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“Looks like the day’s finally here.” Izuku chuckled as they woke up the morning of the start of the festivities. He was currently buried between Rias and Akeno, both of whom had just started waking up. Aika and Lavinia were on either side, still slumbering away. He couldn’t really say he blamed them with how exhausted both were.

Rias groaned, “Hrmmm... five more hours.” She said as she snuggled into his side.

“No can do!” Izuku said cheerfully, “You want to cheer Seekvaira on, don’t you?”

“Ugh, stop making sense.” Rias complained, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. She had always looked regal, but now she looked a bit more mature as well. She had ‘roughed it’ for real for the first time in her life and her features were a tiny bit sharper. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes, “I don’t get how you’re still so chipper.” She grumbled as she glared at him.

“What man wouldn’t be with such fine examples of divinity laying with him?” Izuku replied cheekily, laughing when her face went red. “Yeow!” He yelped when she bit him with a cute ‘nom’, glaring at him with her eyes. “You little...” He mounted her and grabbed her arms, holding them above her head. His other hand reached for her ribs to start his tickle attack.

“Don’t start...” Lavinia mumbled from her place as Akeno’s big spoon. She looked at them sleepily. “We’ll never leave the room.”

She had a point. Izuku was still painfully hard since the girls had been so tired from the end of their training that they’d barely had one round each. Lavinia’s stamina was the lowest of the four, and she’d been a total pillow Princess.

Most of them had thought that the *first* week was going to be their Hell Week. And then Izuku had come in with the rude awakening. Rias could hardly believe it, but he left her more exhausted than *Tannin*. Not because he was stronger, no. Tannin was one of the beings in the underworld that would give her beau a run for his money. But because he was a *drill sergeant* when it came to training.

He *had* seen what their competition could do and wanted to prepare them for everything, to be fair to him, but it hadn’t left any of them any less exhausted. The only one who he *couldn’t* take credit for was Aika, who had *finally* been dropped back off by Sun Wukong the previous night, along with Koneko.

Izuku growled, “Fine.” He let go of Rias and hopped off the bed.

Akeno giggled eagerly. “Oh, he’s going to *destroy* us tonight.”

Rias giggled as Aika yawned and mumbled, “Maō, I hope...”

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“So, what did you see from Seekvaira?” Rias asked eagerly as they all walked into the VIP booth reserved for them. Unlike with Rias’s game against Riser, their two Peerages were the only ones in the room. Her parents were with the other adult Devils.

Izuku chuckled, “Hoping to get a leg up, love?” He smirked idly at her, “You know I won’t help there.”

“Oh, come on! I’m not even facing her! It’s not like I’m asking about Sōna!” Rias protested, giving him puppy dog eyes.

“All I’ll say is that you’ll probably facepalm. At least a little.” He chuckled at her look of abject confusion. “I’m eager to see what ruleset they use for this.”

“You think they will?” Rias asked in surprise, “I figured that, with these essentially being our official debuts disguised as training matches, they’d stick to the basic rules. Or at least that they would for the first round.”

“Hmm, that would be a little boring for the spectators, don’t you think?” Kiba asked.

“I suppose you have a point. Thank you, Akeno.” She said to her Queen as she handed Rias a cup of tea. Izuku accepted his next and blew the violet-eyed woman a kiss. “With our groups being so young, maybe they’re assuming they won’t be seeing anything particularly special?”

Ingvild giggled, “I mean, there are the siblings of two Maō, the heiress of the Agares, the heir of the Bael, and a cousin of a third Maō in this. That seems plenty ‘special’ to me.”

“And they don’t even know about *you*.” Izuku teased, making her blush. “I guess we’ll just have to wait and see. Which of them do you think has the edge?”

“Hmm, I’d like to just give the win to Seekvaira, but I truthfully don’t know much about Diodora.” Rias said, tapping her chin. “I’ve never really interacted with him at all, so I only know of him. I don’t know *anything* about his Peerage.”

“Hmm, this should be fun to watch then.” Izuku said and their eyes were drawn to the large viewing screen, which had changed to a battlefield. “Looks like we’re starting now. Lavinia, Ingvild, Asia, pay close attention. Start planning countermeasures for them. We’ll presumably be competing against them eventually as well.”

“The same goes for everyone in my Peerage.” Rias said, relaxing against Izuku and staring at the screen eagerly. “And pay close attention to any possible rulesets.” Everyone quieted down to watch.

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“Welcome, one and all, to the inaugural Rating Game of our Youth Devil Rating Game Tournament. I, Grayfia, Queen of Sirzechs Lucifer’s Peerage, will act as arbiter for today’s match between the Houses of Agares and Astaroth.”

The stadium erupted with cheers. They were all in the Bael territory to avoid possible conflicts of interest for this match. The Bael Stadium was one of the biggest in the underworld, with regular seating for two-hundred-thousand Devils, and that was without even counting the multitude of private suites. Compared to even the largest human stadiums, it was a behemoth without comparison.

“Today’s battlefield is a replica of Lucifaad Castle, where the final battle of the Civil War was fought.”

Inside her tunnel inside the stadium, Seekvaira’s lips quirked a slight bit in amusement. “Well now, this should be interesting.” Before her, a bright light shone as the inner perimeter of the stadium seemingly tore open, the gaping hole in space and time now basically a massive viewing screen into the dimension where the replica was built. All that they could see was the roof of the castle, which was a pretty small arena.

“Now, please give it up for Diodora Astaroth and his Peerage!” She announced, and on the other side of the stadium, Diodora and his hooded followers exited, with the man waving at the crowd with a smile on his face. Hundreds of the female spectators swooned over his bishōnen looks and kind appearance. *“And now, for the heiress of the second-ranked Pillar Clan Agares: Seekvaira!”*

Seekvaira and her Peerage proceeded from their tunnel. She only had a small smile for the spectators but waved diligently at all her fans. She heard several marriage offers being shouted from the stands, which made her want to shake her head. Sometimes she wondered what it would be like to be so carefree.

Both Peerages made their way to a rising platform which raised them high above the reality bubble, leaving them in an air-conditioned room and finally able to see their opponents across the way. It also isolated them from the sound of the stadium a fair bit, which would allow them to think and strategize.

“There will be a number of special rules for this game.” Grayfia announced, *“The primary of which will be that it is a Dice Figure Game.”* She paused to allow the cheering to erupt.

“Hmm, interesting.” Seekvaira mused, “That means this will be a fairly straightforward endeavor. Combat skill will be our primary method of victory.”

