Tanya DxD,

Tanya

Being X had condemned me to a dark comedy of existence, constantly subjecting me to one painful experience after another, with no hope of escaping the long and endless line of suffering he had prepared for me.

I must admit that this might sound a bit overly dramatic. After all, if Dante's Inferno and other stories of pain and suffering at the hands of demons that might await the "unrighteous" in the afterlife were true, then the targeted attacks I experienced after being reincarnated were minor wounds I must endure. While most people get one life, I was on my third. First, the life of a businessman, then a veteran, and now a schoolgirl.

This was the pain and suffering that awaited me in this life. It wasn't that bad, certainly not like having artillery rounds land around me or facing a berserker mage out for my blood over some misplaced anger about her father's death. However, that didn't change the fact that I had gone from a prestigious individual to an orphan again, and I had to start all over. Being X had claimed that he had won and that he was done with me, and I hadn't heard from him for decades. So why, oh why, had I reincarnated again? Was it just some sort of glitch in the system? Was he having a laugh at my expense, or was he so lazy that he never removed the device or spiritual mark he had used to condemn me to reincarnation after he'd had his fun ruining my second life?

On one hand, it wasn't funny at all. On the other hand, I questioned whether that device had worked properly, given that some of my memories, mostly those from my second life but some from the first one, were missing as well. Thankfully, they were mostly day-to-day things that weren't necessary for this life, so it wasn't a great loss. If I were to be allowed to continue existing well past my expiration date, having to reinvent myself a bit every generation wouldn't be the worst fate compared to the demonic ends I could have faced otherwise.

That being said, my current fate was far from ideal. I was an orphan, a foreigner, left in Japan to grow up to an age when adoption was unlikely, only to have my life redirected from that possible end by a scholarship of all things. I didn't think much of this scholarship or the academy I was transferring to. It was an open enrollment school that had once been for girls only but was now coeducational. They needed charity cases to make themselves look good, so they provided girls who tested well with a small apartment near the property, a small stipend, and the opportunity to learn and improve, possibly with financial support for their future careers.

Even the school uniform, which I was now forced to wear, made sense in that context. However, I couldn't muster any joy for its design.

I'll admit that I preferred wearing pants. I had never really gotten used to the idea of dresses, let alone skirts, and here I was in a skirt that barely covered my knees. Thankfully, there were provisions for stockings, which almost made it more bearable, almost.

But it still wasn't something I was comfortable with. At least I didn't have to walk very far from the residential area to my campus.

I passed by one of the girls from the paranormal club, or whatever they called it, who was trying to hand out their tickets. I'd seen this event once or twice: take the tickets, do the ceremony, and maybe you'll summon a demon. I wasn't interested in getting involved with that again, even if it was fake. It's better to stay clear of that sort of stuff; otherwise, you'll get drawn into things that may end up with you debating an arrogant demon. That hadn't gone great for me, so I wasn't exactly interested in rolling the dice on that one.

I did notice the class pervert/clown taking one of their tickets. Of course, he would do that. The moron was probably going to go straight home and try to summon a succubus. I, on the other hand, would be busy all night long. Hell, I needed a day off.

Thankfully, the weekend was coming up. My first week at school, and I was already tired of it. I knew this stuff, which was what was so annoying about it. I've done this twice before. Granted, the second time hadn't been as thorough and had a lot more artillery rounds, but it was still the same kind of routine. The same boring, everyday things I'd learned in my first life.

Stepping off the campus, I turned and headed towards a set of stairs that led from the main street in front of the academy into a residential district. I carefully positioned my hand behind me to keep the skirt from showing too much. In my last life, I had not been well-fed, so problems like this were not at the top of my priority list. But in this one, nutrients were readily available and prescribed easily enough, and apparently, my body had been destined for remarkably good genetics.

I wasn't an astounding beauty like the head of the paranormal club, but I could probably pass for a Hollywood bimbo if I didn't have brains and a Japanese accent. Really, I had been so annoyed by my body's potential for curves that I had tried to undo them with heavy exercise. I tried to mimic my military training from my first life, hoping that putting on some muscle would diminish the assets everywhere else on my body. Unfortunately, that had just rendered me with a rather strong core and muscular limbs. Well, if someone tried to attack me, I could knock them out with a couple of punches. A benefit that, no matter the failure of the original task, had established a routine for exercise, seeing my capability for self-defense rise. Which could be useful in the future. I wasn't planning to get into any combat situations, but the world was a strange place. You never know when I might go into a grocery store for ramen, only to end up being held at gunpoint by some lunatic and need to defend myself.

