

“Maria!” Mio exclaimed, flushing scarlet at the white-haired girl’s antics.

Maria barely heard her, focused as she was on Harry. She hadn’t met an incubus in ages and was desperately curious to know if she’d manage to get under this one’s skin. For his part, Harry just looked down at the young succubus, reaching out with his senses to get a feel for her desire. She was horny, that much was clear, and her attraction to him was obvious, but there was something else there as well, an impishness that had nothing at all to do with a genuine desire for this sexual duel she was talking about, and as he got a feel for her actual desires, he picked up on something else that he found useful.

“Alright then, let’s do it right here and now,” he replied, and she blanched.

“In front of them?!” Maria exclaimed in shock, only to huff as Harry smirked. “You really are one of us.”

“I am, indeed, though I imagine that I’m rather different,” Harry replied. “What were those things?”

“Servants of the demon lord,” Maria replied. “Who are you three, and why do you feel so different from other demons?”

“Different how?” Mio asked.

“I can’t put my finger on it, but none of them feel like us,” Maria asked.

“Are you a succubus too?” Rias asked Mio, who shook her head.

“No, but she is a demon,” Maria replied.

“Well, we aren’t, not really,” Harry replied. “We’re devils, which sounds similar, I know, but I get the feeling we’re rather different. We’re not from this world for one thing.”

“What?” Mio asked as Maria blinked in confusion.

“Why do I get the sense you’re not from the demon realm either?” the white-haired woman asked.

“Do you think there could be more of those shadow creatures around?” Harry asked.

“It’s possible,” Maria sighed. “They’re relentless.”

“Well, given that we’re so exposed out here, how about we continue this conversation somewhere else?” Harry asked. “We have a suite of hotel rooms in Tokyo that...”

“Harry, could I have a word?” Rias asked pointedly, and he nodded, signaling to Mio and Maria to wait a second as he flew off after her and Akeno.

“Is it possible they’re working for the demon lord?” Mio asked quietly, and Maria shook her head.

“I mean, it’s possible, but...they feel so weird that I really don’t think they’re lying about being from somewhere else entirely, and we haven’t given our enemies enough trouble yet to justify looking further afield for aid in dealing with us,” she replied. “I’ve told you what they’re like.”

“Harry, what are you doing?” Rias asked the moment she finished silencing the area around them. “I was all for saving them, but we just met them, and I don’t want potentially dangerous strangers, especially strangers being hunted by shadowy monsters, around Ciri as she recovers.”

“I’m not suggesting that we take her into Ciri’s room, but...Maria’s a succubus,” Harry breathed. “Do you know what that means?”

“Do you?” Akeno asked. “We have no idea if the demons of this world are anything like the devils of ours.”

“No, but...I’m one of a kind in all the universe stuck with nothing but a ghost to explain to me how my powers work or anything else,” Harry replied. “If that girl has been a succubus her entire life...”

“She could help you figure out some things that Leviathan can only explain in theory,” Rias nodded. “Again, though, we have no way of knowing if they’re anything like us.”

“I think it’s worth figuring out,” Harry replied. “Sapporo’s the same in this world, so what’s to say there aren’t any similarities?”

“At the risk of inviting further teasing, lager is somewhat less complex than the average devil,” Rias said dryly, and he chuckled.

“I will remind you that the one girl does look like she could be sister,” Akeno replaced.

“I know you recognize a desperate soul when you see one, and those two are desperate,” Harry replied. “We can take them back with us, get their story, and figure out what to do from there. At the very least we may be able to determine how they differ from us.”

“We’ll keep them out of Ciri’s room, and you, Akeno, I’ll charge with guarding her,” Rias said. “Until she wakes up and I know for sure that the evil pieces worked on her without issue, I’m going to be on edge. We could get back home without her help but...”

“It would be difficult,” Harry nodded. “At least we know this world has powerful beings we could use for the ritual if we needed to.”

“Yeah, it’s nowhere near as boring as it first appeared,” Rias replied as she undid her silencing barrier.

The three of them flew back to Maria and Mio, who were waiting where they’d left them, still looking wary.

“If you follow us back to our hotel, we’ll see there if we’re going to be able to help you,” Harry reiterated.

“I’d really rather not draw more demons to a place full of people,” Mio fretted.

“There are more of us devils back there, so even if those things attack, we’ll have the firepower to put them down quickly,” Rias said. “We’ll be able to wipe the memories of the humans as well.”

“You can do that?” Mio asked, and Rias nodded.

“It proves useful more often than you’d think,” she replied. “In the land we come from, we often have to deal with attacks from various types of monsters, and making sure that no one remembers them is a generally good idea.”

“What brought you out here anyway?” Maria asked.

“We were looking for a town that doesn’t exist,” Akeno replied. “Can you two fly?”

“No,” Mio replied. “I was going to ask you about that, actually.”

“I can carry you,” Akeno murmured, sweeping the redhead into her arms and making her squeak in surprise.

“I can’t fly either,” Maria said quickly, looking up at Harry, who cocked an eyebrow and gestured to the small wings poking out of the middle of her back. “These are for show, really.”

“Uh huh,” Harry replied, picking her up. “Merlin, you’re light.”

“Tiny, really,” Rias purred, amused by the succubus’ obvious attraction to him. “You utterly tower over her.”

“Let’s get out of here,” Akeno chuckled, flying up into the air. “I’d really rather not be attacked by anything else today if possible.”

“Tell me about it,” Harry sighed, wondering how things were going back in their world.

“Ow, ow, ow, ow,” Asia whimpered, rubbing her head as she healed the limited damage she’d taken.

Praying as a devil gave one a headache, and most new devils quickly learned not to bother. Because of this, no one else had ever learned that continuing to pray caused blood to drip from your nose and eventually your eyes, something that Sirius had interrupted her more than once to express his concern.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” the older man asked, and she nodded, feeling the pain disappear as her powers did their trick.

“I’m fine,” Asia sighed. “Thank you for helping with this.”

“Did you get anything out of it at least?” Sirius asked as he carefully stuffed the rosary he’d popped into France to buy for her into the felt bag it came with.

“No,” Asia sighed. “I thought maybe if I prayed the rosary, endured the pain of going through the Glorious Mysteries, even needing to use someone else’s hands to move through the beads that maybe the show devotion would get me some sign. The lord went silent to me long before I became a devil, though, and that clearly hasn’t changed.”

