

Hey everyone! Welcome to the special for the 5th anniversary of The Witch and the Sorcerer!

Already 5 years have passed, I can't say they flew by as when I started this I was in the middle of my 2nd year of uni, and now I have been a cog in the machine which is the job market for more than 3 years and with a mortgage on my back!

But anyway! Hope you all are having a splendid day! And without further ado! Please enjoy the special!

This Petite Witch's Protest in a Padded World

Ophis, the Infinite Dragon God, did not squint her eyes in barely contained displeasure... no, she didn't at all do that... not that anyone could say otherwise seeing how she was floating alone in the Dimensional Gap.

Well, maybe not exactly alone, seeing how the Red Scourge upon her existence was backflipping an untold amount of distance in front of her, much to her displeasure.

She hated this, she hated him! Why, of all places, should he be here invading her home? Couldn't he just go on a rampage in one of the countless dimensions accessible through this place?

She felt her form itch, as the boundless chaos and power contained in that meager shell of a body she created for herself stirred in agitation. But, while she was sure she could defeat and make the dragon before her flee, she was also sure it would take an amount of time unquantifiable for most races that not breach the divine realm. And for all she was eternal, the thought of exerting that

amount of power and focus for the time required on a single task sounded exhausting.

That was why the idea of using others to achieve the same goal in a fraction of the time sounded more and more appealing by the second.

She scanned the bubbles, large and small, floating in the endless Dimensional Gap, each of them a mirror on a different world. She lazily scanned the scenes before her, from dead worlds filled with desolation to worlds where the cycle of life was at its first step, but none of them held even the bare minimum level of power she would need to even put a dent on one of that damned red lizard's scales.

She kept scanning world after world, like pages in a book, one more underwhelming than the other, that was until her draconic sense were caught by something that made them tingle. A singular world, very much pathetic like the others or even more so, but she could feel it, a certain pull... a certain silent call, unlike anything she experienced in her life.

There was power in this world, like small glass spheres scattered in an endless desert. And one of these spheres sang a song aimed at her very soul, she could feel it, that chant of doom for her kind, a tale of untold power aimed only at the destruction of dragons like her. A singularity that for once caused her pause and gave her reason to ponder if answering that malevolent call would be wise.

She very much doubted the object could actually erase her existence, she was too boundless for that, though it might cause her being untold amount of damage in its wake... but then again, it might be the only thing in a myriad of dimensions that could give her a significant edge over the accursed intruder.

The Infinite Dragon God remained still for an endless moment, for once in her existence not acting on her whims but weighting the options before her.

But then the moment passed and her form shifted to accommodate a power of terrible shape and purpose. Her tendrils, in the form of snakes, shot out through the mirror, wrapping around the subject of her interest and tearing it away from that pathetic and underwhelming world to bring it before her.

Her dull and lifeless grey eyes laid on the figure now floating before her, the one entity who apparently was in possession of the object she sought.

They remained there as her snakes like tendrils retracted into her form. The mirror shattered behind them, incapable as it was of bearing her unrestrained intrusion.

“You, give me that power you possess... in exchange, I will grant you whatever you wish for.”

Regardless of what many thought she did not actually use her mouth to talk, she could not be bothered to learn the endless languages across the various universes, instead what she did was telepathically communicate her thoughts while moving her mouth, mimicking many of the beings she observed since the beginning of time. it was then up to the receiver to hear her words in whatever language they preferred.

She patiently waited for the strange being to voice his wish, like many did before when given the chance. Instead, what happened before her eyes was the opening of a mirror the likes she had never seen before in the Dimensional Gap. As pitch black as her hair with specks of red like the Red Scourge.

In the following instant the being disappeared from her sight in within the mirror, followed by the irrelevant specks of the world she mistakenly had dragged alongside them from.

The Dragon God of Infinity remained there, for once in her existence unsure of what she should do. The mirror had disappeared and it would be quite troublesome to seek the entity out among the countless dimensions. It was a shame for such a wonderous solution to escape her grasp so, but she was nothing if not persistent in her goals.

She would find that power once more, and she would have it by her side when facing the annoying lizard, by whatever means necessary.

-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-

Satoru, the undead magic caster, appeared in a place he didn't know, not for the first time in his life. If he wasn't currently panicking inside, he might have found some sort of irony in his current predicament.

He immediately casted a silent [Anti-Magic Cocoon], followed by [False Data: Life] and [False Data: Mana], finishing it off with a [Time Stop].

His eyes darted around everywhere to check for enemies, ready to unleash a [Reality Slash] in the face of anything that moved. Yet, nothing moved. Still on edge, he started looking around, noticing his surroundings.

He seemed to be in some sort of town, but not the likes of Re-Estize, no, this was far more modern than that... not to the level of his 22nd century, otherwise he would have feared for his health even as a skeleton.

One instant he was in his mansion, going over reports with Hilma while Renner was wishing Lakyus and her group a safe trip. The next moment he was grabbed by something and found himself floating in some weird void he could make no sense of alongside his companions.

There he came face to face with some strange girl blabbering on about something he could not even start to understand since, judging by her attire, she seemed like a character from some of Peroroncino's favorite eroges.

That was until he noticed his companions slowly suffocating which made him panic even more and prompted him to use [Gate] disregarding his persona as a mid-tier caster. In his panic he didn't think of a specific location, his wish to come home just took over, he imagined home to be his mansion or shop, hell, even his old home back in Japan. Certainly not wherever this was!

