering to pieces before his very eyes, torn apart by the Son of Sparda. In that moment, Shiro hated him. He hated this man with an unholy fury. He hated him with every essence of his being. Every cell, every atom.

Rin was still looking at Shiro as if he'd just killed his puppy. Yukio was eyeing him with distrust, something he had never done before.

At this point, Shiro realized, taking them by force would mean he would lose them, forever. He had fucked up. He could see that now. He had tried to do the best he could for his children, but it seemed all of that had backfired on him rather violently.

Shiro closed his eyes.

This was insanity.

This was his only choice.

He hoped… Dear gods, he hoped it wouldn't explode in his face. He really did.

Ignoring the man, the demon, his mind supplied, Shiro turned to his children.

"Rin… Yukio… Where do the pair of you want to go?"

The statement startled them, as if they hadn't been aware they would be given a choice in the matter. At this point, Shiro realized this was the only way. Both of children already knew too
much, and knowing Mephisto he would mindwipe the pair of them to erase this whole incident.

That carried a risk, especially with children, and not one Shiro was willing to risk. So this, instead, would be his next best bet.

"The hell are you playing at, you old fart?"

Shiro twitched. He was not old. Just because he had an unusual hair color did not mean he was old. Regardless, he turned to the demon and glared.

"Simple. You're right. I've kept far too much from them. I've erred. I can admit my mistakes." Shiro confessed. The demon blinked, clearly not expecting that answer. Then he turned to his children again. "So, tell me, Rin, Yukio. What do the pair of you chose? What do the pair of you want?"

It was a loaded question, and one that Shiro knew might well explode in his face just like the other secrets he had kept had. Still. At this point it seemed this was his only hope. Such a gamble. Ha. Mephisto would be oh so proud.

The demon arched an eyebrow before drawing the sword back, letting it rest on his shoulder. Then, he turned to the kids.

"Well, kiddos? What do ya say?"
The Twins Decide

For a moment, neither brother said anything.

How could they say anything?

Their father's deception had been brought rippling right to the surface. Shiro Fujimoto had lied to them both. He had driven a very clear wedge between the twins, even if that hadn't been what he had intended to do in the first place. Yes, both twins still had the calm nativity of children, but even that had been shaken. Normally, they'd wave it off. Normally, they'd assume daddy was trying to do what was best for them, because that's what daddys did.

Now, neither twin was entirely sure anymore, and it hurt.

Now, Rin and Yukio both had a choice.

They could either go with Dante, who wouldn't lie to them. Dante, who would tell them the truth. Dante, that had protected them from the demons. Dante, who, like them, was part demon. Dante, who wasn't human. Dante, who had embraced his demonic side with ease as if it were as natural as breathing.

They could go with daddy, who was human. Daddy, who had raised them. Daddy, who had lied to them. Daddy and his half truths and his hypocrisy. Daddy, who loved them with all his heart and whose actions were that of a man trying desperately to protect his children.

Rin and Yukio didn't understand that, though. How could they? They were just children. They didn't understand. Not fully. Not enough.

Still, though.

Children instinctively latch onto their parents. There as an instinct, deep in their minds, that tell them a parent is to be trusted. That tell them that a parent is someone who keeps them safe, someone who protects them. An instinct that made the pair of them want to go back with their daddy. An instinct that made them weary of a stranger, no matter how similar that stranger was to them. No matter how much in common with them the stranger had.

So, you could forgive Rin and Yukio for not being sure of what to do.

Then, as one, they both spoke.

"We should give daddy another chance."
"We should go with Dante."

Both twins blinked before staring at each other incredulously. There was silence for several seconds, before…

"Rin, why do you wanna go back with daddy! He lied to us! He told me you was a monster cause you're a demon but he's friends with a demon!" Yukio exclaimed.

"I know! But he's our daddy! He's not perfect, but he's tryin'! Besides, we don't know that guy at all!" Rin motioned to Dante wildly without even bothering to look at the Devil Hunter. A tick developed on Dante's head.

