
HAREM HERO

Volume 1

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Chapter 1

You have one true friend.

A lot of people would consider that a few too many, but when it's a girl as troublesome as her – one is enough. Her name is Mitsuru, and you've been friends since your early childhood.

She's a short girl with a bowl cut and big, round glasses. She is rarely seen without her white lab coat, which she often brought to your school without permission. Years of lectures from various teachers did not cause her to waver in her cause. She's no poser, the girl is a certified genius. When you were in fifth grade she was doing advanced calculus and reading university papers about astrophysics. By comparison you're as dumb as a brick.

You formed an unconventional friendship – although more often it feels like you're just being the straight man to whatever bizarre scheme or plan she's concocted while you weren't looking. She has no common sense. You feel a small amount of responsibility to make sure such a gifted mind doesn't die after failing to look both ways before crossing the street. You stuck by her side through both of your respective educations, and now live on a subsidised income earned from her various patents and discoveries as her only employee.

It started out like any other day, you didn't have anything to do and she needed a willing test subject slash lab assistant to help out at her lab. So after receiving an urgent text message from her you headed over. The lab was located in a large courtyard where several other businesses made their home, mostly garages and other storage facilities that could use the space. The building used to be a garage itself, used for fixing cars and the like. Mitsuru had bought the place at a bargain price and turned it into a makeshift laboratory.

She could have easily found a better location, but Mitsuru refused to be chained down by 'the man' or the 'intellectual establishment,' her desire to work unconstrained by ethics or direction culminated in her creating her own laboratory and working from it. You duck under the still open garage door and walk into the main floor, where the previous equipment for lifting and fixing cars still remains.

Mitsuru is in her usual place, standing at the back of the lab near her workbench. The back wall has been covered from top to bottom in whiteboards found online and covered with hundreds of incomprehensible squiggles and diagrams. Only she knows the real meaning of them. You note with some humour that the very top of the boards remain untouched, as she's not gifted in the stature department as is her brain. She hasn't grown an inch in ten years.

She turns to face you and smiles, "Good morning Assistant one, I have some wonderful news!"

Your heart sinks at the words 'wonderful news,' "What is it? Did the feds finally catch on to you?"

“Pah, those two-bit savages couldn’t tie their own shoes properly, never mind discover my location... That’s not what I mean, I’ve finally completed my latest and greatest invention yet!” With no sense of theatricality, she dashes off to one side and wheels over a small cart once used to carry various tools used by the garage. On top of it is a strange gun-like device, white in colour, and a single playing card placed next to it.

“I call it the Sledgehammer, patent pending.”

“Why is it called the Sledgehammer? And isn’t this kind of illegal?”

“It’s not illegal, assistant. It doesn’t fire ammunition! It’s totally harmless!”

“If you say so.”

“As for why it’s called the Sledgehammer – this device is capable of a damn sight more than merely firing a projectile at high speed. It uses highly energised anti-matter to punch a hole in the fabric of our reality, it’s really rather simple.”

“...Mitsuru, that sounds even more illegal than it just being a gun! Not to mention a million times more dangerous!”

Mitsuru waves away your concerns, “When have my inventions ever caused you harm?”

“Do you really want me to list every single one?”

Mitsuru is quick to change the subject, “On this I can assure you, the Sledgehammer, name pending further development, is entirely safe to use.”

You hesitantly approach the cart and lean in for a closer look. The device is strange, it’s shaped like a rifle if it ate a little too much. There’s a glass chamber embedded in the middle, and a large handle hanging off one side for you to hold on to. It looks like the front assembly can twist upside down. Next to it is the card, which at first didn’t attract your interest, but now that you’re closer...



Rias Gremory? From High School DxD.

You turn to Mitsuru and hold up the card, “What’s this? Did you just drop a trading card in here for dramatic effect?”

“It’s a little more than a trading card,” Mitsuru pouts. In typical Mitsuru fashion she then elects to not explain the significance of said card, snatching it from between your grubby fingers and holding it up to the light. You have to scratch your head. Mitsuru didn’t like that show one bit when you both sat at your old laptop and watched it together while hiding from your parents. Too much fanservice for boys you reckoned. Young you loved it, you felt like such a rebel for watching something with boobs in it that you could ignore the other, less admirable elements.

“So why did you make a gun that can tear a hole in reality anyway?”

“There’s a simple explanation for that, you see..”

Before Mitsuru can explain her intentions, the entire lab shakes. At first you think it’s an earthquake, but it settles down soon after. Mitsuru checks her watch, “Ah crap, they arrived earlier than anticipated.”

“Who?” Mitsuru shoves the gun and the card into your arms and runs as fast as her little legs can carry her through the front door. “Seriously, answer my questions for once!” You duck under the doorway and skid to a halt next to your friend, who is staring down what can best be described as a golem. A shifting mass of rock and stone forced into the shape of a hulking creature. Glowing purple eyes stare down at you, seemingly focused on the gun currently clutched between your shaking arms.

“What the hell is that?”

“No time to explain, we need to use the Sledgehammer now! Put the card in there!”

There’s an open slot for the card that Mitsuru gave you. You flip it over to find a list of statistics including her combat strength, and more strangely the size of her bust. There’s little time to consider the potential implications of using this thing. Mitsuru may lie by omission now and again, but she’s never done anything bad to you on purpose. You slide the strange card into the gun’s chamber and push the lever forward, locking the chamber shut.

“RIAS GREMORY!”

The strange device declares in a robotic voice. “Now twist the front around using the handle!” You follow the rest of Mitsuru’s instructions and twist the handle and the barrel assembly around to the left.

“SHATTERING!”

Mitsuru points at the monster, “Fire!”

You wince and pull the trigger. The gun’s recoil is so powerful that you’re knocked flat on your ass. A large ball of purple energy fires from the muzzle of the cannon and hits an invisible target in front of you. Reality shatters like a broken mirror before your eyes as the shot breaks through the dimensional barrier. The scattered shards reassemble themselves into the form of a woman. Colour fills out the mysterious silhouette from the bottom of her feet to the crimson hair atop her head. The gaping hole in the universe floods back inwards like water, leaving behind the titular demoness.

For a moment she is confused by her new surroundings, but as the monster swings at her, instinct takes over and she leaps into action. She flies over the wild swing with the grace of a ballet dancer, landing firmly on her feet. With a pretty scowl on her face, she holds out her right hand and fires a barrage of red lightning at the enemy beast. Wind blows through your hair as it explodes into a million little pieces, leaving nothing behind but a smoking crater and a glowing purple gem.

The entire thing was over in a moment.

You try to blink the stars out of your eyes, what on earth was that? The girl in front of you blasted that beastie to smithereens like it was nothing but an ant! Mitsuru hurries past you and slides into the crater, she pulls out a small glass tube and places the stone inside of it, before slipping it into the pocket of her lab coat.

You have a lot of questions and no answers, you tug on Mitsuru’s sleeve as she walks by, “What the hell is going on? What is this thing? And why is Rias standing in front of me right now?!”

You want to think that this is merely a trick of the eye being played on you, but the sensations were very much real. Rias Gremory is every bit as beautiful as implied by her appearances in the anime and light novel series, now she stands in front of you – transported into the real world, wearing the same school uniform and wielding the same destructive powers.

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, "I may have discovered some interesting alternate dimensions, and perhaps in a few of those we're the... main characters in a popular fictional anime series."

"You're messing with me."

"She's standing right there isn't she?" she says, motioning to the starstruck she-devil.

"Is she messing with me?" you ask.

Rias shakes her head, "Ah. As remiss as I am to admit my brother used to enjoy it very much, it rubbed off on me. Soon I found myself independently infatuated with your adventures. To be summoned by you just like in the anime is amazing!"

"And furthermore..." Mitsuru continues. Unfortunately, she isn't able to explain any further before the busty beauty pulls you into a bone-crushing hug.

"Oh, you're just as handsome as you are in the anime!" she gushes.

While normally you'd enjoy the feeling of a pair of DD breasts against your face - she is applying a worrying amount of force to your neck, "Mitsuru, help!"

"...They also happen to be rather big fans of you in particular, thanks to the way that I calibrated the cards."

Rias finally releases you, but sticks herself to your left arm like a doting girlfriend, "What does that mean?"

"What do they call it again? Hah! I remember, you're their husbando."

Rias is quick to speak over the diminutive scientist, "Oh! I have an idea for how you can repay me! Take me out on a date. You don't mind, do you?"

"It's a rather simple equation. I use my cross-dimensional sledgehammer to bring forth helpful girls, who all happen to be in love with a fictionalised version of yourself. We claim the cross-dimensional material dropped by these creatures and use it to create even more cards and expand your harem. An elegant solution, if I do say so myself."

Your mind is being overloaded with information right now. Rias wants to date you, you're a fictional character in another universe, and this crazy girl wants you to start a harem of badass warrior women to fight evil?

"I know I've said this so many times before, but I think you've really lost it this time."

For some reason the utterance excites Rias to an incredible degree, "He really said it!" she cries out with the energy of someone having just heard their favourite catchphrase in real life. Mitsuru sighs and cleans off her glasses with a small cloth.

"To keep things simple, an army of interdimensional invaders is here to conquer the Earth. You and I are the only people who can stop it."

“The Untethered,” Rias nods.

“Well, I’m not sure if they’re really called that, I suppose if we follow the hypothesis that the TV show you speak of is entirely accurate it could be reasonable to assume.”

Your jaw drops as the two exposit back and forth on this series of developments, “How is any of this simple?! And is Rias just stuck here forever now?”

Mitsuru taps her temple, “No, no. Of course not. You merely reverse the steps taken before, and Rias will be whisked away to her original dimension. However, I get the feeling that you may wish to spend some time with your new harem member.”

You object, “Who says it’s a harem?”

“I wouldn’t mind,” Rias smiles, “You’re really cute.”

Your face flushes, you look away and try to not let them see you. “See! He’s such a cute boy! How have you not snatched him up already?” she asks Mitsuru, who is too distracted admiring her newly acquired gem to notice.

“Hm, oh yes, have fun you two!”

Mitsuru hurries back into the lab, leaving you and Rias behind.

Chapter 2

Mitsuru was right, you aren’t dreaming!

She’s real, in the flesh, the genuine article. Rias Gremory is following you around like a lost puppy. You left the gun in the lab and decided to ask her a few questions while Mitsuru experimented with that rock she stole from the golem’s body. Rias clamped herself onto your left arm and refuses to let go. The feeling of her large, perfect breasts against your arm is distracting to say the least. You know how liberal Rias can be with her sexuality with someone she likes.

But that begs the question, what about Issei? He’s her primary romantic interest after all. From what you could gather from Mitsuru’s rushed explanation – she’s meant to be in love with you based on your appearances in an anime franchise much like her own. “So, I’m the main character in a TV show?”

Rias nods and smiles, “You and Mitsuru, I loved watching you in the mornings. You’re exactly what I expected! I suppose it makes sense given that you’re the real thing.”

You sigh, “You’re from an anime series too, Rias. That’s why Mitsuru got the idea of summoning you in the first place.”

“Interesting.”

“So in the anime from your world, who do we summon first? I don’t imagine it’s you given that it’d mean you have a doppelganger on TV.”

“The anime is produced by *Kadogawa*. There are a lot of crossovers with popular franchises that they own! The first girl you summoned was Jane Hellrigel from the manga *Kanojo Senki*.” You’ve never heard of this character or her manga. You suppose it makes some kind of messed up sense that the fictional world has fictional media to go along with it, although in this case Rias’ world is no less fictional than your own.

“Can’t say I’ve heard of her.”

Rias quirks her brow, “Really? The light novel is very popular at my school…”

“I have another question; do you know an Issei?”

“Hm. Issei-kun? He’s my precious pawn.”

Issei does exist in her world, and he’s a part of her devil family too. Rias doesn’t seem to have any misgivings about getting all cosy with you. Asking the follow-up questions feels just a little too personal for the time being, so you leave things be. You’ll learn more soon enough if you spend enough time with her.

Rias stops in place, pointing to a building, “Oh, let’s go there!”

You follow the outstretched digit until you come across the location of interest, which just so happens to be a love hotel. The seedy signage and the location tells you everything you need to know, you turn back to the girl and scowl, “Uh, Rias, that’s a love hotel.”

She smirks, “I know.”

“Let me get this straight, you want me to go to the love hotel with you, and for reasons I’m not going to speak out loud.”

“Yes.”

“You barely even know me.”

Rias pouts, “I know everything about you! I even read the prequel manga that everyone hates, just so I could get to know you and Mitsuru better! And in the anime you sleep with your summoned harem whenever you get the chance.”

“Rias, this isn’t an anime! And how the hell did they get away with showing that on TV?” Your words betray the immense desire you feel to do exactly what she says at this exact moment. Rias is every bit as smoking hot as she’s implied to be in the anime and novels. Big breasts, sexy thighs, and a flawless face. If you weren’t so hesitant to take advantage of someone else you’d have agreed on the spot.

Rias knows this. Her hand sneaks down and plants itself firmly on the front of your pants, where the suggestion of spending the evening with her in a shitty motel has stirred some life into your dormant friend. “Consider it my payment for helping you,” she winks.

“But again, a dirty love hotel?”

Rias is clearly excited by the idea, “I don’t mind, it’s always been a fantasy of mine for you to *take me* somewhere less reputable.”

You sigh, “Rias, I don’t think they’ll let us book a room anyway – you’re still wearing your uniform. What kind of message would that send?” Rias tugs on her school blazer with a frown, as if she hadn’t considered it before you pointed it out to her. Her eyes light up with a wicked glint. She holds up one of her hands and snaps her fingers. A red circle appears under your feet and you find yourself whisked away to an unknown destination.

When you finally get your bearings again, you find yourself stood inside of your own crappy apartment. You spend most of your time down at the lab. You’ve never had enough time to decorate the place properly. All you have is some basic furniture, bare walls and a spare potted plant you stole from the lab’s abandoned office space. Rias dances around the space with incredible grace, oo-ing and ah-ing at what is an incredibly mundane space.

“Is it really that exciting?” you ask, tucking your erection under your waistband as Rias bends over and flashes you with a pair of sexy panties.

“I never thought I’d get to come into your home for real,” Rias smiles, “It’s exactly like the anime.”

“That’s how you knew you could teleport us here...”

She winks at you and sticks her tongue out teasingly. Rias whisks you away to your small bedroom. You bought a cheap king-sized bed from a second-hand store. You never once thought that a real flesh and blood girl would want to get in it with you. It’s for that reason that your sheets are still messed up from when you awoke this morning. In fact, the room is a bit of a mess at the moment.

“You have a lot of spare space in here,” Rias ponders, “Maybe this could be a cosy little hideout for all of your harem members. I can recommend some amazing interior decorators...”

“Rias, you saved my ass. I’m not going to ask you to pay out of pocket to decorate the apartment I don’t spend any time in.”

“You don’t spend any time here *because* it’s like this,” Rias reasons, “Don’t you want to have a place of your own?” Risk flops down onto your bed, giving you another tantalizing view of her thighs and lace covered panties. She notices the direction of your gaze and quickly takes advantage, pulling up her skirt and tilting her hips to the side. You avert your gaze to the wall and try not to let her get to you. Why did Mitsuru have to select such a confident girl to be your first summon? She’s running rings around you.

You wait, and wait – but Rias does not speak to you again until you return your gaze to her, whereupon you discover that she is completely topless. Her shirt, blazer and bra have been nearly piled at the end of your bed. Rias doesn’t seem perturbed by her nudity, but why would she? She’s a shameless exhibitionist.

