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# HAREM HERO

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Volume 2

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## Chapter 1

The armour hangs loose from a pair of metal forks against the back wall of the garage. A deep gash, surrounded by black charring, makes it clear that you had a pretty nasty brush with danger just a few moments earlier. Faust could be serious, it seems. Lala hangs from the front plate like a mischievous animal, poking at the hole with her finger.

"That's a big hole," she concludes.

"I noticed. Faust cut right through the plate using some kind of energy sword."

Mitsuru taps away at her touchscreen tablet, bringing up sheets of numbers and graphs; "Hm. I took readings of it, and our sensors managed to recover some data about the weapon he used. Hot, high energy, and lightweight too. I'm afraid the conclusion is fairly simple. We don't have the technology on earth to construct a usable material that can resist these forces."

"It's lucky that I managed to get out of the way then," you sigh.

"I feared that this would be the case. The fact of the matter is that for all of my immense genius, there are many things that cannot be done alone. Creating a new alloy would require billions of dollars in research and manufacturing."

This is coming from the mouth of a girl that made a dimension hopping gun. Does she mean to imply that the cross-dimensional material was all she needed? The rest of the mechanism must be built from components that she can purchase on Earth.

"So, what can we do?"

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, "Then we must merely change our battlefield strategy. We must do everything we can to tilt the odds in our favour when brute force will not suffice. I've already started working on something new, a module that allows us to modify the composition and function of the armour. Increasing attack, mobility or defence as and when the situation demands. If combined with a diverse group of harem members - we can handle any threat."

Lala jumps up and down on the balls of her feet, "Oh, oh! Form change!"

"Form change?" you repeat.

"Every good superhero changes form!" Lala explains, "At least they do in Japan..."

"According to my research and discussions with our summonees, our fictional, parallel selves created several 'power ups' that took inspiration from the media they crossed over with. I've already drafted some designs in line with that practice. It will provide a very profitable - I mean, powerful selection of alternate forms for you to use."

Mitsuru's intentions are incredibly transparent.

You give a world-weary sigh, "If that's what you think we need to win."

"Lala, can you patch this up for me?"

Lala salutes to Mitsuru, "Roger boss!" She dives into a nearby box of junk and begins digging through them to find what she needs to fix the huge slash running across the front plate. You hope that Mitsuru isn't working the poor girl too hard in the lab when you're away.

"By the way Mitsuru, have you been taking advice from Venelana?"

She smirks, "Of course – why would I not take advantage of such a brilliant mind for business? She's the one who helped me launder- I mean procure the money we earned from the merchandising line, all without leaving a messy paper trail."

"You've been spending more time with her than I have..."

"She is the leader of a gigantic noble family. She's a busy woman. Though that doesn't stop her from asking about you."

"Really?"

"Yes. I would suggest fulfilling your earlier promise of a fine dining date soon, lest you incur her wrath."

You shudder. Okay, juggling all of these different people is starting to get difficult. It would help if Mitsuru could increase the number of summons available again – but if she could she would. There's no sign of another capacity upgrade on the horizon at the moment. A date with Venelana huh? That means you need to buy yourself a nice suit – a really nice custom-made suit, that actually fits properly. Finding a nice restaurant won't be so hard, there are fifty million of them in town that nobody ever visits.

Chun-Li said five-hundred wives though. Perhaps their fiction is still fiction for a reason.

You take a seat at the workbench and watch the pair work their magic. You were so deep into that discussion that you failed to notice Motoko hovering around the place and taking a closer look at everything. "It's certainly an effective piece of urban camouflage," she concludes, sitting next to you on the other stool, "Though if it comes under attack you may be in trouble."

"Those alien losers can't even tie their own shoes correctly – they aren't going to find my lab," Mitsuru says in defence.

Motoko shrugs it off, "Don't say I didn't warn you when they do."

A question springs to mind; "Do you use powered armour in Section 9?"

She shakes her head, "Some units used to, a long time ago. But the prevalence of cybernetic bodies made most of their functions redundant. They're heavy, power hungry and reduce mobility. You could use one for someone who isn't enhanced, but the maintenance and costs are often seen as prohibitive."

"What I wouldn't give to get my hands on some of that technology," Mitsuru sighs.

"I'm not going to steal anything for you," Motoko says sternly. You have to agree with her. Snatching things from other worlds is going to drum up a whole heap of trouble for you in the future. Mitsuru wouldn't be able to resist reverse engineering them and shooting Earth's technology ahead by two hundred plus years.

Mitsuru pouts, "You're no fun."

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Lala finished off fixing the armour, and both her and Motoko went home without further incident. Motoko is a hard woman to converse with – since so much of her time and mind-space is dedicated solely to her job. Speaking with you about your own TV and manga series is probably out of the question.

You decided to use one of your blank cards while Mitsuru dipped out to do something. Rias had been very insistent on introducing Xenovia to the harem – and considering the sudden focus on swordplay that has occurred in your fight against the invaders, now seems as good a time as any. You type her name into the computer and watch a reticle move across a map covered in thousands of tiny dots, before it locks onto one of them and turns red.

"Here goes nothing..."

You press the enter key and watch as the text log on the left spits out a spew of numbers and processes, calculating the needed data and inputting it into the body of the blank card. The printer whirs to life and rattles the desk, this process only takes a few seconds. It settles down and releases a gush of steam as it rapidly cools down.



The tray opens and reveals a newly inked card, featuring the serious and dedicated Xenovia Quarta. Now that you look at her with fresh eyes, you realise she kind of reminds you of Ryuko Matoi from Kill la Kill, thanks to their similar brash personalities and single bundle of off-colour hair. Maybe Ryuko would make a good choice in future too – though having a version of her without Senketsu would be problematic. Mitsuru's guiding hand will be needed to find a universe where she does.

You send a courtesy message to Rias explaining that you picked her up.

Rias responds with a heart eye emoji and nothing else. Thanks a lot...

Dropping the card with the rest of your collection, you consider what to do with the rest of your day. Training is an easy way to kill a couple hours, but what then? Maybe Mitsuru will have a dumb errand for you to complete. You grab a towel and some clean clothes from the office locker and head into the gym. You'll have to think about it.

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Now is the moment of truth.

The day after making Xenovia's card, you decided to put your plan into action. Venelana has made it clear to Rias that she'd like to have a one-on-one with you. After agreeing to a time (with some mathematical assistance from Mitsuru to make sure the dates line up,) you begin the long and difficult preparation phase. With a bank account swelling with over one hundred thousand dollars, you intend to make this one a night to remember.

You inspected a handful of luxury restaurants around town and eventually came to realise that most of them are very similar to each other. Modern decorations, soft jazz, and tables covered with white cloth. The owners and bookers responded to some of your inquiries about the best place for two people to sit, and eventually found a nice elevated booth that should provide a little privacy for you.

With a reservation secured, which wasn't hard given their struggling business, you then set about improving your appearance. You've never visited a store that specialises in suits and formal clothing before – you got a crash course in just how much a properly crafted suit really cost. A few thousand dollars gone in an instant. But you have to say, you think you'll look pretty good in it. You also get an expensive haircut, though you find that an expensive haircut isn't much better than a cheap one.

You considered hiring a car and valet to take you to the venue – but you realised that without a good place to depart from or return to, it would be a waste of time. All you had to do after was steel your nerves and practice talking into the gym's mirror so that you don't make a total ass of yourself in front of such an intimidating woman.

The suit was delivered to your crappy apartment, and you tried it on exactly once to make sure that everything was in order. The changes in your body measurements since you started working out were shocking to say the least. Then you watched the clock tick over until your pre-arranged time. Rias texted you with encouraging words.

You sneak around the back of the restaurant and take up a position next to an overly large pickup truck in the small parking lot. There's no way anybody can see you behind here. You take a deep breath and summon the sledgehammer, sliding Venelana's card into the magazine and pulling the trigger.

Venelana appears from the other side in a wonderful red and black dress, with matching crimson jewels dangling from a necklace. A side effect of that is that your eye is immediately drawn to her cleavage, which peers dangerously from the straight cut of fabric that tries in vain to cover them. The dress is tightly wrapped around her mature body, making sure that every inch of her amazing figure is on clear display.

Okay, that's enough slobbering over her appearance. You step out from behind the truck and take her fingers into your hand, leaning down and kissing the back of her hand. Venelana smiles pleasantly and greets you in kind, "Hello, suitor mine."

"Good evening Lady Gremory. You look amazing."

"Why thank you, shall we?"

Venelana does not ring you up for summoning her into a dirty car park round the back, mercifully. When you finally get a house with a parking space you'll summon them from inside there instead to save the embarrassment. She loops her arm through yours and follows you to the front door, the greeter recognizes you immediately and motions to escort you to your table.

The brief, thirty second walk from the front of the house to the back is the single most emotionally challenging thing you've ever faced. First – holy crap everyone is looking at you. They're glaring daggers at you for daring to bring such a beautiful woman on a date. Secondly, you feel like you're on top of the world. Hell yes. That's right, you DID bring this beautiful woman on a date, and you're going to pay the bill without shedding tears of financial distress.

The table is contained on an elevated platform at the back corner of the establishment, with artificial hedges and small fences placed between each section to provide every couple with some privacy. The table is smaller than the others – intended to create a more intimate dining experience. It isn't left wanting for elaborate and needless excess despite the size. The edges of the table cloth are nearly folded into a rippling polygonal pattern.

Manners, manners, manners. You quickly hurry to Venelana's side of the table and pull her chair out. She gracefully accepts the invitation. When you finally get around to sitting down yourself, you can already feel a cold sweat breaking out under your expensive suit. Venelana tries to assure you by smiling again, but that reminds you of a wolf stalking its prey more than anything else.

"I'm very happy that you decided to do this for me. I was worried that you were leading this old lady on."

You clench your teeth and stammer out a half-apology, "Oh no, of course not! It's not that I'm avoiding you – we've just been rather busy with people trying to... invade the world and all that."

"Hm. And how has that been going?"

"Just fine. We've fended off all of their attacks so far. Mitsuru got a new idea into her head yesterday, so she'll be out of my hair until it's finished like always." The noise of the patrons means that you can speak about these things without worrying about being overheard.

"Rias is rather taken with you, and she says that destroying your enemies is an effective form of training for her and her peerage."

"Really?"

She supports her head with her left hand, leaning into the table and deepening the already profound view of her cleavage; "Oh yes. Rias is very much my daughter, always diving headfirst into what she desires with little concern for convention or precedent. She's already planning for a wedding with you and her peerage involved."

"A-Already?"

"Don't worry. She says that the rest of the girls need to come around to you first, before she decides to do that." Venelana doesn't seem to find the idea so absurd, especially if she's willing to speak so openly about it.

"I bet you had a thing or two to say about those plans."

She laughs, "As the first lady of the house – I was also responsible for keeping my fellow wives and concubines in line under my departed husband. Some of them were rather... rowdy."

"No doubt that was something you were good at."

Venelana shakes her head, "Not at first, actually. It was a role I had to learn. You seldom find yourself in the position to manage a gaggle of wives before you marry. Would you like me to take leadership of your own harem?"

"Right now, I can't summon more than four of you at the same time..."

The smirk she gives you sends a shiver down your spine, "Regardless, there are matters to be discussed even when we aren't together in person. Though the convention on birthing heirs that devil families subscribe to made things easier."

"What's that?"

Venelana takes a sip of her wine before explaining further, "Devils have a very low birth rate and the advent of the evil pieces meant that we no longer had to rely on natural births to increase our numbers. Even before that though, it was expected that the first lady of the house was to be the only one to bear children."

"The only one?"



She sighs, "That was the idea. Some took it a different way, instead insisting that the first lady was to have the first pregnancy, and that the others were permitted afterwards. It was a rather messy and boring procedural affair. The original intent was to prevent complicated and destructive succession crises."

You nod, "Oh, I see. What about now?"

"It's a matter of choice for the remaining families. However – the succession of the Gremory clan has been firmly established. Rias is the heir, as my eldest daughter and the only eligible selection. Upon her marriage, or when I step aside from the position, she will take on the responsibility. Waiting for a devil to die from old age is a frivolous task."

Her husband must have died somehow, it'd be a big mood killer to ask about that though. The title wasn't passed down to Rias like it should have been. Perhaps he asked Venelana to take custody of the family until she was ready. Or maybe Rias had rejected the title as she wasn't confident in taking it on just yet.

Venelana smiles and winks at you, "I assure you, any potential children borne from our romance will not interfere with the good order of our clan."

Gulp.

Wouldn't that mean that any hypothetical child between you and Rias will also take the title of family head someday? You realise now that Venelana is giggling at your shell-shocked expression.

"I haven't really thought about children at all. I guess I'm too focused on fighting off these invaders."

"It's nothing to concern yourself with as of yet," she replies, "You will not sire a child with a devil that easily. And I have to hope that Rias is using contraceptive magic responsibly." You're more worried about your other wives, like Chun-Li and Lala, who don't have that ability. "And an older woman like me... I don't like your chances."

"To be honest, you don't look a day over thirty."

She pouts, "Flattery like that won't work on me. By devil standards I am of an increasingly advanced age."

You sigh and sip your own drink, "I heard that you and Mitsuru have been up to no good again."

"That girl has her head in the right place," Venelana chuckles, "With a small amount of guidance, she started to come up with ideas and strategies that even impressed me."

"That's how Mitsuru has always been. She races ahead of everyone else with just a small amount of information or teaching. Doctorates in every subject I can think of, and some I can't. No doubt she'll be a multi-billionaire thanks to you in time."

Venelana finds Mitsuru interesting for that fact. You've spent more time on this date talking about other people than each other, but just as you try to think of a way to learn more about the drop-dead sexy woman sitting across from you, the food you ordered earlier arrives.

"Thank you dear," Venelana says to the blushing waiter. This woman is deadly and she isn't even trying. Questions about herself can wait until after, you don't want to let the food get cold. In contrast to most stereotypes about this kind of joint, the food is well portioned and looks delicious.

"This looks great."

"Indeed. Let us indulge in the best this city has to offer."

## Chapter 2

Eating in a suit this expensive is liable to make you paranoid permanently. The last thing you want to do is splash sauce onto the white shirt underneath, or the incredibly high-quality fabric they used for your jacket. Venelana devours her meal with an efficient confidence that leaves you yearning to learn some of her etiquette skills for yourself. You navigate this dilemma and finish second.

Venelana muses on the taste, "That was... adequate. I cannot say I expected more from an individual who has not worked as my personal chef for a hundred years."

"I thought it was great. But I should pay attention to what these places serve and figure out which is the best for future reference."

"Hm, not one for taking fair ladies for an evening of fine dining?"

You laugh nervously; "Not really."

Venelana stands from her chair and walks over to your side of the table, gripping your arm and pulling you to the back of the booth. In the corner is a small couch that runs along the wall, intended for diners to sit down and drink to keep the party going even after the food is served. You sit down beside her, only for Venelana to shuffle even closer and press her large, perfect breasts into your arm.

Is this really happening?

"You're very cute when you're flustered," she laughs. "Don't be afraid to put your hands on me, I am your woman after all." You do as she commands and slip your left arm around her waist, leaving it to rest on her opposite thigh. It's plain to see that Venelana is enjoying the close contact. She must have been out of the game for a long time.

"Do you like being wanted?" you ask.

"What woman doesn't? I always thought it was silly that most devils reject women like me because of my 'age' or how many children I'd had. You certainly don't have any objections, do you?"

"I'd be privileged to welcome you to this family of ours. I have to say, you're one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen."

"Be careful – words like that may bequest a visit to the nearest hotel so we can get to know each other a little better." The way she intones the statement is scalding hot, laced with seductive intent and a gentle purr from her throat. Her hand slips down onto your thigh and inches ever closer to where your buddy is hiding.

This is a woman who was married for hundreds of years? "You haven't missed a step."

"I have a very good memory. I seem to recall my darling daughter declaring that you, me and her were going to enjoy what she coined 'oyakodon' at some point in the near future."

You keep your lips zipped shut, trying desperately not to laugh. Why the hell would Rias say that to her own mother? Devils really are on a different level to mortals. As much as you'd love to be in that situation – knowing that Rias said it is funnier than it is arousing.

"Having a man in the house again will be a great boon. Satan knows, we need that after so much instability over the past decade."

You decide to try and steer the conversation to something more focused on Venelana rather than the family she heads, "What do you like to do when you're not busy running things?"

Venelana sighs, "I'm never not busy these days. Though perhaps it's because I don't have a strapping husband to distract me from worrying over the needless little details."

"Am I strapping enough to distract you?"

"Hm. You're on your way."

You reach out for your second drink of the night and start to feel a confident buzz as the alcohol gets to you. Everything's fine. She just complimented you! Stay the course and the night will be a good one, you hope.

"As a high-level devil, I do have a peerage. If you'd like I can give you one of my remaining evil pieces. Being a devil isn't so bad, as long as you don't pray to... you know who. It would also make you much stronger. And when you come to dominate many women and sire children with them, you will also gain the right to your own peerage."

You already considered that when you met Rias for the first time. Though you had concluded at the time that you want to let things settle down before making such rash decisions. Becoming a devil would mean flight, magical powers, and effective immortality. Sure – all of that is cool, but it's a big change to undergo when you've lived as a squishy human for so long.

"Sorry, Venelana. I haven't decided on that just yet."

"I understand. I suppose you must continue to exist in this world regardless of whom you meet and beguile. Regardless, any children borne of our tryst will be proud members of the Gremory family."

"Already thinking of the future?"

"I like to be three steps ahead," she states, "In fact – I asked Mitsuru for one of those phones of yours the last time I was here. I also opened an account of my own at the local banking establishment..." You don't know where this is going. You can see her fingers dancing as she uses her free arm to tap away at the screen. She smiles and slips it back into her bag, "...I booked a hotel room for us. Tonight."

Her statement hangs in the air with seductive intent. Your face is bright red now – this bombshell MILF seemingly inviting you to spend an evening in bed with her. Rias was right, her mother is very much into the same things that she is. She twists the knife, slipping the tips of her gloved fingers into your shirt and rubbing them against your chest. "I hope that won't be an issue."

This is your shot. You lucky son of a bitch.

You grab the invasive hand and smile, "I'll arrange the cab."

The moment you step out of the lobby and into the elevator, Venelana is all over you. She pushes you into the wall and locks her lips with your own, needy hands grabbing and feeling your back. You return the kiss, batting away her tongue with your own and planting your hands on the firm globes of her motherly behind.

The dress is practically bursting from her body. You push her back out as the doors open and hurry to the door to your room. Card in, wooden barrier opened. You sweep her up into your arms and kick it closed behind you. Venelana breaths heavily as you lay her down onto the huge bed. The suite is luxurious and well maintained, but the only thing on your mind right now is making love to an utterly gorgeous woman who's been neglected for far too long.

Venelana smirks and tugs down on the front of her shiny red dress, releasing her breasts into the world for you to see and enjoy. They jiggle slightly before settling into place. You've seen the gates of heaven, and they're on the chest of a very lovely devil.

Venelana's bodacious tits are one of the most striking things about her. There's an air of familiarity to them. Rias certainly got all of her mother's charm points in being her daughter. This is what Rias might look like in a few years if you end up having a child together. Big, round, without a hint of sag to them whatsoever thanks to her demonic youth. The only hint that she's even had children are the larger than normal areola and nipples that adorn the apex of each. Those devils from her home world are insane for turning her down when she looks like this.

"Show me that you are a lover worthy of my daughter."

Shit, where do you even start? Venelana decides for you, snapping her fingers and summoning a magical circle above your head. As it descends down and passes through your body, your suit disappears into thin air. Seconds later you are naked from head to toe. Venelana eyes you like a piece of meat.

"Uh, I hope you didn't destroy that."

She laughs, "No, no. I teleported it into the closet. Come here."

You slip onto the bed and feel her hop on over to your lap. Taking the hint, you reach around and grab each of her breasts in your hands. They're so soft! You can't help but squeeze and fondle them, playing with her nipples using your fingers. She moans softly and hikes up the skirt on her dress, slipping your erect shaft between her stocking covered thighs.

"An impressive weapon. I hope you know how to handle it."

Deep breaths, you've got this. You hope.

Seeing Venelana with her breasts and crotch exposed, with a tight strip of red fabric around her stomach and hips is very sexy in its own right. You try your level best to forget the pertinent fact that this is Venelana Gremory, the mature and demanding mother of one of your other lovers. You climb up onto the pristine white sheets, only for her to strike like a coiled viper and force you down onto your back.

"Let the lady of the house take care of you." She trails her hands down your chest and abdomen, finally coming to a stop as her palms meet the shaft of your erect cock. Though a handjob doesn't seem to be on the cards for this first round of foreplay. Venelana sweeps her hair back behind her shoulders and leans down to get a closer look. You twitch as an outpouring of scalding hot breath washes over your penis.

"It's been a long time since I had the chance to enjoy a male body in my bedchamber." The casual confidence and seductive body language she wields so expertly makes it obvious she hasn't lost her step during that time. Venelana inspects you from all angles, before settling on a plan of attack.

"Really? I can't tell."

She opens her mouth wide and slides the full length of your member into her throat in one go. It takes all of your power to not swear. What in the devil's name?! There isn't a trace of discomfort or shock to be found on her face. Venelana just swallowed the whole damn thing in one go without even blinking. Venelana proceeds to bob her head up and down, delivering what can only be described as a 'god-tier blowjob.' She takes it so easily and confidently, not even gagging as it touches the back of her throat. Just how much experience does this woman really have? Her husband must have been a very happy man with skills like these!

You run your fingers through Venelana's hair and push her on, gently pushing on the back of her head and willing her to go even harder. She isn't interested in taking things slow. Every time her nose meets your crotch she can feel herself getting wetter and more aroused. Her mind was set on making sure that her daughter's potential husband could handle a Gremory woman properly. Though she had to admit to herself that it had been a long time since she last slept with another man. Her departed husband lost interest in sex a few years before his untimely death.

Her first impressions: big, hard, and a decent level of stamina. Venelana had intentionally dived in and unleashed her most dangerous fellatio techniques from the off to test you. She indulged in the feeling of a hard cock blocking her airway, something she hadn't experienced

in a long time. She always enjoyed doing this to her ex-husband, if not for the reaction of the man on the receiving end. Rias could do with a few lessons on how to drive her man wild.

She has no intention of letting things end here though. She wraps her lips in a tight ring and pulls back, gathering up the saliva and pre-cum that has gathered along your length. It slips free from her mouth with a loud pop. Venelana swallows it down without a single sign of contrition.

"Holy crap."

Venelana titters and wags her finger at you, "There's nothing holy about me. Now, let's move on to the next stage." She pushes you back down onto the bed and swings her leg over you, pressing the tip of your cock against her spread lips with a vicious smile. Without asking if you're ready, or even to prepare herself, Venelana slides your prick into her sopping wet hole until you hit the very back of her internal canal.

"Oh! That feels very nice," she coos. The feeling is entirely mutual. Her velveteen insides may just be the best you've felt amongst all of the women you've bedded so far. She bites her lip as she feels your full girth exploring and pushing back against her sensitive inner walls. Venelana is happy to take charge again, pulling the bottom half of her body up and slamming it back down again with a loud slap. Her breasts and thighs jiggle with each movement.

"Ah, that's amazing!" you groan. It feels so good that it's hard to even describe it.

Venelana giggles, "Oh yes – praise me more, dear."

You reach up and sink your restless hands into her bountiful bosom. Devils are lucky to have a body that doesn't age like a humans. Venelana's breasts have all the weight and softness of a mother, with none of the sag. She moans happily as you knead the soft flesh with her fingers and palms while her hips bounce up and down on top of you.

"Do you like them?"

"They're perfect, just like the rest of you..."

"No need to flatter this old lady, dear."

"It's not flattery, it's the truth. You're gorgeous."

The kind words seem to arouse her more than the sex. Her body shakes happily as the first of hopefully many orgasms rocks her body. Venelana doesn't stop jumping up and down on your crotch, but her movement falters slightly as post-orgasm fatigue sets in. You slow her down and swap over, putting her onto her back and moving into a missionary position.

"I think I may be... out of touch with how this feels. I don't usually climax this easily," she insists.

"It's fine. Just enjoy it."

Pleasant noises come from her mouth as you take your turn with her body, thrusting in and out of her clenching cunt with a strong and consistent pace. All of your training really makes this much easier than it used to be! Your muscles are strong enough to go for much longer now. Venelana's hands are all over you, groping muscles and leaving red trails down your back to go with the others.

"That's it, right there dear! Ah!"

Venelana clenches her eyes tight as her over-sensitive pussy is pounded into submission. You suck and lick on her nipples while pulling her hips up into you by lifting her from below. She cries out again and clutches the back of her head as her entire body loses control. You feel another gush of fluids escape from her slit – soaking your thighs and crotch. She's a squirter...

Seeing this sexy MILF splayed out, dressed mussed up, hair ruined, sweat covering her body. It's an image that you're never going to forget for as long as you live. The only way this could get better is if Rias did join in for this meeting. A smoking hot mother and daughter combo for the new 'man of the house.'

You grunt as you feel your own end approach. You've managed to please her twice already, so you power on and try to reach your own climax as quickly as possible. Venelana pulls you close as your thrusts become shorter and more frantic. She purrs into your ear, "If you knock me up, we might have to... expedite the wedding."

Her words push you over the edge. Everything goes white for a split second as you slam yourself deep into her pussy one last time and let loose with a thick, steaming load of seed. The elder Gremory wraps her legs around your back and pulls you in even deeper, demanding that you meet her cervix and fill her womb with as much baby batter as humanly possible. She moans and writhes beneath you, before being silenced with a final, sloppy kiss.

Venelana's body prickles with orgasmic bliss – the heat of your meeting finally reaching her senses. She's covered in sweat, as are you. You pull out and flop over to the side of her, her gaping hole allowing a small river of excess cum to escape. She's quick to roll onto her side and pull your arm into her body for a post-coital embrace. You can still feel the dress bundled up around her stomach.

"That was rather good, I must say. I can see why Rias likes you so much."

"...I hope it's more than just the sex."

"The great sex is a bonus dear, not the main course."

You both lay in silence for several minutes before she speaks up again.

"Don't worry about impregnating me. Devils are notoriously infertile at the best of times."

"I... I wasn't really worried about it. Rias already told me what it's like over there."

"Oh? And not because you like the idea of seeing me barefoot and gravid, weighed down with your child? And suppose that Rias' peerage will become your lovers too – I know that

young men enjoy 'harem play,' perhaps we could organise something special for our future husband."

Venelana speaks in full knowledge that such a dirty (and kinda' wholesome) image will do to your libido. She reaches down and strokes your cock back to hardness with a cheeky wink that reminds you a lot of when Rias does that exact thing.

"Round two?"

"Gladly."

You don't get much sleep.

## Chapter 3

The day after, you made an offer on the mansion that you saw out in the sticks. It was accepted almost on the spot thanks to some clever financing that Venelana had performed after your evening date together. The estate agent was desperate to get rid of it – and even accepted a lower offer than the market price that was originally listed. Nobody wanted anything to do with it until you came along.

"I heard about your date with my mother, husband."

You groan and cover your face as Rias leers over you at the front step of your new home; "Why is that the first thing you have to mention?"

