

Harry sighed happily as he finished his breakfast, saying, "I must say, I'd have never imagined liking raw fish this much."

"I had had sushi before, but nothing like this." Hermione added.

"If the British idea of Japanese food is on par with their idea of French food, I understand that entirely," Fleur teased, and the brunette rolled her eyes.

"British cooking isn't as bad as all that," she insisted. When Fleur cocked an eyebrow at her, she said, "I've read old British cookbooks from before the war, and the cuisine was actually quite varied and interesting. It was the rationing that screwed us over, particularly because it went on for so long after the war ended. An entire generation grew up having access to barely anything, so of course they never learned how to cook properly."

"British cooking on the magical side never got that bad," Luna piped up. "This was very good, though. Thanks, Akeno."

"I've been practicing," Akeno smiled, preening under the praise. "Koneko ate most of my prior attempts."

"And lived to tell the tale," Kiba teased, earning a middle finger from Rias' queen.

"Shockingly, I didn't need much convincing to agree to eat a bunch of fish," Koneko remarked, sighing as she finished her last piece.

She was pressed right up against Harry, having refused to leave his side since the night before, something that he was more than happy about and the rest of them found quite cute.

"Harry, do you have a minute before you have to go?" Sirius asked, and Harry looked at him in concern, realizing that he'd been unusually quiet all morning.

"We both know I could just teleport right over to the school if I needed to," he replied. "Why?"

"I need a word...in private," Sirius replied, and Harry nodded solemnly, figuring that he knew what this was about.

"We'll head over in a couple minutes," Rias said. "If you think you'll be late, just reach out and let me know."

Harry followed his godfather upstairs, spotting Gnarl tinkering with something he doubted he wanted to know about in one of the spare rooms as they made their way to his. Sirius let him in and closed the door behind him before leaning on it.

"You want to speak to him?" Harry asked, and he nodded.

"I do...I have for weeks now but..." Sirius stammered, trailing off. "Promise not to think too little of me when I turn into a blubbering mess?"

"I promise only to make fun of you a little," Harry replied, and his godfather laughed.

"Thanks," he sighed. "I needed that."

“James Potter,” Harry said, holding out his hand, and the image of his father popped out of it.

“Padfoot,” James murmured, smiling widely. “Took you long enough.”

Sirius began tearing up immediately.

“James,” he breathed.

“You got old,” James chuckled, and Sirius laughed, though his face quickly fell.

“Yeah, I...I got to age,” he sighed, and James did too. “I’m so sorry, Prongs.”

“You have nothing to apologize for,” his old friend said softly.

“It was my idea to make the rat your secret keeper in my place,” Sirius lamented. “I just had to be clever.”

“None of us suspected Wormtail,” James muttered, his eyes darkening as he recalled his traitorous one-time friend, “and I was the first one to suspect Remus. If we had kept him closer, perhaps he might have figured out that Peter had grown too craven to be trusted.”

“Even still, I should have taken Harry and run,” Sirius sighed, looking regretful as he peered up at his godson. “If I’d done that, if I’d not gone after that wretched little rat...”

“I’d have done the same in your shoes,” James insisted. “Wormtail deserved to die for what he did. Lily...she and I should have been able to raise Harry together, and if not for him, perhaps we would have. I hate that he only got to experience a few months of Azkaban at its worst.”

“Have you checked on him, Dad?” Harry asked.

“The cage they have him locked away in is tiny and stifling, and he suffers for that, but it isn’t the same without those monsters,” James scowled. “Of course, I can’t exactly fault your brother-in-law for destroying them. Congratulations, by the way.”

“I should have summoned you,” Harry sighed, realizing that. “I didn’t think...I...”

“I was there anyway, and you were focused on knocking that utter dickhead on his arse,” James chuckled. “Well done, by the way.”

“I miss you,” Sirius sighed, trying to blink away his tears as he stared down at his old friend.

“I miss you too,” James replied. “Oh, you should know, and I don’t think he’s had a chance to write to you about it yet, but Remus has been rehired at Hogwarts.”

“Really?” Harry and Sirius asked in unison.

“I happened to check up on him in Germany when Albus floored him,” James replied. “The guy he hired for the defense position didn’t work out.”

“Is the curse still there?” Harry asked. “Voldemort cast it himself, and with him dead for good...”

“No, he just didn’t turn out to be all that suited to teaching,” James replied. “If you could let me speak to him some time, I’d appreciate that.”

“I’ll reach out to him and see about having drinks at the Leaky,” Sirius nodded. ““Hey, we can talk to our old dead mate’ isn’t the sort of thing you just put in a letter, you know?”

“Thank you,” James smiled. “I never held you responsible for any of this, Sirius, but in case you need to hear it, I do forgive you.”

“Damn it,” Sirius muttered as he started crying openly, and James just smiled sadly.

“Harry, about your mother...” he went to say.

“I’m on it, Dad,” Harry vowed. “It might take a while, but...”

“Harry, when I asked you to rescue her, I honestly didn’t know who had taken her but this Rizevim guy...” James went to say, trailing off as he tried to figure out how best to put it. “I don’t want you throwing your life away, son, and neither would she...”

“Mum sacrificed her life to save me, Dad,” Harry sighed. “How could I not risk myself for her...”

“We sacrificed our lives to give you a chance at one,” James said firmly, “not so you could throw it away.”

“I’m not a reckless fool,” Harry insisted. “I’m not rushing off across the Underworld to find him as I am now but I will rescue her soul in time. I’ll train until I can hold my own against Sirzechs and Ajuka and then try to reach a deal with Rizevim. If that fails, which it likely will, then I’ll take him out.”

“I...I just don’t want you to get yourself hurt,” James sighed.

“Neither do I,” Sirius piped up, wiping his eyes.

“He’s already undoubtedly interested in me because of what I am,” Harry pointed out. “This isn’t my first time living with the likelihood that some all-powerful dark wanker is going to come after me.”

“Do you know where he is?” Sirius asked. “If you could spy on him, perhaps you could find out if he’s focused on Harry at all.”

“No, I don’t,” James replied. “To me the world is a foggy haze lit up only where those I knew in life reside, and I’ve never been to the Underworld, outside of the realm of the dead.”

“How does that work exactly?” Harry asked.

“I’m not entirely sure, to be honest,” James replied. “All I know is that after I died, I woke up in a vast dark land surrounded by other spirits, some of which I knew and most of which I didn’t. Some disappear occasionally, and we’re not sure what happens to them. After we spoke in that odd space that looked like King’s Crossing, I gained the ability to check in more on those I knew in life, but other than that, I’m pretty limited.”

