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“Home sweet home!” Izuku stretched out once they were back in Kuoh. Their home had been magically maintained, of course, so all they needed to do was unpack their bags.

“Don’t get so excited.” Koneko smirked slightly as she elbowed him in the thigh. He blinked at her in confusion.

“You forgot, didn’t you?” Rias sounded amused as she put her bags down.

“Eh?” Izuku still looked confused.

Akeno giggled as she pressed herself to his back and wrapped her arms around him. “We have to go right back out tomorrow morning to be in the Underworld by Monday.”

Izuku’s face fell. “Well... shit.” He groaned, “I *did* completely forget about that.” The girls giggled, “At least we won’t have to take the train. Lavinia and Ingvild have both already been in the Underworld and registered, right?”

Deila chuckled, “Lavinia, yes. My cute little granddaughter, no. She was a well-kept secret, remember?” Now Izuku felt a little despair. They could all just teleport there! He’d had enough of the train for a few days at least! “Oh!” Deila tapped her chin idly, “And I’m dead, so...”

Half of the house sputtered at the information. Rias’s face brightened, “Oh! That means you get to pull off a ‘*the rumors of my death were greatly exaggerated*’ bit!” Everyone laughed at her excitement. “Oh, and even if all of us *were* cleared to come in and out,” Rias giggled and pointed at Asia, “Asia-chan isn’t, and she can’t stay behind this time. So we’d have to take the train anyway.” Asia blushed under the scrutiny. “Speaking of which, I have to remind Grayfia to get me a pass for Asia.”

Asia fidgeted, “Ano... I’m sorry for being a bother.”

“Not a bother at all, little sister.” Izuku pulled her into a side-hug and kissed the top of her head.

She smiled under his care and snuggled into his chest. “...Can I talk to you about something in private, big brother?” She whispered.

Izuku raised an eyebrow, “Of course. I’ll come find you tonight.” They parted and Izuku cracked his back. “Well, guess we have less time to relax than I thought. What are we going to do?”

“Sleep.” Koneko said bluntly. She wanted a catnap.

“Hmm, I could think of several things.” Akeno said wickedly, her hands trailing down his chest and abs.

“Down girl.” Rias chuckled, “We’ll have plenty of time for that later.” She stretched, “How about a movie? Koneko isn’t the only one feeling lazy tonight.”

They all chuckled. That didn’t sound bad at all.

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“So, what’s up?” Izuku asked as he walked into Asia’s room.

She smiled at him and hugged him again, “You’ve all done so much for me... and you’ve been so wonderful...”

“Asia.” Izuku smiled, “If this is where you offer to do something to thank us, there’s no need. You’re a precious member of this house and we all love you.”

Asia flushed in pleasure, “Thank you, big brother!” She laced her fingers in front of her small breasts like she was praying. “But if you asked me to join your Peerage, I wouldn’t say no.” She whispered.

Izuku’s eyes widened. He had *not* expected that. “You rejected Rias’s offer before.” He said softly, an eyebrow raised in confusion. “What’s changed?”

She nodded sheepishly. “Rias is amazing.” Asia said softly, “But *you’re* my big brother... and I want to join your family officially.”

He chuckled, “...Something tells me that isn’t everything.” His hands shot out, and he started to tickle the girl. She shrieked in delight and in pleas for him to stop. “Fess up, or face punishment!” He said, wiggling his fingers ominously.

Asia blushed, “...I’m hoping you learn how to transform into a True Angel as well.” She admitted. “Being able to be one myself would be a dream come true...”

“Ohoho!” Izuku was surprised and delighted. “How bold, little sister.” He grinned sharply, “There will be no going back, you know? Once you make that decision, you can’t change it. And you’ll find praying difficult.”

“You’re still human most of the time.” Asia countered, “Do you even get hurt if I pray to God?”

Izuku blinked and opened his mouth. And then he closed it. “God.” He frowned in thought and went into Devil Mode. “God-GHHH!” He slapped a palm to his head.

Her eyes widened. “Oh, wow! It didn’t even notice until you actively used it.”

“Hehe...” Izuku chuckled, “Well, isn’t *that* something.” He purred, making Asia giggle. He summoned a Pawn piece. “Last chance to back out, lovie.”

“No thank you, big brother.” Asia smiled.

“Then **Arise.**” He let go of the piece and floated it between her breasts. Light shone from Asia’s window into the night sky.

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Seeing everyone’s astonishment in the morning when Asia had come down and revealed her wings had put Izuku into stitches. Rias had been pouting at him all throughout breakfast for his luck.

He would have figured she would have been too blissed out from their bedroom antics the night before, but apparently not. He would have to up his game! They soon had their bags packed and were off to the train station. Asia and Ingvild were both awed by the train and shocked to see that it was hidden *underneath* the regular station.

“Welcome, Rias-sama, Izuku-sama.” Reynald greeted them, Izuku for only the second time. He was seriously *never* going to get used to being called ‘sama.’

Rias smirked impishly, “Me and you have the front carriage *all* to ourselves today.”

Izuku’s eyes smoldered as he looked at her. The matching smirk on his face let everyone know *exactly* what they would be doing. “Well, we wouldn’t want to be *late*.” He said leadingly as Rias led him away. Akeno, Aika, and Lavinia *swore* they would get some alone time with him too. Ingvild and Asia merely blushed.

Koneko muttered, “*They’re way too horny. Some of us have to smell it.*”

Deila burst out laughing.

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“Just what would your people think if they could see their Princess now?” Izuku purred as he slammed into her from behind. Rias was completely wrapped up in ropes and was gagged. He and Akeno had *fun* experimenting with their redheaded lover, and Akeno was *delighted* when she realized Rias actually *did* love a little bondage herself.

He raised his hand and brought it down with a harsh crack on her lovely, pale ass. She squealed through her gag. There was a large amount of drool leaking from it. “Taking it up her ass-” *Maō*, Rias’s ass was tight. Even tighter than Akeno’s and Levi-tan’s. “-while tied up and riding her family train.”

“Mhm!!!” Rias came, squeezing down on his cock like she was trying to crush it. A large stream of fluid erupted beneath them as she came. Izuku grunted from the intense squeezing, fighting back his own orgasm. He didn’t want their game to end just yet.

“Now look at the mess you made!” Izuku chided her and spanked her other cheek. He grabbed them both and spread her, slowly pulling his cock out and leaving her to gape for him. She was still spasming and occasionally squirted a little more as she continued to cum. “Guess I’ll have to

plug that up.” With his cock cleaned with a quick spell, he thrust into her pussy again. He grabbed her full, luscious hair and pulled back just enough for her to feel it.

“Mhm! Mhm! Mhm!” Rias let out a muffled moan with every thrust. He grabbed her hips and gripped them tight, slamming into her just the way she liked.

‘Maō, I’m going to have to be careful if I ever end up having another human. I’d break them...’ The thought crossed his mind as he sped up his pace. Izuku knew there was no way a human girl could even take his entire *dick*, much less at the brutal pace he had set. Rias and all of his other girls *loved* it.