"'Cause he won't lie to us! He's been honest from the start! And he knows more! Don't you wanna know more about ourselves?" Yukio just couldn't believe the words that were coming out of his brother's mouth. Why in the world would he want to go back with daddy, of all people?

Yukio shot the old man a not so conspicuous glare and had the satisfaction of watching his daddy flinch under the gaze.

"Daddy will tell us." Rin stated confidently.

Yukio rolled his eyes at the ignorance.

"Like he told us before? Like he told you before?"

Rin faltered at that, his self assurance wavering in the face of blunt facts being presented to him, one after the other.

"But… But… Daddy loves us, right?" Rin shot a pleading look at his father. Confused as he was, Rin still looked up to his daddy, still believed in him. Yes, he didn't get what was happening, yes, it pissed him off, but daddy was daddy and daddy's are suppose to protect, right?

"Of course, Rin! I-" Daddy began.

"He told me you were bad! Daddy is not nice!" Yukio cut in, tiny fists flailing in anger.

Daddy paled at the words. Rin could only watch in shock, eyes darting back and forth between his brother and his daddy, waiting for a denial to come. For his daddy to say it was some sort of misunderstanding, that Yukio had interpreted the words wrong, that daddy hadn't started anything of the sort.

Daddy, however, didn't say anything. He didn't say anything, because hadn't he told Yukio that all demons were bad, and that the only reason Rin wasn't was because they had sealed away his demon half? Hadn't he told Yukio that the reason he could see demons was because Rin, a demon, had marked him? Hadn't daddy stated all of that, clearly and brutally?

Rin sniffed as tears began to drip down his face. Then, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking up, Rin's gaze met Dante's, who squeezed his shoulder lightly in support. Then, without hesitation, Rin turned around and tossed himself onto the elder demon, crying his heart out.

Fujimoto felt his own heart clench and downright shatter in that moment as Yukio, who had always looked up to him and listened to him and had been a good son, Yukio glared at him, patting his brother on the back as a few sniffles escaped him as well.

Dante eyed Fujimoto with distaste.
"I think the kids have made their choice, old man. I'll be seeing you around."

With those last words, Dante swept both kids into his arms and vanished without another word, leaving shaking and crying Fujimoto behind.

He had fucked up. He had fucked up royally. And now, he was paying the price for his mistakes, through and through.

Hours later, Shiro still found himself wandering about the rooftops, seeking empty corners, attempting to avoid humanity as much as possible. He couldn't go back. Not yet, not now, not to the Monastery. He couldn't look at the others in the face and admit his failures, admit what he'd lost, admit what he had done.

He had lost his children. He had lost them. When he had woken up in the morning, never did he imagine that this was how his day would turn out. Never did he imagine any twist of events that would cause both of his sons, his precious, cute little children, to turn on him, to resent him.

The look Yukio shot him was pure resentment. There was no denying that. Shiro wasn't going to even try to deny it. Yukio resented him. Yukio resented him, and Rin, stubborn Rin, strong Rin, had been reduced to tears. Rin, who never bothered showing when something bothered him. Rin, who always wanted to present an unflappable, unshakable front before Yukio, had burst into tears.

Shiro still couldn't quite believe it. He couldn't believe it, because it couldn't be real. A world where his children resented him just didn't make sense. It didn't make sense, but that was the reality.

It was the reality, and Shiro had... he had... He'd let them go. He'd let them go, because it was what they wanted, what they chose. They wanted to leave. They didn't want to be around him. They wanted to go with a stranger. They preferred to run off with a demon than to stay with their father, and what did that say about Shiro's parenting skills?

His children had turned on him because he had lied to the pair of them. As a parent, that was his right. If children weren't ready for a truth, then you conceal it from them. Was that not the basic concept of Santa Claus?

Shiro snorted at his own flawed analogy.

What he had hidden from them was far more crucial than something like the secret behind Christmas.

Perhaps if he had gone another way about it, things wouldn't have ended as badly as they had. But, he had been worried. He had been concerned. He had acted upon what he believed would be the best course of action.

