Chapter 23: Admit it, you want someone to do something like this in our modern politics if only to finally get shit done

I don't own Highschool DxD, any of its characters, or any references in this story. If I did, horrible things would happen. Neither do I own any other anime that I reference. I do own all OC's and new abilities in the story as well as every ounce of pure awesome spawned by this.

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Seven years ago:

If his day to day life wasn’t already arduous enough, and he didn’t perpetually suspect that at least some of his inner circle of co-conspirators enjoyed making his life as obnoxious as possible, Riser would have broken down in tears by now.

“Whoa, this place is really nice.” Issei looked around the mountainous park that was considered half a nature wildlife preserve in Hell and half a high intensity training ground… because of the aforementioned nature wildlife.

It’s the underworld. “Exotic” is borderline synonymous with “extremely lethal” here. Those that didn’t get that were few in number and did a wonderful job of self-managing said numbers without outside assistance.

That said, the young human boy was right in a sense. The park was more scenic than Tiamat’s familiar forest, with large mountains that jut out of the earth like spires, floating islands that somehow possessed lakes of never ending capacity seeing as their waterfalls never stopped, and flora and fauna of endless colors and vibrancy.

“A backset like this would make a beautiful outdoor sex setting.”

And of course, the boy had to ruin it.

“Why are you following Riser to his bi annual intensive training session again?” The Phoenix asked, not even bothering to hide his annoyance. “Don’t you have a small population of women to molest and or harass? And double that number of random projects that are liable to get us all arrested by association?”

“First of all Bird Person, it’s not “a small population” of women. It’s “all” the women. Get your facts right.” Issei corrected with a huff, somehow taking himself completely seriously.

“Of course.” Riser on the other hand, didn’t.

“Second, I am taking this trip seriously. Physical training is important.”

Riser rolled his eyes. “For the ha-”

“For *The Harem*.” The boy cut him off harshly. “Remember the capitals in your voice. I can tell when you forget them.”

*“He really can. It’s kinda creepy. I mean, I can tell too, but I’m blind and naturally run on bullshit logic, so I got a pass in that regard.”* Ghost chuckled, amused as always.

“Riser thought that you were in charge of this idiot’s physical training. What is the point of this additional harassment?” Riser changed his attention to the slightly more sane fool in the Sacred Gear.

*“I am, but there’s always minor kinks and adjustments that need to be tended to in person by a pro on the outside if you want a truly optimized body. Can’t cover that in here. My other brothers could if they were in my place because of their skillsets, but I’m not exactly a micromanaging ass or a body horror slash builder type like they are. Just an ass that has a ton of practical experience in that regard.”* The immortal casually explained his shortcomings. *“So when we heard from your adorable little sister that you were about to go out for training and your fellow meatsack student was a proficient training junkie…”*

“Zechs and Gray-chan decided to help me stalk you.” Issei concluded shamelessly.

*“Plus Jas said something about you skipping Issei-sitting duty and needing to make up for it while she had a girl’s weekend with the others.”* Ghost added. *“Speaking as a man that’s been married and had kids before, you don’t mess with a girl’s weekend unless someone’s actually dying. Otherwise, someone’s going to be dying. Painfully and slowly. Alone. On The Couch.”*

“Noted.” Riser deadpanned, his tone didn’t change in the slightest, however he still did make sure to internalize Ghost’s eccentric advice. Only a fool dismissed words of wisdom borne from firsthand experience. “Riser will make it a point to speak to Ravel about needlessly divulging personal plans in the future.”

“Hey, don’t be mean to Canary.”

“She’s younger than you are, fool. She’s not a part of your harem.”

“Yet.”

“*Ever.”* Riser held his ground. He’d rather join Heaven than ever be legitimate family with this perpetual disaster event horizon.

“And they say *I* have trouble dealing with reality.” The boy snorted before looking around. “So where’s this training buddy of yours? Is he as much of a fluffer as you are?”

Before the Devil could demonstrate to Issei what he thought about being called a fluffer with gratuitous amounts of fire, a commotion deeper on the forest caught their attention.

BOOM!

Several loud explosions and impacts were heard and felt a short distance away, shaking the trees and ground beneath their feet. Nearby, several animals and beasts the size of trucks and cars ran past, completely ignoring the pair.

“Whatever it is, it’s not my fault this time. I think.” Issei immediately went on the defensive, which was admittedly a natural reaction for him whenever things exploded nearby and he wasn’t supposedly involved.

“Given your track record for agitating the local wildlife wherever you go, Riser is not convinced.” That was a lie. Riser could instantly tell who and what was responsible for the increasingly loud and devastating explosions, but he wouldn’t let Issei off the hook that easily.

BOOM!

“I’m serious! I don’t think it’s my fault this time!” The boy pouted, but not taking his eyes off of the direction the sounds were coming from. “And I think it’s coming to us specifically!”

BOOM!!

This time, a large mass of something flew out from whatever detonated nearby and soared at least a hundred meters in the sky before falling back to the ground like a missile and crashed right in front of them.

“The fuck?!” Issei grimaced as he shielded his face.

“Your entrance is still as crass and sloppy as always.” Riser on the other hand, chided the newcomer as a second more human shaped body leapt from the forest and landed on the mound of twitching flesh and bone in front of them. “Which, in retrospect, is still vastly more elegant and palatable than anything the one next to Riser can muster.”

“You do know your vocabulary becomes more obnoxious and obvious whenever you are trying to impress someone, right?” The boy deadpanned. “There is such a thing as trying too hard. Most women see it as a turnoff. You might want to work on that.”

“Hahahaha!” In contrast to Riser’s steadily growing ire, the newcomer found their interactions more than amusing. “So this is the human kid everyone’s been talking about recently? The one that’s been driving you mad, Riser? He’s a funny little guy! I like him!”