"Because it's relevant to me!" Rias responds smugly, "She was a very happy woman when she came back. The kind of look that one sports after a good night of—"

"I get it! I get it," you shout. The eagerness with which she discusses you sleeping with her damn mother throws you for a total loop, and it isn't even the first time she has done so in front of you. Most people would be extremely weirded out by the whole affair – but for Rias it's just a natural part of devil life.

The real reason you invited her was to take a look at your new purchase. After studying some different ideas for designs, you decided that a splash of the gothic would fit the building well. It'd make things feel a little cosier too. You've seen enough giant, empty mansions with big open plan living rooms and overly featured kitchens for one lifetime. You need a little colour in here.

Rias' head cranes upwards to the ceiling as you walk into the main lobby.

"It's very... large."

"Right? Whoever designed this place went totally overboard. I have no idea what to put in here."

Rias is already making plans in her head, "A good carpet would spruce up this tiled floor. Though it would have to be big to make much of an impact. Some silk curtains around the



door should make things feel more personable, and we can put a sitting area over here, even if nobody plans on using it.”

“We could also change the layout a little – since the place isn’t finished just yet.”

Rias smiles, “Please allow me to take the floorplan to the building back with me. I can consult with my mother more closely on what we should do.”

You forget that Rias and her family have a construction company under their control sometimes. Hopefully they don’t go quite as overboard as they did when they ‘upgraded’ Issei’s house in the TV show. It’s more than big enough already. Venelana and Mitsuru have probably already pulled some strings and purchased a construction company or something along those lines...

You follow her through into the main living room in the left wing of the house. Rias gives an approving hum as she wanders over to the windows and studies the frames. “Red curtains would suit this place rather well, but I don’t want to impose any particular style onto you.”

You laugh it off and approach her from behind, “You know more about this than me, that’s why I invited you.”

“But wouldn’t it be nice to differentiate this manor from the clubhouse? I think a different colour scheme would be a good place to start.”

You picture the heavy, expensive curtains and the metal railing in your mind; “What about blue?”

Indeed – a deep royal blue would allow Rias to use her usual stylistic choices, while also serving to give the manor its own identity. You step back into the middle of the room and imagine a large television hanging from the wall, surrounded on both sides by heavy oak bookcases. Wooden floors with a matching rug and ornate furniture. The spacing would be crucial to making a comfortable and well-designed living area out of such a huge, empty room.

Rias scours every nook and cranny of the mansion for ideas, sketching out future plans in her mind. This is going to be your designated hangout spot in the near future after all – a private place away from Mitsuru, or just a better place to come back to after a long day of doing hero stuff. The master bedroom is of particular interest to Rias, who immediately begins scoping out the location of your future bed.

“Hm. We may have to get a proper bed-frame custom made. I found the offerings available in this human world to be very lacklustre,” she comments. No matter the size she thinks is appropriate, there’s more than enough floor space for it. Your immediate reaction is that the bedroom is too big. There’s simply no way you can think of enough uses to fill it out without designing yet another sitting area, or filling it with wardrobes and shelves.

Some big heavy curtains on the overly large back windows, a big rug, and some other touches might make it feel homelier than it is isolating. You never liked the way that Issei’s house turned out in the show. It was huge, but most of the rooms were empty of anything that required so much space – aside from the absurdly huge beds they used.

“I trust your judgement on that front.”

Rias smiles, “Good. I need to make sure that there is enough space for all of your wives, after all.”

This is a very generous version of Rias Gremory. You have to pinch yourself every time one of them makes a statement like this. It’s culture shock. Their media must be filled with relationships like this, and they talk about them so openly. Not a hint of jealousy to be seen – though you suspect Rias enjoys living vicariously by having her ‘husband’ be successful in love.

“Lala’s time-space... things can be used to expand different rooms and even add new ones. We should never hurt for space.”

“That’s right,” Rias recalls, “That technology is amazing. Mother would be beside herself trying to get her hands on it if she knew. Speaking of my mother...”

You nearly fall to your knees and beg with her, “Rias, please.”

But she isn’t going to stop this time – the smirk on her face is filled with malicious intentions. She knows full-well how embarrassing you find this to discuss with her, this isn’t something that you should ever bring up with your girlfriend, under any circumstance.

“We must have these kinds of honest discussions,” Rias insists. “The proper functioning of a devil’s harem is based on open communication and trust. Mother and I have already spoken on some of the issues that were brought up during your dinner together.”

It takes all of your nerve to even ask, “Such as?”

“Inheritance. As the current heir apparent to the family, I’ll soon be tasked with taking on the responsibilities of running our house. It’s been a very expedited learning process, ever since my older brother chose to become a Satan and passed the title down to me.”

That seems simple enough, “Okay.”

“Put simply – our first child will become the next head of the Gremory family, unless something unusual occurs as it did with my brother. Mother was concerned that baring another child for herself would cause issues with succession in the future. Though the process I described is the common convention, many exceptions have taken place, usually through infighting between family branches.”

“I hope that any of my children won’t be so recklessly ambitious.” You don’t know what can be done about that. You’ll just have to nudge them in the right direction in twenty years or so, when you might actually have some children to worry about.

Rias turns to face the windows and decides that now is the time to twist the knife; “She also said that the sex was fantas-“

“Okay, I’m stepping out for a second,” you squeak, turning around and striding out of the room as fast as your legs can carry you.

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Mitsuru stared at the gigantic pile of components and failed prototype devices in abject despair. Despite her almost supernatural genius, Mitsuru savoured challenges like this. The apex of her own knowledge was knowing that she had limits. Mitsuru had well and truly set herself a momentous challenge by trying to create an alternate form system for the Herarmor. Never mind the eventual functionality of each individual configuration, Mitsuru had stumbled at the first hurdle.

Switching out parts on the fly, during combat.

The Sledgehammer was a precise tool indeed, capable of teleporting people at great distances into her world. Yet it still utilised a little number fudging to make it happen. As long as they didn't teleport into a solid object, it didn't really matter so much as to their precise arrival location. There came the issue – Mitsuru's teleportation algorithm and calculation system wasn't accurate enough to switch components within a mechanised armour shell!

No matter how much she twisted and turned her own logic back on itself, she never found herself getting closer to her goal. The code which she had worked so hard on had blinded her to its myriad faults. She needed a fresh pair of eyes to point out where she had gone wrong. She sighed and tossed away another failed device. Dozens of similar designs littered the laboratory space. It was always the seemingly simple problems that turned out to be the most difficult. Nothing less than divine intervention would be enough to help her now. It wasn't like an expert on the subject was going to fall out of the sky.

Mitsuru stared at the ceiling vacantly.

“What on Earth are you doing?” she chastised herself, “Why would something that convenient happen?”

Mitsuru decided that a quick break and some fresh air would do her wonders. She placed her glasses back down onto the table and headed out through the front door. She really needed to spruce the industrial yard up a little – she was the singular owner of the property now. She didn't want to enjoy the wonderful sights and sounds of an abandoned industrial unit on the edge of the city. There was a dog barking in the distance.

And a dustbin falling over.

Mitsuru's ear perked up. Someone was sneaking around the lot, was it someone trying to take advantage and strip the empty buildings for materials again? Mitsuru considered confronting the person responsible, but quickly realised that she was so filthy rich that it didn't matter. She didn't need any of the other buildings anyway.

After clearing her head, she turned and headed back inside. Everything was just as she left it, except for a stack of white paper on her workbench. That wasn't there before.

“Hm?” Mitsuru didn't hesitate to head over and investigate further. It appeared to be some kind of research paper, but the title and names of the authors had been redacted with a black marker. In fact – any identifying details on who authored the booklet was removed in a

similar manner. Most of the pages had also been removed from the binder. Mitsuru found that extremely curious. This wasn't hers. Someone had... left it here for her.

As she moved on to the content of the paper itself, her breath was stolen and her hands started to shake. This was... this was her algorithm! But, it was so much more advanced than anything she had created before.

“What the hell is this?”

This was no mere plagiarism. The explanations and details were written in a familiar style and tone. These were her own words. All of the quirks of her original interpretation had been retained, with several changes made to increase the accuracy of the teleportation.

Divine intervention?

Mitsuru wanted to reject the assistance out of principle. She didn't know who had created it, or what their motivation for leaving it behind in her laboratory was. Maybe it was all an elaborate trick by the enemy to destroy them. But Mitsuru couldn't easily eject what she had already seen from her memory. All of the changes in the paper made perfect sense. They'd do exactly what she wanted them to do, it would allow her to begin making her form change system.

But first...

Mitsuru wheeled over to her computer and quickly opened her security system's recording folder. She had installed cameras in every sensitive part of the garage and underground complex, except Lala's Sex Chamber – which needed no further explanation. She scrolled back the moment she left the building. And right on cue, the moment she stepped through the door, something strange happened. A red magic circle appeared on the left side of the garage by the car lift.

“Rias?” Mitsuru pondered aloud. A cloaked figure rose from the teleportation spell and immediately made a b-line for the workshop. As they drew closer to the camera, Mitsuru realised that it wasn't Rias at all. It was a stranger. A man with a youthful face and red hair. With practised ease and firm intent, he removed the document from his pocket and laid it in its final resting position.

Then, as if to prove a point, he tilted his head upwards and looked directly into the camera. Wise guy, huh? So why didn't he bother to wipe the footage or destroy it before he entered the building? Mitsuru took a screenshot of the culprit and hid it inside of a private folder for later. She'd need to investigate who it was later. Instead of leaving through the same magic circle, he snapped his fingers and dismissed it, choosing to leave through the back door. He must have run into the dustbin that Mitsuru had placed back there.

“Long gone by now,” Mitsuru muttered, “Who are you?” She flipped through the paper once more for good measure and frowned.

A devil – he was a devil. She rewound the footage again and zoomed in. The details of the magic circle were obscured by the low quality of the footage. Mitsuru knew every woman who her dear friend had summoned, and this fellow wasn't on the list. So how had he crossed

over into their world? The only answer she could muster was the evil empire trying to conquer their world. They had access to similar technology.

“Why can’t anything be simple?”

## Chapter 4

Mitsuru has been working up a storm for the past few hours. You were concerned about her since she hadn't contacted you today, but when you arrived in the lab you found her deeply immersed in the creation of her new form change system. Though the amount of effort being put into the creation of the system is not matched with real results. Mitsuru is getting increasingly frustrated as she stares at the complicated calculations of her teleportation system.

"Why on earth can't I get this to work!" she rages, "I'm supposed to be smarter than this!"

"Want me to summon someone to help?"

She sighs and waves you away, "No. I'm afraid this is something only I can really comprehend. Training another person to understand the ins and outs of my code would take even longer than simply doing it myself."

You scratch your chin, "So why not summon another copy of yourself?"

She is unusually hesitant about your idea, "I wouldn't like that. Just leave it to me. I'll make a breakthrough soon, and then those alien invaders won't know what hit them." Perhaps some kind of unknown calamity will happen if too many Mitsuru's gather in one place, she certainly looks shaken enough to make you believe that.

Your phone starts vibrating – one of the custom alerts that you and Mitsuru set to watch the news has been pinged. There's an attack ongoing a short distance from here. "We can talk more later, looks like it's time to fight again."

Mitsuru nods, "Don't hesitate to call for help. Remember, I gave you that thing for a reason."

You hurry over to the bike and kick the engine to life, it's time to dispense some justice.

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When you arrive at the scene, there's nobody around to lead into another hostage situation. A few burning cars lay on either side of the street. Aside from some property damage there isn't much to concern yourself with; it doesn't seem like a lot of people were here when the attack started. Waiting in the middle of the chaos is Sundar, perched atop a pile of rubble like a makeshift throne. The smell of smoke chokes your senses.

You groan, "Why are you back? I was enjoying not seeing you again after that last fight."

The prideful commander smirks and slicks back his hair; "Ah, still upset about your previous loss, huh? Must have hurt your feelings to be so thoroughly outsmarted like that."

"Outsmarted? I seem to recall things a little differently. With you running like a beaten dog."

"Only because I got what I wanted. Those other morons in the officer's cadre don't have a brain cell to share between them. I realised early on that fighting you on uneven footing was a waste of time. I've seen enough of Faust flailing around and coming home with no results. So I'm changing the game."

You press the button on your bracelet, summoning Herarmor-kun around your body and get ready for a fight, "And how are you gonna' do that?"

Sundar was waiting for you to ask. He snaps his fingers, bringing forth another of his spark spewing portals. Your throat runs dry. A single black boot emerged from the gaping maw, and then another – you quickly discover exactly what Sundar meant, and why he had stolen a copy of the Sledgehammer from you in the first place. A black and purple imitator, wearing modified armour similar to yours, and wielding a weapon of matching décor.

They are... much shorter than you.

"Copyright infringement! I'll see you in court!" Mitsuru yells through your radio.

That aside, Sundar is hopping from foot to foot in excitement, "Oh, I wish I could see that tortured face of yours! I'll have to ask my new soldier here to tear that pathetic helmet from your head and allow me to see your despair properly."

You're not scared. "Who says I'm going to lose against your third-rate knockoff?"

"Misplaced confidence is a deadly mistake. I asked a comrade of mine to reverse engineer that precious dimension shattering technology of yours, and fielded a number of different candidates to take on the mantle. Now, allow them to give you a demonstration of their power." A breeze rolls through the street. The copycat remains completely still. Sundar turns to her and barks the same order, "That's your cue to do something! Idiot!"

The person inside of the armour is panicking. They clumsily retrieve a card from one of the armour's pouches and slide it into the dark-Sledgehammer. The mechanism of the barrel is slightly different to yours, but they've obviously taken liberties in copying Mitsuru's design.

"VALI LUCIFER! SUNDERING!"

"Vali?"

The trigger is pulled, and reality is shattered in front of you. Emerging from the gap in space and time is the one and only Vali Lucifer, the white dragon emperor. He seems extremely confused about where he is and why whatever he was doing was just interrupted. He twists around and notices the black armoured stranger behind him – who is now prostrating themselves on their knees and bowing to them like they're some kind of medieval king.

"...This was the best candidate you could find?"

Sundar's voice nearly cracks, "She's the only one who knew anything about your odious media!"

She? That explains why she summoned a guy, you guess, and why they don't fill out that armour as well as you do.

"What the hell is this?" You point at Vali and his summoner, "He doesn't even know what's going on!"

Vali smirks and wags his finger at you, "That's where you'd be incorrect, Hero."

Oh great.

"I may not look the part, but I'm a rather big fan of your television series – and especially of your main rival. After all, I can empathise with a woman who must face down someone who is too high on their own righteousness to admit they are outmatched."

Sundar smiles again, "Oh, the doctor did calibrate it correctly. Thank you very much."

Vali reaches down and pulls the copy back to her feet, "There is no need to bow to me, my dear lady." You nearly gag as the slimy bastard starts sweet talking her right in front of you. The squeal of joy that escapes from inside of her helmet means that she's totally eating it up. Vali snaps his fingers and is engulfed in the white armour of the dragon; "Allow me to dispatch this pest." He turns and starts to march towards you.

You draw your gun and fire multiple shots at him, but he holds up his gauntlet and musters the power of the white dragon emperor. "Divide!" No matter the volume of your fire, the shots are quickly divided in half and bounce harmlessly from his plated hide. He stops in front of you and shrugs, "That little toy can't hope to damage the Vanishing Dragon."

Suddenly you feel your entire body lose all contact with the ground below. Vali kicks you with the full force of his power and sends you flying backwards into the nearest building. Your entire body rattles from the impact as you crash through the wall and through several office cubicles. That really, really hurts! It takes all of your strength just to keep hold of the Sledgehammer.

This is bad, like, super bad. You scramble into cover before he can fly through the hole and see you again. Your UI comes up with several names, but can any of them even hope to stand up to someone as stupid overpowered as Vali Lucifer? You should have done something like this earlier, but now you're away from the computer and unable to press someone to counter him. To your chagrin, you can only conclude that you'll just get one of them hurt.

"God damn it," you mutter. You should have pressed those cards while you had the chance.

Before you can gather your thoughts and concoct a new strategy, a draconic claw grabs the back of your collar and sends you flying back through the same hole that you came in using. Vali is hot in pursuit, unleashing half-hearted blows against you in mid-flight that threatens to snap you in two. The pain is intense, you can't handle him like this. At the end of the day you're just a guy in a mechanised suit of armour.

You come crashing down against the top of a wrecked car. Happy that you can't resist any more, he lands next to you and drags you to Sundar and the woman, dumping you in a broken

pile in front of them. The HUD of the armour is blaring just about every warning it can at you. There's critical damage to every system, and your fleshy insides aren't faring any better.

Sundar is eager to gloat, "Easy. That's one pest dealt with, not so fun to be on the other end, right?"

You pant, "The next time... won't be so easy..."

"There won't be a next time. Finish him off."

The armoured girl next to him stiffens up in place, "F-Finish him?"

Sundar scowls, "Yeah, kill him."

Her voice is soft and wavering, "You never said I had to kill anybody."

"What do you think this was about? I gave you a gun!"

She backs away meekly and says nothing. Sundar didn't vet these people as much as he wanted to let on. She seems completely unwilling to kill another human being. Sundar turns to Vali and points his finger, "Fine. You do it."

Vali cracks his neck, "I don't follow your orders. I only did this because my lady asked."

"You didn't seem to have much of a problem putting him on death's door. Put him out of his misery!"

Vali looks back to his 'lady' for affirmation, but she simply averts her gaze and stares a hole through the floor. Before the argument can continue any further, a boom explodes from behind you – and a wave of black and red lighting knocks all three foes back away from your prone body. A winged figure descends from the sky, wearing a black coat and red pants. He holds out his left hand and brings forth a bustling tangle of chains to ensnare them in place.

"This magic..." Vali gasps.

Whatever it is, it's seriously powerful! Not even the Vanishing Dragon can seem to break through the ethereal chains that hold him. He tugs and pulls on them to no avail. His helmet disappears into silver sparkles – he isn't happy.

"You're a Gremory."

You double-take, the vibrant red hair and powerful magic, that seems to line up. But you don't recall any Gremory who looks like this. He's too old to be Rias' brother, and too young to be one of the eldest.

He speaks with confidence, "Sorry to break the bad news, but this fight is over. Go home, old man."

That touched a nerve. "O-Old man?" Vali sputters, "You don't look any older than I do!"



"Explain yourself," Sundar demands.

"You killing him here would be seriously problematic for me, so – I'm just gonna' cut in here and put a stop to that, okay?"

"No, that is not okay-"

Before Sundar can finish his sentence, a magical circle appears beneath you both and drags you under the ground. The magic he weaved worked so quickly that neither of them had time to stop him. You emerge back inside of the garage, where a surprised Mitsuru hurries over to your battered corpse.

"Shit, that hurts," you cough. What a humiliating defeat it is.

Mitsuru is worried, "Don't disable the armour. It's built to keep any broken bones in place. Vali did this in just two attacks?" She reaches down and presses the override on your gauntlet, ejecting Asia's card into her palm. Her healing is going to be badly needed now.

The stranger sighs, "That's Vali for you. First time I've seen him in action myself. I've heard a lot of stories from Issei but..."

"Who are you again?" Mitsuru says witheringly, "I don't appreciate strangers breaking into my laboratory."

"Oh, right. I guess a few introductions are in order while you get him fixed up." He smiles and bows with a flourish of his coattails, "My name is Zandias Gremory, the heir of the clan in waiting, and first son of Rias Gremory and her beloved husband."

You cough out a question, it hurts really bad; "Husband? But Rias isn't married."

He nods, "Yes, not yet she isn't."

Everything falls into place, the red hair, his strange resemblance to you. You gawk at him, "You're screwing with me."

He rubs the back of his head sheepishly, "Man. You look a lot different like this. I mean, I knew it was coming, but it gives a totally different impression in person versus just hearing about it. Anyway, it's nice to meet you, *Dad*."

## Chapter 5

Everything falls into place, the red hair, his resemblance to you. This guy is supposed to be your son? Inevitably, there are a lot of holes in this story that ignite an immediate scepticism within you. "Wait a second, what do you mean 'Dad?' I'm not even married to Rias – and I'd sure as hell know if I got her pregnant somehow. I wouldn't hear the end of it!"

"You're right. Devils don't grow any faster than a human does, so how do you think a twenty-something year old version of your son is running around?"

"...Time travel?"

He snaps his fingers, "Bingo, got it in one. Sorry for showing up unannounced and all, but I needed to make a dramatic entrance to save your skin back there."

You frown, "I don't need your help."

"Prideful as always. I know, everyone is in good hands with the 'Incandescent Devil-Emperor' here. Even though this is an... early version of yourself – before a lot of important things happens to you. But you don't have a way to beat Vali at the moment."

You double take, "I'm called what?"

"Devils really love elaborate nicknames," he laughs, "For example, in the future you're regarded under several different titles. Aside from the Incandescent Devil-Emperor, you're also known as the Ruin King, the Mirror-Holder, the Shatterer..."

"Okay, we get it," Mitsuru interrupts before he can reel off any more of them. She seems to be taking this news a lot better than you are at the moment. You're a devil AND a father. "You were the one who broke into the lab a few days ago. Why?"

He shrugs, "Good old Dad here told me to leave that paper with you."

"I did?" you repeat, "You mean 'me' from the future?"

"Correct. Utilizing advanced technology and some devilish magic, we're capable of sending people through time. It was essential that I came back here, to this specific time, to give you this information."

"The form change system," Mitsuru continues, "You want me to complete it."

It's true that his assistance has resulted in the development of a new weapon. But the arrival of this imitator doesn't bode too well for your chances. She can summon equally powerful foes to try and take you down, if she can get over her personality quirks for long enough to realise that anyway.

He continues; "Time travel isn't a get out of jail free card. When you go rampaging through the past, it doesn't actually change the future. Everything that is happening now, happened before the time travel technique was even discovered in the first place. No matter what I do here, things are already set in stone to happen in that specific way."

Mitsuru closes her eyes, "An infinite loop."

"Sure, let's go with that. You both made it very clear to me that I needed to come here and give you this information. You've been preparing and researching how to do so for decades. In essence, the 'you' from the future is cheating, and giving you some of the answers now to set things into motion. From here, you'll both develop the technology and magic based on your own discoveries, and repeat the process all over again by sending another version of me into the past."

"That still doesn't answer why you need to be here," Mitsuru contests, "Are you saying that I couldn't discover the way to make my system work? If I couldn't do that – how did this future version of me get this thesis paper?"

Zandias grits his teeth; "That's the tricky part, we don't know. The real source of that information is a complete mystery. If this really is an infinite loop there's no way for us to find out. We can only guess that one copy of Mitsuru set this into motion by constructing the very first time machine."

"This might not even be my work," Mitsuru sulks.

"It has your fingerprints all over it, Mitsuru," he assures her. "Nobody understands interdimensional travel like you do."

He seems to know things that support his assertions of his real identity. But isn't this problematic? Why would he so willingly reveal the future to you like this? You pull him away from Mitsuru, "I don't assume you're going to tell me everything that's coming up in my life."

Zandias shakes his head, "Sorry. You told me to keep things simple for your past self. The only thing he wanted to say was that everything will work out in the end, you just need to keep doing what you're doing and trust your own judgement. I can tell you a few things though..."

"Like how I'm a devil?"

"Heh, pretty easy to figure that one out. You're one of the powerful, high-class devils in the underworld. Pretty obvious when you consider that you're married into one of the biggest clans around. I don't know how Mother convinced you to become a devil yourself though, maybe it provided an advantage in battle that was too much to ignore."

Him suggesting this to you may well be the reason that it even happens in the first place. You want to proclaim that you're above outside influence in making a heavy decision like that – but you're just a person like everyone else. It'll fester in the back of your mind for a long time, always there, waiting for the moment you crack and go ahead with it.

"And what a clan it is!" he laughs, "Some people call you a dirty geezer, but they don't know the family like I do."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You have a lot of wives, and a lot of kids to match. The Gremory clan went from a dozen or so devils to one of the biggest forces in underworld politics. It helps that a lot of my brothers and sisters are blessed with skills and abilities from other worlds."

Your face goes white at the implication. That is going to be a lot of work to manage. "Oh, I see."

Zandias finds your reaction amusing, but he moves to reassure you that it isn't so bad. "Don't worry too much about it. It's second nature to you in the future, and all of your wives are very supportive of you and each other."

"Chun-Li did tell me I'd have hundreds of them... I thought she was exaggerating." His face twitches slightly at the mention of her name. He's not very good at hiding his own feelings. Another question springs to mind; "So all of these wives are devils too?"

He wavers from side to side, "Eh. A lot of them. But some of them didn't 'need' the power of the evil pieces. Still, it's a big, tangled web of peerages with wives on top of wives on top of wives. I don't know how you even remember who's under who sometimes. I'll tell you something – a lot of traditionalists got themselves into a furore when they found out how many high-level devils you'd created."

"And there were people who were happy with that?"

"Ever since the triple war ended, a lot of devil leaders wondered why the clans were being so restrained with expanding their number. The underworld has more than enough space, and we were being left behind by the angels! Making sure that the big clans survive through reproduction is a practical concern for them. Some clan leaders took your example and had many children too, though there are concerns about internal conflicts over inheritance breaking out."

"You said you were the next in line?"

"Sure am. I'm the first-born son of the new Gremory line! Though, in actuality it'll take a very long time for me to be put into your position. Devils live for a very long time, and... hold up, I'm not gonna' say any more on that subject just yet. You'll have to wait a few decades and see for yourself."

You still have a hard time accepting that this is real. Who knows what kind of deceptive tactics the invaders are trying to use to get a leg up on you? He could be some kind of weird android designed to lead you down a darker path, or destroy you when you least expect it. You turn back to Mitsuru, who is again reading through the documents that her future self allegedly sent.

"So, do you think this is legit?"

She sighs, "I believe so. He's correct – this dissertation is exactly the kind of thing that I would write. I can't help but notice which details have been selectively removed as well. They're trying to prevent too much information from getting out. Anything that I create from beyond this point will be my work and my work alone."

Zandias smirks, "I could spill some personal details if you'd like..."

"No, we're good," you cut him off. "You can use that to complete the form change system?"

"Yes. I can," Mitsuru grunts, "As frustrating as it is to admit. I have been bested by my future self. These adjustments are minor, yet significant. I would not have been able to pinpoint them on my own."

"Don't think that it's going to be easy to finish it," Zandias responds, "You have a lot more work to do before it becomes usable. Not to mention designing the form change itself."

"And you're not going to give us any more hints."

"No. As I said, everything will work out in time. Victory is inevitable – you just need the confidence to go out and grab it."

You touch the bruise on your chest, "Easier said than done when Vali is running riot. Speaking of which, weren't you going to summon Asia?"

"Oh, right," Mitsuru says.

Zandias snaps back to reality, "I better make myself scarce then. Trying to keep this whole mess on the down low, can't do with letting Auntie see me."

"Auntie?"

He freezes up, "Ah, crap. Shouldn't have said that."

You don't know why that's such a problem. Obviously, Rias' peerage would have a close relationship with her children. You usher him away with a wave of your hand, "Alright McFly, get out of here before you do anything weird to the future."

He smiles, "Don't worry about a thing. You'll take a few beatings in this line of work. I better let Asia do her thing."