“You can touch them all you like, cutie,” she assures you. She reaches out and grabs your hands, forcing you to plant them firmly on her breasts. For that brief moment you feel the forbidden door finally opening – a real pair of boobs, and not just any pair of boobs, Rias Gremory’s huge, perfect, perky boobs. The softness knocks you flat. You find yourself squeezing into the flesh for a moment before quickly backing away with a fierce blush on your cheeks.

“Woah! You can’t just spring that on a guy!”

You have to admit that Rias is one of your dream girls. To mirror what Mitsuru said in regard to their relationship to you, she’s pretty good waifu material. That teasing, onee-san personality combined with her blatant disregard for being naked in front of other people is one of her key traits. But you can’t help but feel weird about it regardless. You feel like you’re taking advantage of her, she saved your life, and now she’s trying to sleep with you. You wouldn’t sleep with you if you were paid to do it!

Rias closes her eyes, “Do you have a problem with me wishing to sleep with you? A precious first time from a girl like me is worth a lot of money, you know?”

“I feel like I’m taking advantage of you.”

Rias shrugs, before folding her pale arms under her large breasts, “You’re not taking advantage of me. I could smite you where you stand at a moment’s notice.”

“But we summoned you because you’re in love with me. Doesn’t that feel strange to you?”

“I don’t see why it would be. I’m being presented with a once in a lifetime opportunity, and so are you. I never would have dreamt that I could get to know you, or even be... romantically involved with you... It’s amazing really. Like we were meant for each other.” Rias’ confidence falters for just a moment, betraying her true feelings on the matter. This isn’t her usual trick of teasing people, she genuinely feels something about you.

“For me? Or that fictional version of me?”

“You’re the same, even down to asking this type of question. You’re too considerate sometimes. I guess that’s why so many girls fell in love with you. Now, let’s stop all this worrying and get to the main event!”

Your clothes *explode* from your body as a powerful magical force tears them stitch from stitch. Suddenly you’re more naked than Rias is, and she’s only wearing her panties. Not for long though, she lifts up her legs and whips them away like a rubber band into the pile at the end of the bed, revealing her perfect slit and a light dusting of vibrant red pubic hair. “Fine, I’ll do this for you, if you really want it,” you concede.

Rias eyes your body with the look of a hungry predator. You aren’t in peak shape - but you do get a lot of physical activity from being forced to run around for Mitsuru. You return the favour and enjoy Rias’ nude body for yourself. She’s all curves from top to bottom. Her well-toned body is tight all over, giving her an idealized appearance especially when combined with her perfect chest and wide hips. She’s every teenager’s horny wet dream, which was probably the point when they designed her.

You clamber over onto the bed and find yourself pressed into the valley between her tits also immediately. She runs her hands through your hair as her warm skin presses against your face. It's hard to stop yourself from becoming fully engorged as she speaks whispered words of encouragement, "Just relax and let me take care of you. It will feel *amazing*."

Rias snaps her fingers again. You feel her hand drift down to your member and stroke it from base to tip with her finger, she then places something over the top and pulls it down. She must have summoned a rubber from thin air, what a way to use her magic. With your little friend safely wrapped up, and Rias free from the risk of any surprise pregnancies, you feel a little more confident in playing with her body.

You reach out and touch her chest again, running over her cute nipples with your thumbs and squeezing the bountiful flesh. Rias blushes and enjoys the feeling of your hands on her body, "Do you like them?"

"How could I not?" You lean down and take one of her nipples into her mouth, sucking on it and attacking it with your tongue.

"Ah!" Rias moans. "I don't lactate!" she insists, "That will have to wait until our first child."

"First? Child?"

Rias blushes, "Don't look at me like that." To punish you for your crimes, she drags you down onto the bed and clambers over top of you. "You're so cute," she gushes. From below you really see just how large her breasts are. Now fulfilling a shared fantasy together – you realize that maybe there's something to Mitsurus's statements about their affection for you. Rias wastes little time in positioning your hard member at the entrance to her pussy.

"Are you prepared?"

"No, but go ahead."

Rias presses the tip of your member against her tightly clasped lips, slowly sliding down until your crotches meet. You feel something block your path for a moment, before pushing forwards as deep as you can go. You give her a moment to adjust to the feeling of your cock inside of her. The faint resistance offered by her hymen – she hadn't even gone so far as to pleasure herself. Rias is a tough girl, so she airs no complaints, nor does she bleed.

"Ah, you feel amazing," she gasps. You have to share the sentiment, she's tight and wet. You have to stop yourself from thrusting up inside of her before she's ready. You allow Rias to dictate her own pace, she slowly lifts her hips up and falling back down onto your hips. Each rise and fall cause her perfect tits to jiggle and bounce. You reach up and grab them both in the palm of your hands as Rias finds a comfortable rhythm.

The room is soon filled with the sound of flesh meeting flesh. There is no more room for teasing or flirting. You both find comfort in each other's bodies, intermingling and coming together. Your skin is covered with sweat, you can feel needles poking at your back. The warmth and softness of her body is incredible, you want to hold onto her forever.

Rias' incredible stamina and strength, enhanced by her devilish nature ensure that she will not tire so easily like your own mortal flesh. Her face is flushed red like her crimson hair. With each push of her body you delve deeper and deeper into her welcoming folds. "Ah, ah! That's it cutie, just keep hitting me right there!" Despite her words of encouragement, you're very much along for the ride. Her wild passion inflames your own. Your hands roam her body, groping and exploring as much as you can.

There was never much prospect of you both lasting long, the hot and heavy breeding brought on in a spur of the moment is rapidly bringing you to the edge. Each movement brings you closer and closer to sweet oblivion, and as she begins to speed up again after a short respite you feel yourself cross the point of no return. Your own hips slam upwards as you lose control of your own body, only serving to heighten Rias' pleasure as you mercilessly pound her sensitive inner-walls. The heat, smell and sounds are too much. Rias' nails dig into your back as her movements become erratic and haphazard.

You both reach a shared orgasm. You cum into the condom, filling it to the brim in the process. Rias cries out and slams down one last time, reaching a shuddering climax, before leaning down and pulling you into a messy, tongue filled kiss. The high of your first time gives way to a deep sense of intimacy. Rias hugs you, her breasts pushing against your chest as you take a moment to catch your breath. The stench of sex hangs heavy in the air.

You intermingle your fingers with her and enjoy the afterglow on screwed up sheets. Rias closes her eyes and smiles. "I never thought I'd get to do this, thank you."

"Why are you thanking me? You could have your pick of every man on earth if you wanted."

"But I wanted you," she insists again. She reaches out and pokes your nose with the tip of her finger, "We have to do this again. I don't think that was enough for me." You notice the blood under her nails and realize that she raked the hell out of your back. The endorphin high you're experiencing numbs the pain.

Rias rolls out of bed and slips on her t-shirt. The sweat on your body is cooling down now, sending a deep chill through you. "May I use your shower?" she asks.

"Sure."

Rias disappears into your en-suite bathroom, which sounds much more luxurious than it really is. A second later you hear the sound of running water. As fun as getting in with her would seem, there's seldom enough space for you on your own, never mind a girl with a gifted chest as well. You still can't quite believe what just happened. You had your first time with a girl who yesterday was nothing more than the figment of a horny writer's imagination.

You decide to make yourself somewhat decent before she comes back. You reequip your pants and sit back on the bed while she finished up. Rias emerges ten minutes later, looking all the better for the effort. She smiles at you reassuringly. "I really should be getting back before my club members worry about me," Rias explains, "But how?" She sets about the task of finding her discarded clothes and redressing herself. The shellshock from sleeping with her still hasn't worn off on you. You pull out your phone and send Mitsuru a message, even though the sun has set you can guarantee she'll be in the lab still. She replies soon after with an affirmative emoji.

“Mitsuru is going to change the hammer back to normal, that should send you home – and according to this only a few seconds will have passed over there, something about your home being on the edge of the multiverse? I really wish she’d explain this stuff properly.”

Before she disappears back into her trading card prison, Rias bends down and kisses you on the cheek, “Don’t feel so bad, you’re my cute little summoner after all.” Her hands cup your cheeks and run through your hair in an affectionate and sisterly way, much like she did to Issei in *their* anime. Rias is always eager to shower people with affection and words of reassurance after all.

You nod, “I’ll try not to get worked up about it, but then I think about all the other women Mitsuru is going to force onto me at the same time.”

Rias giggles, “I know you can handle us. Koneko, Asia and Akeno might be interested in joining me.”

“I know for sure I wouldn’t be able to handle that,” you blush, remembering their respective personalities and... interests. Your already drained member twitches slightly at the implication regardless, “I could ask Mitsuru to make a card for them too.”

Before you can converse on the matter any further, Rias’ body starts to glow and break apart into triangular fragments, that float into the air and disappear, “Looks like I’m going home.”

“Thanks again for saving me.”

“It was my pleasure, love you!” Rias blows you a final kiss before fading away fully, leaving you alone with your thoughts and dirtied bedsheets.

“I just banged Rias Gremory,” you state aloud. Even having lived it, it doesn’t feel real. You fall back onto the bed and stare at the ceiling.

What are you going to say to Mitsuru?

Chapter 3

When you eventually returned to the lab, you found Mitsuru knee deep in a new experiment. A pair of huge, circular goggles were strapped to her face as she applied a bright flame to the pilfered stone. “Mitsuru, what are you doing with that thing?”

“Thing? I’ll have you know that this is primo, grade-A, genuine, cross-dimensional matter!”

“I don’t know what that is.”

Mitsuru grumbles to herself and halts the torch, removing her goggles and turning back to face you, “What do I even teach you these things for? Have you not been listening for the past three years?”

“Yes, and I can guarantee that you’ve never talked about cross-dimensional whatever before now.”

“My memory is picture perfect!”

“Bullshit. You don’t even remember what you had for lunch yesterday.”

“Science is more important than worthless memories like those. But I suppose I should explain to you fully now that we have more time.” You lean down and look at the stone again. Small cracks release purple light into the surrounding container. “Where to begin…”

“Let’s start with this,” you say, tapping the glass case, “Why is this rock so important?”

“As I said, this is cross-dimensional matter. An element with no formal name, nor precedent in the earthly sciences. I am certain that those fools trying to invade our planet have their own name for it, which I am currently endeavouring to discover for myself. It can be used for a variety of purposes, a power source, or as a signal generator, even the card you used to summon Rias is lined with it. Not to mention the Sledgehammer.”

“Okay, so how did you get your hands on the matter to make that stuff in the first place?”

“A year ago, I found it. There’s nothing more to the tale than that I’m afraid. But now I suspect that our adversaries projected it into our world as a sort of anchor. The rock emits a powerful signal that can be followed easily. It begs to reason that the ‘Untethered’ Rias spoke of use it to find suitable worlds for invasion.”

You eye the Sledgehammer wearily, now perched atop her workbench table, “I see. So, the reason they’re here is because of us?”

“Chicken or the egg, you fool. We found this matter because they sent it here! Regardless of our usage, they would come to us soon enough.”

“And the cards?”

“With a little reverse engineering and some simple astrophysics, I discovered a method of scrying for other worlds that bares a strong resemblance to their own. We can locate other universes parallel to ours, designate a target, and pull them through using it. The cards contain all the necessary data for the Sledgehammer to carry out this task. The infinite expanse of all that exists and ever will exist lays before us.”

“And that way, we can summon people who technically don’t exist.”

“They *do* exist. They bare strong resemblances to our own cultural media through sheer chance – when you have an infinite number of realities with an infinite number of people living within them, it is not so difficult a task.”

You slip the card out from your pocket and study Rias’ likeness, “Well, I’m relieved that she isn’t trapped in the card or anything. What did I tell you about objectifying women?”

“My experiments to transform people into furniture were not comparable to the *male gaze*,” she insists, “Please refrain from such unflattering comparisons.”

You sigh and move on, “And how much do we know about these Untethered exactly?”

“Nothing more than what I deduced. They utilize this cross-dimensional matter to launch attacks using autonomous programmes. Ergo, the golem Rias so effortlessly destroyed. Their true purpose is a mystery.”

“And our helpers being in love with me is because?”

“A simple and effective way to earn their compliance,” she states matter of factly.

You need to sign this girl up for a psychiatrist.

“Wouldn’t a heroic spirit do just as well? Or the willingness to help others?”

“Pah, meaningless prattle. The end result is the same regardless.” Mitsuru unlocks the case and ferries the stone to her workbench with a pair of metal tongs. She grabs a nearby mallet and shatters it into pieces, revealing the luminous purple crystal inside. “A good haul. With this we can make a few cards, and some upgrades to the hammer.”

“We need to decide who we’re bringing through next.”

“I chose Rias as I knew you held some kind of affection for her, not to mention her incredible power and battle prowess. I will consult with you on any further selections, although if I may – I have a few suggestions.”

“Such as?”

“Being a fighter is all well and good, but the technological warfare we are embarking on cannot be ignored. Despite my expansive intellect, there is much that even I am ignorant to. Consider summoning an equally illuminated individual to assist us with deciphering the mysteries of this material.”

“You want a smart lab assistant because I’m a dumbass.”

“I never implied as such, but I appreciate the self-reflection. I predict we will have enough here for two new cards, alongside the planned upgrades I am making to our equipment. The second choice is yours and yours alone. I am sure that Rias was eager to hoist some of her fellow devils upon you, although we are not forced to concede to her demands as of yet.”

“Anything else we should consider?”

“We *are* capable of summoning men. Although given your immediate efforts to bed Miss Rias, I highly doubt you will go down that path.”

Your face burns red, “H-Hey, I never said we slept together!”

“That cocksure grin on your face tells me everything I need to know. The moment you got your rocks off, which I had calculated to the precise second beforehand, you contacted me to banish your one-night stand to her home dimension.”

You shake your head in useless denial and sit down on the old couch by the wall, “Believe what you want to believe Mitsuru. I need to think about some smart people. Smart people...”

When you eventually returned to the lab, you found Mitsuru knee deep in a new experiment. A pair of huge, circular goggles were strapped to her face as she applied a bright flame to the pilfered stone. “Mitsuru, what are you doing with that thing?”

“Thing? I’ll have you know that this is primo, grade-A, genuine, cross-dimensional matter!”

“I don’t know what that is.”

Mitsuru grumbles to herself and halts the torch, removing her goggles and turning back to face you, “What do I even teach you these things for? Have you not been listening for the past three years?”

“Yes, and I can guarantee that you’ve never talked about cross-dimensional whatever before now.”

“My memory is picture perfect!”

“Bullshit. You don’t even remember what you had for lunch yesterday.”

“Science is more important than worthless memories like those. But I suppose I should explain to you fully now that we have more time.” You lean down and look at the stone again. Small cracks release purple light into the surrounding container. “Where to begin…”

“Let’s start with this,” you say, tapping the glass case, “Why is this rock so important?”

“As I said, this is cross-dimensional matter. An element with no formal name, nor precedent in the earthly sciences. I am certain that those fools trying to invade our planet have their own name for it, which I am currently endeavouring to discover for myself. It can be used for a variety of purposes, a power source, or as a signal generator, even the card you used to summon Rias is lined with it. Not to mention the Sledgehammer.”

“Okay, so how did you get your hands on the matter to make that stuff in the first place?”

“A year ago, I found it. There’s nothing more to the tale than that I’m afraid. But now I suspect that our adversaries projected it into our world as a sort of anchor. The rock emits a powerful signal that can be followed easily. It begs to reason that the ‘Untethered’ Rias spoke of use it to find suitable worlds for invasion.”

