"Boy!" Normal Speech.

'Boy!' Normal Thought.

"Nista!" Power/Technique.

"Loki" Demonic/Dragon Speeches.

'Loki' Demonic/Dragon Thoughts.

Summary: At seventeen years of age, Atreus and his father found themselves in another realm, one that was unfortunately filled with the less crazy, but irritating versions of the gods they had slain. Can they live their life in peace? Or the supernatural world of DxD will be forced to know the full might of THE God of War? Atreus will try to make sure that won't happen… anytime soon at least.

The story will focus on Atreus, with Kratos being a side-character most of the time.

Friendly reminder for those who might have forgotten: For the time being, Kratos and Mimir are known only as Kevin and Mike by other people.

Son of War

Chapter 29

“Yo! Nice place you guys got here.”

“Why are you here?”

Rias asked before Atreus could do it himself, sounding just as annoyed as she was surprised to see the governor of Grigori as he stepped through the gate of their new home and approached them while she and her peerage were having a housewarming party with Atreus, Kratos and Aimi (Aphrodite). It had been a week since the signing of the peace treaty of Kuoh, and things had mostly gone back to the way it had been before, for Atreus and Kratos, at the very least.

Atreus was not surprised when he found out that his father kept a secret savings in case of emergency, which he brought along with them from their home world. What really shocked him, however, was the fact that the man appeared to have enough funds to buy the entire Kuoh resort with a small discount from the Gremory, who had wanted to give it to him for free knowing exactly what he planned to do with it. Kratos had really made it clear that if he wanted to have something from them, he would pay the necessary money for it.

Regardless, once that Kratos had gotten ownership over the land, the man had used some of the remaining saving to hire a devil construction group, recommended by Zeoticus himself, and had them built for the family a new home and a training facility to train Rias, Sairaorg and their respective peerages. Its overall design was inspired by the old training facility despite being twice as large, having more than enough space for two full peerages to train and study together at the same time. In addition, instead of removing the amenities that he had deemed unnecessary like the sauna and swimming pool, he had had them moved to the main house instead to make sure that while his students would not get distracted by the comforts that they provided, they would still have the space to relax and rest when it was time for them to do so.

“He was invited by your brother.” It was Kratos who answered the question, speaking up as he approached them while holding up Mimir in one hand. The sight of the reanimated head, who Azazel had not met, caused the governor to raise an eyebrow in wonder. Atreus could tell the fallen angel was more curious than he was surprised to see Mimir, and would not feel so himself if Azazel had already known about him.

“I could not wait till school started again next week, so I decided to come to introduce myself.” Azazel answered with a grin, making Rias turn to him and ask in surprise.

“Why are you saying that?” Atreus decided to ask, looking suspiciously at the fallen angel.

“I have also signed up to become the chemistry teacher at Kuoh academy, where I will also work as your teacher advisor, Rias.” Azazel answered before bringing out from the bag he was wearing a stack of documents, which he handed to Kratos “This is for you. Consider it my housewarming gift to you, and my resume to apply for a job here.”

“What is it?” Kratos asked simply, with Atreus leaning over to take a peak at the contents inside when Kratos opened a document to look at one of the files inside while Rias and her peerage looked at the governor in surprise.

“My research on Sacred Gears, specifically the ones that were in the possessions of your students, including those of the Bael peerage, Kratos.” Azazel answered, addressing Kratos with the name that he and everyone had learnt during his battle against Hyperion.

To his expectation, Kratos did not react negatively to it. His sole focus seemed to be the file that he was reading, and Azazel could not help but grin when he saw a very small hint of impression on his face.

“I take it that Sirzechs has also told you one of my conditions to stay here is that I have to help you grow sacred Gears possessed by the servants of his sisters?”

“He did.” Kratos answered simply, closing the document before giving it over to his son, who only then realized it was much heavier than it looked.

“Well, let us just say that I have an expertise, and enthusiasm for Sacred Gears that I believe I can put to good use here.” Azazel said with a shrug of his shoulders “There is also the pressing matter of the Khaos Brigade. I highly doubt that they will attack like the one last week any time soon, but there is no harm in preparing for them when they do. I have no doubt that they have a bunch of powerful sacred gear users on their side as well, so my knowledge would surely come in handy.”

“Hn…”

Kratos grunted, remaining as calm and nonchalant as he had ever been as he looked at Azazel, sensing that the fallen angel had other motives in addition to helping him train his students and prepare them for the unavoidable fight against the Khaos Brigade. However, given the recent event, Kratos was more surprised that more like him had not shown up to bother him and his son just yet.

According to Rias, it appeared the number of devils who had become interested in him and Atreus after the battle of Kuoh academy and what they had done there was matched only by the number of devils who had become wary of them. Three meetings held by the leading organizations of the Devil faction Rias had attended in a single weeks and three times she had been called up to ask about Atreus and Kratos, being asked questions that she would have to think twice before answering – even if she and her servants were still deep in the dark as they all were.