A magic circle appears under his feet and he sinks into the ground, disappearing from sight again. You have to wonder where he's staying during his trip to the past. A moment later Asia nearly falls on top of you as you lie back on the couch and try to avoid aggravating your injuries any further. You'd gotten so wrapped up in the time-travel shenanigans that you didn't notice how much you're hurting right now.

"What happened?!" Asia cries.

"Had a run in with the white dragon emperor. I'd really appreciate some help, Asia."

"O-Of course! You needn't ask!"

Asia summons her rings and begins to cast Twilight Healing on your body. It's going to take a while for you to heal properly, even with her assistance. Asia is visibly worried, "The white dragon emperor? How did he get here?"

Mitsuru is hopping mad, "I'll tell you how, those freaking invaders have been stealing my patented technology without paying royalties! I'm going to make them pay!"

"...If Vali is here, then not even the President would be capable of defeating him in battle. The only person who can stand up to him is-

You finish her statement, "Issei."

"That's right."

"Say, Asia, you don't mind carrying a message across to him, do you?"

"Anything you want," Asia smiles. She really does have the face of an angel – an angel turned into a devil.

---

At some point during the lengthy healing process, you must have passed out.

When you awaken again a few hours later – you find yourself in the vast cottony expanse of Lala's harem chamber. Not only that, but there are two pairs of very soft and large breasts pressing against your arms. On the left is Rias, who is wearing nothing but a pair of small black panties, and to your right is Asia, who is in a similar state of nudeness.

"Uh, what?" you whisper. Both women have fallen asleep next to you, but the stirring of your body brings them back to wakefulness. Rias gives you a dazzling smile and pressed herself closer to you.

"Are you okay, hubby?"

"Now that Asia's had a look at me, yeah," you chuckle nervously. The blonde-haired healer yawns and stretches out, before her eyes flutter open to meet yours again. She squeaks and covers her chest with her forearms. If anything, seeing her perky C-cups pressed against her only makes them more arousing.

"Uhm. Good evening..."

Rias is quick to step in and explain, "Asia asked for me to be here while she healed you. You fell unconscious a few minutes after she started."

"I'm not going to complain about having such a beautiful girl in bed with me, but why is she naked?"

Asia blushes, "The President said that it would make you happy."

You jump slightly as Rias paws at the front of your pants; "He is *very* happy Asia." But the flirtatious stare quickly turns into one of concern; "When I heard from Asia that Vali Lucifer was here... I didn't know what to think. As strong as you are, Vali has the power of the white dragon, not to mention his demonic heritage. It seems that I was right to be worried."

You have to agree, "Sundar arranged all of this. It isn't just Vali that I'm going to have to worry about. They can summon other fighters too."

"I told her about your plan," Asia says.

Rias nods, "It's a good idea. When you face a power like his divine dividing, the only counter is--"

“Boosted Gear. You’re right, I need Issei here. Those two are rivals for a reason.”

“I asked Issei-kun, and of course he accepted. He’s always willing to show Vali up.”

Asia giggles, “He’s also a big fan of yours!”

You can imagine. Asia leans into your body and hugs you tight. You feel a little estranged by the way Rias convinced her to strip for you. “Anyway, you don’t need to get naked just to make me feel better. Your healing is already more than enough for me.”

Asia blushes, “But making sure that your mind is sound is just as important as your body.”

“Let me guess, Rias told you that.”

Rias just giggles into your ear as Asia nods with an innocent expression on her face. She really is a bad influence on girls like her, it seems.

“I really appreciate you healing me, naked or not.”

“Thank you,” Asia smiles. “After all, you are attempting to protect innocent people! A virtuous person like that is someone I want to support with all of my power.” Gah. She’s so sweet that you’re going to get diabetes just looking at her.

Rias leans in to her, “You can support him in other ways too, Asia…”

“Really President?”

“That’s right. In fact – it appears that there’s some swelling down here that hasn’t gone down just yet!”

You slap Rias’ hand away from your crotch, but it’s hard not to laugh when she does an obvious play for some sex like this. “Alright, alright. Let’s not show Asia anything she isn’t ready for.” The nun is clearly confused about what Rias is getting at. She glances down at your pants and tilts her head to the side.

“Did… did I miss a spot?”

“No Asia, I’m fine. In fact – it feels like I didn’t get hit at all!” You try to climb back up onto your feet, but you spoke too soon. A strong feeling of fatigue rolls over your body and forces you back down onto your ass. It’s lucky that the entire room is covered with a huge mattress that can cushion your fall. “Okay, maybe I’m still feeling it a little,” you admit humbly.

“After being healed using my Twilight Healing – your body will still need some time to rest and recover.”

Rias leers over you and licks her kissable lips hungrily, “That’s right, husband. So lay back and allow us to take care of you.”

Before you can object, she pushes you down onto your back and steals your breath for a tongue filled smooch. Asia squeaks and hides between her fingers as the President takes

liberties with your mouth. Rias' panty clad butt wiggles in the air like a playful feline. She's so insistent that you have to submit and let her have her fun. You fight back with your own tongue and duel with her. It's heavy and extremely lewd. This isn't helping the 'swelling' go down at all.

A string of drool connects your mouths as Rias finally pulls back to breath. Having such a beautiful and sexy woman hovering over you, chest bared and cheeks flushed, is enough to make any man go a little crazy. Asia is staring at the both of you in awe.

Her voice is as soft as a feather, "So this is what it's like."

"That's right, Asia. I've already bared my body for him, as has Akeno. He is the one who will be the next man of the house." Rias smiles again with a self-confidence that hefts some great expectations onto your shoulders. She believes in you. If only she knew how right she is. You and her *are* the next Gremory heads – and it seems that her peerage is involved too.

"And you'd like us to be his wives too?" Asia queries.

Rias flicks her hair back in that characteristic way and smiles, "Of course. As my future husband – he is also likely to claim the members of my peerage as mistresses and wives as well. Akeno is already positioning herself to join me."

"A-And Koneko-chan?"

"Uh, that one is a strong maybe," you chuckle. Koneko's tsun exterior is going to take some work to crack.

Rias plants her hands on Asia's shoulders and stares into her green eyes, "I understand that you are not familiar with how marriage between devils works – nor the complexities of our family trees, but there is a simple way to appreciate it. To fulfil your heart's desire and dive headfirst into the passion of love."

Asia responds like it's a mission being given to her; "Y-Yes, President! I'll do my best!"

Rias pulls her close and hugs her, "I won't ask you to do anything you aren't comfortable with. What do you think of my future husband here?"

Asia glances at you and blushes, "He is... very handsome, and brave."

"Do you think you'd like to stand by his side, come what may?"

Asia takes a moment to consider the commitment needed to give an answer, "I believe so."

She really doesn't know what Rias is getting at here. She's a chaste girl, raised in a church to do one thing for them, to heal the needy and the injured and to gather devout followers. Her naivete made it easy for her to fall in line and start doing sexual acts with Issei in the original series. She was surrounded by people who acted like it wasn't a big deal, after all. This is only going to end one way.



Mitsuru made it very clear – these girls are all head over heels for you, whether they ‘realize’ it yet or not. Asia had been there in the club room when Rias, Akeno and the other indulged in ‘your’ television series. She had seen a version of you struggle to do the very same thing that you are doing now, with a personality and appearance that resembles you down to each individual personality quirk and minor blemish on your skin. She admires you for doing what you do, and would be willing to do anything for Rias.

The redhead turns to you with a smirk and presents Asia to you, “There you have it, husband. Another member of my peerage for you to conquer.”

“You don’t need to make it sound so aggressive,” you sigh.

“A man who sleeps with so many women can be nothing but aggressive,” she titters, “As I said – you must be a man who is willing to take what he desires with no hesitation. Greed is a devil’s virtue.” Asia, who doesn’t really understand what’s going on, nods along with her words like an eager puppy.

But you still don’t really know if Asia wants to do anything like this. You haven’t gotten to spend much time with her like the other girls. With that in mind, you placate Rias by planning for the future.

“How about I spend some time with Asia and you, maybe even in a few days?”

“Hm?”

“Well, Asia hasn’t been around me much. I want to make sure that she’s... interested before we do anything more extreme.”

Rias pouts, but relents; “Very well. It will be a good chance for me to show Asia how to court a man.”

“Court?” Asia repeats.

Rias jumps to her feet and strikes a boastful pose, “That’s right! By the time I’m done teaching you, he’ll be eating out of the palm of your hand and kissing your feet!”

Again – this is *her* boyfriend/husband she’s talking about. Asia provides some polite applause, but is still completely lost as to what she means. Hopefully Rias starts her on the easy stuff. She didn’t wait long to get Asia naked and in bed with you, but the girl doesn’t know the first thing about romantic relationships. For the time being, you want to get to know her, Koneko and Xenovia.

Rias snaps her fingers and their clothes flash back into existence. Both girls are wearing casual outfits instead of their uniforms. “Guess I’ll need to think of a great place to take both of you. I’ll message you later.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Asia smiles.

“Don’t be a stranger, husband!”

---

Mitsuru was at her wit's end. Even though the man who claimed to be her best friend's son from the future had given her what she needed, there was still something missing. There was a material element that the paper indicated she needed, yet the details of it were redacted completely! None of her tricks could reveal further detail – the text hadn't been drawn over with a marker. They had manually edited the document and removed the contents, before printing it out again.

She growled and tossed another failed prototype over the table, knocking over several other half-finished devices in the process. It was on the tip of her tongue, the answer to the problem that she was looking for. She wasn't getting anywhere and she knew it. If only the cocky asshole had stuck around for a little longer and told her the details.

He was probably withholding them on purpose, she realised. He had an ulterior motive, one that he wasn't going to reveal come hell or high water. She didn't trust him one bit. The invaders had shown a capacity for strategic thinking and adaptation. A deception like this wasn't beyond their abilities. If she could confirm the magic signature coming from his circle with Rias, perhaps they could confirm if he was telling the truth. He made himself sparse quickly when he heard that one of the ORC was coming.

A loud whirring from behind her drew her attention away from the problematic wrist mounted device. You were standing over the printer with a solemn look on your face. She snuck up on you and peered under your armpit, catching a glimpse of the card you had printed.

Now, that was *very* interesting.

## Chapter 6

Taking your mind off the recent drama seems like a great idea, and what better way to do it than a date with Rias and Asia? Though taking two women out at the same time is daunting, it can't be any worse than Sundar randomly revealing that you have an evil doppelganger now. You make a small itinerary of ideas for things to do and put on your Sunday best in preparation.

After sending some messages back and forth with Rias, you settle on a time and place to make some merriment together. Away from prying eyes you summon the Sledgehammer and negligently tear another hole in the universe. The two girls are ready and raring to go.

Rias is going casual mode with a pair of extremely tight, black jean shorts that show off her legs and a white tank top that can do nothing to hide her large chest. The burgeoning sports bra underneath is weeping under the strain of her bouncing boobage. A matching black baseball cap and aviator sunglasses conceal her identity from curious onlookers.

Asia has taken the date concept more literally, with a lime green sundress and reaches below her knees. The only part of her body that's really exposed is her arms. She holds a small purse in her left hand to keep her valuables in. She looks beautiful, though it's becoming something

of a cliché to tell yourself that when all of the women you've summoned are completely breathtaking.

Rias giggles and starts the teasing early, "See, he can't keep his eyes off of us."

You laugh it off and move in closer, "You both look fantastic. I never expected you to have such a sporty wardrobe, Rias."

"I asked for some pointers from a classmate," she reveals, "I'm rather... out of touch with modern street fashion." That unnamed classmate has your eternal thanks. This combo of hiked jeans and tight top showcase all of her best curves in excruciatingly sexy detail. Her skin is already glistening slightly from the heat beating down on you from above.

Asia is flattered and tries to hide between her hands. Rias isn't having any of that shy business today, she pulls her arm back down and drags her over to you. "Come along Asia. Today it's our job to make him feel like the luckiest man on Earth."

You sigh, "I already am. You don't need to do anything special for me."

Your pleas fall on deaf ears as both girls take their place on each side of you. You decided to go with something simple for Asia's first day out, and selected a local restaurant positioned on the bank of one of the city's rivers. This tourist trap boardwalk has become a very popular destination as of late – with dozens of eating and drinking establishments opening in rows down either side.

The jealous glares are back again. Rias looks like a supermodel on holiday and Asia is too damn cute for people to not stare. You grab a table outside so you can enjoy the weather. The tall buildings provide some cover from the sun's gaze. A tray of drinks is soon delivered and you all settle in for an afternoon meal together.

"What do you think about all of this summoning stuff?" you ask. Asia hasn't really aired her feelings on things to you just yet.

"It is rather strange," Asia muses, "Even stranger than becoming a devil."

"Isn't that normal where you come from? We don't have devils or angels here."

Rias is contemplative, "There are a great many things that even the most powerful devils are unaware of. While many of them believe themselves to be the apex predators, the truth is much more terrifying. In comparison to the infinite expanse of the multiverse we may be nothing more than prey for greater beings still."

"I don't think anything that terrifying can survive on this planet," you say wishfully. Everyone you've summoned thus far has been human in form. A small part of you fears what may happen if you summon someone or something you cannot control. The conversation turns away from doom and gloom and onto more mundane subjects, like the kind of things that a devil has to handle.

After you've eaten your meal though, Rias decides to heat things up a little with some probing questions to Asia.

"So, Asia. I'm considering your application to join the harem..."

"A-Application?"

Rias adjusts her glasses like a stern accountant, "I'd like to ask you a few more questions before I approve it. For starters, how many children are you planning on having with my husband?"

Asia is caught completely flat-footed by this playful change of tack from Rias. Her face is bright red and her hands are flailing in every direction as she scrambles to come up with a good answer. "Uh, I don't know. Hm. How about... three. I think three is a good number!" She clearly just came up with it now on the spot. You don't imagine that Asia has given any consideration to having children with a man she barely knows.

Rias nods and continues the charade, "Three? How do you work with others? Would you be okay with sharing hubby with hundreds of other women?"

"Uh. I think so..."

"And where do you see yourself in the harem structure?"

"S-Structure?"

"What are you talking about?" you add with a matching sense of confusion.

Rias can't hold it in any more and starts to giggle at you both; "Apologies. I shouldn't start talking about devil business without informing you of how it works. While devils will greedily lay claim to as many spouses as they can, that also comes with a great level of responsibility. The head wife, who is the highest ranking woman, is usually in charge of maintaining good order in the household. Her children also inherit the leadership of the house."

"Oh, Venelana mentioned something like that," you recall.

"Some of those houses decide to build a 'structure' out of the harem. The higher-ranking women have the command over the newer ones. Though I get the feeling that you don't like the idea of assigning differing levels of importance to your partners."

True. That seems more than a little callous. You shake your head, "Not really, no."

Rias shrugs it off, "Don't worry. My mother is a deft harem wrangler. Seniority or no, she'll make sure that everything runs smoothly."

"I really must learn more about being a devil," Asia mutters.

"Me too. You always say stuff that surprises me Rias," you sigh.

"You two are so cute when you get like this," she smirks. Akeno's sadistic side is rubbing off on her.

"I-I only became a devil recently!" Asia cries.

"Hm, and what about you hubby?"

You shrug, "You don't exactly sit down and explain this kind of thing in the TV series."

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to give you both a very thorough education. I'll wear a tight black skirt and glasses, just for you."

That'll be a sight to see.

Asia finally breaks through the noise and asks you a question of her own, "You don't mind me?"

"Of course not. But I just want to make it clear that you don't have to go out with me just because Rias is asking you to. I know that it's a pretty big leap to go from knowing nothing about me to doing all of this couple stuff."

"That's okay. I'd like to get to know you better." Asia gives you an angelic smile that could make the coldest, most miserable man melt into a puddle. She's a lot different from the constant teasing and confident sexuality of Akeno and Rias. It makes for a nice change from being surrounded by women who have the libido of a freshly minted teenage boy discovering internet porn.

"How about we pay the bill and walk around town?"

The three-way date continues as you visit several other local attractions with Asia and Rias. Rias tones down the teasing a lot and allows Asia to enjoy herself. Asia brings a sense of innocent wonder to even mundane activities, presumably due to her extensive duties in her previous position as a sister in the church.

You endeavour to try and show Asia the 'real' you. The fact of the matter is that Mitsuru can't exactly vet each and every universe for total accuracy within the TV adaptation of your life. You tell her stories, some of the things you enjoy doing in your free time, and how you came to meet some of the other people in your harem.

But all good things had to come to an end eventually.

As you are strolling further into town to try and find something new to do together, the one and only Vali Lucifer exits a shop right in front of you! He's just as surprised to see you as you are him. Judging from the twin bags of groceries in his hands, he wasn't expecting to fight anybody at all.

"Vali!" Rias scowls.

"If it isn't Rias Gremory," he smirks as his gaze turns to you, "I suppose what they told me about you was true."

"What are you doing here?"

He holds the bags aloft, "The good lady has asked me to perform a few chores, as a gracious guest I had no choice but to accept."

...

You snap your fingers, "Whipped."

His face drops, "W-Wha..."

Rias nods, "Very."

Asia holds a hand over her mouth, "You poor thing."

"I am NOT whipped!" he declares.

"What kind of guest does the hosts' chores?" you respond, "I didn't realise the white dragon emperor was a house maid."

"I'll make you regret those words."

This time? Not likely. You look down the alleyway to your left, "If we're doing this, we're doing it out of sight."

"Fine by me."

Vali follows you down the pathway and into a backlot parking area. Mitsuru made sure that the surveillance systems within the city would never capture your likeness. She led you to believe that there's a jamming system within the Sledgehammer that activates whenever you summon it. You press Lala's bracelet and summon it from the void. Vali finds a place to leave his bags and dusts off his hands.

"This battle will only end like the first, with your convincing defeat. The power of the white dragon emperor is absolute."

"What should we do?" Asia asks.

You glance back at your dates and shake your head, "No need to get involved, you'll ruin those amazing outfits. Anyway – we're going to use that plan."

Rias nods, "I see. Very well. Let's stay out of the way, Asia."

"Y-Yes President!"

Rias and Asia retreat to the entrance of the lot. You transform into your armour and stare down Vali, who doesn't even see the need to don his own. Before you can even react, he disappears from sight and materialises next to you, swinging around and striking you with a kick. You barely notice it in time to raise your arm and block it. The force of the hit is enough to send you flying across the yard and into the door of a parked car. Metal bends, glass shatters, and the alarm blares.

"Pathetic. You aren't even fit to shine my shoes."

This guy is seriously pissing you off. You struggle back to your feet and check your HUD, there's a special someone lying in wait for just this occasion. The system reacts and ejects the card into your palm. You quickly slide it into the chamber and twist it.

"ISSEI HYODOU, SHATTERING!"

"W-What?!"

You smirk and pull the trigger. Reality warps in front of you, shattering into pieces and filling out the silhouette of your special guest. Spiky brown hair, red t-shirt and school uniform all in place. He's confused about the sudden summoning, but it doesn't take him long to realise the situation.

He stepped forth and clenched his fist in anticipation, "Yosha! The red dragon emperor is here!"

You did summon him from Rias' universe, so hopefully this taken man isn't in love with you. He turns to face you, his eyes lighting up in fanboyish reverence, "Oh man! It's the real deal! You're here, in the flesh! This suit is totally awesome!" He couldn't stop himself from circling you and taking it in from every angle.

"Hey, Issei. Gush later – Vali needs to be taught a lesson."

He chuckles and rubs the back of his head sheepishly, "Sorry. But I'm always happy to give that cocky bastard a beatdown! Leave it to me." His hand glows green and his trademark red armour begins to appear around his body. He poses proudly next to you, soaking in the chance to be next to one of his favourite 'fictional characters.' You glance to your left and admire the detail on his draconic suit.

"You know what, we do look really cool together."

"I know, right?"

## Chapter 7

Vali is furious, "They told me that you only summon women, you cheating bastard!"

You shrug it off and laugh, "I never said anything like that. I think it's perfectly fair to summon someone who's much stronger than you. Looks like your divine dividing isn't going to be so useful after all."

Issei points to himself, "Leave him to me. That power is something that only the red dragon can defeat..."

Vali shakes his head, "I'm not going to lose to you again, Issei."

"Well that's too bad. Because I'm gonna' beat the hell out of you!"

Before you can get started, enemy mooks pour into the parking lot from every angle and surround you. Damn it – they must have been waiting for you to appear. You grab Issei's shoulder, "You take care of Vali. I'll handle these small fries."

"Got it!"

Issei disappears in a flash of red light, moving so quickly that your human eyes can't even perceive him properly. He rematerializes a second later with Vali clutched between his clawed hands. Both dragons tumble and fly through the air, crashing through the side of the nearest building and out of sight. A bolt of red lightning cuts its way through the herd of mooks as Rias runs over to you.

"Where did these fools come from?" she scoffs. Asia is shaking like a leaf behind her.

"We've gotta' take care of them. This shouldn't be too tough!"

You leap into the fray and punch a robot's head clean from its body, sending it tumbling across the tarmac like a morbid football. Rias claims some skulls of her own as she unleashes a blast of red lightning at the approaching mooks, frying several of them into piles of scrap and wiring. Asia doesn't seem too enthused to fight back herself, hiding behind a magical barrier being emitted from the palms of her hands.

You use some fancy gunmanship and blast more of them with rapid trigger pulls. There's nothing the robots can do to protect themselves from such powerful blasts. They just charge forward and try to overwhelm you with sheer numbers. Vali and Issei soon reappear, tussling and wrestling for control over the other. Their heavily armoured bodies crash down and plough through dozens of the enemy soldiers, destroying them instantly and leaving a huge crater in their wake.

The fight is so intense and destructive that Vali is quickly doing even more damage to the enemy troops than you are. He has little regard for the safety of his so-called allies, presumably as his loyalty lies with the mysterious person who Sundar has recruited to be your rival. They send bolts of energy at each other, delivering kicks and punches that are powerful enough to pulverise a mortal man like yourself.

"Why are you doing this man's dirty work? You're an insult to the lineage of the Red Dragon!"

"Because he's a real man, the one I look up to! And I'll always take the chance to beat some humility into you!" Issei punctuates his declaration with a haymaker of a punch, that sends Vali flying into the brick wall behind him. Vali retaliates by firing blue energy from both of his wings.

"DIVIDE!"

Issei just barely avoids the attack, but Vali is even faster. He dashes onto him and wrestles him back down to the ground.

"DIVIDE!"



There's nowhere for Issei to run now, the power of his sacred gear is drained before your eyes, weakening his abilities and giving Vali the upper hand. You quickly charge your Sledgehammer and take a pot-shot at him. The blast hits his helmet, smashing it into pieces and revealing his face once more. He glances up at you with murderous intent.

"Stay out of the way, you damned nuisance!"

Vali dismounts Issei and marches towards you with intent. This time you manage to put your arms up and block some of the punch that comes your way. You fly off of your feet and into the air, only to land between Rias' breasts as she flies up and catches you. You both fall back down onto the ground with a heavy thud.

"Gah! Are you okay, Rias?"

"I'm fine. Worry about yourself!"

Vali smirks, "She's right, you know. That weak mortal body of yours can't stand up to much punishment, can it? Maybe you should know your betters and quit while you still have the chance."

Issei's body stirs from behind him. He's taken a lot of hits, but the power of the Red Dragon is going to withstand being divided once or twice without issue. Vali is so engrossed in his war of words that he doesn't even notice as Issei begins to wind up for another attack. Vali eventually follows your gaze to behind him, but by then it is too late to stop Issei.

"BOOST!"

Issei gives out a manly cry as he punches the air and sends a ball of green energy flying towards Vali. He deftly moves to the left and avoids the attack, turning to gloat at him in the aftermath. "That was the best thing you could do? You missed!"

"No, I didn't."

Vali realises too late the mistake he has made. The red energy that flies from his gauntlet was never intended to strike Vali himself, you just so happen to be standing in a perfect position behind him. The power boosting orb hits your body and energises you, but there's only one thing on your mind at this moment – pulling the trigger and blowing Vali away.

You fire, and a huge beam of energy is emitted from the front of the gun. Vali is out of position and was unprepared for you being the one to deliver the fateful attack. His armour shatters into pieces as the beam slams against him and sends him flying into the side of the nearest building. You release the trigger to try and prevent any more collateral damage. A charred and bruised Vali only just manages to use his wings to stop himself from falling and hitting the pavement below.

"Guh! You piece of shit..."

Before he falls to the floor, he summons a magic circle underneath his feet and disappears out of sight – three bags of groceries lighter for the effort. Asia and Rias hurry over to you and Issei as you take a moment to catch your breath after such an intense battle. The damage is

severe to the surrounding area, but you managed to teach Vali a lesson at least. If this copycat decides to summon him again, it's going to be a tough battle.

You take a moment to catch your breath as Rias and Asia fuss over you. Bruised and battered again, one punch from that guy was almost enough to put you down for the count...

"Dude, this is so cool," Issei gushes. His armour disappears and he reaches out to shake your hand eagerly, "I never thought I'd get to see the real thing in action, not to mention being summoned by you! I'm a huge fan."

"The feeling's mutual, Issei."

"It's nice to see you getting along so well," Rias giggles.

Issei quickly turns to regard them, "Ah! Pres, Asia!"

"I'm so glad that you're both okay," Asia says.

You chuckle, "No need to worry. Issei's got it covered. You really saved my butt there."

Issei scratches the back of his head with that characteristic goofy smile, "Geeze. But why is Vali even here?"

You sigh, "They cloned the Sledgehammer, so that means-"

"There's an evil version of you, who's like... a girl."

"You already know?"

Rias smiles and crosses her arms, "Of course. That's one of the most popular arcs from the tenth volume. Though some take umbrage with the addition of anime original content that extends it to a full season. I think the importance of a rival character deserves a long, well-told story."

"Uh, what she said," Issei nods, "She didn't summon Vali Lucifer in our world, anyway."

What a messy end to your double date. There are seemingly hundreds of dead robot carcasses all over the place – and several of the surrounding buildings have had holes blown clean through them. Issei pats you on the shoulder, "Hey. I gotta' get back pretty fast. Sumire-chan is going to wonder where I've been."

"Sumire?"

Rias shrugs, "His girlfriend. She's rather possessive. Perhaps a fear of having his manhood separated from his body is why he has put his plans for a harem on ice."

Issei objects to the theory, "Hey, come on Pres! She's just that great that I don't need another girl."

"That's what most people do normally..."

"Sumire is cute, funny, and she hasn't tried to murder me yet like my ex. So what if she gets a little jealous when I go to club meetings with you? She's a joker for sure. Says that if she sees me with Asia or Rias again she's gonna' lock me in a cage." Issei laughs off the ever-present threat to his freedom like it's no big deal.

Why does this guy have such strange luck with women?

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Unfortunately, there was an imminent threat that Issei's girlfriend was going to castrate him if he left her sight for any longer than thirty minutes, so under recommendation from Rias you decided to send him back to their world before that could happen. Before you left the scene, you spotted a red scale resting inside one of the craters. It must have been knocked off of Issei's armour during the battle. Not wanting the enemy to take anything away from the fight, you retrieved it and put it into your pocket.

With your first date with Asia wrapped up and the invaders repulsed once more, you decide to retire to the garage and see if Mitsuru had made any progress on her form change device. You can hear the whirring of her machinery as you approach the front door. She's hunched over a bench with plastic goggles wrapped firmly around her head. Sparks fly from beneath her.