She’d realized the day after she did it that she’d made an impulsive decision in becoming a devil. Overwhelmed by the months of abandonment and betrayal she’d endured and broken down by the sheer horror of Father Sellzen’s confession, she’d seen Rias’ offer and Harry’s assurance that she’d not regret it as a lifeline and seized it. It was a decision that she couldn’t take back, and she didn’t

regret it, per se, but she had hoped to get some sign from the Lord of what he thought of her in the aftermath of it.

“I just want to be a good person,” Asia muttered, pulling her knees up towards her head and hugging her legs. “All I’ve ever wanted was to help people, and I just don’t know why that got me in so much trouble.”

“You are a good person, Asia,” Sirius sighed as he put the rosary away, “and you’ve been able to help people just fine even after becoming a devil.”

“I know that but...I just don’t understand why it came to this,” Asia said. “My troubles all started because I healed a devil. I didn’t even know he was one, and that was enough to condemn me, but I’ve met so many devils here that are wonderful people. How can healing them be wrong?”

“It isn’t,” Sirius said simply.

“The Lord thinks it is, or so the church says,” Asia sighed. “If devils were all evil like the fallen angels and Father Sellzen were, I could understand that condemnation, but if they’re not evil, healing them can’t be evil; helping them can’t be evil. I’m just so confused.”

“I think you’re overcomplicating things,” Sirius said. “I can’t claim to be an expert about your religion; I don’t think I understood more than half of the words you just said...”

“It was in Latin,” Asia murmured.

“But I do understand what it’s like to be around people with very strong ideas about what’s right and what’s wrong and to disagree with them,” Sirius continued. “I don’t think my parents agreed with a single decision I made in life after I went to Hogwarts the first time. They had their views, and as I developed mine, I found that they had almost nothing in common with theirs. We quarreled a lot, and up to the end, we never saw eye to eye.”

“I’m not sure where you’re going with this,” Asia said, furrowing her brow.

“My point is that I found people who I actually had more in common with than my family, and they became my new family,” Sirius replied. “If this deity of yours doesn’t agree with who you’ve become or how you’ve chosen to go about helping people as you so wish to, you, no more bound to change yourself for him than I was to change myself for my parents.”

“You really don’t understand religion, but I get what you mean,” Asia said. “I just don’t understand what I did wrong, and no one’s been able to explain. No one from the church would even speak to me; the less said about the Fallen, the better, and God...”

She sighed, wincing at the momentary headache she developed.

“When’s the last time you heard from him?” Sirius asked, and she grimaced. “Have you ever heard from him?”

“His will comes not in words but in signs,” Asia replied. “I thought my powers were a sign, a sign of what I was meant to do in life. That went so wrong, though.”

“Well, if you never hear from him, how do you know this isn’t what he wanted of you?” Sirius asked, and she blinked at him in confusion. “No, I’m serious. If he gave you these powers and they

led you here, maybe this is what he had in mind all along. Seems convoluted to the point of silliness to me, but...”

“Maybe it is,” Asia breathed, standing up and clasping her hands together as she felt a spike of excitement go through her body. “Maybe this has all been his plan after all!”

“If it is, the best thing you could do is embrace it,” Sirius murmured, smiling as she started pacing back and forth, clearly lost in thought. “*Seems like total bunk to me, but if it makes her happy...*”

“I’m back!” Gasper announced, sounding exhausted, and Sirius turned to look as the young vampire practically limped inside.

“Gasper, are you okay?” Asia asked. “Do you need healing?”

“I need a nap,” Gasper muttered. “Sona’s a harsher taskmaster than Rias; that’s for sure. Has there been any sign from them yet?”

“They’ve only been gone for a day and a half so far,” Sirius chuckled. “I can have the automatons bring you something to eat.”

“Maybe later,” Gasper yawned. “Right now, I just need sleep.”

He trudged upstairs at that, seeking the familiar comfort of his box, and Sirius, seeing Asia looking better, decided to go make some tea, pausing when he ran into Gnarl, who was seemingly engrossed in what turned out to be a biography of some muggle man.

“What are you reading?” he asked.

“Hmm? Oh, Sirius,” Gnarl grinned. “This is the most fascinating story. This man came from nothing, had no particular intellectual capabilities, wasn’t a warrior of any sort, and yet he became fantastically rich because he could throw a ball really well.”

“I know the muggles have their sports,” Sirius nodded. “We’re much the same with how much Quidditch players can make.”

“Oh, I’m sure,” Gnarl murmured. “It just occurred to me that this sort of success is something that the average man would pay anything for, anything at all. It might be a potential avenue for the Dark One to explore where contract-making is concerned. I know they’re not actually allowed to take souls, but I imagine that anything else would be a perfectly reasonable ask.”

Sirius chuckled at that and made his way into the kitchen, amused by just how much Gnarl had thrown himself into trying to help Hermione make the most of her devilry.

“Achoo!” Hermione sneezed. “Sorry, I think something blew in through the window. As I was saying, it’s uncanny.”

“It really is,” Maria murmured, looking back and forth between Rias and Maria. “Where exactly are you all from? I know you said another world, but...”

“We’re from another Earth,” Hermione replied, and both Maria and Mio just blinked at her.

“What?” they asked in unison, stunned.

“It’s true,” Harry replied. “The world we’re from is just like this one, right down, the countries seemingly all being the same, but it’s not this world.”

“How is that possible?” Mio breathed.

“We have no idea,” Rias replied. “The two Earths aren’t entirely the same, as at least some of the small towns are different.”

“No, I mean, how could there be other copies of Earth out there?” Mio asked.

“Yeah, where did you come from?” Maria asked, still deeply confused.

“There are whole other universes out there,” Harry replied. “Some are quite different from this one, while others seem to be bizarrely similar. The biggest difference we’ve found here so far is that there’s a town in our version of Japan that...”

“That town you said you were looking for,” Maria breathed.

“Did you find Kuoh?” Luna asked.

“No,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “The whole region is just forest.”

“That is so bizarre,” Fleur muttered, frowning her brow. “Now I need to see the land where Beauxbatons stands in our world. Who knows what might be there here?”

“How did you get here?” Maria asked.

“We found a way to open portals between worlds,” Harry replied evasively.

“This way to open portals; could anyone learn it?” Maria asked.

“No, they couldn’t,” Harry replied. “Why?”

“Maria?” Mio asked.

“We need to get away from the demon lord’s forces,” Maria breathed, “at least until you’ve managed to master Wilbert’s power. If we could escape to a whole other world for a while...”

