

Leaving Aoko temporarily in the care of the student council, who will hopefully keep Serafall on her best behaviour, I slip away so I can get ahead of the news. And do some quick cleaning up in one of the bathrooms on the way to the home economics classroom.

“Pssst! Drop what you’re doing! Get out, something happened!” I alert the other members of the anime club, who are also all my girlfriends. Though I have two more in the occult research club I’ll need to worry about as well.

Luckily everyone seems to pick up on the urgency, so cosplay projects are put aside and everyone escapes the bemused and curious looks of the sewing club before I end up in a stairwell with Kaori, Saeko, Taihou, and Yuuka.

So Serafall got my dick hard and now I’m a father.

Yeah I don’t blurt it out in the most damning fashion possible. Instead I lead in with some context, “Okay, so you remember how Kaori got all those books that she’d written in even though she’d never written in them? Like something from a potential future, but not necessarily *the* future?”

We’d all speculated on it enough, given everyone’s from other realities entirely the vagaries of branching timelines are something the group is well primed to understand, but I’m definitely getting some worried looks given my demeanour and the way I’m clearly softening them up for something here.

“No easy way to say this, but a little girl who is apparently my daughter from a future showed up while I was talking to Serafall.” Yes, just talking.

“You really are a father now?!” Taihou gasps, a hand flying over her wide open mouth. At least she hasn’t fallen to the ground and started crying this time

“I mean- kind of? I didn’t father her conventionally, but she’s here because of my stupid power and as far as she knows from her own life experience I’m her dad,” I answer awkwardly under gazes of concern and confusion all around. “She’s like you four in that she just got summoned here and has no one else, except, you know, she thinks she has a mom and dad, and that dad would be me. I can’t not take care of her, she’s just a little girl, so…”

“Breathe, Jiro,” I feel Saeko’s hand on my shoulder, a bastion of calm and composure as she looks at me with a steady gaze. “We all understand the consequences of your power, even if this outcome is a surprising new direction.”

“Yeah. Sorry,” I nod a bit jerkily, grateful for her intervention, “This one’s just freaked me out a bit more since it’s a lot closer to home.”

That's when Kaori interrupts in an impatient tone, "That's wonderful Jiro-kun, we're all amazed and here for you, but I think what everyone wants to know is who the mother is?" Taihou and Yuuka both back her up by nodding, curiosity quite evident.

This would be much easier if it was one of them. Or Rias or Akeno would be fine too! "It's Sona Sitri," I say, giving her the full name treatment for clarity even if none of us know any other Sonas.

"Ohh, why her?" Yuuka moans disconsolately, looking down in what feels a bit dramatic a manner as even with that awful first impression it did seem like they'd been getting along after the rating game with at least some civility.

"Unbelievable...!" Kaori sounds legitimately annoyed, outright glaring at me. "Six of us, and still you've got to go knock up another woman. There are limits to how insatiable a man can be, you know!"

"Hmm?" Saeko hums low in her throat, her hand still on my shoulder but her head turning to look back at Kaori. "I thought you were fine with sharing with anyone, Kaori-chan?" she asks, tilting her head and favouring the blonde with the sort of sweet smile I don't think I've ever seen on Saeko's face.

And actually yeah, she does sound kind of jealous, doesn't she?

The sudden redness on her cheeks does her no favours, "Y-you- come on, you all have a problem with this too, don't you?! I'm angry for your sakes!"

Oh my god my evil witch has become a tsundere. I never thought it could actually happen!

"The Commander's obviously not interested in the student council president, I'm not bothered at all," Taihou says with a smug smile, everyone now quite distracted by the opportunity to pick on Kaori.

"Y-yeah! That's a relief, it's just a thing because of his power, we don't have any reason to worry. And I mean, even if we did add a student council president, maybe that'd be kind of nice anyway?" Yuuka says with a nervous giggle, rubbing the back of her head and going on more quietly. "It doesn't even have to be *this* student council president, is all I'm saying, just in case something ever happens..."