Nevertheless, after the first meeting, Kratos and Sirzechs had helped her prepare better just in case they asked about matters that were too sensitive to answer. However, they both knew it would only be a matter of time before one of those devils at the top wanted to know more, and made the wrong decisions. The Gremory was close to them and thus valued their privacy, but the same could never be said about the other devils, and they were only one faction of the problem.

“Fine. You can stay.” Finally, after making the decision, Kratos said, making the fallen angel grin. Before he could say anything, Kratos had continued, his presence suddenly increasing as he spoke to the governor with an edge to his tone “But if you try anything funny,…”

“Wouldn’t even dream about it. Trust.” Azazel said, making Kratos grunt at him before walking away, returning to his table to continue his meal after putting Mimir on top of the stack of documents Atreus was carrying.

With an amused chuckle, Azazel then turned his attention over to Mimir and spoke to him with a curious smile.

“So… you are alive?”

“Reanimated, to be precise.” Mimir answered simply.

“If it is possible, can I take a look at you later?” Azazel asked, his eyes glinting with interest like those of a mad scientist. Immediately, Atreus moved Mimir away from Azazel and glared warningly at him, making the fallen angel hold up his hands in defense before saying “Oh no, I merely wish to properly understand his condition to see if I can apply him to a project that I have been working on.”

“That sounds even worse.” Rias started with half lidded eyes. “Mike-ji sama is not one of your test subjects.”

“Even if I might be able to give him a body to move around?” Azazel asked with an arrogant grin, making the whole party look at him in surprise, with no one more so than Mimir himself.

“You can?”

“I have been producing artificial limbs while studying Sacred Gears. It is a small side projects that I have been working on while trying to recreate the works of God.” Azazel said with a thumbs up to Mimir and Atreus “I have no clue if it would work with you since… well, you are missing a whole body, and I will not promise that the body will be the same as the original, but I am willing to give it a try. Not like we both have anything to lose anyway, right?”

“You are not wrong there, Azazel.” Mimir said. He would nod his head if he still had a neck, but a smile was enough for Azazel to tell that the head approved the idea, looking forward to it even.

“Is it safe though?” Atreus asked in curiosity.

“Trust me, if we find ourselves in any form of danger, I will be the only one gonna have to deal with it.” Azazel chuckled, though Atreus was not feeling entirely sure if he could trust him or not, and it was NOT because he barely knew him. “Just give me some time. I will come up with something."

“Alright.” Atreus nodded his head in understanding before handing the document to Rias so she could put them away. Looking at the foods that were still being cooked on the grills, Atreus then turned his attention back to Azazel and decided to ask him “Hey, you wanna join us?”

“Well, if you insist.”

Azazel grinned and grabbed a plate for himself, allowing it to be filled up with food by Atreus and Rias before making his way over to the main table to join the others. Akeno was the most displeased to see him, so she quickly finished her dish and got up to go help Aimi make more iced lemonade for everyone.

“Oh right, I forgot to tell you guys. Sekiryuutei, you probably would want to hear this.” Azazel said as he sat down in an empty chair between Issei and Gasper, making the crossdressing Dhampir back away nervously. Ignoring him, Azazel then continued as he looked at Issei, telling him like it was the most normal thing in the world to do. “Vali defected to the Khaos Brigade a few days ago. It seems you are still destined to fight the Hakuryuukou no matter what.”

Dropping his jaw in shock was the only thing that Issei could do to respond to the information, while the rest of the peerage also looked at Azazel with a similar feeling. Atreus had no doubt that after all that talk of peace at the peace treaty meeting, Issei had thought he would be able to avoid fighting the current wielder of the Divide Dividing Sacred Gear, who was obviously on a league of his own above him.

“It seems he’s gathering a group of numerous extraordinary individuals around him.” Azazel explained as he picked up a set of fork and knife “At the moment, we have only been able to identify one of them, Bikou, the descendant of Sun Wukong. He was the one who helped him escape from Grigori.”

“Sun Wukong? As in… the monkey king in Journey to the West?” Atreus asked, remembering the old Chinese tv show that he had watched with his father and Mimir awhile back during one of their many movie nights together.

It was a damn good series that even his father enjoyed, even if he disliked how naïve Tang Sanzang was in numerous episodes.

“The very same one.” Azazel nodded “My source showed that there were at least three others, each one as formidable as they are dangerous.”

“Great! Just great!” Issei said with a dark cloud above his head, his head slumping on the table, making Asia reach her hand toward him to pat him comfortingly on the shoulder.

“I wouldn’t be too worried if I were you, kid.” Azazel chuckled, glancing at Kratos as he said “From what I saw, you could already hold your Balance breaker armor for a long time, which is already enough for me to tell how strong you are right now since having a strong body to hold all the boosted power is the key to the strength of the Sekiryuutei. You also fought exceptionally well for someone who was brought into our world only a few months ago. Given more time and even more training, you will be ready to fight Vali when you two meet next time.”