Turning, I went down the street towards my apartment. I hoped to get there before the clouds rolled in. It looks like it's going to be a rainy night.

“Oh hey, Tanya, there you are,” came a familiar voice as I saw one of the other students, who was in a similar situation, coming up and waving as she stopped next to me. She held her little

suitcase of school work in front of her as she said, “I didn't see you when we were leaving school and didn't have time to wait for you.”

I shook my head before saying, “I didn't feel like waiting when it looked like there might be rain coming. Plus, that's a long day, and I just want to get home and go to sleep.”

“Oh, but don't we have homework from Mr. B?” she asked.

“Mr. B? I did it in class. I didn't want to waste time.”

“Huh… that sounds just like you, always ahead of the schedule.” She shook her head before saying.

“So how long have you been a spy for Azazel?”

I blinked in confusion, looking at her, “Azazel? Isn't that one of the angels of the Bible? What are you talking about?”

“Oh, come on now, there’s energy leaking off you. The only reason a fallen angel would be in this area is if they are a member of Azazel’s Entourage of lackeys who would be looking into what we're up to out here. Which means you're a spy, so how long have you been a spy? How much have you been telling your master?”

I blinked in confusion and just said, “What?” a little louder because at this point I was thoroughly confused. I was an orphan. I didn't know anything about fallen angels. What the heck was a fallen angel? Isn't that just a demon?

Lailah sighed, seeming to be exasperated with what I was saying before saying, “All right, if you're going to try to keep your secrets, we're going to have to dig them out of you.”

And in a moment, Lailah was no longer wearing her school uniform but what appeared to be a bondage getup and had a bladed weapon in her hand, attempting to slice me in half.

I stepped back just in time to watch the lower half of my shirt get cut away, feeling a breeze along my abs. I'm probably a little cut.

“Oh, the girl's got a strong core, so you're totally not a spy, even though you pose yourself as what appears to be a bimbo. Yet you have yourself well and truly exercising. Yeah, you're the worst spy in the universe of spies,” the girl taunted before throwing the bladed weapon at me. I dove down, feeling it just barely cut my hair before it spun around and went back to her hand.

“And your reflexes are rather good too, so you're totally just a normal student and have no combat training whatsoever.”

“Actually, I am totally a normal student! I just happen to be very dexterous!” I called out, holding up my suitcase, not really sure what to do in this situation. I had no weapons and was being accused of something I had not done and was not exactly happy about the way things were going.

“Haha, say that as much as you will, your time is over, little spy,” Lailah said before throwing her sword directly at me. I held the suitcase up hoping to block it, and I did, kind of. About an inch of the blade penetrated into my shoulder through my suitcase. I groaned in pain as I stumbled back into a cinder block wall, blood gushing from the wound.

“Should have just told me what I wanted, Tanya,” the girl said with a shake of her head as she approached. Unhooking a whip from her thigh, before bringing it down on me. In some universe I'm sure this would be considered kinky. But in this one it just hurt, as the whip bit deeply into my flesh.

“Now start talking before you expire. How much does Azazel know, and how deeply is he looking into this operation?”

“I don't even know who that is,” I finally got out, holding a wound that had been given to the side of my face. My shirt was torn rather badly, revealing cleavage, and I was not in the mood for this. If only I had my magic.

“You either think I'm very dumb or are very good at pretending you don't know what I'm talking about. Azazel has his magical eyes and ears everywhere. I do not doubt that he's learned something. So just tell me what he already knows, and maybe, maybe I'll spare you. After I have some fun with you, of course.”

Well, that was not terrifying. In another word entirely, I did not want to experience whatever she had planned for fun. However, it was one word I caught on to quite easily.

“Did you just say that magic is real?” I asked, looking out through the blood of my face wound.

“Of course it's real, you Fallen. What are you talking about… Oh, are you really trying to still keep this going? To try and pretend that you don't know your heritage?”

Well, then do or die, I thought, taking my hand away from my face wound and raising my hand as the whip was about to come down again. I did the best I could to summon a shield spell, and though I may be out of practice, it did nicely pop into existence a little weaker than I would have liked.

“Ha, there it is, your… what the heck?” Lailah stopped and stepped away from me, as I rose to my feet, unsteady, feeling like there was an extra weight on my back.

“Those are four wings, how do you have that?” “Wings?” I said, tilting my head to the side to look past my shoulder and see, yeah, there appeared to be a set of wings on my back. Looking down, I saw another just below the original. Pretty sure that's not how biology works, but this was something weird, and I'm just going to have to deal with it as it comes. Turning to face her again, I said, “I don't have the faintest clue about that. You know what I do know? I don't like getting whipped.”