“Indeed. No need to worry about ambushes or searching for our opponents.” Her Queen, a young man named Alivian commented.

Her first knight, a young woman named Freydis frowned, “I can’t help but feel that it is a small waste with our preparations. We planned for something less straightforward. We’re already at a disadvantage as our Peerage hasn’t found all of its members. *His* is complete.”

“It matters not. We will all do our best and represent this family.” Seekvaira said, just *slightly* sharply.

“Yes, mistress!” They chanted, before listening to Grayfia once more, who had spent some time reminding the spectators of what a Dice Figure game entailed. They knew the rules well. Both Kings would roll a single die each, and the combined total was the strength they could send out to the battlefield during each round. Each Pawn was worth one, Knights and Bishops were worth three, Rooks were worth five, the Queen was worth Nine. The King was the wildcard as they were given a variable value from one to twelve, depending on their strength. Of course, if any Devil had claimed more than one of a single piece, then their point-value would be adjusted accordingly. The final rule for this game type specifically was that the same piece could not be used consecutively.

“Now, there are no home bases for this match, meaning all Pawns will be allowed to Promote at any time.” Seekvaira’s eyes widened in interest. “However, only four Pawns from each side will be allowed to Promote, and only one for each other class. Once you have a Pawn Promote to Queen, that piece may not be chosen again. The game will end when the King of either side falls. Now, after much deliberation, we have assigned our Kings their point values.” Seekvaira leaned forward, “Diodora Astaroth has been assigned a point value of six. Seekvaira Agares has been assigned a point value of seven.” Grayfia finished outlining the rules of the match.

‘In other words, they believe our Queens are more valuable in this match than either of us.’ That thought... rankled a bit, for Seekvaira. Her Queen had never bested her in a spar despite his advantages. She was not a weak heir by any means and had a good grasp of her family bloodline. Sure, it may not have the deadly destructiveness of the **Power of Destruction**, but her family was ranked second amongst the Pillars for a reason.

“If our Kings will approach the bowl and take hold of their dice, we will begin.” Grayfia commanded, and Seekvaira rose from her seat. Across the arena, she saw that Diodora did the same. She grabbed her dice and rolled it. “Diodora has rolled a two. Seekvaira has rolled a three. A point value of five may be entered into this first round! You have two minutes to decide.”

And here was where the Dice Figure Game generated strategy. With a point value of five, Seekvaira had many options. She could send out five Pawns, a Knight and two Pawns, a Rook, and so on. If she sent out too many of her Pieces and Diodora sent out just a single Rook, things could be a disaster. Either she won the round and took out his piece, or she would have a lot more members removed from round two. And then, of course, was the disaster scenario where a single piece managed to defeat many pieces.

Seekvaira thought for a minute. “Taisuke, Haruki, Anzi.”

“Yes, mistress.” Two of her Pawns and her Bishop from the ‘extinct’ house of Malphas, in order, responded.

“Taisuke, if you need an extra boost of speed to win, you may Promote to Knight. Haruki, you may Promote to Bishop. Do *not* Promote unless you need to.” Seekvaira commanded, “Anzi, you know what to do.”

It was time to see if that *little* bit of time that Izuku had been able to spare them would make any sort of difference. Fighting that man felt more like fighting a natural disaster than anything, and it had been the most brutal day of training they’d had in the past two weeks. She was grateful for it, and that he’d taken time from his own busy schedule to do so. Especially for someone he hardly knew and had only had a few hours to get friendly with. She almost would have suspected ulterior motives if it wasn’t for the fact he didn’t seem to have a malicious bone in his body. He’d even agreed not to share any knowledge with anyone, and he hadn’t, pointing out that he had already had a day with Sōna’s Peerage.

It was something she and her Peerage had needed. Something they hadn’t realized until Izuku had left. If Seekvaira had been assigned a value of seven, she *knew* that Izuku was a full twelve. Their spar had been a gigantic wake-up call for her entire Peerage, and she simply *could not* fathom how a former human could be so powerful, *so young*.

Seekvaira would not make the mistake of underestimating an unknown again. With the two minutes elapsed, the two Kings sent out their Peerage members, and the game began.

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“Asia?” Izuku (and everyone else) turned to the blonde when they heard her make a strange sound. “What’s wrong?”

Asia had a frown of confusion on her face. “Ano, I just...” She looked at the screen a little deeper and used the controls to zoom in, something she could do for just herself and not anyone else. (Magic was *so* great!) “Why do they seem familiar?” She questioned, tilting her head to the side.

“Who?” Rias asked curiously.

“I...” Asia bit her bottom lip a little, “All three of Mr. Astaroth’s members... I feel like I’ve seen them *somewhere* before... I don’t think it was in-person though...”

Izuku’s eyes narrowed. ‘*Asia was a sheltered nun. Where could she possibly have seen three Devils?*’ He spoke up, “Are any of the three the one you helped?” He asked gently.

“No.” Asia shook her head, “The one I helped was a male. I never actually saw his face. I only heard his voice. So why...?” Lavinia picked up the younger blonde and cuddled her. “Wah! L-Lavinia-sensei! Mouuu...” She blushed as Lavinia settled with her in her lap.

“Hmm...” Izuku and Rias shared a look. Diodora Astaroth was officially on their radar.

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The second the match had started; it became clear that Diodora's Peerage was out for blood. He had sent out two Pawns and a Knight to Seekvaira's two Pawns and Bishop. All of them were also much faster than Seekvaira had expected, and much more powerful too.

Their attacks were immediate and rather brutal. Haruki, Seekvaira's magically-inclined Pawn, had been completely incapable of reacting to the Knight's attack. The Knight had been in his face in the blink of an eye, and then he was on the ground missing a leg.

“Haruki?!” Anzi yelled in shock as she pounded her staff into the ground. She was unable to cast her spell before a lightning bolt crashed into Haruki and electrocuted him. He was retired from the battle in seconds. “You bitch! **Restraint Level One!**” She yelled.

Diodora's female knight's eyes widened as shackles appeared on her wrists and ankles. All of a sudden, she felt like she was carrying tons of lead all over her body. Her magical power was dark and ominous as it exploded from her in an attempt to shatter the restraints, but it was to no avail. Her power wasn't enough to overcome her bonds.

Taisuke growled as he Promoted to Knight. In a flash of speed, he had carved an 'X' into the Knight's chest, retiring her. “We underestimated them.” He growled.

Anzi shook her head, “Their brutality, perhaps. They didn't even stop to banter.” She replied, glaring at the two Pawns. “What I don't get is how Astaroth was assigned only a six if his members are this strong.” She readied her staff. “My offensive abilities aren't too great. You'll have to take both of them.”