“That’s the second time you’ve mentioned the name Wilbert,” Harry said. “Who is he?”

“Was,” Maria corrected him. “He was the old demon lord before he was overthrown and replaced. He was also Mio’s father.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Luna said softly, and Maria swallowed thickly, giving her a sad smile. She might not have known Wilbert, but she’d known recent losses anyway.

“So the one who overthrew your father is trying to kill you so, doesn’t have to suffer a rival,” Hermione guessed.

“Or is he trying to marry you?” Koneko asked, recalling the stories Ciri had told them.

“It’s a little more complicated than that,” Maria replied before Mio could. “Wilbert’s power is in Mio, and that’s what the Demon Lord seeks, both because if he could take it, it would make him nigh-invincible and because it’s a threat to him.”

“I’m guessing you can’t use it,” Kiba piped up, and Mio scowled.

“Until recently I didn’t even know about any of this,” she hissed. “I was raised in the human world by...I had no idea that Wilbert was my biological father, or that I was a demon or anything like this, and now...”

“Now you’re being hunted by dickheads and have no idea how you’re going to survive,” Koneko said flatly. “We can relate to that, trust me.”

“Could you help us?” Maria asked. “We don’t need lodging or anything like that, but if we could go to your world for a while and if you could bring us back here when we’re powerful enough to take on our enemies...”

“Maria, are you serious?” Mio asked, sounding aghast.

“Mio, it’s perfect!” Maria exclaimed. “An identical Earth, or near-identical, but one that the demons can’t reach us in? We could go there, follow our original plan, train until you figure out how to use all of the power inside you, and then come back here and avenge your parents. It’s perfect!”

“Parents?” Harry asked, and Mio looked down at her feet.

“Like I said, I didn’t know that Wilbert was my father and the people who raised me, my parents in every real sense...they didn’t survive the demons’ first attack,” she said, her eyes growing wet.

“I found her in time to get her out of there, but I arrived too late to save anyone else,” Maria sighed.

“I’m so sorry,” Harry murmured as Luna hugged Mio.

“Speaking as an orphan, I swear the pain becomes less all-consuming over time,” the blonde said.

“She’s right,” Hermione added.

“Wait, you’re also an orphan? Who else is here?” Maria asked. When almost all of them signaled that they were, she asked. “Did you all meet at a support group?”

“No, that’s the weird part,” Harry said. “My parents were murdered when I was a baby.”

“Mine were murdered last year,” Hermione added.

“Mummy died when I was a girl, and Daddy was killed with Hermione’s parents,” Luna said.

“Someone tried to kill my papa, but we stopped them,” Fleur said.

“I never knew my parents,” Kiba sighed.

“Suffice it to say we can pretty much all understand your pain,” Koneko said, “save for Rias, who just seems to be a magnet for people in fucked-up situations.”

“Increasingly seems that way,” Rias murmured, shaking her head.

“We don’t have anything to pay you with, but I swear we just need a ride there and back,” Maria said. Looking up at Harry and biting her lower lip, she added, “And I’m sure we could...work something out.”

“What was your original plan?” Hermione asked. “You said you’d go with your original plan once you got to our world.”

“We were going to find a human family and charm them into thinking we were part of it,” Maria replied, “either that or convince some single older guy that he was engaged to ‘our mother’ so we could lie low with him.”

“You’d have endangered a human family?” Hermione asked, her eyes narrowing, and Maria bristled.

“It’s not like we were overflowing with great options,” the succubus hissed. “Before we met you all, we were screwed, and now we might actually have a good chance to get away from the monsters trying to kill us. Please, I swear I’ll work out some way to pay you. Hell, if Mio manages to defeat the demon lord and replace him, we’d have a greater fortune than you can imagine to pay you with.”

“Keep in mind they are devils, and I doubt their devil realm is less rich than the demon realm,” Mio pointed out.

“Whose side are you on?” Maria hissed.

“Look, we’ll need to go discuss this and then we’ll get back to you,” Harry said. “Stay here, and if anything happens, shout. We’ll be able to hear you and rush over.”

He gestured for the others to come close and then opened a magic circle around them, teleporting them over to Ciri’s room, where Akeno immediately stood up and cocked an eyebrow at them.

“So how interesting are they?” she asked.

“Very,” Rias replied.

“They’re in a really bad spot, and we could help them with ease,” Fleur murmured. “What’s there to discuss?”

“I can’t even really hold what they were planning to do against them, desperate as they clearly are,” Hermione said.

“We’re offering to let them stay at the Rookery, right?” Luna asked. “We have room.”

“I would like to test myself against Maria,” Koneko grinned. “She feels strong, way stronger than she looks.”

“She couldn’t possibly look less strong, but I get what you mean,” Kiba chuckled.

“Did any of you manage to sense the apparent power in Mio?” Harry asked. “She did hit one of those shadow figures with a fireball, so I knew she wasn’t defenseless, but I also really don’t get the feel that she’s got the sort of potential that Maria figured.”

“Those two are different from the devils of our world, so we might be misreading her, and speaking of reading, there’s one part of this world that’s far more interesting than anything else,” Riass grinned. “I think the scroll with the ritual for the master-servant pact came from here.”

“Seriously?” Fleur asked. “What makes you say that?”

“I found other scrolls written in that odd language, and one of them mentioned a place called the demon realm ruled over by a demon lord,” Rias replied. “They’re rather generic terms, I’ll grant you, but it’s a possibility and one I’d like to question Maria about.”

“So we’re decided, then?” Harry asked. “We’re helping them?”

“It would be the right thing to do; it won’t exactly cost us anything, and we could stand to benefit greatly,” Rias shrugged.

“Good,” Harry sighed. “I thought I might need to convince you. Maria might be able to teach me about being an incubus, and that’s a potential opportunity I can’t afford to let slip through my grasp. Actual hands-on education could be useful in a way that having Leviathan’s voice in my ear isn’t.”

“How ‘ands-on are you hoping those lessons will get, ‘Arry?” Fleur asked teasingly, and he chuckled.

“She is cute, admittedly, but I really am looking to improve as an incubus,” Harry replied. “My overall goal of forcing Rizevim to hand over my mother’s soul remains, and my path to greater power will likely involve leaning into what I am. Leviathan thinks so anyway and has been just waiting for me to develop more, something she’d been annoyingly mum on the subject of.”

“Alright, then we can...” Rias went to say when Ciri gasped and sat up.