He felt his [Time Stop] end as time started flowing again around him as a wave of calmness washed over him, his [Emotional Suppression] coming in clutch to save him from a breakdown once more.

He slowly lowered his gaze to the forms still laying on the grass around him, a quick analysis spell made him sigh in relief as all of them only seemed to have sustained some damage but not suffer any injury or be affected by any worrying statuses.

Seeing that, he slipped a couple of blue healing potions from his inventory, after all, while inferior to his Yggdrasil's signature healing potions, these blue ones could actually be mass produced.

He crouched down on the one closest to him which happened to be Hilma. The poor woman was the only other adult here, and having

her in working order would be a boon when it came to helping everyone else.

He brought the vial to the blonde's lips, she might have been disoriented but she was clear-headed enough to understand his intent as she gulped down the potion.

Satoru immediately moved on toward his second primary target, the youngest of the kids and the only one who had no actual battle experience among them. He slowly moved Renner from her downed position against the ground to a seated position against one of the trees.

While the girl did not faint, she was clearly not completely there either, she kept mumbling something he could hardly make out, he had never seen her like this, so... vulnerable, it just made it apparent that she was still but a child on the cusp of starting her process toward adulthood. Much to his shame, he often forgot as much, she had established herself as a pillar of confidence in his mind, someone that was hardly ever, and hardly never fully, in the wrong. But when all masks fell, she was still a girl barely a third of his age.

“Here, Renner, drink this, you will feel better.”

He tried to sound as calm and reassuring as possible as he tried to bring a new vial to her lips.

“Sa...toru... Satoru...”

The princess kept mumbling his name as her eyes seemed to have a hard time trying to focus.

“Gulp it down slowly.”

He poured a small portion of the liquid in her mouth, just to check if she would manage to gulp it down or choke on it, in which case, the small portion would easily be spat out.

Much to his relief, the girl actually managed to down the fluid, prompting him to slowly pour more and more in her mouth, making sure she would gulp it down and not choke on it.

“Satoru... what happened?”

He heard the familiar, yet unfamiliarly confused, voice of Hilma come from behind him.

“I will explain what I know later, please, help the others, I left some more healing potions there on the ground.”

He said, barely looking behind him to check if the woman was able to do as he asked which seemed to be the case fortunately.

-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-

Hilma was confused to say the least. They were in her office discussing daily duties and the next moment she felt herself suffocate as everything became far too bright to see.

The agony seemed to last for an eternity before everything ended and she was once again capable of breathing, at which point, she was already on the ground in this weird place.

It looked like a forest, but it was too orderly for that, yet too wild to be considered a garden of some sort, even though the perfectly paved roads on the edge of the grass field would indicate so.

Satoru had explained that whatever brought them here was unknown to him and that this was not their first stop, apparently they had been brought to some weird kind of place where nothing existed, some kind of void, with only one other being. Probably the bright place where she could not breath, if she had to guess. Satoru being Satoru immediately tried to use his magic to bring them back but failed, and somehow they ended up here.

It all sounded unbelievable to her, but then again, when had life been normal ever since she met her benefactor, though, he certainly surpassed even her wildest lucid dream this time around.

“What are we going to do now, master?”

The one to ask that question was none other than the bluntest of them all, Satoru’s own apprentice, Rayne.

“We need to find a way back home, of course!”

The one to answer him was his fellow apprentice, Arche, even though she lacked the fire Hilma had known the girl to possess when she often bantered with the boy.

The boy seemed to want to rebut the girl’s words when the oldest teen intervened to avoid a possible quarrel.

“Calm down, you two! I am sure Satoru has an idea!”

Lakyus said, stopping her two juniors from starting a futile discussion and instead redirecting all their hopes toward the oldest among them all.

“Yes, Satoru will find a solution.”

The princess joined in, backing up her knight’s words, as now all eyes were focused on one man alone.

In response to that, said man just remained still and silent like a dark obelisk. Hilma could do nothing more than grimace, for all she knew that everyone had come to rely on Satoru again and again along the years, her included, she also knew the man would sooner swallow a sword than admit his limits or look weak. It was something she had come to both envy and dread about the caster, she could simply not fathom what that pressure felt like, but at the same time she admired what it could do for everyone around him.

“I used my most powerful teleportation spell but it failed.”

The masked undead finally decided to speak out, confirming what Hilma feared after his long silence.

“But that doesn’t mean we have to give up, there exist all kinds of special items that connect places and could be used as method of transportation other than magic... they are indeed rare, but in all my experience, if we managed to get here in some way, then it means that there is most certainly a way back to return from where we departed.”

The black robed caster continued bringing back up the morale he had destroyed with his first words.

“Anyway, if we want to go back, we must understand where we are first.”

The third princess backed up Satoru’s words with her own, taking a proactive role in proposing a solution, which was rather in character considering all the times she and Hilma had planned together in the past.

Satoru seemed to appreciate her words, nodding along to them and patting the girl’s head with his gloved hand.

“Exactly, we should first-“

The masked caster immediately turned around as if to shield them all from an invisible foe, much to the confusion of everyone else.

“Someone has just casted an anti-information barrier all around this area... Stay behind me.”

He whispered.

“[Mass Invisibility]”

Hilma felt the spell wash over her as each of their forms became almost translucent, as if they were ghosts. Not that they had time to

process what just happened or its effects since everyone moved behind the caster as he had instructed.