“It would be my pleasure.” Taisuke growled as the much slower Pawns finally arrived. “Urgh!” He growled as the sheer strength of the Pawn shocked him. Her warhammer felt like a blow from a Rook, not a Pawn!

“**Restraint Level One!**” Anzi called out, focusing on limiting the Pawn's strength. From the way Taisuke had been forced back, that was her primary attribute.

Taisuke was able to duck under a hammer blow and slice into the Pawn's side, before he heard Anzi yelp in fear. The shackles on the Pawn vanished as Anzi was forced to twirl away from an earthen spike that tried to pierce through her midsection. Taisuke tried to dodge, only for the young lady to snap a roundhouse kick into his jaw, breaking it and flinging him away. “Uh jw-” He groaned in pain.

Anzi was dodging a barrage of earthen spears. Her speed would definitely not have been enough for this before Seekvaira had commanded her to focus on it, seeing how easily Izuku had been able to take her out during their spars.

Losing Haruki in this fight was a disaster. Anzi was *not* good at offensive magic and her **Restrain Levels** required her to stand still. Still, even though she was not *good* at offensive magic, she wasn't *completely* incapable of it. "**Firebolt!**" She cast. It was a basic spell, but sometimes simple was best. The Pawn let out a squeak as the fireball landed in her belly. It didn't cause her much harm... but the force of it *did* blow her off the castle wall.

The Pawn growled and summoned her wings. "I'll get you for that!" She rose over the battlement, only for her face to fall as she saw Anzi's smirk.

"**Restraint Level Two.**" She declared.

The Pawn's eyes bulged as her entire body was enveloped by chains. Including her wings. "Diodora-sama!" She squealed as she dropped like a rock, hitting the ground with a huge thud and breaking several bones. She was retired as she cried out in pain.

Anzi quickly whirled towards her remaining partner, and a quick **Firebolt** had the Pawn unbalanced. Taisuke was very injured. His left arm was hanging limp, and blood was pouring from his broken jaw. He still capitalized immediately, surging forward and piercing the final Pawn's chest with his remaining sword. Blood spurted from her mouth before shackles engulfed her too. She fell and he pulled his blade out, holding it to her throat.

"Round One is finished. Team Agares has secured their first victory with only the loss of a Pawn." Grayfia declared before whisking them back to the stadium.

"You all did well." Seekvaira rose and embraced Anzi. "Well done, my Bishop. My Pawn."

Anzi looked down, "Doesn't feel like we did all that great when we lost a member immediately."

"It was still our victory, and now we know that Diodora's Peerage is filled with barbarians." Seekvaira said simply. "We will not let our guards down a second time." She turned to Taisuke, "My Pawn, with your injuries, I'm afraid I will have to retire you as well."

Taisuke hung his head, wishing they had an actual Healer in their Peerage. They weren't allotted any Phoenix Tears for this game, so there just wasn't anything they could do. He managed to slur out a sullen agreement and vanished from Seekvaira's box to the infirmary.

Anzi scowled, "I think I should see if I can learn some healing spells." She said. She was Seekvaira's only Bishop currently. Unlike most Queens, Alivian wasn't one because of his magical prowess. So Anzi was currently the only one who *could* learn to heal, other than Seekvaira herself.

"With our numerical disadvantage, I think I might need to send out only one of us for the next round, if we have a high roll." Seekvaira said softly. "Perhaps even go out myself."

"It might be a little early for that, Mistress." Alivian said softly. "It is time to roll again."

Seekvaira nodded sharply and went to the bowl and the game continued.

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“Again!” Asia exclaimed, staring at the screen with a confused frown, “Why do I feel like I should recognize all of Mr. Astaroth members?!” Not a *single* member of Diodora’s team hadn’t felt familiar to her.

The Rating Game had already passed half an hour, and it was already the third round. Seekvaira had lost the second round in a shocking twist. She had sent out her Queen, with the good-looking man revealing that he was a *dragon* in human form. And despite that, he had been defeated with what seemed like only a small amount of effort by Diodora’s Queen, and with *fire magic* to boot. Seekvaira wasn’t an emotive person, but her shock over her Queen’s defeat had been apparent all over her face.

“Even the first time was already suspicious.” Akeno said, also frowning. “Since you felt like all three were familiar.”

Izuku was flat out scowling. “So, I think at this point, I should definitely warn everyone here. Astaroth’s soul looks like a cesspool.” Everyone turned to him in surprise, “He might put on kindly airs, but on the inside, he felt like a complete degenerate.” He crossed his arms, “With what’s going on now, I have to point something out. Asia-chan was a nun. Sheltered, and kept close to the Church. To the Vatican. She had never eaten a *hamburger* before she met us.” Eyes were widening all around, though Asia also flushed in remembrance, “She never even went to school because of how important she was to them. Where then, could she have come across *any* of these women, much less *all of them*?”

Kiba let out a forced-sounding laugh, “Asia probably never met any of them in person.” He said, “But that doesn’t mean she never came across any of them, if they happened to have visited the Vatican.”

“That’s it!” Asia gasped, “I, you’re right! I never met any of them before. Not in person! But now I remember seeing at least the Queen’s picture before when she disappeared! She was a nun that went missing in Greece!”

Rias let out an explosive-sounding sigh. “Okay, this is all mostly conjecture, but even if you all are right, there’s nothing we can really do.” She said and Izuku turned to her with his eyebrows raising, “Seducing holy men and women is a time-honored tradition for Devils. Especially older Devils. He apparently went overboard with it, but I’ve seen far more disgusting fetishes.” She pinched the bridge of her nose, “Even if it’s not just his *thing* and he actually kidnapped them all against their will, most of the adults would probably laugh and praise him for it with how loyal they all appear to be.”

Asia looked stricken by Rias’s words, “But-!”

Lavinia patted her head, “We might all be Devils, but we’re still good people. I guess we should take this as a lesson, *if* we’re right about all of this, that only our real friends are *actually* trustworthy.”

Izuku’s scowl had deepened tremendously. “I was already wary of the guy, but after seeing how *every single member* of his Peerage is a woman who Asia felt some passing familiarity with, I’m ready to issue orders. This guy is never to be alone with her. Period.” Asia gasped.

“Agreed.” Rias said darkly, “And I don’t care how rude you have to be in turning him away if he tries to speak with her alone. If neither Izuku nor I are present, he doesn’t talk to her.”

“Yes, Buchou!” Her Peerage members declared. Izuku’s followed in their agreement.