“Ciri!” they all exclaimed as the ashen-haired woman desperately grasped around her abdomen where that demonic creature had gored her.

“You’re alright,” Rias assured her, and she sighed.

“Thank goodness,” Ciri said before looking around in confusion. “Where are we?”

“You took a bit of a wrong turn trying to lead us back home,” Akeno replied.

“I’ll go tell Mio and Maria the good news,” Harry murmured, leaving the room and making his way next door.

They had kept Ciri’s location from them when they arrived, really not wanting anyone to go near her until she woke up, and while teleporting over had been overkill, after the day they’d had, it didn’t seem possible to be overcautious. Now, though, they were fine, and as he opened the door to the other room and saw them standing around, looking nervous, he couldn’t help but smile.

“We’ve agreed to bring you to our world but on one condition,” Harry replied.

“Name it,” Mio breathed.

“Anal?” Maria asked, sighing when, while Mio gaped at her and blushed, Harry didn’t react. “Man, you’re downright unflappable, huh?”

“Spend enough time around Luna and you’ll learn why,” Harry replied. “I am an incubus, as you guessed, but I wasn’t born as one. The process by which I became what I am was complicated, and explaining it would take time, but suffice it to say, it’s new to me, and, to make things worse, I’m the first incubus or succubus to exist in my world in generations.”

“So you have no one to teach you the ropes,” Maria nodded, guessing where he was going with that.

“Almost,” Harry replied. “The tower we all live in is huge, and you two could stay there for the duration of your trip to our world, and all I want in exchange for helping you is your help in mastering my abilities.”

“So long as you realize that our abilities might not be the same,” Maria said, and he nodded.

“I understand that, but I do want to try,” Harry replied. “Do we have a deal?”

“Yeah, we have a deal,” Maria replied as Mio nodded.

“I can’t believe we might actually be safe again,” the redhead sighed. “I was starting to think this was just going to be the rest of my life, short as it seemed that would be.”

“Hey, I was protecting you!” Maria exclaimed, sounding offended, and Mio winced.

“I know, but...you had to save me every time they attacked; they only needed to get by you once,” she said. “I’m just relieved, is all.”

“We’ll pay them back, Mio,” Maria breathed, hugging the other girl. “Once we’re strong enough, I swear, we’ll come back and make them pay.”

“We might be able to help with your training too,” Harry said, and they both gave him looks of clear interest.

“So how do you open these portals?” Maria asked.

“I don’t,” Harry replied. “Come and I’ll introduce you to the one who does.”

They followed him outside, and he led them to the next room, where Ciri was stretching in every direction, making sure that she didn’t have any lingering soreness.

“I really thought I was fucked there,” she muttered. “Thank you, Rias.”

“I did have to make you a member of my peerage to do it,” Rias replied, and Ciri sighed.

“I was likely going to ask to join you anyway,” she replied, turning and cocking an eyebrow at Harry and the others. “So these are the runaways you found while I was out of it?”

“Ciri, these are Mio and Maria,” Harry replied. “Mio, Maria, this is Ciri.”

“So you’re the one who figured out how to open portals to other worlds?” Mio asked.

“Well, it’s something I can do,” Ciri replied.

“It’s in her blood,” Hermione explained, “something that only she and people related to her can.”

“And even then, not everyone related to me,” Ciri added.

“Oh, that’s even better than I thought!” Maria exclaimed. “No one will be able to follow us where we’re going.”

“It’s not like I have anything left to keep me here,” Mio sighed.

“You have me,” Maria said softly, taking her hand and staring up into her eyes, her own purple orbs shimmering with raw emotion. “I meant what I promised that night; no matter what, I’m on your side.”

“Thank you,” Mio whimpered, hugging her tightly.

“So has anyone commented yet on how much Mio here looks like Rias?” Ciri asked quietly. “I mean, the hair, the face, even her figure...”

“Fuck, I actually didn’t notice that earlier,” Harry thought to himself as Mio turned around and he finally realized just how curvaceous she was, her large, full breasts, so much like Rias’, straining against her shirt. *“That’s how you know it’s been a very long, very tough day.”*

“It is odd, considering we come from different worlds, but yeah, we are pretty similar,” the short redhead said. “Perhaps it was fate.”

“Perhaps,” Rias smiled. “Now, Ciri, if you’d be so kind...”

“I suppose it would be prudent to get back home quickly,” Harry murmured.

“We can return and check out the Britain and France of this world another time,” Fleur said.

“Listen, I’m going to need a minute to get a sense for what I’m doing again,” Ciri replied. “I feel...different in ways I didn’t expect.”

“What do you mean?” Akeno asked, looking concerned.

“The devil transformation should have enhanced your powers,” Fleur said, “or at least your control of them. That’s what happened to me.”

“I guess it kind of feels like it has,” Ciri murmured, holding her hands out in front of her and opening a portal. “I’m brimming with energy in a way I’ve never felt before, but I think all that’s changed is that I can feel it now. I feel like my entire body is practically vibrating with power, and it’s just making it a little harder to concentrate than before. I’ll figure it out, I swear, but I should probably take a minute to get a sense of how my power is responding to my will. None of us want to end up in the wrong world again.”

“So long as it isn’t that damn doomed world,” Hermione shuddered.

“There could be even worse ones out there,” Harry pointed out. “I think it might be wise to put a hold on further extradimensional travel until at least one of us is strong enough to spar with Sirzechs or Ajuka and not get crushed instantly.”

“I agree,” Rias sighed. “We were woefully unprepared for the sort of dangers we encountered.”

“What dangers did you encounter?” Maria asked.

“Horrors that made the things that were hunting you seem pleasant,” Akeno muttered. “Needless to say, we’re not going back to that universe...ever.”

“Agreed,” Fleur said.

“Yeah, it was really, really bad,” Luna sighed.

“Alright, I think I’ve got a feel for your world again,” Ciri murmured. “Shall we?”

“Let’s go home,” Harry nodded.

They all made their way through the portal, hoping to see either the Rookery itself or, at the very least, Kuoh, only to blanch as they found themselves in the middle of the woods and standing in the path of a massive creature that growled at the sight of them. It was a huge beast, standing on all fours and covered in thick brown fur. Its head was monstrous and bestial, with three eyes, large, razor-sharp teeth, and twin antlers sticking out.

