

“You did what?” Sona asked, her jaw hanging open as she sat behind her desk at Kuoh Academy, taking full advantage of the shared free period she and Rias had at the end of the day.

“We sacrificed three fallen angels to open a portal into another world and accidentally drew someone capable of moving from world to world with ease,” the redhead repeated.

“She...you...how is that possible?” Sona asked. “I know you said there were other worlds out there that none of us could access but...”

“We found a ritual in the omnilibrary, one that required three reasonably powerful sacrifices, and when we ended up taking those angels in alive, using them made perfect sense,” Rias replied.

“This person...are they...do they look human?” Sona asked.

“As human as we do,” Rias replied. “She’s got these really unique, pale green eyes that are utterly gorgeous, and I’ve never seen that exact shade on a human before, but other than that...yeah.”

“So there are other worlds with humans and resources and books,” Sona breathed, leaning back in her chair. “Holy shit.”

“I think that’s the first time I’ve heard you swear in ages,” Rias chuckled.

“You’re planning to turn her, I imagine,” Sona murmured.

“Absolutely, though she has yet to take me up on the offer,” Rias replied.

“What piece do you think she’ll take?” Sona asked. “I can’t imagine how powerful someone capable of traversing between worlds at will would be.”

“I’ll try a rook and hope for the best,” Rias replied. “She seems incredibly powerful but I’m not exactly weak and that should hopefully make the difference.”

She would have liked to just tell Sona the truth about her second set but Ajuka had told her not to and she wasn’t about to piss off one of her greatest benefactors for nothing.

“It’s a shame Harry isn’t ready for the exams,” Sona murmured. “Him having his own set of Evil Pieces would solve all your potential problems.”

“I think he’s strong enough to be considered a high class devil on par with me but aside from beating Riser, he hasn’t done anything of note in the Underworld,” Rias sighed.

“And most people consider his duel to be merely impressive not cause to worship him,” Sona teased and Rias chuckled.

“Him beating Riser is only one of the reasons I worship him,” the redhead purred.

“How close, just in terms of power would you say that your peerage members are to qualifying for the exams?” Sona asked. “I’m confident that Tsubaki is pretty close, though I have work left to do with all of them.”

“Harry or Akeno might be powerful enough to qualify, though again, they haven’t done anything of sufficient note to take the exams,” Rias replied. “I’m hoping that we’ll find things in these other worlds that will help improve things for us all.”

“You come across the most amazing things, Rias,” Sona murmured. “First the library, then an incubus, now this.”

“It’s been one hell of a year,” Rias chuckled. “My reason for telling you Ciri wasn’t entirely because I tell you pretty much everything.”

“What do you need?” Sona asked.

“I think she’s going to agree to join my peerage, and if she does, we’ll be leaving this world for a time,” Rias replied. “The missing piece I need to create a Philosopher’s Stone lies in a world I’ll be able to access soon but I might be gone for a little while.”

“So you want me to keep control of things here in the interim,” Sona nodded. “That’s easy enough to do. Will you be taking your entire peerage with you?”

“Gasper’s still not quite up to an adventure of this potential scope, and I’m not willing to take Asia anywhere yet just in case there ends up being danger, but otherwise yes,” Rias replied, shaking her head. “Sirius will look after them, but if you could work with Gasper and make sure that he keeps up his training in my absence, I’d be grateful.”

“You will owe me,” Sona murmured, and Rias grinned.

“You know I pay my debts,” the redhead replied. “So long as it doesn’t involve your sister, I’ll do any favor you ask of me.”

“Good call there,” Sona chuckled. “So, the Philosopher’s Stone... Lord Ajuka must be excited.”

“If I can pull this off, the potential benefits for the Underworld would be immense,” Rias said. “The Agares territory would no longer be the sole source of the Agrean crystals, which would let me get back at my meddling aunt, not that I’ll be able to just mass produce them at will, as it happens.”

“Yeah, that would completely destabilize the Underworld and risk putting us at odds with more than a few of the other factions,” Sona said and Rias looked at her in surprise. “You didn’t consider that at all, did you?”

“Shut up,” Rias mumbled, blushing slightly, and Sona giggled.

“You have a habit of letting the finer details and second-order effects of things escape you when you get too excited,” she murmured. “Our first dozen chess matches all ended in my favor because you jumped at the opportunity to take my queen.”

“In my defense, I was eight,” Rias drawled, and Sona smiled.

“I’ll watch over Kuoh for you and make sure that Gasper doesn’t slack off,” she promised. “Tsubaki happened to be walking by your tower when Seekvaira showed up the other day.”

“I informed her and Latia about what Harry is,” Rias explained. “They were both quite intrigued, for obvious reasons.”

“So you’re bringing them in as mistresses,” Sona said. “Who else do you have in mind?”

“I’m thinking of reaching out to Roygun Belphegor,” Rias replied, and her old friend’s eyebrows shot towards her hairline.

“Really?” she asked. “That would be...big.”

“That’s putting it mildly,” Rias grinned. “I’ve had a crush on her for years, and I could learn so much from her, I’m sure, but...”

“You’re nervous about it?” Sona asked and she sighed.

“I haven’t been nervous about anything in years, but...it’s Roygun Belphegor,” Rias breathed. “I haven’t actually made a decision on that yet, and I do have a couple other options I’m mulling over.”

“Thanks for not trying to bring me in just yet,” Sona murmured.

“Whoever suggests that is going to have to deal with Lady Serafall, and I’d much rather it be your parents,” Rias sighed. “How do you feel about it?”

“Your husband is gorgeous, intelligent, and capable,” Sona replied primly. “I’m sure I’d quite enjoy his...proficiency in physical matters, and I trust that he wouldn’t try to stymie...”

“Proficiency in physical matters?” Rias asked, struggling not to laugh, and her old friend blushed.

“Shut up,” Sona muttered, making her giggle. “I’m not seeing anyone or even particularly interested in anyone at the moment, and I know that Harry wouldn’t get in the way of my ambitions as so many noble devils would. When the time comes that I feel I’m ready for children, I’ll let you know, and I’ll be letting my parents know that that will be what I’m waiting for as well.”

“You make it all sound so formal and dry,” Rias sighed, and Sona shrugged.

“You’re the romantic one between us,” she replied. “The simple fact is that what Harry is and how much my parents are going to want me to take advantage of that should give me leverage with them I wouldn’t normally have, and I plan to use that.”