They moved through the trees for a few minutes before the sound of water began to be hearable in the distance.

Satoru barely said anything during the whole time, though, knowing him, she was sure he was fully focused and on full alert. Ready to react to anything that moved the wrong way.

The sound of water became closer and closer the more they got near the end of the so-called forest, soon enough Hilma could see the source of the sound, a fountain not dissimilar to the one in the main square of the capital.

But that was far from the most baffling thing she could see right now, for there, in the middle of the street stood two figures... well, standing was quite the wrong word in this case, seeing how one was laying on the ground bleeding, impaled by a clearly magical weapon, and the other was floating in the air, the female forms only clad in what could be called a scandalous attire even for a prostitute, but even more baffling than her attire, were her pitch black wings that allowed her to fly in the first place.

“Alb-! No, that isn’t her...”

She heard Satoru speak for the first time since they became invisible, even though she could not make sense of his words.

The next thing she knew, the scantily clad... woman? Flew away from the area.

The first to move was none other than Lakyus, who immediately dashed toward the bleeding figure on the ground, much to the protests of a certain princess that went unheard.

“The barrier has been lifted, still be cautious.”

Satoru said as he slowly advanced toward the crouched figure of Lakyus, who was already casting her holy magic to try and heal the certainly dying boy.

Before any of them could say anything, a bright light erupted barely a couple meters away from their position.

The source of the light was nothing less than a magic circle from which two figures seemed to be emerging.

“[Twin Magic: Paralysis]! [Widen Magic: Arcane Shield]!”

She heard Satoru call out his spells in a startled tone she hardly ever heard him use.

The two figures immediately dropped on the ground even before they could fully appear from the circle.

“We need to leave, now!”

The magic caster said in a dead serious tone that would have compelled even an emperor to obey.

“Come on Lakyus! We need to go! He is already dead!”

Hilma heard the princess say urgently as she tried to drag away her hesitant friend who was still trying to salvage the probably already dead boy.

“[Mass Teleportation]”

And with that, her surroundings disappeared once more into darkness.

-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-

Rias Gremory, heiress of the Gremory house, one of the 72 pillars of the underworld, regained consciousness in an unknown place. She had no idea what had happened, it was supposed to be easy, wait to be summoned, reincarnate the perverted boy and get out.

Instead, she was ambushed as soon as her teleportation circle brought her to the location. Could this be the work of the Fallen Angels? Did they somehow discover her scheme and used it against her?

Either way, this was bad, she and Akeno were taken out instantly and lost consciousness quickly after that only to wake up here, wherever here was.

She knew that the rest of her peerage would soon notice her alarming absence and report it to Grayfia, or even her brother. On one hand that relieved her, as her safety was assured, on the other, the failure stung to the point of making her want to cry. She wanted to demonstrate her independence, that is why she chose insisted on having her own territory to administer. To show everyone her complete autonomy, if her brother was forced to intervene, she would again feel like that little girl who had to hide away from her problems behind her mother's skirts, till they could protect her no longer... like with Riser.

She hated this! She hated this so much!

“Umu, our guest seems to have woken up.”

As if following some kind of trope, lights turned on all around her, revealing her surroundings.

She seemed to be underground judging by the dungeon-like appearance of the room around her. She was incased in some sort of weird ice to her neck.

More troubling than her surroundings, was her company. A group of individuals she had never seen in her life. She could sense almost all of them being human, which wasn't surprising since Fallen Angels had an habit of recruiting gifted humans among their ranks, the only one she could not identify was the tall dark robed and

masked individual, but by being able to hide their presence they already claimed to belong to the supernatural, most likely the Fallen Angel's faction.

“You have any idea of what you have done? This will not go unnoticed! To so brazenly enter Devil's territory and attack its owner, do you perhaps want to cause another war between the factions?!”

She tried to sound as stern and unbothered by the situation as much as she could.

“Umu, so that is what you are... a devil you say... your kind always had a habit of disguising among humanity.”

The masked figure answered, seemingly unbothered by his current predicament.

Rias was quite confused by the response though, did this entity not know who she was? Even what she was? He had little reason to lie in this situation, and if he kept her alive it was certainly to bargain or interrogate her. So why this farce?

Before she could ask or even put her thoughts in order, the ceiling began to tremble as an ice pillar came crashing down through it, followed by an individual she knew well.

“Grayfia!”

The heiress cried out in relief.

“Lady Rias, it seems we will need to go over your lessons on strategy once more after I am done here.”

The stern, even if familiar, reminder caused a shiver to go down the young devil's spine that had nothing to do with the ice incasing her.

“Umu, it seems we were discovered, my spells were not enough apparently.”

The ice-cold voice of the masked being reached her ears through her amplified senses, as the murmur was probably only meant for himself.

Rias could not understand if the one before her was just a perfect actor or just plain stupid, as there were very few individuals that weren't gods who could compete with the one devil who just arrived. For him to remain so calm in the face of imminent death was either a sign of absolute bravery or stupidity.

"I would not put it so dear Sir, we of the household of Gremory have the ability of locating the members of our clan regardless of the interference, I admit that I might have struggled without this useful feature."

Grayfia, always the polite maid, answered the unasked inquiry of the masked being.

"Umu, I see."

The curt response was all they received as the standoff between the Strongest Queen and the masked individual continued.