Having drawn a picture of Millennium Science School's student council president under Yuuka's guidance, I can definitely see the appeal even if Yuuka's description of her personality made her sound like a cold fish. Yuuka also seemed confident she'd warm right up with some dick inside of her.

Still, I do need to get ahead of this. "Taihou's right, I'm not actually interested in Sona," I say flat out with no ambiguity. "I don't know if our daughter from the future is going to try and play matchmaker or anything, but there's nothing between us and I don't really see that changing."

Taihou nods in satisfaction at being proven right while Kaori just crosses her arms and looks away with a huff, radiating shame at having been caught having feelings and choosing not to bury herself deeper by saying anything else. Haha, angry for their sakes. That girl has never gotten angry on someone else's behalf in her life.

Honestly it's pretty flattering, so I'll be kind and refrain from teasing her. Instead I lead the gang back to the student council office where Aoko's now sat facing Sona over her desk with a chessboard between them, Serafall and the members of the Sitri peerage all standing around to watch what's apparently a mother/daughter battle of wits.

"Hey I'm back, and I brought some more of Aoko's aunts," I say as I lead my group over.

"Hiiii!" Aoko spins her chair around, taking in the group she's apparently familiar with in the future. Does she know other people I haven't summoned yet? Is any of her future knowledge even reliable if timelines diverge? She still seems happy seeing this group. "Everyone looks so different in high school! Except Auntie Taihou, she looks the same."

"Fufufu, and you have the Commander's adorable nose, I can see you're his daughter," the apparently eternal boatgirl says with a giggle that has me reaching up to feel my nose. It's not a part of me I've ever thought much about, but I guess it's inoffensive, and honestly there's something kind of nice about having a part of myself recognised in her. I'd mostly just seen Sona traits when looking at her. It's validating!

"Hello!" Yuuka says, leaning forward with a smile. "You know us but we don't know you, so just to do things properly, I'm Yuuka Hayase, it's nice to meet you!"

Further introductions go around, everyone surely itching to ask the girl questions about the future world she comes from, but I don't really want to bombard her so I step in first, "So you two are getting to know each other through chess?" I gesture at the board set up between her and Sona. Aoko's white but the game looks pretty early so I can't judge who's doing better.

"Devils love chess!" Aoko says brightly, "And it's more fun to play among devils because being cursed is a good way to stop people cheating by using their phones." With that she moves her bishop over to threaten Sona's knight by the looks of it. I'm no chess expert, but I know how it all works.

"I would absolutely curse someone who tried something like that," Sona says with quiet menace, moving a pawn to cover her endangered knight. Then her eyes flick towards me

through her glasses and there's a trace of embarrassed uncertainty breaking her dangerous aura as she asks, "Do you know if... Onano-kun and I ever played, before you were born?"

"Uhm..." the pre-teen glances over my shoulder and I get the feeling she's trying to choose her words carefully. "Dad's more of a collectible card game kind of guy."

Wait, am I being insulted? Is that like saying I'm dumb? There's a lot of strategy in those kinds of games! "I'm great at Uno too," I say with quiet dignity.

Yuuka and a few members of Sona's peerage nod though, I guess reincarnated devils aren't as big on the chess craze either?

"See, Sona-tan!" Serafall says brightly from her sister's side, "That silly chess rule you have was just getting in the way of your future happiness!"

"What chess rule?" Saji asks in obvious confusion.

Sona is blushing and looking annoyed, so it's Tsubaki who answers for her. "The President has said that she would never marry a man who isn't smarter than her, and the fiance her parents arranged was declined after she beat him in a game of chess."

Wow. Why couldn't Rias have done that? Well I dunno what Riser's chess game is like.

"Dad's really smart!" Aoko says with a level of childish certainty I can't help but be moved by. "He's just... not so good at chess." And then she ruins it by saying that like it's a great personal failing that she's ashamed of by association.

"I mean, I also scored higher on the midterms," I point out, just to further establish my intellectual credentials in the face of this assault on my dignity.