Standing tall with an intimidating and muscular physique, Saiorg Bael grinned widely as he looked down at the pair.

“Saiorg. Riser assures you, he will correct that mistake soon enough.” Riser sighed.

“… Hey is it me or does he look like a knockoff character from Saint Saiya with that hair style?” Issei, true to form, said the first thing that came to his mind.

*“It’s the unnecessarily overgrown sideburns. They were a thing in the eighties. I never understood them myself. Honestly, some idiots overdo it so much that they look like they have a sagging hairy scrotum with testicle draped over each ear.”* Ghost chipped in.

“Whoa, they really do look like scrotums.” Issei blinked owlishly as he tilted his head to the side.

“… What?” Saiorg blinked, completely at a loss for words.

“Riser rests his case.” Raiser shrugged, but didn’t hide his amused grin. It wasn’t often that meathead was taken down a peg or two for something not political related.

*“You have only yourself to blame for picking a hair style that originated from the nineteen eighties. Nothing good ever comes from that decade.”* Ghost said with more than a bit of pity.

“… Pffftahahahaha!” In contrast to how most individuals would react, let alone a member of Devil aristocracy, Saiorg found his first encounter with Issei absolutely hilarious. “Aha! This kid is hilarious, and I am completely lost! Do you mind if we try this again?”

“Sure thing Scrotum Hair!”

*“Too much. Re-roll on the name.”* Ghost chided. It was something that happened every now and then whenever Issei picked out a nickname that went past the line of acceptability.

“Sure thing Sai!” The boy recovered without missing a beat.

“Wait what?” Riser did a doubletake, and while he would never admit it, with a hint of hurt in his voice. “Why does he get addressed with a passable name?”

“Because you’re Bird Person.” The boy blinked in confusion.

“That’s not what Riser meant and you know it!” Why was it so hard to get a straight answer from this child? It was like pulling teeth!

“Hahahaha! You two look like you get along great! I’m happy you’ve made such an interesting friend Riser!” With a heavy thump, Saiorg jumped down from the corpse of his prey and landed right in front of the pair.

“Do not make Riser burn you to ash Bael. There are no witnesses to expose the deed.” Riser took offense to that.

“I’m right here you know.” Issei pouted. Had this been an anime, the screen would be angled such that only the bare top of the boy’s head would be seen at the bottom of the screen.

“No witnesses that anyone will believe or take seriously.” Riser corrected himself without altering his glare at the laughing third party.

“Oh. Okay yeah that makes sense.” At the very least, Issei was self-aware about how people saw him most of the time.

“Hahahaha!”

“Stop laughing when Riser is threatening your life!” Riser roared bursting into fire, convincing neither one of them.

“You must be pretty strong. Bird Person doesn’t actually intend to carry through with his threats unless he really thinks he can get away with it without repercussions or is confident it’ll just hurt us a little.” Issei looked at Saiorg, completely unaffected by the spike in temperature.

*Bird Person.*

*Bird Person.*

*Bird Person.*

The name echoed within Riser’s head like an insufferable gong. Every iteration drove him further into the building inferno that was his rage and indignation.

Not that anyone noticed.

“Haha! Well, I don’t like to brag, but our friend here hasn’t managed to beat me yet.” Saiorg grinned and puffed his chest out, flexing his muscles underneath his skin tight black tank top. “Although I will admit he has been proving more challenging as of late.”

“Hooooh. You’re really are ripped. And not in a steroid junkie way either. All your muscles are properly conditioned and shaped for optimal performance and endurance.” Issei, completely ignoring the increasingly infuriated Riser, began poking Saiorg’s body in seemingly random places as though to inspect it. “So this is what a properly decked out body looks like. No wonder women prefer this over the borderline pedophile skinny bishounen look that younger girls prefer. You must get laid all the time.”

*“Oi, I told you, I can’t help my featherweight situation. Stop knocking that.”* Ghost grumbled. It wasn’t his fault that his powers and past experiences ensured he was perpetually stuck with a BMI index that ranged between “notably underweight” and “African child refugee”. He couldn’t gain a pound unless it was in pure muscle, and even then it would be the lean compact sort that wouldn’t do much for his image.

“Haha! Not as much as you’d think, but not for their lack of trying either. Gotta be careful who I’m with as a Bael and all. Genetics of a Pillar family are always in demand.” The large man grinned, not at all ashamed to talk “shop” with a prepubescent human child. He had heard enough about what Issei was like in passing to know that this was normal for the boy, and it wasn’t going to change anytime soon.

“Riser has decided. Both of you will die today.” Less and less of the Phoenix’s body was visible as the flames around him increased to the point that he was getting white hot.

“Yeah. Mhm. That’s nice Bird Person. You do that.” Issei completely ignored him and the increasing temperature of the area, already focusing all of his attention on Saiorg. “So what’s your diet like? Do you just bulk up on proteins or is it an actual balanced diet and you burn off the excess with constantly working out? Or do you eat some kind of special devil meats and compounds that help accelerate and maintain your physical condition?”

“A bit of everything to be honest.” Saiorg’s smile waned slightly as he took in Riser’s appearance and gathering power. "Uh, Issei was it? I think Riser might actually intend to try and kill us this time.”

“He does that sometimes.” The boy completely disregarded the danger he was in as he flipped up Saiorg’s shirt from behind to look at his muscles. “Holy fuck you’re jacked. Be serious, how many times have you let someone eat off of your back? You’re doing the world a disservice if you say you haven’t yet.”

*“I agree with the kid. You could charge a premium with what you’ve got. Bitches be thirsty.”* Ghost agreed, knowing from personal experience.

“DIE ALL OF YOU!!”

BOOM!!!

Needless to say, the relationship between the three of them got off to a monumentally explosive start.

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