"I would like to know for what reason you have invaded Gremory territory and abducted my master's younger sister, if you are cooperative, we might find an accord and your potential sentence might even be reduced."

The silver-haired maid tried to pry information from the individuals.

"Apologies, but you might understand that coming from a devil... all your words sound like lies, from my experience with your kind, your actions hardly match your words most of the time... We could instead settle the matter by simply leaving this territory without further violence? I must add that we had no idea this territory was under your... faction's jurisdiction."

The masked being proposed.

“I am afraid that would force my hand dear Sir.”

The maid did not back down from her initial statement, prompting the master being to deflate, as if he was now disappointed by the outcome.

“Hilma, I will deal with this, you know the plan... I leave them all to you... we will reunite at the designated location.”

The masked being said as the only adult behind him nodded.

“Satoru, remember your promise.”

The youngest girl among the group said in a barely audible whisper Rias only caught thanks to her enhanced hearing. That sounded like no name she had ever heard for any supernatural belonging to the three factions. On the contrary, it sounded quite like an ordinary Japanese name.

In the following instant every last one of the humans disappeared in a blue light.

“Sir Satoru, isn’t it? This is your last chance to surrender peacefully.”

The maid warned as she slightly adjusted her stance, ready for the impending conflict.

“For acting like a polite maid, you have a bad habit of eavesdropping.”

The being now known as Satoru answered, showing for the first time some annoyance.

“My deepest apologies, dear Sir.”

Grayfia bowed her head slightly as a wave of ice magic erupted from the ground in the direction of the masked Satoru.

“[Dragon Lightning]”

The spell used by the mage was nullified by the wave of ice that soon impacted with his form.

Silence descended onto the room as everything was frozen. Grayfia did not move, as if still waiting for a response Rias very much doubted would come after that attack.

“As I thought, 5th tier would just not do the job... a shame then.”

Rias’ eyes almost bulged out as the unharmed figure of the mage known as Satoru emerged from the spell as if nothing happened.

“How about this then... [Maximize Magic: Call Greater Thunder]”

The sky split in two as a ray of light descended upon Grayfia who tried to shield herself with a magical barrier that was almost instantly shattered, forcing the maid to absorb the rest of the spell’s damage.

“Umu, around 75... not too bad... still... [Greater Ice Lance]”

The mage called out as a giant spear of ice aimed at the still shocked Grayfia shot out.

The maid evaded the attack by dodging right.

“You should mind your steps, maid, [Twin Maximize Magic: Drifting Master Mine]”

Two light shined in front and behind Grayfia before a deafening explosion ensued. The shockwave was enough even to shatter Rias’ restraints causing her to get free.

Though, she could hardly care at the moment seeing how her sister-in-law had just suffered said explosion.

The smoke cleared slowly, revealing a panting Grayfia whose clothes were now in tatters and who sported burns over various parts of her body.

Before anyone could move a dozen, giant ice spears materialized around the masked mage but were immediately neutralized by some sort of shield.

“Lady Rias, run... I will cover your escape.”

Grayfia instructed much to Rias’ horror, who knew the maid would never ask this of her if she wasn’t on the verge of defeat.

“But-“

“Rias! Do as I say!”

Her protest was completely shut down before it could start by the maid. Rias knew that Grayfia was dead serious when she dropped the formalities. And it was with an heavy heart that she activated her teleportation circle, only for it to fizzle out and disappear.

“W-what?”

She asked, looking in dumb confusion at the spot where her magic circle had just disappeared.

“Umu, I am afraid I took precautions to avoid anyone leaving prematurely.”

The masked being, no, monster, continued in that calm tone of his, as if this was nothing more than a stroll through a park.

“Now... high tier materials are quite rare to come by... a devil’s ones even more so...”

The monster said to himself as he pointed one of his gloved fingers at Grayfia.

“Gravity Mea-“

“I believe that’s enough.”

The familiar voice was accompanied by a wave of dark crimson enemy aimed at the masked monster who just disappeared and reappeared out of the way.

Rias raised her gaze only to see her brother, Sirzechs Lucifer, one of the four Devil Kings, descend from the sky in between the monstrous mage and his wife.

“Big brother!”

“My Lord!”

The two women exclaimed at the same time.

“Ah, this is getting quite troublesome... how many of you are there still?”

Asked the dark robed mage.

“I can assure you, if you can defeat me, I doubt any devil would come to challenge you, at least not for the next few centuries.”

Her brother rebutted with his usual casual smile, even though Rias could recognize the edge in his words.

“Augh... what a mess, today has been one of the worst days of my life... can’t we just call it off?”

The masked monster lamented.

“Ah, but you see, now you piqued my interest, it isn’t all days I find someone off the radar who can defeat my Queen.”

Her brother continued.

“Queen, you say? Pardon the question then, why is your queen dressed like a maid?”

Rias almost didn’t register the question, as weird as it sounded.

“My, my, are you perhaps not familiar with the devils’ peerage system?”

Her brother asked, though Rias could not believe anyone could be unfamiliar with the first reincarnation system ever created, even if they belonged to a complete other pantheon, the news of Ajuka Beelzebub’s invention was a world-wide revolution at the time.

“I am afraid so, then I must guess, I shouldn’t take the title literally.”

Rias, on her part, had no idea how they ended up like this, almost having a seemingly normal chat after her sister-in-law was almost killed by this strange being.