"Realllly~?" Serafall asks in a very interested tone while Sona's face turns increasingly red and she hunches her shoulders. I don't think it's making her any more attracted to me by throwing in her face how I apparently meet her criteria, but I think she's definitely regretting putting that criteria out there now.

"Jiro-kun, your words now aren't matching with what you told us outside," Saeko says in an unimpressed tone, crossing her arms and giving me a disappointed look.

"Wh-hey! No, I'm not- I'm not trying to put myself out there, but they're saying I'm dumb, I've got to defend myself!" I insist, back-peddalling as I realise that it did kind of come across like me trying to position myself into Sona's apparent criteria.

"She said you were really smart, don't be so insecure," Saeko brutally punctures my defence and makes me sag my shoulders in admittance of defeat. I really was just diving right in there because of wounded ego.

"Still though, we have been dancing around it," Sona says, her bishop taking one of Aoko's pawns in a merciless execution. "How did Onano-kun and I end up together for you to be born, Aoko-chan?"

"I don't know!" the little girl says in a tone which says she'd very much rather not think about the mechanics of what led to her birth, "But I mean, you're not *married*. I'm Aoko Sitri, not Aoko Onano, right?" she says as if that was meant to be a big clue, moving one of her pieces and then looking irritated as Sona instantly moves one of her own to take Aoko's bishop.

"Even if we were married, obviously you'd be the Sitri heir after me, Onano-kun would... well, he'd become Sitri-kun," Sona trails off a little awkwardly there which prompts me to groan.

"Just call me Jiro, please," I say, refusing to get baited on theoretical naming conventions, since doing so would just be giving Saeko more ammunition. It's never happening, although the conversation is probably going to come up with Rias one day if we last that long.

Which I hope we do! I love Rias! Can definitely imagine a happy married life there.

"Jiro-kun," Sona says meanwhile like she's making a great concession, though she still has time to make a disapproving hum when Aoko's hand hovers over one of her pieces, prompting our time-displaced daughter to pull back and re-examine the board with a critical eye. "So what's our relationship like in the future you come from, Aoko-chan?"

The future she comes from. Yes. We all understand, it's merely a potential future. There is no fate but what we make!

"Ugh, I can't play chess and have this kind of heavy conversation at the same time!" Aoko whines, kicking her feet out under her chair and thudding sneakers against the side of Sona's desk. "You're my mom and dad, you hug and kiss and do things like that, it's just always been normal I've never thought about it!"

I guess it is. I would have liked it if I'd had a normal mom and dad who would hug and kiss each other and I could take for granted they'd both always be around.

Still, Sona and I trade uneasy if perhaps speculative looks over the odds of us enjoying cuddles and kisses together. She is cute, I could wrap her up in a nice hug for sure! Neither of us particularly *want* that, but the prospect isn't necessarily unpalatable either.

This is so weird. Why couldn't I have been thinking of basically anyone else? And yet if I had then Aoko wouldn't exist, and she seems like a sweet kid! Weird, it's deeply weird and uncomfortable.

"So do you have any brothers or sisters, Aoko-chan?" Kaori asks while the girl's prospective parents wrestle with their own issues.

"No," Aoko answers in a somewhat disappointed manner. "That's why I was thinking it'd be fun to be my own big sister if I'm stuck here. But I mean, I'd be a good big sister if anyone else has children too, it doesn't just have to be Mom and Dad!" she turns an expectant smile around the group, though I'm not sure she understands what she's asking there.

Of course she does. She's a tween not a pre-schooler.

"Ahem," Kaori coughs into her hand. "Well, Jiro-kun says he's not going to marry anyone while he's still in high school, so I think parenthood is out for at least that long as well."

"You've already talked about that?" Saji asks, sounding impressed, and I shrug awkwardly, it didn't really come up in the context of a serious grown-up discussion of our future.

"I think it'd be a bit of a scandal if anyone had to drop out because they got pregnant," I say evasively on the subject.