“Can I really?” Issei asked, his head perking up as his eyes widened slightly.

“You will be ready, boy. We will make sure of that.” Kratos spoke, and even though Issei found himself shuddering as he imagined the nightmarish training regimes that Kratos still had in store for him, the boy couldn’t help but smile a little as he nodded his head to his teacher.

Giving her Pawn an encouraging smile as her other servants ensured him that they would help him deal with the Hakuryuukou team if he needed them to, Rias then looked at Azazel and asked with a tone full of sarcasm, “So, is there any other surprising news that you want to tell us?”

Swallowing the food in his mouth with some lemonade, Azazel began with a sly grin “I take that you guys have not heard about the Youth Devil Rating Game Tournament that would take place in a month's time, have you?”

Line break

“So you are saying I will lose to Rias?”

“I am implying you cannot ask me to give you an honest answer to your question, since I will be biased toward my girlfriend.” Atreus chuckled as he threw himself at Sairaorg and slammed his knee into his chest, sending the Bael heir soaring back even though he had raised his arms and crossed it over his chest to block it. He was able to quickly recover, but the hit would still have broken his bone if he had not focused Touki into his arms to strengthen his defense.

Another week had passed, and school was almost over for the students of Kuoh academy. Summer vacation would start soon in a few days, and the Bael peerage had officially started their training at the Spartan training facility, as Kratos and Atreus had agreed to name it.

While Kratos was outside pushing his servants to the limit to see what they were lacking, Sairaorg was allowed to spar with his son, who was all than willing to practice some new moves against someone who could take hits and punch back. As much as he had wanted to be trained by Kratos himself, Sairaorg could not complain that he got to do it with Atreus, not after seeing what he could do to him and his peerage WHILE holding back, and hearing that he had fought against a Titan and almost triumphed.

“What if I want your honest opinion?” Sairaorg asked as he tried to punch Atreus while moving at extreme speed, almost too fast for even an experienced devil to keep up to. However, just as he had expected, the young man simply sidestepped, his body twisting around as he jumped into the air and kicked Sairaorg across his face, knocking him down just as he got both feet down and stood over the Bael heir.

“Well, at the rate Rias and her peerage are growing, I have a feeling in a month's time they might be able to give you guys a run for your money. You saw what they were capable of against the Phenex.” Atreus said with a shrug before extending his hand to Sairaorg, who chuckled and nodded his head in understanding before taking his hand and allowing Atreus to pull to his feet “But I take that you guys won’t be their first opponent.”

“Probably. I am the heir of the Great King devil household, while Rias is the sister of Sirzechs Lucifer-sama. The organizers will not put on the same side of the bracket. They will save our fight for the Final.” Sairaorg answered with a nod. “If we can get to the Final, that is.”

“Are the others strong?” Atreus asked “One of them is Sona Sitri, right?”

“Yes, and the others three are Diodora of the Astaroth, Zephyrdor of the Glasya-Labolas, and Seekvaira of the Agares devil household.” Sairaorg said “They are all strong and incredibly talented, but I guess excluding my cousin and her family, I will be looking forward to fighting the Agares and Sitri the most. Zephyrdor is an asshole, while Diodora always rub me off the wrong way, no idea why.”

“Alright then.” Atreus said while holding back his laughter. He had not known Sairaorg long, but he could tell that the Bael heir always gave his opponents the respect that they deserved, so to hear him say that about two individuals was truly surprising, and somewhat funny.

“So you will be traveling to the Underworld as well with Rias and her servants, right?” Sairaorg then asked, and Atreus nodded his head back to him in response “What about Kratos-sensei?”

“He will be traveling with us too. The Gremory said they had a training facility that we could use to continue your training, so rest assure that you guys won’t get any break until at least the end of summer.” Atreus answered with a grin, but he knew the idea of being able to train nonstop only excited Sairaorg, who unsurprisingly looked quite pleased to hear it.

“Atreus, hey… Atreus!”

Before the two of them could continue sparring, Atreus heard Aphrodite calling out to him and turned his head to see her waving her hand at him at the door. The look on her face showed clearly that the reason she wanted to see him was not sex related, and it’s urgent.

“Hold on…” With that said to Sairaorg, who had also noticed Aimi, Atreus made his way over to her. To his surprise, his father was also standing in the hallway outside with his arms crossing over his chest, and an

unreadable look on his face, one that made Atreus realize something, possibly bad, had happened, so he asked them in concern “What’s wrong?”

“Uhmm… I just… got news!”

Aphrodite began unsurely, and quite uncomfortably as she held up her phone and pointed at it, as if trying to postpone the moment for as long as possible.

In the end, it was inevitable.

“Zeus wants to meet you two. He wants to thank you personally for defeating Hyperion.”

Atreus could only widen his eyes in shock, with the second sentence falling to his deaf ears as he snapped his head over to look at his father, who remained as impassive and calm as he had ever been despite having just heard the name of the god that Aphrodite had uttered.

End of chapter 29