Training Yukio to be an exorcist had been Shiro's idea. It had been his idea, because Yukio could see, Yukio was human, and it was better that the child learned how to defend himself now rather than later.

Rin, on the other hand, was not human. Not in the slightest. He hadn't been human when he had been born, wrapped in a soft cocoon of bright azure flames. Sealing those powers, sealing them and making him less of himself, making him a human, had seemed logical at the time. It had seemed like the best course of action.

Of that, Shiro was sure.
If anything, sealing Rin had been the best choice. Between murdering a child and crippling them, Shiro had chosen to wound rather than kill. It wasn't ideal, and he wasn't even sure if it could count as crippling.

Such a twisted aura would have no doubt had adverse side effects on Rin's mental state. He was sure that they'd do the same even now, which was why Shiro at least had the satisfaction of knowing that Rin's demon heart was sealed away.

As long as his heart was sealed, Rin had a chance to be human. Less human now, perhaps, but human nonetheless. Shiro well and truly wanted what was best for his children, even if that apparently was not with him.

And it hurt, damn it!

It hurt so much! It hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it-

"Hiya."

Shiro froze.

Without an ounce of hesitation, he spun around and began to fire indiscriminately. Each of his own bullets was matched, the blasts colliding with each other in an explosion of fire and metal until the ground around them was littered in metal casings.

Shiro roared as he pulled out another gun.

And another. And another. And another. His body shook as he fired, again and again and again until all that was left was an empty gun and an empty clip as he tried to fire another shot, another bullet, another blast at the monster before him.

Then, hands wrapped around his own and yanked the empty gun, pointing it to the ground.

"Enough of that. The two of us have fought enough, yeah?"

Dante. The Son of Sparda. The Demonspawn that had stolen Shiro's children from him. Dante, who stood in front of him now, stopping Shiro from attacking, stopping Shiro from killing him, from slaying him. Dante, who was eyeing Shiro with a contemplative look that he did not like at all. Not in the slightest.

Shiro snarled as he ripped his hands away, taking several steps back. The pistol clattered to the floor.

"What do you want? Have you come to gloat, demon?"

The demon had the audacity to snort.

"Nah. As if, old man. I'm not like that." The demon denied. Shiro could be forgiven for not believing that little tidbit of information. "No. I'm here because I'm pretty sure you care for those two, and I'm going to make sure those kids know it too. I'm here to tell you that when they ask me, not if, when they ask me to see you, I'll agree." Dante spoke.

Shiro couldn't believe what he was hearing. The demon couldn't be serious, could it? There was absolutely no way it was being serious. This was too good to be true. It was an impossibility, because Shiro had already lost his children. There was no way the monster that stripped them from him would give him the chance to see them again, right?
"I want your assurance that you won't try to take them by force." Dante continued when Shiro didn't respond. "More than that, I want an oath."

Shiro froze. Ah. There it was. The catch. There is always a catch. Well, the demon in front of him could shove this so called deal up his ass is he thought Shiro would fall for this sort of bull-

"I'll make one too, of course. Fair is fair. I won't keep them from you, you won't keep them from me." Dante concluded.

Shiro could only stagger back in shock.

What?

No, wait, what had just… He couldn't be serious. He couldn't be serious at all. He couldn't be, yet his eyes stated that he was. The demon was serious. He was serious, and he was extending a hand towards Shiro.

Shiro understood what this meant.

Taking that hand meant that someday, he would get a chance to see his children again. Taking that hand meant that he couldn't change his mind and try to take them by force. Taking that hand meant surrender to the other's terms. Taking that hand was the only way his children would ever look at him with love again.

With only a moment's hesitation, Shiro took it and shook as magic bound around them, binding the deal.

"Oh, one more thing." Dante spoke as the magic, red like the man's aura, began to twist around their arms. "I'll also be needing whatever you sealed the kid's demon heart into. Its part of him, after all, so you're gonna hand it over or breaking this deal is going to backlash on yah."