“It’s alright,” Harry said softly. “As I said, I’m not planning to confront Rizevim until I have reason to think that I might stand a chance against him, but someday, I will.”

“I guess I’ll just have to trust Sirzechs and the others to give you truly accurate assessments there,” James sighed. “Anyway, I think you have school to get to.”

“Oh, bloody hell, you’re right,” Harry muttered, looking to Sirius.

“I’ll look after him, James, I promise,” he breathed, and his old friend smiled.

“I know you will,” James replied. “Thank you.”

With that, Harry let him go, and Sirius slumped into his chair.

“You okay?” he asked.

“I will be,” Sirius replied. “Thank you for that; I...I really needed it.”

“Anytime,” Harry said. “Let me know what Professor Lupin says.”

“You can just call him Remus, you know,” Sirius chuckled, “or Moony.”

“Someday I will, I’m sure,” Harry smiled, disappearing in a magic circle.

Sirius sighed to himself, suddenly realizing that he probably should have done that at an acceptable hour to drink.

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“They’ve been downright despondent ever since,” one of the students said to her friends as Harry passed by. “We haven’t caught either of them hiding out in one of our lockers in days.”

“I wish it had taken something less severe than a murder to make them act like normal people,” one of the others sighed. “Oh, did you notice that they patched up that peephole in our change room?”

“Finally,” the first one muttered.

“I did that,” Hermione whispered. Looking at Rias, she asked, “Why did that even exist?”

“I honestly don’t know,” the redhead replied. “It would have been fixed eventually, but thank you for taking care of it.”

“Excuse me,” a girl said as they passed by her, and they all paused, realizing that it was Aika. “Are you Sirius’ son?”

“Godson,” Harry replied, smiling at her. “You’re Haruka’s daughter, I take it?”

“I am,” Aika smiled. “Aika Kiryuu, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Harry Potter,” Harry rumbled, taking her hand in his and pressing his lips to her knuckles, grinning when he felt her lust spike.

He had felt her more than he saw her in the weeks since he started going to Kuoh Academy. Her desire became palpable every time she laid eyes on him, something that he'd found mostly flattering so far, but as he peered into her yellow eyes and saw them turn black with lust, he wondered if there wasn't more to it than simple attraction and took a quick glimpse at her surface thoughts.

*"Holy fuck, his hands are huge," Aika thought to himself. "Fitting for a guy with such a big dick; he's like something out of an interracial porno, a big, hulking foreign guy who would just totally destroy my poor little pussy. I swear, if I thought she'd go for it, I'd offer to worship Rias just for a taste. I'd be their slave for a night if it meant I could feel every fucking inch of him rearranging my guts. I'd never be the same again."*

Harry barely resisted the urge to groan at that, genuinely taken aback by the extent of her fantasies about him, and when Hermione cleared her throat, he was grateful for the distraction.

"I don't know if you've met my friends yet," he said. "These are Hermione Granger and Luna Lovegood."

"We've met briefly," Aika nodded. "You guys all live in that giant Rook, right?"

"Yeah, that's our place," Luna smiled. "After our parents were murdered last year, Sirius took us in. Fleur, Rias, Akeno, Koneko, Kiba, and Gasper live with us too."

"Huh?" Aika asked, rearing back.

"Remember how we've discussed having tact before, Luna?" Hermione asked dryly, and the blonde looked at her sheepishly. "Suffice it to say the people responsible were brought to justice, and leave it at that."

"I'm so sorry," Aika sighed. "My dad he...he was hit by a car when I was a kid. I know, at least somewhat, what that's like."

"We should get to our homerooms," Akeno piped up, and Aika jolted, noticing the time.

"Care to share?" Rias purred, and Harry chuckled awkwardly.

"Let's just say if that one ever summons us, it will be for one thing," Harry whispered, and both his wife and Akeno looked intrigued.

"A topic for another time," Hermione murmured, and they nodded, following her as she made her way to the first classroom of the day.

*"It's not like I have time to consider the potential implications of my godfather's girlfriend having a daughter who wants to sleep with me right now," Harry thought to himself. After all, he had far more important things to think about just then, most of which wouldn't come until after school ended.*

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"I must admit, Japan is bloody beautiful," Harry murmured to himself, and Akeno, invisible and hiding a few feet away from him, chuckled.

“I’ve been to quite a few countries over the years, to say nothing of the numerous parts of the Underworld that I’ve been to, and few have ever really held a candle to it, at least for me,” she replied. “Rias’ obsession was sparked by how much she liked Souji Okita as a girl, but she truly fell in love with it after visiting Kyoto for the first time.”

“Was he her first crush?” Harry asked, curious, and Akeno giggled.

“Jealous?” she teased, making him roll his eyes.

“Hardly,” Harry replied dryly, and he could practically feel her pout at him not playing along.

“If he was, it was before I met her,” Akeno replied. “By the time we met, she’d discovered how much she liked girls. Needless to say, it didn’t take long for her to suggest that we practice kissing. Practice kissing then turned into...”

“Nothing I need to think about right now,” Harry muttered, making her giggle. “Three o’clock.”

“I see her,” Akeno nodded. “Just pretend I’m not even here.”

“It won’t be the first time I’ve wooed a girl with you right there,” Harry grinned, waving at Asia as he sensed her spot him.

“I’m sorry I’m late!” the blonde exclaimed, running up to him, only to trip over her own feet.

He was there in an instant, catching her in his arms, and she stared into his eyes, her own wide saucers.

“It’s okay,” Harry smiled. “I just got here.”

“You...thank you,” Asia breathed, only to flush scarlet as she realized that she was still in his arms. She pulled back immediately, still blushing, and Harry took a moment to look her up and down.

She was still wearing a nun’s habit, the same one that she’d been wearing the day before, if he wasn’t wrong, and he wondered if she owned anything else.

“So, how have you found the town so far?” Harry asked.

“It...it’s lovely,” Asia replied. “I’ve been moving around for so long now that I hope this ends up being a more permanent home for me.”

“As I said before, I’ve been living here for months now, and I’ve come to quite like it,” Harry smiled. “So is there anything you think you’d like to see first?”

“I trust you to know best,” Asia murmured, looking up into his eyes, and his smile widened.

“Well, in that case, we can start with a nearby park,” Harry said, grasping the small of her back and gesturing outward.