Something Rias made clear when she squeezed down on him again, trembling in place as she squirted all over the floor for about the fifth time that day. When she relaxed and went limp, he pulled her back and reached up. He removed her gag and turned her face possessively, kissing his future wife with all the love he had for her.

“I-Izuku...” She mewled when they parted. “You haven’t cum yet. I want it, daddy. I want your cum!”

He chuckled as he grabbed her throat. She let out a little gasp as he began to pound her again. His other hand went down to her clit and started to vibrate. “You like that, Princess?”

“Yes!” She choked out. He wasn’t squeezing hard and he knew exactly how much she could take by now, so he let off a bit for her to take a big breath. Her lungs filled, he squeezed again and picked up the pace.

She moaned wantonly as he continued to fuck her, sending little waves of lightning up her spine and into her brain with every thrust. Finally, he pressed his cock as deep as it would go and came. He *flooded* her. Even with how ultra-tight she was around him; he came so much that some spurted out. He relaxed his grip on her throat and whispered sweet nothings into her ear. His hands found her breasts and gently vibrated them as he continued kissing her nape.

Rias continued milking him until his orgasm ran out. “I love you.” She whimpered as she turned her head and kissed him again.

“I love you too, Rias.” He smiled at her. He gently pulled out of her and watched the *deluge* of cum that poured out. *‘I still can’t get over that. How do Devils **not** get pregnant when they cum this much?’* He chuckled to himself.

To his surprise, Rias destroyed her bonds with her family gift and turned around under her own power. She pushed him into his plush seat and knelt before him. She had his cock *all* the way down her throat before he could finish blinking. She moaned with him in her throat, savoring the taste of their love. Her tongue licked every inch and even came out to flick his balls. He felt a spell get cast and then her tongue elongated, wrapping around his sack and massaging them. And then her *entire* throat began to *vibrate*.

He let out a groan as he enjoyed his lady love's ministrations. *'Looks like we're not done ruining this car just yet.'* He chuckled in amusement and grabbed hold of her hair. *'Good. I'm not done with you yet either, Rias.'*

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"Do they do this every time?" Asia asked in awe as she stared at the beautiful fireworks the Gremory servants and townsfolk lit off once they exited the train. All of them were cheering for their Princess's return. If only they knew what Izuku had been doing to her on the ride there. Akeno, Lavinia, Aika, and even Ingvild were giving Rias a small evil eye for having gotten to monopolize his time for the entire trip. He'd have to make it up to them.

"Yes." Rias said bluntly. *'Honestly, it's like they haven't seen me in a year. Izuku and I were here just a little over a month ago.'* She sighed mentally as they made their way to her parent's home. Asia was left *stunned* at the sheer excess on display.

Izuku looked at Asia and Ingvild once they were situated in their carriages, "Everything go okay with your registration?"

"Yes!" Ingvild said happily. "Well, after Mr. Reynald almost fainted upon seeing Grandma and realizing who she was." Izuku and Rias chortled for a moment, feeling bad for the loyal engineer.

Lavinia giggled, "I had to register officially as well, now that I'm your Bishop."

"I did have to change into Devil form for a moment." Asia said with her own giggle, "But I was fine to return to normal after that."

"Good." Izuku smiled at them. "Shall we?" He offered Rias his arm. She took it with a happy smile as their Peerages followed behind them.

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The first few hours that they were in the Underworld, Izuku kept his mental promise to Akeno, Aika, and Lavinia. The three almost didn't make it to dinner. "This looks amazing, as always." Izuku complimented Zeoticus and Venelana.

Asia was sitting next to him and completely *goggling* over the amount of food on the massive table. Zeoticus chuckled, "Only the best for my family." He smirked at Izuku, "I see you haven't wasted much time in beginning to fill out your Peerage. Good."

Izuku smiled back, "And they've been wonderful so far."

"Have you kept up your studies, Izuku?" Venelana asked intently, drawing their attention. "I hear Serafall is already clamoring for your promotion. You're going to be breaking all sorts of records, you know?"

“I have, of course, Venelana.” Izuku responded. It had taken him *far* too long to get all these utensils right. What was wrong with a simple pair of chopsticks? “Although I do think Levi-tan is going a bit overboard in this case.”

“Izuku, you stole True Longinus.” Rias deadpanned, causing her parents to stiffen. She smirked, “You’re lucky she’s not trying harder.”

“I’m sorry.” Zeoticus said, a shit-eating grin starting to cross his face. “He *what now?*”

And so Rias launched into the tale of their Kyoto adventures. In the end, even Venelana had lost her composure and let out a full laugh. “Incredible! Yes, I can certainly see why Serafall was so insistent.” She smiled at Izuku, “Well done, Izuku.”

“Thank you.” Izuku said simply, not really feeling what he had done was really worthy of *praise*. He had killed a man and consumed his soul, after all.

“Having *that* weapon out of our enemies’ hands is surely a worthy reason for promotion to Ultimate. Even *fighting* that accursed thing is difficult in the extreme.” Zeoticus turned to his wife, “Dear, didn’t you-”

“Lose my great uncle to it? Yes, I did. It’s been over seven-hundred years, I believe.” Venelana had satisfaction *all* over her face. “Even his Power of Destruction wasn’t enough to deter its holy aura.”

“Really?” Rias asked curiously, having never heard of this before.

“Oh yes.” Venelana nodded, “If memory serves, Sirzechs hadn’t even been born yet.”

“Wow.” Rias blinked.

“That said,” Venelana turned her gaze towards Izuku, “This meteoric rise of yours, especially as you have yet to participate in even a single Rating Game, certainly has its detractors. The conservatives like my fool of a brother are clamoring to strike it down, screaming of favoritism. They were already upset when Sirzechs and Ajuka assigned you to the High-Class to start.”

Izuku shrugged, “I’m truthfully in no hurry. I’m not exactly asking for it.” He smirked, “Though I’m well aware of how important it is to raise my standing for my future with Rias. So I hope your brother doesn’t make too much of a fuss, otherwise I’m afraid I’ll have to prove myself, and it won’t be too pretty for him.”

Venelana giggled behind her hand. “I’ve been wanting to see him knocked off his pedestal since he exiled Mislal and her son.” Her smile was *all* vengeful eagerness. “So I hope you’ll forgive me for *hoping* he raises as much of a fuss as possible.”

With that, they resumed filling their bellies. “Rias, dear, what are your plans for your stay?” Her father asked.

“I believe that the Demon Youth Social is in three days,” Rias said, “I plan on visiting Seekvaira prior to that. I’m hoping to commission something in Agreas.”

“Oh?” Venelana raised an eyebrow. “There’s very few things that you’d go there for, specifically.” She turned an amused glance towards Izuku. “Just what have you gotten my daughter into, young man?”

“Oh, he can’t take credit for this.” Rias chuckled, “I merely realized one of his gifts wasn’t really working for me and decided to try to upgrade. I had a small training session with Kiba to give me ideas on what I wanted.”