“If you ever want to explore anything with us, neither he nor I would object at all,” Rias said with a smirk, and Sona rolled her eyes.

“You’d think he’d have enough as is,” she replied dryly. “Is he sleeping with this otherworldly woman or Asia yet?”

“No,” Rias chuckled. “Asia’s somehow even more innocent than she looks, and as for Ciri, she’s only been here a few weeks now. We don’t seduce every woman we make eye contact with.”

“You offered me a threesome just over a minute ago,” Sona said dryly, and Rias grinned lasciviously as she leaned in.

“Old friends are different,” she purred, and Sona’s breath hitched at the sheer desire in her eyes, though she quickly recovered.

“Where’s your husband?” she asked. “Clearly he’s been neglectful of you.”

“Hardly,” Rias sighed, leaning back in her chair. “He went to Britain to see an old friend of his father’s and should be back by the time I get back to the Rookery. Did you have anything to go over, because my hopefully impending trip was my main order of business?”

“No,” Sona replied. “Things have quieted down here quite a bit since you dealt with the fallen angels. I haven’t asked yet, actually, but what did you do with the fourth one? You said you sacrificed three of them.”

“She’s locked away in the dungeon under Gremory Castle,” Rias replied. “No one has inquired about her yet, and it wouldn’t shock me if the Grigori just thought they were all dead.”

“I’m surprised they aren’t,” Sona said, and she shrugged.

“The other three proved useful, and this one might as well,” Rias replied. “After what she pulled here and tried to do to Asia, I’m more than happy to let the bitch rot.”

“You’ve grown quite fond of her,” Sona murmured.

“She’s hard not to like,” Rias smiled. “Between her bubblyness and her almost painful innocence, she’s adorable in a way I never would have imagined finding someone my age.”

“How has she adjusted to being a devil?” Sona asked curiously. “To go from being an aspiring nun to one of us is quite the change.”

“I haven’t pushed her on the Tyrant and don’t plan to, and that seems to be the only possible sticking point there,” Rias replied. “As much as her faith in the church and heaven at large was shaken by everything, she maintains that he’s good and won’t budge there, but given the state of things between us and heaven at the moment, that shouldn’t be an issue any time soon.”

“Serfall informed me of what they’re trying to do the other day,” Sona nodded. “It’s hard to imagine that we might actually reach a state of peace, but it seems there’s interest in all three factions.”

“We’ll see if anything actually comes of it,” Rias murmured. “Anyway, the final period’s almost done, so I should get to the Occult Research Clubroom.”

“If you do make this Ciri one of us, how soon afterward do you think you’ll leave for this other world?” Sona asked.

“I’m not sure, but I’ll inform you just before I leave, I promise,” Rias replied, and she smiled.

“Thank you,” Sona nodded. “I’ll see you later, Rias.”

“See you,” Rias replied as she stood up and left.

As she made her way through the halls, seeing students quietly leave their classrooms, she quickly noticed a very red-faced Asia looking utterly mortified and went to check on her.

"I'm just saying, Asia, you have a front row seat to the hottest gossip in town," Aika grinned. "You're sure you haven't noticed anything...noteworthy?"

"I haven't seen anything," Asia squeaked.

"Well, if you want any other lessons, you know where to find me," Aika replied, her eyes widening slightly when she saw Rias.

"Asia, is everything alright?" the redhead asked.

"Fine," Asia squeaked before clearing her throat. "Is the meeting starting soon?"

"It is," Rias replied. "Hello, Aika."

"Hello," Aika replied. "I need to get home. It was nice talking to you, Asia."

"Yes," Asia replied, still blushing heavily, and Rias smiled as she wrapped an arm around the blonde's waist.

"I hope she wasn't bothering you," the redhead whispered, and Asia shook her head.

"No, she's actually really nice," Asia replied, adding under her breath, "maybe too nice."

"Hmm?" Rias asked, and she sighed.

"When I told her about my...educational background, she elected to give me a few lessons that she figured I'd likely missed out on," Asia replied. "Complete with surprisingly detailed diagrams she drew."

"Ah," Rias nodded, trying not to laugh.

She decided not to bother the blonde further, and they made their way over to the clubroom quietly, finding everyone save for Harry waiting for them already.

"Sorry I'm late," Rias murmured, sitting down. "I filled Sona in on our latest development."

"I imagine she was surprised," Hermione said as Luna patted the seat next to her and beamed at Asia when she sat down.

"Did you come from gym class?" she asked. "You're all red."

"No, I just...I had a long final class," Asia replied.

"Where's Harry?" Kiba asked.

"He left early today to meet with someone back in Hogsmeade," Rias replied. "Now, today, I want to focus on the contracts that we've all made in the last little while. I want each of you to make a note of who among those you've made contracts with is most likely to reach out to you again in case we need to inform them that we'll be unavailable for a time."

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“Harry, Sirius,” Remus murmured as he sat down in the Shrieking Shack. “Not that I’m not pleased to see you both, but why in the world did you bring me out here?”

“I figured you might enjoy it for old time’s sake, and this way we didn’t need to run anything past Albus, who seemed to be quite busy when I spoke to him the other day,” Sirius replied, and the werewolf chuckled.

“You’ll actually appreciate the reason for that,” Remus replied. “Albus has been tearing his hair out trying to replace Binns over the last week.”

“Binns retired?” Harry asked. “Why? When?”

“Why would I appreciate it?” Sirius asked, smelling a prank.

“The Weasley twins thought it would be a funny idea to throw him a retirement party and see how he reacted,” Remus replied. “I think they thought it would confuse or annoy him or something, but instead, he disappeared.”

“Disappeared?” Harry asked as Sirius burst out laughing.

“That was all it took to get him to go?” he asked. “Oh, man, I wish we had thought of that.”

“I’m still confused,” Harry said.

“Professor Binns died halfway through the 1889-1890 school year,” Remus explained, “and just went on teaching like nothing happened. The headmaster at the time questioned him about this and determined that he just wanted to keep going indefinitely and decided to keep him on, but it turns out that he’d have been perfectly willing to retire if anyone had even suggested it, and when the twins threw their mock party, he took it as proof that he had retired and that was that.”

“He’d been here that long?” Harry asked.

“Apparently he taught Albus history back in the day,” Remus chuckled. “The problem is that, as there is no legal obligation to pay the dead for working, they’ve been getting him to work for free all this time, and Albus had to scramble to not only find a new history professor but also find room in the budget for his salary. Needless to say, he’s less than pleased with Misters Weasley right now.”