She shivered at his touch, and he grinned when he felt a spark of desire in her, only to wince when he began to feel a headache coming on.

“Is something wrong?” Asia asked, noticing his grimace, and he felt it disappear at once.

*“She was probably praying silently for forgiveness for thinking unclean thoughts,”* he thought to himself, deciding to keep the touching to a minimum going forward. “No, it’s nothing. Come.”

He showed her around the nearby park, the very one that Yuuma had killed Issei Hyoudou in, and was glad that she didn’t seem to know about that at all.

“So when did you learn to speak Japanese?” Harry asked, leading her through a stretch of the park that was more densely wooded.

“Earlier this year,” Asia replied. “I...met some people back in Italy who suggested that it might be a good fit for me. What made you come here?”

“My wife has lived here for years,” Harry replied, and Asia skidded to a halt.

“You’re married?” she asked, sounding more shocked than disappointed, though there were hints of that too. “But you’re...”

“So young?” Harry asked. “Her family is very traditional, and as we fell in love, she made it clear that they would want us to wed sooner rather than later.”

“Congratulations,” Asia smiled. “The girls that you were with the other day...is one of them...”

“No, Fleur and Luna are close friends of mine,” Harry replied. “She’s named Rias, and I’m sure you’ll meet her soon enough.”

“She’s a very lucky woman,” Asia smiled, only to immediately blush heavily again and start praying silently for coveting a married man.

Harry did his best not to react to that, even as the close proximity to the praying nun gave him a headache, and was grateful when she, spotting the fountain that Issei had been murdered in front of, stopped and stared at it.

“I’ve loved fountains since I was a little girl,” Asia sighed. “When I realized that I was going to have to leave Italy, I feared that wherever I ended up might not have any.”

“Have to?” Harry asked, and she sighed.

“You spoke Italian so well when we met that I didn’t question it, but ‘Potter’ is an English name, is it not?” Asia asked, changing the subject.

“It is,” Harry nodded. “I’m from England originally. When we met, my wife, then just my girlfriend, and I were there on business.”

“What sort of business?” Asia asked, curious.

“A friend of her brother’s best friend needed some help with something, and she and I took care of it,” Harry replied.

“How did you meet?” Asia asked before looking stricken. “I’m sorry if I’m bothering you with all the questions; it’s just that I don’t often...”

“You aren’t,” Harry chuckled. “Rias and I actually met because I needed help. I had been entered into a contest that I was wholly unsuited for and I couldn’t pull out. Luna managed to put me in contact with her and I reached out to see if she could assist me, which it turned out that she could.”

“So helping random people is just something that she does?” Asia asked.

“You could say it’s a family occupation,” Harry smiled. “If you need anything, I’m sure that I could ask on your behalf.”

“I…” Asia went to reply when her stomach gurgled loudly, making her look down at herself in mortification.

“How about we grab something to eat,” Harry chuckled, and she nodded, too embarrassed to speak.

“Goodness gracious, this smells amazing!” she exclaimed a while later, staring down at the large bowl of tonkotsu ramen he’d ordered for her. “The broth looks so thick and luxurious; I imagine it’s been thickened with cream.”

“Actually, it’s made by boiling pork bones at high heat for several hours, topping up the water as needed,” Harry replied. “The process breaks down the fat, collagen and everything else in the bones, giving you that kind of cloudy, thick broth. It’s completely unlike how the French make broth, but it is awesome.”

Fleur and Rias had discussed the dish at great length the other week after she took them to one of her favorite restaurants so they could all try it.

“Do you want any?” Asia asked. “I’d feel strange eating alone. This egg, at least…”

“Oh, that you don’t want to share, trust me,” Harry chuckled, snagging a piece of pork from the bowl and sipping his tea. “Thank you.”

“You’ve been so kind and generous to me,” Asia whispered, blinking repeatedly as she felt her eyes tear up.

“You seem like you could use a little generosity right now,” Harry said softly, and she nodded, digging into her meal and trying not to moan in pleasure at how good it tasted.

He sat there quietly, sipping his tea as she devoured the entire thing, demonstrating just how hungry she was.

“Forgive me for being so gluttonous,” Asia said as she finished, growing embarrassed at the realization of just how quickly she’d eaten. “I’ve been living on limited rations for so long…”

“Why?” Harry asked, figuring this angle of questioning might work. “I might not be all that familiar with the Catholic Church, but they don’t strike me as being low on funds.”

“Right, being from England, you’d be a protestant,” Asia nodded.

“I grew up in an Anglican house,” Harry murmured. “Try not to hold that against me too much.”

Asia went to protest when she saw him smiling and relaxed, realizing that he was joking.

"I'm not...with the church anymore," she replied, her voice barely a whisper, and he leaned in closely.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Harry asked, and she nodded.

"Do you remember back in Catanzaro, when you saw me healing that boy and asked if I was a witch?" Asia whispered.

"I do," Harry nodded. "I didn't mean that as an insult, just to be clear."

"That's...my gift, something that I've been able to do since I was a girl," Asia whispered. "It's a gift from the Lord, or so I've always thought."

"When did you first discover it?" Harry asked.

"When I was eight," Asia replied. "My parents...they couldn't take care of me...I guess, and they left me outside of a church when I was a baby. I was raised by nuns in a convent, and one day a badly injured dog limped inside. He'd been hit by a car, I think, and they all thought he was going to die. He was so cute and in so much pain, and I just...I started praying by his side, asking God to save him. I prayed and prayed, as I'd never prayed before, and after a moment, my hands started to glow green."

"Your power manifested," Harry murmured, and she nodded.

"The dog, who ended up being a lost pet named Enzo, made a full recovery," Asia smiled, her eyes growing misty at the memory. "It was a miracle, and the Mother Superior, realizing that I had been blessed by the Lord, reached out to the local bishop. After that I began to move around Italy, being brought to various churches to heal the wounded. It was the happiest time of my life; I was able to help others, using my God-given gift to its fullest, and I decided when I was twelve that I was going to become a nun properly as soon as I could, never wanting to leave that life."

"What happened?" Harry asked, and she clenched her eyes shut. When she started to cry, he took her hands in his and hit her with a mild calming charm. "It's okay; you can talk to me."