“Perhaps introductions are in order then? My name is Sirzechs Lucifer, formerly Gremory, one of the Four Devil Kings carrying the title of Lucifer.”

Her brother introduced himself with an elegant bow worthy of his noble upbringing.

“I am known as Marquis Satoru of the Re-Estize Kingdom, a magic caster of some renown, I would normally say it is a pleasure, but current circumstances would make such a statement sound rather hollow.”

The one known as Satoru introduced himself with a bow matching her brother’s.

For all Rias was the first to admit her lack of education in some areas, she very much doubted the existence of a kingdom in the modern era would have passed under her nose unnoticed. There were still few declared kingdoms in this day and age but none of them carried such a weird name.

“My, I must admit, in all the years I have lived, I never heard of such a name for a kingdom.”

She could not understand if her brother was stalling for something or just making pleasant conversation at this point, she would not put it over him.

“That’s... rather concerning... maybe you would be more familiar with some kind of void dimension inhabited by a weird young girl?”

For the first time since she heard him speak, the monstrous mage seemed uncertain in his words.

“That is a rather specific description, I think we should have a chat about your current predicament, it would be in our best interest to avoid further conflict, wouldn’t it?”

Her brother proposed.

“Indeed, that sounds like a very reasonable solution.”

The masked mage agreed.

“But first, I would like to know why your group took my younger sister hostage?”

Her brother’s tone lost its pleasant inflection, returning to a dead-seriousness she hardly ever heard from him.

“In all honesty, it was rather casual, she just teleported next to my group at a bad moment and I alone decided to incapacitate her and interrogate her to understand where we were at the time.”

Her brother didn’t seem fully pleased by the answer, but he didn’t seem on the path of war either.

“Wait! What did you do to Akeno?!”

Rias immediately asked in a panic, now that she was safe her thoughts could not help but go to her best friend and her possible fate.

Every eye in the now destroyed room focused on her.

“If you mean the other girl that came with you, she is currently unharmed and in the care of my group, she was meant to be leverage in case they were attacked... but if my talks with Lord Lucifer go well, and I am sure they will, I shall release her without hesitation.”

The dark robed mage answered her, making her sigh in relief. Akeno was still well and even if her situation wasn't optimal, now that negotiations had started there was no doubt in her mind she would be returned safely.

“Very well then, shall we find some place to talk?”

Asked her brother, his pleasant tone returning.

-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-

If the third princess had to make a list of the weirdest things that happened in her life. Being transported to a different world and having to go to something called school, a place of learning, due to an agreement with a devil, would certainly be number one on the list, and she doubted anything could beat it in her lifetime.

Either way, she had just been called cute this morning by Satoru when she wore her school uniform for the first time, so whatever their circumstances may be, she was happy.

“C'mon Renner! We are going to be late!”

Lakyus cried out from the end of the street, waving at her. Sometimes she wondered if anything could actually destabilize her friend's seemingly never-ending positivity.

She slightly increased her pace just enough to match her friend's even though there was no rush.

As she expected, they reached the gates with ten or so minutes to spare. They were greeted by one of the teachers and accompanied to the principal, not that she cared about whatever this farce

entailed, she was just going along with whatever Satoru had in mind.

The four of them were then escorted to their class and introduced as foreign students of an exchanging program for gifted people. All the while she could only think about one thing.

What was up with body standards in this world?

She had seen the two devils they captured, having a body type that would be considered impossible in her world, but that could be explained by the fact that such creatures could probably change form at their leisure.

But this? Her eyes scanned every single one of the females present in the room, barely a couple years older than Lakys at most, and yet... why in the world did they all have huge chests? Aren't they just supposed to be average humans? And each of them was skinny to almost a point of seeming unhealthy.

She could not help but gaze down at her own body, and barely managed to suppress a scowl at her slow growth.

She would have been absolutely livid if it wasn't for the fact she knew Satoru was not a man who could be easily charmed by the first pretty face he saw, that was part of what made him a perfect being in her mind. But as a woman... she felt irked to say the least.

She felt slightly comforted by the fact that all that fat concentrated there seemed to have shrunk their brains, judging by the gawking fish-like expressions they were giving the four of them.

After introducing themselves, they were placed around the classroom. Luckily for Renner, she got placed in a corner next to Lakys so that no one would try and talk to her, not that she had any intention of answering them in the first place. Unfortunately, Lakys didn't seem to be of the same mind.

The hours passed slowly from there, with subjects that didn't interest her in the slightest. What use was mathematics if you couldn't apply it for economics or other physical purposes?

The rang of the bell was both a startle and relief for the third princess who was starting to doze off.

It had been a week since they arrived in this world, and she was already eager to leave this weird place. Unfortunately, her expertise and mind could only go so far when this was very much a matter of power rather than wits. But she had full faith in Satoru and his ability to accomplish even the impossible.

She felt her right eye twitch in annoyance when her nerves were tested once more as she heard the girls in the classroom shriek as if they were trying to imitate vultures.

“Excuse me.”

She barely glanced at the male voice clearly directed at her, or her group altogether.

The one who approach them was none other than a blonde boy with sandy hair and an easy smile that Renner could tell was fake from a mile away. ‘And that gives an answer for the swooning vultures’ she thought in resignation.

Knowing Lakys’ disposition, and that Rayne and Arche would not be the first to interact. She decided to take the lead and shut down whatever this was.