"It's not a scandal if you're the student council president!" Aoko says brightly, moving one of her pieces and capturing Sona's queen with a smug grin on her face.

"No, that makes it more of a scandal," Sona says with some quiet satisfaction of her own as she moves a piece and adds, "Check. Mate in four, you got greedy."

"Uwah?" Aoko's jaw falls and she looks at the state of the board, which at this point I can't really interpret, but Tsubaki's nodding like she knows what's going on. "I was distracted!" the little girl who just got beaten by a genius high schooler whines, pulling on her braids.

"Don't pull your hair, it's unlady-like," Sona chastises her. "Clearly we need to work on your decorum as well as your chess game."

"Okay, so I think I must be the fun dad in this relationship," I say, holding back a chuckle at the tiger mom aura emanating from Sona.

"N-no! Everyone was right! Mom was mean when she was in high school!" Aoko cries, but she does stop pulling on her hair, reaching over the board and toppling her king in surrender with with a magnificently pouty look on her face.

"Excuse me? I'm not *mean*," Sona says in an affronted voice, reaching up to adjust her glasses. "Did you expect me to take it easy on you just because you're a child? If you claim the name of Sitri then this kind of thing should literally be child's play to you."

Aoko does not have a good reply to that and continue to pout, but a reprieve comes in the form of Serafall hugging her sister from behind and laughing gaily as she says, "Sona-tan's always strictest with the ones she loves, that's how you know she cares!"

"The President did say she'd work on your decorum and your chess game, Aoko-chan," Ruruko adds supportively. "Special training from Mommy President, you should feel grateful!"

"Er, yes, I did say that..." Sona's face turns red and she squirms a bit in Serafall's embrace but is unable to free herself as Serafall takes the ball and runs with it.

"Obviously Aoko-chan needs to spend time with both her parents, so you should move into the old Belial house that Jiro-chan bought. Bring your whole peerage, and of course Auntie Levia-tan will come visit lots too!" She turns a winsome smile over Sona's head in my direction and adds, "I'll cover any renovations, but you'd be happy living with a bunch more cute girls too, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think my parents would like that!" Ruruko blurts out before I can even answer.

While Saji awkwardly rubs the back of his head and says, "I've kind of got my own stuff going on since the President set me up with a place with my brother and sister..."

"Hmm, the Gremory peerage is already living there? Yes, of course I'll accompany the President wherever she goes," Tsubaki simply nods in quiet acceptance, while the looks I'm getting from Reya and Momo are reminding me of that time in the anime club room.

"I mean, Ravel and Toshimi and Koneko are living there too and that's fine," I say, giving my girlfriends a significant look to make clear that just because a bunch more girls might be living under our roof it doesn't necessarily alter our relationship, "But, uh... Serafall, can I have a quick word? Outside?" I jerk my head towards the door, causing her to peel away from a sputtering Sona.

"I haven't even said yes!"

Her complaints are ignored as myself and the ultra powerful Satan Leviathan step out into the hallway outside the student council office and I close the door behind us, bracing myself for a deeply awkward conversation.

“Okay, uh. Aoko clearly likes you, and obviously you should be a part of her life, but...” fuck this is so awkward, “Okay, the stuff with Sona? The photos? The Sonahole?” she briefly grins when I call it that but then she smooths out her expression, clearly picking up on the energy I’m trying to get across, “Yeah it was hot, but she’s your sister, it’s none of my business. But none of that with Aoko, okay? I can’t act like a responsible dad when I just met her, but even so she’s just a little kid. And even when she grows up, just be her cool aunt and nothing weird, okay?”

Her expression flat, the magical girl cosplayer in front of me reaches out a hand and settles it on my shoulder. And despite her being shorter and slighter of build, I feel the power behind her grip that freezes me in place, the temperature seeming to get colder even as I feel a surging blaze inside of me rising up in response, ensuring I maintain feeling in my extremities. I don’t know if she’s doing some kind of power play or test, but I meet her gaze unflinchingly all the same, trying to get across that this is serious, regardless of how un-serious our earlier activities in the anime club room had been.