"Not long after last Christmas, I was moved from Catanzaro up to Milan," Asia replied, her voice sounding hollow. "I had been there numerous times, and it's a truly beautiful city. Everything seemed normal, and when, one day, I spotted a clearly wounded man outside of the convent I'd been staying at, I treated him like I had countless others. A pair of the sisters happened to spot me as I was finishing up and called me back in, but just then, a pair of bat-like wings sprang from the man's back and he flew off into the air."

"He was a devil?" Harry asked before he could top himself, and Asia looked up at him in shock and fear.

"I'm not a witch!" she exclaimed, drawing a few strange looks from other tables. "I swear."

After casting a silencing charm around the table, he said, "I don't think you are, and even if I did, I wouldn't think badly of you."

"You...wouldn't?" Asia asked, sounding so hopeful it was honestly sad.

“Of course not,” Harry breathed, taking one of her hands in his again and gently stroking her palm. “They did, though, didn’t they?”

“They couldn’t fathom how a gift given by the Lord could allow someone to heal a creature of evil,” Asia whispered, not trusting her voice as she remembered the terrible day. “Suddenly they began to wonder if I wasn’t in league with them, having been given a mockery of holy power so I could infiltrate the church and destroy it from within.”

“That’s insane,” Harry muttered, and she shrugged.

“It’s what they suspected,” Asia sighed. “Suddenly, women I had known for years looked at me like I was evil; they began reaching out to the bishop for help, and I knew that I had to flee. I ran and I’ve been running ever since.”

“Asia, I’m so sorry,” Harry said, and she smiled sadly.

“It’s a test of my faith, I know it,” Asia murmured. “I’ve not let it break that or me.”

“You’re strong,” Harry smiled. “Stronger than even you know, I suspect. How did you end up here, though?”

“I met...others who had been excommunicated from the church but still sought to do the will of God,” Asia replied. “They let me know about the abandoned church here and said that I could, perhaps, redeem myself by helping it prosper again.”

“There’s nothing for you to redeem yourself for,” Harry insisted. “How many lives did you save in all the years the church used you?”

“They didn’t...” Asia went to protest.

“Do you even know?” Harry asked, and she sighed.

“I lost count years ago,” Asia admitted.

“And yet, despite all that, they tossed you out on your ear because you saved one person that they didn’t like?” Harry asked. “If anything, they should be the ones in need of redemption.”

“Harry,” Asia breathed, staring up at him in shock.

“How did you remember me?” Harry asked. “We spoke for less than two minutes nearly a year ago.”

Asia blushed scarlet at that, looking down, and said, “You...made an impression on me. Excuse me; I need to visit the ladies’ room.”

“You’ve almost certainly left an impression on her panties,” Akeno whispered in his ear, still completely invisible, and he chuckled. “Watching you like this, it’s easy to remember why we all fell in love with you.”

“Down, girl,” Harry grinned. “What do you think so far?”

"I think she's so innocent that if you told her half of what we did last night, she'd drop dead on the spot," Akeno purred. "Have you poked around in her head yet?"

"Not yet, but I didn't sense any deception coming from her," Harry replied. "I suspect that every word of that was true; she's been pushed into the arms of the fallen by the idiocy of the church, and she very likely doesn't know just who she's ended up in league with."

"Or she does and just doesn't know who else she could turn to," Akeno murmured. "I haven't sensed any angels yet."

"I doubt that they know she's here, or at least, with me," Harry murmured.

"Take a look inside her mind," Akeno commanded. "The way that you handle actually trying to recruit her should be influenced by just how much she does or doesn't know about these angels."

"You think I should try it so soon?" Harry asked.

"I think that that girl already wants you badly and is so desperate for companionship of any kind that she'd leap at just about any safe-for-work offer you made her," Akeno replied, going quiet when she saw Asia emerge from the restroom.

"So who all are you living with right now?" Harry asked as she sat back down.

"Father Sellzen and...a few other lay people of the church," Asia replied, and Harry, hearing the deception in her voice, kept his face blank and peered into her eyes.

"*Curious,*" he thought to himself as he met resistance and felt his head throb.

Asia didn't react; didn't seem to notice at all, in fact, and it took him a moment to realize that the protection didn't come from her but from something that had been placed on her. It hadn't been like trying to get into the mind of a trained occlumens, as he hadn't been kept out entirely, but he'd only gotten to see incoherent thoughts and images.

"You don't sound all that impressed with them," Harry said mildly, realizing his mistake when she gave him a look of horror in response.

"No, I...I just don't know them all that well yet," Asia replied, another lie, and he took a moment to try to piece together what he could of what he'd seen in her mind.

"*Raynare; that's her name,*" he thought to himself as he managed to clarify that much from her thoughts. There were three other angels, he noticed after another moment, and a young priest who honestly seemed even more disturbing than they were.

"Well, I hope this works out for you," Harry said softly. "If things turn out poorly, though, I'm sure that Rias' family would be able to help you."

"All I've ever known is the church," Asia sighed sadly. "This has to work out for me because if it doesn't...I don't know what else I could even do. It will, though; I know that. The Lord might be testing my faith, but I know that he has a plan for me."

"As I say, I hope it does," Harry smiled. "Are you feeling better?"

“Much, thank you,” Asia replied, smiling at him again. “I needed a good meal in me, and...it was really nice being able to talk to you about all of that. You’re a good listener.”

“I know what it’s like to have your whole life upturned by things out of your control,” Harry sighed, and she furrowed her brow in confusion.

“I can be a pretty good listener too,” Asia offered, making him smile.

“How about we take another walk, and I can tell you about it while we’re out?” Harry asked, and she smiled, standing up. Leading her out of the restaurant, he said, “It all started when my parents ended up in the crosshairs of a truly terrible man.”

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“You killed him?” Asia asked in shock a while later as he finished giving her a highly abridged and edited version of his life’s story.

“I had no choice,” Harry replied. “He was never going to stop coming for me and hurting innocent people in the process. The police deemed it self-defense and then I moved here to be with Rias.”

“I’m just surprised,” Asia said, still sounding disturbed.

“It wasn’t easy,” Harry lied, having found killing Voldemort to be the most straightforward thing he’d ever done in his life, “but in the end, I replaced evil with death and thereby saved the lives of everyone else he would have ever killed.”

“You sound like Father Sellzen,” Asia said softly.

“Oh?” Harry asked, cocking an eyebrow at her.

“He’s an exorcist, or he was an exorcist,” Asia replied, and Harry could feel Akeno grow tense behind him.

“The church excommunicated an exorcist?” he asked, confused, and Asia sighed.