“We are not interested, please leave us alone.”

She said with the most deadpanned tone she could muster, which wasn't far from her actual mood.

“I am afraid, seeing how this is an invitation from the madam president of the Occult Research Club, Rias Gremory, that I will have to insist on at least relying her invite to have a word.”

The boy continued, barely acknowledging her words. ‘The devil? Is this one of her slaves?’ the blonde princess thought, now seeing the boy in a new light. If that was the case, she could understand why the devil kept the pretty boy around, though beauty was quite a vain reason that made her look far more human than her kind should.

“I see, then please lead the way.”

She wasn’t worried about it possibly being a trap. She doubted Satoru would let them go there if the slight possibility of them getting hurt existed. Also, he gave them all certain items that would immediately alert him if anything was going on.

The pretty boy escorted them outside the main building of the school and brought them toward an older-looking one, even though the interiors were decorated far better than the main school itself in Renner’s opinion.

“Madam president, I have brought them.”

The boy announced before entering what seemed to be the main room of the building, revealing three figures already inside.

Two were the ones they already met, the leader, this Rias Gremory, sitting behind a wooden desk, and the dark-haired girl of which she didn’t bother memorizing the name.

The third and last was a petite girl slightly bigger than Renner herself, she had white hair and for some reason reminded the princess of a cat in her positioning on the sofa.

“Welcome, it is a pleasure finally meeting you properly, it is not everyday we receive such foreign guests.”

The red-haired girl greeted them as if their groups didn't just attempt to kill each other a handful of days ago.

“Please have a seat.”

Seeing how no one greeted her back, the devil continued her senseless pleasantries, not that Renner could be fooled, it was rather obvious this one wanted something. It was so blatantly obvious that the princess even thought it might have been a diversion all along, after all Satoru warned them about devils being tricky beings who liked to play with words and lull humans in a sense of security before striking.

Nonetheless, the four of them politely accepted the invitation to seat down. Renner would not fall for her tricks, but that didn't mean they should be the ones antagonizing the devil either.

“Would you like some tea?”

The devil asked.

“No, thank you.”

She immediately shut down the offering. It would be quite a shame to get drugged or willingly accept whatever else devils might put into tea. She might be young, but this devil will soon find out that she was no fool.

“I... actually would like some tea.”

Rayne asked timidly before immediately being approached by the black-haired devil who placed a tea cup right in front of him and filled it in, smiling at him all the while and making the young boy blush.

Renner refrained from commenting on the scene and the poor choice of the boy. Satoru might have taken him under his wing, but it seems his lessons were only assimilated partially.

“Now, I think introductions are in order, I am Rias Gremory, heiress of the Gremory Clan of the Underworld, I think you are all familiar with the peerage system by now, right?”

They all nodded at her question, some more meekly some more decisive.

Satoru made sure to explain to them the system this race has put in place to basically enslave other races to their whims, which caused Lakyus to go on a tangent about how wrong that was. Something Renner would like to avoid in the current situation.

“This is Akeno Himejima, my queen, this gentlemen is Kiba Yuuto, my knight, and this is Koneko Tojo, my rook.”

The devil proceeded to introduce her personal slaves as if it was something she found pride in, which, now that Renner thought about it, it might have been the case.

“My name is RennerTheiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself, but please, call me Renner.”

She introduced herself in the usual pleasant tone she used whenever she had to deal with nobility or her father.

“I am Lakyus.”

Judging by the lack of the usual fire in her tone, the knight didn't seem to want to be there, not that Renner could blame her. After all she came face to face with one of the systems she most despised and still could do nothing about it. Knowing her friend as she did, Renner was pretty sure the knight was raging inside.

“I-I am Rayne... a pleasure.”

“Arche.”

The two apprentices of Satoru introduced themselves, one stuttering and the other seemingly irked for some reason.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you all, now... I must admit that I am rather interested in meeting one of you in particular, miss Lakyus, right? You know, we devils have a way of sensing humans or other beings with particular powers and potential... and I can feel a great dose of both coming from you.”

Renner blinked as everyone’s attention shifted to said girl who just looked more confused than anything else.

“What?”

The devil didn’t seem to react in any way to Lakyus’ confusion.

“What I mean to say is that you possess a Sacred Gear.”

She continued as if that was meant to explain something obvious that they had apparently no idea about.

“A what?”

Lakyus inclined her head, more confused than before, not that Renner could blame her since she was clueless as well right now.

“An object of extreme power that the God of the Bible bestowed upon humanity... you should be able to materialize it by thinking about something powerful inside yourself.”

The redhead continued, Lakyus on the other hand just closed her eyes and seemed to focus intensely judging by her expression. Seconds of silence passed to the point Renner was questioning if this was some kind of joke or strange misleading strategy.

“It’s okay if you can’t materialize it, at your age-“

The devil's words were interrupted by a flash of crimson light coming from Lakyus whose arm was now encased in a strange and pointed crimson glove with an emerald green sphere embedded in it.

“Wha-? What's this thing?! Get it off me!”

The clearly panicked Lakyus stood up trying to somehow remove the strange armored glove helped by both Rayne and Arche. Renner on the other hand was more focused on the completely dumbfounded and shocked expressions of the other occupants of the room.

“T-That's impossible! That is-!”

The devil could not even finish that a green light began to shine from the gem in Lakyus' glove.

“Greetings, devil of the house of Gremory, it has been many centuries since one of my hosts met with one from your clan.”