“Oh, shit,” Ciri muttered, reaching for her blade, only to freeze as the fiend was hit by a massive ball of crimson and black energy that atomized it instantly. She looked sheepishly at Rias, who just cocked an eyebrow at her, and she said, “I guess as I tried thinking about your homeworld, my mind went to mine instead.”

“This is your world?” Luna asked softly. “Was that creature any friendlier than it looked by chance?”

“No, it wasn’t,” Ciri replied flatly, trying not to chuckle at the horrified look on Mio’s face. “Let’s try this again.”

“Um, you guys are going to reach your world, right?” Maria asked, and Harry sighed.

“I certainly hope so,” he murmured as Ciri opened another portal.

They stepped through it and immediately went still as they saw what looked like a parody of urban sprawl. There wasn’t a single plant in sight amidst the massive, sprawling metal buildings around them, and even the very ground below them looked to have been paved over with steel. The air was toxic, a thick smog covering everything, and they all started coughing as it filled their lungs. Bubblehead charms took care of that, yet as Harry finished casting them on all of them, he got the strangest sense that he was suddenly being watched and froze as a power greater and more terrible than anything he’d ever felt before bore down on him.

“Well, well, well,” a reed-thin voice, suffused with malice, said, “*what have we here?*”

The words echoed through Harry's head, feeling like they'd been amplified a thousandfold, and he desperately used everything he knew of occlumency to keep the unfathomably powerful entity away from him.

"You're not from here, little psyker," the entity crowed. *"What delightful change will you bring to this galaxy?"*

"CIRI!" Rias screamed, and the ashen-haired woman opened another portal, through which they all jumped.

Deep in the realm of Chaos, Tzeentch hissed as he felt the strange outsiders slip away from him, being unable to get a sense of where they'd gone or where they'd come from. He tried for a moment to track them down and, when that failed, shrugged and returned to his endless plotting.

Meanwhile, in the Rookery, ten very freaked-out young creatures of sin stumbled through a portal and fell in a heap.

"Oh, thank goodness," Hermione breathed.

"I might just stay in this tower for the next week straight," Koneko muttered as she pushed herself up.

"Where even was that?" Akeno asked, looking at Ciri, who scowled.

"I have no bloody idea," the ashen-haired beauty hissed. "I tried to reach out to Earth and ended up...there instead."

"I think that place might actually have been worse than the one we went to intentionally," Luna murmured. "Did anyone else feel a presence that made Sirzechs seem weak by comparison?"

"That thing, whatever it was, tried to get into my head," Harry muttered, undoing the bubblehead charms on them. "If we'd not gotten out of there as quickly as we did, I don't know if I'd been able to keep him out for much longer."

"Harry?" Sirius asked, rushing down the stairs. "You're back!"

"Hey, Sirius," Harry sighed, and the older man stopped in his tracks.

"Why do you all look like you just came back from the front lines of a war?" he asked. "And who are you two?"

"Sirius, these are Mio and Maria...I didn't actually ask your last names," Harry replied.

"Naruse," Mio replied.

"You speak Japanese?" Sirius asked, blinking in confusion. "I'd have thought..."

"They are from another world, but that one seemed to have the same languages as ours," Harry explained. "Your guess is as good as mine."

“You may as well use Naruse for me as well,” Maria murmured, eyeing the older man curiously. “Demons of our realm tend not to bother with surnames in the way humans do, and I’m illegitimate anyway.”

“Well, girls, this is Sirius, my godfather,” Harry replied. “As for why we look the way we do, Sirius, let’s just say the trip ended up being more eventful than we expected.”

“We’re safe, though,” Luna added.

“Thank goodness we got what we wanted,” Akeno sighed. “I would not want to return to that universe.”

“We wouldn’t have either way, but, yeah, we did get lucky,” Rias replied, looking to Harry, who pulled the argent power cells out of his mokeskin pouch.

“What in the world are those?” Maria asked, sensing the sheer demonic power coming from them.

“Precious,” Harry replied. “I’m going to go store these away, and then I think I’m going to lie down for a while.”

“That sounds like a great idea,” Hermione muttered as the others all nodded.

“I’ll show you two to your rooms,” Rias said, smiling at Mio and Maria, who were looking around the anteroom with great interest.

“Thank you, Rias,” the other redhead smiled. “I really can’t thank you enough for agreeing to help us.”

“You’re quite welcome,” Rias murmured, looking out the window and noticing how dark the sky was. “How were Asia and Gasper?”

“Good,” Sirius replied. “They both tired themselves out today and went to bed early, but they were fine. You were gone for less than two days.”

“Well, even with the numerous complications we ran into, it didn’t take us very long to find what we were looking for and get back,” Rias replied. “I definitely feel like I haven’t slept in a day, though.”

“I’m honestly surprised none of us crashed back at that hotel,” Hermione murmured. “I guess we were all still too wired.”

“Ah, Dark One, you’re back,” Gnarl tittered as he walked inside, and Mio yelped, jumping back at the sight of him. “Well, hello, there. You do have a habit of collecting fine-looking wenches, ma’am.”

“Gnarl, not now,” Hermione sighed. “Mio, Maria, this is Gnarl, one of the many minions you’ll find around the tower. They won’t hurt you, but I’d suggest avoiding them for the most part. I’m going to slip in a warm tub and try not to drown.”

“I’ll join you,” Luna said, following her upstairs.

“You guys really did go on quite the adventure just before we met, didn’t you?” Maria asked, and Rias just chuckled, shaking her head.

“You have no idea,” she sighed. “Come, the rooms should be fine as is, but if they need any additional cleaning, the automatons will take care of it.”

“Automatons?” Mio asked as she followed them upstairs.

“So, am I nuts, or does that redhead look...” Sirius went to ask, and Fleur chuckled.

“A lot like Rias?” she asked. “Yeah, we noticed.”

None of them woke the next day until close to noon, and as they all piled into the dining room for brunch, Rias was the first to notice that she couldn’t sense Harry in the tower.

“*Where are you?*” she asked across their mental link.

“*Taking care of an errand,*” Harry replied. “*I’ll be back soon.*”

She cocked an eyebrow at that, wondering why exactly he was being vague, but shrugged and returned to her croissant.

“I must say, the automatons have finally gotten the finer points of French cooking down,” Fleur sighed happily.

“Their capacity for learning is genuinely impressive,” Hermione murmured.

“Are they just normal for this world?” Mio asked.

“No, they’re not,” Rias chuckled. “My father built the factory they’re made in using designs we managed to get him from a magic room capable of recreating lost texts.”