You eye the Sledgehammer wearily, now perched atop her workbench table, “I see. So, the reason they’re here is because of us?”

“Chicken or the egg, you fool. We found this matter because they sent it here! Regardless of our usage, they would come to us soon enough.”

“And the cards?”

“With a little reverse engineering and some simple astrophysics, I discovered a method of scrying for other worlds that bares a strong resemblance to their own. We can locate other universes parallel to ours, designate a target, and pull them through using it. The cards

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Chapter 4

You find it surprisingly difficult to think of a smart girl you could summon. There are thousands and thousands of them – but ever so rarely were they featured in a prominent position in their respective stories. Often restricted to being mere devices serving the function of delivering clumsy exposition and delivering various gadgets to the less bright main character. You cast a glance to Mitsuru, and then down at yourself.

You suddenly realize that this is a dangerous train of thought to go down.

Back on track. Makise Kurisu is an obvious choice, but she’s more of a physicist than an inventor. Winry Rockbell, Yuki Nagato, Lucca Ashtear. You feel yourself getting closer and closer as you plumb the depths of your fictional media knowledge. You go all the way back to your shared childhood and uncover something you’ve long since forgotten. Sat in front of the TV with Mitsuru and watching junk-food harem shows together. A flash of pink, an unbidden terror.

Lala Satalin Deviluke.

A brilliant and appropriately eccentric inventor. An alien from another world fleeing a barrage of idiotic suitors. She has the exact same lack of awareness and scruples that Mitsuru does. She’s also quick to fall in love slash has incredibly low standards, so recruiting her assistance may not require a visit to a dingy love hotel for a quick screw.

“Mitsuru, how do we turn this stuff into a card anyway?”

Mitsuru stands up and walks over to a small workstation. A printer-like machine and a pressing device are hooked up to an old computer. “Simply make your request. I will lock onto the target, distribute the needed matter, and transfer the data into the card.” You follow along and look over her shoulder as she begins to type at an incredible speed.

“Lala Satalin Deviluke, from To Love-Ru. You think she’ll be a good fit?”

“Hm. A talented scientist. Yes, a good choice.” Mitsuru wastes no time. It’s impossible for you to follow the process she undertakes to ‘lock on’ to the girl in question. After finishing typing out a heavy block of code, she retrieves a blank card from the drawer and places it into the press. The press clamps down on the card and makes a loud whirring noise. Smoke flows from under the sealed platform before the top lists away and reveals a freshly minted card.



“There she is.”

You slip the card from the machine and inspect both sides, the stats listed on the back show a monstrous level of strength and incredible intellect. “Hopefully she won’t mind being tasked with being your assistant.”

“She will not. I ensured that this particular incarnation of Lala is utterly obsessed with you.”

“Gee, thanks,” you groan. You retrieve the hammer (name pending) from the table and slide her into the chamber. You push the handle forward.

“LALA SATALIN DEVILUKE!”

This time you properly brace yourself for the recoil. You twist the barrel around counter clockwise.

“SHATTERING!”

You pull the trigger and rip a hole in reality. Again, the air before you shatters like stained glass before reforming into the shape of the titular Lala Satalin Deviluke. The pink haired girl is confused to say the least. She looks around the laboratory before her eyes land on you, she gasps and rushes over to pull you into a breath stealing hug.

“Oh my goodness, it’s really you!” You pat her on the back to beg for mercy. Mitsuru clears her throat. Lala turns to face your short friend and squeals, before pulling *her* in for an unwanted hug too. “And Mitsuru-chan! Am I dreaming?”

“I can assure you, this is no dream,” Mitsuru replies, “I suppose you already know why you’re here?”

Lala salutes, “Yes ma’am, Lab Assistant Lala is here to help!”

“Wait, she already knows?”

Lala nods, “Yep! This is from the first volume of *Harem Hero*, where you and Mitsuru summon a girl to help you build all of your cool weapons and armor! Although it wasn’t me you summoned in the manga,” she shrugs.

“This is starting to hurt my head,” you complain, “So you already know what’s going to happen in the future?”

Mitsuru clarifies, “As I am not aware of our own future, I cannot pinpoint an individual who truly knows what is to come and summon them for information. As I said, any resemblance is merely a coincidence.”

“You say that in the manga too,” Lala adds.

“For example, Lala’s version of events does not feature herself as the second one summoned. Ergo, from here our paths will diverge radically.”

“I think I get it,” you sigh, “I hope we didn’t interrupt anything important.”

“It’s nothing to worry about! I tend to wander off without my Papa knowing anyway!”

You try to scope out what type of Lala you’re speaking with, “Aren’t you living on Earth right now?”

“Uh-huh, I met some really good friends while I was there, and I even got introduced to you!”

Mitsuru cuts in, “While we’re here, have you decided on the second card you wish to forge?”

You nod, “Since we already have Rias on the books, it only makes sense to get some help from her right-hand woman. Akeno Himejima.” Mitsuru does not air any objections. She simply begins the process anew. Lala pays rapt attention as she works at making the requested card a reality. Again, the press is slammed down, and again you are handed a new card. This one bears the smiling face of the serene yet dominant Akeno.



“Next time we get into a fight we can test it out.”

Mitsuru nods, “You can use multiple cards in the Sledgehammer, but it requires a large amount of power. The current limit before it overloads is three.”

“Enough for Rias, Akeno and Lala.”

Lala snatches the gun from your hands and admires it’s form, “Ooo! Sledgehammer-kun is so cute! I love your work Mitsuru-chan!”

“Thank you. But with your assistance we will create something even greater, I hope I can rely on you.”

“Yes sir! Let’s get to work right away!”

Before the two start some chaos, you decide to establish just what’s going on, “What are you two going to be working on exactly?”

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, “With our weaponry now capable of defeating the enemy, we must protect the operator. We will be creating a defensive system that can protect you from harm.”

Lala slams her fist into the palm of her hand, “Just like Peke!” Your eyes drift up to the small brooch/creature that rests on top of her large, poofy hat. “Hm. The design you come up with in the manga is super cute,” she cheers, “I hope we can recreate it properly!”

“I much prefer function over form,” Mitsuru says staunchly, “However, if we have time – perhaps aesthetics can be considered as well.”

The two girls hustle over to the whiteboard wall and begin scribbling down a series of schematics and equations that go right over your head. As Mitsuru said, some of it you had picked up over years of knowing her, but at her best she’s completely incomprehensible. She’s on a level above even the university professors you both dealt with when you attended together.

The blueprints start out as a chaotic series of scribbles, a pair of duelling visions for what this armor should look like and how it should function. Eventually a consensus is reached, although you suspect that Lala stepped aside because of her adoration and respect for Mitsuru. The board is wiped clean and the design process begins anew, this time with a clear unity of vision. It’s impressive to see them both work at the same time.

You dip in and out of wakefulness as the two girls work hard on concocting their new invention together. Every time you peel your eyes open from your spot on the couch, they move a step forward. Prototyping and testing turns into physical examples and iterations. They move at such an incredible speed that soon every spare surface is littered with models, parts and experiments. You finally come to when Lala shakes you awake.

“Come look at what we made! It’s amazing!”

You climb up from the couch and walk through to the other side of the garage, where an... interesting suit of armor is hanging from one of the old car lifts. It reminds you of a Power Ranger. There’s a visored helmet, a chest-plate, gauntlets and shoulders, and kneepads and boots. The visor is designed to look like the very shattered fragments of reality that summon the girls who help you, multi-coloured triangles arranged into a dazzling pattern. You notice that a similar design motif has been applied to several other parts of the costume as well, down the sides of the chest and legs, and on other key points like the shoulders and boots. The white and rainbow design screams ‘hero’ to you. No doubt it was Lala’s idea to make it like this, the bold, curved shapes, thick lines and bright colours bare no small resemblance to her own alien attire.

“What do you think?” she asks, swinging on the heels of her feet.

“It looks good, but how protective is it?”

Mitsuru chuckles to herself, “Fufu. How protective? Capable of withstanding the force of a tank shell, completely bulletproof to nearly every calibre of round from up to a distance of five meters, and double layered with protective padding and joint support systems to protect your bones. I’d be impressed if you found a way to get a scratch wearing this. Dare I say, it’s our masterpiece.”

“Oh, and this too!” Lala holds out a small bracelet with a pair of black bat wings attached to it, “This device is based on Pyon-Pyon Warp-Kun, I called it Pyon-Pyon Armor-Kun! When you press this button, the armor will be instantly transported to your body, allowing you to use it anytime, anywhere!”

“Wow, that is pretty amazing,” you agree. You take the wrist-mounted device from her and wrap it around your left arm, “What did you decide to name it?”

Mitsuru smiles, “The Advanced Interdimensional Support and Protection Module-“

“-Herarmor-Kun!”

“Her... Armor? As in, Harem and armor?”

“Yep!”

“Not so sure if it’ll roll off the tongue that well.” In response to your criticism, Lala pulls a heart-rending face so powerful that you immediately acquiesce. Quivering bottom lip, watering eyes and all. “Okay. I suppose it’s fine. Not like we’re marketing ourselves at the moment anyway.” Mitsuru casts a shifty glance aside that immediately arouses your suspicions.

With the armor done, Lala attaches herself to your left arm, “Honey! Let’s go out on a date! Can we? Can we?”

“You worked hard. Taking a little time to relax can’t hurt.”

“I’ll do the finish touches, you two go have fun together,” Mitsuru says, waving you out of the lab and onto the courtyard, now if only you had a matching vehicle to go with it to get you places.

Chapter 5

Lala’s incredible curiosity would not be sated by walking around town with you. She asked what felt like hundreds of questions about everything and anything she saw during the trip. She’d drag you into a shop that’d catch her interest and peruse nearly every item they had on display. Keeping up with her was exhausting. At least she seemed to know a little something about social norms on Earth, unlike her early appearances in the manga. You have yet to be stripped naked, nor has she gotten naked herself.

You convinced her to take a break at a nearby café. Her strange outfit drew a few stares, but she was happily shrouded in ignorance and slurping away at a milkshake you ordered for her. Based on your previous questioning of Rias, it was easy to draw the conclusion that Lala was not in love with Rito like she was originally. Instead, she was in love with you.

It’s strange that your appearance in a manga and anime could have such a strong effect on them though. There are examples here at home too, of course – everyone loves poking a bit of fun at people who obsessively collect merchandise for their favourite anime character. But *love* was a different matter. There was a lot more to a real person than what you see in a TV show, a snapshot of their life and personality. Who’s to say that the love they feel won’t translate into reality when faced with the real thing?

Mitsuru is confident that her machine summons women who genuinely love you, and want to be with you, and it worked with Rias. You have no reason to doubt her. If she wanted to

pluck a potential wife for you from amongst the multiverse, she's already proven her capability to do it.

"This is delicious," Lala smiles. "So – I want to get to know my new fiancé!"

"Fiancé?"

"Yep. My Papa is really impatient, and he keeps setting me up with a bunch of meanies! But now that I have you, I don't have to worry about them anymore." You already know this, obviously. Lala is quick to imprint herself on people who show her kindness. The real problem is how she'll react to finding out that Rias has already staked her claim on you, and all the way down your back.

You rub the back of your head, "I don't know if I have time to organise a wedding at the moment... I mean! There's a bunch of aliens trying to invade Earth after all."

Lala tilts her head, "I guess you're right. But don't think you can get away from me forever! I want a big, amazing wedding with all of my friends and family!" Lala continues to elaborate on her future plans for your wedding with little regard for the topic at hand. You sit back and allow her to have her fun for the time being.

Your nice date at the café is not long for this world.

Before Lala can finish explaining how the food will be dispensed by a new gadget she's inventing, a loud crash from nearby causes panic amongst the other patrons. As the dust clears across from you, you witness the arrival of a strange man with blue skin, long white hair, and wearing eccentric armour that reminds you of a high fantasy RPG. He points at you, "Evildoer! Prepare to be smited by my sword!" Suddenly dozens and dozens of foot soldiers pour from the alleyways and leap from the rooftops, surrounding him and forming a defensive formation. They wear chrome masks that hide their true identities and wield various melee weapons.

You and Lala stand from your seats and face down the new threat. "I take it that you're one of those untethered assholes who's trying to take over our planet?"

Lala nods, "That's them! Wow, they even look like they did in the manga..."

The enemy general flicks his fringe away from his eyes, "You are the man who destroyed our scout? We shall see your true strength with our own eyes!" He draws his sword and points it at you, "Now, draw arms and face us! We will decide the fate of your star!"

"Looks like your armour is getting its first test run Lala."

"Roger!"

"Advanced Interdimensional Support and Protection Module Herarmor-Kun! Let's go!" You press the button on the bracelet and feel a jolt of energy run through your body. A glowing blue light envelops your body, when it dissipates a few seconds later you're wearing the armour! A futuristic heads up display highlights your enemies in red for you, and displays your body's condition in the top right corner of your vision.

You don't have time to admire the user interface, one of the blank faced mooks charges at you, his club held high in the air. He swings down hard as you hold up your arm to defend yourself. You feel the impact of the weapon hitting your arm, but no pain. You open your eyes to witness it shatter into pieces on contact! If that had hit you without the armour, who knows what would have happened!

The blue skinned man smirks, "I suppose you aren't such a pushover after all. An impressive suit of armour."

You ball up your fist and swing wildly at your attacker. You are not a trained fighter, the odds of even hitting them are low. The edge of your knuckles brush past their face, barely making contact. The mook tumbles head over heels and through the brick wall to your left, crashing through it in a pile of dust and stone. A glancing blow just blasted him across the street! What kind of satanic thing have Lala and Mitsuru invented?!

His smug smile twitches slightly as one of his men is blown to kingdom come, "G-Gah, I-I underestimated you!" he blusters.

"Woohoo!" Lala cheers, "That's my fiancé!" One of the soldiers attempts to fight her, but she similarly blasts him across the road with a single flail of her devilish tail. "Oh, I'm sorry!" She dashes over to the KO'd henchman and bows her head apologetically.

"Lala, they're trying to kill us."

"Oh! You're right! Mitsuru told me you can summon Sledgehammer-kun by pressing the red button!" You quickly follow her directions and press the other button on the bracelet, reality shatters in front of you, and the Sledgehammer drops from above into your outstretched hands. It's much lighter now that you're wearing the super armour.

A thug tries to take advantage and charges at you. You swing the gun around and point it at his stomach, before pulling the trigger. Without a card inserted it acts as a powerful blaster. A purple ball of fire engulfs him and sends him flying back to his waiting comrades. The enemy commander is infuriated, "That's it! I was going easy on you before, but it seems that my caution was misplaced. Attack!"

Thinking quickly, you open the gun's chamber and eject Rias' card into your hand. "RIAS GREMORY! SHATTERING!" it declares as you slide her card inside and lock it shut. You fire the Sledgehammer again, summoning your red-haired lover from her own dimension. This time she's wearing a casual outfit instead of her school uniform. She deftly dodges a strike from one of the soldiers before blasting him away with a burst of magic.

She turns to face you, tilting her head at the sight of your new armour, "Is that you in there, my cute little boyfriend?"

You bow your head, "Sorry Rias! Looks like we're going to need a hand here." You turn to the left and punch out another of his men, sending him collapsing onto the floor with a thud.

"I should have known that my boyfriend would be popular," she comments jokingly, "Hand off, he's mine!" She summons a blast of crimson lightning and strikes down several foes at the same time, thinning out the numbers significantly. Lala has done her own part and created

a veritable pile of defeated bodies at her feet, her tail swipes at them with deadly precision, occasionally firing a laser beam at those too afraid to approach.