“Wait, they weren’t just paying his next of kin?” Sirius asked.

“He was his last of kin,” Remus shrugged, “and in their defense, it’s not like he could have spent what they paid him. Anyway, what brings you by?”

“There’s something we need to tell you, though you might want to sit down,” Sirius replied, and his face fell.

“What’s going on?” Remus asked as he did so.

“James Potter,” Harry said, and the image of his father appeared out of his right hand.

“Hey, Moony, how’s it hanging?” James asked, and Remus screamed, jumping out of his chair as Harry, Sirius, and James all burst out laughing. “Got that from a dead American bloke and thought it was funny.”

“Up top, Harry,” Sirius chuckled, and Harry high-fived him with the hand his father’s spirit was sticking out of.

“What the hell?!” Remus exclaimed. “James, how...”

“You remember reading about the Deathly Hallows back in the day?” James asked. “Well, guess whose son accidentally ate them.”

“I didn’t eat the Deathly Hallows,” Harry protested. “I accidentally absorbed them.”

“You...you’re real?” Remus asked. “Oh, Merlin, James.”

“Hi, Remus,” James smiled. “Sorry, but I just couldn’t resist.”

“I’m almost sad Snape’s not here anymore,” Harry chuckled. “That would have been much funnier.”

“Oh, man, I am totally hiring a P.I. to track Snivellus down,” Sirius laughed. “We need to do that.”

“I see I’m the only one here who’s grown up,” Remus sighed, only to freeze and wince at James. “Sorry, mate, I...didn’t mean...”

“Relax, Remus, it’s fine,” James said. “By the way, Padfoot, save your money. I can probably track the miserable arsehole down myself.”

“We figured that you’d appreciate the chance to say goodbye,” Harry murmured, and Remus sat back down.

“I’m so sorry, James,” he sighed, and the ghost shook his head.

“You have nothing to apologize for,” James sighed. “We never should have distrusted you, not for a moment. If we hadn’t, you may well have noticed that Wormtail had turned on us, and who knows what might have happened? I’m sorry for that.”

“Thank you,” Remus whispered, not trusting his voice as his eyes grew misty, “and thank you, Harry, not just for this but for taking down that mad bastard once and for all.”

“Oh, that was a pleasure,” Harry replied.

“I heard about your other adventure too,” Remus sighed, shaking his head. “I couldn’t believe it when I read about Lynch and the elves in the paper.”

“We could hardly believe it ourselves,” Harry muttered. “Even for a guy who fought against Voldemort multiple times, that guy was disturbing in the extreme.”

“What made you move to Japan?” Remus asked.

“A woman,” Harry replied simply, “and I needed a fresh start after everything. Killing Voldemort seemed like the perfect bookend to my time living in Britain, though I anticipated that I’d end up returning often, of course. How are you finding teaching again?”

“I love it,” Remus replied. “It was rewarding the first time, but now, knowing that the curse on the position is well and truly gone, it’s the greatest job I’ve ever had and one I’d like to keep for years to come.”

“Just don’t walk into an unexpected retirement party any time soon,” Sirius quipped, and he chuckled.

“I hope the twins didn’t end up in too much trouble,” Harry smiled.

“We were in the middle of a staff meeting and waiting for Binns to show up when they burst in to tell us what had happened,” Remus snickered. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen Albus more surprised before.”

“Speaking of him, could you let him know about this?” Harry asked. “We contacted Nicolas Flamel not long ago, and he suggested that we offer to let Albus summon someone.”

“Why did you summon Flamel?” Remus asked.

“I had a couple questions about alchemy,” Harry lied.

“So how are you finding life in Japan?” Remus asked, and both Harry and Sirius smiled.

“We’ve settled in well,” the animagus replied. “This one’s thriving, and I’m seeing someone.”

“I’m sorry, did you just say that Sirius Black has a girlfriend and isn’t just hopping from bed to bed?” Remus asked.

“Who says he uses beds?” James snickered and Sirius gave them both a look of faux offense.

“I had to grow up someday,” he sighed. “I’m glad that you’re doing well, Remus. I always figured you’d teach someday.”

“I never figured I’d get the chance,” Remus sighed, “but with the worst of the werewolves dead and the worst figures in the government here gone, things that would have been unthinkable before are genuinely possible now.”

“What do you mean by the worst of the werewolves being dead?” Harry asked.

“After you killed Greyback, something else I genuinely cannot thank you enough for, a number of wolves much like him started vying to take his place,” Remus replied. “There was a reason that so many werewolves followed him; he wasn’t just one of the worst of us, he was the worst. Word started to spread that there was something unique about him, that the ministry had discovered something in his remains that they thought might be used to end lycanthropy entirely, and those of us who actually like the curse came in droves to the spot where those remains were apparently being held.”

“It was a trap?” Harry guessed, and he nodded.

“More than three dozen genuine monsters were lured into something Amelia Bones put together with the assistance of another werewolf, and none of them survived,” Remus replied. “A mix of the worst of us being killed and looser werewolf laws being passed in the months since has made the situation here for us downright tolerable.”

“And who said violence was never the answer?” James quipped, making them all chuckle.

“I brought firewhiskey, something I completely forgot about until just now,” Sirius muttered, pulling a bottle and three glasses out of his mokeskin pouch.

“Um, Sirius...” Remus murmured, looking at Harry, who snorted.

“I’m not your student, and I’m not flying home,” he said, and, after pausing for a moment and looking at James, who shrugged, the werewolf decided it wasn’t worth fighting and accepted his glass, thrilled beyond measure to be able to speak to his old friend again.

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Kiba ducked under Ciri’s blow and riposted towards her chest, shaking his head when she twisted out of the way effortlessly and slashed at his legs.

“You’re remarkably well-trained,” he commented, jumping over the blow and slashing upward toward her head.

He’d summoned a pair of blunted training swords for them and knew that, even if they managed to hurt each other anyway, Asia could heal them. Even still, he’d held back quite a bit in the beginning, only to quickly realize that not only did he not need to, he really couldn’t afford to.

“I was trained to fight by some of the most fearsome monster hunters in my world,” Ciri murmured, sidestepping the blow with ease and riposting towards Kiba’s shoulder, managing to graze it barely. “Two-two.”

“I did say best of three,” the swordsman replied, stepping back and retaking his stance.

Ciri grinned and faked taking a step forward, only to disappear in a flash of green light and reappear behind him, holding her blunted blade to his throat. “Three.”