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“Diodora has rolled a three! Seekvaira has rolled a four! A point total of seven may be dispatched.”

“I will go.” Seekvaira stood.

“M-Mistress?!” One of her remaining Pawns yelped.

Things had not gone well for them. They had already started at a disadvantage and now, by round four, things had gone worse than she could possibly have imagined. She had both Knights left, her Rook, and two Pawns. Everyone else had already been eliminated. Diodora outnumbered them two to one, *and* he still had his Queen left! Not to mention that he could take the field at any time as well. If he did so, no combination of her remaining members could face him.

“This is the only play we have.” She said flatly. “His Queen cannot take the stage, but *he* could. I need to hope he either comes to face me himself, or that he sends enough pieces out that I can even the playing field. We cannot afford to lose more of our members.” She turned and gave them a soft smile, “See you in a few minutes.” She said confidently, before stepping onto the teleporter.

Seekvaira smiled when she saw that Diodora had sent out a Knight and *four* Pawns. All she had to do was take them out and it would be even stevens. ‘*Perfect.*’ She saw them all radiating that same darkish mana and racing to fight her, just as all of his members had. She snapped her fingers and a dozen of her favorite Gunplas flew out, fully functional with all of the most powerful enchantments she could muster.

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“PFFFFFFTTTTTT!!!!!!” Rias absolutely *sprayed* the viewscreen before she started to cackle. “AHAHAHAHAHA!” Everyone else started to giggle over the gleeful otaku being out-otaku’d.

“Told ya!” Izuku cackled along with her. He’d even helped Seekvaira theorize some upgrades to her Gunplas with his Rune knowledge, so he was very eager to see what she had managed to cook up once he had left.

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Her ten Gunplas raced to meet the charging members of Diodora’s Peerage. It... did not go well for the former nuns. Their ‘toy’ guns shot out beams of magical energy made to resemble their canonical beams. One of her favorites, a Strike-Freedom Gundam, even used its DRAGOONS to fire *way* more beams than it frankly should have been allowed. It alone took out two of the Pawns before it ran out of power and fell into a magical circle, being teleported away.

The Knight was growling as she used a beam sword herself to block shots from the other Gunplas. Seekvaira smiled before a bubble of **Time** engulfed her. She may not have been able to pull off that **Soru** technique Izuku had shown her Peerage, but that didn’t mean she didn’t have her own method of being fast if she needed to. Even if she had never considering using it like this before.

Her form looked like it was leaving afterimages of herself as she got next to the Knight. She tapped the former exorcist on her back, and all of a sudden the lady looked like she was moving through molasses. Her blocks and parries lost all speed, and her Gunplas landed shot after shot, retiring her in moments. That left just the Pawn. She inclined her head to dodge a firebolt, and then another of her favorites raced forward. Seekvaira couldn’t quite keep the smile off her face. *‘This hand of mine burns with an awesome power!’* The Gunpla turned gold. *‘Its burning grip tells me to defeat you! Take this! My love, my anger, and all of my sorrow! **Shining Fingeeeeeeer!**’*

Her opponent screamed in fear and then agony as the Gunpla timed her dodge and grabbed her face. It held on for barely a few milliseconds, but it was enough damage to retire her and send her directly to the infirmary for the healers to make sure she wouldn’t suffer any complications. The Level One protective enchantments used for most Low-Ranked or ‘newbie’ Games were powerful, not infallible.

“GOOOOOOO, SEEK-CHAAAAAANNNNN!!!” Seekvaira did *not* perform a happy wiggle at hearing her old friend cheer her on. She just *knew* Rias would have quoted the *exact* same lines she had in her head. Probably at the same time too!

She returned to the booth and even through the soundproofing, she could hear her fans cheering. Her Peerage also gave her a standing ovation as she returned to her seat, satisfaction radiating off her. “Looks like my gamble paid off.” She sighed, *‘Now we just need a low roll. Five or less.’* She thought to herself, waiting for her signal to get back up and return to the bowl.

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The Rating Game was kind to her for the next round, and Diodora had not been able to take the field. Her powerful Rook Gerard was able to handle Diodora's remaining Knight and two Pawns on his own. His **Damage Empowerment** just made him stronger the longer the fight went on. He did end up having to retire for his own health afterwards, leaving her with just her two Knights and two Pawns, but he did his job, eliminating the final two Pawns and Bishop. All Diodora had left was his Queen and himself.

"With Diodora's final low-numbered pieces retiring, the game has changed!" Grayfia declared, *"As he will be incapable of taking the field with a number lower than six, his roll will automatically be adjusted to a five. If Seekvaira will roll, we will see how many points will be allowed for the next round!"*

Seekvaira clenched her jaw. *'Damn. If I roll a one...'* All of her effort in the previous two rounds would be a complete waste! *'Not a one.'* She said as she walked to the bowl and grabbed the die. *'Not a one!'* She repeated as she shook it and rolled.

Alas, the fates were not with her this day. *"Seekvaira has rolled a one! The total for the next round will be six!"*

'Damn it!' Seekvaira allowed none of her frustration to show on her face. "Freydis, Bafeel, do your best to tire him out." She said softly.

"Screw that!" Freydis pounded her armored chest. "We'll win for you, Mistress!"

Seekvaira smiled softly. "Yes, that sounds better. Defeat our foe!" She commanded. The two Knights departed and she sat, staring at the screen intently. *'Now, what can you do, Diodora Astaroth?'*

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Diodora still had a smile on his face as he took the field. In fact, he looked like the previous losses hadn't shaken him in the slightest. "You have done well, so far." He even applauded the two Knights, to their surprise. "I offer this chance to surrender." He said peacefully.

"Not a chance!" Freydis declared, seemingly grabbing a hold of the air. "Take this!" She yelled as she swung *nothing* down.

Diodora raised his hand, and a large magical circle appeared in front of him. It flickered and sparked as the invisible air blade hit his defense. "Impressive. You sharpened the air itself." He commented idly. "Unfortunately for you," he finally opened his eyes, revealing gold irises that had a *cruel* glint in them that he couldn't hide. "-it was nowhere near enough." Dark power poured out of him in waves, very similar in color to the aura that had engulfed all of his pieces before him. Only *much* more powerful.

He turned his hand to the side, a multitude of magical circles appearing. Bafeel Furas, Seekvaira's other knight, had summoned an *extremely* speedy, white horse. She had also

summoned a lance and had dashed to the side, speeding towards his left flank with the intent of skewering him. The first of his magical circles stopped the tip of her lance cold, before others had surrounded it. It dissolved, turning into nothing more than ectoplasmic goop.