Izuku squinted. ‘*One of my gifts that isn’t working for her?*’ He thought to himself in confusion. He shrugged, “Well, I’m eager to see what you cook up, darling.”

“Oh, I think I might need your help with it.” Rias said with a small smirk, “I’m sure you’ll love Agreas. Even your home world didn’t have an entire floating island.”

Izuku’s eyes widened and he smiled eagerly.

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The first day of their stay, Izuku visited the Gremory territory with Rias and their Peerages. There was plenty to see, including Rias’s own personal castle. He was shocked, *shocked* to see it wasn’t a Japanese castle. “Not Japanese-styled? Who are you and what have you done with my Rias?” Izuku asked with a complete deadpan.

Rias giggled, “My parents had this made for me *before* I discovered my love for Japan, thank you very much.”

“I don’t believe it!” Asia gaped at the sight. “They made you a whole replica of Mount Saint-Michel!” In the Devil style, of course. It was all dark bricks and red tiling. “What does a young girl need all this for?! Especially when you don’t even use it!”

Rias chuckled, “Asia, my family has been building wealth since time immemorial. As have most of the other Devil families. Quite simply, we like to show off.” She smiled at the former nun, “Besides, it’s not like it’s a total waste. The castle and surrounding town provide excellent places for the common folk to live and work. It’s a destination as much as it is somewhere for me to live, if I wish. I never really have, so my parents have never had an issue with me allowing people to live here. Only the top towers are kept off limits to outsiders.”

Asia only shook her head. This was something that would probably take her decades to get used to.

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After touring the area, they then visited the palace Sirzechs owned and stayed in when he visited his hometown. Izuku and Rias then went to see the place *they* had decided upon for their own

marriage home. The area was as picturesque as they expected, and Izuku almost felt bad about disturbing it. There was a warm lake that they indulged themselves in for an hour or two. “How long do you think it would take a population to form here, once we decide to actually build?” He asked as they floated in the lake together.

“Not long.” Rias giggled, “As I told Asia, the common folk all love our family. Far more so than the commoners of other parts of the Underworld. They’ll move in droves, and with how little effort it takes to build housing when you have magic at your disposal, I’d be shocked if there wasn’t a small city and full railway connecting the area to the rest of our territories within the year.”

“That’s still just insanity to me.” He muttered, “Even with Quirks, it still took time for things to move back in my home world. Yeah, Cementoss could freely manipulate cement for quick and easy building, but there was still permits and stuff to deal with. Not to mention all the plumbing and stuff.”

Rias laughed some more, “Love, you’re still thinking too linearly.” She pinched his nipple with a wicked grin. “Think of it like this: if a regular human wants to build something on a marsh, they have to drive piles into bedrock to ensure that the foundation isn’t shaky. If bedrock is a hundred meters down, they have to dig down a hundred meters. Quirks will help, but they still have to obey the land.” She increased his buoyancy with a spell and straddled him, smirking at him. “With magic, you just transfigure an entire foundation with a snap of your fingers. With magic, you can excavate an entire acre in seconds. With magic, you can float all your materials into place and meld them together seamlessly, no nails or screws needed. And then enchant them to be fireproof, stronger than they should be, etc. If we wanted to build our entire palace in the center of the lake, we would have a perfectly circular lake kilometers wider in seconds and a floating palace not too long after.”

Izuku let out a low laugh. “Guess I really *do* need to expand my mind a little.” He grabbed her hips and repositioned her, drawing a low moan as he penetrated her again. “But I can worry about that later.” He growled as she began to ride him again.

Sex in the moonlight at midnight while floating in a warm lake they owned? ‘*Maō, I love magic.*’

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“Seekvaira!” Rias greeted the young woman with a happy smile.

Seekvaira was beautiful, like most Devils were. She had long, straight blonde hair with a greenish tinge, and like Sōna, wore glasses, hiding pink eyes. Her attire was rich and exquisite with the Agares symbol all over it. She gave off a sense of coldness, rather than calm assurance. And yet despite that serious mien, her words were anything but. “What happened to ‘*Seek-chan*,’ Rias?”

Rias blushed as Izuku chortled. “N-Never mind that.” Rias mumbled, “This is Izuku.” She introduced her man to her old friend.

“The famous Midoriya.” Seekvaira’s expression didn’t change much as she offered him her hand. “A pleasure to meet you.”

He grabbed it and kissed her knuckles as he had been taught, “The pleasure is all mine, Lady Agares.”

To Rias’s *small* amount of relief, her childhood friend did not blush. “So, what brings you to Agreas?” Seekvaira asked them.

“Well, *I’m* showing Izuku around the Underworld, of course.” Rias responded, “Though I was hoping you’d be able to point us to the finest smith in Agreas, as well.”

“A *smith*?” Seekvaira raised an eyebrow. A ghost of a smile crossed her lips, “My, my, you really *have* changed. I suppose becoming a dragon inexplicably gives you some new instincts, hmm?”

Rias chuckled, “Oh, I’m not the only one. Akeno has been training hard as well.” She smiled at her old friend, “We merely had it pointed out that one-trick-ponies can easily find themselves outmatched in their particular specialties, and so we decided to branch out.”

“Hmm.” Seekvaira made a noncommittal noise. “Interesting. Very interesting.” She said, “I find myself quite interested in seeing just what you have planned. Shall we?” They started to walk through the town, and she surprised them by casting a privacy barrier around them. “So, Midoriya, how *did* you knock out all of the fried chicken’s Peerage?” She asked nonchalantly.

Izuku had to bite back a snort at the noble and refined lady deciding to call Riser Phenex ‘*fried chicken*.’ He let out a soft chuckle, “Oh, I merely sorted those who were worth fighting from those who weren’t.”

“Can it be taught?” Seekvaira asked, before smirking at Rias, “Because that power looked *veeery* similar to one I’ve read about.”

Izuku raised an eyebrow in surprise. ‘*Wait, she’s read One Piece? I can’t say I expected that!*’

Rias smirked back at her friend, “Mayyyybe... Of course, you do have to be born with it.” She shot back playfully.

Seekvaira let out a small laugh, “I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again. What lucky star were you born under, Rias? If only *I* could find a way to bring things from my favorite shows to life.”

Rias held her fingers to her lips and shushed Seekvaira. “I don’t want that getting out.”

“What do you think the privacy barrier was for?” The greenish-blond responded before turning to Izuku. “**Haōshoku Haki**, was it?” She smirked, “Along with the Soru Soru no Mi, if I’m not mistaken?”

“Have to say... didn’t expect to find any other fans here.” Izuku muttered.

“Oh, I prefer mecha, though I dabble in other shows.” Seekvaira responded, and Rias cut in before she could continue.

“She has an entire palace just for her Gunplas.” Rias had a wide smirk on her face.

Seekvaira’s cheeks pinked a little. “It’s not a *whole* palace.”