Lailah attempted to whip me even though I said I dislike that. I grabbed the whip and pulled her close, punching her in the gut and sending her stumbling back.

I have to work for a moment before throwing it over the concrete wall behind me, separating it from its owner. Next, I pulled the blade out of my shoulder. It hurt like hell, and my blood started to flow right down the arm, but I now knew magic worked in this world, and if I could make it work on the same premises as my old world, then one healing spell to the shoulder, and I was, not right as rain, but not bleeding out anymore.

Once I got myself sorted, I turned to the bondage-covered woman, who had sprung a pair of black wings, not unlike my own.

“You think you're so great, with an extra pair of wings!? Being one of the higher castes. Hiding amongst these normals to watch us carefully!? Well, I'm going to put you in your place, little girl!”

The girl then performed a rather excellent martial arts flurry, the kind that would probably make Jackie Chan smile with approval. “I've been training for years in China, for a chance to bring one of you down with hand-to-hand combat! I have mastered several martial arts forms. You will die this day!”

I held up my arms loosely, taking a stance, and said, “You want to fight, then fight. Don't talk.”

Lailah stepped to the side, preparing some sort of charge, I estimated. I didn't move at all, keeping my eyes on her and waiting for her to spring into action. A moment of thought made me realize that I should have probably held on to the blade, but it was stuck in my suitcase, so it would have been useless and probably made the situation more complicated.

She rushed at me with a wide, open-hand attack. She probably thought she was attacking rather fast, I thought. Unfortunately for her, I'm a former soldier who survived more than enough hand-to-hand combat. Her arm stopped midway towards me as my arm grabbed hers, then my fist found her chin and just kept pummeling.

I let her go after about three hits directly on the chin. She stumbled back, spat out some teeth, and said, "That's not how you fight."

"This isn't a show, kid," I said, moving towards her. My recently acquired wings rose up into the sunlight, casting a large shadow over her as I said, "You want to fight? Fine, let's fight, but I fight to win, not to show off."

"I really doubt that," she said, recovering some of her ability to speak before charging at me again, trying to use some sort of stylized Chinese combat technique. I simply sighed as I caught the fist that had no real power behind it and pulled her in real close, grabbing her neck.

"You know martial arts styles from movies are just bullshit, right? Kung Fu is not going to give you the edge here."

"How about you just surrender and tell me everything I want to know so I can get on with my life."

"I am not going to tell you shit; I will not allow our plans to be compromised."

"Okay, well, let's try something else." Taking a breath, I took the best control of the wings I could and pushed myself up with them. I found that they were almost as easy to use as spellcraft magic. Granted, they still needed to flap once in a while, but it seemed like the flapping was more ceremonial than actually necessary to rise myself quite far into the sky.

"What are you going to do, drop me? I can fly; this isn't going to work."

"Yes, I know you can fly," I said, looking at her before adding, "But can you breathe?"

She looked very confused as I kept going up, spinning up an oxygenation spell so I could breathe in the lighter atmosphere. I continued to ascend, and before long, she realized that we were above her preferred height. She tried to struggle, but the lack of oxygen quickly overwhelmed her as we reached 3 to 4,000 meters in the air.

I held her there, letting the air filter from her body as she lost the ability to breathe in this lighter mixture. Before long, she passed out with her eyes open, which wasn't good, considering that she was going to start dying soon. However, she was also weak enough that I had control of the situation. I dropped my altitude and descended back to Earth, stopping before crashing into the ground or anything else. I landed carefully and got to work dealing with her permanently.

First things first, I found the whip and tied up her arms to make sure she wouldn't escape that way. I also retrieved the sword from what remained of my bookbag. Oh well, but a good weapon is hard to come by.

Then I lifted the crazy woman over my shoulder and headed home. It probably wasn't the wisest decision, I thought to myself, but I needed intel, and this person was going to give it to me, no matter what I had to do to get it.

Tanya

Moving around my apartment with wings was one of the most difficult things ever. I had never had wings before, and these were rather large, fluffy, and black. I assumed this whole "Fallen Angel" is the reason they're black, but what does that even mean? I was human, I thought, but if I was actually this "Fallen Angel" race, why? Was it some sort of unfortunate gift from Being X? Was I considered an angel because of some of the energies I've been exposed to? Could it be that because I denied the Divinity of X, I ended up with black wings instead of white? Ah, the rules of the universe probably changed with each reincarnation. How the rules were altered, I didn't know. But I did know I had my supposed friend tied up in the room on a chair so she couldn't escape. Some friend, really just a neighbor who had walked the same way as me. This is going to be a pain in my ass. What was I going to do with her? Should I kill her? I wasn't really one for killing people needlessly. In my last life, I had killed people, sure, but those had been paid for by the state, and I'd always tried to offer them a chance to surrender. This one, I was kind of in control of the situation, so I should maintain that control. If I could get intel out of her about this "Fallen Angel" world, maybe I could turn her over to let their legal system deal with her.