"It appears that Mitsuru-san is busy..." Asia whispers.

The whirring stops, and Mitsuru places a small tool onto the bench beside her; "Actually. I just finished. Thanks to my own intervention completing the advanced translocator was easy enough that even a dullard could have done it. Though there is still one missing component."

You chuckle, "What? He didn't even tell you how to complete it?"

Mitsuru opened the top of the device and showed the internals to you. A large space had been left behind. It was entirely intentional. The arrangement of the parts that had been hinted to in the paper had made that space on purpose, and several diodes pointed inwards to connect to whatever that missing piece is. As you start at the shape, an idea starts to form in your mind.

You reach into your pocket and place Issei's scale down onto the work desk. What a freakish coincidence. It was almost like your son from the future already knew that this was going to happen. Mitsuru reaches over and holds the scale over the slot, her brow furrowing in irritation.

"Typical. I was getting worked up over nothing." Mitsuru didn't hesitate, sliding the scale into place and pinching each side with a small conductive clip to connect it to the system. The mechanism whirs to life for the first time. Mitsuru does a small jig in celebration; "My future genius knows no bounds."

"Isn't this kinda' cheating?"

"I still discovered it in the end!" she snaps back. Though this time loop does beg the question of who discovered this thing originally. Since Mitsuru is informing herself about how it works, it technically means that nobody has ever come up with this without outside

intervention. This is both extremely confusing and not worth the effort to think about – so you discard the problem and just roll with it.

Mitsuru returns to the computer and checks the readings, "That scale contains an incredible amount of power. This is what my future self must have intended."

"So does that mean I can do this form change thing now?"

Mitsuru waves her hand in the air, "Give me a few hours to figure this out. I should be able to use the data from the scale and your previous battle to make something special for you."

"As long as it means I can deal with Vali myself..."

Rias shrugs, "Issei will never object to knocking him down a few pegs."

"Sure. But at what cost?"

"She isn't going to castrate him that badly," Rias smiles.

"I'm sure she's really happy that her boyfriend is in a club filled with nothing but beautiful women."

Rias smirks, "And a beautiful boy."

"Sure. Kiba too."

"I've never been called beautiful before," Asia whispers. Given that she has the face of an angel and pretty blonde hair – you aren't really sure that's the case. Were all of the people at her church blind or what? And while you'll never reveal this out loud, you've seen more than enough of her body naked to know it's no slouch in the curves department; unless you're comparing her to Rias and Akeno. That's an unrealistic standard to attain for most. They both have bodies that a perverted twelve-year-old would scribble down onto a scrap piece of paper for fun.

"I guess that means our date is over with, and Mitsuru finally has what she needs to finish her device so... what now?" you grunt.

Rias jumps at the chance to tease Asia a little; "You could take her down to the special 'chamber' and show her how much fun being your lover can be." Asia squeaks and covers her face all over again.

"I-I don't know anything about that."

"About what?" Rias prods.

"S-Sex!"

Asia shouts it so loud that if anyone were still present on the industrial lot, they would have all heard it. She stomps her feet on the floor and runs to hide from Rias as she continues to hound her with more sing-song questions about making love and being your girlfriend.

"She can be very mean when she wants to be," Mitsuru comments glibly.

"Eh. I think she likes teasing the members of the club."

"But she was rather jealous in the original, was she not?"

"But you brought her from a world where devils have multiple spouses – of course she's not going to find it upsetting when she's been raised that way from birth. I think being positioned as the head wife is also going to keep her happy."

As you watch Mitsuru hammer out hundreds of lines of code at an inhuman speed, you finally ask something that's been on your mind for a long time now.

"And how do you feel about it? You don't find any of this stuff weird?"

She shrugs, "I was the one who came up with it – and we've both long been immersed in the non-traditional. Every indecisive otaku dreams of having a big old harem from time to time."

But what about your relationship with Mitsuru? It feels like everything she's doing is for your benefit alone. Sure, they help you fight off the aliens, but you're living the high life with a dozen devoted partners while she slaves away to make new weapons for you. You haven't done any of the fun stuff you usually do together for months now.

"Are you worried about our friendship?" she asks pointedly, "It's written all over your face."

"There's nothing wrong with that."

Mitsuru pauses for a moment and turns back to you, "I feel an elevated sense of responsibility to protect this planet. We are the only ones who can do this. The fun and games can wait for later."

"You haven't thought about summoning a few wish fulfilment picks of your own? We have some spare space rocks..."

There's a long pause as your suggestion hangs heavy in the air. Mitsuru blushes and returns to her work in a huff, "Not interested."

"Really? Not a single anime guy you'd like to make into your boyfriend?"

"Not interested," she repeats sternly. It's the kind of reaction that you only ever elicit when you're pushing a button that she doesn't want pushed. She really means it. You can't inquire any further as Rias bursts out from the side office, dragging Asia with her by the collar.

"If you're going to be a member of the harem, you have to get used to that kind of talk! A good wife should help take care of the husband's sexual needs. It's perfectly natural."

"B-But the church never talks about things like this!"

"Then we will simply have to provide you with an effective and detailed sexual education!"

Asia is still trying to wriggle free even as Rias hugs her in mock compassion, "Please, president!"

You step in to break things up, "Come on Rias. I don't want to pressure her into anything she isn't ready for."

Rias pouts and allows Asia to hide behind you, "Very well."

"Did you have fun Asia?" you ask.

Asia smiles, "Y-Yes. Thank you very much for bringing me." She wraps her arms around your waist and hugs you close from behind. She then backs away and bows politely to you, "I would love to do it again."

"That's the spirit," Rias grins, "As long as you endeavour to become a good wife, you will make progress."

"A good wife... I need to do more research to find out what a good wife does."

Rias approaches you and pulls you down into a kiss, "It looks like it's time for us to go. Don't be a stranger, hubby!"

"Of course. I'll pencil something else in again soon."

You say one last goodbye to Asia and send both girls home by resetting the Sledgehammer. Issei is going to have a big story to tell all of his friends about, if they're willing to believe that he was summoned by a 'fictional' character. You mull around the lab for a little longer – coming across a set of plans on one of the tables for renovations to the industrial estate.

"I just bought a big house out in the sticks. Are you sure you don't want to build a secret lab under it?"

"It's easier to do here," Mitsuru explains, "These buildings are already tooled and equipped for the kind of industrial work I'm planning to do. If I moved to your new house, we would need to completely change the surrounding infrastructure to handle power consumption, for one example."

Some of the older, more rundown buildings are going to be demolished and replaced with new ones. The disparate pieces of the industrial estate are going to be connected together into one larger building. The underground sections are also being enlarged with some help from Lala's warp space rooms – though those plans are specifically marked with big red lettering to prevent them from being handed in on accident.

There is also a plethora of features designed to protect the lab from attack or investigation. Machines that won't be used, buildings that are just there for decoration, full security camera footage, motion sensors and alarms, and doors that are impenetrable from the outside. The entire thing is a convincing façade for a local research and development company. The detail involved means that Venelana's fingerprints are all over it.

These expanded spaces would allow Mitsuru to purchase and use much more advanced testing machinery. Right now, she has to make do with whatever she can fit into the garage, which means large devices are mostly out of the question. If she can do this much with such a sub-optimal workspace you shudder to think of what she will create with the proper equipment.

Speaking of renovations, you need to follow up with Rias and Venelana about getting the mansion fixed up so you can use it properly. No doubt the pair have already drawn up detailed floor plans and picked out all of the custom-built furniture they want placed inside. Maybe you can summon a battle maid to help keep the place tidy, because it's way too big for one person to handle.

You can worry about that later. You need to start packing what few notable possessions you have into some boxes and get ready to move in.

## Chapter 8

"So, this is your new house?"

Motoko leans against the doorway to the master bedroom, wearing her white pants and leotard top. The way that this woman pulls off these cyberpunk outfits is something of a mystery. Though anything can look good when it's attached to a drop-dead gorgeous woman like her. She leans more into the cocky and confident Motoko from Stand Alone Complex than the ghostly, ephemeral look from the movies.

The bedroom is a sad sight indeed. A huge, plaster white chamber with overly large windows and a single double mattress thrown onto the floor. Most of the fittings in your old apartment belonged to the landlord – this is one of the few things that you purchased with your own money. Not that you want to bring some of that busted old furniture with you into your brand-new mansion.

"I know. It's not a pretty sight."

Motoko laughs under her breath, "It reminds me of my apartment when I first moved in. I wondered what the hell I was going to do with all of the space."

"No suggestions?"

"I still don't know what to do with it."

"Well, Rias and her Mother are going to get their fingers all over this place soon. We have a pack of contractors lined up to get it into shape, and make it less tacky."

"Tacky..."

"It's tacky," you reiterate, "They were going to put a gold-plated bathroom in here or something."

There's a moment of silence as you both investigate the bedroom further. Motoko is right, it's huge! You can't even begin to fathom what you're going to do with all of this space. Even the largest of harem sized beds couldn't hope to justify a bedchamber like this. You could fit three large sitting areas, multiple walk-in wardrobes, and a full entertainment centre easily – with room to spare. That's what you're going to have to do, these white distant walls make it feel like a hospital.

You laugh and flop back down onto your artistically placed bed, "How's work treating you?"

"Work?"

"Well, I assume you didn't come here just to look at this dull house. Even a lady like you needs rest and relaxation sometimes."

"I usually call up a few friends and..." Motoko stops herself before she lets slip anything too personal to you. You already have a good idea of what those friends of hers did when they visited her apartment, even if it was never explicitly shown in SAC. "Never mind," she says, "I can't say anything. It's classified."

"Yeah? I don't live in your world. How could I leak whatever you tell me?"

Motoko sits down next to you, "It's the principle. If I start talking about work with you, I might say something to someone else. The last thing I want to do is mix my professional and personal lives like that." Considering how much of a workaholic she is, that balance is already way out of whack. "I haven't visited in a while. That's all."

You think back to how much time you've spent with the others, particularly the ORC; "Jealous?"

Motoko turned her head to the ceiling defiantly, "I don't get jealous."

"I mean, I don't really get the complexities of having a polyamorous relationship myself. If you want me to spend more time with you – just come out and say it directly. I'm always open to killing a few hours with one of my girlfriends."

"Oh, I'm a girlfriend now?"

That puts a chill through you, "We both know how this works by now. You wouldn't put up with me if you didn't like me."

Motoko has to relent, "Ugh. I don't like the word. Everything I've done with other people has been casual."

"It can be casual if you want – you can call this whatever you want it to be."

That seems to settle Motoko's anxiety for the moment. This is a woman who's never had the chance to form a romantic attachment to another person, or at the very least this is much more of a whirlwind relationship than she's used to. It's easy for her to call some 'friends' over to warm her bed for a few hours, it's another thing entirely to open up to you.



Motoko tried to regain control of the conversation, "You're turning green with envy as well. You already know what I meant a second ago, don't you?"

"I don't draw conclusions based on the 'fictional' version of you, but yeah – I get it."

"Hm. Then I suppose we should even the score a little first."

Before you can ask what Motoko means, she begins to undress herself. It is a convoluted and messy process, but soon enough she is left in nothing but a pair of hip riding black panties. This body is just as toned and sexy as the other one, though the additional anatomical detail makes it more appealing in your eyes.

"I am a little curious about your body."

Motoko quirks her brow, "You seemed to know a lot about it when we first met."

"Sure – based on what I saw in your show. But there's a world of difference between watching an animated TV series and seeing the real thing."

Motoko reclines on your crappy mattress – almost completely naked. It makes you wish that you had purchased a proper bed first, but what can you do about it now? Her claims that this body were anatomically correct pass muster. There isn't a seam line to be seen. If you didn't know any better you'd swear that she isn't a cyborg at all.

"Get down here," she demands, patting a spot next to her.

You do as the Major orders and sit down beside her. She pulls your hand over and places it against an extremely toned stomach. The warmth against your hands feels authentic, and there's just the right amount of give that makes it feel like there is muscle and fat below as well.

"That's amazing," you can't help but gawk, "It feels real."

"Correct. A recreational body like this is designed to lessen symptoms of psychological distress for the person occupying it. The joint tolerances, strength and the heat calculation system are all based on real human data."

"What's a 'work' body like?"

"Not so much care is given to the little details, not for a military grade body like I use. You can see the seams where the different parts are connected to increase flexibility. It feels as hard as the alloy they use to make them, and the heat simulation is constrained to the operator's sensory system."

And as she had previously mentioned, no nipples or vagina. At least not ones that operated with the same level of realism as the ones she has now. You crane your head around the back of her neck and see the six ports that rest there. When not in use, they're covered by small, round, skin coloured tops that protect them from dust. It's the only indication that her body isn't real.

"Do you find those interesting?" she chuckles. Of all the things to look at first...

"It's just... you don't see cyborgs in this world, not yet anyway. It's amazing what they can do where you come from. People losing limbs, or even more, capable of surviving and living through this kind of technology."

On their own they aren't that amazing. There are small metallic lines imprinted into the skin that form a flower-like pattern and surround each port. For Motoko it's nothing special. This is something that she uses every day, just like how you use a pair of headphones or connect a piece of machinery. But to see it installed into a living person is another matter.

"There's nothing to interface with here," Motoko says as you move back to a sitting position, "But in Tokyo it's near impossible to find someone without a cyberbrain. It's integral to everyday life."

"Nearly impossible?"

"Some people prefer to stay completely organic, despite the promised increase in mental processing ability and extended life expectancy. It's difficult, but possible."

"If you had the chance, would you have retained more of your body?"

Motoko takes a moment to consider her answer, "That depends. I don't remember a time where I was in my original body. It's convenient for my job, but maintaining the systems that are needed to keep me alive is a long and boring process. It's healthier for me to imagine a near future where I won't require so much preventative care."

"That was a stupid question," you admit.

"I'm used to frank conversations in various states of undress," Motoko says, "Do you want to sleep with me or not?"

You stare at her for a second before nodding mutely.

Motoko smirks, "That's all you needed to say. Now get your clothes off."

You aren't going to refuse an order from the Major. You quickly remove your shoes, socks, shirt and pants – leaving you in a similar state of undress as Motoko. She wraps her arms around your neck and drags you down onto the mattress, moving in and capturing your lips in a confident kiss. Your hands are eager to feel her artificial body, finally coming to a rest on each of her large, plush butt cheeks. Her breasts push into you as you entangle even closer, the heat of her breath spilling out over your face makes you feel dizzy with excitement.

She pulls back with that same confident smile, "I'm going to show you how a real woman does things – those devils have the bodies, but not the experience."

And you're meant to be the jealous one? Although Motoko tries to exude an aura of boundless confidence, when she slips her hand down the front of your body and grabs your erect member, there's a moment of doubt in her eyes. In the show, she was only ever pictured sleeping with women. Assuming this Major is bisexual – that means she might not have as

much experience as she's letting on. Teasing her about her lack of knowledge around an erection is liable to see you lose it via an unfortunate accident, so you keep your mouth shut.

"Do I really arouse you this much?" she inquires.

"Don't start talking like that. You know how attractive you are."

Compared to Rias and Akeno, Motoko's body is much more modest in its proportions. Though that's an unfair comparison to make considering both of those girls are designed to be a horny teenagers wet dream. She reaches out and gently strokes the underside of your shaft with her palm, it's hard to believe that this body is artificial. The heat and softness of the skin is real.

You decided to let her take the lead, "What would you like to do?" Falling back onto the mattress, Motoko rests against your left side. She narrows her eyes, before wordlessly swinging one of her legs over your body and mounting you from above. The full length of your erection rests against her pubic area. The perkiness of her chest is only made more apparent as the light frames it from behind.

"Let's take it slow and relax," she concludes, "This is meant to be fun."

Motoko pushes herself up and onto your shaft with an unfamiliar sense of confidence. She doesn't delay for a second as she slams her hips down on top of you all at once. The full weight of her robotic body is significant – much heavier than any of your other harem members. Mercifully she is light enough to protect you from having your head crushed into a pair of craters by her ass. The next thing you notice is how her pussy feels. It's realistic – but there's something about it that is wholly different from any other time you've slept with one of your girls.

"What's up?" she asks, a light blush on her cheeks as the pleasure nodes in her brain are stimulated by electrical signals, "Too... toy like?"

"No. I was just getting used to it. You're quite heavy."

"That's a terrible thing to say to a lady."

"You're a lady now?"

Motoko frowns and punishes you for your sharp tongue by slamming her hips down again. You groan and wrap your arms around her back to try and regain a little control of the situation. She softens up again and starts to grind herself on your lap. As your bodies grow closer, she leans down and seals your lips in a tongue filled kiss. Motoko does not display any mercy, even when it comes to fighting with your mouths.

The slow and sensual pace is enough to make the depressing room fade away around you. If anyone had been here to look inside, they would have seen a pair of lovers stranded in a sea of empty white space. Kissing, touching, embracing. It's different to the other times you slept with Rias and the others. They're always in a hurry, searching for their next big orgasm with you.

Running your hands down her shoulder blades and back, you enjoy the firmness of her artificial muscles through the skin. Even in this civilian body she could cause a lot of damage. Her legs wrap tighter around you and prevent any hope of escape. Motoko decides to change position, pulling you up and allowing you to sit face to face at the edge of the mattress. You cup her ass with your palms to offer more support as she bounces in your lap.

"That feels nice," she gasps sensually. There's an understated sexiness to everything she says and does. She knows how to wield her seductive wiles just as well as any firearm. She parts her lips slightly and allows her eyes to lose focus. Delving deep into the feeling of having someone else covet her body and being. In the same way you are swept along with the flow. The feeling of tightness around your shaft and the taste of her body on your palette. You plant kisses along her well-defined collarbone and reach up to play with one of her perky breasts.

It's impossible to stop yourself from moving faster. Your thighs start to move with Motoko, intensifying her bouncing and driving yourself even deeper. Motoko is unperturbed, even as she cedes a little bit of control to you for once. Her passionate moans are all the encouragement you need to continue caressing, kissing and groping her body.

"That's it, I'm almost there," she mutters into your ear. Unlike your previous escapades with Rias and Akeno – the final moments of your first round together are much more understated and intimate. Motoko climaxes first, her body tensing up in your arms as a sharp intake of breath stops her from speaking. A few seconds later you join her, groaning in bliss as a gratifying finale leaves your body covered in pins and needles. You freely allow your seed to blast against the back of her artificial womb.

You fall back onto the mattress again, pulling her down with you. Motoko lies her head on your chest. It feels like her body was sweating a little, though still not enough to match a real organic one. Another feature designed to prevent dysphoria from kicking in. For several minutes, the only thing you can hear is the sound of your body desperately inhaling more air. That's one thing that Motoko doesn't have to worry about. Her lungs are cybernetic, and presumably superior to organic ones.

The silence ends suddenly. "That was fine," Motoko concludes. She draws a lazy circle on your chest with the tip of her index finger. "I can have a full report written by the end of the day, so you know where to improve in the future."

"Please – don't turn this into work too."

Motoko laughs, "You sure know how to make a girl feel wanted. I guess that's why the others keep coming back for more."

"Is that a hint at future meetings?"

"Or... we can have a few more rounds before you go away on business again."

It's a little too soon for that. Your buddy is still flaccid after such a strong orgasm. You run your fingers through her purple hair, marvelling at the realistic texture. The hair must be the easiest thing to emulate. You suspect that it is real hair donated or submitted for the purposes of making artificial bodies.

Motoko sighs, "When I said that I don't do relationships, I meant it. This is usually the part where I kick you out of my apartment and tell you to call me again in a few weeks."

"You don't like getting personal."

"Yes. Especially in my line of work – someone may use my personal relationships to try and get leverage against public security." That sounds more like a personal preference than a job requirement. After all, Togusa has a wife and child and he never seemed shy about making that known to the other members of her team.

"Out here you don't have to worry about any of that. Hell, you're the only woman in the world with a cybernetic body. I doubt there's much of anything that could stand up to you in a fight."

Motoko is sceptical, "There are threats here too. You're fighting them."

You shrug, "They don't seem as... intelligent as some of the organizations from your universe."

She smiles, "I suppose not." It is very hard to focus on the conversation now that Motoko is reaching down to play with your dick while she delves deep into her personal life.

"Are you trying to say that you want to give this a chance? A real one."

"Hm. Maybe? Wouldn't you like to find out? Another feather to add to this proverbial cap of yours."

The entire time that Motoko is teasing you, she never stops for a second. Deft digits work their hardest to bring your flagging erection back from the dead. Motoko is even more devilish than Rias is – an understated succubus who knows just how to wrap you around her fingers. This is the kind of thing that an older woman has over a student.

"If you give me a few more orgasms like that, I'll consider it," she smirks. She pushes herself up and swings around onto her hands and knees, leaving you facing her butt and ass. She reaches back with one hand and pulls her cheeks apart, exposing both of her holes to your widening eyes. "From the back, this time."

"Yes Ma'am."

You spend nearly three hours trying to tire Motoko out in every damn position you could think of. Doggy, cowgirl, missionary and more. Just when you think you've had enough she slips your member into her mouth and goes to town. It's a losing battle. There is no way to keep up with her superhuman stamina. On the other hand, you do manage to deliver the climaxes she wanted to badly. By the time it's too late to spend any more time inspecting the mansion, you get the distinct feeling that you passed her test.

Scoring the biggest ice queen in your harem for real is a big ego booster. Perhaps the rest of the ideas bubbling in the back of your head aren't so far-fetched after all. Still, you feel that there are some girls you haven't spent enough time with. Adding even more can wait for later when things have settled down, or for when you badly need a specific ability to counter the

enemy. Tomorrow Rias and Venelana will begin the process of making this place liveable. You can hardly wait.

Going poverty mode on a floor-bound mattress is fun, but you don't want to do it forever.

## Chapter 9

While you initially expected Venelana and Rias to tease you mercilessly, as they both liked to do, it was soon evident that both ladies took their work seriously. Sure – a kiss and a hug from both was nice, but they very quickly started focusing the entirety of their attention on the process of running through your new, hideous mansion and turning it into something more photogenic. A horde of contractors, plumbers and electricians descended upon the place to get it into liveable condition. Some of the rooms were never finished before the previous owner went bust. You're here to fix that. The bank that originally handed out the loan must be very happy that some other sucker came along to take on the burden of such a silly project.

Rias is not waiting for the renovations to be complete. She has already compiled an utterly gigantic notepad filled with measurements for every window, fixture and room in the building. Dozens and dozens of empty spaces that need to be filled with something. Money is no object, and perhaps even the laws of physics considering her access to powerful magic. She also has a selection of curtain and carpet samples, which are liberally thrown onto different surfaces and compared with each other.

"I was thinking that these would be best," Rias explains. In her hands is a magazine page displaying a pair of heavy navy-blue curtains that are rather gothic in design. Several other pieces of scrap paper have been compiled into a folder; containing furniture, light fixtures and various other things like rugs and electronics. She put a hell of a lot of effort into her preparation. Venelana must have had a hand in it too.

"We can fit two couches for four here with matching cushions and fabric, and pair it with an armchair right here," she continues – pacing around the back corner of one of the living rooms. "Then a coffee table, bookshelves, and a decorative globe."

"A globe?"

"When you have this much space to play with, you can decorate it with some more eccentric items, don't you agree?"

"I guess I did give you the green light to turn this place into a real manor. Globe it is!"

Rias smiles like a kid on Christmas morning and turns with a flick of her red hair, "This is very exciting. I finally have the chance to do all of the things I wanted to do with the clubhouse."

"Why? Were you restricted?"

"Yes. Mother asked that I restrain my spending – as we had to include the budget for the renovations into the school's books. Smuggling in the leftover furniture was also a significant challenge, and convincing them to reconnect the shower's plumbing took a lot of effort."

"But you don't have to worry about that here."

"That's right. I can finally implement some of those ideas I had back then, and I don't have to compromise on getting matching furniture!" Her eyes glitter with excitement. It reminds you of the first time you met. It's going to take a lot of creative thinking to find a use for all of this room, but in the future if you somehow manage to have several dozen people wandering around freely, the space would be utilised properly.

Mitsuru will be eagerly working on expanding the scope of her technology as you speak. The day may soon come where you can have many, many more than four girls summoned at once. Hopefully it makes juggling all of them easier, though to them much less time passes in their own world versus this one. You're not really sure how that works – it's like the other universe is put on pause while they're away.

The noise coming from the floor above is getting louder by the second as the contractors get to work fixing up the essentials. Seconds after the sound of drilling and hammering starts, Venelana emerges from the top of the stairs and sashays her way down to you and Rias. Today she has decided to wear something a little more functional than her usual dress. Black business slacks that ride all the way up to her stomach and cling to her curves for dear life, topped with a frilly white blouse that strikes a balance between high-class and casual. Her cleavage can be plainly seen through the slit that runs down the middle, parting towards the collar at the top. You swear that she isn't wearing a bra, though you have been proven wrong before.

"You two really do look lovely together," she smiles, "I can just imagine the family portrait hanging in the hall now."

Rias blushes as her mother starts to wax poetic about the future again; "We're not married yet."

"How do devils even get married?" you ponder.

Venelana explains, "Originally, some of the largest families did it as an affront to the forces of heaven; there were practical benefits to a legal union as well. As the number of converted mortals grew versus full-blooded devils, the practice became more accepted as an amusement and sign of dedication."

"Of course, we cannot deliver vows to their... leader," Rias adds, "The couple is free to speak whatever they please and dress how they wish. Some prefer to skip the ceremony and have a large party to celebrate with their families."

Venelana glows with a smug aura, "I already have a collection of ideas in place for ours, Rias."

"Oh? Is that so? I hope you don't mind some of my own input into matters."

"Of course! A day that important cannot simply be left to myself. The ascendance of a new man of the house deserves a great deal of celebration. Every devil in the underworld will surely turn green with envy as both Gremory women are wedded to the same man."

They're screwing with you again. Or not; they have a bad habit of declaring their intentions out loud like this. Venelana is literally two seconds away from summoning a scrapbook and talking about wedding dresses. Venelana's teasing nature really did rub off on Rias. Part of you still finds it hard to believe that they even agree to share you without fighting like a pair of rabid cats.

Rias holds up her hand, "Oh, we should also anticipate that my peerage will join us."

Venelana nods sagely; "Yes, that is a possibility..."

"Ugh," you groan. Venelana is a calm and motherly figure, but she can be prickly when it comes to things she wants. You had to convince her not to extend the mansion any further. She wanted to build a damn skyscraper in the middle of the neighbourhood again. "How are things going upstairs?"

Venelana finally gets to the point; "Fast. I believe that most of the hard work can be done by the end of the week. Rias is already searching for appropriate items to place within. I also wish to consult you on something else, seeing as you are the future head of the Gremory clan – I want to ensure that this manor has the appropriate iconography."

"As in?"

"I have some wonderful banners that we could hang on the walls over here. Additionally, we always install a centrepiece within any of our major projects that bears the clan's symbol. This empty floor would look perfect with some tilework..."

You shrug, "Sure. Go ahead."

"But we must remember to leave space for family portraits," Rias adds, "I suspect there will be many in the future."

Venelana smiles, "Ah, that is a good observation. I will restrain myself from bringing too many of them."