The deep and gruff voice came directly from Lakyus' glove as if the item was somehow sentient.

“You are Ddraig! The Red Dragon Emperor!”

The devil known as Rias was either the best actor she ever met or she was completely shocked by this revelation, not that Renner was keeping up with whatever was happening.

“Indeed, even in this meager form, I can still have that kind of effect...”

The voice seemed to be quite pleased.

“Hey! Who the hell are you?! And get off my arm, right now!”

The young adventurer cried out as she was still trying to remove the glove from her person.

“No need to fret young partner, I am a part of your soul, you will not get me off so easily, even if you cut off your own arm... as the devil of Gremory said, I am known as Ddraig, one of the Two Heavenly Dragons, the Weish Dragon, Red Dragon of Domination, and many other titles I won't bore you with, you can just call me Ddraig, or partner will be fine too.”

The voice, now revealed as this red dragon introduced himself.

“That's impossible! And what do you mean by my soul? I have never seen you in my life!”

The young knight protested vehemently.

“Yes, it is indeed a strange situation... a first, I could even say, I have been dormant for so long inside that boy, until his demise.”

The dragon began only to be interrupted by the crimson haired devil.

“Wait! Boy? You mean Issei Hyoudou?!”

Questioned the clearly still shocked devil.

“Yes, that was his name if I am not mistaken... well, normally once my host died I should have just been sent to a newly born human infant... but that didn't happen, I felt instead a strong holy energy push me toward a specific direction... it is strange to explain but my power just latched on to that foreign energy, quite similar to the one that sealed me in the first place, and the next thing I know, I have been transplanted in this new host.”

The sealed dragon explained making Renner stare daggers at her friend.

“That is what you get by trying to save random strangers Lakyus.”

She said in a deadpanned tone which seemed to rile up the knight.

“Hey! That is not my fault! How am I meant to achieve my goal if I ignore someone dying while I could help?!”

Renner just shook her head at the rebuttal.

“You will never change... Why did I expect a different answer.”

The princess sighed as she fell back on the sofa, only wishing for this day to end and for her Satoru to return to her.

“Miss Lakyus...”

The devil called once more the knight’s name interrupting the rebuttal Renner was sure the knight was thinking about.

Everyone’s eyes returned to the now composed devil how just sat down making her large bust jiggle in the process. ‘How does that even physically work?’ questioned Renner... not at all irked by the involuntary display.

“I would like for you to join my peerage.”

There was only one answer that such a random and abrupt request might elicit.

““““Ah?!””””

-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-

Satoru moved toward the decadent structure before him. Of all the things he thought might happen to him. Getting isekaid’ a second time was not one of them. And to such a weird world no less!

He first unintentionally trespassed in someone else’s territory, and if that wasn’t bad enough, he was immediately confronted by the owner which he immobilized and abducted. And, as if the world decided it didn’t screw with him enough already, he also had the misfortune of that owner being the younger sister of one of the most, if not the most, powerful devil in this world.

‘Who the hell wrote this crap?’ he could not help but lament in his head as he kept creeping closer to his objective.

Luckily for him, the Devil King known as Lucifer was a reasonable entity, and he managed to negotiate a truce and agreement to help each other.

It wasn’t the best case situation as he agreed upon some things he would rather have avoided, but seeing how precarious his situation was and how little he knew about this world... well, he could have ended with a worse deal than this.

Either way, he was here to do a job, and a job he would do, he just hoped he would not end up regretting striking a deal with a literal devil.

He used [Fly] to enter the structure through one of the broken windows. A quick use of [Detect Life] revealed to him a multitude of entities under him, probably in some basement, while only one was just sitting there on the ground floor murmuring to himself like a madman, and three more were concealed on the ceiling.

His [Complete Invisibility] seemed to have worked which meant the information he was given was right, these were just some low tier entities, some pest to exterminate.

He sighed, he hated extermination quests, they always ended up wasting so much time, trying to find every target, they were his most hated quest just behind escort quests, or protection quests in general.

(Silent Delay Magic: Implosion) (Silent Triple Maximize Magic: Dragon Lightning)

He felt his invisibility spell vanish as soon as his lightning spell activated shooting right for the three entities on the ceiling.

Cries of pain could be heard as three figures fell toward the ground prompting the man seating on the floor to rise shouting something in alarm only for him to explode in a shower of blood and paint the wall and a large part of the floor.

He slowly descended hovering just slightly above the floor to avoid dirtying himself with the filth.

The three figures he had just blasted seemed to have been Fallen Angels. Those were some good materials he had at his disposal now... he wondered if he could store corpses in his inventory, he could also just freeze them and come back afterwards, if that didn't-
“Cough!”

This train of thought was interrupted by the sound of someone coughing their lungs out. He quickly moved toward the sound till he hovered over one of the Fallen Angels who apparently had somehow been lucky enough for his spell to not pierce her chest like her associates, but just fried her wings and leave some nasty burns on the left side of her body.

She was blonde with blue eyes and didn't seem to be older than his own apprentices. Now that he fought about it, she reminded him of Arche a little.

Maybe that was why he didn't feel like finishing her off anymore. Or maybe was that because she looked like a young teen? No, he never had any qualms about children, in his current life and the old one.

“Umu, I guess I needed someone to interrogate for information anyway.”

