Late Christmas Omake: A failed DXD Christmas:

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It was the day before christmas, and all through the house, everyone was busy, even the louse.

“Oi!” Raynare shouted at the author with a fist raised. “I get enough shit from the perv! I don’t need it from you!”

“Who is she talking to?” Asia asked confused as she helped make dinner.

“Who knows?” Kiba shrugged, moving presents. “You know how people get the longer they spend around Issei.”

“Speaking of which, where is he?” Xenovia asked, dressed in a sexy christmas one piece dress that showed just enough cleavage and legs without revealing too much.

“Over there.” Gasper pointed to the couch in the living room, wearing an elf costume.

Issei, unlike nearly everyone else there, wasn’t helping with the christmas decorations or dressed for the season. In fact, he seemed to be sulking… more the usual if the cloud of comical depression over his head was any indication.

“Issei? What’s wrong?” Rias, donned in what was almost christmas themed negligee leaned over his shoulder. “You normally jump at the chance to help out with things like this. And point out what everyone’s doing wrong.”

“Mghrmghtgh.” The Sekiryuutei mumbled, sulking even harder.

“Ara? What was that?” Akeno, foregoing any sense of formality and wearing a christmas bikini, hummed curiously.

**“Partner has some, history, regarding this particular holiday.”** Ddraig tried to explain evasively. **“Due to a particular disaster, he’s not exactly allowed to celebrate it.”**

“Not allowed to *celebrate Christmas?*” Nearly everyone in the room balked in genuine astonishment.

“How in the deepest pits of hell did he manage to pull *that* off?” Raynare gaped. “Christmas is a borderline carte blanche holiday. Everyone celebrates it in some capacity. Fallen. Devils. Hell, I’m pretty sure the Greeks join in on the fun.”

Issei twitched and his eyes glazed over…

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Twelve Years Ago:

“Waaaaaaaaaah!!” Issei bawled his eyes out in horror and fear as his right hand, encased in a black gauntlet, was latched onto Santa’s neck in a death grip while the room around him burned something fierce.

***“CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSS!!!!!”*** Ghost roared in violent and petty vengeance from within the Sacred Gear.

***“GHOOOOOOOOOST!!!!”*** The world’s version of Santa Claus replied with as much fury, repeatedly stabbing the eye-like jewel in the Sacred Gear with a sharpened and magically weaponized candy cane.

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“... I may, or may not, have been an unwilling accessory to a near successful assassination attempt on Mr. Kringle.”

“...”

“...”

“...”

“You can’t do anything normal, can you?” Sona asked with a tone dry enough to make the sahara look wet.

“It wasn’t my fault. I didn’t know.”

“How close to a success are we talking?” Raynare asked curiously.

“Chris had to tap out early that night and get the wife, elves and kids to pull emergency shifts to pull off their deliveries on time. I’ve been told it took him four months before he could speak and breathe properly again.”

“Wait, I think I remember that year!” Irina gasped, dressed as a Christmas angel. “Everyone in the Vatican was going crazy! Some Angels even came down unannounced! That was you!?”

“What’s going on?” Asami walked into the room in a simple red and green dress and noticed everyone being quiet.

“Dumbass can’t celebrate Christmas and apparently almost killed Santa.” Koneko bluntly stated in a holiday leotard.

“Oh. Right. I knew I forgot something.” The mother flinched. “I normally go out for these sorts of events. We normally just celebrate a half hearted hanukkah here, but that was last week.”

“He’s Jewish?”

“L'chaim.”

“Not in the slightest, but you can get a rabbi to convert you on paper online for a small fee if you know where to look.” Asami laughed.

“Zaz set it up. Birthright for the win.”

“Issei, you don’t have any jewish ancestry.”

“My doctored family history tree says otherwise.”

Rias was the first to break and start giggling at the nonsense. Soon followed by everyone else in the house.

“What’s so funny? My totally real great great grandfather Murray Horowitz would take great offense to your disrespect.”

The laughter only grew louder.

It was the best non-christmas Issei had had in years.