“Hey, Rias – how would you feel about me inviting one of your friends to the party?” You pull out Akeno’s card and show her.

“Ah! You decided to take my advice? Fufu, the more the merrier, as they say.”

You don’t hesitate any further, “AKENO HIMEJIMA! SHATTERING!”

Reality is torn asunder, and through the gap emerges a tall, beautiful girl with a long black ponytail and a chest that puts Rias’ to shame. Like her leader, she’s also wearing casual clothes – the two must have been out somewhere together. What a coincidence.

She whips her head around in confusion, “Ara? President! So this is where you went.”

“Akeno, assist me in dispatching these fools.”

“Gladly.” Akeno glows with a blinding light and transforms into her fetching shrine maiden outfit. Black wings sprout from her back as she flies above the battlefield and holds up one of her arms, “Fufu, this is the end for all of you.” You see a glimmer of malice in her purple eyes as she summons a biblical lightning storm to wreak havoc on the area. You barely manage to grab Lala and duck behind a nearby car before you’re hit by it.

The noise is deafening. A thick layer of smoke covers the street. You peer from over your vehicular saviour and witness the devastation wrought by Akeno’s single attack. All of the remaining soldiers lay in a smoking heap. The commander’s jaw is agape, his entire platoon destroyed in moments by a set of four strangers.

“W-What in blue blazes was that?” he demands, “I didn’t know they had such strong fighters here! I’m totally underhanded!” A purple portal opens behind him. He steps back and escapes before you can grab him and slap him silly for his bullshit. The rest of the soldiers disappear in a similar manner as some type of automated system recovers their unconscious bodies.

With the threat defeated, you disable the armour and return to your normal clothes. Rias can’t help herself from walking over and dragging you into a deep kiss, right in front of Lala and Akeno. You stare deep into her eyes, your heart hammering in your chest, before you realise that you have an audience. You back away and clear your throat, “Uh, sorry Lala.”

Lala tilts her head, “Why would you be sorry?”

“This is Rias Gremory, I guess you could say she’s my girlfriend.”

“Charmed,” Rias smiles.

“I should have told you before,” you explain. Lala was so insistent that you were her fiancé, and here you are eating another girl’s face right in front of her. Akeno, Rias and Lala all seem collectively confused about why you’re so embarrassed.

“So?” Lala continues.

“Well, aren’t I a two-timing jerk for leading two girls on at the same time?” you roll on.

“Two-timer?” Rias ponders, “What does that mean?”

“Are you okay honey?” Lala says, placing her hand on your head, “You don’t have a fever...”

Your phone rings. You answer it in a desperate attempt to salvage the situation, “Mitsuru?”

You hear her place a tool down on the table in the background, “By the way, all of the girls we’re summoning come from universes where polygamy is normal. Have fun.”

She hangs up.

Gee, thanks Mitsuru.

You turn back to the three girls. “Wait, so none of you have a problem with me dating multiple girls?”

“Why would we?” Lala shrugs.

“My father had two dozen wives before he passed away,” Rias explains, “Of course, only my mother was graced with children - as the lady of the house.” Akeno sees fit to elaborate no further with her own... family circumstances.

You clutch your head and sigh, “Looks like I have some explaining to do. Oh, and I need to introduce myself to Akeno!”

The tall girl giggles at you, “The President has already told me much about you. You seem like a fine man.”

You pull Lala aside and present her to the devil twosome, “This is Lala. She’s responsible for creating that armour you just saw.”

“Nice to meet you!”

“A pleasure. I take it that she is one of your new wives?” Rias inquires. You blush and try to deny it, but there’s no helping it now. Lala had already made her intentions clear to you earlier. You just nod mutely. Rias smiles and turns to Akeno, “Akeno, how would you feel about being his third wife?”

She puts her hands together and smiles, “Ara, a splendid idea President. I would be honoured to share him with you!”

“I feel like a lot of big decisions are being made without me right now.”

Rias giggles, “Oh please, as if you would say no to us. A man overflowing with desire is the natural state of things, is it not?”

“Yep! Our fiancé is really manly!” Lala declares, “He was super cool! He fought off all those guys like they were nothing!”

You look back to the vandalised street and freeze, “Uh, maybe we should continue this talk somewhere else before the police show up.” The three girls quickly agree and follow you down one of the alleyways to safety.

Chapter 6

You eventually decided to hide out in your apartment while the heat died down. No doubt there'd be a few police officers sniffing around to try and find out what caused all of that property damage. Inviting three utter bombshells into your crappy, sparse home was not the brightest idea. Your anxiety has gone into overdrive. Rias was quick to claim a position on the couch, with Akeno standing behind her like a dedicated attendant. Lala joined her. You grabbed one of the chairs from your small kitchenette and sat down across from them.

“What a mess, is everyone okay?”

“Wow! Is this your house, it's tiny... You know, I could make it a LOT bigger by using some of my technology,” Lala says.

“Uh, not much need to make it any bigger at the moment,” you assure her, “But if we start using the place more, I guess you could sneak one of those pocket dimensions of yours in here just for some extra space.”

“Or a bigger bedroom,” Rias teases you, “How many wives do you think you can fit in that bed of yours?”

Lala's mind kicks into gear, “Oh! Yeah! We need a super-huge bed for all of your girlfriends and wives! Or maybe a room where the entire floor is one big mattress, wouldn't that be amazing?” Before you can stop her, Lala pulls out a piece of paper and begins scribbling down plans for this upcoming renovation project.

Again, you insist, “I can only summon three people at a time right now, that's you, Lala and Akeno. My old bedroom is good enough – if you three even want to share that bed at the same time and all. I need to send you back home now and again too.”

Rias turned to her friend, “As you can see, he summoned us here to assist him in this battle.”

“Not too dissimilar to what we do as devils,” Akeno pondered, “Though, you have not formed a contract with him?”

“Is there much reason to?” Rias reasoned, “Words of our deeds here will not reach home. For the moment, I am doing so out of the goodness of my heart.”

“Ara, as you say President.”

“President? Does that mean you're super important and powerful!?” Lala asks, hopping up onto Rias' lap in the process.

“She’s the president of their school club, not the president of a country,” you explain.

Rias pats Lala’s head, “Yes, I am the president of the Occult Research Club, and Akeno is my Vice-President. That being said, my status is of more import in the underworld than it is the human world. I am the daughter of a very influential family.” Lala’s tail wags like a dog as Rias really digs her fingers into her scalp. You’re surprised to see such contrasting personalities getting along like this. Rias is the patient type for certain.

“Akeno, you haven’t said much yet,” you ask, “Do you have anything to say about this... situation?”

Akeno’s eyes open, “Hm. I can see why the President likes you. You’re a very cute boy. I’d love to see that face screwed up. Fufufu.”

“Uh, so you know that we’re all based on fictional stories?”

Akeno nods, “Of course. The President always ensures that the latest chapters of your adventures are recorded or consumed in a hasty manner. Through my closeness to her I have no small amount of knowledge about this world and you.”

“Oh, so you’re not a fan?”

“I find it charming enough on occasion, though I have not yet found myself purchasing a dakimakura-“

Rias nearly leaps from the couch, “Akeno!” The raven-haired beauty snaps her mouth shut. You have a good idea of what she was about to spill. The image of Rias clutching a body pillow of you, presumably in some kind of appealing pose – perhaps with your shirt unbuttoned or just butt naked, is both mind-bending and hilarious.

“My apologies President.”

“I was just asking, since you seemed so eager to go along with what Rias wanted. You don’t know anything about me and you just agreed on the spot to marry me or whatever.” Akeno left Rias’ side and approached you, slipping out of sight and wrapping her arms around your head. You feel the softness of her immense chest push against the back of your skull as she hugs you.

“Ara, concerned that I don’t love you?” She leans down and whispers into your ear, “Bed me and the President, and I’ll show you just how serious I really am.” Your face flushes as her hot breath splays out across your cheek.

Lala pouts and hops over the coffee table between you, attacking you from the front. “No fair! You can’t just have hubby all to yourself!” You feel very hot under the collar as two beautiful girls latch onto you and insist on taking you to bed, Rias just watches with a pleased grin on her face. Akeno’s hands travel south and begin to unbutton your shirt from top to bottom, exposing your chest to Lala and Rias, who give deeply entranced stares in return.

“Hm, such a nice body,” Akeno shudders breathlessly. Her left hand plants itself on your chest and presses against your pec muscle, “A strong, virile man, worthy of bedding two powerful devils and claiming them.”

Before you can protest, she swings around to your front and grabs your right arm. Lala is quick to play along and grabs your left. They drag you to your feet and through the threshold into the bedroom, Rias following behind you. The door slams shut. You gulp. You don't know if you have the stamina to survive this. Rias nearly turned you into a zombified husk. You are attacked on all sides by their hands, tugging and pulling on your clothes until you're left in nothing but your boxers. Akeno pushes you down onto the bed and wriggles in front of you, “Ara, I'm starting to get excited.”

Rias decides to join the fray, she grasps Akeno's cheeks and pulls her into a sensual kiss. You nearly pass out just from seeing the two beautiful demons make out in front of you. Their hands roam and grope each other's bountiful bodies through their casual clothes. Lala plants her head on your shoulder and watches along, “Wow! They really like each other!” Her eyes drift down to your erect shaft, standing proud through the fabric of your pants.

“Can I see it?” she asks. Before you can respond she reaches down and pulls it over the top of your stiff cock. Now exposed, Lala's usual excitable nature takes a backseat. A gust of wind from behind you, and she is also naked. Her body isn't as absurd as Rias' and Akeno's, but she's perfectly proportioned, with a pair of perky breasts and flowing hips. She turns your head to face her soft lips and pulls you into a deep kiss.

Rias and Akeno move on from their little show and both kneel in front of you, “Fufu. He's so hard for us already.”

“Of course. Inflaming his passions is an easy task.”

Rias and Akeno attack at the same time, planting their mouths on the tip of your shaft and kissing it. They suckle and lick you, covering you in a thin layer of their shared saliva. You try desperately to think unsexy thoughts to prolong the fun, but even your Grandma's stuffy house can overpower the sensation of Rias Gremory and Akeno Himejima giving you a double blowjob with Lala pressing her perfect tits into your back.

“I feel funny,” Lala gasps hotly, “It feels really good.” She spread her plump thighs apart, revealing her perfectly clean slit and labia. Her legs are already damp with wetness, aroused by her first experience with three other people. You reach over and press against her lips with your fingers, earning an appreciative moan in response. Teasing at her out lips, you slide your index finger inside of her. Lala is incredibly tight, even tighter than Rias was yesterday.

Rias and Akeno aren't to be outdone by the pink haired princess. Sensing that they're about to lose your sole attention, they redouble their efforts to lavish your cock with their mouths. The tension is ratcheted even higher as Rias snaps her fingers and magics away both of their clothes, leaving them in their underwear and exposing their bountiful chests to you. You screw your eyes shut and try to hold on for just a little longer. Their lips are soft and welcoming, and attack you in all of your most sensitive places.

There is no prospect of you prolonging this any further. You lean back and gasp as Rias and Akeno force a powerful ejaculation from the tip of your shaft. Your cum spurts across their

faces, landing on their mouths, cheeks and foreheads. Before the last of your seed can escape, Akeno clamps her mouth around your head and attacks it with her tongue, forcing every last little dreg out in the process.

The two devils finally back away and admire their handiwork as your cock loses its firmness. Akeno opens her mouth wide and displays the load stored on her tongue, before slamming it shut again and swallowing deeply. “Ara, look at the mess you made!” she teases you, cleaning off her own face and swallowing down what was left from her fingers. Rias soon joined in, wiping away the excess and sticking an exploratory finger into her mouth.

“It tastes... strong, and bitter,” she concludes.

Akeno is quick to begin the dirty talk anew, “Hm. Surely a man like this could impregnate even a devil. That is no small feat.”

“Girls, seriously, if you keep this up I’m not going to last the night,” you explain, “I’m just a normal guy.”

There’s no escaping it. As much as you wish you enjoyed the supernatural vitality and refractory period of a genuine fictional character, you do not. You are a mere mortal. A normal guy who can go two or three times at best before crossing the threshold into a kind of torture. Rias and Akeno are enough to get you going again, but now that you’ve spent your first shot on their faces, the prospect of pleasing all three girls is a scant one. Rias would probably agree to give Akeno her spot since she slept with you yesterday, but that feels more than a little unfair.

“I know!” Lala perks up from the bottom of the bed, “Let’s just use this!” She procures a small bottle of... something from somewhere, despite not having any pockets to store it in. The bottle is uncorked and forced into your open mouth. The cold liquid slides down your throat like an acidic cough medicine. You swallow on accident and gently push her away. Akeno and Rias watch on from their kneeling position beneath you.

“Lala, what was that?”

The entire world spins. You feel the heat in your chest grow more intense by the moment. Your little friend, who moments ago had given up the ghost after his third orgasm in twenty minutes, stirs back to life under some kind of supernatural force.

“Oh, it’s just a little something to help you perk up again! Don’t worry about it! I modified one of my other inventions to be an easily digestible drink, that allows you to-”

Lala’s explanations are too late for you now. Rational thought flies through the window as the only thing you can think about now is sex. So fixated is your mind, that the entire population of a mid-puberty high-school could not possibly compare to the sheer quantity and quality of horny thoughts attacking the vulnerable neurons in your brain.

“Oh, looks like it’s working, Wah!”

Lala doesn’t have time to study her invention’s effects. You turn around leap onto her like a rabid wolf, pinning her to the bed and taking one of her pretty pink nipples into your mouth.

Your erection is engorged, red and angry. It grows and grows to the very fullest extent of its size, your body pumping itself to the limit.

“Oh dear, it appears that our husband is on the attack,” Akeno laughs. The troublesome twosome hops up onto the bed and attacks you from behind, smothering your face with their gigantic tits. All three women could easily restrain you, but why would they? All they want is for you to ravage them and leave them in a very satisfied heap. You’re surrounded on every side by softness and warmth. It only serves to inflame your passions further.

Foreplay is firmly out of the window. You line up your raging erection against Lala’s perfect pink slit and push yourself inside, “Wah!” she cries as she’s penetrated for the very first time. “Hubby, slow down for a sec!” she asks.

“Fufu, hoisted by your own petard,” Akeno giggled.

“Indeed,” Rias concurred.

Your mind is blank as you begin to swing your hips with no small amount of force. Lala’s perfect breasts bounce with each meeting of your hips. Her inner walls are tight and wet, coaxing more and more from your pleasure-addled brain. Knowing now that her words will fall on deaf ears, she lays back and enjoys the feeling of your shaft thrusting into her precious place. She leans up and kisses you, although you aren’t in the right mind to return the affectionate gesture. All you desire is to release yourself inside of her, and you don’t care how long it takes to do it.

“It feels good!” Lala pants, looking at the two older girls with tear filled eyes, “Ah! He’s so hard!”

Rias felt her fingers dipping deep into her own honeypot as she watched her husband claim another beautiful woman. She gasped as her finely pedicured nails brush against her throbbing clit. Akeno snuck up beside her and pulled away her hands, “Allow me, President.” Akeno took her place, tugging on the outside of her labia and forcing her fingers in and out of Rias’ vagina.

The bed creaks under the strain of your vigorous lovemaking. Lala wraps her arms and legs around you as you pound her down into the mattress again and again. So intent on breeding her that you continue on, even as you feel your end approaching. You pull on her tail and push yourself as deep as you can go as your next climax ripples through your body. You gasp, it feels like hundreds of needles are being pushed into your skin as a cold sweat rolls down your back. You pump your hips with each spurt of your seed, desperately attempting to force it even deeper.