“Interesting!” Izuku laughed, before connecting a mental message to Rias, “*You know there’s a movie Fruit that basically will allow her to create mechas, right?*”

Rias almost missed a step, “...*Oh, fucking Hell, I forgot about Bullet! She might actually try to have you right here in the middle of the street if you offered it to her.*”

“...Something tells me I’ve been left out of a conversation.” Seekvaira deadpanned as Izuku’s cheeks reddened a little. She shrugged, “Well, keep your secrets, then. For now.” She said with a side-eye to Rias, “Are either of you hungry?”

“Starving.” They both responded.

“Excellent. I’ve got us a booth at a Japanese-style BBQ place my family owns.” Seekvaira declared, and both Izuku and Rias started to drool a tiny bit.

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“We *need* a place like that nearby.” Izuku declared once their bellies were full, “That was amazing.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it.” Seekvaira said, her expression a tiny bit freer now that she had warmed up to them slightly. Their indulgence of some good Sake helped. “It’s well known that it’s my father’s favorite restaurant in Agreas. He experienced it in the human world decades ago and had one built here the next day.” She chuckled lightly, “He even turned the head chef into one of his Pawns. He’s far more famous now than he ever was as a human chef.”

‘*Huh, so **that’s** what the oldest families do.*’ Izuku thought to himself. ‘*I guess most of the Pillars really stick to servants in the strictest sense of the word.*’

“In any case, let’s be off.” Seekvaira said, before leading them deeper into Agreas. “If you want a demonic weapon commissioned,” she said dryly, “There’s no better option than Ulfberht, unless you want to make a deal with a God like Hephestus.”

Rias chuckled, “I see your family has a good eye for talent in general.” She might like Japanese history best, but even she knew of the famous Ulfberht blades of Scandinavia.

“Lady Agares!” The man himself greeted them as they walked in. He bowed before them. “What can I do for you, my lady? I never imagined you would walk into my shop.”

“Lady Rias Gremory is looking to make a commission.” Seekvaira responded, waving her hand towards the buxom redhead.

“Lady Gremory.” Ulfberht bowed, “Welcome, and thank you for choosing my humble shop.”

“Of course.” Rias said nonchalantly, “I only want the best, of course, so I’ll be trusting in your expertise, Ulfberht.”

“I guarantee you won’t be disappointed.” Ulfberht pounded a fist onto his chest, “So what can I do for you?”

“I want you to make me this.” Rias took out her phone and showed him something on it. “Only instead of lightning, I want it infuse my **Power of Destruction** into it.” She smirked, “I want you to make me a Demonic Blade that will make *Gram* look like a second-rate blade from a third-rate smith. Are you up for the challenge?”

Ulfberht’s eyes widened, “My, my, that’ll take quite a bit of effort, even for me. The **Power of Destruction** is *quite* corrosive, I’ve been told.”

“I suppose that’s where I come in.” Izuku said with a chuckle, “You merely need to make her the weapon. I’ll help bind it to her.”

“Then I suppose it’ll have to be Adamantine and Orichalcum.” Ulfberht rubbed his beard. He grinned, “Well, let no one say I’m not up for the *challenge*.” He waved her deeper into his forge, “Right this way, my Lady. We’ll iron out the specifics.”

“Have fun.” Seekvaira giggled, “I think I’ll spend some time interrogating Izuku here a little more.”

As Rias wandered into the forge, she couldn’t help but think, ‘...*I hope that’s not **another** one.*’

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She sweatdropped when she exited the forge and saw Seekvaira animatedly ranting about *Pacific Rim: Uprising* to Izuku, who was having to fight back some laughter. “Explain it to me! Explain how you could possibly screw up Giant Mecha vs Kaiju?!”

“Changing the directors was *such* a mistake.” Izuku replied, amusement clear on his face. “Those damn mechs moved like they were two feet tall and weighed about the same as watermelons.”

Seekvaira huffed, “Oh, don’t even get me *started* on that-”

Rias sighed and shook her head.

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“I see you’re a celebrity even here in Lilith.” Izuku sweatdropped as the train finally arrived in the Capital City of the Underworld and they got out onto the platform.

Rias sighed as her adoring fans rained down cheers from the platform above. “Yup...” She said dully as she plastered on a smile and waved.

“Ufufufu, Rias is Lucifer’s younger sister and a renowned beauty. That makes her an object of admiration for all the Lower and Mid-Class Devils.” Akeno looked very amused.

Rias sighed, “Let’s go before this gets out of hand.”

Izuku grinned and leaned over, “I could always show them who you belong to.” He purred in her ear.

She let out a laugh, “I think you might *actually* start a riot if you do.” They quickly made their way to their private subway train and out of sight of her adoring fans. It took another five minutes before they arrived at their destination: the tallest building in the land. The station was directly beneath it. “Now, you all need to make sure you keep your heads inside here. Regardless of what anyone says to you, don’t get into fights. These are our rivals, and we mustn’t do anything that could harm our reputations.”

“Yes, yes, time to posture.” Izuku let out a sigh before putting on his game face. “Girls, listen to what Rias says as well.” He told his Peerage, “And Asia, whatever you do, make sure you don’t pray or mention Him. Here in front of all these Devil big wigs, that would be a bad idea.”

Asia sighed, “Okay, big brother.”

They all rode the spacious elevator up and exited into a large hall. A servant bowed to them, “Lady Gremory, Lord Midoriya, this way please.”

They were led down a long corridor and Izuku grinned as he spotted someone. “Sai!” He called out with a grin.

Sairaorg turned around with a grin of his own. “Izuku!” He strode forward; hand raised in preparation. Izuku raised his own before they dapped up. Just *that* caused a shockwave that ruffled everyone else’s clothes and blew loose hair back. Asia and Ingvild goggled at the sheer strength on display. “Oh, thank the Maō you guys are here.” The big man laughed. “And Rias too! Welcome, cousin.” He hugged her.

“Hello yourself!” Rias chuckled, “What has you lurking over here?”

“Ahh, I just couldn’t stand it in there. I had to step outside.” Sairaorg responded, before grinning over at the Peerages. “I see some new faces.” He said, smiling at them all, “How do you do?”

“Everyone, this is my cousin, Sairaorg Bael.” Rias introduced them. Everyone either bowed or curtsied to her cousin and greeted him. “What’s going on? Has no one else arrived?” She asked curiously.

“Worse, almost everyone has.” Sairaorg deadpanned, “And Agares and Glasya-Labolas are already at each other’s throats.”

“Oh, bother.” Rias sighed before they all had to reposition their feet as the building shook. “I see the argument must have escalated.” She deadpanned before they all made their way in.

The spacious banquet hall they entered was littered by the wreckage of countless tables, chairs, and decorations. Two camps were prominent, facing off against one another, and each had already drawn weapons. Izuku sighed, “Don’t fight, huh Rias?”