“Three,” Kiba replied, and she went still as she felt a dull dagger press into her thigh, right by her femoral artery.

“Touche,” she chuckled, stepping back and resting the blade against the wall. “I must say, being able to summon blades at will must be incredibly useful.”

“Sword Birth, it’s called,” Kiba replied. “My Sacred Gear.”

“Right, those special gifts that people in this world can get,” Ciri murmured. “They really come at the will of your people’s greatest enemy, but he doesn’t control them at all?”

“It seems strange, I know, especially for someone we call the Tyrant, but no, once someone has a Sacred Gear, they can do as they wish with it, provided they learn how to use it,” Kiba said. “You’re not the only one who’s considered that weird.”

“Ah, there you are,” Akeno smiled as she walked into the training room. “Kiba, Rias wants a word.”

“Actually, I’d like to speak to her as well if she has a moment,” Ciri said, and Akeno nodded, leading them out of the room.

“Who won?” she asked, able to tell from how they looked that they’d been sparing.

“It was a tie,” Kiba replied. “Ciri’s quite the terror with a blade.”

“I should be with all the practice I’ve gotten,” Ciri murmured, looking away as they entered Rias’ study.

“...actually convinced a ghost to let go by throwing him a retirement party?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Sirius must have been very impressed,” Luna smiled. “I don’t think the Marauders ever managed to make a professor retire with a prank.”

“Marauders?” Koneko asked.

“What my father and their friends called themselves when they were kids,” Harry replied. “Sirius was one of them, of course.”

*“I’m gonna guess that sounded really cool when they were eleven,”* Koneko thought to herself.

“Ah, Kiba, I...Ciri?” Rias asked, cocking an eyebrow at the ashen-haired woman.

“I don’t mean to interrupt you, but this shouldn’t take long,” Ciri said as she stepped inside and looked around the rather large room, seeing the entire peerage seated there. Even Gasper was present, hiding in his box as she’d learned was his custom, and while the rest of them looked curious or bored, she noticed that Asia looked flushed and seemed to be periodically glancing down at Harry’s feet. Deciding to ask about that later, she turned to Rias and said, “You made me an offer a few weeks ago, and I’ve considered it carefully since.”

“Have you come to a decision?” Rias asked, managing to keep her excitement out of her voice with surprising skill.

“I have, though I’d like to say something first,” Ciri replied. “I’ve shared a fair bit about what my life has been like for the past few years with you and a few others here, all of whom, I’m sure, passed every detail onto you. I don’t trust easily; I haven’t had that luxury in quite a long time, and I’m honestly surprised that I’ve considered this at all.”

“If you need more time, that’s perfectly alright,” Rias smiled. “I don’t want you to feel rushed, and you are, of course, welcome to stay here longer as well.”

“I haven’t felt rushed or pushed at all,” Ciri smiled. “One of the nicest things about being here has been the sense I’ve felt that you really didn’t need me for that very reason. I’m tentatively willing to take you up on your offer, but I have one condition.”

“What would that be?” Akeno asked before Rias could, genuinely curious about just what she had in mind.

“This little sojourn you wish to take into another world, I want us to do that first,” Ciri replied.

“Really?” Harry asked. “Why?”

“You’ve been nothing but welcoming to me here, and the past few weeks have been peaceful in a way I haven’t felt in so long, but I’ve been living in your home as you patiently waited for me to decide whether or not I wanted to stay long-term,” Ciri replied. “You learn far more about people on the road than you do in their homes, where they’re most comfortable and in control. I’ve learned that the hard way...more than once.”

“That’s...a fascinating option,” Rias murmured. “Do you really think you could take us where we want to go, though? Part of the reason for making you one of us was that it would, in theory, improve your control over your powers.”

“I think that if I were to hold something from the world you seek, that would be enough to help me find my way there,” Ciri replied. “This omnilibrary of yours almost certainly has something from there.”

“How exactly does your ability work?” Hermione asked.

“I can travel at will to worlds I’ve been to and explore others, but when I open a portal and feel around space, there are so many out there that I’ve always feared getting lost,” Ciri replied. “If I have some sense of where exactly I wish to go, that helps a lot, unless something interferes and pulls me in.”

“Sorry again about that,” Hermione muttered, and she chuckled.

“I’m not exactly displeased,” Ciri replied.

“If you do this, at the end of it, I won’t need anything else from you,” Rias surmised, and Ciri nodded.

I’ve gotten very used to people wanting to use me, and I’ll feel a lot more comfortable here when I know that you’ve gotten what you wanted,” she replied. “I know you could do this without me, and you’ve all been nothing but kind and patient, but...”

“It’s okay,” Rias smiled. “Our experiences leave their marks on us, the negative ones often more obviously, and the things that make us uncomfortable are often not entirely logical.”

“What exactly are you looking for?” Ciri asked. “You’ve told me the basics of this Philosopher’s Stone project, but I’d like more details.”

“We seek the one missing piece of the recipe, as it were,” Harry replied. “It’s a form of contained soul energy that we’ll need to bathe the Stone in once we’ve finished creating it, or else it will simply fall apart.”

“Soul energy?” Ciri asked.

“We’re not entirely sure what that entails, as even the wizard who stumbled across it didn’t really know what he was working with,” Hermione replied. “I’ve been looking for texts from that world, but I’ve found almost nothing so far, which is more than a little bizarre.”

“Almost?” Fleur asked.

“I found architectural drawings for the Argent Tower that Nicolas Flamel mentioned, but that was all,” Hermione replied. “It makes no sense, and I assume that I’ve just failed to locate the books from that world, since they would need to exist and we were so thorough in gathering together all the written works from the multiverse.”

“What if they were digitized?” Asia asked, and they all turned to look at her in confusion.

“Huh?” Luna asked.

“Um, one of the people that I healed a couple years ago spoke about the work that he did,” Asia replied shyly. “His job was to scan all the documents for the legal firm he worked at and store them on a computer. I didn’t really understand how that worked, but he seemed to think they’d all fit.”

“Did we...oh, shit,” Hermione muttered. “The world that Flamel described did seem to be rather more advanced than our own, and we did get the Room of Requirement to give us written texts from various worlds.”

“Wait, are you saying we might have missed a great deal of knowledge?” Rias asked.

“It’s possible,” Hermione replied. “It’s also possible that we didn’t and that I’m just having trouble finding what I’m looking for in this case.”

“Well, I’ll probably be headed back to Hogwarts in the coming weeks to see Pro...Albus, so we can look into the Room then and check to see if we missed much,” Harry replied.