Sipping a glass of water, I saw her stir from her unconsciousness, and I knew it was time to start the talk. Walking forward and taking a seat across from the table in front of her, I said, “So, Lailah, let's talk about Fallen Angels. Mind explaining them to me?”

“What are you talking about, spy?”

“God damn it, you're a dumb woman, aren't you?” I said with a shake of my head before clarifying. “I am not a spy. I'm an orphan, apparently an orphan of a fallen angel if I'm to believe the current line of events, which means I was raised with none of the knowledge you apparently have. The only reason I have wings right now is because you caused me to stress myself to the point that they were summoned, and I would rather like to know how to get rid of them, thank you.”

“Ha, like I'm supposed to believe you when you use strange magic that only top mages should be able to know.”

“Did I say I was not a mage?” I asked, tilting my head, which got her to look at me confused. “You can't be a Mage and not know you're a fallen angel.”

“Reincarnation,” I said matter-of-factly, before adding, “I don't know if it exists in your world, but hey, it does for me. My last life, World War I, was a real great time.” I smiled before saying, “Yes, you picked a fight with a veteran. You should not be surprised that you got your ass handed to you and lost some teeth. So, you should also know that I was quite familiar with interrogation techniques, creatively within the Geneva Convention’s restrictions. It’s amazing what you can get away with, with a few loopholes.” I smiled as wide as possible, knowing it tended to have the effect I was looking for. The shiver from her told me everything I needed to know.

Granted, I was lying here. I had never really needed to use the holes in the Geneva Convention for torture. I'd use them for interrogation, but that doesn't mean torture. But she didn't need to know that. All she needed to do was tell me what I wanted to know, and maybe, just maybe, I'd let her go after I got my hands on enough information where I could survive this new reality.

The woman gulped before finally saying, “Fallen Angels are the fallen children of God who decided that humans were kind of hot.”

I blinked before saying, “Wait, hold on, what. I thought Fallen Angels were demons or something like that.”

“Oh God, you have no idea what I'm talking about,” the woman said, looking down at her own cleavage for a moment before saying, “Okay, quick and dirty explanation of everything. God, why did I have to find a human with reincarnation powers? Okay, many years ago, Angels broke up into three factions: those who were loyal to God, those who were kind of loyal to God but kind of thought humans were hot, and those who hated humanity for being the prodigal son. Those are the Devils.”

“A thousand years ago, they fought each other, and it's been a cold war ever since.”

Okay, that explains some of the situation, but why do Fallen Angels think humans are hot? Why is that the way you refer to this situation? Is it genetic? Am I going to have to start worrying about my hormones going out of whack?

That got a stifled chuckle from the woman before she said, “Perhaps if you get hit with some sort of spellcraft. It's just that Angels are a little bit more uptight. Fallen Angels just want to be free, and the devils just want to build authoritarian family units.”

“Okay, I can get behind a Fallen Angel. I like being free,” I said, leaning back before adding, “but now on to the next question. When you tried to kill me, you said something about being an agent of Azazel. Is he some sort of Fallen Angel warlord, or what? Why is he a problem for you?”

The girl sighed before finally saying, “He's a problem because he wants to stop us from restarting the war and putting an end to this whole stupid cold war situation.”

“You want to end a cold war between the forces of good and evil? And I guess sex, not really sure where to say the Fallen Angels landed.”

“Not exactly how I would put it, but fine, let's say yes because whoever wins the war can redefine humanity as they see fit. Instead of having it divided between our three factions. Well, us and the minor factions, but we don't need to talk about them now.”

“Oh, there are minor factions beyond devils, fallen angels, and angels? That's wonderful,” I said, my hand going to the bridge of my nose and squeezing, quite annoyed with the way this was going.

“All right, well, now that I've got that settled, let's get on to the next part of the problem here: What am I going to do with you?”

“W-Well, I mean if you're really not one of Azazel’s spies, we have job opportunities!” the girl said with a smile. I gave her a death glare before telling her, "I don't want a World War or a Celestial War. I don't want to be involved in it. I’ve been dragged into this by your stupidity at this point. I just want to attend school, get a normal job, and not be involved in this."