Then, the demon smirked right at him and Shiro tossed his head back and swore. He knew it was too good to be true! He knew there would be some sort of catch! He knew! He-

"Hey! Old dudes holding hands! Do either of you know if there's a demon around here!"

The moment was interrupted by the most unexpected of things. Feeling the magic finish settling, Shiro snapped his hand back before turning towards the source of the noise. There, standing several feet before them and scowling in a very Yukio like fashion, stood…

A miniature Dante. Who was glaring at the pair of them while pointing at them with what could only be a demonic arm.
Chapter 5

Sanctus was very rarely summoned to True Cross Academy. The Order of the Sword very rarely dealt directly with True Cross directly. Sanctus liked to keep his own operations separate from them, but there were moments where even he was called before them.

Such a moment was now, and Sanctus could not be anymore infuriated by it. Not only had he been summoned, forcing him to shift all of Fortuna which admittedly took a lot of power, but said summoners were nowhere to be found!

Mephisto Pheles had called for his expertise, and where was that clown of an Honorary Knight? Not here, apparently!

Sanctus stood, alone, in the meeting room. Mephisto, ever the gracious host, had the damn table practically overflowing with random food items. On the other side of the room, light filtered in through a rather tall window.

Light that was slowly fading more and more as time went by.

Sanctus grumbled to himself as he gazed out towards the rapidly setting sun. If there was one thing he hated more than being subjected to the will of the True Cross Order, it was them wasting his time.

No doubt Mephisto was cackling off in some corner about the whole thing, too. Bloody trickster.

Rarely did Sanctus ever leave Fortuna. Fortuna itself was a rather special town. On a whim, Sanctus could move the damn thing wherever he pleased all over the globe. Each move did cost a large amount of demonic energy, however, but that was easy enough to gather.

Except they’d just shifted the damn thing near the Temen-ni-Gru when the order came down that Pheles wanted them here, in Tokyo, asap. They’d managed it, but a second shift so quick after the first had shot their reserves right straight to hell.

Angus had of course stayed behind in the ruins. Somewhere among that utter rubble, Sanctus was sure lay their prize. A prize they would have to hide from True Cross once they had found. A weapon of tremendous abilities that would soon change it. Change everything. Change the whole playing field, as it should.
They would have it, its powers and abilities granted to them. Such a marvelous blade, capable of rupturing Gehenna and Assiah apart. Once Sanctus had it, their true goals could finally begin, and he could at last stop this farce of working with True Cross.

For now, however, Sanctus was bound to them unless he wanted the Paladin and the ArchKnight to come smashing down his door.

However, that did not mean that his time was not valuable! Where in the hell was Pheles?

Elsewhere, deep below True Cross and in an old nearly abandoned facility, Mephisto growled as he broke his way out of a tube.

All around him lay more and more tubes, much like the one that he had just shattered his way out of. Bodies, empty husks the same as Mephisto's. Years of experimentation, abandoned in a single moment with only one last use for him here and now.

Empty husks, lost in eternal rest, waiting for a host to take them.

Growling, water dripping from his new form in droves, the Archdemon rose, eyes glowing malevolently as he stood there among the shattered glass and flickering lights.

"Little nephew… Once I assimilate properly to this body, I will show you what it means to anger yours betters."

Dante stared. And stared. And stared.

What… What the fuck.

What in the fuck.

What...

Just...

What?

"Well? Are either of you gonna answer? Huh? Where's the demon!" Mini-Vergil demanded.

That was the only way to describe the kid. Dante supposed he could also describe him as a mini him, but the kid seemed to have more of a Vergilish vibe. Those same glaring eyes, that familiar pulse of demonic energy.

Dante could feel the burn of Fujimoto's glare. Ah, great. He'd managed to make the Paladin even more pissed off than before, and this time for something Dante hadn't even done!

Then again, Dante supposed he had forced the man into a deal were he'd have no choice but to hand Rin's demon heart over, so he could see why the other wasn't pleased with him.

"I didn't realize you were also a father. Judging from your expression, you were unaware?"

Fujimoto spoke, voice icy and condemning.