And then her arm followed as she passed him, his magical circle barely grazing her limb. Bafeel screamed in agony as flesh sloughed off her bones and she lost control of the reins, falling off the horse and being retired immediately upon impact.

The cruel glint in Diodora's eyes had only intensified, his placid smile seeming utterly *psychotic* now, rather than peaceful. "BAFEEL!" Freydis yelled in horror. She summoned a sword and started swiping again and again at Diodora, air blades cutting through stone and throwing up little pebbles into the air. "DIE!"

Diodora's Barrier technique blocked them all, until Freydis was left gasping for breath and barely able to swing her sword. A green bolt of power crashed into her stomach, sending blood flying from her lips as she was lifted off her feet. She was gone before she hit the ground.

"Diodora is the winner!"

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"Big brother!" Asia gasped as she leapt to her feet.

Izuku had memorized the location of the infirmary, and he didn't blink as he got up and grabbed Asia in his arms. In a blink, a portal engulfed them and they were gone.

"Vicious *bastard*." Rias growled furiously, getting up and pacing. "I hope there are no remnants of his attack on Seekvaira's poor Knight."

"It was absolutely uncalled for." Lavinia growled, her expression cold. "That kind of rotting technique is designed to spread and cause as much damage and pain as possible. It's the kind of spell you only use when you absolutely want to torture someone."

"Let's hope Izuku and Asia can take care of it, if possible."

...

The appeared in a burst of swirling clouds, shocking the medical team and making them jump. "Is she alright?" Izuku demanded, getting his answer from the poor Knight's wails. The medical team had already been hard at work trying to contain the venomous rot. "Move!" He said as he summoned *Ace* and cut her arm off. It was painless due to the power of the Ope Ope no Mi, but it was not like all the previous times he had used it. Her stump (just below the shoulder) was bleeding.

"What have you done?!" Bafeel and one of the doctors let out shrieks.

“Prevented it from spreading any further!” Izuku growled, “Keep her from bleeding!” He commanded, “Asia?”

“Right!” Asia summoned Twilight Healing. Unlike before eating the *Tori Tori no Mi*, Model: Pheonix, the effect was like green fire that washed over the limb. She grit her teeth, “S-Something is fighting me, big brother!”

He reached out with his senses and was *flabbergasted* to feel the same sort of power he had felt in one of the men who had attacked Kyoto with Cao Cao. It was fleeting and already vanishing, but the taint was there. He placed his hand on top of hers and joined his magic to hers. He wasn’t nearly skilled enough to perform a Unison Raid but was more than skilled enough to allow a bolt of *Haōshoku* to travel through Asia’s flames. The power, which had already been vanishing as it was separated from its source, shattered.

“Got it!” Asia sighed in relief as the sickly green glow vanished. Her Sacred Gear and Devil Fruit combined to restore the limb in moments.

“Good girl.” He said softly as he twitched a finger and reattached the limb.

Bafeel let out a gasp as the nerve endings reconnected, grinding her teeth. But she was able to move the arm and sagged in relief at the lack of pain. “Th-thank you.” She choked out.

“You’re welcome.” Izuku and Asia chorused. He looked at the doctor, “Is Miss Vanadis alright?” He asked about Freydis.

“She is.” She sighed in relief, “Thankfully it was just a hard blow. Thank you for your aid, Lord Midoriya. I don’t know if we could have saved her arm without you or a vial of Phoenix Tears.”

He was surprised to have already been recognized, and to have been called ‘Lord,’ but he rolled with it. The doctor must have watched Rias’s Game against Riser. “I’m glad we were here then.” He said softly, “We’ll leave you to your rest, Lady Furcas.” He inclined his head to her before wrapping an arm around Asia’s shoulders and leaving the same way they came.

...

Izuku allowed Asia to field the questions from their Peerages as he summoned a piece of paper and began to compose a letter. The game had been halted for a small intermission, but he could see that Seekvaira looked incredibly worried. He had to let her know her Knight was alright.

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Seekvaira was indeed fretting, though it did not look like it. Her two remaining Pawns were terrified and out of their minds with worry. She didn’t blame them, but worried anger was ruling her emotions as well. Suddenly, she felt something appear in her hand and she almost jumped. A quick spell hid it from all eyes but her own.

Seekvaira,

Lady Furcas is alright. Asia and I were able to save her arm. She'll make a full recovery. Be careful with Astaroth. That power of his was not natural.

Izuku

Her heart filled with relief. “*Bafeel is alright. Izuku made sure of it.*” She told her two Pawns telepathically, watching as they sagged in relief. She vanished the letter and glared at the other end of the arena. For what he had done, she might actually *kill him*.

“*As Diodora has only one member that may be sent out, the number of pieces for this round will be set at nine.*” Grayfia declared.

“We’re all going.” Seekvaira declared. There was no way she was leaving members on her side for the next round. “Promote immediately and *crush* his Queen. As soon as she falls, you will retire.”

“Yes, Mistress!” Her two remaining Pawns declared.

They made their way to the field, and Seekvaira didn’t waste any time. A one-fifth scale model of the Buster Gundam came out, readying its cannon. Diodora’s Queen’s eyes widened, and she made a flaming shield as a magical *howitzer* shell came to take her head off. The explosion was big enough that her defense shattered.

Really, she wished it could do more than just shoot its gun. It couldn’t even walk!

Her two Pawns promoted to Queen and Rook respectively, and before the smoke had cleared, both of them had *crushed* Diodora’s Queen between their fists. No mercy whatsoever. Bones shattered immediately and the Queen didn’t have a chance to unleash a single attack before being retired. Her two Pawns followed. “Come out, Astaroth! It’s time to end this!”

A moment later, Diodora arrived, still looking for the world to see like he was just amused. “That was quite the attack.” He complimented her, “You crushed my poor Queen’s face.”

“I’ll do worse to you for what you did to my Knight.” Seekvaira promised.

“Hahaha.” Diodora laughed, opening his cruel eyes. “I’m afraid you’re going to find yourself quite outmatched, Lady Agares.” His ominous black aura poured out of him.

“*The final round between Heir Astaroth and Heir Agares may begin!*” Grayfia announced.

Seekvaira summoned every Gunpla she had, spamming Diodora with her ranged attacks. ‘*I have to keep him at a distance until I know for sure I can win. I don’t think he’d dare to hit **me** with that rot attack, but I wouldn’t put it past him. His aura is powerful enough I don’t think I can affect him with **Time**.*’ She thought to herself as she stared at the multitude of magical circles surrounding Diodora. With a mental command, the Buster Gundam fired its Hyper Impulse Long-Range Sniper Rifle at Diodora’s feet.