It's nice to see that they're having fun. Rias has a more pensive expression now. "It's a shame that you cannot yet summon all of your lovers at the same time. I would enjoy bringing forth my entire peerage to meet you."

You haven't actually gotten that far with Koneko, Asia, Xenovia or Rossweisse (if she's even included as of this moment.) Though given how easy it was to snag Akeno and Rias – it probably won't take much effort. Xenovia in particular is presumably down bad enough to leap at you without any further input.

"Once Mitsuru is done finishing the form change system, that'll be the next thing on her list of priorities. I think working on it has given her some new ideas on how to further advance and stabilise the process."

"Wonderful! I look forward to spending time together!" Rias says, placing extra emphasis on the dirtiest part. Venelana gives her the stink eye for implying that sort of thing (in public.)



You know in your bones that she's happy to do the same thing when her image isn't on the line.

Venelana straightens out her collar, "Shall we head for something to eat together? There is little need of our presence for the time being."

You grimace, "I hope you aren't expecting anything high class on such short notice."

"I am capable of consuming food that has not been prepared by a dozen members of our house staff," she insists. You're not convinced. Living in the lap of luxury has a way of robbing people of their perspective. But if she's really willing to prove it...

"Fine. I know a good place near here. Ten-minute walk."

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You round the final corner out of the suburb and onto one of the many commercial streets within the inner city. Call it spiteful, but you decided to pick a place that straddled the line between an acceptable date spot and something intentionally designed to test her patience. Rias hangs off your left arm, separating you from her mother who walks on the far side.

"W-What manner of eatery is this?"

You snicker, "It's just a burger place. They're pretty good."

"I see..."

Rias has already figured out what you're doing, and is eager to join in on the fun. "Come now mother, surely you aren't uncomfortable with such a casual situation?"

You'll never forget the look on her face. Venelana is rattled. You go through the front door and take one of the booths by the window. The entire place is done up like a classic American diner, with black and white squares on the floor and polished metal stools at the bar. Venelana takes in the sights with some interest, "What an interesting floor pattern. When does the waiter take our order?"

"They don't. You have to go to the counter."

Her entire face drops. Venelana looks like you just kicked her dog. Rias is laughing so hard you think she's about to suffocate.

"You're horrible," she concludes with a pout, "Teasing your future wife like this..."

## Chapter 10

"I wonder what discoveries your friend will make in the near future," Rias posits as you recline on the decking at the back of your new mansion. A pair of cheap sun chairs were all you needed to relax and enjoy the nice weather. The sounds of drilling and hammering do put a damper on the experience somewhat.

"It'd be nice if we could expand the capacity of the Sledgehammer, or maybe even design a way for you to come and go as you please into our world."

"Our magic may be able to help. The Underworld is technically a different plane of existence. Transferring ourselves in and out is very important." Rias becomes more impatient by the second as she lays back with her legs crossed. It quickly reaches a boiling point and she shuffles over to the edge, bridging the gap between both chairs and clinging to your side.

"You've been very interested in touching me recently," you note. She immediately put herself between you and Venelana during your walk. Though that wouldn't have happened had she not ceded the position out of respect. It's not a problem per say. You will never complain about having such a gorgeous girl clinging to you.

Rias pouts and looks away, "I may put on a confident demeanour around my precious subordinates, but even an icy girl like myself wants to be held from time to time." You reach out and wrap your arm around her waist, pulling her close onto your chest.

"Speaking of subordinates, how has Asia been?"

"She's adjusting well. She is honestly the last girl I expected to fit into a devil's peerage, but she never lets the changes in her life shake her resolve. She's made many fast friends due to her sacred gear as well. Her bragging about the date we shared has caused some issues..."

"She bragged about that?"

Rias giggles, "Yes, very much so. Akeno, Koneko and Xenovia were very interested to hear how things went."

"Even Koneko?"

Rias set her brow and imitated Koneko's voice, "She 'wanted to make sure that you didn't do anything dirty' to her."

"I don't do anything like that on a first date."

"Oh? I do seem to recall that Akeno and I were granted the privilege of sleeping with you almost immediately."

"Hey, that was only because you two jumped on me like a pair of hungry lionesses. I want to make sure that everyone is comfortable with it before they do anything like that with me."

Rias is enjoying teasing you with that one. You've become acutely aware of the many conflicting interests that come about as a result of her personality. Headstrong and domineering, but needy and romantic; serious and stern but also a tease. That isn't anything special. You feel your own personality shifting when you're around people you are comfortable with. Seeing her in the flesh is enough to stun you into silence. Her vibrant red hair, the subtle gradient of her skin, and of course the immense curves of her body that could only occur as the result of devil magic. It's hard to believe that she's real, in your arms at this moment, and that she loves you unconditionally too.

"I think Asia would be more than happy to take your relationship to the next step," Rias says, "Even Koneko feels the same way."

"Really?"

"I know her better than anyone else. Koneko has always tried to hide her feelings. She thinks she's being smart when she asks us probing questions about you. She never left the room when we watched your television series together."

From your already learned knowledge about Koneko, there's a good reason for that. She doesn't want to cause damage using her immense powers. It's clear from her behaviour and Rias' statements that she has not yet learned to control them. Whether that will happen without your intervention remains to be seen. It's a matter of course that Koneko is also in love with you – Mitsuru dug for a DxD universe where every single woman (aside from Issei's newly created girlfriend, perhaps,) would drop everything just to be with you.

In terms of ambition – you don't want to go too crazy over there. The rest of the Occult Research Club seems like a good stopping point. Perhaps you'll pick up a few others depending on how things develop. As chauvinistic as it feels, you want to make sure that you don't just fill your harem plate exclusively with devils and angels from the DxD universe. There are so many untouched places left to explore!

"And what about you?" you wonder aloud, "How would you feel about the rest of your peerage joining us?"

"As I already said, for devils a greedy husband is entirely natural. I'd be disappointed if you didn't lay a claim to them."

"Not like that. I mean, personally – how would you feel?"

Rias smiles, "I think it would be wonderful. You may not fit the definition of a traditionally in-demand devil, but I believe you are even better. I love my peerage; they're family. Allowing them to enjoy your company in the ways that I have is the least I can do." A surprisingly generous answer. That was what you wanted to hear. Rias just going along with it because that's how 'devil society' operates would have cooled you to the prospect just a little. You feel more confident in doing it for her now.

It might be easier to focus on Asia and Xenovia first. Xenovia is... Xenovia. Her entire thing is demanding sex at the drop of a hat; she has a very odd desire to get pregnant. Asia also has a lot of desire bubbling underneath that calm and kind surface. Then you can worry about worming your way into Koneko's heart. The start of a plan begins to form in your mind. You'll need assistance from Lala to make it happen.

"You're thinking about something dirty, aren't you?"

You shake your head, "No. Not at all."

"Hm. That look on your face..."

"I promise. It's nothing sex related."

"I wouldn't mind if it was," Rias replies, quick as a whip.

"Yeah, well – we aren't going to get much privacy with all of these workmen here."

"I could form a magical seal and hide us from sight."

"Too much effort. Let's just wait until they're gone."

"...Agreed."

Later that evening, after everyone else had cleared out of the mansion and Venelana had gone home, Rias got her wish and spent some time with you on the solitary bachelor mattress that inhabited the bedroom. The novelty was quickly starting to wear off. Bring on the large, gothic harem bed any day.

When all that was said and done, you decided to enact the first step of your plan. There was no work planned for the mansion the next day, and the basement area had already been completed. You stood in the long, winding hallway that split off into a dozen empty, windowless rooms and summoned Lala from the void.

"Hi hubby!"

You are nearly bowled off your feet the instant she appears. You return the embrace and cop a feel of her butt before she backs away. Her tail wiggles happily as she notices that you are starting to become more intimate with her during normal interactions. She can't stop herself from leaning up on her toes for a kiss, which you happily dispense.

"This is our new place," you explain, "I was hoping you could give me a hand with something."

"Anything you need!" she chirps. She reaches into the pocket of her dress and recovers a small handheld device.

"I was hoping we could build a kind of training chamber down here, using the compressed space thing. It needs to be tough enough to survive anything we throw at it." Lala nods and dutifully notes down your requirements into what you discover is a handheld supercomputer. A moment later it pings and spits out a series of numbers and stats for her to intake into her sponge of a brain.

"That should be easy! Our palace has a bunch of secure rooms like that where Dad keeps all of his treasure. You can't get inside without ripping the planet to pieces and digging through the remains."

"Sounds good to me."

"Are you using these doors for anything else? I can copy the garage's bedchamber and bring it here!"

You scratch the back of your head, "Sure. We have room to spare in this place. Just pick a door and go crazy."

Lala hops from door to door, pulling them open and peering inside. Some of the rooms are more habitable than others. One of them is seemingly intended to store a copious amount of expensive alcohol, the others remain a mystery. Why Lala feels the need to inspect all of them before she makes the door lead to a pocket dimension is also unknown. It really doesn't matter which one she uses.

"I'll have to bring some of the materials with me from home, but it shouldn't be hard! I can just store them using one of my cute devices."

"Just send me a message whenever you're ready to go. I can summon you. I'm going to be spending most of my time here making sure everything is getting done."

"Okay!" she cheers. Again, she leaps across the floor and wraps her arms around your neck. You hold her up with one arm and allow her to have her fun. You surprise yourself by displaying the strength needed to carry her like this – as light as she is versus the likes of Motoko.

"You've gotten stronger. I like it!"

Lala likes everything. Unless you happen to be a weird suitor from space, that is.

With your new invincible training chamber, Koneko will have a safe place to test out her powers, but it'll also prove useful for other things too. You can transform and get used to the suit without having to worry about prying eyes or damage to the surrounding area. In the future you could integrate it with the shooting range that Mitsuru had built in the garage.

"Since you're here, why don't I show you around the place?" you suggest. Lala nods happily, but refuses to hop out of your arms. You sigh and turn back to the stairs – it looks like you're going to be princess carrying her everywhere until she gets bored of it...

## Chapter 11

Lala was finished two days later. She couldn't stop herself from working day and night on the project. When that was done – you decided it was time to acquaint yourself with Koneko a little more. You've only spent time around her during battle. It's hard to get a read on how she feels about you without speaking directly. Rias gives you permission to summon her alone.

The petite, white-haired girl looks up at you from below, "Is it my turn for you to perv on?"

"Perv?"

"Akeno, Asia and Rias have all spoken with me about their previous experiences with you. I do not understand what they see in a three-timing slug like you." You swallow. It's a good thing she doesn't know about Motoko, Chun, Venelana or Lala. This kind of casual, stone faced scorn is what you were expecting.

"You'll help me fight these invaders, right?"

Koneko turns her head away petulantly, "If the President demands it."

That isn't a 'no.'

"Rias told me that you're a little concerned about releasing your full power," you explain, "So I decided to give you a hand by having Lala build something for you."

You open the door and motion for her to follow you inside. Through an equally sturdy thick glass window is the training chamber Lala has designed for you. She really went above and beyond what you asked for; there's even a control panel that lets you summon different environments using moving pieces inside. Koneko is curious about what it's for.

"How much did she tell you?"

"Nothing more than that, but... you already know what *I* know."

"Everything."

You shrug, "Pretty much. I didn't want to bring it up without your permission."

Koneko closes her eyes and crosses her arms, "That's considerate of you, but I don't like that you know about that. It's meant to be my burden to carry."

"I'm not ordering you to play along with me. I'm just meddling. This chamber is made of a material you can't even get in this universe. If you want to try and unleash your full power in a safe place, this is it. There's no threat of causing any real damage."

Koneko takes offence to the mere idea of her nekomata powers being resisted by a static object; "I could easily crush this building into dust. Do you honestly think that I'll be contained by a chamber like this?"

"Lala hasn't led me wrong yet. She says you'd have to destroy the entire planet to get around these walls, but she also coated the floor in it – so that wouldn't even be enough."

Koneko steps back, "No. I won't be lured into releasing my strength so easily. You could get hurt."

You quirk your brow, "Concerned for me suddenly?"

She blushes and scowls, "No. If the President's fiancé died, she would be very upset. Rias trusts me to protect her and her peerage from harm."

"But you don't want to hold back if it means that they'll get hurt."

Koneko stops her retreat and sighs. You're right, of course. Koneko is extremely dedicated to Rias – if she asked her to master her nekomata form, she would do so through much personal distress. Rias was not so mean to ask something like that of her. Koneko wants to but is afraid of the consequences. She still believes that Kuroka is a murderer. Adding her sister to your mental list of future summons, you consider finding a way to make them reconcile. Hopefully the plot takes its natural course in the coming months and that tricky work can be left to them.

The first step to making that happen is for Koneko to stop fearing her powers.

"It's your choice. I know that this is a sensitive topic, and we don't even know each other all that well."

"I know you. The President never missed an episode of your show. She has a complete collection of every manga volume in her room. Akeno and I are the only ones who know about it."

"There's a big difference between the person you see in fiction and the real thing."

"No. There isn't. You're exactly as I expected you'd be. Hopeless, nosey, perverted."

To be fair, a lot of your future wives are responsible for the weirdest acts of perversion so far. The tone of her voice leaves you uncertain whether she finds that endearing or enraging. Koneko is covered with ice. It'll take a lot of effort to thaw her out. You are under no illusions that this single act will get you there.

"So what will it be?" you ask again. Koneko sways from side to side before landing back on two feet again. She slips both hands into her pockets and comes out with a pair of black MMA gloves. Wordlessly she walks through the door into the chamber. You lock it behind her and settle in to watch the show.

"I'm going to generate some targets for you," you explain through the intercom system. You press another button and watch as several dummies emerge in a flash of blue holographic light. Koneko decides to test the waters by beating them down using her fists. A flurry of punches and kicks shatter them into pieces, before they're replaced by new ones. Koneko moves past the dummies and up to one of the solid white walls – she pulls her arm back and delivers an intense punch to it.

But there's no sign of the impact. She steps back and inspects the point of contact again. Nothing. Not even a scuff mark. Her next attack uses a little bit of her normal magical power, but again there is no damage to the chamber wall.

"Are you sure about this?" she asks again.

"I trust Lala's know-how. But if you're that worried, you only need to start out small."

Koneko glares daggers at you through the reinforced glass. This is something private and supremely personal to her, and she doesn't even trust you that much yet. Without moving an inch, a pair of white ears sprout from beneath her bangs of hair. A single white tail emerges from her back and sways lazily in the air behind her.

"If you make any cat jokes, I will destroy you."

"What kind of joker do you think I am?"

"You are a louche who cannot contain his worldly desires. You spend most of your waking hours fraternising with different women." You grimace and press the button before she can go any further with her barbed words. A new set of targets appear at the back of the room.

Koneko turns to them and gathers her nerves. She never uses her full powers. Learning to utilise them will take more knowledge than what you can provide here.

This is just a jumping off point.

You know that she'll eventually learn to manage her powers properly. For now, the best she can do is alleviate her own concerns about losing control. You sit back and observe as she tries to use Ki to enhance her attacks. *Senjutsu* is a technique that Koneko will excel with one day – but only with proper tutorship from a skilled combatant.

Koneko remains mostly silent for the next few hours. She occasionally barks an order to you, demanding a change to the play space of the chamber. You witness her immense agility, speed and strength first hand. The full usage of her nekomata powers though, that's not something that she can do just yet.

Eventually she grows tired of the pageantry and walks to the door, knocking on it twice. Your mind immediately thinks of a joke about a cat scratching at the door to be let inside, but her previous threat lingers heavy over your head like a hanging sword. She steps back through into the control room and disguises herself once more.

"See? That wasn't so bad."

Koneko huffs, "Destroying inanimate targets is different to a real battle. Controlling my emotions is not something I can learn here."

You smile, "I'm sure a time will come where you'll have a big opportunity to master yourself. The point of this was to encourage you to take it when it arrives." The white-haired cat stares at you for a moment, her cheeks reddening, lips parted. She turns her head away and tries to hide the star-struck expression she was just making. You do think the lady protests too much. You recognise that look. It has 'I want to join the harem' written all over it.

"Idiot," she snipes, "I didn't ask for your opinion, or your help."

"I know, but I wanted to help anyway – so here we are."

She peeks at you with the corner of her eye, still trying to hide her face from you; "I won't accept Rias' marriage to you until you prove yourself. I don't understand why she loves you. As her Rook, it's my responsibility to make sure that you aren't deceiving her."

You snicker, "Is that a complicated way of saying you want to hang out?"

"I never said that."

You reach into your pocket and hand her a phone, "Sure you didn't. If you ever feel like 'assessing' whether I'm worthy of Rias' hand in marriage, send me a message and I'll summon you."

Koneko snatches it from your palm at an incredible speed. "If there are dirty images on this, I'll kill you."



"I've never even used that phone. It's for you."

"You can never be too cautious around perverts," she responds. You sigh – this girl is tough.

## Chapter 12

Rias messaged you a few hours later, stating that 'Koneko locked herself into her bedroom and refuses to come out.' She clarified a moment later that she meant it in a good way, and that Koneko had suggested that she was interested in mastering her powers properly. That meant they were soon heading to the underworld to train as a team, as there is a rating game coming up.

You don't know if it's the same training scheme that they undertook in the anime; the 'real' version of DxD is a much more complex place than what can be shown on TV. They don't skip over huge periods of time between important events to make things convenient. Regardless – you hope that Koneko finally learns that her power isn't something to be afraid of. Does Kuroka even know how much of a problem she's caused for her younger sister?

Rias also sent you some images of the rooms in the manor. She used Venelana's pull to have some mock-ups created for you, and they're very professionally done. They are highly detailed, transforming empty white rooms into lavish gothic landscapes. Heavy wooden furniture with plush silk cushions and wooden floorboards are the order of the day. As you flip through each one, you start to understand her affection for this kind of décor. It looks very cosy.

Particular attention has been paid to the master bedroom, which contains a monstrously sized bed. Four wooden pillars support an engraved canopy, which itself allows a selection of semi-transparent white curtains to surround it on all sides. It dominates the view with a commanding presence. Surely Rias has been considering just how many women are supposedly going to occupy it in time. You could easily fit twelve people on there with room to spare. It's a good thing that money is no object for you at the moment.

You are also very happy to see that Venelana has not included any significant changes to the houses' layout or exterior buildings. Eerily high ceiling crisis averted. Mitsuru speaks to you through a pile of discarded parts on the garage's workbench, "I'm glad that our alien friends decided to keep away. It's allowed me some much-needed time to test the form change system."

"Now that you've said it, I'm sure they'll attack again in a few minutes..."

"Don't be so superstitious. You're just subscribing to a form of confirmation bias," she laughs, "Most of our conversations are on this very subject. It's merely a matter of chance that significant events occur at the same time."

"You're right. We never talk about anything else anymore."

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, "Is that a problem?"

"Kinda? I feel like we haven't had the chance to hang out for a while now."

“Hm. ‘Hanging out’ can wait until the invasion of earth is ended.”

“You know that’s not true. I still find time to hang with... you know, the girls.”

Mitsuru rounds the table and points a wrench at you, “They aren’t the ones designing your equipment and monitoring social media for attacks. I’m a very busy woman. Not to mention managing our new media empire...”

You sigh. Mitsuru used to love shooting the shit about what anime she’d watched lately, or to talk your ears off about an amazing new invention she had come up with. It feels like a lifetime ago now. You both grew up, but it never felt like this before. Everything changed when she thrust this superhero business onto you. Sometimes you miss the old days. Tucked away inside of your bedroom, watching anime above your age grade with the laptop facing the door.

“Don’t look so sad,” Mitsuru scoffs, “You should be the happiest damn guy on the planet right now. There’ll be plenty of time for us to screw around together when these aliens are dealt with. Keep your eyes on the prize.”

Things come to a sudden halt as an alarm triggers within the garage, a robotic voice calls out over a newly installed intercom system; “Warning! Alien incursion detected on fifth avenue, Wellton.”

“When did you program that?”

“When I almost missed an attack after getting too deep into my work. Get the bike and go, the form change system will automatically transport to you with the armour.”

You do as she commands and hurry over to the sheet-covered motorbike. You whip it away and mount up. Before you go, you trigger the armour bracelet and summon it onto your body. You notice that your left gauntlet bulges out slightly more than it used to, and an additional slot has been added. The engine roars and you slide beneath the still opening door.

Mitsuru crackles to life through your radio, “I’ve already prepared the first card for this system.”

Said card appears in your HUD as you power down the road to your target. A red scale is surrounded by orange flames. A subtitle, MANTLE, is plastered across the top. On the bottom is the name of the card, *BOOSTING DRAGON*.

“Simply insert that into the new opening and the system will handle the rest.”

“What? No new catchphrases?”

“I decided to program that into the armour. Letting you do it is a terrible idea.”

So why the hell didn’t she do that the first time? You grumble to yourself as you skilfully weave between cars and dodge red lights. Your heart is already pumping a flood of adrenaline into your system. You can hear it pounding behind your ears. The danger is clear and present. You can already see signs of the police trying to cordon off the area where the

damage is happening. You easily slip through a gap in one of the roadblocks and continue on your way.

When you finally get to the scene, you find one of the local intersections in a terrible way. Several buildings have been severely damaged, with glass, concrete and steel littering the tarmac below. Burned out cars and overturned traffic lights block your way. You dismount the bike and leap up onto one of the wrecks. A line swipes across your visor, the supercomputer that Mitsuru installed into the suit tries to lock on to any civilians who might have been left behind in the chaos.

“It looks clear. You shouldn’t have to worry about rescuing anyone,” Mitsuru says.

With a preliminary scan completed, you head further into the carnage and stop in the middle of the road. There’s no sign of the foot soldiers. Instead, a wormhole opens in front of you and your imitator steps out with Vali in tow. The black armour has seen some refinement since your first meeting. Vali is immediately beside himself in rage.

“You may have gotten lucky last time, but I will not fall for the same tricks again!”

“I don’t care what you have to say, pretty boy. I want to hear from your lady friend there. Why the hell are you helping these assholes invade our planet?” The lithe figure hidden within the bulging armour shoots up as if she wasn’t expecting to be addressed. She points a finger at herself as if to ask if you mean her. “Yes, I meant you.”

Her voice is heavily distorted as it passed through the microphone, “Uhm. They told me that I could have some of my husbandos. So I agreed to help them out!”

“And you think that’s worth selling out every person on this planet?”

“Y-You’re doing the same thing!”

“Not in exchange for humanity’s freedom. If you told me that I had to pick between them and the Earth, you know what my answer would be.”

“They wouldn’t appreciate that,” she responds.

“No, they’d understand it. Unlike Vali here – they have morals.”

She crosses her arms and looks away, “This is why I prefer villains. Y-You goody-two shoes bums are always talking such a big game! But you’d throw away all of those values at the drop of a hat just to get what you really want! I’m just doing what I want to *get* what I want; I’m honest, unlike you.”

“I don’t know why you sound so proud of that...”

Vali snaps his fingers, “Insult my lady at your own peril, worm. I’ll soon wipe that smirk off of your face and show you that the power of the white dragon is superior to all.” You stare at him in silence. You know what? Vali isn’t *really* that evil when you get down to it. He’s the classic rival character. Someone who presents himself as a guy willing to do anything, but always ends up helping Issei in the end anyway.

“You’ve got a big mouth for a man I’ve blown away once already.”

“ *You* didn’t beat me – the red dragon emperor did.”

“What’s the difference? I could summon him right now and do it all over again.”

“Then go ahead! Like I said, I will not be defeated this time.”

Neither foe moves to stop you as you slide Issei’s card into the Sledgehammer and pull the trigger.

“ISSEI HYOUDOU! SHATTERING!”

“How many times do we have to teach you a lesson, Vali?” he declares the moment he steps through. It seems that he was keeping up with what was happening through your helmet cam. Passions are running high already, these two are itching to start a punch-up. Both dragons summon their armour and square up in the middle between their respective summoners.

“Boost!”

“Divide!”

Wings sprout and the two clash, flying up into the air and out of eyesight. You stare down your own rival and put your finger on the trigger, “Let’s see how good you really are.”

She throws up her own black repaint of your weapon and fires it at you. Too slow. You dive behind a destroyed car and take cover from her opening salvo. You swing back outwards and return fire – she scrambles back as the shots land near her feet, kicking up tarmac and dust as they rip through the road. It’s immediately clear that she doesn’t have the same training that you do.

“I hope they didn’t just throw you out here with no training!”

She doesn’t respond to your barb. You catch a glimpse of her dashing through the doorway of a nearby storefront. You slide over the car and run after her. The door flies from its hinges as you crash through. Motoko’s intense house-clearing training weighs heavy on your mind. You check the corners and slow things down.

“Mitsuru, get me a read on that armour.”

“Already working on it. It’s spewing noise and heat signatures all over my sensors – clearly, they didn’t spend much time developing it. Whoever said that imitation was a sincere form of flattery was a moron, they’ve butchered *my* work.”

“Why don’t you head on over and give them some pointers?”

“Hilarious. But no.”

You hold by one of the store’s supporting pillars and wait for her to finish crunching the numbers. The sound of the dragons battling echoes through the broken windows. Mitsuru

continues to type furiously, "I'm filtering the noise now. Triggering the overlay." The visor switches shade as an additional visor slots down over the main camera, revealing the glowing outline of a hidden figure through one of the walls.

"Got them."

You step out from your cover and aim carefully. With a well-placed round you blast through the plasterboard wall and shoot her in the back. A loud ping rings out through the shop as it ricochets off of her armour in a shower of sparks. She cries out in pain and staggers back out of the nearest door. You make chase once again.

Just as you break out into the alleyway behind the building, you are forced to dodge backwards as a beam of yellow energy shoots past your head. The interloper is someone you don't initially recognize, with blonde hair, glasses and a well-fitted blue suit; he is quick to correct your ignorance with a boastful introduction.

"Assaulting a lady is poor manners. Arthur Pendragon will correct your insolence."

You scowl beneath your helmet, should have seen that one coming.

## Chapter 13

You crash through another wall as Arthur tries to swing at you using his blade.

"Be careful, that sword can cut straight through your armour!"

You didn't need to hear that to know. This is one of the most legendary weapons from the world of DxD. Your mind scrambles for a quick fix to this problem. The copy is getting away, or potentially even planning to attack Issei with Vali before we can get there to back him up. You duck another swing and kick the carcass of a burned car at him, forcing him to cut it in two to avoid being knocked aside. During that moment of opportunity, you are already loading two cards into your gun.

"XENOVIA QUARTA, SHATTERING!"

"KONEKO TOUJO, SHATTERING!"

Arthur's eyes widen in unbidden surprise as Xenovia and Koneko appear from thin air. There's a pause as he tries to recalculate his odds of victory, and as they both try to get their bearings from being summoned so suddenly.

"So this is what Rias meant," Koneko frowns. She must have been updating them on the fight using her phone.

Xenovia doesn't care – she's just pumped to pick a fight with Excalibur; "Finally, a battle worthy of Durandal!" A large blue sword appears from a magic circle, which she wields with confidence and skill.

"Sorry – can you two keep this guy occupied? Issei's in trouble."

"Very well," Koneko nods, getting into a fighting stance. Xenovia has already launched herself at Arthur before you can even finish explaining the situation. They clash in a shower of sparks and with the heavy clang of metal meeting metal. Koneko dons her gloves and leaps into the air, coming down with a vicious spinning kick that forces Arthur to reposition and cracks the ground beneath.