“I don’t know exactly why,” she replied. “My guess would be that he accidentally targeted someone innocent. He can be very...zealous.”

“Well, I can say definitively that I’ve never willingly hurt anyone innocent,” Harry said and Asia smiled.

“I believe you,” she replied. “You...you seem like a very good person. I love the look of these houses.”

“I’ve grown rather fond of the architecture,” Harry murmured. “It reminds me a little of...”

A bloodcurdling scream echoed out from one of the houses down the street, cutting him off, and Harry immediately moved in front of Asia.

“Oh, God!” she exclaimed.

“Asia, stay here,” Harry commanded. “You’ll be kept safe.”

“By what?” Asia asked but he paid her no heed, running towards the house the scream had come from.

Casting a quick *Homenum Revelio*, he grimaced when he saw that there were two living people in the house, only for one of those signatures to disappear.

*“This looks like such a sleepy little town too,”* he thought to himself, sneaking around the house and turning himself invisible once he was out of Asia’s line of sight. He silenced his shoes as well and went inside, hoping that Akeno had gotten his less-than-subtle hint to protect the nun.

“Oh, dead already?” he heard a thoroughly amused voice ask. “That’s a shame; I was just getting started having fun with you, you devil-worshipping scum.”

*“I think I might have met the exorcist,”* Harry thought to himself as he snuck around the corner and saw a white-haired man in rather old-fashioned-looking grey vestments standing over the body of a man bleeding out from his severed leg.

In the corner lay a summoning flyer, and the lit candles and pentagram drawn on the floor denoted a man who clearly didn’t realize just how easy it was to use those. Harry didn’t recognize him, and hadn’t been the one to give him that flyer, but a single glance around the room was enough to make it clear just why this priest had seen fit to kill him.

“See, the day of the Lord is coming, the priest chuckled, “a cruel day, with wrath and fierce anger, to make the land desolate and destroy the sinners within it.”

*“Alright, so just stun the lunatic, question him extensively, and see what he knows about...”* Harry went to think to himself when, faster than he would have thought possible for a simple human, the priest turned around and fired a single shot.

Agony erupted in his right knee as the bullet shattered the cap, tearing through the rest of it with ease, and he screamed as he fell to his side. His control over his invisibility slipped as the searing pain assaulted his senses and he felt fear grip him as the priest grinned down at him.

“I couldn’t see you; I couldn’t hear you, but I could smell the stench of hell on you, devil,” he spat, drawing his sword. “I’m going to enjoy this.”

*“A light sword,”* Harry thought, his dread growing at the sight. The blade was made of pure condensed light, its edge sharper than anything one could manage with steel and its sting utterly deadly. A fatal wound from a blade like that, he knew, wouldn’t just kill him but would destroy his soul.

“Were you who his degenerate sinner was trying to summon?” the priest asked. “The only thing better than slaughtering the lost souls who call out to you, filthy beasts, is putting you down too. I’m going to carve out your heart and feed it to the next devil I find. Won’t that be fun?”

“You’re fucking nuts, Sellzen,” Harry spat, smirking when the priest looked surprised.

“You’ve heard of me?” Sellzen asked. “How flattering. It’s always nice to meet a fan.”

“There’s an idea,” Harry grinned, looking to the ceiling fan behind him.

Before the priest could see what he was doing, he transfigured it into an eagle and bade it attack him. It shrieked and sank its talons into his shoulders, making him scream in pain, and he slashed over his head as he shot at Harry, who flew out of the way just in time, transfiguring the chairs and tables around them into chimpanzees and sending them against him. One of them ripped his gun out of his hand, tossing it aside, while the others all began to try to beat him. Harry summoned the gun into his mokeskin pouch, wanting to keep it away from the bastard, and watched as he made short work of his transfigured animals.

*“He’s exceptionally well trained,”* Harry thought to himself, doing his best to ignore the agony in his ruined knee as Sellzen dodged and weaved around the chimps, slicing each in half one by one.

He’d taken injuries for sure, deep gouges in his back and at least one significant bruise on his chin, but they didn’t seem to faze him at all.

“Cheep tricks from a cheep monster,” he snarled once he was done, and Harry was about to launch a barrage of spells at him when he sensed something that gave him pause.

*“If she doesn’t know what sort of monsters she’s working with, this would work better than words could,”* he thought as he realized that Asia was coming to investigate. *“Akeno will keep her safe; I can trust that, so this might be my best move.”*

His mind made up, he let himself slump down, looking more tired than he was.

“All out of steam already?” Sellzen grinned, sadistic glee warring with rage in his unsettling red eyes. “I’m going to enjoy flaying the skin from your bones, boy.”

“Father Sellzen, what are you...oh, my God!” Asia shrieked, her stomach lurching at the sight of the corpse in the corner. “Harry, you’re hurt!”

“You know this wretched devil, Asia?” Sellzen asked, glaring at her, and Asia looked at him in confusion.

“Devil?” she asked.

“It’s true,” Harry replied, revealing his wings, and she gasped, her hands going to her mouth.

“See, girl, this is the sort of beast we kill,” Sellzen grinned, “him and the sinners who summon them.”

“You...you murdered this man?” Asia asked, horrified.

“He was a filthy wretch, a soul so lost he sought to turn to hell,” Sellzen spat. “He deserved to die more slowly than he did, though I guess I can just make this devil’s death slow and painful enough to make up for it.”

“Asia, see what he is?” Harry asked. “These people you’ve fallen in with, they’re monsters, murderers, and goodness knows what else. You’re not like them, though; you’re good, and you seek to help others, not brutalize them. I’m a devil, yes, but I’m nothing like them either.”

“Oh, I see,” Sellzen chuckled. “You’ve sought to corrupt our innocent little nun here? Did he manage it, Asia?”

“What?” Asia asked, her heart pounding in her chest as she looked between her friend, who was apparently a devil, and the priest, who looked and sounded more evil than she thought he could ever be just then.

“Did you let him into your bed?” Sellzen asked, and she gaped at him like a fish. “Raynare needs you alive, but if you’ve sullied yourself with this spawn of hell, I don’t see any reason why I can’t make use of you before I return you to her.”

“A murderer and a rapist,” Harry nodded, his desire to kill the man growing by the moment.

“I...you...you’re insane!” Asia cried, backing away from him until her back was against the wall.

“That’s not a denial,” Sellzen sighed, shaking his head. “Well, devil, looks like I’m going to have to make this quicker than I wanted. I have another sinner to punish.”