Lala moans at the feeling of your warm essence filling her womb. One, two, three, four. The waves of your ejaculation keep coming, only when you feel that your entire body is drained of its energy do you collapse on top of her and take a moment to catch your breath. “I love you, I love you...” Lala whispers into your ear, “Let’s be together forever, okay?”

“Ara, what a display,” Akeno smiles as Rias shudders in her arms. The bed is wetted even further as her orgasm splashes outwards onto the sheets below. “President, would you be so kind as to grant me the next round?”

Having already slept with you once before Rias agrees, “Of course. It’s only fair.”

You slowly and carefully pull out from Lala’s sodden cunt, your shaft covered in a sticky combination of both of your juices. Akeno has no intention of letting the chance pass her by. She leaps onto your back and wraps her arms around your neck, her prodigious chest pressing against you. “Fufu. I hope you fuck a baby into me too.”

Akeno knows full well what her words are about to unleash. You turn on her, eyes filled with lust and pin her down to the bed, “Ara!” she cries out in mock surprise. She could easily break every bone in your body by tossing you away, but she very much intends to experience your member for herself. Letting you take control for a moment was a small sacrifice to make, and though she was remiss to admit it to her friends she did enjoy being on the bottom every now and then – variety was the spice of life after all.

Akeno’s body truly defies reason. Wide hips, a lithe waist and stomach, and a pair of chest boulders that splay out to either side of her chest thanks to their sheer volume and weight. Your eager hands reach out and pull them back to the centre, pinching and pulling on her large nipples, each surrounded by a patch of light pink areola. Akeno reaches down under your body and pulls apart her lower lips, giving you an inviting look with her purple eyes.

You don’t hesitate. You happily enter her lower reaches with your still-hard cock until your hits meet. With your hands on her breasts, you begin to find a frantic yet pleasurable rhythm. Your body cries out to be rid of the supernatural hormone Lala has injected you with, supercharging your libido and your refractory period. Akeno isn’t complaining, she closes her eyes and enjoys the feeling of you becoming one with her.

Akeno is much more plentiful than Lala, in more ways than one, her body has a softness to it that is quite unlike hers or Rias’. You feel your arms sinking into her flesh as you hug her close and pull her up into a sitting position. You bury your face into her breasts and plant your hands on her behind. Akeno begins to bounce up and down on top of you, burying your cock even deeper inside of her.

Rias watches on with a satisfied smile. She was glad that Akeno was having fun, and sharing a husband with her closest friend was something she had always hoped they could enjoy together. For Rias such an idea was not strange, in her reality such marriages were common, even for humans. She understood your own hesitation though, all you needed was a small push.

“Fufu, that’s it, good boy, keep going,” Akeno pants, feeling her own orgasm approach. Her wonderful, sexy body quakes on top of your lap, an outflowing of wetness onto your thighs signalling her climax. The thought of bringing such a perfect woman to orgasm only hastens your own. With a few final thrusts you resolve to finish what you started, for the second time tonight, you recklessly release yourself into a willing womb. Akeno basks in the feeling of her new husband breeding her, the warmth of your seed splashing against her womanly core. She strokes your hair affectionately, “Go on husband, let it all out inside of me.”

Your climax continues for nearly a minute as the last dregs of your seed enter Akeno. She pulls you into a sweaty, tongue filled kiss and rubs her breasts all over you, “Thank you for the gift, darling.” You fall back onto the bed and gasp, exhausted. Akeno unmounts you, a

sliver of your cum escaping from her reddened lower lips as she does so. Your cock has been thoroughly beaten into submission now. Akeno rode you like a bronco!

But, there's still one more girl to go. Rias stalks over you like a vulture picking apart the bones of a deceased animal, "I hope you didn't forget me, hubby." You shake your head, your mind finally returning to you.

"N-No, it's just... I don't know if I can go again."

Rias paws at your flaccid friend with a pout, "A shame. What fun I could show you, if only you could get hard again..." her eyes flash with malicious affection, "Although, I have a few ideas of how to get you into the mood again." She pulls Akeno back to her side and kisses her, groping her tits and spanking her ass.

God have mercy on your soul, and your penis.

After another hip snapping round with the red-haired seductress, you all finally collapse into an exhausted, sweaty pile. The two devils take their places on each arm, while Lala settles into a resting position on your thighs. All three girls' privates have been creamed, to put it into blunt terms. Rias had been so emboldened by proceedings that a rubber never crossed her mind. It stinks in here.

"I think our husband is tired out from all of that," Rias smiles, snuggling closer.

"Fufu. It was fun while it lasted."

"Hm. I'll need more Berserker Potion-kun, especially if more girls are going to join in!"

You don't even have the energy to speak back. You settle in for a brief rest as the three girls have pillow-talk without you. You're too out of it to make much of what they're saying, but you catch a few key words that make your poor little downstairs buddy tremble in fear. Maybe three girls are enough for the time being.

Chapter 7

"Hey, hey, I have something cool to show you!" Lala declared, shaking you awake from a restful slumber between the arms of two beautiful ladies. Your bleary eyes came into focus to see her smiling face hovering above the bed, she was back in her usual, strange outfit. Rias and Akeno had not gone to such length and were still totally nude. You extracted yourself from between them, grabbed some pants, and finally allowed Lala to show you what was so exciting.

Lala throws open the doors to what used to be your wardrobe and reveals a room, a huge room that is easily three times the size of your entire apartment on its own. There's nothing in the room as of this moment, but you can easily imagine decorating it and using it for various purposes. The blank walls are only adorned with a pair of double doors, which you have to assume is where your real wardrobe went when Lala decided to make this pocket dimension.

“Isn’t it cool? We can use it as an awesome secret base! Oh, and if we need even more space in the future, we can add more pocket dimensions inside here – and just keep going and going...” It looks like Lala has taken matters into her own hands and constructed a new room without you knowing. “I didn’t do much with it yet because I wanted to study what Earthling homes look like!”

Rias and Akeno (still both naked) enter behind you and study the room for themselves, “Hm. What a large space,” Rias comments, “If you have need of some furniture, the family storehouse is stuffed to overflowing with things my parents didn’t want to get rid of.”

You nod, “Thanks, but I think we need a more cohesive vision before we start getting things together... There’s enough space here to have a kitchen, a bathroom and a bedroom already.”

“How about we start there? I’ll pull some strings and come back with some extra money next time,” Rias proposes, “You don’t realise how much freedom more living space gives you until you experience it for yourself. Our clubroom is larger than this so-called home.”

“Thanks for rubbing it in, Rias.”

“You’re welcome!”

You sigh, “Alright, alright. I’ll have a good think about what we can do with the room. It’s about time we sent you three home. Make sure you get dressed, Mitsuru says it drops you right where you were snatched from, down to the millisecond.”

“Indeed, no time at all had passed even though I spent the entire day here,” Rias explains.

The three girls tended to themselves and said their goodbyes, “Call me again soon hubby!” Lala cheered.

“Ara, don’t hesitate to summon me for whatever you desire.”

Rias settles for a kiss, before giving you a small wave as they fade away to their home worlds. You lay the gun down on your bed and sigh. That was hard work, but it was a lot of fun. How many hot-blooded males could say they slept with three women at the same time? Not many, you’re one of the chosen few.

You pull out your phone and contact Mitsuru, she is quick to pick up, “Hello?”

“Hey Mitsuru, that armour of yours is incredible.”

“I know. I was observing the battle from the laboratory; the helmet has a camera built in. With that said, your fighting prowess could do with some work. The armour is strong, but you cannot count on every enemy being a pushover.”

You shrug to an audience of none, “Maybe you should have considered that before choosing me to do it.”

“If I allowed *someone else* to sleep with a gaggle of beautiful women, I’d never hear the end of it from you.”

“I guess.”

“I would like you to make considerations for someone to train you in the martial arts, weapon or no weapon. I visited the scene after you left and retrieved enough trans-dimensional material from their broken weapons and armour to press a new card.”

“Someone to train me? That’s a tough one.”

“Please contact me with your decision as soon as possible. The enemy will not wait for us to prepare ourselves, especially now that they know our true strength.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll try and think of someone.” Mitsuru hangs up without saying goodbye as she is liable to do. You stare at the wall for a moment and try to come up with someone who could teach you how to fight. A fighting game character perhaps? Or maybe someone from an anime with incredible karate skills?

Your eyes drift to the bed, and your heart freezes – good lord the MESS. Your sheets will never be the same again. You hurry over and quickly set about the arduous task of removing the offending linens before they soak through, as if you didn't have enough to worry about...

Chapter 8

After you finish forcing the dirty sheets into one of the washing machines downstairs next to the building’s lobby, you sit back on the whirring machine and have a good long think about Mitsuru’s proposal. The question eventually comes down to one factor, what type of fighter do you want to be? There’s a strong chance in the near future that Mitsuru retrieves enough magic stones to make another card, so would it serve you best to summon someone who specialises in unarmed combat? The suit turns your entire body into a weapon after all. Or could you prod Mitsuru into making a cool signature weapon that isn’t the Sledgehammer?

Tifa, Chun-Li, Erza, Yang, Kendo... those are just a few. There are hundreds and hundreds of female fighting game characters with their own styles and designs. With an entire universe of people to pick from, it’s no wonder that you’re left agonising over the choice until the machine finally finishes saving your poor, poor bedsheets. You open the door and stuff them back into the basket.

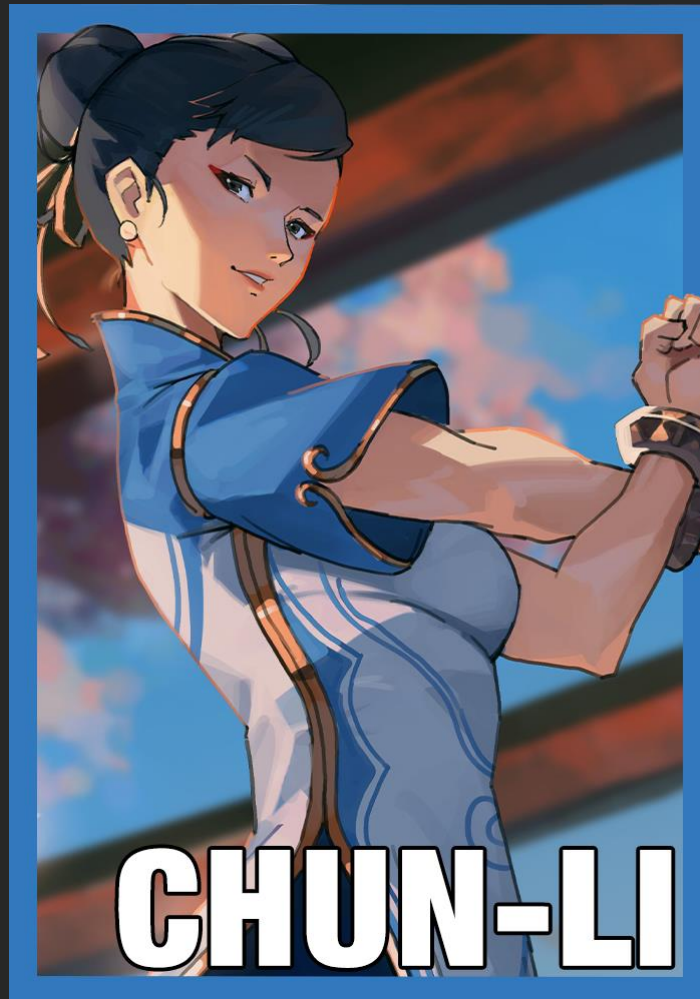
At a time like this, it helps to be decisive. Which is why you pull out your phone, find a randomizer website, and put in the aforementioned names before spinning the wheel. You watch with bated breath as the wheel spins around and around, slowing and finally settling on...

Chun-Li.

A classic. Attractive, powerful, those thighs! The poster-woman for the most influential fighting game franchise in history. Most importantly she’s a talented martial artist with a unique style. You *decisively* type out her name in a message to Mitsuru and send it away. You have some errands to run that don’t involve the lab, so you set about your routine while Mitsuru works on the card.

The next day you make your scheduled visit to the laboratory. The first thing you notice is that the lab is much, much messier than usual. It's obvious that Mitsuru has continued to experiment with some of the prototypes that Lala designed during her visit. What's new are several weapons with a similar design to that of the Sledgehammer. Swords, axes and lances hang from the back wall in various stages of completion.

Before you can even call out to Mitsuru, she appears beside you and thrusts a new card into your chest. You grab it and hold it out for inspection.



“Miss Li is awaiting your summons,” she comments dryly.

“Thanks.”

Mitsuru rolls her eyes and returns to her workbench, “That is to say, you should consider summoning her and starting. It will take a long time for you to learn even the basics.”

You stare at the card with a deep frown, “Now that I think about it, couldn't we find someone with a really weird ability – like transferring knowledge directly into our brains?”

“Without a known example, it would take me a long time to find such a person.”

Content with Mitsurus's explanation, you slide the card into the Sledgehammer and fire it.

“SHATTERING! CHUN-LI!”

Reality is breached once more, and out of the other side appears the woman of the hour, Chun-Li, wearing her classic blue and gold dress. She's slightly shorter than you, boosted somewhat by a pair of boots with heels, and she is every bit as beautiful as you expected her to be. And wow, those thighs live up to the hype. They're nearly as thick as your damn torso. You can only imagine the incredible kicking power they must provide. Chun adopts a fighting stance, expecting some kind of ambush, but when the only activity around her (Mitsuru banging a piece of sheet metal with a wooden mallet) becomes evident, she relaxes and turns to face you.

“Oh!”

“Uh, hi. Chun-Li?”

Chun studies your face and body for a moment, before bowing her head respectfully, “I can't believe it, you're real!”

“You already know us! That's great, it's nice to meet you.” She gives you a firm handshake. “We were hoping that you could help us.”

“I don't see any enemies here.”

“No, we're not fighting right now. I was hoping that you could teach me some martial arts. Mitsuru's inventions are amazing and all, but I can't use them to their full potential if I don't know how to fight properly.”

Chun considers it for a moment before nodding, “A friend of justice just as I expected. Very well, I'll help you fight.”

Mitsuru peels away her ear coverings and points to one of the seldom used doors on the other side of the building, “Lala built a training space for us through there.”

“Thanks, let's go check it out.”

You unlock the door and walk into another reality bending chamber. How did Lala find the time to build this too? It's a futuristic gym, complete with a boxing ring, punching bags, and various pieces of exercise equipment. A long mirror covers the left wall and reflects the entire room back on itself. Chun seems impressed with the space, and doesn't elect to ask any questions about how such an improbable room works – she's seen weirder things in her time.

“So, how do you know us?” you ask as Chun inspects the punching bag.

“A popular television series, but I never expected you to be real.”

You shrug and lean against the red leather bag, “Well, that's kind of the same way that I feel. You know how much of a celebrity you are around here?”

“I see. So I am one of those ‘fictional characters’ summoned by you?”

“Not fiction per se, but yeah, there’s a fighting game character who is basically you. Just like how I’m a character in your media back home.”

Chun nods, her white ribbons fluttering, “You want to learn how to fight?”

“I know it’s not going to be that easy, but if I’m learning from the best... maybe I have a chance.”

Chun raises one of her legs into a raised position and holds it there, almost giving you a tantalising look at what lies below the dress. “It took me many years of non-stop training to get to where I stand now. This will not be a journey you can complete overnight.”