You turn tail and run towards where the most noise is being made. A building explodes overhead as a pair of coloured streaks fly through the sky and come back down in the middle of the intersection. Issei kicks Vali up off of his body and forces him back, but it's clear that Vali has gotten the drop on him this time. Issei cannot damage him with his power divided so heavily.

"Just give it up, Red Dragon Emperor. This fight was over before it even began. You can't hope to injure me with your powers weakened like this."

"Damn it!" Issei swears, punching the ground in frustration, "This is so uncool!"

Vali turns to face you as his summoner emerges from the background. "I'm willing to accept your unconditional surrender, and an apology to my dear lady for your boorish behaviour."

You shake your head, "Man. You really are one lame ass-kisser. What happened to that individuality of yours?"

Vali laughs, "I do what I do because I want to do it. My lady is an unparalleled beauty, of whom I would happily take her hand in marriage. Are you not doing this for the same reason?"

"I'm doing this to protect the Earth," you respond. Your UI triggers and the mantle card is ejected into your hand. "This fight isn't over just yet. Not while I'm still breathing, and certainly not while there's still aliens left to beat!"

"Bah, more parlour tricks."

"Don't look away – this one might shock you."

You slide it into the newly added slot on your left arm. A mechanised roller accepts the tip of the card and swallows it whole, as it does, a new touch screen appears on top which displays it for you to see. You slide your fingers up and over to confirm your selection.

"MANTLE! Boosting Dragon!"

An orchestral jingle plays thanks to Mitsuru's touch for the dramatic.

The stained glass that covers your body shatters outwards, exposing the internal systems that lay underneath. The floating shards shift and realign into new shapes, before turning entirely red and slamming back down onto your frame. A wave of excess energy shoots outwards, kicking up a fresh cloud of dust that obscures everyone's vision. When it finally settles an entirely new form of the Herarmor is on show.

An unseen speaker blares a rote catchphrase: "Shattering foes with explosive power!"

Did Mitsuru hire some guy to voice-act for this thing?

You glance to the left and spot your reflection in one of the few remaining shop windows. The previously non-descript features of the armour have changed to more closely resemble Issei's. The white under suit is now interspersed with recoloured glass panels, a deep, vibrant red. Your visor has turned green, and now bears a new silhouette that imitates his own helmet.

Vali is not impressed by the display, "Changing colours isn't going to save you."

"This isn't just a change of clothes," you smirk. The charts on your HUD are going haywire as it tries to calculate and adjust for your new-found strength.

Mitsuru speaks, "While this new Mantle is extremely powerful – I would recommend against fighting Vali directly. He is a god-like being after all. Pushing your body any further than this would tear it to shreds."

You close the circuit so he can't hear you; "So what should I do?"

A new card appears on your screen, one that showcases you throwing out a bolt of green energy against an exploding background. You go along with Mitsuru's plan and eject the card into your hand, only to slide it back into a different but identical slot...

"Isn't this a little redundant?"

"I didn't get the chance to optimise the system yet!" she yells, "Transmitting and reading data are two different jobs you know!"

"Boost!"

Mitsuru explains, "Since your body can't handle more power than this – this card is perfect for buffing your summons."

A burst of green flame engulfs your gauntlet bearing hand, a circular orb slowly starting to form in your palm. Vali just scoffs and holds out his arms to catch it, believing earnestly that he can simply block the attack and be done with. Issei is struggling to climb back to his feet behind him. That confidence is going to be his downfall.

"Take this!"

You wind up and unleash your best throw. The flaming ball flies through the air and approaches Vali at an incredible speed, but at the last second it begins to drop down, flying between Vali's legs and striking Issei instead. He bursts into green flame. Vali turns back and begins to laugh, "Is that it? You just hit your own companion! You damned fool!"

Only for him to be sent flying through the side of a nearby bus a moment later. Issei is back to full power, and now Vali's hard work has been undone. He flies over to you and shakes your hand with so much force that you think he's about to accidentally rip it from your body.

"Thanks!"

"No problem."

Issei looks at your new armour, tilting his head to one side; "I've seen this somewhere before."

"Heh. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and all..."

Issei laughs it off, "Just don't leave me out of the action. I'm always down to beat up some bad guys!"

"Don't worry Issei – your body can handle a lot more than mine. It's going to be hard to replace the genuine article."

The pile of scrap metal and rubble that Vali has been thrown into explodes outwards. He roars in fresh anger. He knows now that the odds are starting to turn against him. You've restarted things, and now Issei has you for backup.

"Cheap tricks! Is this all you have?"

Vali charges at you with blinding speed, but for some reason it feels like you can keep up with him more easily now. What was once a smeared blur of white and blue is now more cognizant to your human eyes. It's a punch! You duck the blow and retaliate with a kick to his left side. It isn't the explosive blow that Issei can deliver on demand, but it knocks him for a loop that you're now capable of defending yourself against him.

Issei is quick to follow up, beating him down into the ground with an overhead punch. The ground cracks and opens up beneath him, leaving a long trail of destruction. When the dust settles, Vali is breathing heavily with a serious crack in his armour. Another explosion rings out, Arthur Pendragon trying to defend himself from both Koneko and Xenovia. You were worried about the difference in strength between them, but it seems your fears were unfounded.

He backs away from them and lands next to the injured Vali, "Apologies. It seems that we've been outmatched on this occasion."

During all of this, your evil copy has been standing there doing nothing. It looks like she is unable to handle the pressure when things get out of her control. "I'm sorry," she mutters. She turns the barrel of her gun and sends her injured servants back to their original dimension. If she wasn't careful, those injuries could become much more permanent. But now she is left with nothing. There's little realistic prospect of her beating Issei without Vali around to divide his power.

"I'll ask you again, why are you doing this?"

She stamps her foot and raises her voice, "Because I want to have a harem of anime boys! Is there something wrong with that?"

"When you're trying to help some alien assholes conquer the Earth, there is something very wrong!"



"Ugh. What difference does that make? What can they do to us that's any worse than the leaders of the world as it is now? Hell – they might just improve this dump by letting us use their advanced technology."

She's trying to wash her hands of the responsibility; "Or we could just steal it and reverse engineer it for ourselves, sounds easier to me."

Issei nods, "Yeah – what he said."

Xenovia and Koneko approach from behind. Man, you really summoned a lot of DxD characters, didn't you? You need to spread the love to some other universes soon.

Koneko is cold-blooded, "I thought that he was the biggest pervert here, but he has more respect for the people living on this planet than you do. You're willing to harm many innocent people just to satisfy your sexual urges."

"I don't want to hear that from you! You summoned DxD characters as well!"

You scoff, "That isn't the point. You can only do the same because they stole that technology from us – and in return they want you to do whatever they demand. When they start telling you to kill people for real, are your excuses gonna' work the same then and there?"

She points at you as if to continue the debate, but the words die in her throat. She knows that there's no defending that position from you. As pretentious as it sounds, you're on the side of justice, while she attacked a major urban area for no good reason. No doubt one of the enemy officers told her to destroy you.

"Next time, I'll win."

A wormhole appears beneath her feet and sucks her into the ground. It looks like that's all from her for today. You detach your armour and let out a weary sigh. That took a lot out of you. Xenovia glances at you from the corner of her eye. Issei speaks first, "Uh. Could you send me back? I think my girlfriend might think I'm cheating on her."

What kind of magic did Mitsuru use to find an Issei who's faithful? Or is she really just that scary?

"Sure. Catch you later, Issei."

You insert his card into the Sledgehammer and dismiss him. You turn and start walking away from the scene before the police show up, but Xenovia gets in your way. She's shorter than some of the other girls. The leather outfit she wears shows off all of her amazing curves.

"Before you go, I'd like to bill you for my service."

"Bill me?"

Xenovia closes her eyes and crosses her arms, "Three or four children should suffice, dispensed over the course of two to three years. A sultry sum of payment for my skill in battle, wouldn't you agree?"

Of course that's what she wants...

"Rias might have a thing or two to say about being second place in the baby making contest," you joke.

"Then she is at fault for not starting sooner. A strong male is perfect for producing heirs; she should simply become more proactive if she finds my methods distasteful." The sirens are getting closer and she's arguing with you about who gets what number of babies first.

"Can we have this talk another time? Preferably with your master in the room?"

"Hmph. Be cautious, a significant delay will incur interest payments."

"Interest payments, paid in children?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Pervert," Koneko grunts; not aimed at you for the first time.

"Okay. Good talk, see you girls later."

You hurriedly de-summon them before you get arrested for causing all of this damage. You knew it was coming, but actually experiencing Xenovia's odd fixation on having children is another thing entirely. You don't know how you're going to deal with her in the future. For now, you just need to worry about staying out of jail. You leap onto your bike and take off.

## Chapter 14

When you return to the garage for a debrief with Mitsuru, you find her standing over her workbench with an action figure in hand. Between you using the new form for the first time and the ten-minute drive back – she has somehow managed to design and 3D print a prototype product to coincide with its debut. She hastily shoves the shameless merchandising into the drawer and snaps up to stare at you as you dismount the bike.

"Good work. I managed to gather some interesting data about the joint tolerances of our armour system."

"Didn't you say I'd snap in two like a twig if I went any harder than that?" you ask. Your whole body feels like it's been put through the wringer, and all you did was deflect one of Vali's attacks.

"Oh yes, that is a concern too. We cannot push the mantle any further without risking daage to your body – though at these output levels it would be a pulled muscle or dislocated bone, not a full-bore removal of one of your limbs."

"Well, I'd rather not have to experience that regardless."

"Asia can heal you. I think."

"Again, I'd rather not."

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, "Naturally, there are limits to what the human body can withstand. The scale of the threat we face has expanded rapidly beyond our control. Especially considering that our new rival dived right in and summoned Vali Lucifer of all people. This is not a hurdle that can be surpassed with simple training."

"So what could make me stand toe-to-toe with him?"

"Supernatural power? Things that defy the laws of our own physical reality, whether that in itself comes through effort or outside manipulation is ultimately up to us. Rias still has some of her evil pieces, does she not?" Mitsuru is right. It seems that Rias has yet to recruit Rossweisse into her peerage. That means she has a spare rook that could theoretically be used on you.

You scratch the back of your head and sigh, "Feels like a big leap to take."

"The fate of the world is at stake! And what do you lose by becoming a devil anyway? I've never once known you go into a church."

"My humanity!"

Mitsuru shrugs, "Humanity stinks; we don't even get cool magical powers like they do. What's the downside, honestly? You could turn yourself into a devil and not a single soul would know about it unless you told them."

Mitsuru has always had a strained relationship with what most people consider normal. She's an anti-authoritarian at heart. You've seen her get hopping mad whenever you accidentally leave the news on and some politicians says something she doesn't like. She thinks that people should do whatever they want as long as it makes them happy. In this case – ending your life as a mortal human and becoming a devil.

"I don't know – it's just... I've spent my whole life being human. It feels weird to just dive headfirst into not being human when we've done just fine so far. Issei only turned into a devil after he got killed, and having an 'extra life' sounds pretty useful to me."

Mitsuru shakes her head, "Wouldn't it be safer to be strongest now than wait until a hypothetical defeat? What if Rias can't reach you in time? What if something terrible happens to your body and we can't revive you?"

We.

That explains a lot. Mitsuru is honest but never directly. She's not as good at hiding it as she thinks. She's worried that something bad is going to happen to you, but even more than she's letting on with you right now. Lumping herself in with Rias and the others indicates that her feelings are stronger than she acknowledges. Sensing that she had left her heart on her sleeve, Mitsuru clams up and waves her hands; "N-Not like I'm your fiancé or anything! As a friend, I'm worried about you as a friend. And the fate of the world is at stake here! Something as nebulous and meaningless as 'humanity' is a small price to pay to succeed."

You sigh, "But there's more to being a devil than just being given the evil piece. I'd need to form contracts and play rating games to get stronger – which we can't do here."

Mitsuru ponders it for a second before snapping her finger, "If I could find a way to transport you to their world, that wouldn't be a problem. Rather, that's something I've been planning for some time now."

That sounds like a huge leap from where your technology is now, but if she gets the proper tools and resources...

"Are you sure that won't have unintended consequences?"

"I make extra sure that all of my work is fail-safe and fool proofed, after all, the biggest fool I know is walking around with a dimension sundering gun right now."

"Gee, thanks."

Mitsuru unfurls a large blueprint onto the desk, which reveals an elaborate piece of underground machinery connected to a thin, door-frame like device.

"The idea is to create a less mobile version of my interdimensional portal technology that will allow any number of permitted individuals to pass through. Of course, it's significantly more expensive and labour intensive to create – requiring a matching portal device on the other side to allow for the trips to be made."

"Okay, that makes sense."

"But of course, carrying something like that into a fight simply isn't possible. I'll continue to iterate on the original mobile version as well to increase your instant transmission ability. What it will allow us to do is have our allies visit without needing to worry about the existing stability limit."

"You're just doing this so Venelana can come over and help you out without needing the gun," you snipe.

She shrugs, "Guilty as charged."

"And do you have any more plans for mantles?"

"Hm. Not at the moment. Idea generation is the easiest part of the process, Issei's lost scale provides us with a supernatural power that can be applied to other mantle concepts. Defensive and support functions are under consideration to harmonise with Boost's raw power. I suspect that some of your wives may lead us down a path of other 'tribute' acts."

You almost forgot that your 'son' from the future showed up a few days ago. There's so much crazy stuff happening that it doesn't even seem so absurd anymore. Who else could provide inspiration for a new armoured form? You doubt that the Major is going to leak any information about military power armour to you. Girlfriend or not – she takes her job very seriously.

And it does make you wonder about the potential consequences. What if it triggered a serious arms race between governments and militaries to match your own weapons? What if that information got out somehow and caused a sudden jump in military capabilities for one nation? It could very well destabilise the world and cause war to break out. Why the hell are you getting worked up about this again? Mitsuru will come up with something. She always does.

Mitsuru glances back up at you, "You don't need to force yourself into something, by the way. I know I said that the fate of the world is at stake, but I don't expect you to do as I ask just because of that. As we are now, we can beat them – I'm just worried that things might change."

"Yeah, I get it."

She feels like she's gone a step too far in saying all that stuff about being a devil to you. You understand her logic perfectly well, but this isn't a decision rooted in logic. A younger version of yourself would have jumped at the chance to live out a sexually charged DxD fantasy and become a devil, but now you can only worry about the potential consequences. The curse of becoming an adult.

At the very least, you'll need to have a chat with Rias first. She's the one who holds the evil piece you're discussing. She might have something to say on the matter that Mitsuru might not have considered. And what a coincidence, your phone is vibrating with a message from that very same devil; she wants to know if you can meet at the mansion in a few days when the big work is done.

"Oh, and the rest of your paycheque should be coming through soon," Mitsuru reveals, "Venelana helped me make our... distribution scheme more effective."

A sigh escapes your nose as you slump down onto the workbench, "You mean tax evasion?"

"No. Just obscuring where it comes from and who it goes to; it's just money laundering! Tax evasion is a scourge upon civilised society, you know."

Sometimes you struggle to understand where the line is for this woman.

Wherever it's convenient, it seems.

## Chapter 15

While a part of you wanted to summon four different DxD girls and see the chaos unfold, you're not really ready to unleash that kind of disaster unto the mortal realm just yet. You settle for a more business focused meeting between you, Rias, Akeno and Xenovia. And where better to hold this 'family' meeting than your newly refurbished mansion! It only took a few days for the veritable army of contractors that Venelana hired to get things in order.

Now you have running water, working electricity, properly insulated rooms and even some of the furniture that Rias has ordered to decorate the place with. A tiled recreation of the Gremory clan's crest has been laid into the lobby floor between the embrace of the twin

staircases. It's a classy kind of ostentatious gothic. With polished wooden furniture and heavy splashes of deep colour. You were sceptical about Rias' choices at first, but seeing and experiencing it has made you a firm believer. It's a different vibe to most big, expensive houses around here. They're a touch too boring for your liking, always obsessed with modern furniture and bland colours.

Soon that same kind of renovation will be coming to Mitsuru's newly purchased industrial estate. She wanted to gestate the planning process a little more before giving Venelana the go ahead. You also believe that she's going to be asking for something low-key so that it doesn't attract a bunch of unwanted attention, even though the surrounding area has been undergoing a rather extreme regeneration in the past few years.

"This is better than the clubhouse," Xenovia comments idly as you assemble in the living room. There are still a lot of finishing touches to be made. The bookcases that line the far-side wall haven't actually been filled with décor, tomes or the television just yet. You're sure that those things will come with time and use.

Akeno stands silently behind Rias, who has taken point in the big, single armchair that rests at the end of the coffee table. Rias twirls a lock of her hair, "We had a much higher budget. The work on the clubhouse had to be concealed from the school authorities, after all. The building itself was also left to decay for a very long time."

As for the topic of discussion – Xenovia hadn't kept her peace for very long after your first meeting together. She had immediately waylaid Rias with a sudden request to become one of your wives, and to have children with you. As the thirstiest character in a franchise filled with thirsty characters, you are not surprised by her eagerness. Rias clearly has an issue with that idea. The fact that you even have to consider this kind of thing shows how much of an overly lucky bastard you are. Men would kill to have this kind of 'problem.'

"Shall we get to the point?" you ask.

Rias clears her throat and addresses Xenovia directly, "I understand that you have taken a liking to my fiancé, Xenovia."

She bows her head respectfully, "Yes. I know that it seems sudden and impulsive of me." Two words that fit her perfectly.

"There is no need to apologise. We are the three with the most expressed interest in doing such a thing," Rias explains, "Which is why I have called us here to have a chat."

A thought springs to mind, "Hm. What about Venelana?"

"My Mother said that I must learn to handle these issues myself. As the future lady of the house, it will be my responsibility to ensure a firm and fair regime that allows your wives to enjoy their time with you to its fullest. I suppose you could say it is an extension of my existing peerage duties."

"I see."

Rias smiles, "Do not take her abdication as an indicator of her own desire. She would be more than happy to bear me another brother or sister by your making."

She never lets a chance to fluster you go, does she?

Xenovia is firm and leaps back into the conversation with an incredible demand; "President. Please permit me to practice 'baby-making' with your fiancé. I believe that he is the perfect mate, capable of creating a strong child."

Her melding of 'practice' and actually having a kid if it happens is incredibly obvious. For her, they're the same thing.

"My my..." Akeno mumbles, "How forward." Is Akeno *really* the person making that kind of statement here? Pretty much every word that comes out of her mouth is drenched in filth, always with the innuendo or flirting. Not that you don't enjoy it. Having such a beautiful woman fawn all over you is flattering.

Xenovia turns to you, "Surely as a good male, he would agree to my proposal."

That isn't your decision to make. "I'm afraid that it isn't that simple," Rias sighs, "Aside from hubby's consent, we have to worry about our children. Devil clans work differently to human royalty. Children born to any spouse, even the concubines, have a claim to the house. To be the first born amongst a harem of devils is to receive a significant level of authority. As the present heir, the position of our future children is not secure through lineage alone. My child could be supplanted as long as the contender is my husband's, and born before them.."

You nod, "And that's why you want Xenovia to wait."

"I am personally *unhappy* to issue such orders, but I must do so for the sake of the clan. The first-born devil must be mine. Ironically, if Xenovia were still human things would be different. But what's done is done. We must make the best of the situation and tread carefully."

Xenovia has a morose frown on her face, but she isn't going to go against what Rias orders her to do. She bows again, "I understand, President."

Rias tries to perk her up with the promise of future debauchery, "With that said, once our darling marries into the family and blesses me with that child – there will be plenty of opportunities to make up for lost time! I'll try to expedite the process so that you can join in soon, Xenovia."

"Indeed!" Akeno adds with a clap of her hands, "I am certain that he won't rest until every empty room within the Gremory estate is occupied!" You try to calculate how many children that would be in your head, including your son.

You give up and ask directly, "Uh, how many empty rooms does the estate have?"

Rias is quick as a whip, "Three thousand - give or take."

The land values in the underworld are *totally* fucked up. You recall that the estate presented in the show was extremely large and elaborate, more of a city than a simple manor; consisting of multiple full-sized buildings with a huge footprint. The sheer size of the place combined with multiple floors and buildings makes that number seem more realistic than it first sounds.

Xenovia is salivating at the prospect. You can see the gears turning in her head as she tries to figure out just how many kids she can pump out on short notice. You're going to have to be careful with summoning baby crazy girls from here on out. These devils are absolutely insane. Motoko is a beacon of rationality versus them, though not having a real reproductive system and a dangerous job might have something to do with that. Rias brings things back down to earth, "Additionally, it wouldn't be becoming of us as students to become pregnant. It would attract unneeded attention to our activities as the Occult Research Club."

"Fufu. They can stare all they like – they're just jealous that they don't have a handsome fiance like we do," Akeno smirks.

Rias ignores her, "Until then, magical contraception will have to do."

Didn't she hand you a condom for your first time? Or did she only hit the books and learn how to do that later after you slept with her? That's an easy solution for the devils, but the rest of your harem will need to rely on other methods. Akeno isn't giving up on the game, she titters and holds one of her cheeks mockingly; "Oh, but I may just forget to cast it before we make love..."

"Akeno," Rias says sternly.

Akeno just giggles at her. This reminds you of a certain plotline from the show. Polygamy being normal or not, these two are going to start fighting if you don't say something soon.

"Rias, there was something else I wanted to ask you."

She turns back, "You can ask me anything, dear."

"Do you still have some of your evil pieces?"

Since Koneko is not yet comfortable with using her real form in battle, that means that events in their world haven't advanced as far as you first thought. Rossweisse is not yet a member of Rias' peerage, which means she has a spare Rook available for someone. If only Issei hadn't hogged all eight of her pawn pieces, this kind of compromise wouldn't have to happen.

"Just one," she confirms, "Why?"

"It's nothing really. Mitsuru has been getting on my case about it. She thinks I need to get even stronger to fight properly because she's worried about me. Don't tell her I said that."

"My lips are sealed," Rias replies.

"So she told me that becoming a devil would be an easy way to get there. I wasn't so sure about it though."



Rias crosses her legs and hums to herself, "As someone who has always lived as a devil – it would be very simple of me to claim that being one is nothing but positive. However, there is much to worry about. Maintaining the honour of my family, training in magic, rating games and building peerages. These are all things that are unique to devils."

"That's true."

"But some of the greatest threats to devils do not exist in *this* world. There are no politics, rating games or Church assassins to worry about."

That last comment rubs you the wrong way, "As far as we know..."

"In a world of rationality such as this, the presence of supernatural entities elicits nothing but scepticism. People are increasingly secular as there is no true evidence of Satan's existence - or the *other one*. I believe it would be possible to live peacefully here as a devil. Building further power and becoming high class however, that would be impossible. A peerage of your own would require a trip into our world and participation in the system."

She's right. There are less things to worry about in this world. The Church isn't hunting down and killing people for being devils, not anymore anyway. You could take the free power up and get an edge over the aliens. "And what do you think?"

Rias smiles, "We'd be honoured to have you. It's natural that I would like my fiancé to be a devil too. But it is not something to be taken lightly. Do not suppress your hesitation for the sake of us. There is no going back once that decision is made. You will be reborn into a new form, one detached from human mortality."

She's given you a lot of big questions to think about – but she would happily do it if you asked. Rias has always been level headed, so her perspective is very valuable. If you want to have a peerage of your own and lead the Gremory clan, you'll need to go through to their side eventually. And when you do, you will likely have to become a devil to do it.

You exhale and flop back onto the couch, "Heh. It's weird talking about something like this so casually. I'll have to think about it." Rias might imply that you have time to make a decision, but you know that Rossweisse is on the horizon. If push comes to shove, Rias will have to accept the Valkyrie into her peerage as a favour to Odin.

"Take all the time you need."

"Yes. My body is ready at all times of day to receive your life-giving essence," Xenovia declares, with such a straight-forward drive and earnestness that it takes everything not to burst out laughing. Akeno doesn't even try – she just giggles into her hand and tries not to disturb the proceedings.

"If that is all we'd best be away," Rias concludes. "But don't be afraid to spend time with Xenovia, Akeno, Asia or Koneko. Koneko may put on a tough front, but she really likes you."

"Sure. I'll arrange something. Sounds good, Xenovia?"

The blue-haired bombshell nods, "I look forward to it."

## Chapter 16

Mitsuru was surprised to see a message from Rias, of all people, on her interdimensional phone. She was included in the default contact list; but that was mainly just in case they needed her for something. She was not the sociable sort. She had fraternised somewhat with Venelana but they mostly focused on business, even if Venelana had tried to tease her just as much as she did with you. It was a short and simple request to be summoned so they could talk about something. Mitsuru had no reason to decline the request. She reached across the table and inserted Rias' card into the Sledgehammer, summoning her from the other world. She was still wearing her uniform. The look on her face spoke to a sense of shock that it had even worked. Mitsuru has always been so prickly with her.

"This is the first time you've ever visited me," Mitsuru noted. Never once did her eyes drift upwards from her work on the bench.

Rias rounded the table to get a closer look, "I like to think that we're friends. You were the one who introduced me to my fiancé after all."

"Hm. How did your 'meeting' go? I hope you didn't kill him."

Rias blushed, "We didn't do anything like that. It was a talk between club members. But he did bring something up that I thought was interesting."

"From the tone of your voice, it sounds like he made you promise not to tell me."

Rias shrugged, "I had my fingers crossed."

"Typical devil..."

"He said you were very concerned for his safety, asking him to become a devil."

Mitsuru sighed, "I thought you would have agreed. Doesn't he need to be a devil to marry you?"

"Not necessarily. Though the other clans would surely go white in the face at the prospect of a half-devil inheriting our house. He expressed some hesitation in becoming one, and I agreed. To make such a big decision so quickly doesn't seem right. He will become my Rook if he desires to be one."

"Just to clarify. I'm always worried about him. I wouldn't want my best friend to get hurt because I roped him into being a superhero for me."

Rias smirked, "Oh? But wouldn't you like to be more than just friends?"

"What are you talking about?"

Rias crossed her arms, “Be honest with yourself. You want to be his girlfriend too, but you feel that you don’t have the confidence or anything to offer him versus girls like me.”

Mitsuru rolled her eyes. Indeed – Rias was the type of girl that only a horny light novel author could invent. Huge, gravity defying honkers that looked fake but weren’t, perfect curves, a big butt, and a pretty face that was completely flawless. Next to her, Mitsuru looked like a pimply teenage boy in glasses. Rias projected a bad self esteem field around her person at all times. As much as Mitsuru wished she was resistant to being envious, she was not.

She knew that it was possible to change these things. The full bounty of the infinite multiverse was on the doorstep – somewhere out there was a method to change her body to be better or more to her liking. Mitsuru didn’t want to change herself in such a way, the real question was what you thought of her as she was.

“Hypothetically, if I were interested in being his girlfriend - that would be extremely embarrassing. I can’t do the things that you do and seduce anyone.”

“It is embarrassing,” Rias insisted. All of her natural confidence and seductive wiles weren’t really natural at all. It was something that had sprouted from years of being the apple of every devil’s eye. She had learned to handle them with condescension, to misdirect their compliments and present herself as aloof. Rias *hated* going to devil parties and being beset on all sides by men looking for a bride.