Before he managed to take another step, Akeno, who had managed to keep herself completely hidden from him while he was so distracted by Harry and Asia, blasted him with a bolt of yellow lightning that sent him flying into the wall next to her lover, who stunned the madman before he hit the ground.

“Can you stand?” she asked, rushing to him, and Harry simply flew up into the air towards Asia, who had slumped to the ground, looking shellshocked as she stared at the dead body across from her.

“Why, Lord?” she asked, tears streaming down her face. “What did I do to offend you so? I only ever wanted to help others.”

“You still can,” Harry said softly, landing next to her and resting a hand on hers. “You have this incredible ability to heal people. You don’t need the church, or the angels, or even God to help them.”

“Oh, your leg!” Asia exclaimed, remembering how badly wounded Harry was and reaching for him immediately. “I’m so sorry, Harry. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your...oh, wow,” Harry breathed, watching as she got to work.

Her hands, hovering over his gaping wound, began to glow green, and before his eyes, the soft tissue, skin, and even bone knitted itself together in seconds.

“Holy shit,” Akeno muttered. “That’s incredible.”

“Right?” Harry asked, standing up and offering Asia his hand. “Thank you, Asia.”

She took his hand, and as he pulled her to her feet, she stared up into his eyes.

“How are you a devil?” she asked. “You’re the nicest person I’ve met in ages, the first one to show me true kindness in so long.”

“No one group of people is entirely good or entirely evil,” Harry replied. “I’m sure there are genuinely good priests out there, for instance, but Sellzen certainly isn’t one of them.”

“Neither are the angels we’ve been working for,” Asia sighed. “I tried not to notice how cruel they were, convinced that they were a test from God, but...they’re terrible, and he’s almost worse. I have nowhere to go and no one left now.”

“You have me,” Harry said softly, looking over and watching as Akeno finished tying the priest up. “What I said before, about Rias’s family being able to help you if you want, I wasn’t lying.”

“Would I have to...turn my back on God?” Asia asked.

“No, but we’d both appreciate if you stopped calling him by name,” Akeno muttered, earning a look of confusion from Asia.

“It causes us temporary headaches,” Harry replied.

“Oh, Go....goodness,” Asia winced. “Sorry.”

“You didn’t know,” Harry shrugged. “Asia, this is Akeno Himejima, Akeno, this is Asia Argento.”

“A pleasure,” Akeno grinned, picking up the priest with one hand.

“Wow, you’re really strong,” Asia breathed. “What happens now?”

“Now, we get this piece of shit back home for questioning and report the murder to the police,” Akeno replied.

“Are you going to kill him?” Asia asked.

“If we let him go, how many innocent people would he go on to kill?” Harry asked. “It’s like what I told you about Tom Riddle; some people are just too dangerous to be allowed to go on hurting others. This poor man could have had debts he needed help with, or a sick child, or any other number of things that he turned to us for, and for that alone, Sellzen murdered him.”

“He also has powerful allies, allies who would not let him stand trial,” Akeno added.

“How about this?” Harry asked, “Come with us and listen to his confession. We have a potion that compels people to answer questions honestly, and so he will confess to every terrible thing he’s ever done before we’re done with him. Listen to that and then we’ll revisit this topic, okay?”

“I can’t return to the church,” Asia sighed. “Raynare and the others would kill me.”

“She’s suspected in the death of a human boy our age, by the way,” Akeno added, and Asia looked at her in horror.

“Wait, the boy found murdered that I read about in the paper, that was her?” she asked. “Why?”

“Perhaps the priest will know,” Harry shrugged. “Oh, if you could pick up that sword, I don’t want to leave it here, but I doubt touching it myself would be a good idea.

“Oh, right,” Asia replied, picking it up.

Harry floated the sheath over to her, and she stuck it in before rejoining them. Akeno teleported them all to the Rookery, only pouting a little bit about the fact that she wouldn't get to torture the priest for information.

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"Are you both completely insane?!" Rias hissed a while later, having taken them aside after discovering midway through their interrogation what they'd done. "Jumping into action on your own like that, you could have been killed, and you, Akeno, I expected better from."

"Harry asked me to watch over Asia, and I thought he had the priest well in hand," Akeno replied. "It was only when I realized that he was playing around that I moved in closer, compelling her to come with me."

"I had wondered about that," Harry murmured. "It seemed odd that she just rushed inside the house as she did."

"I thought that was what you were aiming for and figured I'd speed things up so you could stop being stupid," Akeno said.

"No, I just wanted him alive and realized that, sadist that he was, he was more than likely to avoid trying to kill me outright while I tired him out," Harry replied. "That's why I got his gun out of his hand immediately and was about to strike back against him when I sensed Asia and you approaching."

"Have you learned anything useful yet, at least?" Rias replied. "If I'd known about this, I'd have finished my latest contract more quickly."

"Hermione and Luna have been just going over his history for Asia's benefit," Harry replied. "We'll get into the reason why he and he fallen angels are here soon, though. We have plenty of veritaserum, and, thankfully, it's working on him without issue."

"You thought it might not?" Rias asked.

"I was invisible and silent, and he not only sensed me anyway but also managed to whip around and fire a round through my knee with pinpoint accuracy faster than I could blink," Harry muttered. "He's human, but he has to be enhanced in some way."

"That's...disturbing," Rias said, furrowing her brow. "For the record, I'm still mad at both of you, but at least this seems to have worked well so far. Now, let's see our little Judas priest."

"Judas?" Harry asked.

"He was kicked out of the church; it works well enough," Rias shrugged, leading the two of them back into the dungeon.

"This cleric you brought in seems to be delightfully evil, Harry," Gnarl grinned as he spotted him from where he was sitting, just outside the room they had Sellzen in. "He'll have to be put down, of course, being the Dark One's enemy, but afterwards perhaps we could mount his head on a spike as a tribute to a true monster."

“Do I even have to tell you what Hermione’s going to say to that?” Harry asked. and the ancient minion sighed, shaking his head.

“...so I cut off his head, ripped off his ears, and stuffed his mouth with garlic,” Sellzen explained, his voice utterly monotone.

“He was six!” Hermione exclaimed, horrified.

“He was the spawn of a woman who lay with a devil,” Sellzen explained simply.

“Wouldn’t the garlic thing be for vampires?” Luna asked, sounding more disturbed than he’d ever heard her before.

“I thought she might be one and acted before we realized she wasn’t,” Sellzen replied. “Then, for my sixteenth birthday...”