“That drawing you mentioned should be enough to give me some sense of the world you’re looking for, so we likely don’t need anything more,” Ciri said. “How much time will you need to prepare for this journey?”

“We could get everything set up today, honestly,” Rias replied. “Supplies are easy to gather with our powers, and it wouldn’t take me long to notify everyone about our departure.”

“Excellent,” Ciri nodded. “Then I’ll leave you to your meeting.”

With that, she vanished in a flash of green light, leaving the genuinely surprised devils in her wake.

“Why didn’t we consider that option before?” Koneko asked.

“Because taking her with us without making her a devil first does have some drawbacks,” Rias replied. “She’ll be our ride home, as it were, and having her be mortal does present some risks because of that.”

“We can fall back on the ritual in the worst-case scenario, though I trust you’ll be bringing your evil pieces,” Harry said.

“Of course,” Rias nodded. “I’ve come to rather like Ciri over the past few weeks, and she’d be an invaluable asset if she agreed to join us properly, but I sensed immediately that pushing her in any way, shape, or form would be stupid.”

“She’s been through a lot,” Luna murmured, eyeing Asia and seeing her looking down and blushing again. Peering into her mind, she had to actively suppress a smile when she saw what she was thinking.

*“Why oh why did Aika have to give me that lesson on male anatomy?”* the other blonde thought to herself. *“I didn’t need to know how big the average penis is or how much better oversized ones apparently are, and I definitely didn’t need to know that men with big feet are more likely to have really big ones. Harry’s are huge and...stop thinking!”*

*“I’m going to have to do something nice for Aika,”* Luna thought to herself as she looked back at Rias. Legilimency, it turned out, was something that being a devil made a lot easier to learn, and Harry had been teaching her and the others how to do it off and on for weeks.

“I really don’t like the idea that our efforts to fill the omnilibrary with everything ever written might not have been as thorough or successful as I thought,” Hermione fretted.

“We can verify whether we got everything or not in time,” Rias assured her. “For the moment, our focus needs to be on reaching that other world.”

“How long, realistically, do you think we’ll end up spending there?” Kiba asked.

“We have no way of knowing,” Harry replied. “Flamel gave us a rather in-depth description of the world as he found it, but that was centuries ago, and we really don’t know what’s happened to it since.”

“It’s possible that this argent energy no longer exists,” Akeno said, and Rias sighed.

“That is a possibility, and it will be deeply unfortunate if that ends up being the case, but we’re going to go there and see what we can find,” the redhead muttered. “This does make the reason for my calling this meeting all the more important. We need to put together a plan for this trip. I trust that each of you who have regular summoners has reached out to make sure they know you might be unavailable for a little while.”

When Akeno, Koneko, and Kiba all nodded, she smiled and said, “Good. You’ll want to send them notes saying that that’s definite now. In the meantime, Fleur, I’m entrusting you to make sure that we are well provisioned.”

“Between makeskin pouches and stasis charms, I could bring months’ worth of supplies,” the Veela nodded.

“Hermione, Luna, you two make sure that we have magical tents ready for all of us,” Rias commanded. “We could be heading into a desolate wasteland for all we know, and I don’t want to have to rely on finding shelter.”

“Understood,” Hermione nodded.

“Excellent,” Rias smiled. “Gaspar, Sona will be overseeing your training while I’m away; you are to obey her orders as if they were mine.”

“Yes, Rias,” the boy sighed.

“Do any of you have anything to discuss?” Rias asked.

“Um, I...” Asia went to say, flushing scarlet.

“Asia, you can tell me anything,” Rias said softly, and the blonde closed her eyes.

“Some of the girls at school have been asking me about your relationships with each other,” Asia replied, not looking at any of them. “I haven’t told them anything but...”

“That’s alright,” Akeno chuckled. “The fact that most of us are sleeping with Harry is pretty much an open secret.”

“It...what?” Asia asked, her eyes widening.

“It’s not some shameful secret or anything,” Fleur chuckled, grinning at the other blonde. “I, for one, would happily shout from the rooftop that I’ve managed to find such wonderful lovers.”

“Aren’t you part of the faculty, though?” Asia asked, not meeting her eye. “Isn’t that a problem?”

“It would be if we weren’t what we are,” Rias admitted, “but Sona’s family and mine run this town much less that school, and what we don’t want to be problematic simply isn’t.”

“I appreciate your effort to keep our personal lives private instead of gossiping about us,” Hermione smiled. “Have the other girls been welcoming?”

“They have, actually; they’ve been great,” Asia smiled. “This is the most normal life I’ve ever lived, which is a remarkable thing to be able to say when you live in a giant rook surrounded by evil gremlins.”

“I hope the minions haven’t been too bothersome,” Hermione sighed.

“No, though walking into the basement only to discover Gnarl having a human skull mounted on the wall was...an experience,” Asia sighed. “I quickly realized that avoiding the basement was the best option available to me.”

“Speaking of the minions, will we be taking any of them with us?” Fleur asked, and Hermione shook her head.

“We’ll be venturing into a completely different world, one that we know next to nothing about, and that means that being subtle and stealthy will be our most prudent course of action,” the brunette replied. “The Greens can be stealthy, but none of them are particularly subtle, and if we run into anything there that we can’t fight, they won’t be of much help.”

“Fair enough,” Rias replied. “I think that concludes things here. Take care of everything you need to and report back in when you’re done. If possible, I’d like to get going tonight.”

They all nodded at that, and most of them disappeared, save for Asia and Harry, neither of whom had been given anything to do.

“Are you sure I should be coming along for this?” the blonde asked. “I know my healing abilities are extremely useful, but I have no combat experience at all, and if we are potentially heading into danger, I wouldn’t want to be a liability to you.”

“You won’t be,” Rias said softly, standing up and hugging her, earning a surprised squeak from her. “You also don’t need to be so worried about offending us.”

“I’m not...” Asia went to say, and Rias gave her a flat look.

“You’ve been incredibly tense since we left school,” she replied. “Was that really just about the gossiping girls?”

Asia froze, not wanting under any circumstances to say that the reason she’d been so tense is that Aika had gotten her to think about Harry in ways that were entirely sinful and wrong but also not really wanting to lie.

“Aside from asking you questions about us, the others haven’t done anything to make you uncomfortable, right?” Harry asked in concern, and she took the lifeline immediately.