He mumbled under his breath. After all he just promised the Devil King he would neutralize the threat in the town and make sure no

one reported what happened. If he took just one for him to extract information from, he was not actually going against the deal.

“You, Fallen Angel, are you coherent? Can you understand my words?”

He waited for the Fallen Angel to answer him in any way since all she was doing now was whining like a dying dog. It took almost a minute, but he finally received a nod from the seemingly scared to death angel girl.

“Good, I won’t kill you if you behave, I am now going to finish off your associates in the basement, do not move from here, or I will hunt you down and end you once I am done with them.”

He only received frenetic nods as an answer to his threats, not that she could go anywhere far with her body messed up like that, teleportation was off limits as well seeing how he took care of that even before he entered this place.

Satisfied with the result, the masked undead caster moved away. It took him a while to find the hidden stairs, to the point he was seriously considering just blasting a hole through the floor.

He flew down the stairs barging in the looked wooden door he could not bother to unlock with a spell. What he found there was a scene that seemed to have come out from some old medieval or satanist movie, in short something Tabula would be into.

A large room full of cultist looking people praying or doing something to a blonde girl chained to a cross. And orchestrating the whole thing was none other than the Fallen Angel he first saw when he arrived in this world, and yes... her attire, if it could be called that, did not change.

‘I guess Tabula would have been a fan of the clothes too if nothing else’ he felt the fond memory of the Brain Eater return to him. Well, now he was just in the mood to take a line or two from him.

“Good, you already started praying... you are going to need it.”

Silence was all that greeted his words, he remained there, unsure on how to continue as he felt the awkwardness escalate the more the silence persisted.

‘Oh, come on! It sounded better in my mind!’ he cried out in his head annoyed at the lack of a reaction to his entrance.

His [Despair Aura V] activated as those closer to him began to drop dead, finally breaking the standstill. Some tried to fight him, some just tried to flee, it really didn’t matter, they all dropped dead the more he advanced.

They had no escape seeing how the only way out was behind him, and he doubted anyone could resist his instant death ability.

“Who are you?! Did the devils send you?! And how did you get past Dohnaseek, Kalawarner, and Mittelt?!”

The Fallen Angel asked as she summoned a magic spear in her hand, aiming it at him.

“Your friends are dead, who I am and who sent me are none of your concern, you are going to be soon dead either way.”

He just deactivated his passive as he wanted to check something first and it would not do for her to die without being useful first.

“Ahahahah! As if! Your trick to knockout everyone might be impressive at first, but you stand no chance against me! And even if you truly managed to kill my associates, now that I am in possession of this Sacred Gear, I am invincible!”

The Fallen Angel showed off two clearly magical rings in her hand as if they were supposed to be something impressive.

“Is that so? Looks like a nice trinket, though, not very useful in battle.”

He tried to fish for information on what he might be facing next, since this one seemed quite assured in her victory due to that item, and also didn't seem too smart considering she was literally boasting about it instead of concealing it as her trump card.

“Show what an ignorant inferior being like you knows! This is Twilight Healing, a Sacred Gear that allows the user to heal any damage to anyone, even filthy devils like you!”

Those words had Satoru stop in his tracks. In Yggdrasil holy magic had the same effect on devils as it had on undead. If what she was saying was true... he might be in front of an item capable of healing him as well! Something impossible in Yggdrasil that served to balance the incredible advantages undead classes gave, making them some of the strongest glass cannons but also extremely fragile and with no options to heal.

In short, that item was the jackpot among jackpots for someone like him.

(Silent Magic: Time Stop)

Everything around him froze, even the very air itself remained still as he moved toward the scantily clothed Fallen Angel. With a swift move he grabbed the rings, immediately shoving them into his inventory.

Experiments could wait for another time.

He was about to use an instant death spell to kill the frozen woman but then thought better of it. After all, it was only polite to thank those who helped you so much and delivered such a precious gift.

Time restarted as he immediately choked the woman in his grasp. He could clearly see her confusion due to the sudden change of scenario from her perspective, even though she could not vocalize her feelings about it due to his hand wrapped around her throat.

“I must thank you, unnamed Fallen Angel, you just granted me a gift of which importance I doubt you could ever comprehend... as a final sign of gratitude... I will grant you a painless death.”

(Silent Magic: True Death)

The Fallen Angel immediately stilled in his arms, all her muscles stopping their useless struggle as the now corpse fell limp on the ground after he released it.

“Now... for those materials...”

END OF PART 1

A.N.

Soooo... yeah, for the first time I found myself completely underestimating what I had planned and the length of it. I mean, this was supposed to be around 10k-13k, but I reached more than 9k and I am only at the half way point. So yeah, I decided to split this into two since I could not finish it all in time for the anniversary.

Part 2 will come before the end of the month, so don't worry!

On another funnier note... I just realized midway through this that I can't write crack fanfictions, nor very humorous ones... I mean, I can, but it felt so wrong to exaggerate the characters for the sake of comedy that I subconsciously started writing

more of a serious fic to balance it. And that was totally unintentional till midway through, at which point I just realized I either rewrote everything or went with a less humorous and crack-like version of what I initially had in mind.

Either way! Hope you all enjoyed this first part! (Though the juiciest scenes are in the second part in my opinion)

Happy 5th anniversary for The Witch and the Sorcerer!

I hope you all will leave a comment to let me know what you think about this as I, for once, am really insecure about how it came out!

Till next time! Stay safe!