“Haha,” she responded nervously.

“Unlikely to be something that actually happens, I'm afraid. You're involved now. Your choice is to either join us or be slain by our operation’s more powerful members.”

"Or I could just kill you," I said, looking her directly in the eyes. That seemed to do the trick as she said, "Maybe if you release me, I will try and convince my bosses not to come after you. I’ll say you have nothing to do with Azazel."

"Hmm," I considered my options before deciding, "No, no, I don't think I want to have a World War at all, and I have an opportunity to stop it." Looking at her, I said, "Well, do you have a number for the leader of the Fallen Angels?"

"What!" she said shocked before saying, "No, you can't call him, he doesn't have a phone in the world of the living. There's just no way you can just call for his age. Your only opportunities are to either join us or maybe one of the Devils in this area. And to join the Devils is to show you are a betrayer of our people."

"You just tried to fucking kill me. I don't really fucking give a damn about your people, as I'd rather plainly-" before a loud knock came to my door.

I turned my head towards it and asked, “Friends of yours?”

"Ahhh maybe?" the Fallen Angel said.

“Great, where's my pistol when I need it?” I muttered, as I stood up, grabbing the bladed weapon, and moved towards the door. I looked through the peephole and saw a man with shaggy hair, wearing a kimono and a pair of glasses.

Tilting my head, I called out, "Who's there."

"Oh, just an old man looking for a disobedient daughter."

"Oh God no," came the voice from behind me, getting me to turn and look in their direction. "Please don't open the door, you don't want him to open the door. Just tell him to go away."

I raised an eyebrow before saying, "Listen, I don't open the door for strangers. Could you explain more?" I unlocked the door, and he pushed it open, seemingly not caring about my opinion.

"Yeah, I've had fun with playing the old man once in a while, but you're taking too long," I raised my blade to defend myself, but he simply waved his hand, and the blade vanished. "No, no, I'm not here to cause you any harm. I'm here to take that one off your hands," he said, pointing towards the Fallen Angel.

"Why?" I asked, backing away and preparing to defend myself if necessary.

"Well, someone has to keep a strong hold on these rogue agents of my people before they start a goddamn war."

"Please, please Azazel, don't kill me," she said, revealing that this was the leader of the Fallen Angels she had mentioned earlier. I blinked and turned to him, saying, "How did you find us?"

"Oh, yeah, that would be a good question to ask, but the answer is a little bit esoteric and bullshitty. I've been keeping an eye on you ever since I spotted a person who is definitely a Fallen Angel walking around amongst the humans like they didn't know, trying to figure out how to bring you in under my wing. You know, I don't want you to walk around with supernatural powers and cause trouble. But I guess someone decided to step in," he said, looking at the Fallen Angel before adding, "Sorry about that, sorry about ruining your normal life. I assume things happen."

"Yes, things happen. I was stabbed in the shoulder! Now I'm no longer involved, since you have the agent you're after and I don't need to help you…" My voice died as he shook his head, saying, "Oh, you're probably still involved. Just keep your eyes open for any supernatural bullshit. I'm sure you'll come in handy, sooner or later, in the defense of world peace that we've got going on now. After all, I heard you say you don't want a Celestial War. That's a good title; I might use that next time I'm talking with the other members of our little Cold War cadre."

Shaking his head as he moved past me and grabbed the girl by the whip arms and started pulling her. "Please, no, no."

"Shut up!" he said simply as he passed me before stopping and saying, "All right, for the wings, you can just sleep and they should go away. That's the easiest way to get rid of them if it ever happens again. The fastest way is just to learn to mask them with illusions. People will still bump into them. The best way is to basically learn how to unsummon them. It will take some time, but

you can learn it. Just try and imagine pulling them into your back, and you should figure it out sooner or later. Anyways, bye Tanya, have a good night."

"Bye Lailah, hope I never see you again," I said, ready to close the door as he stepped out.

"Haha, I would hope that. I mean, I've got computer games I can loan you. I know you're strapped for cash. All you have to do is put up with a little conversation with me every once in a while…"

I shivered at that before saying, "Thank you for getting rid of the attempted murderer. As for your offers of complementary video game night, I will consider it," I said simply to be nice as I bowed before closing the door in front of them and turning to look at my room, backing against it, and thinking to myself, what the heck just happened to my life.

Writers note: this was post to come out on space battles, but i felt like the universes was to much of risk even if this planned to be SFW better to do this over here just in case.

Please comment, review, and generally enjoy yourselves…

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