The man cursed as the ground beneath him erupted, several shards of stone striking his face and knocking him off balance. His defenses faltered for a moment, and a beam slipped through. He hissed as it burned his arm, grinding his teeth in pain. For the first time, he had something other than a self-assured smile on his face.

“Let’s see how you handle this!” In his anger, Diodora drew more on the source of his ominous magical power. His aura increased in intensity and a burst of rot erupted from his hands. It soared into the air and exploded, raining down shards of rot on Seekvaira and her Gunplas. He couldn’t kill her in a friendly match like this, but he *could* make life utterly miserable for her!

Seekvaira’s eyes glowed blue as a bubble escaped from her. The rot rain had already destroyed some of her Gunplas, which *infuriated* her, but now they were slowing down tremendously, to the point the needles looked like they were floating in the air.

She teleported herself and her Gunplas behind him. ‘*I need to test his reflexes.*’ She absolutely knew how she wanted to end *this* fight for what he had done to her Knight. Her Buster Gundam continued to take shots at Diodora. Every time it fired, the motion ejected a spent shell and rammed a new one back into the firing chamber. Thank you, Infinite Ammo enchantment.

She prepared an offensive spell herself for the first time by pointing her finger. A blue magical circle appeared in front of her before a shield-breaking lightning bolt erupted from it. Diodora’s face was shocked as the shards of his barrier floated ethereally in front of him for a moment. He raised his other arm and formed another, but another shell from the Buster crashed into it before it was fully formed.

“Gah!” He cried out in pain as the explosion flung him away. Magical beams peppered his form as he rolled on the ground. Seekvaira was showing absolutely no mercy. The beams weren’t very *powerful*, but they did sap his stamina and burn him quite badly with his aura flickering.

This was the best chance she was going to get to use her new move. The one Izuku had given her the idea for, and she had spent the second training week working out the logistics of with her father. The refined Lord had been *delighted*, and in the privacy of their own home, had giggled like a chaos-loving gremlin alongside his daughter.

Magical circles surrounded her, before an armored gauntlet started to assemble itself on her right arm. On her back, her wings sprouted, before being covered by armor as well. ‘*This hand of mine is burning red!*’ The armor split open and crawled up the finger. The hand itself started to glow. The ‘wings’ on her back revealed themselves to be *afterburners*. They erupted as another bubble of **Time** engulfed her, speeding her up even further. She flew like a meteor at Diodora. Oh, how her soul wished to *roar* her lines out loud. It was times like these that she hated the fact she had to act like a refined lady. ‘*Its loud roar tells me to grasp victory! **Erupting! God!** FINGEEEEEEER!*’

Diodora hadn't even managed to get to his feet yet when Seekvaira crashed into him, burning palm first. "GAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" He cried out in complete and total agony as the enchantments went to work on his face and head.

She wasn't *actually* burning Diodora. She and her father had *both* known even *they* could face punishment if she disfigured, or worse, *killed* a Pillar Clan Heir in a match like this. So they had created the gauntlet to only simulate the attack and not actually perform it. All the agony, none of the injury. And such pain and agony that he wasn't able to actually react beyond futilely trying to pull her hand away.

His black aura vanished as he went unconscious, retired by the systems in place.

"*Seekvaira Agares has triumphed!*" Grayfia announced as she was returned to the field and listened to the crowd *roar*.

Seekvaira waved at the crowd and enjoyed her victory.

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"They both performed well." Sirzechs said evenly as the viewscreen dimmed and blacked out, giving the four Maō their privacy in their suite. There would be a celebratory dinner later that day, of course, where they would mingle as required.

"A little *too* well, in Diodora's case." Ajuka replied, his expression placid but his eyes containing just the tiniest amount of confusion, "I do not remember my cousin being nearly so powerful when I last saw him."

"Do you think he found some way to reverse your family's specialty?" Serafall asked curiously.

The Astaroth clan was well-known for power sharing. They could use their powers to enhance their servants temporarily, giving them great boosts where needed. Ajuka himself was a bit of a weirdo in terms of his family power, having not inherited it at all, much like Sairaorg Bael. Not that his mutated intelligence, power, and Kankara Formula gave the Astaroth anything to complain about, mind you. If Diodora had figured out how to share that in a more varied manner, such as by draining his Peerage of power to fuel himself, and also vice-versa, he would prove to be quite the powerful member of his family. It would essentially allow him to give any member of his Peerage, himself included, the power of *all* of his members.

"Perhaps." Ajuka allowed, "Though his aura had not been so dark the last time I saw him either."

"That could-" Falbium shut up and they all turned around in their executive chairs to look at their intruder.

"Zuzu!" Serafall cheered, launching herself out of her chair and leaping into his arms. "Did you miss me?" She asked cheerfully as he caught her. Her grin became a little sharper as she wiggled her hips, his hands squeezing her cheeks.

“Is this sky purple?” He asked dryly, pecking her on the lips, pulling back when she tried to deepen it, to her confusion.

“Izuku,” Sirzechs said dryly, “You *are* aware you’re not supposed to teleport into what could be a private meeting between Maō, correct?” He eyed his sister’s boyfriend squeezing the cougar’s ass eagerly. “And a bootycall is not a valid excuse.” His voice went even dryer.

Izuku tried to put his overly powerful lady down, but she just pouted and squeezed her thighs around him tighter. Seeing as Serafall apparently still wanted uppies, he just adjusted her to one side. “Forgive me, but I had some information I needed to share with you, and I figured this would be my best chance to get you all in private.”

“Then report, Midoriya.” Falbium said, sensing that this was something more important. Even Serafall realized it and she quickly got down and went to her seat.

“After Lady Fucas was injured by Astaroth, I went with Asia to see if we could speed her healing along, if it proved to be particularly troublesome.” Izuku said, crossing his arms. “I found the exact same taint that was in one of the men that attacked Kyoto in Astaroth’s spell.”

“Excuse me?” Ajuka asked, sitting forward in his chair.

“The members of Cao Cao’s Hero Faction that we captured all died.” Izuku reminded them, “Three experienced their Sacred Gears shattering, which killed them immediately. However, during our final face off, they teleported us all away, claiming we were ‘early.’ The one that I faced was defeated swiftly, and I looked into his soul. I cannot say for sure if the other three suffered the *exact* same fate as I was not present, but the one I defeated had something like a parasite in his Sacred Gear. Once I spotted it, it did its work and killed the man. I felt that exact same taint in the remnants of Astaroth’s spell. It was fading and weak, but it was present enough to fight Asia’s healing.” Izuku finished his report.