“They’ve been sold as replacements for house elves, a sapient servant race that the wizards and witches of this world used as slaves before we freed them,” Hermione replied. “The minions downstairs are what they turned back into after we freed them.”

“Why in the world did that happen?” Maria asked.

“It’s a long, very annoying story,” Hermione sighed. “What’s Harry doing? I know he isn’t here?”

“He said something about popping over to Scotland to run an errand,” Sirius said as he walked by. “You all look better.”

“Amazing what a good night’s sleep can do,” Akeno sighed, smiling as she spotted Asia.

“I know Rias already said no, but do any of you have injuries to tend to?” the blonde asked, and they all shook their heads.

“Asia, have you met Maria and Mio yet?” Luna asked.

“I did this morning,” Asia smiled, sitting down and helping herself to a pastry.

“How did you two sleep?” Fleur asked, and Mio sighed happily.

“Better than I have in months,” the redhead replied. “I can’t believe we’re actually beyond the reach of the demons.”

“I wouldn’t believe it myself if we hadn’t had so much trouble getting back here even with Ciri’s powers,” Maria murmured, and the ashen-haired girl scowled down at her omelet.

“Hey, you got us back eventually, and no one got hurt after we left that terrible other Earth,” Luna smiled, rubbing her arm, and Ciri sighed.

“I’m just annoyed that even becoming a devil didn’t give me any greater mastery over my powers,” the princess muttered.

“It might still, in time,” Rias assured her. “You’ve been a devil for less than a day and have spent most of the time since you transformed sleeping.”

“The demonic power you’ll be able to use now responds to your will in a way that even the magic we used as mortals didn’t,” Fleur said. “Once you get a better feel for it, I’m sure it will help. Now, given that you two don’t have any clothes beyond what you’re wearing, and it is, blessedly, the weekend, we should go shopping later.”

“We don’t have any money either, though,” Mio said, and Fleur shrugged.

“We’re rich, and you’re our guests,” the Veela replied simply.

“If you want to repay us for it, there is one thing you could help me with,” Rias grinned. “Have either of you ever heard of something called a Master-Servant Contract?”

“What?” Mio asked as Maria’s eyes went wide.

“How do you...you have those too?” she asked, and Rias’ grin widened.

“We didn’t, but we managed to get our hands on a scroll from your world, not that we knew that at the time,” the redhead said.

“So we actually did manage to, at complete random, stumble into a world that we already had some familiarity with,” Kiba piped up. “What are the chances of that?”

“Actually, that might explain how we ended up in that world in the first place,” Ciri said. “I had nearly been killed when I opened that portal and was unable to focus on anything, but I still managed to open a portal to an Earth almost identical to your own and one from which you had already taken magic you’ve used extensively. Perhaps that’s why I got them mixed up in the state I was in.”

“You’ve used it?” Maria asked before grinning. “Oh, you bound yourselves to the incubus, didn’t you? The punishments involved must be delightfully naughty.”

“Not in front of me, please,” Sirius sighed, and Maria just winked at him impishly, only to cry out as Mio slapped her upside the head.

“Will you behave?” she muttered, and the succubus pouted at her.

“So what’s on the agenda for today?” Akeno asked Rias, who smiled.

“I need to meet with my parents and, if possible, Sirzechs, and let them know that we were successful in our objective,” Rias replied. “I’ll also be letting them know in no uncertain terms that we aren’t doing anymore traveling between worlds until we’re much, much stronger.”

“It was, in hindsight, arrogant of us to assume that other worlds would be less dangerous than our own,” Kiba said, and Rias sighed.

“You’re not wrong,” she grumbled. “We also need to put together our plan for creating the Stone. I hadn’t given it much thought, figuring there was little point unless I managed to get my hands on the quintessence, but now...”

“Actually, I already have you covered there,” Harry said, grinning as he appeared with a very special, bound and gagged delivery behind him, one that made every single one of them look at him slack-jawed.

“You!” Sirius snarled, glaring down at the unconscious form of Peter Pettigrew.

“Um, Harry?” Hermione asked, and Harry just grinned.

Azkaban Prison was almost certainly less dreary and dismal than it had been before Sirzechs wiped out the dementors, but it was still a miserable, maudlin place. Dark stone towers jutted up out of the tiny island, visibly worn by years of waves splashing up against it, as though the sea thought it was an eyesore to be removed. Harry knew that, with magic, it could be preserved anyway, which meant that they’d either let it be slightly eroded over the centuries, or they intentionally transfigured it to look that way to add to the overall aesthetic.

Either option was funny, in his opinion, and as he descended to the ground just outside the castle’s walls, completely invisible and silent, he looked up at it and started casting every detection charm he knew to see just how much the wards had been upgraded since Voldemort broke his most devoted and insane followers out the year before.

“For fuck’s sake,” Harry thought to himself as he saw the state of the wards. They were strong, undeniably so, but there was nothing there that Voldemort hadn’t expected to find, which either meant he’d overestimated the wards or, worse, the ministry didn’t see fit to upgrade them at all despite having lost the dementors and suffered a massive breakout less than a year earlier.

“Morons,” he mumbled under his breath as he teleported himself further in, using the memory of the place he’d taken from Sirius one of the few times they’d discussed it.

“Merlin’s beard, I can’t wait for my shift here to be over,” he heard one guards to another as he flew through the main hall.

“You’re going next week, right?” the other one asked, and he nodded.

“Three bloody months done,” the first guard sighed. “I’m telling you, Frank, the place might not be as bad as it used to be, when the dementors were here, but it’s still depressing as all hell.”

“And they need us here more because we don’t have those things anymore,” Frank muttered. “Did they really all join You-Know-Who?”

“They were with him when he hit Hogwarts,” The other guard nodded. “That’s why Dumbledore ended up destroying them all.”

“Fuck me,” Frank sighed. “Johnny, can you believe we used to attend a school run by a guy that powerful?”

“Makes us all look like idiots for ever causing any trouble,” Johnny chuckled.

“So that’s what Dumbledore told the ministry,” Harry thought to himself. “I did wonder, to be honest.”

Taking advantage of the guards’ distraction, he subtly looked into Frank’s mind, looking for the location of Pettigrew’s cell, and he grinned when he found it. Leaving the two men behind, he flew to the nearest stairwell and soared up to the top floor. It turned out that the layout of the place was one of the few things that had changed in the absence of the dementors, as they no longer felt the need to reserve the cells that those monsters spent the most time around for the very worst of them. A bunch of prisoners had been moved up there after they got everything back in order, the rat among them, and as Harry found his cell, he almost laughed at seeing who was in the cell next to his.

