GAIWP Omake: The beginning of something horribly beautiful

Raynare panted, slumping almost lifelessly against the stripper pole in Issei’s bedroom.

It had been almost a week since she was forced to dance for hours on end every day on this damn thing and it wasn’t getting any easier. Her body ached. Her muscles ached. Her mind was mush. She could barely speak properly. And she was still getting electrocuted with high frequency currents at least six times a day.

If she wanted the electro treatment that badly, she’d go to that poor excuse for a sellout under Gremory… wait. Actually it was probably best if she didn’t. That idiot looked like the type that would completely forget about self-control the moment her kink started acting up.

She was surrounded by the insane or the incompetent.

“Raynare-san?”

Exhibit… fuck, she couldn’t even bother to sort out just where the useless nun fell on the spectrum right now.

Ah, in hindsight, she wasn’t completely useless. The clueless child did save her life with that Sacred Gear of hers in the end after all.

“Haaah?” Turning around, the Fallen Angel gave the confused and curious nun at the doorway a dirty look.

“Am, am I coming at a bad time?” Asia asked with some concern.

Any time was a bad time as far as she was concerned, but the world seemed to not give a shit about what she wanted these days. “What is it?”

“I was just, wondering what you were doing?” The blonde girl shifted in place with a blush, avoiding eye contact…

Oh that was right. She was a shut in nun, and Raynare was in pretty much her underwear right now. Protestants and all that.

“What I was doing?”

“You’ve been at it for a while now. I was wondering why you were exhausting yourself so much.”

Oh this sweet summer child. Innocent and delectable enough to give even the mythical diabetes.

“Dancing.”

Asia blinked and did her own version of a doubletake. “Dancing? On a pole in Issei-san’s room?”

“It’s a special kind of dancing.” She didn’t even want to try and explain that she was doing under duress and punishment of torture.”

“Is it fun?”

Raynare blinked, not sure if she heard that right. “Is it fun?”

“Yeah. I heard that dancing is fun. I never learned to do it myself. And you must really like it if Issei-san let you do it in his room.”

Raynare’s first instinct was to snap at the poor girl for her childish misunderstanding of the situation.

Her second instinct was to laugh hysterically at how stupid it was.

Her third instinct however, shut the other two up, before they could take control as it had at the last possible moment come up with an idea so twisted that it immediately began to brighten her mood.

“… Yeah. Yeah, it is pretty fun, once you get the hang of it.” The fallen Angel’s tone turned almost sickeningly sweet. “Come on in. I’ll teach you.”

Asia’s eyes shined with the sort of naivety that one could expect from a child or one that saw way too much good in other people. “Really?”

“Yeah. I’ll even get you started. First thing we have to deal with is your clothes…

o. o. o.

Two days later:

Issei sighed as he walked into his room. It had been a long day trying to keep his sanity at the school and then dealing with the weeb and her group’s ever shifting melting pot of personal issues that he simultaneously wanted nothing to do with and wanted to fix so they wouldn’t bug him anymore.

“Ah. Hi Issei-san.”

“Mmm.”

But that could be for later. He was in his room again where it was safe. Time to relax. Kick back. And pull… up… some…

Slowly his mind registered that he wasn’t alone in his sacred abode.

With a cracking sound that wasn’t physically possible in a human body, Issei turned around to see Asia dancing somewhat clumsily in what could be described as a blue apron and underwear on the stripper pole in his room.

“H-How’s my dancing?” The impossibly innocent girl asked as she swung and hugged the pole in front of her.

Issei bolted out of his room.

“Hi honey. Did you forget-” Asami greeted her eccentric son at the bottom of the stairs.

“The Ninja Puppy was pole dancing in my room!” He shouted in horror as he rushed past her and fumbled with the front door.

His mother blinked in genuine confusion as her mind tried to process the bizarre statement. “Okay? Is, is that a good thing or a bad thing?”

Issei wrenched open the door and bolted outside. “I don’t know!!!”

Asami couldn’t get another word in before her son was already out of earshot, sprinting in a blind panic.

She then turned to Raynare, who was laughing her ass off in the living room.

“… You actually taught an impressionable nun how to pole dance just to screw with my son?”

Raynare laughed even harder.

“Fair enough.”

Asami really should feel guiltier about the current turn of events, if only for Asia’s sake. But she couldn’t.