“Stop talking,” Hermione muttered, looking over at Asia, who was seated in the corner hugging the garbage bin she’d thrown up into more than once over the course of Sellzen’s questioning. Harry had vanished the vomit each time, much to her appreciation.

“How did the church ever employ a monster like you?” she spat.

“They made me,” Sellzen replied.

“Freed Sellzen,” Rias murmured, reading over the notes Hermione had taken. “I think I’ve heard that name before, though I can’t recall from where.”

“I’m sorry, what do you mean they made you?” Harry asked.

“I was a test-tube baby,” Sellzen replied. “The Sigurd Institute, a secret research program inside the Vatican, created numerous artificial humans using the genetic material of multiple people related to the great hero Sigurd, hoping to make one capable of wielding the sword Gram.”

“Did a man named Valper Galilei work on that project?” Kiba asked, having been watching from the corner since he got back with Rias.

“No,” Sellzen replied. “Galilei was part of the Holy Sword Project.”

“That was another secret church project that Kiba here is a survivor of,” Luna explained to Asia as she looked like she was going to question him.

“Survivor?” Asia asked, both wanting an answer to that question and really not.

“They killed the rest of them,” Kiba scowled. “They killed me too, I guess, but Rias saved me by turning me into a devil.”

“Nothing in this world makes any sense!” Asia cried, curling up into a ball and crying. “The church is supposed to be a force of good, spreading the word of the Lord to all the masses, not killing children and creating psychotic fake people!”

“As I said before, no group of people is entirely good or entirely evil,” Harry said softly, kneeling down next to her and resting a hand on her shoulder.

“But it should be,” Asia sobbed. “If God is good...sorry...and the church is an instrument of his will, then it shouldn’t be filled to the brim with people like him! They kicked me out for healing a devil but put up with his evil for years by the sound of it, and he’s not even the only one.”

“Heaven views our kind as an enemy to be exterminated,” Rias explained. “We’re not much fonder of them, and the Fallen tend to be worse than either faction. Our war isn’t as intense as it was at the height of it, but it is ongoing and...”

“Do the devils do anything like the kind of stuff that this monster has confessed to?” Asia demanded, and Hermione handed her notebook to Rias, who quickly read over some of the things she’d jotted down.

“Oh, fuck, no,” Rias grimaced, reading through some of the crimes he’d committed. “We have laws and...he was fourteen here?”

“Killed his first man at thirteen,” Luna sighed.

“Hell has its laws and Heaven clearly doesn’t,” Asia spat, standing up.

“To be fair, these factions were kicked out,” Luna pointed out.

“Only after they’d already been of use to them, though,” Rias countered. “It was the same with the Holy Sword Project, wherein Bishop Galilei tortured and eventually killed children in the hopes of creating more warriors who could wield holy swords against us devils. He was excommunicated, but I’m sure they kept his research.”

“Why would the Lord allow this, though?” Asia asked desperately. “Does he not care? Has he gone deaf to us? It’s his church, the instrument of his will. How can he allow it to be filled with such evil?”

“We’re the wrong ones to ask about him,” Rias replied. “We only ever refer to him as the Tyrant, because his name hurts us, but mostly as a show of defiance.”

“I think we’ve heard enough history,” Akeno said. “What are the names of the fallen angels in Kuoh?”

“Raynare, Mittelt, Dohnaseek, and Kalawarna,” Sellzen replied.

“And what are they doing here?” Akeno asked.

“Raynare was sent to investigate and, if needed, kill a Sacred Gear user,” Sellzen replied. “She recruited the others and, eventually me for a separate and personal mission, though. She intends to sacrifice Asia in a ritual meant to let her take Twilight Healing for herself.”

“What?!” Asia exclaimed, going even paler than she already had.

“Ritual?” Hermione asked.

“It’s something she stole from her master’s notes,” Sellzen replied. “I don’t know the specifics.”

“She brought me here to kill me?” Asia asked, breathing heavily. “The church chases me out for healing one person they don’t like, and the only ones I find...who say they’ll...still let me...live a good life...want to kill me.”

“Asia, Asia, breathe,” Harry said, taking the hyperventilating girl in his arms. “You’re okay, you’re...gah!”

He reared back as a burning pain hit his chest and tore open his shirt, trying to find out what was hurting him. Asia looked in horror, seeing the cross-shaped burn mark on his chest, and reached for her own silver crucifix. She tore it off as hard as she could, throwing it across the room and bursting into tears.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry, I...” she sobbed before fainting and passing out.

The devils stared down at her, each of them feeling deeply sympathetic for the poor, heavily betrayed girl, and Harry sighed, reaching down and picking her up.

“I’ll put her to bed in one of our spare rooms,” he announced, carrying her out of the room.

“These four angels are based out of the church, yes?” Rias asked.

“They are,” Sellzen replied, and she scowled down at the table.

“Akeno, take over the interrogation, extract every bit of knowledge he has about the church, the fallen, and any other programs he’d been part of,” Rias commanded. “I want every prominent name he knows, how they connect to each other, where they operate from, and a description of them, and then once you’re confident that you’ve gotten everything useful out of him, kill him. He can serve as fertilizer for our greenhouse.”

“Just about the fate he deserves,” Kiba scowled.

“You’re more than welcome to take over,” Hermione muttered. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I think I need a shower.”

“Mind if I join you?” Luna asked, following her out as she shook her head.

Harry, meanwhile, had gotten as far as the anteroom with Asia in his arms when he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a summoning circle in front of him.

“...while contouring is an entirely different matter, one which... ‘Arry?” Fleur asked.

“I’m going to go out on a limb and guess that’s Asia,” Koneko said flatly, “unless you’ve developed a nun fetish, of course.”

“I’d be more than happy to dress up and roleplay as an innocent young girl for you to corrupt with your incubus charms,” Fleur purred, only to go still when she didn’t sense even a hint of arousal from him at that. “Is she alright?”

“Physically? Yes,” Harry replied.

“Um, why do you have a cross burned into your chest?” Koneko asked, noticing it.

“He hugged her without noticing the one around her neck,” Luna explained.

“She heard the confessions of a truly twisted priest, learned that the fallen angels here brought her over to kill her, and it all proved too much for her,” Hermione added. “It nearly proved too much for me, which, given the kind of stuff I’ve seen over the past year, says a lot.”

“Seems like we missed quite the mess,” Koneko muttered.