“It was nice being back in Hogwarts again, I have to admit,” Peter said. “I explored a little, had my fill of food, and had very few dangers to worry about. Honestly, those were some of the best years of my life.”

“You actually obliterated a student while you were there?” Rita Skeeter asked, and Harry could practically hear her grin. “Right under Dumbledore’s nose?”

“Dumbledore and the rest of the staff never suspected a thing,” Peter chuckled. “Even Remus Lupin, who had known me back in school, didn’t suspect anything until Sirius told him the truth.”

“Mmm, this is good, this is good,” Rita grinned. “Tell me, while you were staying at the Weasleys’ home, did you ever happen to see any of the children changing?”

“Why the hell would you ask me that?” Peter asked, sounding suddenly offended. “I’m many things, Skeeter, but I’m no bloody nonce.”

“What you are is a man who is going to spend the rest of his days in this wretched place,” Rita replied, “one whose reputation couldn’t possibly be worse. Your presence in both Hogwarts and the Weasleys’ home is an embarrassment for every adult involved, and alongside the stories you gave me about Potter, I intend to publish as much as I can attacking them when I get out of here. Dumbledore protected Potter for his entire life in Britain, and the Weasleys were on very good terms with the little monster for years. I can’t get you out of here, but I can get you revenge by getting my own when my sentence ends.”

“Lucifer’s light, what a spiteful creature she is,” Harry thought to himself, already considering the myriad ways he could deal with her too.

“I probably saw Percy and Ron changing multiple times, though I never paid any attention,” Peter replied. “I did watch Molly bathe more than once, though.”

“It’ll have to do,” Rita sighed.

“You know, in all these months, I’ve never thought to ask how you were recording any of this,” Peter murmured.

“I have dirt on a woman who owns a pensieve and I can absolutely make use of it when I get out of here,” Rita replied. “We’re also going to have years more to discuss all of it, so I should remember everything well enough by the time I finally get out of here.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Harry thought to himself as he stunned them both.

The nearest guard was in the next hallway over, and so Harry knew he had a moment to take care of the two prisoners. His plans had only included Pettigrew originally, as he’d honestly all but forgotten Skeeter, but seeing her again, insofar as he could through the fine mesh walls of her cell, and hearing her plans for when she was released, he found himself conflicted. By the time she got out, she’d have been forgotten by Britain, and her poison pen, which had once been so powerful, would likely not sway the public as it once had.

Still, he didn’t like the idea of her lashing out against the Weasleys, who were entirely innocent and not even connected to him anymore, and he had no idea just what the rat had told her. Peering into her mind, he barely resisted sighing at what he saw. Pettigrew had told her that he’d imperiused him to force his confession, which was true, and while he didn’t truly have to care about that, given that the man himself was going to die shortly and the British magical government had no power over him anymore, he really didn’t like the thought of the man’s guilt being called into question at all.

He peered deeper into her mind, trying to see if he could find anything at all to suggest that she could be reasoned with, and all he found was a lifetime of bitterness. Sorted into Slytherin as a girl, Rita had had ambition but limited talent, and, being a late bloomer, she suffered a terribly long awkward phase as a teenager during which she was belittled and made fun of, not unlike how Myrtle Warren had been.

She was a wallflower, invisible and overlooked, and while that infuriated her as a girl, she found it could have its uses too. Her penchant for learning and making use of secrets she learned about other students had started early in her life, and when she became an animagus in her seventh year, the course of her life was set. She’d spent so long taking pleasure in cutting people down that the idea of doing anything else in life was anathema to her, and there was no chance at all that she’d not lash out at him and everyone she thought was connected to him when she got out.

“Killing her just for being a bitter arsehole would be a touch excessive,” he thought to himself. “Not to mention that, with Pettigrew slated to die soon, I wouldn’t want any of the guards thinking it odd that two people in adjoining cells died young and investigating further. What to do, what to do.”

He tapped his chin, keeping his senses open to make sure that none of the guards were coming by to find the two unconscious prisoners, lest they interrupt his work at all. His mind briefly went to Lockhart, his perpetual mindlessness making him uniquely harmless, but he honestly thought death would be a kinder fate. The idea of him did help him recall a spell he’d learned from Voldemort

back when he'd forced the horcrux to be his teacher, and he nodded to himself as he decided what to do.

A variation of the memory loss hex that his old nemesis had learned from a dark wizard in Peru, the curse he cast on Rita gave her a sort of very specific dementia. In the coming days, her memories of the past few months, ever since she came to Azkaban, would be eaten away into nothing. He made sure to look through her memories of the place, not wanting to take it so far that she'd forget why she was there, and grinned when he was done. Until he lifted the curse, she would have had no short-term memory at all. Nothing that she experienced would stick in her mind, being removed each night as she slept.

"I'll make a note to lift it when she gets out," he thought to himself, not being cruel enough to leave it for good.

The main point was that she was soon going to forget everything that Pettigrew told her, and when she left Azkaban down the line, she'd have nothing with which to strike against him. Satisfied with what he'd done, he reached into his mokeskin purse and removed the homunculus in Pettigrew's form that he'd created and left in stasis ages ago. He'd given it very limited intelligence, just enough for it to think it was Peter and to eat, shit, and sleep as any man would. He doubted anyone would notice the difference, to be honest, and while Skeeter likely would, convincing one of the guards to move him to another cell would be easy enough.

With that done, he cast a switching spell, swapping out the homunculus for the real Pettigrew, and, after tying him up and gagging him, conjured a magic circle around them. The pair disappeared at once, reappearing in the dining room of the Rookery.

"Did you have to do this here and now?" Rias asked, giving him a pointed look, and Harry just smiled.

He'd have feared Mio and Maria's reaction to this if he didn't know that they knew they needed Ciri's help to return to their world.

"Who's that guy?" the succubus asked.

"A mass murderer," Harry replied, glaring down at Pettigrew. "He got my parents killed, then killed a dozen random people and framed Sirius here for their murders."

"Oh, so you've been looking for him for a while, I guess," Mio said as Asia looked down at the decrepit-looking man.

"He's in really rough shape," she murmured. "Where did you find him?"

"Prison," Harry replied. "I've transferred him to our custody."

"And how long before the prison guards realize this?" Hermione asked.