“But you make it look easy.”

Rias looked down to the complex electrical component that Mitsuru was soldering while speaking with her; “You make *that* look easy. But if I said it was impossible to do, you’d disagree.”

Mitsuru paused. Rias had made a good point. Things that looked impossible to others were simple to some. The only barrier to excellence was time and effort. Still, the image of herself with a body like Rias just seemed wrong. “So? Should I turn myself into a bombshell girl like you? I fail to see how that helps.”

“I’m not saying you should turn into a girl like me – I’m sure he likes you plenty as you are. But a little confidence will go a long way.”

Rias looked Mitsuru up and down, past the long white lab coat and into the core of her being. She was wearing a pair of black shorts, steel-toed boots, and a shirt that was three sizes too big, exposing a large part of her neck and collarbone. A pair of big, round glasses reflected the harsh lighting of the laboratory and obscured her eyes from sight.

“Come here. Let me give you some pointers.”

Mitsuru sighed and turned her soldering tool off. She stepped aside and beneath the taller girl, holding out her arms. Rias reached down and removed the lab coat from her shoulders, revealing a clearer look at her body. Rias understood that humans seldom boasted bodies as nice as hers, but even devils came in all shapes and sizes. Sona Sitri had a body closer to the norm. Sometimes she envied the ease with which she could blend into a crowd. Mitsuru *was* closer to Sona than her.

“We have to use your natural ‘weapons’ to win this battle. Trying to become someone you’re not will only make things harder, and it’s better to be authentic with someone you care about.”

“I never said I wanted to be his girlfriend,” Mitsuru snarked. It was unconvincing to both of them.

“Really? It seems to me like he’s taken care of you for a long time, and you want to get even closer with him because of that.”

Mitsuru locked her lips tight and refused to speak any further. Rias had already started to coordinate a plan in her head. She removed the large spectacles from her nose and placed them on the bench, seeing her face clearly for the first time. Mitsuru had beautiful brown eyes and naturally pretty lashes. A basic amount of makeup would make her presentable for any kind of occasion, even formal ones.

Rias found even more things to envy. Her complexion was surprisingly clean, in fact, it was flawless. There was not a blemish or spot to be found; which defied reason given the messy conditions she worked in. She was cute to the bone. Cute. Cute. Cute. That meant that she needed to use her ‘cuteness’ to squeeze her crush’s heart into a fine paste!

“You’re very pretty, Mitsuru.”

“You’re just saying that to be nice.”

“I’d never lie to a friend. I think that all you need to do is show hubby your best side. Some new clothes and glasses... you could fire a cupid’s arrow right into his heart!”

“I don’t have time to go shopping for a new wardrobe,” Mitsuru replied.

Rias wasn’t going to back down that easily, “All you need is one afternoon. Once you know what you like and what sizes are appropriate, you can simply order things online and have them delivered.”

“And!” Mitsuru cracked, “I never said that I *wanted* to look good for him! He’s a big dummy. We’re just childhood friends, that’s all.”

“Childhood friends? That’s a classic romantic comedy starting point,” Rias observed pointedly. “You can deny it all you want – but when you see him smile, or when he does something nice for you, your heart starts dancing in your chest. You’re scared of changing your relationship with him. And...”

“And?”

Rias had tried to avoid mentioning this to her, but there really was no getting around it. Mitsuru was going to find out eventually regardless. She took a deep breath and came out with it, “You two get married in the anime...”

Mitsuru froze perfectly still – as if someone had pressed the pause button on her remote control.

“...I’m not saying that *our* version of *your* story perfectly matches this world, I wasn’t there on the TV we watched together. But you were the one who calibrated the cards – you were the one who specified which of those stories we had been influenced by. I spoke with the other girls, and they all told me the same thing. Chun-Li, Motoko, all of them.”

“I... I would never!” Mitsuru grumbled, “Do you have any idea how silly that sounds? If I really cared about him that much, why would I have given him this harem to start with?”

Rias wasn’t sure of how to answer that; “I don’t know. What I do know is that every version of *you*, from every anime, manga or novel – they’re all similar. Someone with an unflinching dedication to doing the right thing, even at the expense of her own feelings. Maybe you thought that you’d move on if you saw him with someone else, or that the fate of the world was more important than finally getting what you wanted.”

Mitsuru bowed her head and tried to hide the expression on her face. Rias had cut right through her reasoning like a chainsaw. Trying to stick the pieces back together was a waste of time. She’d ploughed ahead with her plan knowing full well that you would find yourself entangled with women who weren’t her. It pained her to do so, but in a perfect world you wouldn’t have to fight in the first place.

Rias placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, “I *want* to do this for you, Mitsuru. You were the one who made the impossible possible. You were the one who turned my silly fantasy into a reality. To meet a man who I’d fallen in love with, and one who was everything that I had hoped he would be. I owe you this. We all do.”

Was it possible to build a future where you could all be happy? That was something that Mitsuru had wrestled with time and time again. This was what she always did. Always pulling you along into her plans, only to think about the consequences after the fact. She knew that you were selfless enough to fight for Earth, even without the incentive of ‘hot anime wives’ waiting on the other side. How long could she take advantage of your friendship before she started asking for too much?

“I... I felt bad,” Rias continued, “Because I knew how long you’d been together. When I learned that polygamy wasn’t accepted on this planet, I realised how much you’d sacrificed to make this happen. The most important thing. The way you felt. Those precious emotions are worth more than gold. So, let me be selfish please. Let me help you.”

Mitsuru released a shuddering breath and met her aqua eyes once more, “I won’t make any promises. But if it’s really that important to you...”

“Thank you, Mitsuru-chan.”

“Chan?”

Rias tilted her head, “Oh, would you prefer Sensei?”

“No. Chan is fine.”

“I’d be honoured to have a fellow wife as brilliant as you, all of us would.”

Mitsuru slapped her hand away, “Okay! Okay! Step back a second there, you damn devil. I never said anything about marriage! We have a world to save first!”

Rias giggled, “I almost forgot! But that means you have to look good doing it!”

Mitsuru checked her watch and considered how much progress she had made. Maintaining a decent work-life balance would improve her efficiency, which she kept meticulous track of using a spreadsheet on her phone. Inputting the ‘progress’ against the time invested, she could see the graph trending downwards. Mitsuru reached out and grabbed her glasses. She couldn’t see anything without them.

“I guess I can spare a few hours. But we’d better make it quick.”

“Thank you so much! I can teleport us there. Much quicker than catching a bus.”

“Just make sure nobody sees us.” The two women stepped into a glowing magic circle and sunk into the ground, out of sight.

And for the first time in a long time, the garage was empty.

## Chapter 17

An opportunity presented itself for you to kill two birds with one stone. Xenovia is looking for her first date, and Chun-Li hasn’t been able to hang with you for a while now. Not wanting anyone to feel neglected, you organise a day of activity with both of them while Mitsuru is busy with something else. Chun-Li arrives wearing a very fetching blue and gold tracksuit with tight bottoms, while Xenovia is wearing black spats and a tight tank top.

“My name is Xenovia, pleased to meet you.”

Chun-Li bows politely, “I am Chun-Li. I take it that Miss Xenovia is another wife in waiting?”

You tug on your collar, “Uh – sure, I guess. She seems to want to join in so...”

“Did you know that sex also burns a large number of calories?” Xenovia explains with all the subtlety of a brick coming through your window. Chun-Li sends a withering look your way that makes you think of an extremely disappointed housewife.

“Uh, yeah. Xenovia is a little over-eager with things like that. Sorry Xenovia, we’re going to be doing normal exercises today.”

“That is also acceptable. We can simply move the baby-making practice to the end as an effective cooldown activity.”

This girl is going to be the death of you.

Chun senses that you aren’t going to get through to her with rhetoric and logic, so she just decides that moving on with the routine is a better option. You have a few different things

planned today, including strength training, running, and techniques to increase your flexibility; also known as Chun bending you into a pretzel and calling it good. Hopefully Xenovia is capable of restraining herself from any more sexual comments.

Sure, Chun-Li slept with you. But it's clear that her attitude is much more traditional. It's something to be shared in private when the mood is right. Xenovia just seems to want to have a baby as quickly as possible, even when Rias has already made it clear that she has first dibs.

“Don't forget what Rias told you, Xenovia. “

She clams up and looks away, “I remember.”

“You do? Because she was very adamant that the interests of the Gremory clan come first.”

“Yes. Of course.”

The tomboy turns away and pouts. She really wishes that it weren't the case, but Rias is the head of the peerage, and what she says goes. She has a lot of responsibility on her shoulders and making things even harder for her isn't in your playbook. The first kid, supposedly the one who travelled back in time to help you, is going to be the heir to the house. When you marry Rias, you'll become the other head – and that means any further children will have a claim to the position.

Life sure is complicated with so many lovers.

Chun-Li leads off with some warmup stretches. Xenovia soon proves that her strong body isn't unearned. She's just as experienced with this kind of training. As a human fighting supernatural creatures, her own ability was the only thing she could really rely on. She has a barely visible six pack, with thick thighs and defined arms. Like all of the DxD girls you've summoned, she's also hugely stacked in both front and back.

Once the warmup is complete, it's time to move on to the main section of the regime. Chun-Li is intent on seeing just how much progress you've made on your training since the last time you worked together. You still suspect that she's ahead of you. She's been doing this for decades, far longer than you have. Though perhaps that age has also forced her to slow down a little. While she's beautiful enough to pass for being in her mid-20s, you know that she's the second oldest member of your harem by a long shot, only surpassed by the semi-immortal Venelana; and using devil magic to keep wrinkles away is cheating.

“I'll set the pace, let's go!”

You fall in line behind Chun-Li, getting an eyeful of her big butt bouncing up and down every time she takes a step. As you wind your way down through the main road and towards the city's largest park, Xenovia decides to switch things up by putting herself between you and Chun – if only so that you are forced to look at *her* ass instead.

This competitive jockeying continues for twenty minutes, where you finally stop for your first break. Xenovia uncorks a bottle of water and chugs it down, purposefully allowing a small amount of it to leak from her lips and onto her chest. Chun-Li isn't having any of it –

quickly dragging your attention away by sitting on the nearby bench and crossing her legs over one another.

It seems that Xenovia brings out her jealous side; which is odd, because both of them come from alternate realities where polyamory is normal. They'll have to get used to sharing if they want to make this harem thing work.

Chun-Li goes on the attack, "So, Xenovia – what is it that you do for a living?"

"I'm a devil. We fulfil contracts for our clients and become more powerful."

"A devil? And it doesn't pay?"

Xenovia shrugs, "Rias' family is extremely wealthy from their businesses. We're supported by them. My primary purpose is to protect the President from harm and do as she demands."

You lean in to explain, "Devils aren't really *evil* over there. They just like getting into fights with angels, usually."

"Hm. Not since they signed the peace treaty," Xenovia responds, "I'm happy that I won't have to fight Irina." That's right. Xenovia and Issei's friend Irina is on the side of the angels. It's lucky that things had developed into a peace between the major factions before anything tragic happened between them.

"Sometimes it's hard for me to comprehend the scale of this universe," Chun sighs, "To think, there's a world out there where angels and devils do battle in such a manner."

You laugh, "I'm sure Xenovia would find your world a little strange too. And this one as well – not a lot of interesting stuff happening down here."

"The absence of supernatural forces is strange," Xenovia states, "Though I believe that this world is... boring? No. Dull. I don't mean to be insulting."

"I get it," you nod. It is dull versus some of the fantastical places your wives come from. No magical powers, no devils and angels, nobody who can train themselves in martial arts to the point where they learn to shoot fireballs from their hands. The strangest thing going on is what you and Mitsuru have done, and that's only thanks to aliens from another dimension crossing through.

"You two are something special alright."

Both women turn bright red at the simplistic compliment. All of a sudden that jockeying and arguing seems a little out of place. Since when did you get so good at wooing people? (It helps that they were already in love with you before they arrived, of course.)

Chun clears her throat and stands back up, "L-Let's continue, shall we?"

The rest of the 'date' goes by with a much friendlier atmosphere. Xenovia and Chun get to talking about their respective backgrounds and abilities. It's nice to see, considering the huge age difference between them. Even people from two different generations can get along with



a little interdimensional manipulation. With the last batch of tests completed, Chun-Li brings you back around to the entrance to the park and claps her hands together; “And that’s it! Well done, both of you.” Even Xenovia is looking a little rough around the edges now. Chun-Li is a stamina monster. She didn’t even break a sweat from all of that hard work.

“Glad to see all that training paid off,” you pant.

“Indeed. I’m very impressed with how much progress you’ve made in such a short time. There’s always more to do and room to grow, but as long as you do not grow discouraged when things go wrong, you will be all the better for it.”

Xenovia smiles, “This will also improve your ability in the bedroom.”

She can’t let an opportunity pass, can she?

Xenovia senses your exasperation and elaborates on her point; “That is to say, as a man with several wives and suitors – it will be your responsibility to satisfy them, or provide babies should they be needed. A normal human would struggle to keep up.”

That doesn’t really change anything, but okay. You are going to have to come up with a better way of spending time with your girls. Not having to summon them or adhere to a four-card limit will be a good start. You can turn your mansion into a hangout spot that they can visit at any time. But even with the comparatively small harem you have now, you still end up leaving some out in the cold for a long while. Chun has been a rare sight in your world since you slept together for the first time.

“How about we take this chance and spend some leisure time together?” you propose, turning to Chun and Xenovia.

Chun nods, “That sounds lovely. But I think we’ll need to shower before we do anything like that.”

Xenovia puts her hands on her hips, “I know the perfect place where we can go.”

At that moment, your idiot brain does not see anything wrong with that statement. You follow along like a good dog right until the moment that she comes to an abrupt stop in front of a local hotel. Given that you’re close to the nightlife and red-light districts in the city, there’s a very obvious bias in their clientele. “This is just a love hotel,” you state as you crane your head to look up at the signage.

Xenovia huffs and shakes her head cockily, “It’s nothing so debased as a love hotel. It’s a regular hotel! Normal hotels can be used for this kind of thing too!”

Chun leans in to investigate, “They advertise soundproof rooms by the door.”

“I’m a young and healthy woman in the prime of her life,” Xenovia seethes, “Why are you so hesitant to sleep with me?”

“I’ll sleep with you!” you concede, “But just... tone it down a little, okay? Rias already settled this the other day. We can spend a few hours here, get showered, and then go do something else together.”

Xenovia is not listening. Her entire body is quaking with excitement at finally wearing you down. Chun-Li shares a nervous glance with you, but does not air any problems with the arrangement. You are pulled into the hotel lobby with no further argument.

Just in time for you to avoid crossing paths with Mitsuru and Rias...

## Chapter 18

The first port of call for Rias and Mitsuru was one of the major shopping districts in the city, more specifically an upmarket store that dealt in women’s fashion. Mitsuru had never once in her life worried about her appearance. Old t-shirts, baggy tracksuit pants and frumpy jumpers were her motif of choice. Her short stature and large glasses made the concept feel like a lost cause from the start. Rias did not agree with that assessment. Dressing well was the easiest way to make oneself look more attractive without any real effort. If Mitsuru had a new wardrobe, one she could easily afford thanks to her Mother’s meddling, she had a much better chance of stealing your heart.

“This is enemy territory,” Mitsuru muttered, “The realm of normies...”

Rias rolled her eyes and dragged the nerdy girl down one of the aisles. She already had a fairly good idea of what type of clothes Mitsuru would accept wearing, but she wanted to make extra sure that she was agreeable. Rias presented three different mannequins to Mitsuru and pointed to them; “We can go one of three ways. Sexy, cute, or cool. Which one would you prefer?”

Mitsuru exhaled, “Do I look cute or sexy to you?”

“You’re cute,” Rias replied.

“Am not. Just pick something that isn’t super embarrassing.”

Rias knew that ‘super embarrassing’ meant anything that didn’t already match her chosen aesthetic. This was a situation where the band-aid would need to be ripped off quickly and harshly. Mitsuru needed an injection of confidence and an assurance that you wouldn’t react in a big way to her changing things up. It was very easy for people to get trapped, even should they wish to change. Perceptions were self-reinforcing like that.

The first step was picking something that Mitsuru would find somewhat agreeable. Rias studied the racks and mannequins closely, piecing together several interchangeable outfits that covered a wide gamut from being modest, to cute, to stylish. She also chose some clothes that Mitsuru could use in the laboratory without constricting her movement. She could feel Mitsuru’s eyes digging into her back as she worked.

That sense of unease only grew when they reached the dressing room. Mitsuru was looking less and less enthused by the moment. Rias dumped the pile onto the wooden bench and waved her in, pointing out which pieces go with what.

“Okay, so just pick out any of them and try it on.”

Mitsuru sighed in resignation, “Fine.”

The curtain was drawn shut, and Rias waited outside by tapping her foot on the floor. She hoped that Mitsuru would see the wisdom in her approach after wearing one of them for a little while. Mitsuru took her time making sure that everything was on correctly. A few minutes after entering, the curtain was tugged open by a dour looking scientist. She had chosen one of the ‘safer’ outfits from the offering.

Rias had to admit that she looked really great! The leather black skirt cut at an askew angle, the green jacket and white undershirt – it really brought out her serious side. Mitsuru spun in place so that Rias could see her from every angle.

“I think that looks amazing,” Rias nodded, “What do you think?”

“It’s not the *worst*. ”

Better than nothing, Rias thought. The fashion show continued for nearly an hour as Mitsuru approved and rejected various options. When all was said and done, things had been narrowed down to a dozen or so different selections. Rias was surprised at how much Mitsuru had taken to the idea in the end, perhaps because she had mentioned impressing you a few times just to encourage her.

“But new glasses? Do you realise how thick these lenses are?”

Rias hummed, “Larger frames are in style, are they not? I’m sure there are many good choices that will allow you to see properly.”

“Large frames are in style for people that don’t *need* them,” Mitsuru replied, “I withstood enough teasing and ill-mannered words about these to last a lifetime.”

“Ah. So you believe that changing them to something new is giving in?”

“That would be a rather illogical conclusion.”

Mitsuru wasn’t shaken by Rias’ observation. She knew full well just how irritating it had been to see a point of mockery turn into something accepted. That was how the world worked. People made fun of things for being obscure or out of touch, but would soon jump on board given the off-chance that they increased their social standing thanks to a change in trends. Mitsuru doubted that a new pair of glasses, or even new clothes, would be enough to attract your attention when girls like Rias were hanging around.

But Rias saw right through her – she knew that. She’d continue to insist on doing the impossible no matter how humiliating it was. Shattering the barrier between dimensions was child’s play compared to this.

“What’s wrong with just being friends?” she murmured. Rias turned back with a pair of bags hung over her arms.

“You don’t want to be ‘just friends,’ that’s what’s wrong,” her tone was stern and admonishing, “There’s no need to deny what you want for yourself.”

“That’s easy for a beautiful devil to say. I don’t have half of your looks, or half of your greed.”

“Do you really think that he’d feel that way about you?”

“While I’d like to think better of him, he is a man. I presume that being surrounded by sexy anime women is liable to move the goalposts beyond my reach.”

Well... Rias had to admit that it was kind of true. Even the most well-meaning of people could be influenced in ways they didn’t realise. She had taken your attraction to her for granted. In her eyes you were an incredible person – a fictional character made real in the same way that she was for you. Rias had never known a time where she wasn’t the most sought-after girl in the underworld. How could she empathise with Mitsuru?

“I can’t say that his opinions won’t change but I think you should still try, Mitsuru-chan. You’ll never know for sure until you ask.”

Mitsuru sighed, “That’s the hard part. Do I look like the type of woman to be bristling with confidence?”

Rias shrugged, “You were very confident when you were in stressful situations. Like when you first explained how all of this worked to him.”

“There’s a big difference between giving a keynote presentation and asking someone on a date!”

“There is, but you need to manifest that same type of confidence when you ask!” The pitched debate was starting to attract some onlookers. Rias reached up and pulled down on the brim of her baseball cap to cover her face – the last thing she wanted was to spoil the day out by being identified as Rias Gremory.

“Look – I’m not a ‘main girl,’ okay? Do you know how often the childhood friend wins in your average romance manga?”

“Uh.”

“I crunched the numbers myself! Less than twenty percent! It’s unfair, childhood friend discrimination needs to stop!”

Rias nodded along, unsure of what else to say. Mitsuru was talking herself out of doing what she wanted again. Rationalising all of her personal fears and trying to present them as logical decisions made with her own agency. It reminded Rias of herself before she met Issei – before he helped make the Occult Research Club more open with each other.

“A plain, childhood friend such as myself is statistically less likely to have a romance subplot develop than anyone else. The odds are only getting worse as he adds more women to his harem. Ergo, I have focused my efforts in more productive areas of study.”

Rias was going to need more drastic measures in order to break Mitsuru out of her negative way of thinking. It was going to be tough. Everyone she knew was so self-assured and confident. How could she provide the encouragement that Mitsuru needed? She looked down on the mastermind from above, but noticed that her gaze was elsewhere.

“Is something wrong?”

Mitsuru pointed to a man walking on the sidewalk across from them, “Don’t you think that he looks familiar?”

Now that she mentioned it, the lanky man wading his way through the crowd did have an odd air of familiarity. Rias recalled the extensive time she spent split into two identical clones, and the enemy officer responsible for it. He was a bumbling fool. The way he walked and nervously glanced at everyone he passed was identical.

“I don’t remember his name, but he looks like one of the Untethered.”

Mitsuru was already moving to follow him. Rias put a hand on her shoulder and stopped her from stepping out onto the road, “Wouldn’t it be better to contact him first?”

Mitsuru huffed, “I have you! Are you trying to say that the mighty Ruin Princess is afraid of one, itty-bitty fight?”

Rias’ brow twitched at the base insult, “I’m no coward. Very well. Let us observe him for a time and see if your suspicion is correct.” Thinking quickly, Rias ducked into a nearby alleyway and out of sight. She snapped her fingers and summoned a magic circle, teleporting their purchased goods through magical space and into the garage for safekeeping. After that, she hurried over the road with Mitsuru in tow.

Surely, they’d be more than enough to handle this.

## Chapter 19

Upon entering the hotel, the receptionist shot you the single dirtiest glare you’ve ever seen. As if to say, ‘how come this guy gets to live it up with two beautiful women and I don’t?’ Well, perhaps he should have made better friends in school. Friends who could have built him an interdimensional portal gun that can summon a harem of anime women.

Handing over some of your money to buy a hotel room is humiliating. You never thought you’d be forced to use one of these places. You head up the stairs and onto the first floor, walking down the corridor and heading to room 105. The key is inserted into the lock and the door is opened. Chun-Li and Xenovia crowd at your back, afraid of getting too far apart from you.

The room is of a particular style and taste. You grit your teeth as you step through the door and allow Chun-Li and Xenovia to see inside as well. The exterior corridor was already sending bad vibes your way, and this 'love chamber' is not helping matters any.

The walls are covered in a padded leather material. There's no window. A large circular bed dominates the back corner, while a single lonely couch is receded into the wall by the entryway. A large TV is mounted on the wall – presumably so that people who don't find sex exciting enough can watch bad pornography at extortionate prices.

Xenovia immediately pushes past you and leaps onto the bed face first. Her butt jiggles as she lands on the crumpled surface. At least it smells clean. Though you're sure that a blacklight would reveal many unseen horrors on the walls and floor. "A real dirty love hotel! Amazing!"

You do not share in Xenovia's enthusiasm. You would have preferred to head back to the garage or the house. It would have been a much longer walk, but you wouldn't have had to pay for the room. Why she finds a cheap, tacky sex chamber with a miserable décor and rowdy neighbours is beyond your comprehension. You turn and shut the door behind you. The last thing you need is someone hearing Xenovia's exuberant declarations about how this is the best thing ever.

When you turn back, Xenovia is already lifting her crop top up and over her head, allowing her large breasts to hang free. Chun isn't sure whether to follow suit or not. "Are you certain we shouldn't shower first?" she asks.

Xenovia leans over the edge of the bed and grabs her arm, "Don't you know that smells can increase the fertility of people when they're having sex? It activates a chemical reaction in the brain. Sleeping together while still covered in sweat will make impregnation easier." Xenovia speaks it with such an earnestness that it's clear she *really* thinks that's true.

"Remember what Rias said!" you remind her. No baby making until the family and succession situation is settled.

Xenovia frowns and crosses her arms, "Then hurry and impregnate her already! The prime years of my life aren't going to wait."

"That isn't something that I have to worry about..." Chun replies sardonically, even though she doesn't look a day over thirty-something.

You really don't know where to start with this – so you decide to follow Xenovia's way of thinking and do something impulsive. You grab the hem of your pants and underwear and whip them down to your ankles, revealing your full lower body in an instant. You try to put on a brave face, "I guess we're really doing this."

Xenovia eyes your prick approvingly, "Very good. An appropriately magnificent member to create a strong child with."

Chun just covers her eyes and tries to deal with it. Xenovia is a lot. She strips away her own shorts, revealing a hip riding, slit flashing thong that covers almost nothing. Not exactly what you'd consider wearing when going out for a run. Xenovia's hips are pretty fantastic, but she

is seated next to Chun-Li, and Chun-Li is rocking a thigh gap that you could drive a car through. She makes even the widest loads look svelte in comparison.

Xenovia turns to Chun and sets her brow, “Please allow me to have the first round, Senpai!”

“Senpai?” Chun repeats, “I’m old enough to be your mother.”

“That may be true. But you are my Senpai when it comes to being his wife and lover. Please look after me from now on.”

Chun relents, “Okay. It’ll give me time to get undressed. Please go ahead.”

Xenovia beckons you onto the bed using her hands. You clamber over onto the white sheets and sit next to her, unsure of what she wants to do first; “So, how would you like to start?”

“According to the texts that I’ve read on the subject, the first step is foreplay! Your penis must be fully hard to ensure that your semen enters my womb!” You get the feeling that she’s going to recite *everything* she’s read in the course of this get-together. Dirty-talk wasn’t included in her learning regimen.

You take the time to appreciate Xenovia’s body before things kick off for real. While not rocking the bodacious, horny curves of Rias or Akeno, she’s still packing plenty to get your hands on. She has a large pair of breasts without a hint of sag, and a well-toned body that speaks to her years of training as a warrior. The blue thong she’s wearing really draws attention to her butt, which is equally fantastic. The ‘punk’ look with the dyed green strip in her hair is very appealing overall.

She sticks the previously mentioned butt in the air and leans down to meet your little buddy face to face, though hesitation starts to leak in as she realises that theory and practice are two very different things; “Don’t push yourself. Take it at your own pace.”

“Are you sure?”

“Listen, we have plenty of opportunities to have fun like this. I want your first time to be great – so just focus on doing what feels right for you.”

“I can do that,” she concludes. She reaches out with her left hand and carefully strokes you to full hardness. Chun is already well on the way to being naked herself, wearing a much more sensible set of sports underwear. She wasn’t anticipating being brought into a three-way by Xenovia.

Xenovia can’t help but comment, “It’s much larger up close.”

Perspective tends to work like that.

Chun-Li is completely naked now. She shuffles over onto the bed and props herself up against the headboard using the other pillow. “I can’t say I’ve ever done anything like this before,” she posits, “Not that I find Xenovia’s body displeasing to look at.”