You nod, “Put me through my paces. I need to be able to save the world on my own.”

Chun smirks, “Get in the ring.”

You tumble out through the gym door, your legs jelly, your heart pounding, and your body covered in a thick layer of cold sweat. Chun-Li steps over your prone body and bows to Mitsuru, who is deriving a significant level of enjoyment from seeing you in such a terrible condition. Chun-Li did not hold back. After teaching you a basic stance that could be used in any combat situation, she forced you to perform a series of intense strength and stamina exercises.

And then she forced you to learn more.

And then more exercises.

Your mouth is filled with bile and you can barely breathe. This is what you’re going to have to put up with to save the world, so whipping your fat, pasty ass into shape is the least of your worries. Your arms and legs lose their purchase on the ground as Chun picks you up by the collar with one hand and carries you to the couch, allowing you to sit down and rest.

“I see your training went well,” Mitsuru observes, “Miss Li, what is your estimate for our friend to be combat ready?”

“Without these weapons? A few months at least.” Chun takes the other seat beside you. Even when relaxing on the couch she sits in an upright position with her hands in her lap. Chun didn’t even break a sweat when copying everything you just did. What kind of cardio monster had she turned herself into?

You grab a towel from the table and dry off your face. “Jeeze, that was killer.”

“You did well, you have the perseverance of a warrior. Actions and stances can be taught, but to have the correct will and attitude is much more difficult.” She casts a glance down at your prone form, “You require a shower. Properly cleansing your body after training will improve your condition greatly.”

“Good idea, shower, need one of those.”

“If you need assistance, I can also join you. Showering with another person instils a strong sense of comradery and community spirit.” The thought of *those* thighs naked is a little too stimulating for your bruised body at the moment, so as exciting of an idea as it is you try to keep yourself calm. Mitsuru pulls out her phone and shakes her head.

“Apologies you two, but it appears that they are attacking again.”

“Seriously? I’m totally wiped out!”

Chun stands from the couch with a determined look on her face, “Even so, I wish to see these evildoers with my own eyes. You need not fight in my place.”

You flop over and grab the Sledgehammer from the table, “Just in case we need some help.”

Mitsuru pockets her phone once more and points to the door, “They’re on fifth street and they have a drone with them. This is a chance to obtain a significant amount of material. Do not let them escape.”

Your legs cry out for mercy as you follow Chun. Hopefully she can handle this one herself.

Chapter 9

You and Chun-li follow a worrying trail of carnage through the town until you finally arrive at the location of the attack. A large robotic soldier is surrounded by several of the weaker mooks you batted away yesterday. You quickly transform into your armour. “Be careful Chun, I don’t know what tricks that thing has up its sleeve.”

“A large opponent to be certain, but my resolve is greater still.” Chun adopts her idle stance and prepares for the enemy to charge. You don’t want to pull any of the other girls out here if you don’t have to. The enemy foot soldiers are quick to turn on you and charge. Luckily for you they haven’t gotten much smarter or more skilled in combat since you last faced them.

Even with your aching body you find it almost trivial to bat them away, though you try to keep some of Chun’s good habits in mind while doing so. You square up your feet and swing your hips, delivering some amateurish blows that knock four of them for a loop. Chun leaps over the head of her first assailant, using his head as a stepping stone to deliver a bone crushing kick to the soldier behind him. She uses a barrage of rapid kicks to hold back a unified attack from two others, each blow lands like a gunshot, sending out a loud impact sound that rings in your ears.

As she turns, she grabs a soldier’s arm as they swing and wrenches it, sending them tumbling onto the floor with a theatrical front flip. She doesn’t take any time to rest, her hands glow with a blue energy, before she flings a fierce fireball that engulfs one of the enemies and sends them flying. With their assault having failed to deter you both, the still conscious soldiers retreat behind the drone that Mitsuru was describing.

The previous drone was merely a pile of compacted dirt driven by the strange power of the glowing purple rocks that now powered your own weapons. This one is visibly more composed. It still glows with the same energy, shining bright through the bolted seams. The internal mechanics can be seen through a hole in its chest.

“Chun, can you handle that thing?”

“I believe so. But rushing in now would be foolish.”

As if to prove her point, a large cannon flips outwards from its arm. You duck for cover as a blast of purple energy erupts from the barrel and flies towards you. Chun deftly backflips away from the attack, flashing her lovely thighs and tight underwear in the process. She closes the gap at an incredible speed and delivers a series of punishing kicks to the robotic giant’s leg. She manages to dent the metal armour, but otherwise doesn’t seem to be capable of damaging it for real.

You lean over the car and fire the sledgehammer, bracing it against the roof. The shots are much more effective than Chun’s kicks, opening gaping holes in the metal plating and sending the monster reeling. Chun changes her plan of attack in response. Her entire body glows with a supernatural energy, and her rapid kicks become even faster. Her body turns into nothing more than a blur as the metal is shredded and torn away, revealing the whirring internals of the mechanical leg.

Chun swings around and delivers one final blow, shattering the circuitry and cogs to pieces and scattering them across the street. The monster, unable to support its own weight, falls down to one knee. Sensing an opportunity, you use your enhanced agility to leap over the car and sprint at it. You hop up onto the bent limb and clamber up over its back. The beast tries to swipe you away with little success. Its red, circular eyes stare at you without emotion as you point your gun down into its exposed chest cavity and pull the trigger.

Sparks and fire explode forth from inside the metal container. You jump away and land next to the still posed Chun-Li. You aren’t cool, so you stand and watch as the giant explodes into a fireball, before falling to the ground defeated. As the noise finally dies down, you notice that the enemy soldiers have already fled.

“What a bunch of cowards,” you gripe, “They ran away!”

Chun remains silent. She returns to a neutral pose and bows to the burning corpse of the former interdimensional invader. You don’t feel the need to pay respects yourself, and neither does Mitsuru, who appears from nowhere like a ghost and begins examining the still flaming wreckage. You detransform and approach the miniature scientist as she dons a pair of heavy gloves and tugs a piece of the machine out from an exposed panel.

“The guy’s still burning and you’re already looting him.”

Mitsuru doesn’t seem to see the inherent danger with poking around in a still flaming machine, she ignores you and continues to pilfer various bits and pieces, tossing them into a pile behind her. Chun-Li approaches you and taps you on the shoulder.

“These are the evildoers?”

“You know as much about them as I do,” you explain. “They teleport in, cause trouble, and then bug out when the going gets tough.”

“I cannot forgive such an attack on innocent people,” Chun declares, her eyes narrowing.

“That’s why we’re here,” you smile. She nods. It’s nice to have someone who takes themselves a little more seriously than the other three who’ve helped you out recently. You turn back to Mitsuru, “Hey, are you nearly done in there? The police are going to show up any time now.”

Mitsuru tumbles back with a metallic chamber clenched between her hands. It glows a tell-tale purple. It must be the power source for the machine. You walk over and help her back onto her feet. She holds up her trophy with sparkling eyes, “Ha! Amazing! This quantity... our weapon development just advanced by two-hundred percent!”

Chun doesn’t seem convinced, “I would advise caution. Weapons made even with noble intent can be dangerous.” Seems reasonable enough but it does raise a question in your mind.

“How much do you know about us, Chun?”

“I know enough to trust both of you, but others, I cannot say.”

You begin walking away from the scene of the crime. “Don’t worry,” Mitsuru replies, “I’ve ensured that the Sledgehammer can *only* be used by me and our mutual friend here. There are fingerprint sensors on the grip, and a few other surprises for people who try to steal it.” You hear the sound of police sirens behind you. You have to wonder how long you can keep doing this before somebody finds out about it.

“Aren’t you going to reward Miss Li with a visit to your bedroom?” Mitsuru comments dryly.

You sigh, “Do you know how patronising you sound? And I don’t think Chun decided to save those people just to ride the... me express.” You cast a conspiratorial glance at Chun, who is *blushing* thanks to Mitsuru’s lewd implication.

“Nothing interesting is going to happen at the lab. I’m going to be spending a lot of time refining this stuff, and it isn’t the most stimulating thing in the world.” You just shake your head. Why does Mitsuru always try to push you into these situations? She turns back on you and points in the direction of your apartment, “Go on. Get.”

You turn to Chun-Li, who airs no objections to the idea. “Fine. We’ll see you later. I need a shower anyway.”

Chun-Li is not impressed by your apartment.

She carefully plants herself on the couch, trying to avoid contacting it with anything but the bottom of her exposed legs. As you fix yourself and her a cold glass of water, she shouts to you, “How long have you and Mitsuru known each other?”

“Years. Ever since High School. She was a loner back then, still is, but she likes hanging out with me.” You hand her the glass, which she takes and takes a sip from. You sit down beside her and consider your relationship a little more. “I don’t really know how we started getting along so well. She’s abrasive and straightforward to a fault, I’ve had to cover her ass so many times.”

Chun smiles, “I envy you two. You seem very close.”

You lean back and cross your arms, “Not *that* close though. I mean, in the past week I’ve had three girls declare themselves my fiancés.”

“Really?” Chun asks.

“Yeah. They jumped right in and-“

“No, I mean...” Chun hesitates for a moment, before silencing herself with another swig of water.

“What did you mean?”

She shakes her head adamantly, “No. It’s not my place to say, forget I said anything. Apologies.” That arouses your suspicion in a lot of different ways, but you don’t want to pry. You’re already relying on her to help you defend your world from invaders after all. If it was important, you’re sure that her code of honour would beget her to tell you.

You finish off the last of the water and give your own clothes a smell test. You stink. That elongated workout with Chun and the fight afterwards have made you a very smelly boy. You aren’t so presumptuous as to ask Chun-Li to get into your crappy shower with you, it’d be more of a mood killer than an arousing scenario to share with each other.

“Am I everything you expected?” you ask.

Chun smiles, “You still have a long way to go.”

You rub your eyes and grunt, “I know.”

“But I know what you can become. What you have inside is something that does not come naturally to most. You will become a hero capable of protecting this world from evil, and I’ll help you do it.”

You smile and nod, “Thanks Chun. Do you want to use my shower?”

“Did I not say we should share?” she replies.

“Uh. I don’t think we can both fit in there.”

Chun Li clenches her fist, “I’d be happy to try.”

Chapter 10

Chun tried. She really tried to fit both of your bodies into the shower, but as you warned her previously it was just too small to do anything in. Not to mention that her huge, powerful thighs meant that floorspace came at an extreme premium even when she was alone. She backed away and asked you to go first. As the host you'd normally allow the guest to use it before you, but you know that the shower takes a little time to warm up properly, so you agreed. You return fresh as a daisy and crash onto your bed with a sigh.

You hear the shower run again as Chun takes her turn. She really is an amazing fighter. If even a small amount of that skill and experience can be passed on to you through her training, you might just have a shot at saving the world without having to rely on other people. The girls seem perfectly happy to do it, fulfilling some kind of long held fantasy to live out the story from 'your' franchise. What kind of merchandise do they have of you and Mitsuru? You think Akeno mentioned that Rias had a body pillow. You snort. Why would anyone want a body pillow of you? Rias, apparently.

The shower stops. You tilt your head down and see Chun leave the on-suite bathroom wearing nothing except a pair of black, hip-riding panties. She gives you a shy smile and climbs onto the bed, laying down next to you. She's so sexy that you feel like your nose is about to start bleeding. Just being this close to her feels overly intimate.

"This is a change," you note, "I thought you were all business."

She pouts, "I'm allowed to have fun." She reaches out and pulls you into a hug, "So, you've already bedded a few different women?"

"Ah, yeah," you admit sheepishly, "Rias, Lala and Akeno are really pushy."

"Hm. I'd like to be one of them. Would you accept me into your family?"

"O-Of course I would! You're amazing, and really beautiful."

"I can't explain it," she whispers, "We've only known each other for a few hours, but now I don't want to let you go. I want to be with you forever, even if it means leaving my old world behind."

"You don't have to," you assure her, "Seeing you and the others is as easy as snapping my fingers."

"It's silly. We're all head over heels for someone we know from a manga..."

"I'm the real thing," you chuckle, "And I could say the same for you. Finding out that all of these places and people are real – it really puts into perspective how little I know. It's chance that these stories lined up with another world beyond this one. But it's because of that chance that we're here right now."

Chun leans in and runs a hand through your hair, "I remember that Mitsuru has a particular way of choosing her cards... picking women who'll fall for you so easily. I should be upset –

but lying here with you is everything I ever wanted or imagined. I love you. I'll never not love you." She punctuates her declaration by pulling you into a deep kiss.

Your restless hands slip down her back and land on her firm cheeks. You knead the soft flesh, eliciting an excited moan from deep in her chest. You finally separate for a moment to catch your breath. Chun winks at you, "I'll love you even when all those other girls are crawling all over you."

"I'm trying to keep it under control, but knowing Mitsuru..."

"Do you want to know how many women you marry in my version of the story?"

"I'm going to regret asking, but sure."

"Two-hundred-fifty-six," she declares, "On average, a new wife was added every six chapters."

"Shit, how long did this manga run for?"

Chun laughs, "A very long time."

"I guess that makes you number four."

Chun blushes, "Is that a proposal?"

"Eh. This isn't the best place to do it."

She smiles and closes her eyes, "I'll be waiting."

As much as you find Chun very titillating in nothing but her underwear, you are totally wiped from a day of training and fighting. The two of you quickly find yourselves drifting off to sleep, still intertwined in each other's arms.

You kiss Chun goodbye the next morning and send her back home. Before you could consider going about your usual chores, your phone rumbled in your pocket. Mitsuru wanted to see you the first chance you got. Mitsuru usually had something important to say when that happened, so you decided to put off doing your weekly shop and head down to the lab first thing.

When you enter she's hard at work on something. You creep up and peer over her shoulder. Her busy hands are tinkering with a small, plastic replica of the Sledgehammer.

"Uh, Mitsuru?"

She puts the mini-hammer down onto the table, "Good morning hero."

"What are you working on?"

“DX toy.”

“...A toy?”

“You don’t think that this place’s rent is free, do you?”

For one thing, Mitsuru’s research grants pay the rent, not to mention the significant income she makes from her work being referenced and discussed in academic contexts. Secondly, this garage’s rent is cheap, really cheap – this is a dying industrial estate in the middle of nowhere. They’d take literally anyone willing to pay for it.

“Who are you even going to sell this to? Nobody knows what we’re doing.”

“You’d be wrong on that count. I’ve already publicised footage from your battles on Twitter, and we’ve accumulated a rather significant following.”

You feel your blood pressure going up already, “And that’s going to keep our identities secret?”

Mitsuru rolls her eyes, “I used a VPN. What kind of fool do you take me for?”

Your gaze drifts over to some of the other items splayed out on the workbench. These include copyright-infringing replicas of the cards you use, a five-inch action figure of your armour, and a full body poster. “Is this the reason you called me to the lab?” you ask.

“No, of course not! I wanted to tell you that we have enough intra-dimensional contraband to make five new cards.”

“Five?” Chun-Li wasn’t lying about the rapid accumulation of wives...

“And that’s *after* the upgrades I have planned for the Sledgehammer.”

You place the gun down onto the table next to its toyetic counterpart, “What kind of upgrades?”

“I’m going to improve the time dilation mechanism even further, the less discrepancy the better. Improved firepower to punch through heavy armour. I’m also considering adding capacity for another summon, so you can have four girls assisting you at once.”

“Sounds good.” Your eyes drift to the gym door. Chun asked you to keep up the routine even when she wasn’t around. This is the perfect chance for Mitsuru to tinker with it, while you get your workout in for the day. Mitsuru rummages around in her pocket and withdraws a phone, handing it to you.