She shook her head as they strode forward. They zeroed in on Seekvaira as she spoke, “Zephyrdor, must you start a fight now of all times?” The prim and proper greenish-blond asked dryly. “I’m sure the higher ups won’t blame me for killing you if you truly have a death wish.” Her Peerage was immaculately dressed, either in maid outfits or butler outfits, depending on their preferences.

The other side was made up of complete hooligans, apparently. Several of them had tattoos, and all of them had whacky hairstyles in almost neon colors. “Ha! You shouldn’t run your mouth, bitch!” And immediately, Izuku’s opinion of the man hit the ground. “If you want a purging, I’ll be happy to oblige you, virgin! You’re always hiding behind your guards. No wonder you haven’t done it yet!” And now it was tunneling somewhere in the bedrock. “But don’t worry! If you beg, I might be convinced to have a *special* opening ceremony with you.”

Izuku’s eye twitched at the sexual harassment his new friend was dealing with. Luckily, Sairaorg stepped forward. “I didn’t really want to get involved, but I guess it can’t be helped.” Izuku and Rias followed. “We’re supposed to wait here until the event gets underway.” Sairaorg continued, “Or more specifically, the old families want us to air any bad blood before we head in. I suggest you stick to words, lest I be forced to intervene.”

Glasya-Labolas growled at Sairaorg, “As if I’d let the incompetent Heir to the House of Bael inte-”

Before the man had even finished speaking, he was buried waist-deep into the far wall. The Peerage of delinquents roared in anger. “Damn you, Bael!”

“See to your master.” Rias said coldly. “Otherwise the next thing you face won’t be my cousin’s fists, but my Annihilation.” The sheer aura of danger that engulfed her scared them shitless and they turned and did as they were told. She sighed, “Honestly.” She huffed as she walked up to Seekvaira. “What was that all about?”

“Just a dumb mutt.” Seekvaira replied coldly. “The Glasya-Labolas heir died quite suddenly in an accident. That lout was never meant to inherit and is lashing out because everyone knows it and how much of an inferior heir he is.”

“Wonderful.” Izuku said dryly. “Inferiority AND superiority complexes.”

“Indeed.” Seekvaira said, “Excuse me while I go redo my makeup.” She said before exiting with her Peerage in tow. The rest of them quickly had servants restore the room, before sitting together with one another.

It was a large, round table where only the Kings could sit, so their Peerages sat behind them in smaller tables. Izuku cast his gaze at the others. Sōna was there too, which made seven of them in total. Glasya-Labolas had obviously not been welcomed and was sitting away from everyone else, glaring in their direction.

“I see we have an unexpected face.” A calm male Devil spoke with a charming smile. “Or perhaps entirely expected.” He appeared to be calm, well-mannered, and soft-spoken. He looked like the kind of person who wouldn’t hurt a fly.

Izuku could see through his charade immediately. *‘His soul is one of the most corrupt here.’* He thought idly, unimpressed by the façade.

“I am Diodora Astaroth, heir to the Astaroth Clan. It is a pleasure, everyone.” Diodora greeted them all before taking another sip of his tea. So, *he* was the heir to Ajuka’s original house.

“Greetings.” Rias spoke next, “I am Rias Gremory, next heir to the Ducal House of Gremory.”

“Sōna Sitri of the Princely House of Sitri.” Sōna smiled at them.

“I am the heir to the Archducal House of Agares, Seekvaira.” She was as cold as ever.

“I am the heir to the Great Kings, Sairaorg Bael.” Sairaorg had his arms crossed.

Izuku smiled at all of them, “Izuku Midoriya.” He introduced himself with his given name first. That was just how things were done in the Underworld. “No House to call my own just yet, but I was promoted to Duke just yesterday.”

“Congratulations!” Seekvaira was the first to say it, joining Sōna and Diodora in clapping politely. “I’m quite interested in hearing just how you pulled that off without a Rating Game to your name.”

“Indeed.” Diodora smiled at him. “We’re all quite curious, I’m sure you understand.”

Izuku gave them a polite chuckle, “Oh, but I’d say I have to keep *some* air of mystery, wouldn’t you say? This *will* turn into a competition, won’t it?” That made some consternation cross their faces, “Besides.” Izuku turned his head, “Looks like we’re out of time.”

The other Heirs (except for Rias and Sairaorg) were caught by surprise as they turned to the door just in time for it to open. “Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience. We are ready to begin.”

A ghost of a smile crossed Seekvaira’s face, *‘I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised he can do **that** too. It will certainly be an interesting event.’*

They filed into the next room and Izuku had to keep his expression placid. The High-Class Devils of their society were all sitting in high seats that loomed over them. It felt almost like they were condemned, being judged for their crimes. ‘*Don’t know why I didn’t expect something like this.*’ Izuku thought dryly. They’d have to look up at their ‘betters’ for the entire meeting. Another tier of spectators sat beyond them too.

Directly in front were the four Maō. Sirzechs, Ajuka, and Serafall were there, with the only female sitting with a wide smile on her face. She winked at him, which made a smile pull his lips for a moment. There was a fourth Maō there that Izuku didn’t know personally but knew had to be Asmodeus.

The seven youths took steps forward, leaving their Peerages behind. “Thank you all for coming.” The Devil who spoke was an old man and not one Izuku recognized. That at least told him it wasn’t one of the current clan heads, nor was it Zekram Bael. “We have gathered you here today to look at the faces of the... *next generation.*” He turned an unimpressed look specifically at Izuku, “And assess the prospects of our youth.”

A mustached man snarked, “Looks like they’ve already had at it, though.” Indeed, Zephyrdor was sporting an *impressive* bruise from where he’d been hit on his cheek. If he wasn’t such an asshole, Izuku might have offered to let Asia heal him.

Sirzechs stood, “In terms of name, pedigree, prestige, and sheer strength, you seven are the most promising Devils amongst your peers.”

“Well, that’s not quite true, is it Lord Lucifer?” A snide voice rang out. “One of them is quite unlike the others.”

“Indeed.” And this one Izuku knew by face. He looked quite like Sairaorg, after all. Only older and more distinguished. “Having an unproven no-name stand here like this is an insult to our heirs.”

“His showing in the unofficial Rating Game between Rias Gremory and Riser Phenex was impressive, mind you.” A distinguished lady said primly, “But last I heard, he was not even a Devil. I hardly see what place he has in such a gathering.”

Behind them, several members of his, Rias’s, Sairaorg’s, and even Sōna’s Peerages were starting to get irritated.

Sairaorg’s father Zytal was sneering, “Indeed, forget a Reincarnated who *already* would have no place here, he isn’t even *that*. Granting him a title as an Ultimate-Class Devil and promoting him to Duke without even following the normal path is ludicrous.” Izuku could see that Serafall was starting to get *pissed*. “Such favoritism is-”

Izuku transformed, allowing his *three* pairs of Devil wings to flex. Mutters started coming from every corner of the room. *Everyone* was speaking in shocked tones about his three pairs of

wings. Something that not even the Devils in that room could claim. Only the oldest of their race like Zekram Bael could claim more than one pair, and Izuku had *three*. He could even see the shocked delight in Revan and Leylana Phenexs' faces and the sheer *satisfaction* all over Venelana and Mislal's faces. "You are mistaken, I'm afraid, Lord Bael." And with that, he resumed his normal form. Zytal's face reddened. "And if you believe I have not earned this promotion, I would be happy to prove otherwise."