“No, but...it’s been a bit of an adjustment living like this when I was so used to life in convents,” Asia said, technically not lying. “I’ll get used to it eventually. I should check with Fleur and see if she can’t teach me a little more about cooking while she prepares our supplies.”

“Okay,” Rias nodded, watching her leave. “Any idea what that was about?”

“She’s felt sudden spikes of desire every time she’s looked at me since we left Kuoh Academy,” Harry replied. “My guess is that some of the girls she spoke to, like Aika, in particular, filled her head with notions she hadn’t considered before.”

“We’ll have to put off meeting her mother,” Rias murmured, turning around in her chair and summoning her familiar. “Inform Sona that I’m leaving tonight.”

“Yes, mistress,” her familiar replied before turning into a bat and flying off.

“Asia’s not the only one who seems tense,” Harry murmured, sitting down on her desk and patting his lap.

“We might very well be on the cusp of achieving something I’ve wanted for months now,” Rias grinned, swinging her legs over until her feet were in her husband’s lap. “There’s so much potential in the Stone, not just for letting me get back at my aunt and provide another source of Agrean crystals, but so much more.”

“It does honestly seem like Flamel either never fully explored the potential uses of the Stone or simply never wrote about the other things he did with it,” Harry murmured as he pulled off her shoes and stockings, leaving her long, creamy legs entirely bare. As he started gently digging his thumbs into the sole of her right foot, earning a gasp and a sigh from her pouty lips, he added, “Transmutation has, in theory, limitless potential.”

“Lucifer’s light, you’re good at that,” Rias moaned, making his cock stir in his pants. “I was mostly thinking of the potential of using it to create a cure for Sleeping Sickness, but you clearly have other ideas.”

“To be able to turn one element into another, permanently, is an ability that goes so far beyond normal magic,” Harry explained. “Transfiguration can cause remarkable transformations, but they’re surface level and temporary. Through demonic power, we can do similar things on a deeper level, but we still can’t truly take one thing and make it, at the core of its being, into another in a

way that couldn't simply be undone. Transmutation, from everything I and Voldemort have ever read, goes so far beyond that. If you take an ounce of lead and transmute it into an ounce of gold, to use the most classic example, that transformation is total and utterly complete."

"That does sound amazing, though I'm sure, from the tone of your voice, that you're thinking of possibilities I haven't yet," Rias murmured, moaning when he switched the other foot and found a spot she hadn't realized was tight.

"With the Stone, we could take any mineral and turn it into another, and I wonder if that doesn't extend to ones that aren't native to Earth," Harry said, and her eyebrows shot towards her hairline. "I know a certain girl who would very, very much appreciate, some mithril jewelry."

"She'll try to suck your soul out if you give her a gift like that," Rias chuckled. "Come to think of it, we have come across schematics for things that required materials not native to this dimension. Who knows what we could accomplish if we managed to truly master transmutation?"

"It could open up countless possibilities for us," Harry said, smiling, though his face quickly fell. "Of course, Akeno could be right."

"She could, and that would be highly disappointing," Rias muttered, "but until we know for sure that this odd energy is beyond our grasp, should it be, there's no point in dwelling on it. What's your take on Ciri's decision?"

"I get the sense that if your offer of power wasn't so tempting for her, it would have taken her months to even consider trusting us at all," Harry replied. "I might well have been that way when I first went to Hogwarts, too jaded and distrustful to accept that people there might actually be sincere in their efforts to befriend me, but I was so desperate for affection that that quickly outweighed any distrust I felt."

"She wants security, stability, and the power to keep herself safe without having to rely on others," Rias murmured, having gotten a pretty good sense of what drove the ashen-haired beauty by then. "I can offer her all of that, but she'll need to believe she can trust us first."

"Getting what we need for the Stone might well set her mind at ease, since we've been pretty open about that being what we want from her," Harry said. "I understand a little bit about feeling like everyone you meet wants to use you for something you didn't ask for, though there's a world of difference between people wanting to ask me about my scar and people hunting her down to take advantage of her blood."

Rias smiled sadly at that and pulled her feet back before floating into his lap and snaking her arms around his neck.

"Neither of you needs to worry about that here," she whispered, and he kissed her softly.

"No, we don't," Harry murmured. "You've given us all quite the sanctuary here."

"It's honestly part of why I love living in a small town so much," Rias replied. "As much as I love Kyoto and visit it often, Kuoh is just so much more peaceful, and I get all the benefits of living in Japan anyway."

"I've informed everyone I need to that we're...oh, I hope I'm interrupting something," Akeno purred, and Rias chuckled.

“Get in here and you’ll find out,” the redhead replied, and Akeno slipped inside, shutting the door behind her.

“Should we take this to our bedroom?” Harry asked.

“Why bother?” Akeno asked, waving a hand over Rias’ desk, which quickly transformed into a bed.

“Fair enough,” Harry grinned, kissing Rias hungrily as he rolled her over onto her back.

“It’s been a while since it was just the three of us,” Akeno sighed, undressing herself with a snap of her fingers. “Just like old times.”

“Old times aren’t even quite a year ago,” Rias grinned, licking her lips at the sight of Akeno’s voluptuous form.

“Actually, that brings up a point I’ve been meaning to ask about,” the raven-haired beauty murmured. “What are you two doing for the anniversary? It is coming up, after all.”

“November twenty-second,” Harry smiled, cupping Rias’ cheek. “The day my life changed forever.”

“We’ll think of something, though we might not even be in this dimension for it,” Rias murmured.

“You really fear we’re going to be in this odd other world for that long?” Akeno asked.

“It’s a possibility,” Rias replied. “If Ciri manages to get us to the right world on the first try, which isn’t guaranteed, we’ll end up stumbling through a strange planet in search of a thing that might no longer exist there.”

“At least it’s apparently a copy of Earth,” Harry murmured. “Oh, we could check out what Japan’s like there, if there is a Japan.”

“That’s...a possibility,” Rias grinned, not having considered it before.

“Now you’ve done it,” Akeno giggled as she joined them on the bed. “We’ll be lucky to leave that other Earth within the year.”

“I’m not that bad,” Rias muttered. “It will be fascinating to see how things differ, though.”

“Uhuh,” Akeno chuckled, only to squeal when she felt a spectral hand swat her ass hard.

“You’ve been awfully mouthy today,” Rias grinned, undressing her and Harry with a wave of her hand. “You usually only get like that when you want a spanking.”

“I spent half of last night paddling Luna, and you know how much I always crave a good punishment after doling one out,” Akeno purred. “You should have seen how much she squirted when I finally let her cum.”