“One more thing. I realised that summoning the girls when they have their own responsibilities is rude. I bought these second-hand phones and modified them to work cross-dimension, with end to end encryption using a custom OS I coded. They can set themselves to ready at any time so we know who’s available. When I’m done working on the Sledgehammer, we can hand the other four to the girls.”

“That’s considerate of you.”

Mitsuru smiles, a rare sight indeed. It doesn’t last long, she’s back into business mode a moment later, “I want you to think about some new haremettes while you’re in there.”

You laugh, “Is that what we’re calling them now?”

“Remember, we have five more cards. I think we have our bases well covered already, but more of a certain type won’t hurt. People to help fight, train you, and improve our technology. I won’t say no to any of your choices either way, I know you’re reasonable enough to make the right selections.”

“Five more girls, I’m spoilt for choice.” You grab a towel and head into the gym. Who could you pick? Getting the rest of the occult research club on board is a potentially good move, they’re all very strong and work well with Akeno and Rias. Maybe someone who’s good with guns? They could teach you how to properly work with the Sledgehammer’s offensive functions. It really is true that having no restrictions just makes things harder. Your mind is completely blank at the moment.

You finish another round of press-ups and collapse to the floor in exhaustion. You have to choose at least one new girl, since Mitsuru is being so insistent about it. But the question is, who?

Chapter 11

After a lot of training and thinking, you settle on a stop-gap solution for the time being. Saving a few cards for later could prove fruitful should you need a specific skill or ability to counter the enemy.

Firstly, the matter of learning to use a gun. No character you can think of fits the bill better than Kusanagi Mokoto, aka the Major. Not only is she highly trained in urban combat and the use of weaponry, but she’s also an expert on hacking and counter-terrorism operations. You can’t think of a woman with a better skillset than that.

For the next two, you decide to play it safe and fill out the rest of your High School DxD team by picking up the last two of the original four girls, Koneko and Asia. Koneko is a good fighter, but Asia’s ability to heal injuries using her sacred gear is invaluable. You won’t have to stay out of the fight long with her around to help. You return to the lab and find Mitsuru tinkering with the Sledgehammer.

“I got my picks. Mokoto Kusanagi, Koneko, and Asia.”

She adjusts her glasses, “Mokoto? I didn’t think of her.”

“Hopefully she doesn’t need to charge...”

“No. She does not.” Ghost in the Shell is something that Mitsuru actually likes even to this day, unlike her sour on and off relationship with High School DxD. She puts down her tools

and hustles over to the computer, entering three blank cards into the press and presenting you with the faces of three new heroines.



“Now that you’re done, we can hand out our new communication devices to the girls. I just finished tweaking the Sledgehammer.” She returns to the workbench and places it into your open palms, “We can summon four people at once.”

You draw your deck of cards, inserting Rias, Akeno, Lala and Chun-Li into the chamber. A second later all four girls are standing in front of you. While the other three are fully clothed, Rias is wearing nothing but a towel and is covered in water having clearly just stepped out of the shower. She doesn’t seem to be perturbed about her public nudity, instead running over and pulling you into a kiss.

“Hello husband.”

“Hi Rias, sorry about the sudden call but...”

Mitsuru clears her throat, “Before you all leap on top of my friend there, I want to give you these.” She hands out one of the phones to each girl, “To prevent any further mishaps – I’ve given these phones the capability to communicate between worlds. We can message each other, and you can set yourself as available to summon at any time.”

“I’m always available for our cute husband,” Akeno giggles.

“While that’s very romantic, you’re actually not,” Mitsuru grunts, “Rias just stepped out of the shower. I can imagine several situations where you would prefer to not be interrupted. While time dilation for short trips makes it quick, people standing next to you might see you change position or appearance suddenly.”

“Wow, this is super amazing!” Lala gushes, “As I expected from Mitsuru-senpai!”

“No monsters to fight today, thankfully,” you explain, “We can send you back as soon as you like.”

Rias laughs, “While I’d love to stay, I’m afraid I don’t have any clothes on hand.” She snaps her fingers, eliciting a purple flame. Unlike in the series, her clothes do not appear out of thin air. Perhaps being disconnected to her original universe prevents her from using the spell correctly.

“I also have an engagement to attend,” Akeno explains sadly.

“Same,” Chun nods.

“I can stay for a while,” Lala smiles. You unlock the chamber and withdraw Lala’s card, leaving the remaining three inside.

You give Akeno and Chun a kiss to make up for it, “Alright, I’ll see you girls later.”

“Bye!” the three wave in unison, before dissolving back into their own worlds.

“Now I get hubby all to myself!” Lala declares, hugging your left arm and nuzzling her cheek into you.

“Nice to see you too, Lala.”

She peers around you and spots the new cards in your hand, “Oh? New girls to join the fun!”

You blush, “Yeah. Two of them are friends of Rias, and Motoko is a special forces officer. Serious kind of woman.” You aren’t sure if she’ll get along well with a girl like Lala. Even though she’s a powerful alien princess with a genius mind, she’s also a naïve high school girl filled with energy.

“Our little family is getting bigger!”

“...We’re already pretty big. Chun told me that I have something crazy like five-hundred wives in her version of this story.”

Her eyes light up, “Wow! Will he have enough time to write chapters for all of them?”

“Huh?”

Lala ignores your pointed question and hugs Mitsuru from behind, “What are you working on boss?”

“I *was* improving some of our equipment, but now that I’m done, nothing.”

Lala looks around the garage for a moment, “Is there anything you’d like to build? I brought some extra rooms.” Lala pulls several small devices out of her pocket and holds them out to Mitsuru, the same devices she used to expand your apartment.

“I may have an idea or two for how to use these.”

Mitsuru and Lala had run off to do whatever they were planning, and that was when you noticed that the mini-fridge you kept in the garage was running dangerously low on unhealthy drinks. You grabbed some cash and decided to walk down to the nearby store to get some while you have nothing better to do.

The route happens to take you past the location of the fight you had yesterday. As you approach, you notice a fairly large gathering of people gawking at the damage and taking pictures. The road is torn to shreds and several of the surrounding buildings have shattered windows and broken brick walls. You really did a number on it; you need to learn how to contain the damage better in future.

The area itself is under heavy construction, with workers removing the damaged road surface and sweeping up the shattered glass. The strange thing is the *shrine* that's been built against the temporary railing. There are several images of you in your stupid hero outfit ripped from Mitsuru's promotional campaign. Dozens and dozens of signs and sticky notes declare their support for you or gush about how cool it is that there's a 'real life' superhero.

Almost makes you tear up a little.

With that said, Mitsuru is taking a big risk by making this public. She's a genius, she probably *can* get away with all of her plans without getting touched, but you never know – a lot of people are about to be very interested in this technology you're using. What's to say that some crazy government official isn't already trying to reverse engineer it and make an evil version of you?

That'd be cool.

On your return trip from the shop, even more people are waiting there. Are they expecting you to show up and sign autographs or something? You shake your head and push past the crowd, with little intent of stopping and speaking with any of them, until...

Bump.

You back away from the stranger. Did he seriously just walk right into you? "Oh, sorry pal," he smiles, "Wasn't paying attention."

"No problem."

"Everyone's getting really excited about this superhero stuff, huh? Can't move for them."

You stare a hole through the man standing before you, blocking the one open path past the large group of spectators. He pats his own chest boastfully, "Can I let you in on a little secret? They're looking for me."

"Uh-huh."

"Yep. Came down here and beat those baddies good, didn't I?"

You step to his left and successfully evade his grip, "Listen, you're gonna' have to find someone more gullible to pull this scam on."

“It’s not a scam dude!”

You walk away but he follows you down the street, “Why the hell are you even telling me this? Someone’s going to get the wrong idea and drag you to the cops.”

“Why would they do that?”

You stop and turn back on him. “I don’t know, millions of dollars of property damage? Vigilante justice? Illegal possession of a firearm?” Each successive offence causes his shoulders to dip lower and lower until he’s practically cowering underneath you.

“Okay, maybe you’re right.”

You shake your head and finally manage to get away from the strange man. People are willing to do anything to become famous these days. What’s the point? You keep your face hidden when you fight anyway!

Unbeknownst to you, an observer had witnessed the entire thing. He reclines back on the rooftop above and snickers to himself; “A fake, huh? That’s a pretty nice idea!”

Chapter 12

Inside the dark heart of the invaders ship was a room.

Inside that room was a long table crafted from black marble. Around it sat three individuals, the commanders of the invasion fleet, the ones given the responsibility of conquering the Earth for their overlord.

The first of them had already seen a bitter defeat at the hands of humanity’s latest weapon. A preening buffoon in an idiotic white and rainbow coloured costume. If only the other two knew of their strength, he muttered to himself bitterly, then the mockery would seem ever so foolish. He would prove them wrong in due time; with a plan so devilish that even he was shocked at its brilliance.

Behind him, a stolen television had been plugged into the wall, displaying a 24/7 news channel that he had become obsessed with watching. This planet had a huge number of people living on it, so much so that it could no longer support them. “Destroying this planet is a simple matter for a genius such as I!” he boasted, “Your suggestion, Sundar, sent my brain into overdrive.”

Sat beside him was a handsome young man, “Hoh, sounds interesting,”

“Nothing Faust does is interesting,” the final commander sighed, a pretty woman with long purple hair.

“Sundar, Mary, I understand your scepticism, but if you’ll allow me to explain. Our great leader has granted me the privilege of using our new model of android for this operation. With its increased intelligence and strategy making ability, our enemy will no longer be able to defeat us with brute strength alone.”

“Get on with it,” Sundar sighed, “What’s the plan, man?”

“Using the power of my new android soldier, I will duplicate the humans en masse – stretching their already waning resources even further! Food and water will become scarce, the climate will change to destroy them with violent storms, society will break down, and then they will come to us begging for salvation!”

Faust stepped aside to reveal his new weapon of war. While still larger than a human, this second version of the technology was much more streamlined. It had a large, hunched appearance. A pair of robotic faces pointed outwards in the façade of sock and buskin. Attached to its left arm was a cannon that fizzled with green energy.

“...For real?” Sundar rolled his eyes and kicked back on his chair, “That’s gonna’ take forever!”

“Just watch and see, Sundar, this world will be ours within a matter of moments.”

“Fine. I’ll watch. But don’t expect any help.”

There is one immediate effect from Mitsuru deciding to give all of your team members an interdimensional phone.

Selfies. Lots and lots of selfies.

Nude selfies, selfies when bathing, or in lingerie. The moment that Rias and Akeno got back home, you received no less than fifteen different images from them, alongside cutesy captions like ‘missing you,’ or ‘want to join me?’ It’s been ten or so hours since you first handed them out. You don’t know how much time has passed in their own dimensions, but you assume without the time dilation effect it’s similar to here. Lala and Chun-li have as of yet refrained from sending you anything; but should that pair of lascivious demons sink their claws into them, you might not have any space left in your inbox come the next day.

Also, you’ve come to realise that while they are sexy – seeing them in person is much better. As cynical as it is to admit, there’s little need to... take care of yourself anymore. You enjoy the images greatly regardless. Rias and Akeno are so beautiful that you could stare at them all day, not that you’d stare at something this explicit in public.

Mitsuru is continuing to work on her toy line. You wander over and take another look at the miniaturised versions of your gadgets, complete with lights and sounds. “I ran into a guy earlier who was claiming to be me. Are you sure we aren’t going to cause any unintended consequences with all of this stuff?”

Mitsuru has a confident smirk on her face, “There’s no need to worry. I’ve taken every possible measure to ensure the secrecy of our operations. Combined with some of the amazing technology that Lala gave us, we’re more secure than ever! Proxies, face masking, information control – the moment anybody thinks they have one over on us, zap! It’ll be gone!”

“That’s not really what I meant. What if some people start trying to imitate us, or steal our equipment?”

“Like I said before – the Sledgehammer is equipped with an advanced biometric identification system. Only you and I can fire it. And isn’t this imitation talk just a rehash of the popularly discredited idea that media consumption causes violent behaviour?”

“...But we’re real. And when people see a chance to make a quick buck off our hard work-“

Mitsuru holds out an action figure - cutting you off, “Who would *ever* want to make a ‘quick buck’ off of us?”

...

“You.”

Mitsuru slams the prototype toy back down on the table and opens her mouth to retaliate, but no words emerge. It’s a rare occurrence, you’ve confounded her. She looks down at the sea of cheap, disposable plastic and dismantled electronics with a profound sense of self-reflection.

“Well, It’s my intellectual property. I can do whatever I want with it!”

A true capitalist to the end.

You return to the couch and turn on the old TV in the corner. You watch for a moment, curious as to the current subject of the news report currently airing. Mentions of identical clones send your alarm bells ringing anew. Something is up. Mitsuru reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone, “What the- we have invaders downtown!”

“Ugh, I should have known they’d have something to do with this. I’m heading out to take care of it.”

You quickly transform into your armour and run as fast as your mechanically enhanced legs can carry you, arriving on the scene of the crime within minutes. The enemy leader stands between rows of his foot soldiers, and a curious looking robot with a pair of weeping masks attached to its face.

Several dozen identical pairs of people stand on the sidewalks. Contrary to the usual type of attack you see from these assholes, this clone outbreak doesn’t seem to have caused much carnage at all. In fact, the duplicates seem to be just as confused as the originals. They aren’t fighting nor is there a crazed panic amongst the populace.

“So good to see you again my heroic friend, but I’m afraid that this will be the last time we meet. Soon enough this world will come to an end, and we will be crowned its rightful rulers!”

This is the first time you’ve stopped and looked at the lanky man properly. He’s very pale, with slicked back black hair and a long black leather coat with a high collar. He looks like a reject from the Matrix. People start to notice your presence and begin snapping pictures with

their phones. Your distorted voice is projected across the street, “What the hell are you up to now?”

“Hahaha! This is my masterstroke. The entirety of this pathetic planet shall quake at the mere mention of the name Faust! By duplicating these people, your resource starved Earth will begin to die even faster than before!”

“...Is that it?”

“What do you mean is that it?!” he cries.

You shrug, “It’s just that people are born naturally, way faster than you ever could do artificially using that thing.”

The cogs in his head turn, “S-Sundar, you fool! You tricked me again!” He looks up to the roof of a nearby building, where a man your age, wearing a black dress shirt and slacks reclines against a fire escape. He laughs loudly at his compatriot.

“It’s your fault for taking me so literally. I only suggested the duplication, you filled in the rest yourself.”

You’ve had enough of this stupid comedy routine. You pick two cards from your HUD and feel the automated feeder system in your gauntlet eject them your open hand. Both of them are on call and ready to fight.

“RIAS GREMORY!”

“AKENO HIMEJIMA!”

“SHATTERING!”

Reality warps, and the two seductive devils are summoned to your side. “Hello husband,” Rias smirks, “I don’t suppose our little pictures had the intended effect.” She motions to the army of enemy soldiers standing in front of you.

“Sorry Rias, this guy is keeping me busy today.”

Akeno covers her mouth in mock sadness, “Ara, president, we can’t stand for that, can we?”

Rias shakes her head, “Indeed. Let’s dispatch these interlopers and claim our reward!”

“N-Not if I can help it,” Faust blusters. He points at you, “Copydroid, attack!” The mechanical beast lumbers to the front of the queue and points its gun at you. You dodge out of the way. Akeno and Rias sprout their demonic wings and try to do the same, but the energy emitted from the strange weapon curves in mid-air and strikes both of them!

“Akeno, Rias!”