How dare you lecture me about fatherhood when you weren't even aware of your own child?

Well, Fujimoto was wrong. Dante could admit that he was rather lascivious to the point where he
wouldn't even bother denying he was a slut if someone accused him of such, but judging by the kids age, he'd have had to have been around thirteen to conceive the brat. And, that was with Dante just guessing based off appearance.

So, there remained three possibilities.

Option a, his father had sired this little brat before vanishing into the ether, never to be seen again.

Option b, Dante's icicle of a twin had actually managed to lose his v card before Dante and at the same time had failed to use protection. At all.

The first would be a bit to his pride. The second condition to it made it sound unreasonable, though. Dante just couldn't see Vergil being so lost in lust to not consider such a possibility under any normal circumstances, even at that age.

Then, option c…

This kid wasn't Sparda's kid or Vergil's kid, but Vergil himself. The demon arm was new, Dante could admit, but there was no telling what kind of creatures were crawling around in hell. There were all sorts of demons that could feed off a person's age, either causing them to get older or younger, so it wasn't outside the realm of possibility.

And, it sounded like the most likely one out of the batch, so it was exactly what Dante would assume unless he was given evidence to the contrary.

"What? The hell have you been smoking, you deranged old fart?" The kid demanded, staring at Fujimoto as if the man had grown another head.

That sold it! This kid had to be Vergil deaged! Rude to a fault, just like Vergil had been before he hit that annoying phase and became all 'serious' and 'proper' and all that other bullshit.

Conclusion made, Dante nodded to himself and acted accordingly. Striding forth, a wide grin on his face, Dante proceeded to prove that he and Rin Okumura were two beasts cut from the same cloth.

"Vergil! You're alive! And… you've been minified!" Dante reached out as he took the surprised kid up in his arms, and hugged the life out of him.

"Wha- put me down! How dare you! Lemme go!" MiniVergil struggled, trying to get away.

Yeah, no. There was no way in hell Dante would be letting Vergil go. Not again. Never again.

"No! I'm so sorry, bro! It's all my fault! I should have tried harder to get you out of there, and now you've been deaged! Don't worry, Verge, I'll take good care of you! I won't let this childhood be as shitty as your last!" Dante declared, tears streaming down his face. MiniVergil had stopped struggling and instead was staring at him with a bewildered what the fuck expression.

That was okay. He didn't remember. Oh shit, did that mean Dante would have to explain it to him in all the gory details? Well, he supposed he would. If he lied about it, it would come back to bite him.

Case in point standing at right behind him.

"Well, unless I can find a way to reverse it. I can't believe you got caught by an age stealing demon, but it's okay Verge! I'll protect you until we find a way to fix it, little big bro!" Dante promised.
"Let me go you fucking shit head! I'm not your brother! Rape! Rape!"

Dante blinked. Huh. That was weird. The Vergil he remembered would never use such a cry, but whatever. More must have changed than Dante realized. Time did move differently in the Gehenna, so that was likely it.

"This is your brother?" Fujimoto spoke, voice skeptical.

Dante beamed, turning to the other, MiniVergil still held firmly in his arms. MiniVergil kept clawing at him, but that was okay. Dante could deal with it.

"I do! I don't know how he got so small, but this is definitely him. The arm is kinda new, through." Dante then proceeded to poke said arm.

Said arm then started to glow before a phantom claw seemed to burst from it. Taken by surprise, there was no defense as it smashed into Dante's chest as send him sprawling. MiniVergil leapt away, growling.

"I told you! I'm not your brother! I-" the kid started to yell.

"Wait," Fujimoto's voice cut across, his eyes narrowing. Dante stood as Fujimoto's hand dropped to his hip, the edge of a knife glistening in the light.

MiniVergil took notice of it too, sliding a foot back and shooting the silver haired Paladin a come get me look.

Yeah, no.

Tough or not, Vergil had been minified. He would get his ass kicked if he tried taking on Fujimoto.

Dante took a step, placing himself between the two. MiniVergil shot him a look of surprise followed by annoyance.