“She seemed fine this morning,” Harry said, furrowing his brow in confusion, and she chuckled.

“I’m fairly sure she went to Asia for assistance this morning,” Akeno replied. “At least, I think that’s why our former aspiring nun was blushing so much when we left for school.”

“Try not to torture the poor girl too much,” Rias sighed.

“She’s going to be in for a very dull, very frustrating next few thousand years if she doesn’t learn that she can actually act on her desires,” Akeno smirked. “We’re all just helping her slowly come to the conclusion that she can.”

“You are a very bad girl,” Rias purred, crawling up to her and grabbing her by her throat.

Akeno shivered at her touch, her inner muscles clenching hard around her buttplug, and when Rias kissed her deeply, she melted into her embrace. Harry watched his first lovers make out, feeling his cock throb with need at the sight, and crawled behind the dark-haired beauty. The gleaming diamond between her plump round ass cheeks drew his eye immediately, and he pressed a finger against it, making it grow just barely noticeably.

“Fuck,” Akeno moaned, crying out when the plug started to vibrate. “Oh, shit.”

“You’re not going to cum until I say so,” Harry rumbled, grabbing her ponytail and pulling her back until he could stare into her purple eyes. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” Akeno grinned. “I can sometimes barely believe that you turned into such a dominant stud in under a year. The first time you tried to spank me, I could barely feel it.”

“I learned from the best,” Harry whispered as he captured her mouth with his.

Rias lowered herself down and palmed her oldest friend’s large, heavy breasts, kneading and massaging the mounds as Harry and her made out. As Harry’s tongue plundered Akeno’s mouth, she moaned, already feeling herself grow soaking wet. His demanding kiss, the feeling of Rias’s hands on her breasts, and the maddening vibrations of the plug in her ass would have all been great on their own, and together they were more than enough to make her drip down her thighs.

“Such a needy little slut,” Harry grinned, his incubus nature letting him sense just how quickly she became aroused. “The slightest touch is all it takes to make you wetter than the rainforest for me.”

“With how you look and sound these days, it’s a wonder I ever have dry panties,” Akeno moaned.

“Sound?” Harry asked, and she chuckled, pressing herself back against him and grinding against his turgid length.

“Between your confidence and how deep your voice is, it’s like you have permanent dom voice,” Akeno shivered. “Maybe I should stop wearing panties all together...fuck!”

The resounding crack of his hand connecting with her ass echoed through the room like a gunshot, and she fell forward into Rias’ arms, the stinging pain making her pussy clench around nothing.

“More!” Akeno exclaimed. “Please, Sir, spank me more.”

“Fuck, your ass is already reddening,” Harry grinned, pressing his lips against the rapidly forming mark and smirking when Akeno let out a sigh of pleasure. “I’ll spank you until you cry, but you’re going to need to do something for me first. You’re not the only one this little display of ours is making terribly wet.”

“What can I say?” Rias sighed, leaning back on the bed and spreading her legs, “You suffer beautifully, Akeno; you always have.”

“When was the first time you two played around like this?” Harry asked.

“It was a few years ago now,” Akeno replied. “I don’t remember how old we were.”

“Young enough that the average human would have been horrified,” Rias chuckled. “This one had gotten her hands on an erotic novel with serious bdsm themes in it and wanted to try out some of the things she’d read about. I conjured a leather strap and started tentatively spanking her, though my aim wasn’t as good as it was today, and on the twentieth blow, I accidentally hit her pussy.”

“What happened?” Harry asked.

“I came so hard I passed out,” Akeno chuckled. “Learned a lot about myself that day.”

“My little pain slut,” Harry whispered in her ear, making her giggle. “Be a good girl and make Rias cum and I might give you what you want.”

“Fuck, you made the right call last year, Rias,” Akeno grinned as she leaned in and grasped the redhead’s thighs. “Bringing Harry into our lives was the best decision you’ve ever made.”

“You were the one who suggested I seduce my summoner, provided he was hot,” Rias chuckled. “Some of the credit belongs to you.”

“I’ve been very, very well rewarded for that,” Akeno purred, pressing her lips to the soft skin of Rias’ inner thigh.

The redhead squirmed and sighed, looking up at Harry as Akeno inched closer and closer to her dripping slit.

“You made my plug so big,” the dark-haired woman purred, wiggling her wonderfully round ass at Harry, “but I know what would be even bigger. I promise I won’t bother Asia about healing my poor, ravaged asshole if you fuck it, Harry.”

“Maybe later,” Harry chuckled, and she pouted before leaning in and flicking the tip of her tongue across Rias’ clit, making her gasp in shock.

She grinned up at her and dug her fingers into her hips as she started exploring Rias’ fleshy pussy with her tongue. She’d eaten her out a thousand times over the years and knew the redhead’s folds like the back of her hand, but still she enjoyed exploring her thoroughly to start out, knowing that it drew out her ascent to ecstasy just a little bit. Her master squirmed and moaned, grabbing her head and holding her in place, much to her delight.

*“I will never tire of the sight of this,” Harry thought to himself as he knelt behind Akeno, watching her devour Rias’ pussy. “Not in my wildest dreams would I have ever imagined that my sex life would evolve into this just a year ago. Hell, I could barely imagine having one back then, but now...I really am a lucky bastard.”*

“You’re so good at that, baby,” Rias cooed, grinding her slick cunt up against Akeno’s face as she swirled her tongue around her clit.

"I'd have to be awfully dull not to be at this point," she grinned. "You became such a demanding master after you discovered how good it felt to have me eat you out."

"You say that...fuck...like I didn't return the favor every time," Rias moaned, wrapping her legs around Akeno's face and pressing her heels into her back. "Add another finger, I...gah!"

"That's it," Harry grinned as he watched Akeno start pumping three fingers in and out of Rias, curling them upward towards her g-spot. "You're going to earn your reward faster than I thought."

"You know all too well how good our little slut is with her mouth," Rias purred, and Akeno quivered, feeling her insides quiver at her words. "You're such a good girl, Akeno. For anyone else, a spanking might be a true punishment, but we know for you it's more of a reward."

"And you're going to be rewarded until you cry, I promise," Harry grinned, conjuring a leather strap and brushing it against Akeno's back, making her gasp. "You don't even need to look to know what this is, clearly. Make Rias cum and you and I are going to have so much fun together."