“It’s been a long day,” Harry sighed. “I’m going to...”

“Gah!” Asia gasped, looking around in shock at her unfamiliar surroundings as she came to, only to relax a little when she saw Harry. Of course, she then spotted the burn mark and practically jumped out of his arms, exclaiming, “I’m so sorry! Just let me get that.”

“It’s...okay,” Harry smiled as she quickly healed him.

Fleur’s eyes went wide as saucers at the sight, her mind immediately going to what else the blonde might be able to do for her with that.

“There,” Asia sighed before taking a step back and staring down at the floor. “I feel like my whole life has been a lie.”

“The rest of it doesn’t have to be,” Rias purred as she joined them. “You could do a lot of good with us, Asia, and more than that, you could have a real home here, with real friends who wouldn’t turn on you on a dime just because you helped the wrong sort of person.”

“Also, who wouldn’t try to ritually sacrifice you,” Luna chimed in.

“Ritually, what now?” Koneko asked.

“A very long day,” Harry said.

“I...I refuse to believe that the Lord is somehow bad, and if joining you means fighting him, then I just couldn’t do that,” Asia replied, and Rias nodded.

“We’ve been in a borderline detente in our war for longer than any of us have been alive,” Rias replied. “You wouldn’t be called upon to fight him.”

“It’s clear that I can’t trust the church, something that’s going to hurt for a while; I can’t rely on the fallen angels either,” Asia said, grimacing as she remembered what the priest had said. “What would joining you entail?”

“Taking this,” Rias replied, pulling a bishop out of her pocket.

“A chess piece?” Asia asked, confused.

“This is called an evil piece,” Rias replied. “With it, I can turn any human, or indeed, any sapient being less powerful than myself into a devil.”

“I’d...become one of you?” Asia asked.

“Of the people in this room, only Rias was born a devil,” Harry replied.

“With it, you’d become far stronger, live potentially for millennia, and earn yourself a place in Rias’ household,” Fleur explained.

“Millennia?” Asia asked, blinking in confusion.

“We can be very long-lived creatures,” Rias grinned. “Think about how many more people you could help during a lifetime that long.”

“Of the three factions, one has rejected me, the other plotted to kill me, while you’ve all been nothing but kind to me,” Asia smiled. “I know that the church teaches us that devils are evil, but I’ve seen the sort of evil they tolerate and that...”

“Makes you want to question everything else?” Luna asked.

“I can’t trust them, any of them, but Harry, I feel like I can trust you,” Asia murmured, staring up into his eyes. “Will this be good for me?”

“I think it will,” Harry replied. “To be clear, we’ll help you out either way, but if you do this, if you join us, we’ll give you a kind of life that you’ve never been permitted. You could join us at Kuoh Academy, make true friends, and live here, having a stable home that you wouldn’t be shipped off away from because someone else wanted to use you or kicked out at a moment’s notice because you offended us somehow.”

“I’ll do it,” Asia said, her voice resolute as she stared at Rias, who quickly pressed the bishop piece against her chest.

Before she could ask what she was doing, it slipped inside, and she gasped at the feeling. Power the likes of which she’d never known coursed through her, and she staggered back.

“It worked,” Rias smiled. “I wanted to see if a bishop would suffice before trying to use a rook.”

“I feel...incredible,” Asia breathed, giving Fleur a grateful look as she steadied her.

“It will take a little while for you to feel fully normal,” Rias murmured. “Koneko, show her to one of the empty bedrooms upstairs and get her settled in.”

“Right this way,” Koneko said, gesturing for her to follow.

“You have such lovely hair, by the way,” Fleur called out. “It seems a shame to hide it, especially now.”

“You’re right,” Asia replied, uncovering her head. “I’m going to need new clothes.”

“I’ll take you shopping in the morning,” Fleur promised.

“I don’t have any money, though,” Asia winced, and Rias chuckled.

“You’re my devil servant now, which means you have access to all the funds you could need,” she replied. “We’ll take good care of you, Asia, I promise.”

“Thank you,” Asia sighed, feeling, for the first time in over a year, like she had found somewhere that she might actually belong.

“What are we going to do about the fallen angels?” Harry asked the moment she was upstairs.

“That we’re going to begin plotting out now,” Rias replied, smiling as Sirius chose that moment to apparate in.

“Everyone looks all serious again,” he replied, “and not in the polyjuice sense. Was there another murder?”

“No, but we’re going to be executing a priest later,” Rias replied. “We’re also going to be putting down these angels who have dared to invade my territory once and for all.”

“Do you need anything from me?” Sirius asked.

“You’re going to be staying here with Gasper and my new bishop, Asia,” Rias replied. “Hermione, I want every minion you have out and on guard around this place as well. If they try to strike here while we go to assault the church, I want them to regret it dearly.”

“Do you think that’s likely?” Hermione asked.

“No, but they are going to notice soon enough that their psycho priest and would-be sacrifice haven’t returned,” Rias replied, earning a look of disturbed confusion from Sirius.

“Sacrifice?” he asked.

“They were planning to kill Asia, the nun I mentioned before, and take her Sacred Gear,” Harry replied. “They really must not have known about the Boosted Gear.”

“More’s the pity for them,” Koneko grinned as she rejoined them. “You did want me to cast a sleeping spell on her, right?”

“Yes,” Rias replied, nodding gratefully. “She needs it, and I want her to stay here while we go kill these angels. Akeno’s going to be busy for a little while longer, so we’ll plot everything out while she finishes questioning Sellzen and then fill her in when she’s done and strike. We don’t want to wait past this night.”

“Lest they come looking for Asia, right,” Harry replied.

“I guess that shower can wait,” Hermione sighed, and Koneko grinned.

“You’ll probably need one after the fight anyway,” she said.

“Good point,” Luna nodded.

“Can I be the one to execute that son of a bitch?” Kiba asked, joining them. “He’s at least as vile as Galilei, possibly even worse.”

“You can have the honor if you like,” Rias nodded. “Now, I sent my familiar over to get the blueprints of the church from the town hall the moment Sellzen confirmed that that was where they

were and she should be back in the moment. Once we have them, we'll begin. These murderous monsters die tonight."

"Or get captured for sacrificial purposes," Luna chimed in. "You have to admit, it would be rather fitting at this point."

"That...will still depend on whether or not it's viable, but I'm not going to pretend that it wouldn't be downright karma," Rias grinned, and Harry did too, hoping, for Asia's sake, that they'd manage it.