“I think you are very beautiful as well,” she responds, “Those hips make me jealous. They’re perfect for carrying children.”

Chun sighs, “You sound like a dirty old man.”

“Punch me if I ever flirt with you using a line that bad,” you ask.

Xenovia ignores the veiled insult and accepts you into her mouth. She immediately becomes too eager and tries to work her way down your full length, only to gag herself halfway. She refuses to pull back and admit defeat –causing her eyes to start watering.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Chun asks.

Xenovia finally relents and releases you. She wipes her eyes with her forearm and grunts, “This is nothing! Proper foreplay is necessary to ensure a successful insemination. I’ve endured worse than triggering a mere gag reflex.”

You put your hand of Chun’s thigh and interject, “I think we should let her go at her own pace-”

Before you can finish – Xenovia is pushing herself up onto her hands and knees, roaring so loud that both you and Chun-Li nearly jump off of the bed; “The fiercest battlefields! Battling devils and fallen angels! None of them are as important as this fight! The fight to finally create a new life with this body of mine!”

Again – Rias isn’t going to let her do that without permission. You don’t mean to be harsh, but Xenovia’s oral skills need a lot of polish before they actually have an impact on how you sleep together. The reality is that a lot of these acts are things your harem members don’t have much experience with. Venelana may be the most notable exception, and you’re sure that Akeno is practising using toys or something in private considering how your first night with her went.

You decide to take control of matters. You reach down and pull Xenovia over into your lap, eliciting a warbling cry of defiance. Your erection nestles nearly between her buttcheeks, while your hands trail down her collarbone and begin to lightly knead at her breasts. She smells wonderful. You find yourself burying your nose into her hair and taking it in. Despite her larger than life personality, she slots perfect against your chest.

“H-Hey! I thought I was taking charge!”

“It’s all about giving and taking, I’m going to give a little back.”

Chun joins in on the action, pushing your hand away and latching her own palm onto Xenovia’s other breast. The punk girl cries out and squirms against your body as two people assault her at the same time. You’re surprised to see Chun doing the same as you. A sneaking suspicion is building that Mitsuru may have omitted some additional details about their preferences. Being okay with polygamy is one thing, but liking other women too is another.

Chun-Li smiles, “You have such a lovely pair of breasts, Xenovia. Very sensitive too.”



Xenovia is unwittingly grinding her body against your cock. Her body is the perfect mixture of firm and soft. You could spend all day feeling her up – but you know that Xenovia is looking for something more than horseplay. You begin to massage her left nipple, feeling the pink bud hardening under your skilled fingers.

“I-I suppose that foreplay for the recipient is fine too,” she admits begrudgingly. Chun leans over to get a better angle, her other hand sliding down Xenovia’s well-toned abs and slipping a single finger into her slit. Being surrounded on both sides by explorative limbs is starting to drive Xenovia mad with lust. There’s nowhere for her to escape from you now. Her entire body strains in your grip as her back arches and forces Chun’s finger deeper.

“I’ve never slept with a man before,” Xenovia reveals, “Though I’m afraid that my maidenhead was broken years ago during my training. It was one of the few injuries I sustained.”

Chun-Li just giggles, “I don’t think he cares.”

You nod, “I did sleep with Rias’ mother already.”

Chun-Li gives you a dirty look; “Is that so?”

“Hey – she agreed to it!”

Her face softens a little at that, “It is rather unconventional, but I shall refrain from making overly quick judgements.”

Chun slips two more fingers into Xenovia’s folds and makes sure that she’s ready. Hearing Xenovia moaning huskily like this is really sexy. You could listen to it all day. Having someone else joining in is a lot more than you would have realised before. Though a few months ago the prospect of having a threesome was simply impossible. She finally releases Xenovia from her pleasurable torture and holds her fingers up to the light. She’s completely soaked up to her knuckles.

“I believe that our friend is ready,” she grins.

That’s all you need to hear. You push Xenovia further down your thighs and slip your hands under her legs, spreading them apart and exposing her body completely. Her cheeks flush a vibrant red as Chun-Li eye fucks her from across the mattress. She picks up on what you’re trying to do. Her hands go south and grip the upper half of your member, carefully guiding it until it rests against her vagina. She takes a deep breath and allows you to slowly pull her down onto it.

“Ah! Oh... that feels... strange.”

Fantasy has finally caught up with reality. Xenovia remains mostly silent, aside from exhaling through her nose, as she slowly works her way further down. The bottom of her legs meet your thighs a minute later – having successfully taken as much of it as she can in this position. Xenovia’s inner walls are extremely tight thanks to her intensive exercise regimen. You wrap your arms around her stomach and pull her back onto your chest again.

“How does that feel?” you ask.

“Full,” she states plainly.

“I’m going to start moving now.”

You start off slow to ease her into things, using her legs and arms to bounce her in your lap. It’s a gentler position than she may have been expecting. Chun watches on with interest, before spreading her own (very large) legs and playing with herself. She appears to have no issue in enjoying sleeping with another woman. Xenovia tenses up and tries to stop her voice from leaking out. It’s no use – before long soft moans begin to fill the hotel room as you thrust into her core again and again. Xenovia’s skin begins to perspire beneath your fingers, a heavy flow of sweat running down from her neck onto her chest and stomach.

She’s struck speechless, so a few minutes later you decide to up the tempo. Xenovia begins to release a series of odd, strained noises. You ignore them for the time being and continue regardless, hoping that she isn’t experiencing any major discomfort. Her body is a lot of fun to handle, and as always being able to enjoy intercourse with a beautiful lady feels fantastic too. You just hope that you don’t turn into someone who takes this privilege for granted.

That is before things come to a sudden and shocking end.

Xenovia reaches up and covers her mouth. Her entire body jolts upwards as her hips pump the air helplessly. A thick stream of feminine juices shoots outwards from where you’re connected and onto the bed below. You stop. Chun-Li stops. The room is silent aside from Xenovia’s heavy breathing. Her chest heaves beneath your left hand.

It’s only been two minutes and Xenovia has already climaxed everywhere.

Chun watches with wide eyes, “Could it be that…”

“You’re a lightweight?” you finish.

Xenovia gasps, “N-No, I’m not! You just took me by surprise, that’s all!” Her frantic denials do not have the intended effect. It’s plain to see that Xenovia didn’t last very long, and you aren’t egotistical enough to pretend that you’re a master of sex after such little experience.

“Uh, you know – there’s nothing wrong with being sensitive,” you add; trying to make it sound less confrontational.

Chun concurs, “I’m sure that he’s happy just to see you enjoying yourself.”

Xenovia isn’t going to take that for an answer, “This isn’t an orgasm. Y-You’ve never seen a real orgasm from me! Keep going! I’ll show you!” You bounce her up one more time, only for her to squeal and keel over in front of you like she’s suffering from a stomach bug. She’s still experiencing the aftershocks of the last one – no amount of pig-headed determination is going to win versus that.

Xenovia yells, “God above. Ow!”

And burns her devilish mouth in the process.

You extract your erection from her folds and settle her back down onto the bed. “Like I said, there’s nothing wrong with being sensitive. That just means that you get to enjoy it more.”

She shakes her head furiously, “If I can’t endure for long enough, how will you ever inseminate me?”

Now that you think about it – what you said was pretty rude. You put your hand on her shoulder and try to smooth things over, “I don’t mind, Xenovia. I know you’ve been waiting to do this for a long time, and things don’t always work out the way you want them to. I don’t think any less of you for orgasming too fast.”

“What would an optimal time to orgasm be?” she snaps back.

“I don’t know. Whatever you’re happy with.”

Xenovia closes her eyes and inhales, “If it really has come to this – then I must unleash my most dangerous technique.”

She scrambles over the side of the bed and to the pile of her discarded clothes. The gym bag that she had brought with her hadn’t elicited any curiosity before as you believed it only contained a water bottle. She unzips one of the pouches and cradles whatever she’s speaking of between her arms. She leaps back onto the bed and reveals it to you with haste.

It’s a turkey baster.

She smirks and wields it like a dagger, “Now, submit your genetic material to me!”

No, you don’t think you will.

## Chapter 20

The turkey baster lies discarded after a short struggle between you and Xenovia. Xenovia has gone from denial, to shock, to bargaining, and now to being a hunched over mope in the middle of the bed. You plead with her, “You just need to cool down a little, Xenovia. I didn’t know how *my* first time in bed was going to go either.”

“That’s right,” Chun concurs, “Sometimes we betray our own expectations. There’s nothing wrong with... being enthusiastic.”

“I want to be a good Mother,” she reveals, “That’s all I want. But I can’t do it, can I?”

You pull her over and wrap your arms around her, “You can do it. Just not with a baster, please.”

You get the sense that this is a combination of different frustrations. You’ve done it yourself from time to time – hyping yourself up and believing that you have all the answers. Only then when you face the challenges you were excited for do you learn that things don’t always go

your way. Her ego has been bruised because her core motivation is to be really good at sex. Climaxing quickly and tapping out is not something she wanted.

“This is usually something that men worry about,” you muse.

“If I fail to please you, how can I not be upset?” Xenovia asks, “I know it’s strange to hear it from me – but I love you just as much as the President does. I want you to have fun using my body. It’s something that I *want* to do for you. I know that you’re not upset, but...”

“I get it. It’s frustrating to not be ‘good’ at something you’re excited for.”

Chun-Li shuffles over and joins in on the embrace, “Do not grow discouraged. The strength of your heart is clear. The path will open to you if you dedicate yourself to this task.” It’s a very moving and poignant thing to say, except when used in the context of sex.

“I’m... still not ready to try again.”

You nod, “That’s okay. How about this? Sit back and relax a little, me and Chun-Li can do something, and you can choose what you’d like to do.” Xenovia perks up a little and agrees. She wriggles free of your three-way hug and leans back to observe. The mood is a little strange, but the combined sexiness of two strong women is enough to counterbalance things.

Chun-Li opts for something simple. She gets onto her back and spreads her legs, inviting you into her pussy with little fanfare. She closes her eyes and lets out a sweet moan as you slide into her. Xenovia relocates herself to the head of the bed and looks down on her from above. The bed starts to creak anew as you push yourself in and out of Chun-Li’s extremely hot core. Seeing her abs tense every time your hips meet is entrancing; Chun has a six-pack hidden beneath there.

It’s a little awkward having Xenovia sit back and observe without being an active party. Whenever you get together with Akeno and Rias, they work together like a well-oiled machine. Touching, kissing, grinding, they don’t let a second be wasted through embarrassment. Her hand hovers over one of Chun’s breasts, silently asking for permission to touch her body.

“G-Go ahead, Xenovia,” Chun gasps. Xenovia does not possess the same thirst that Akeno does in bed. Her touch is gentle, more out of a sense of curiosity than anything else. She kneads both orbs from above as you continue to drive yourself into her tight slit. Things continue as such for several minutes as your hips really start to ache from the strain.

Seeing Chun-Li writhe beneath you is exciting. Her body is wonderful, it’s hard to believe that she’s in her early fifties. Perhaps under closer inspection you could find the occasional wrinkle, but you have little interest in litigating something like that. All you know is that she’s a wonderful partner to have in bed. You push yourself up and lift her lower body from the bed. She screws her eyes shut and cries out in orgasmic bliss as she finally tumbles over the edge.

You grunt heavily and will yourself to an end as well. Chun-Li moans happily as you plant yourself as deep as possible and unload yourself into her pussy. Your breath condenses as the

temperature in the room rises rapidly. Beads of sweat dribble down from your chest onto her prone body. Chun-Li lays back and spreads out, enjoying the afterglow.

Xenovia smiles, “You look very beautiful like that.” There’s a sense that Xenovia wishes she were the same way. She lays down next to her and pulls her upper body into an embrace, her other hand slipping around her back and clutching the side of her boob. Chun-Li doesn’t protest the girl-on-girl attention.

Mitsuru definitely obscured some details about their preferences from you, but if multi-person engagements are going to be the norm, liking both men and women will make things easier for you. Just how specific are these damn universes anyway? A world without canonical romances, where everyone is okay with being in a harem *and* bisexual.

“That felt wonderful,” Chun grins. She looks to Xenovia and offers some advice, “Don’t worry about enjoying yourself Xenovia. This is no competition. The only danger we face is his ego growing too large after pleasing you so much.”

“I’d still like to endure for longer,” Xenovia responds.

Seeing them getting up close and personal has made you hard again. You reach down and pull Xenovia away from her new body-pillow. You pull her onto your lap and hang your legs off of the edge of the bed, face to face. This seated position should be a good change of pace from missionary and doggy style. Xenovia’s face is red – especially as she feels your hardness pressing into her pubic area. It is impossible to keep your hands from travelling down her back and feeling up her butt. Xenovia has deadly curves.

She presses her boobs into your chest and adjusts herself so that she can slide down onto your shaft for a second time. She immediately tries to close her eyes and hold her nerve, though from experience it doesn’t tend to work all that well. Even as you start to slowly grind into her, Xenovia can’t stop herself from moaning into your ear. Her nails dig into the skin on your back as you pull her as close to your body as possible.

You try to calm Xenovia’s performance anxiety by kissing her on the neck, and then her lips. She moans back into your mouth as you slowly start to pick up the pace, forcing her up and down in your lap. It’s a much calmer and more intimate position than the first one. Chun-Li finally gathers the energy to slip onto your right side and start getting some payback by playing with Xenovia’s body.

What really stuns you is when Xenovia pulls away from your kiss, only to immediately and aggressively be pulled into another by Chun. Chun doesn’t do half-measures. Xenovia is nearly forced back from the intense lip lock occurring before your eyes. Tongues duelling, spit swapping, this is a full, deep kiss. Three writhing, sweaty bodies all struggling for control.

Chun is eager to share the joy with you as well. When Xenovia is desperately trying to regain a normal pace of breathing, she turns to you and does the same. Your body is pulled backwards as she wraps one of her legs around the base of your spine. It’s information overload for your poor brain, being sandwiched between two gorgeous women while having sex with one of them. A needy Xenovia is quick to lean in and steal your lips for herself as Chun finally pushes away. It seems that Chun’s actions have lit a competitive spark in her.

“It feels good,” she pants, “You’re so deep inside of me!”

“I’m going to cum, Xenovia!”

You really mean it. You don’t know how close Xenovia is to finishing, but her and Chun have conspired to drive you crazy with their actions. You press down on her butt even harder and push yourself as deep as you can go, groaning in pleasurable agony as you feel several strands of seed escape from your shaft and into her womb. That’s enough to make the baby-crazy girl join you in orgasmic bliss. She shudders violently in your arms as she wets your legs and member with her juices.

It’s a much more understated affair versus the last one. That’s what you intended to do from the start. Making a show of it had clearly gotten to Xenovia. You want to show her that sex can be slow and just as enjoyable. “Did… Did I make you cum?” Xenovia asks with wide eyes.

“See? It wasn’t that hard.”

There’s more shuffling as you climb back onto the bed fully. Xenovia leans back on the bed with her legs splayed, a momentary flash of red from her pubic area catches your eye. A crest that looks very similar to the one Rias uses to use her magic appears, before disappearing again.

“What was that?” you ask.

She rolls her eyes and explains, “Rias cast a contraceptive spell on me – because she thought that I’d try to have a child with you before her.” You can understand Rias’ scepticism. Xenovia doesn’t strike you as the type with the self-control to say no.

“And you agreed to that?”

“She’s the boss. And I am a member of her peerage. My personal disagreements are subject to her decisions.”

You find a comfortable spot at the head of the bed and lay down. Chun and Xenovia move over and claim one arm each, snuggling close and taking a second to come back down to earth. You still feel like going for a little longer – but you have a lot of time left in the room before you have to leave. A lot of crazy things just happened.

“You feel better now?”

Xenovia pouts, “Somewhat.”

Chun laughs, “I hope it was everything you were expecting.”

“It was good. It could be even better if I hone my skills.”

“If you’re really concerned about it, ask Rias and Akeno for some help. They’ll be happy to teach you some tricks,” you say. No doubt that those two perverts will turn her into a sex

machine within weeks of being asked. “But to be honest, I don’t think you need to. Exploring this kind of thing at your own pace is part of the fun.”

Xenovia hums, “Then more experimentation is required. Next – I want to practise ‘dirty talk,’ I’ve read that commentary about creating babies increases the intensity of sexual contact.”

“You already have enough practice with that kind of thing...”

Xenovia is hungry for more, her hand reaches down and strokes your stiffening prick back to hardness. A leg is slung over your waist, and the punk girl stares down at you from above with a ravenous smile. It looks like that crisis of confidence is over already. You entertain Chun and Xenovia for a few more hours until your booking ends, testing out some more positions, and especially ones that can be done with three people. By the end you’re thoroughly worn out, even more than when you completed Chun’s training routine.

Is it bad that threesomes with hot women are starting to feel normal?

## Chapter 21

“You know, sneaking around with you makes me look like a middle schooler...”

Mitsuru couldn’t stop herself from commenting. Rias was so much taller, bustier and curvier than she was – and Mitsuru was confident that Rias was younger than her as well. What kind of bad deeds had she committed in a past life to deserve this kind of body? She was endeavouring to advance the human race and save billions of lives; the least reality could do was give her a few extra inches for the effort! The fact that Rias came from an ecchi anime franchise where *everyone* was stacked was lost in the noise.

“People come in all shapes and sizes. You have... a unique appeal. He’s already surrounded by women with big boobs. Take advantage while you have the chance.”

“Ugh. I don’t want to hear that from a boobzilla like you!”

Rias frowned and covered her chest self-consciously, “A... boobzilla?”

The reason why Rias and Mitsuru had found themselves talking about this again was evident. The man who they had decided to shadow around the city had as of yet, done nothing of note. Mitsuru was more convinced than ever that he was an alien in disguise – so why did he continue to wander around like a lost child?

“A-Are you *certain* that this is him?”

Mitsuru nodded, “Look, I even went back into the security footage archive and pulled an image of him. Is it not the same person?” She held up her phone to Rias’ face, exposing the exact similarities between their features. “Them having the ability to put a human disguise on isn’t surprising. Infiltration techniques like this could be used to establish conditions for a full-scale invasion.”

“So why didn’t they do this before they arrived?”

That was something that Mitsuru didn't have an answer for. She recalled the first attack by the aliens, how they launched an attack drone right into her own backyard. They knew something – and Mitsuru was starting to suspect that they had a good idea of who the main threat to their plans really were. They didn't *need* to subvert governments, police or military; they needed to get rid of you. Did they know that this was going to happen?

Mitsuru couldn't remember his name, but the spy was one of the two commanders who had attacked previously. He stopped outside of an electronics store and observed the products through the front window for several minutes in an attempt to blend in. It was very clear to a casual observer that he was trying to do something suspicious. Most people just walked to their preferred destination without stopping.

“Watching this moron is starting to piss me off,” Mitsuru griped.

Once he was sure that nobody was watching (incorrectly,) he moved behind the building and through the alleyway. Judging by the way he was looking at one of the junction boxes for the building – Mitsuru knew that he was going to do something. He tore the metal padlock away from the grey container and raged the door open. Then, he retrieved a small device from his pocket and slipped it inside.

“He's doing something,” Mitsuru whispered back to Rias.

But that was all he intended to do. Happy with the job, he dusted off his hands, slammed the door shut, and continued on his merry way. Mitsuru acted quickly. She drew a small 3D printed pistol from her pocket and aimed it at his back. With a pull of the trigger a small tracking device flew from the barrel and latched onto his clothes for later. The computer system at the lab would compile his movements for her. He didn't even notice it landing on him.

“What was that?”

Mitsuru smirked, “Tracking device. I want to investigate what he did – so we can't follow him without splitting up. I can check the data later and see if he did the same to any other buildings.” Mitsuru waited until he was out of sight before moving up to the box. She opened the door, revealing a strange, spider-like device with a fluctuating graph on a miniature screen. It had been hooked on to the wires that managed the internet and phone service.

Mitsuru flipped open a scanning tool and projected a field over the top of it. It was a good thing that she never left the garage without her experimental field devices. They'd prove invaluable in gathering information on their plan. An internal schematic was soon generated that tracked the wires and resistors inside, as well as the frequencies being emitted.

“It's a monitoring hotspot. It's transmitting a frankly absurd amount of raw data up into the atmosphere. I can't begin to imagine the type of processor you'd need to make sense of this.”

“Can't we just remove it?”

“It also contains a quantity of plastic explosive. Enough to kill anyone meddling with it. It triggers when the legs are released without the proper key. Luckily, it doesn't contain any other capture equipment. They don't know that we're here.”



Rias crossed her arms, “I could use my magic to protect us. I don’t think it could break through my barrier.”

Mitsuru shook her head, “I’d rather take it intact. Whatever transmission system they’re using is very powerful – if I could reverse engineer it for our own equipment...”

“And it’ll help us find out if they’ve planted more of them,” Rias added.

“Exactly. Though that’s a secondary concern, my current sensors could easily find these with how much noise they’re dumping into the spectrum.” Mitsuru tapped some buttons on her tablet and brought up the controls for her sensor array. She tuned it to the right signal, and watched with a worried frown as several matching splotches of interference appeared around the city. “Ugh, he planted eight of them.”

Rias didn’t know what to do. Technology wasn’t her strong suit. Mitsuru took a moment to clean her glasses and kneeled down with her back to the wall. “I’ll contact the police and make sure that they cordon these things off. If someone touches them without knowing about the explosive protection, they’ll be as good as dead.”

Just as soon as her VPN network booted up, anyway. Mitsuru was practically salivating at the prospect of ripping the latched device to pieces and studying what was inside. Hyper advanced, cross-dimensional computer components were almost enough to make her go white in the face. Never again would she have to make do with *just* the best processors, solid state drives and GPUS. Simulating and compiling code would go from arduous and in some cases impossible, to a breeze that she could do in an afternoon.

You certainly didn’t know just how long it took to invent these things. Initial simulation runs of the Sledgehammer’s warp relay system took weeks, crawling along and making her poor computer cry in agony. Everything only escalated in complexity from there. If something went wrong, that meant that she had to go back and simulate the *entire* thing from the beginning. If not for the intervention of your ‘son,’ designing the mantle system would have been unfeasible.

While the call was going out to the police, the rest of her attention was focused on studying the bomb in more detail. It had several other rudimentary protections. It couldn’t be shorted from the outside with an electric pulse, pulling it away from the wires would break the circuit and trigger the explosive. It was designed to prevent meddlers like her from getting inside. There were no visible screws or access points on the outside casing. The legs were held in place by a strong hydraulic system.

“What the hell are they using all of this data for?”

Rias shrugged, “Spying on humanity?”

“They’d hardly have need of a crude thing like this for that. If they have human disguises all they’d need to do it walk around. Breaking into an encrypted system with their technology is probably a cinch too.” After all – they did crack her security and copy the Sledgehammer. Mitsuru intended to improve her systems so that it couldn’t happen again.

Mitsuru knew one thing for sure, she couldn't crack the defences on the bomb with what she had on hand. She'd need to head back to the garage and put together a proper response. She stood back up and turned to Rias, who was still carrying their collective shopping on her forearms.

"Can you teleport us back? Make sure to remember this spot."

"Of course. Stick close to me."

Mitsuru stepped into the magic circle. Rias took in her surroundings and left a 'bookmark' for later. They'd need to get back and defuse it once she was done. The pair sank down into the ground and re-emerged within the confines of the industrial compound. Mitsuru immediately set about collecting all of the tools and pieces she needed to build her counter. Rias wandered over into the empty office room and left their clothes on the table for later.

It only took her a few seconds to do, but by the time Rias had gotten back onto the main floor, Mitsuru was already leg deep in designing and building something. Rias had no earthly idea what it was or how it was going to work – but Mitsuru was a bonafide genius. Whatever she created would do the job.

"I do wish he'd summon some more engineering help. I'll have to force him to press some new cards..."

Rias frowned, "Even if it means more competition?"

Mitsuru rolled her eyes; "I don't imagine there's a limit to the number of women he's willing to rendezvous with. He's a shameless man, through and through. We used to watch harem anime together when our parents weren't home. Who does that?"

Rias blushed, "I may have indulged in one or two myself." It only happened because *your* anime went on a break so the manga could produce more chapters. Rias' withdrawal symptoms were so strong that she desperately scoured the web for something to fill the void. None of them captured her heart like your series did. The romance elements were rather shallow and the crossover appeal was lacking.

Mitsuru continued to work at pace while speaking, "Yes, but a boy doing it with a girl – it's weird. Your series was one of the first we consumed. A pioneer in perverted, wish-fulfilment storytelling."

"And what did you think of it?" Rias asked. She found herself hoping that *her* show was as good as yours was.

"It was a... mixed bag. But I always respected you the most out of all of the cast members."

"Respected?"

"You're competent, powerful and confident. A leader. Unless we're talking about your arc in the third season, which I thought was pushing things a little. Though this is a version of you that doesn't come from a world where polyamorous relationships are normal."

“They’re only normal for *devils*,” Rias reminded her, “Greed is a cardinal sin, and it acts as an affront to the authority of the church.”

“The point is! I saw the best version of you.”

Rias moved over and sat on one of the stools around the workbench, “To be truthful, I had my share of doubts before I was summoned here. Mother was insistent that I marry myself into another family – of course, a lot of things have changed since then. Now that she approves of my new fiancé, those dreadful marriage meetings are done with.”

Mitsuru was quick to joke, “Yes, all you have to worry about now is walking down the aisle with her.”

Rias blushed, “W-Well, it’s a great honour to share something like this with my mother. You’ll be surprised to find that many devil clans have arranged betrothals like this. With sisters and aunts, usually – women who have already given birth tend to be passed over.”

Rias knew just how unprecedented it was. Her initial reaction was one of shock, but the more she spent time with you and Venelana, the more she realised that it was actually very nice. Rias hadn’t seen her mother in such a good mood for a long time. A new love had reignited some of the passion that she once had. Devils didn’t have as many qualms about things like this as humans did. There were always devils pushing the boundaries of mortal taste. Rias recalled that one of her peers from the younger generation had married the same man as her sister.

Mitsuru was already half-done with her new invention. A prying tool that could supply a flow of electricity to the circuit, and prevent the explosives from detonating. “Speaking of Venelana, she’s a terrible flirt, isn’t she? Every time we have a business meeting she keeps hinting that I should become one of his wives too.”

Rias giggled, “That’s how you know she’s in a good mood. Her generous side comes out.”

“I don’t think she knows the meaning of the word. She’s ruthless. I’ve never seen someone play hardball like she does. Thanks to her, we bought this industrial estate at a steep discount.”

“Business is one thing, but she never fails her family or friends. In fact, she took in Grayfia as a member of her peerage. Not many clan mothers would be willing to spend such an important evil piece on their daughter in law, even if she is a skilled fighter herself.”

“Oh, I suppose she’ll be joining in next. He did just buy a big mansion that could do with a skilled maid.”

“That he did,” Rias pondered.

She didn’t know how attached you were to Grayfia, and given the sheer number of girls already spinning at all time, surely, he’d refrain from adding *even more*. Which was exactly why her line of thinking was incorrect. You didn’t care. It was difficult, but the snowball effect of dating so many different women from anime and games wasn’t done just yet. Things were going to get even crazier in due course.

Rias had no idea what she was in for.