"You *dare*-" Zytal was starting to turn *puce* as Izuku called him out in front of everyone there. A surprised and utterly *delighted* smirk crossed Sairaorg's face.

"You know, I think that's an *amazing* idea." Serafall said with a savage smirk rising on hers. "We weren't sure whether to allow your participation in this upcoming event, seeing as you only had two Peerage members last I saw you. An Exhibition Match would be quite fun, wouldn't you say?" She turned and taunted Zytal, "Don't you agree, Lord Bael?"

Forget puce. The man was *purple*. "Of course, Lady Leviathan." He was just *barely* managing to contain his rage. "Then let us make this *promotion* contingent on his performance in this... *match*." He ground out.

"Perfect." Serafall beamed maliciously, "You okay with that, Izuku Midoriya?" She turned to him.

"If that is what *my* Maō desires." He purred at her, and several of the sharper Devils caught Serafall's pleased smile as well as the lightest inflection on the word 'my.' "Will this be one-vs-one or Peerage vs Peerage?" He asked.

"Hmm, one-vs-one should be fine." Serafall said nonchalantly.

Zytal's eyes lit up maliciously. '*Good. Nothing to protect you from **me**, brat.*'

"It is settled then." Sirzechs was also satisfied. This would only raise Izuku's estimation in the eyes of their society.

Up above, Leylana laughed to her two best friends, "Oh, he played that *perfectly*."

"Gave them enough rope to hang themselves upon and then pounced." Venelana's smirk could not be wider. "I'm *quite* looking forward to seeing my fool brother be humiliated."

But with that, they got back on track. "Excellent. And with that matter *settled*," Sirzechs said firmly, "It is time to get to the purpose of today's meeting." He looked down at them, "With your formal debuts fast approaching, we would have you compete against one-another. Call it a Youth Devil Rating Game Tournament, if you will."

Eager smiles rose on all of their faces. Izuku and Sairaorg shared a look, hoping that they would have a chance to face one-another. *This* time, they would certainly be able to go all out. "To cut a

long story short, our hopes and dreams lay with you, young ones. You are the Underworld's greatest treasures. And so we would like to hear from you and each of your future goals."

Sairaorg answered immediately and without a hint of doubt, "To become a Maō."

Several of the higher-ups let out gasps of shock with admiration mixed in. "That's unheard of!"

"Unheard of or not, when the people of the Underworld feel there is no choice but to offer me the position, that is when I shall accept it." Sairaorg spoke as if it were a forgone conclusion. He sure had guts! Izuku didn't quite catch what Diodora said as he examined the rest of the Devils.

Seekvaira decided to go next, "To rise to the top of the Rating Games ladder." Seekvaira declared next, to much applause from the audience. Several acted like it was *also* a forgone conclusion that the heir to Agares would manage something like that.

'These people put far too much stock in their blood.' Izuku sighed to himself.

Rias stepped forward and looked her older brother in the eye. Once, her answer would have been something entirely different. Now? She only had three words. **"To surpass you."**

The room went so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop. Sirzechs broke it with a small chuckle, "I look forward to it, my dearest sister." And the noise started again.

Sōna had her turn, "I want to build a school here in the Underworld to teach Devils how to fight properly in the Rating Game."

*'So **that's** her goal.'* Izuku smiled slightly, *'How admirable.'* He eyed the higher-ups who were frowning in displeasure, *'Doesn't seem like these fools know any better though.'*

"A school? We already have a place of learning for that." Zytal was still steaming over his embarrassment, and he glared at Sōna over it.

"For the High-Class and privileged only." Sōna replied coolly, "I intend to build a school for the rest, where even the low-ranking and reincarnated can attend."

And as Izuku sadly predicted, most of the room started to *howl* with laughter. "HOW ABSURD!" Zytal cackled, slamming a fist on his table.

"I see!" Another jeered, "So she's a dreamy-eyed maiden!"

"Ahhh, to be young and ignorant! Yet for the heir to the House of Sitri to cling to such a fantasy... all I can say is *'thank goodness she said it here before her debut!'* How embarrassing!"

The jeering was coming from nearly all corners. Rias, Sairaorg, Izuku, and all of their Peerage members were showing signs of anger. Seekvaira wasn't, though he could feel how her emotions had shifted. And Mt. Serafall was also starting to boil.

“Sōna Sitri, Low-Class Devils and reincarnated ones live to serve their masters.” One said dismissively, “To build a facility like that would be an affront to all the old families who pride themselves on tradition. We may be in a progressive period, but some things cannot be given up. Educating Low-Class Devils should be none of your concern.”

Izuku looked at Sirzechs and Serafall, “*Want me to quiet them down?*” Only a few of the Devils caught that there *was* a mental message exchanged.

Serafall jumped to her feet in response as *that* would be a bad idea. “I’ve had just about enough.” She snapped, “If my little Sōna does well in the Rating Games, you’ll change your tunes quickly, won’t you?”

There was silence for a moment. Many of them were having trouble responding. Sōna spoke again. “You asked for my goals, and now you have them.” She smiled thinly, “As our Lady Leviathan has stated, once I succeed in the Rating Games, you’ll have to swallow all those complaints whole.”

Roygun Belphegor chuckled, “Indeed. It would be quite entertaining to see you succeed, Heir Sitri. I wish you good fortune in the days ahead.” She smiled down at Izuku, “But we still have one to go.”

Well, it was to be a Hero, obviously. It had been the burning desire of his soul since he had his own thoughts. But these people wouldn’t understand that in the slightest. So instead, he chose another path. “To be immortal.” People murmured in confusion and disappointment.

“Ha!” Revan let out an amused laugh. “Not even we Phenex are immortal, young man.”

“You misunderstand, Lord Phenex.” Izuku said simply, smiling up at the man.

“Oh?” Revan smirked, “So what did you mean, then?”

“It’s simple.” Izuku said and an eager grin rose on Rias’s face as she realized what he was going to say. “A man only dies when he is *forgotten*.”

In other words, he wanted to write his name so deep in the annals of history that none would ever forget him.

To those like the Gremory, the Sitri, the Phenex, even the younger Devils like Seekvaira, it was a promise of change. Of a bright future.

But to those like Zytal Bael? Coming from a reincarnated human like him, who had already embarrassed a Lord in a meeting like this? It was nothing short of a declaration of *war* against them and their *precious* traditions.

“*Wonderful*.” Sirzechs rose, “We greatly look forward to your deeds in the coming decades. That goes for all of you!” He swept his gaze to each of the young Devils in turn. “Then all that’s left is to set our matches.” He clicked his fingers, “For this first round, you already have your

Exhibition Match against Lord Bael, Izuku Midoriya. As such, you will be excluded for now. Rias, you will be facing Sōna.”