"I can take care of myself, you 90's reject." MiniVergil spat.

Little brat. Adorable, Dante decided.

Fujimoto's eyes met with his.

"That boy… You say he's your brother. You also said his name is Vergil. Mephisto mentioned that you are a Son of Sparda, although he was unaware of your existence and mistook you for that child." Fujimoto motioned towards MiniVergil.

Dante narrowed his eyes.

"Yeah? Your point?"

"He's the one that opened the Hell Gate, isn't he?"

Rebellion appeared in Dante's hand in a shower of red sparks. Pointing the blade at the other, Dante growled.

"That is none of your business. Although, for the record, no, Vergil did not open the Hell Gate." Dante replied.
Hey, he was being honest. Vergil hadn't opened the Hell Gate. That goddamn joker, Arkham, had beat him to it while dancing around and manipulating the utter hell out of them too.

"Hell gate? What are you people talking about?"

Dante looked back at the kid. MiniVergil seemed to be locked in a state between perpetually pissed off and just plain confusion.

It reminded Dante of puberty actually, which made him blanch. Hell, if MiniVergil was this bad now, how much worse would it get when he actually hit puberty? Dante shuddered at the very thought, frightened by it.

"I'll explain it to you later kid, once I get you back to my place." Dante told him.

That set off MiniVergil's ire right back on. Shooting a death glare at Dante, the kid crossed his arms.

"I'm not going anywhere with you! I'm here to hunt down a demon I felt earlier! Just tell me where it is and get lost!"

How adorable! MiniVergil wanted to go demon hunting. Ah. Then again, with that weird arm of his, Dante supposed MiniVergil actually stood a good chance of surviving a tussle with a lesser level demon.

"You're not going anywhere at all other than a goddamn cell." Fujimoto hissed. Dante spun back to the other, hefting his sword up.

If Fujimoto wanted a round two, then so be it. Their last fight didn't even have a clear victor, did it? The two of them had just decided to retreat for the sake of the kids, but this time?

Dante would show this bastard that he meant business. Fujimoto ignored Dante, his gaze unrelenting from MiniVergil.

"Turned into a child or no, you unleashed an army of demons into this world, so many that we can't even begin to count how many deaths you've caused. You… You must be stopped."

"I- I what? What are you talking about! I'm just an orphan kid from Fortuna, you insane piece of rejected dog shit!"

Fujimoto blinked at that, apparently recognizing the name of the place. Dante personally did not, but that was irrelevant.

Dante summoned his clone, watching as it took a step forward. Fujimoto swerved to it, taken by surprise. Why shouldn't he be? Dante hadn't displayed that ability before.

"What hell?" MiniVergil gasped.

Dante turned to the kid, knelt down, and gripped him by the shoulder. Startled blue eyes met his own.

"Look, kid. I'm not entirely sure who you are. But, I do know that you and I," Dante lifted a single hand, allowing his Devil Trigger to take just it over. Then kid stared at it in shock, "are similar. So, come with me. If you want to leave after everything is said and done, then… So be it." Dante lied through his teeth.

There was literally no way in hell he was letting Vergil go. Not again. Never again.
Fujimoto eyed the double wearily before an epiphany hit him. Turning, he glared at the real Dante.

"If you are here," Fujimoto spoke, fury rolling off him in droves, "who is watching Rin and Yukio?"

Dante turned and grinned at the other despite his current annoyance with him.

"Best damn babysitter money can buy, that's who."

Lady casually sipped on a beer while Rin and Yukio ran around, leaving a complete and utter mess of Dante's office in their game.

That idiot, thinking he could call her up and ask her to watch his brats. Who in the Hell thought it would be a good idea to reproduce with someone like Dante anyways? It wouldn't surprise her if the kids ended up crazy daredevils that lazed around just like Dante while stuffing their faces with pizza.

So, Lady had fed the pair of them as many sweets as she could before unleashing the twin terrors. That ought to teach Dante.

Lady smirked, leaned back, and relaxed.

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