“*Shit.*” Serafall huffed, looking at her fellow leaders. “That’s bad. In what way, we cannot know for sure yet, but this proves some of our conjectures correct.”

Sirzechs nodded slowly, “Thank you, Izuku. You’ve given us much to discuss.” He said softly, “Please return to Rias, for now.”

Izuku bowed and then a portal opened behind him, swallowing him whole before fading away.

Falbium let out an exhausted sigh, “Why do I have the sudden feeling that my rest and relaxation is about to be disturbed?”

Serafall let out a cute little growl. *‘This better not give me more work! I already don’t get enough Sōna or Zuzu time!’*

Seekvaira entered the hall wearing an elegant dress that brought out her pretty pink eyes. She had a small smile on her face, still extremely happy about her victory. The partygoers clapped animatedly for the winner, but she had only a few faces she cared about. “Thank you, everyone.” She said pleasantly. “It was a hard-fought battle, and Heir Astaroth deserves his own praise for his performance.” She said magnanimously, despite how much she still wished to curse Diodora for what he had done. “Please enjoy the best the Agares have to offer.”

With the pleasantries taken care of, she made a beeline for Rias, Izuku, Sōna, and Sairaorg, all of whom had their glasses of wine in hand. “Excellent work, Seekvaira.” The big man shot her a grin. “That was quite the final attack.”

Seekvaira’s cheeks pinked a little, “Thank you, Sairaorg. I look forward to when I can pit it against you, as well.”

Sairaorg barked out a laugh, “Good to hear. It should be fun.” She smiled at him one more time, before turning to Rias and Izuku.

“Excellent work, Seekvaira.” Rias said warmly.

She pouted, “You called me Seek-chan during the Game, Rias.”

Rias let out a little cough, “I did no such thing.” She said, looking shifty.

“Congratulations on your first victory. It was especially impressive with the way the first few rounds went, especially with your starting disadvantage.” Sōna cut in with a smile. “I was shocked to see your Queen lose his match, especially to a fire mage. I never thought I would see a dragon lose to fire.”

“Alivian is still rather young, by dragon standards.” Seekvaira responded, “Though I must confess, it was entirely unexpected on my part as well.”

Izuku let none of his thoughts show on his face. He was almost certain the Queen’s fire had been enhanced by that same dark power he had told the Maō about. “But you did not let his loss defeat you.” He smiled warmly at her, “You had to be riskier in the following round, but your daring proved to be a turning point.”

“Yes. Thank you, Izuku.” Seekvaira responded. She held out her hand, “May I steal this first dance?” She said with just the *slightest* amount of cheek as she looked at Rias.

‘*Oh boy.*’ Rias did not shoot her beau a *look*. At this point, the only thing convincing her that he *wasn’t* doing it on purpose was that it was *Izuku*. “As long as you save me a dance too.” She smirked at her friend, who let out a rare giggle.

Izuku took her hand with a smile, and she lead him to the dance floor. She was *well* aware that several of the more conservative Devil families were now *glowering* over her choice of taking

him for her opening dance. She seamlessly raised a privacy barrier as he pulled her close and they began to move though the dance floor. “I have to thank you.”

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow.

“I am self-aware enough to know that I likely would have lost that Game if it had played out two weeks ago.” Seekvaira said softly.

“I’d say you’re giving me too much credit.” Izuku replied, staring into her eyes as they seamlessly moved through the floor, his right hand on her lower back. “We only trained together for the one day.”

“But you showed me just how powerful someone our age could be.” She replied, “I do not like to think of myself as an arrogant person, but I did not expect to face any difficulties at all during this tournament unless I faced Sairaorg or Rias. Even Sōna, I felt confident in my chances against. I expected an easy match against Astaroth and did not think twice about my ability to crush the mutt.” She chuckled slightly as the music changed and they began a more animated dance. “You not only disabused us of our strength during our spars but even gave me several ideas of how to improve my Gunplas. I’m glad I took you up on our offer, even if Rias had to convince me that it was genuine and not an attempt to spy.” Her voice turned dry at the end.

Izuku chuckled, remembering her slightly indignant look once he offered to train with her after Rias had finished with her commission. “Regardless, the hard work was yours.”

“Indeed it was.” Seekvaira agreed, “But you certainly played a part.” Her smile widened a bit, “And your idea for my final attack was so *inspired*.” He laughed at that. “Are you nervous for your fight against Lord Bael?”

Izuku chuckled, “Should I be?” Her eyebrows shot up, “I assure you,” His lips quirked for a moment, “*Seek-chan*,” Her cheeks went pink, “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

“...oh dear.” She swallowed. “Well, it should be entertaining, if nothing else.”

“I’m sure it will be.” Izuku grinned, “But I think I should pass you off before any of these boomers spontaneously combust.”

Seekvaira had to actually hold back laughter at that. She had her image to consider.

...

Izuku spent the rest of his night dancing with his ladies and several others. He and Rias had torn up the dance floor, followed by Akeno, Aika, Lavinia, and Serafall. Once he reached Ingvild, the poor girl was so hot from watching them, *Serafall especially*, that he thought she was going to combust. He made sure to pay the Leviathan a *healthy* amount of attention.

Unfortunately, they couldn’t quite fly under the radar. Deila had decided to make this party her official reintroduction to Devil high society, and that meant officially introducing Ingvild both as

her granddaughter *and* as his Bishop. Up until then, no one else had known her name, even if she was present during the meeting before the Games.

The *amount* of negative emotion that he caught on his Kenbunshoku was almost beyond belief. Diodora himself seemed almost furious once he had learned who Ingvild was. Several of the other, older Devils also were incensed to know that Ingvild was a half-breed.

It had put his beautiful Bishop in a bit of a mood to see just how many of them disdained her. She stuck close to him, Rias, Sairaorg, Seekvaira, Sōna, and their Peerages. He was happy to see her making friends.

With the girls off mingling amongst each other for now, he met up with Sairaorg again. “So!” He chuckled as he sat beside his friend, “On a scale of one-to-ten, how screwed is Glasya-Labolas?”

Sairaorg barked out a laugh, “Well, that depends on the game type.” Izuku joined him in laughing, “If he wasn’t such a rude fool I’d be tempted to take it easy on him, but-”

“Sexually harassing Seek-chan is all I need to know about him.” Izuku said flatly. “It’s a good thing he didn’t try to show up tonight.”