Grins crossed both of the ladies’ faces. “I can’t wait.” They both said, before turning challenging grins towards one another. “It might not be an official bout, but to think my very first opponent would be you. It must be fate.” Sōna declared, an excited gleam in her eye.

“I hope you’re ready, my friend. I don’t intend to lose.” Rias was burning with her own fiery aura.

“Yaaay!” Serafall cheered, “A match between Rias and Sōna! I’m so excited!”

“Excellent.” Sirzechs clapped, “Diodora, you will face Seekvaira. Sairaorg, it will be you against Zephyrdor.” He looked down at them, “And to give everyone time to prepare, we will set these matches for the final week of August. That gives you two weeks to train hard. The first match will be held on the twenty-ninth.” He looked at Seekvaira and Diodora. “The second will be on the thirtieth.” Now he nodded to Sairaorg and Zephyrdor. “And we shall have our final two matches on the thirty-first.” He smiled at Izuku and Rias, “The details will be provided closer to those dates. We wish you all luck in the battles ahead!”

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“So, what have you got planned for us?” Aika was the one who asked the question with a cheerful grin.

Izuku chuckled, “Well, Lavi-chan won’t be participating in any matches, so I suppose she could continue to train you.”

“Nope.” Rias smirked, “I’m calling in a favor. Aika will have a nice and special trainer all for herself.”

Aika squinted, “...This isn’t just an excuse to have Izu to yourself, is it? Haven’t you had enough yet?”

Rias flushed and shot her a glare. “First of all, *never*.” She said and several of them cracked smirks. “And second of all, no. None of us here can teach you what I’m hoping you learn. So I’m calling in a favor.”

Aika pouted, “Oh, come on!”

Izuku chuckled and grabbed her ass. “Quiet down, Aika. If you survive I’ll do that thing you wanted.”

“Ah!” She squeaked, before her cheeks reddened. “Promise?”

“Of course!” He said firmly.

“Then I’ll *definitely* do my bes-” She trailed off and squinted at him. “...What do you mean if I *survive?!?*” She yelped.

“Note that didn’t trigger any sort of reaction in the face of dick.” Koneko smirked, “*Chinporiyūtei.*”

“KONEKO!” Aika yelled before everyone started to laugh. “No, seriously, what do you mean by ‘survive?!’ Guys?! GUYS!” She started to cry crocodile tears as everyone walked back into the manor, cackling.

...

“Damn, the hot springs here are perfect.” Izuku let out a groan as he lounged against the warm rocks.

“You can just feel yourself being reinvigorated, can’t you?” Kiba called out with a grin, “The hot springs in the underworld are leagues better than the ones in the living world. Would you like me to wash your back, Izuku?”

Izuku chuckled and waved him off, “Maybe later. I’d rather just relax right now.” He then blinked his eyes, “Wait, where’s Gasper?” He looked around, before sighing. “It’s just us three right now, Gasper. Come in.” He said, while wondering why in the hell Gasper was covering his chest as well.

“Uhm...” The nervous Dhampir fidgeted.

Izuku rolled his eyes and let out a small smirk. He reached out and an emerald-green hand grabbed Gasper. “Kyaa!”

“Come on now. Consider this training.” Izuku chuckled as he gently set Gasper inside the pool.

“Kyaaa! Hot! It’s hoooooottttt! I’m going to meeeelllltttt! Izukuuuuu!” His screams echoed.

“THAT’S WHAT SHE SAID!” Aika howled from the women’s side of the hot springs. “Am I missing some hot BL in there?!”

“AIKA!” Asia’s sweet voice followed, sounding aghast as giggles followed.

Izuku rolled his eyes with a fond grin. “Don’t make me tie you up and torment you again.” He called back. “And before you get excited, I’ll leave you strung up for a whole day next time.”

“Grk!” Aika’s excited retort died in her throat. More giggles rang out.

“So, Izuku, will you have time to spar with me during these two weeks, or will you be too busy with the others?” Kiba asked him.

“Hmm, aren’t you going to be training with Okita-san?” Izuku was still wowed over the fact that *the* Okita Souji was one of Sirzechs’s Knights. He shook his head, “In any case, you just have to ask. I still have to help you with your Kenbunshoku too.”

“I’m quite interested in how that power of yours works, boya.” A new voice rang out and all three of them let out shouts of alarm, flinging themselves away. “Wahahaha! That was quite a reaction!”

“Is everything okay?!” Rias called out.

Izuku’s jaw dropped, “Sun Wukong!?” He asked incredulously. He heard several of the girls gasp as well. “What are you doing here?! *How* are you here?!”

“Wahahaha!” The old monkey laughed before his clothes vanished and he got in the water.

“What, an old man can’t enjoy a nice hot spring?” He relaxed, “This sure hits the spot, let me tell you.”

“Well, we just weren’t expecting you, Goku-sama.” Kiba said cautiously.

Izuku chuckled, “Well, far be it for me to begrudge someone the chance to enjoy this place. It’s good to see you again.” He settled back down. “You still haven’t answered my questions though.”

“Oh, I just heard on the vine that you lot would be having a Rating Game tournament.” The old monkey grinned. Truth be told, the Devil leadership was advertising these games quite heavy-handedly. They were eager to show the strength of the next generation. “And I thought it had been quite *boring* for the past few centuries. You youngins are a breath of fresh air. So call me... eager for some entertainment and nurturing all in one.” Well, that and he was getting a bit tired of Indra’s bitching over the loss of his pet project.

“Nurtur-” Izuku’s eyes widened, “Do you intend to take some of us for training?” He questioned.

“Indeed.” Sun Wukong responded with a grin and Rias let out a squeal of joy from the other side.

“The little Mara intrigues me. Her Ascension may have been forced by that fruit of yours, but the World recognizes it all the same.”

Aika let out a mewl of shock, ‘*Oh hells, he’s talking about ME!*’

“Oh dear...” Rias tapped her chin, “I had already planned a trainer for you, but one doesn’t simply refuse an offer from *the* Sun Wukong.”

“Oh, don’t worry, Ruin Princess!” Wukong called out with a laugh, “If that old lizard raises up a fuss, I’ll just give him another spanking.”

Rias’s face was the picture of shock at his words. ‘*How did he know?!*’

Izuku chuckled before a gleam entered his eyes, “I know you were probably just here for Aika, but mind taking one more?”

“Oh? You seem plenty strong already, boya. So eager to learn?” Wukong grinned at him.

“Not me.” Izuku denied, much to the old monkey’s surprise. “Sure, it would be amazing. But we’ve got someone here who could use your specific help a lot more.”

“Hehehehe!” Wukong laughed again. “What a surprise! My specific help, hmm? You’re talking about the little Nekoshō, aren’t you?”