"They won't," Harry replied. "I replaced him with a fake that will die of a heart attack in a couple weeks. We need someone for the Stone, and I've not considered anyone else once since we learned about the process."

“What stone?” Maria asked.

“I guess we’re just ripping the band-aid off,” Fleur sighed. “The reason we went dimension-hopping was because we needed those energy cells you saw earlier to create something called the Philosopher’s Stone. It will, if we make it, allow us to create elixirs potentially able to cure and heal people of all manner of ailments, but it comes at a cost.”

“You need to sacrifice someone for it,” Maria mused. “You’re far more fascinating than I thought.”

“What?!” Mio exclaimed.

“Do you really need to?” Asia asked.

“It’s the only way, and that Stone is the only option we have left to potentially cure Fleur’s father,” Harry replied. “I know it’s unseemly, but this man more than deserves it for his crimes. I wouldn’t have targeted an innocent, even with all we hope to do with the Stone. If he was one of the bastards who killed your parents, Mio, would you not see it as worthwhile?”

“I…” Mio trailed off, her lingering pain and fury at the people who tore her life apart welling up.

“When we do go back to our world, it won’t be to have a tea party with our enemies, Mio,” Maria reminded her coldly. “You have killed before.”

“I have,” Mio nodded. It had been in self-defense, but still.

“You couldn’t have used Raynare?” Asia asked.

“Probably not,” Harry replied. “Flamel sacrificed a human, a guilty murderer he found in his time, and I have no idea how much a more powerful being would change the ritual.”

“We don’t kill the innocent here, but we do condemn the guilty to death now and then, though actually breaking one of them out of prison to handle them ourselves is new,” Rias murmured, eyeing Harry as Sirius approached Pettigrew.

“Padfoot,” he said warningly.

“Oh, I’m not going to kill the son of a bitch,” Sirius muttered. “Azkaban was rough on him, I see. Good.”

“Sometimes people simply need killing,” Ciri declared. “Locking them away where they could escape and do you more harm is honestly stupid.”

“That is, alas, what we’re going to be doing for the moment,” Harry said, levitating Pettigrew’s unconscious form up and making his way across the room. “I’ll stick him in the dungeon for now.”

“I’ll come with you,” Rias murmured, following him downstairs. “I’d have suggested waiting until they’d actually gotten to know us to do something like that.”

“I could tell that Maria wouldn’t care in the slightest, and Mio strikes me as someone in desperate need of hardening,” Harry replied. “I was much the same way not that long ago.”

“Asia seems to have accepted that we simply kill guilty assholes now and then, which is nice,” Rias murmured. “Pettigrew, huh?”

“He’s my only living human enemy,” Harry said as he opened one of the cell doors and tossed him inside. Transfiguring the door so that Pettigrew wouldn’t be able to escape in his rat form, mostly to fuck with him, since he added a few other spells to it to make sure that he’d regret taking that form at all. “I really couldn’t think of anyone else whose soul I wanted to rip out for this.”

“I didn’t have anyone in particular in mind, and you might very well be right about angel souls not working,” Rias whispered.

“Thanks to him, my mother’s soul needs rescuing,” Harry scowled, leaning his head back against her when Rias embraced him from behind and rested hers on his shoulder. “It’s fitting, in a way.”

“We’ll start work on that later today,” the redhead murmured. “Do you want to come with me to Castle Gremory?”

“If you want to go by train, we could take Asia and Ciri with us and get that formality over with,” Harry suggested, and she took a moment to mull it over.

“Why not?” Rias replied. “I’m sure my parents want to meet Ciri anyway.”

“Gah!” Peter exclaimed as he awoke, his eyes going wide with terror as he spotted Harry. “Harry? Where am I? What is this?”

“Prison transfer,” the incubus replied with a grin. “Enjoy your new accommodations, Wormtail.”

“You...you won’t get away with this!” Peter exclaimed, his high-pitched voice utterly fearful. “P...please don’t kill me.”

“Sleep, Pettigrew,” Harry said, waving his hand over at him and casting a powerful sleeping charm. “We’ll speak later.”

Peter turned into his rat form and tried to scurry off, only to scream in pain as the wards on his cell activated and he was zapped with lightning. It happened again and again, and on the third one he got the idea and returned to his human form just as the sleeping charm started to take effect.

“You’ll not...get away...” was all he managed to get out before he fell unconscious again.

“I’ll have Akeno make sure that he’s kept asleep the whole time,” Rias smiled as she followed Harry back upstairs.

“He just blew up a whole street?” Asia asked in horror.

“There were three kids under the age of twelve among the crowd,” Sirius scowled. “For twelve years I rotted away for what he did.”

“Well, I’d say he deserves what’s coming to him,” Maria murmured as Mio nodded.

“Do you want us to guard him?” Koneko asked, wanting to test out a few minor spells on the wretched man.

“Akeno, if you could make sure he stays asleep while we’re out, I’d appreciate it,” Rias replied. “Harry and I are going to Gremory Castle and Ciri, Asia, I want you two to come with us.”

“Oh, right, the train,” Hermione nodded.

“Train?” Ciri asked.

“The first time new devils enter the Underworld, they’re required to do so by the train that leads between the worlds,” Luna explained.

“Okay, let me clarify; I was asking what is a train?” Ciri asked, and Mio and Maria both looked at her strangely.

“Her world is a little different from ours,” Luna murmured. “Think of it like a bigger version of the cars you’ve seen on the streets out here.”

“We can go now if you like,” Asia said, standing up. She reached for Harry’s hand and leaned in, whispering, “You’d never hurt anyone who hadn’t done horrible things, right?”

“Not intentionally,” Harry replied, and she smiled, convinced he was being entirely honest there.

“If the lord really did intend for me to go down this path, then it must center around Harry,” she thought to herself. “He’s the one I met before it all went wrong and found in this place at complete random, and he was the one who saved me. Maybe I’m meant to help him and make sure that he doesn’t lose that good in him along the way.”

It was a comforting thought, and not just because it meant she had every reason in the world to spend more time with Harry. Speaking of him, he rubbed her palm after a moment and she, realizing that she was still holding his hand, pulled back, blushing hard.

“Oh, I’m going to enjoy corrupting this one,” Maria thought to herself, sensing the mountain of desire in the innocent little virgin as well as the reluctance to act on it. She and her half-sister had stumbled across a solution to their most pressing problems, and that would have been good enough on its own, but that solution was proving to be more and more interesting by the moment. She was going to have a lot of fun here, she was sure.