“Even if watching him get shot down repeatedly would have been hilarious.” Sairaorg snarked, “I hope his jaw isn’t made of glass.”

Izuku smirked and sipped at his wine, a nice, tasty red, “Same goes for your father.”

Sairaorg grinned viciously, “However hard you’re planning on hitting him, *hit him harder*.”

Izuku laughed, “That depends on how much our Maō want him humiliated.” The two laughed and clinked their glasses, watching their girls dance and laugh with one another.

And then Izuku’s night became... *irritating*. “Good evening, gentlemen.” Diodora came up to them, still radiating his smarmy, faux-peaceful smile.

“Heir Astaroth.” Izuku and Sairaorg said flatly. Izuku decided to give him a jab, “My condolences for your loss. You were doing so well, too.”

He felt the irritation in the man’s aura. “One of us had to.” Diodora said humbly. “Heir Agares proved herself superior in this bout.”

“Indeed she did.” Izuku agreed, with Sairaorg giving him a little side-eye, wondering why Izuku seemed to have a problem with Diodora. “I suppose you’ll have to hope for better luck in the next round.”

“So,” Sairaorg rumbled, “Have you come to join us for drinks, or did you need something, Heir Astaroth?” He asked politely, “If the former, you can just pull up a chair.”

“No, thank you.” Diodora said, before turning to Izuku. “I was merely curious to see one of your pieces missing from the festivities, Midoriya. I had hoped to speak to her.”

“Oh?” Izuku raised an eyebrow, while internally his thoughts were a different matter. ‘*This motherfucker.*’ He took another sip, “That seems quite unusual. What could you possibly have to discuss with my Pawn?”

Diodora shot him a pleasant smile, “Why, I could never forget that face. I merely wished to thank her for saving my life. I got into a spot of trouble in Italy a few months ago and was badly injured by an exorcist. She’s the only reason I’m alive right now.”

Sairaorg, who had spent *quite* some time with Izuku since their first meeting, sparring, teaching, and learning from him in equal measure, was one of his few friends who had fully unlocked Haki. He was therefore quite shocked to feel the utter fury and hatred that erupted inside Izuku.

“I see.” Izuku said blandly, “Well, I’m afraid Asia wants nothing to do with you after your savage attack against Lady Fucas. She exhausted herself healing the poor woman after your game. She’s quite sensitive to such things, after all. That’s actually why she’s not here, enjoying the night with us.” Izuku said, his voice perfectly controlled despite the storm of emotions within him. “So I will have to pass on your thanks myself.”

“I-I see.” Diodora looked shocked. “I- my apologies. It appears I’ve soured the air. I shall leave you to it.”

“Before you do, Heir Astaroth, I just want to give you some friendly advice.” Izuku said, leaning forward and letting the lightest touch of Haōshoku brush up against the man’s mind. “I would take care not to let your habit of collecting nuns and holy women get the better of you.” He said coldly, pressing further. Diodora’s entire body felt cold, and he started to perspire heavily.

Sairaorg’s eyes widened before he shot Diodora a disgusted glare.

“Are you threatening me?” Diodora asked, fighting off the feeling of impending doom. Or rather, Izuku pulled back his Haōshoku.

“No.” Izuku said, leaning back and staring at him dispassionately. “Just some friendly advice, as I said.”

“I see.” With the Haōshoku gone, Diodora spun on his feet and walked away.

Sairaorg shot Izuku a questioning look, wanting his theory confirmed. Izuku, his mood totally shot, grunted and explained what they had figured out during the game.

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“How DARE that arrogant, reincarnated *filth!*” Diodora howled hours later as he plowed his Queen. He raised his hand and delivered a brutal slap to her ass. She let out a pained scream, begging him for mercy. She had done everything she could during their game! “Does he think he can keep Asia-chan from ME?!”

“M-Master, pleas-” His Queen begged him for respite.

“Shut your mouth, *slave!*” He spat at her as he grabbed her neck. She choked as he continued to rant. “She should be mine! All those *filthy crows* had to do was kill her and she would have been mine. Mine. MINE!” She futilely struggled with his hand, trying to pry it off. But all of her Queen-imbued strength wasn’t enough with how weak she currently was.

Diodora might have been in an utterly *furious* mood, but he noticed when she started to go limp. With an angry roar, he let go of her throat and pushed her down. A few more pumps and he sprayed her womb with his seed.

He ripped himself from her and walked out of the room, leaving her sobbing, red, and raw in her bed. “Clean her up and heal her!” He spat at a random servant, who was quivering in terror. He stalked towards his Rooks’ rooms next, wanting some toys that were more durable. As he walked, he contemplated. It was clear that the soft sell and honeyed words of love and desire wouldn’t work as he had hoped. Midoriya had somehow figured him out. He had no idea how, but the taller and bulkier man had.

But that was no matter. Diodora would have Asia Argento, one way or another. He could do nothing here, not with Asia in the Gremory seat of power. But they would return to their filthy *human* lives eventually, and there would plenty of opportunity for him to *crush* Izuku Midoriya. For his insults, Diodora would force him to *watch* as he raped his prize to his heart’s content. Only *then* would he kill the trash who thought he could insult a *real* Devil like this. And if another Pillar Clan Heir had to have an unfortunate accident to make it happen, then so be it.

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Yes, I absolutely despise Diodora. I can’t *wait* to [REDACTED.]

Seekvaira is such a beauty, and her personal obsession just makes me giggle. I fucking love it. We getting Gundams up in this bitch soon!

I’m running into something a bit irritating for this story: filling out the Peerages. For a series with so many fucking characters, it really feels kinda sparse ngl. Something I was debating for a while was bringing in the Junior DxD characters. Those are some ready-made Knights, after all, and I LOVE Zekka’s design. At this juncture, I’m kinda leaning *against* that, unfortunately enough. I haven’t actually read the spinoff myself, but what little I’ve absorbed off the wiki and a few friends tells me it might be more of a headache than its worth.

I’d basically have to rewrite several backstories and stuff. Zekka’s whole thing with Eden’s Dual is just... so fucking dumb. “Oh, here’s this beautiful girl who has no friends because her stupid Sacred Gear steals tits to add to her own. Oh, and because she needs to be an Issei mirror, she hates tits because of it.” And then there’s just how overpowered they apparently are and how they turned into a Spotlight-Stealing-Squad on canon whenever they get inserted into canon events. Oi vey...

**So yeah, I just don't know who is going to join his and Rias's Peerages for a lot of the slots.
But yeah, hope you guys liked the chapter!**