Koneko let out a gasp as Izuku nodded. “Mhm. You’re a master of Senjutsu from what I’ve heard. I’d love to find Kuroka, but we don’t have a damn clue where *that* kitty is.”

“Yeah, I think I’m fine with that.” Wukong declared, “What about you, little kitten?” He yelled out.

Koneko *really* wanted to learn from her sister. But Izuku had a point. And it was *Sun fucking Wukong*. “Yes, please!” She needed to do something special for Izuku. *Really* special.

“It’s settled then.” Wukong chuckled. “You should train with Tannin yourself, Ruin Princess. I doubt you’ve unlocked the true power of that new form of yours.” He called out to Rias.

“Not a bad idea.” Rias agreed. This *did* mean she would have to rejigger her plans a little bit, but that was fine. She laughed, “I hope Sōna found an equally-good trainer, otherwise this won’t be much of a match.”

Izuku smirked slightly. ‘*Don’t get cocky, my love. That’s an easy way to lose.*’ He thought to himself.

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Izuku formed up with the group the next day outside of the Gremory Palace. Koneko, Aika, and Sun Wukong were already gone, whisked away far into the mountains. He and his girls had spent half the night refining their plans for the next two weeks. His girls might not be participating in any Rating Game, but that was no reason not to train when everyone else would be. “Morning, everyone!” He greeted them.

“Good morning, Izuku!” Everyone called out, except for Asia, who called him ‘big brother’ like she always did nowadays.

He grinned, “So, our schedule is going to be a bit different than we planned originally.” He told them, “Especially with Aika and Koneko out to train with Sun Wukong.” He still sounded a bit awed at that. “Several of our trainers have taken time out of their schedules to help us, so we can’t change things too much for the first week. Kiba, you’ll be with Okita-san. Gasper, you and Asia will be with Venelana. She’ll be helping you with your basics and with your magic. Rias...

you know who.” He grinned as she gulped a little. “Akeno, Lavi, Ingvild, you three are surrendered to the tender mercies of Deila and Grayfia-san.”

“Oh dear...” Akeno mumbled, remembering the *last* time Grayfia got her hands on her.

“And as for me...” Izuku grinned, “I’m going to go find Sai so we can beat the shit out of each other.” He smirked slightly, “I’ll also be checking in on Sōna and Seekvaira.”

Rias giggled, “Only you, Izuku.” He’d known Seekvaira for all of a couple hours and he had already offered to train with the Agares Heiress. Seekvaira had been a little annoyed at the presumption at first, assuming he believed her to be weak, but Rias had talked her down and changed her mind. Izuku was just a good person who always wanted to see his friends rising as high as possible.

Rias knew Seekvaira had just humored them in accepting, but also knew that Izuku would shake that attitude out of her old friend within ten minutes max.

“But all of this will pale in comparison to the second week. The second week, your asses are all *mine*.” Izuku’s smile had a *slight* tinge of maliciousness to it. “And we’re either going to *start* you on Haki properly or increase your skill with it. As such, we will be sparring with one another intensively. I hope Asia is ready with the heals.”

He smirked at the slight tinge of fear in some of their faces. “Second, some of you have new abilities that need a lot more training. Asia in particular, you need to learn to actually *fight*.”

Asia looked stricken at that, “But I...”

“Need to learn.” Izuku said firmly, appearing in front of her and putting a hand on her head.

“You made a choice, Asia-chan. That meant consequences regardless of anything else. I know you don’t like even the *idea* of hurting people. I was the same, for the longest time. Don’t forget that for all that the Devils you *know* are kind and wonderful, there are just as many who are plain evil and enjoy causing as much pain and hurt as possible. And that goes for humans, Fallen, and beings of every race. I’m not saying you have to learn to be a killer. But I *am* saying you’re going to have to learn to fight, even if only to defend yourself when we’re not around.”

Asia teared up, “O-Okay...”

“Don’t worry.” He continued to headpat her, “Not all fighting has to be done with fists, and you don’t have to knock someone out to prevent them from causing harm. I think barriers and binding spells would be an excellent addition to your repertoire.”

Her expression lit up, “Thank you, big brother.”

Izuku smiled down at her, before taking his place again. “We’re going to put you all through the ringer. I hope you’re all prepared.”

“And I suppose that’s my cue...” Rias muttered as she grabbed the stuffed backpack by her feet.

“Woah!” Asia and Ingvild gasped as a shadow covered them all.

BOOOOOOOM!

A massive quake shook them. “Are we under attack?!” Ingvild wailed, already summoning some water. Deila grabbed her granddaughter’s hand and shook her head with a grin.

“Oh my goodness, a dragon!” Asia called out in awe. And not a cute little one like Rassei either! It was at least fifteen meters tall at the shoulders!

“**Hello, little Gremory.**” The dragon grinned, flashing razor-sharp teeth at them.

“Hello, Tannin.” Rias greeted him with a smile.

‘*So, this is the Blaze Meteor Dragon.*’ Izuku thought as he gazed at the beast.

“**So, where is Ddraig?**” Tannin asked Rias.

She winced a little, “We had a little... change of plans.”

Tannin’s eyes narrowed, “**And you did not deign to inform me?**” His voice was icy now. “**I may owe Sirzechs a favor, little Gremory, but I’m not willing to take an insult.**”

“You’ll be training *me* instead.” Rias said before transforming. She absolutely *dwarfed* the other dragon. “**It was not meant as an insult, Tannin. Sun Wukong decided to come and swoop Aika away.**”

“**Bah, that old ape!**” Tannin growled. “**Always doing as he pleases. I suppose I cannot blame you for that.**” He then chuckled, which sounded like cinderblocks rubbing against one another.

“**But this intrigues me, nonetheless. I think I might like this *better* than playing with Ddraig’s little host. Come, Ruin Princess! We’ll make a proper dragon out of you yet!**”

With that, the much older beast shot into the air and raced away.

“**Have fun, everyone!**” Rias called out, before flying off after Tannin.

Izuku chuckled, “Well, that’s that.” He eyed Grayfia, who had just emerged from the mansion.

“Hello Grayfia.”

“Midoriya-sama.” Grayfia bowed, which made Izuku sigh internally. “Akeno, Lavinia, Miss Leviathan, and Lady Leviathan.” She greeted her three students and fellow trainer. “It has been some time. Come.” She said, before effortlessly surrounding them with a magical circle. The five were gone in an instant.

“Asia-chan, Gasper.” The two turned to Venelana, and Izuku was surprised to see Misla Bael and Leylana Phenex there as well. “Come along now. We have much to do.”

“And then there were two.” Izuku chuckled as he looked at Kiba. “Let’s get you over to Lilith then.” He said, before opening a portal directly there. Kiba followed after him, leaving the Gremory garden still and silent.

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Welcome back, everybody!

So, this little arc was really meant to be a 1–2-chapter adventure. In and out! And now I’m writing chapter 18 and still finishing the arc before heading back to Kuoh. Ended up writing way more than I expected lmao.

Anyway, hope you all enjoyed it! See you next week.