"Shit!" Rias cried, cackling when she felt Akeno start sucking on her clit and rubbing her g-spot even harder. "Mmm, you're really desperate, aren't you? I could make you work for it, you know, try to hold back as long as I could..."

Akeno's lust-darkened eyes found her's and she giggled at the desperation in them.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not that cruel...today, anyway," Rias grinned. "Make me cum, Akeno, just a little...little...yes!"

Just as Rias' back arched off the bed, Harry brought the strap down on Akeno's ass, and she shrieked at the sudden pain.

"Harder!" she screamed, and he chuckled.

"Which do you prefer?" Harry asked. "Feeling pain or causing it?"

"Causing, honestly, but experiencing it can be so much fun too," Akeno grinned, screaming when he brought it down on her other cheek.

"Count for me," Harry commanded, and she nodded frantically just as Rias sighed happily, brushing her hair out of her face.

"I needed that," the redhead breathed, sitting up and grinning when Harry brought the strap down again.

"One!" Akeno screamed, grabbing the sheets in front of her so tightly she thought she might tear them. "Two!"

"Have I mentioned recently how fucking hot you are?" Rias purred as she crawled behind him, taking in the sight of his muscular back. Leaning in, she pressed her huge breasts against him and wrapped her arms around his middle as he continued to smack Akeno's rapidly reddening ass. "Your workout routine continues to pay dividends."

"Nine, fuck!" Akeno wailed, her whole body shaking. "Ten!"

“Mmm, you’re taking it so well,” Harry rumbled, ghosting the strap over her welt-covered ass, “and clearly enjoying yourself.”

He brushed it over her dripping wet pussy, and she gasped, looking back at him in shock.

“Lower your face down onto your hands,” Harry commanded, and she nodded frantically before doing so.

“Fuck, I love you so much,” Akeno whimpered. “You’re sure you don’t want to try switching places sometime?”

“Sorry, luv, but I’m not into submission,” Harry replied. “Luckily for you, we have other lovers more than willing to let you torture them for fun.”

“Not everyone’s a switch, Akeno,” Rias giggled, grinning when he brought the strap down onto Akeno’s ass again, making her scream. “I can smell you from here.”

“She smells so good,” Harry rumbled.

“Twelve!” Akeno screamed. “Oh, fuck, I swear a stiff breeze could make me cum right now.”

“Hmm, then maybe we should continue this later,” Harry said, and before she could react, he pulled her plug out of her ass and, taking a second to lubricate his cock, buried it to the hilt inside her sweltering hole in one long thrust.

She shrieked, cumming the second his balls hit her clit, and he groaned as she fell forward, taking him with her.

“She wasn’t kidding,” Rias giggled, watching the raven-haired beauty writhe and sob under Harry as she gushed all over the bed. “You know, if you hold her up in the air, I could get one of our strap-ons and we could really stuff this little pain slut full.”

“Oh...fuck...” Akeno panted, shaking like a leaf and still wanting more. “Do it! When we go...to that other world...I want to be so sore...I have to fly.”

Harry chuckled at the thought and floated up into the air, reaching under her knees and holding her against his chest as Rias quickly attached the harness for her favorite strap-on, fully intending to fuck her best friend until she passed out.

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“Really, it’s okay,” Asia said, trying not to think about why Akeno needed the sort of healing she did the next morning. “*It was a muscle cramp, just a really weird muscle cramp; that’s it.*”

“Strategically speaking, going into potential enemy territory with a limp that bad is a bad idea,” Ciri repeated, and Harry rubbed the back of his neck, looking away. “That remains true even if you can fly.”

The ability to fly was probably one of the most tempting things about Rias’ offer of devilry, as it was something she’d not even considered learning to do back in her own world. It looked like a lot of fun and had enormous combat potential, but that wasn’t enough to make her leap into something like this so soon. She’d gone back and forth on it repeatedly in the last few days, changing her

mind each time she thought she'd decided to just go for it and in the end, her compromise seemed like the ideal solution.

*"I'll get to see up close what they're like when they're not comfortable at home," Ciri thought to herself, "and if we end up fighting anyone or anything, that will give me an even clearer view of them."*

"Oh, good, you haven't left yet," Sirius murmured, walking in just as Asia finished up.

"Are you sure that you don't want to take any minions with you, Ma'am?" Gnarl asked. "I've lost Overloads in strange dimensions before, and it's never fun."

"I am," Hermione nodded. "We have a lot of firepower here, Gnarl. Anything more would be overkill."

"But that's the best kind of kill," Gnarl argued, and Harry chuckled.

"If we end up needing any, we can come back," he said. "You're sure that the ring is connected to that glowing orb?"

"We tested it the other day," Gnarl nodded. "It's not quite a tower heart, but it should let me communicate with you, if such things remain possible across dimensions."

"That's going to be just one of the things I intend to test out," Hermione grinned. "Oh, this is so exciting!"

"You really don't want me to come?" Sirius asked.

"I need someone to keep an eye on things here," Harry replied. "We're hoping that we won't be gone too long."

"Stay safe," Sirius sighed, hugging his godson. "All of you try to stay safe."

"We'll do our best," Luna smiled.

"Try to check in on Maman for me while I'm gone," Fleur murmured, and he nodded. "Thank you, Sirius."

"We have everything we need?" Ciri asked, and when they all nodded, she looked down at the drawing in her hand.

She'd have preferred to have more of an idea where this odd world was than just being able to get a feel for a single thing copied from there, but it was all she had, and it would have to do. Reaching out, she opened a portal and immediately felt the sheer breadth of the multiverse as she always did. She closed her eyes and felt for the world she wanted to go to, smiling when she came across one that she thought seemed like it.

"Come," she said, leading them in through the portal, and they all followed after her, leaving the Rookery and reappearing in a very, very different world.

"What the fuck?" Harry asked as he looked around at the ruined wasteland of a city around him.

“Look out!” Luna exclaimed, and they all whipped around just in time to see a monstrous, humanoid creature running towards them, snarling and showing off his razor-sharp teeth.

His skin was a burned orange and seemed to be drawn too tightly across his skeleton, not that that slowed him down at all. His glowing red eyes seemed to radiate malice, and as he leapt towards them, a ball of fire formed in his hand. Harry conjured a shield of water around them, though it turned out to be unnecessary as a red ball of pure destruction slammed into the creature, atomizing it before it could even scream.

“I daresay this world has changed a little since Flamel was here,” Rias muttered, and they all looked around warily, realizing that they’d entered a world even more hostile than they imagined it could be.