“Jiro-chan...” she says slowly, her grip relaxing and her lips turning upwards, “You’re pretty cool, you know? Not even my own father ever spoke up for Sona-tan like that. When you’re Satan Leviathan you don’t hear the word ‘no’ very often.” So it was a test, huh? I do feel extra-sorry for Sona under the circumstances then, she can not have had an easy time growing up in that kind of environment. Her hand comes off my shoulder entirely and she gives me a serious nod of her own. “Auntie Levia-tan will always be on her best behaviour around Aoko-chan. That’s a promise.”

My posture relaxes in turn, tension leaking out now we’ve gotten over this and can hopefully never speak of it again. “Good. Glad that’s settled,” I say in relief. “Let’s both do our best for Aoko-chan. I mean, rather than Sona, it’s really our fault she’s here. We need to take responsibility and be grown-ups for her.”

“Jiro-chan, when you say it like that it sounds like you want the two of us to be mommy and daddy for her!” Unfortunately there’s nothing grown-up about Serafall’s teasing response, and despite my earlier thoughts that I’d really like to fuck her instead of the Sonahole, I can only groan at how nonsensical things have gotten. “Hey, what’s with that reaction?!” she asks indignantly, “Do you think this sexy magical girl cosplayer has a fetish for being told no? You should at least look a little bit flustered or something, you’ll make me cry for real!”

I leave her to childishly pout and reassert her preferred persona after that brief bit of seriousness, going back into the student council office where fortunately Aoko seems distracted by Yuuka showing her something on her phone, though I get a few oddly admiring looks from other people present. I guess they might’ve been able to overhear that? I feel a little embarrassed, on one hand it kind of feels like a bare minimum, but on the other Serafall is kind of a big deal that’s probably hard for most people to stand up to even when it counts.

“So!” I raise my voice to get people’s attention, “If we’re doing this, Kaori you’ll need to fiddle with the ward scheme again, so do you want to go home with Serafall and anyone else that’s moving in to handle the renovations, and the rest of us’ll take Aoko to meet Rias and Akeno and do some shopping for stuff she’s gonna need?”

“I’m sure she can borrow Koneko’s clothes even if you can’t find anything,” Kaori says, because she can’t not pass up an opportunity to get in a little dig there. “They’re about the same size.” Emphasis on little.

“Really?” Aoko looks up from Yuuka’s phone in surprise. “But Auntie Koneko’s so...” she trails off but her eyes wander towards Tsubaki and damn, that certainly plants a seed. Kaori seems to get it too, briefly looking startled before she crosses her arms huffily.

“Well, she’s still in her first year of high school,” I say, recalling Rias’s at the time seemingly hopeful insistence that her growth spurt was ahead of her, “I guess she’s still got some growing to do.”

Regardless of Koneko’s future modelling prospects, I’m able to pull Aoko away along with Taihou, Yuuka, and Saeko as others go to do further remodelling to my already too-big mansion. My daughter from another timeline takes my hand in her own, and on the other side she grabs hold of Yuuka who briefly looks surprised but then pleased as she holds Aoko’s hand and smiles across at me with an expression that looks extremely pure and maternal despite her youth.

Whatever hypothetical future she came from, I don’t think I’m going to be getting away with just one kid in this one.

Author Notes

As we get a little perspective on Aoko’s timeline, it’s somewhat deliberately simplified. I don’t want to get too into counterfactuals by inventing a whole cast of other children who will only be obliquely referenced, and similarly Jiro’s power mysteriously doesn’t summon anything too dramatic to flip the board on Aoko’s life reaching the point where her hypothetical existence can be summoned. Plus there’s just the fact she has a sheltered kid’s perspective so she’s not going to know particularly useful future details like that Kokabiel showed up to pick a fight at such and such a time. Basically she’s here to be a fun character in the present of the story, not a repository of plot spoilers.