The two girls fall back to the ground. And then... they begin to glitch, subtly at first, but eventually they alternate between two positions seemingly at random. The faint outline of a

copy appears, and then with a burst of electrical energy, they are cloned. Two copies of Akeno and Two Rias' kneel on the ground in front of you.

“What the hell?”

“Hahaha!” Faust cackles, “There’s no escaping Copyroid’s sight. Exactly as I planned!”

The girls look at their clones with some confusion, but then a menacing grin that sends a shiver down your spine. They help each other to their feet and return to their fighting stances. Both Rias' speak in perfect tandem, “Hm. Doesn’t this just mean that now there are four of us to defeat you?”

“President, shall we punish this foolish man?”

Faust’s face drops like a rock. The idiot hadn’t considered the fact that he just boosted your numbers. He made two identical clones of people who are on your side! Both Rias' dive into the battle and use their magic to quickly destroy several of the enemy foot soldiers. Meanwhile, the dual Akenos take to the air and transform into their shrine maiden outfits, delivering a double-sized thunderstorm to the grouped enemies.

“T-This isn’t fair!” Faust screams, “You aren’t meant to work together!”

Sundar finds the situation hilarious, his face has turned red from the pressure, “You really are an idiot. Hahaha!”

Faust snaps his fingers and summons a dark portal behind him, “We’ll be back, and next time, we’ll be the victors!” He and the Copyroid make their escape while you and the girls are distracted. You pummel a pair of mooks with a kick to the head, tossing them onto a pile made by Akeno and Rias, and Akeno and Rias...

With the weaklings taken care of, and the enemy having fled, there isn’t much left for you to do.

“Rias, take us back to base.”

“Okay!” The left Rias snaps her fingers and summons a magic circle under your feet, whisking you away to the garage.

Mitsuru runs over as soon as you arrive. “I just saw it on the news. To think they had such incredible cloning technology.” Rias and Akeno seem rather pleased with their new doppelgangers, taking the time to investigate them fully and make sure that they’re perfect down to the last detail. After a few minutes of tomfoolery, Rias one and two look at you and smile.

“How would you feel-“

“-about a foursome with us?”

They both laugh as your face turns red, “We have to fix this before they kill me.”

“I thought you’d say that,” Mitsuru sighs.

Chapter 13

Mitsuru has to find out where the drone has gone into hiding. She’d already captured a snapshot of the electromagnetic signal emitted by it when it used its powers just in case. She hopped onto her computer and started scanning the city for them. You aren’t any use when it comes to technical work like this, despite your long and enduring partnership. Mitsuru tends to neglect eating, cleaning or bathing; so most of the time you feel more like her Mother than an assistant. She waves you away with a firm assurance that she’ll call you when the robot is located so that you can destroy it, leaving you with four of the horniest women ever created.

Before you know it, Rias snaps her fingers again and brings you back to your shitty apartment. You can barely get a word in before Akeno and... the other Akeno start stripping each other down to their underwear, commenting about how similar they are the whole way.

“Is this the best time?” you ask. Not to sound ungrateful about experiencing this, but there’s a group of mad aliens on the loose with a cloning machine.

Rias 1 laughs it off, “If Mitsuru finds our target, we can simply stop and finish our business later.”

You doubt that.

“Ara, I thought you’d be excited to get your hands on all four of us...” Akeno’s copy nods along, both placing a hand on their cheek and titling their hips like they always do, in perfect unison. Not only are they alike in appearance, but also body language. They both reacted the exact same way to her statement.

You put your hands together as Rias finishes stealing your underwear, the gaggle of girls all get a good eyeful of your junk. You see one key issue with this, “As an aside, Lala isn’t here to spike me with that aphrodisiac stuff again.”

The girls’ wide-eyed lust is stemmed for just a moment. They all turn to look at each other, an unspoken discussion occurring between them. When that’s done, Rias two steps out of the group, “I suppose we should make each shot count then! With the right... motivation, I’m sure that our amazing husband can satisfy all of us at least once. I don’t want to see that seed spilled anywhere but inside us.”

You should have known that it wasn’t enough to ward them off. The twin Rias’ grab your arms and drag you across the floor to your bed. It takes a moment for the four girls to agree on how to position themselves around you. But when they do...

Akeno and Akeno slip in behind you and kneel down, placing your head between their left and right thighs in a double lap-pillow. The soft and squishy flesh of their beautiful legs is rivalled by the sight looming over you. Four huge, pendulous breasts threaten to smother your face. So large in volume that they are, you can no longer see their faces from below.

Rias and Rias both attach themselves to your legs, smothering your little buddy between their E-cup chests and applying a perfect amount of pressure using their arms. The sight of two identical copies of the drop-dead gorgeous redhead is nearly enough to push you over the edge already. They seem vigilant of that fact, and continue to carefully control the pace of their double-titjob with a teasing smile on their faces.

“Such a greedy husband we’ve chosen,” Akeno teases.

“It’s exciting to have a man like this,” her counterpart responds, “I wonder how many servile and dedicated wives he’ll gather in the end?”

“Hm. He’s so handsome, strong and kind, that I can see any woman falling for him!”

Akeno runs her hand through your hair, scratching at your scalp like a dog. “Fufu. But we’ll always have a special place in his heart, won’t we? A personal Occult Research Club harem, his to play with whenever he desires.”

“Several of the most powerful women in the underworld, dedicated to making him a papa!”

You grip the sheets and try to hold on, “Ah! You know I love all of you...”

Rias giggles, “Naturally. You have a big heart, if you’re anything like the you I know from the manga...”

“...then you’ll always be here for us – no matter how many girls declare their affections for you,” the other concludes. Rias speeds up her ministrations, eagerly pulling you towards a messy climax between their breasts. You gasp out and pump your hips as the first of your orgasms ejects a thick helping of your seed all over them, totally covering the pliant flesh of their chests.

“Ara, it looks like he wasted some...”

“I-I think I can go a few more times,” you admit. The situation is so intense that you can’t imagine going soft anytime soon. Rias giggles and rests your flagging member between their valleys for a little longer until you feel like returning to it. Her twin quickly closes in and licks some of the refuse from her copy.

“Hey! That’s mine!” she scolds playfully, returning the favour and swallowing some more. The fight quickly escalates out of hand, with Rias tackling her clone to the bed and stealing as much of your cum as she can. They’re a tangle of limbs as the playfight takes them across the mattress and away from your legs. Though the ‘fight’ quickly devolves into the two women groping and kissing each other, intentionally putting on a show to provoke you.

“So forward, president!” Akeno shifts you across to the other Akeno’s lap and rounds you. She reaches out and strokes your member with a motherly smile. “Allow me to steal the next round.”

You feel your pillow shuffle in place, “Go ahead, me.”

“Fufu. I hope you knock me up this time,” she says with a devilish glint in her eye. Sometimes you forget how crazy Akeno can be. She mounts your hips and slowly slides her tight, wet pussy over your cock. You groan and lean back, only to find your face covered by Akeno’s chest. She happily smushes your face into her cleavage as her copy rides you silly just a metre away. Being completely smothered by their bodies has you on cloud nine.

“I think our husband likes it,” Akeno teases.

“I can feel him twitching inside me,” the other adds.

“He must really like the idea of us carrying his baby...”

“Ah! That’s right, he wants to turn all of these powerful devils into his brides! Asia, Koneko, Xenovia... they’ll fall to you too.”

Akeno swings her hips up and down with little regard for keeping you going. There’s only one goal on her mind, and that’s relieving you of more semen as quickly as humanly possible. Her breathy expressions of pleasure with each dive of her hips sink you deeper into the breeding frenzy she and her counterparts have created. You wrap your arms around her waist and hold on for dear life as she jackhammers your pelvis into dust using her well-toned body.

It doesn’t last. One of the Rias’ grabs your left hand and shoves your digits into her soaked cunt. The other likes the idea and copies it with your right. All sides of your body are taken up by Rias and Akeno, you can’t move, see or even think. The sounds and smells of sex begin to take precedence over rational thought. You begin to think like Akeno, maybe blasting her womb point blank *is* the best way to claim her for yourself.

“I’m close!”

“Ah, that’s it darling, impregnate your second wife!”

With one last slam, Akeno takes your entire length deep into her core and wails as a powerful orgasm rips through her body. You push yourself even deeper as the tingling in your crotch turns into a deluge of sperm. Each thick rope increasing the odds that Akeno will walk away with a child in her stomach...

The girls give you a moment to collect yourself. Akeno keeps herself steady and unmounts you as you are finally permitted to see again. Her body is covered in sweat, and you can see your seed dribbling from her used pussy. She tilts her head and licks her lips sadistically, “Good boy.”

Her copy leans down and blows hot air into your ear, “Did it feel good husband? Recklessly invading our womb with your seed? I can see them racing to claim our egg right now...”

Okay, maybe Akeno has gone a *little* baby-crazy.

But the words have their intended effect. You already feel yourself filling with blood again. You sit up and stretch out your sore body. There’re still three girls left to please! The spent Akeno decides to sit out while the other three have their turns with you. One of the Rias’ lies

on her back and extends her arms. You crawl to her and slide your slick erection into her. She gasps and wraps herself around your neck, planting a kiss on your cheek.

“Hm. I was waiting to feel this again.”

“Heh, you girls are going to suck me dry.”

Rias smiles, “That’s our duty as your wives, is it not?”

You feel a pair of gigantic tits pressing into your back as Akeno hops onto you from behind, “I get excited when our stud of a husband claims another woman in front of us. Boys are always so competitive.”

Rias’ copy latched onto your arm, “Indeed. I should be upset at our cheating hubby, but it’d be such a shame to let all of those girls live without feeling his love for themselves.”

Their words and actions are making your head slowly inflate with a fresh dose of ego. That’s how Akeno and Rias work though – they’ve been talking you up since the first time you met them. “I love you, all of you. I don’t deserve to have this.”

Rias places her finger on your lips and shakes her head, “Now, I don’t want to hear any of that coming from you. We chose this, we chose *you*. To share this is a fantasy I thought I would never get to live.”

“Fufu, she means that we all love you too, hubby.”

“Even the clones,” Rias Two smirks.

“Now go ahead and give the President the baby she’s waiting for.”

“How are you going to fight if you’re pregnant?” you ask, pumping your hips regardless of the answer.

Rias speaks with a shudder as she feels you exploring her inner walls, “I’m sure you’ll find ways to compensate... Ah! Mitsuru told us that you’ve already minted a few new girls to add to your harem.”

“She’s always telling on me,” you grunt.

To be truthful, getting someone pregnant isn’t that easy. But there’s an ever-present chance that it might happen. Not that anyone could see outward concern from you at the moment, because the dirty talk combined with being surrounded on all sides by gorgeous women, has thrown it out of the window. You just can’t find the will to care at the moment.

The other two back away as you pull Rias up into your lap and stare into her eyes, as a romantic round of lovemaking begins with kisses and gropes, and stroking her ruby hair. You pump your hips desperately, feeling each clench of her walls as she reaches her own peaks of pleasure. Her scent is thick in the air, the smell of her hair and sweat coming to fruition as you both grow more and more exhausted.

“Here it comes Rias...”

“Ah, that’s it. Inside me!”

You feel her nails dig into your back. You hold her as tight as you can as you unleash your third orgasm in twenty minutes. You breathe heavily and try to reset your mind after another explosive ejaculation. Rias kisses you everywhere she can reach, your forehead, your cheeks, and your lips.

Rias leans in and plants her nose into the crook of your neck, it’s even more intimate than when you were alone together. “Thank you.”

“You don’t need to thank me Rias, after all – I am your ‘hubby.’”

Akeno, like a devil on your shoulder, returns to the scene with a haughty grin on her mouth, “Fufu. But he still has two more girls to go...”

The already creampie’d copy joins in, “Ara, it wouldn’t be fair on our new friends if they left empty handed.”

You remove your poor, abused member from Rias’ hole and survey the damage. Three times is already pushing your upper limits, but five? You aren’t sure you’ll last. Sensing your hesitation - Akeno and Akeno hug each other, pressing their chests together and sharing a selfcestual kiss. Watching their hands groping and kneading whatever they can find is a sight you’ll never forget.

And your treacherous dick rises to the occasion.

“Looks like our husband likes the show!”

“Now come over here and *share the love.*”

Chapter 14

The man that walks from the bedroom several hours later is not the same man who entered.

Nothing will ever be the same again after that experience. Rias and Akeno were already ruthless lovers, but to double their number is tantamount to madness. By the end, you were ejaculating dust. It was only when you visibly started to turn into a complete zombified husk that they decided it was time to call it quits and show you some mercy.

The four girls lounge around your apartment. One Rias is on the couch, another is still in your bed cuddling with Akeno, and the *other* Akeno is now occupying your shower. You are battered, you are bruised, and your dick kind of hurts. That’s not the only thing swelling right now – because your ego is reaching dangerously high levels. You just got to bang four girls at once. You’re kind of the coolest guy in the world right now.

In short, completely and totally worth it.

You pat down your pants to try and fight the dull ache going on down below. Sorry little buddy; this experience will hopefully allow you to come back stronger next time. Your phone vibrates, and before you can even swipe the green button and answer the call Mitsuru's voice blares through it – did she install an override on this thing?

“I've located the drone. It's hiding inside of the industrial area south of downtown.” A map appears on screen and a green line stretches from your apartment to the target location. “Get down there and smash it before they cause any more trouble.”

“Alright, looks like we're moving out.” You hop up from the couch like a king, but you actually fall flat on your face instead. Your legs are fucked. It's a good thing your living room is carpeted. Couch-Rias leans down and pulls you back to a standing position with a giggle.

“I didn't realise we wore you out so much.”

“Really?” you say sarcastically, “Come on. We're going!”

Kitchen-Akeno stomps her foot, “But I was just about to make dinner...”

“No buts unless they're on my face!”

After wrangling all of the girls, you hustle on down to the industrial area of the city to try and find the culprit behind all of this tomfoolery. Activity here has died down significantly since the nineties. It used to be the working heart of the entire surrounding area. Service industries had come in to fill the gaps. As a result of that and a lack of interest in re-developing the area for a new purpose, half of the district is now abandoned factories and warehouses. The most airtime this place gets on the local news is when one of them burns down thanks to a lack of maintenance or some kids screwing around.

Rusted steel, shattered glass windows and pipes running everywhere. Not the ideal place to bring two of your wives. You can hear a stray dog barking in the distance, along with the occasional bang or clang from one of the surviving businesses. It's a good place to hide – if you're so inclined.

“You're nearly at the target location. May I suggest transforming into your armour before the fight begins?”

Good idea Mitsuru. You press the button on Lala's bracelet and don the armour. Akeno and Rias and Akeno and Rias swoon over the sight of you in your noble dress, though you can't help but wonder why they find it so exciting when Issei can essentially do the same thing. Maybe they find the 'white and stained glass' aesthetic more appealing, or maybe they're just trying to massage your already bloated ego.

“This is the place,” you say, looking up to a pair of open red barn doors. Inside is a completely empty warehouse space. Large metal struts run from the ceiling to the dirt-covered ground. A row of lights hangs limply from the rafters. You step inside expecting an enemy ambush of some kind, what you find instead is much stranger.

In the centre of the gigantic space is a set of old, red furniture. A couch, an armchair, even a small matching coffee table. Atop the seats are the men of the hour. Faust and his duplication monster are watching the news on an old CRT TV. With the volume pumped up to max, it echoes through the cavernous complex and reaches your ears unbidden.

“Another attack today has forced a response from the Governor. He condemned the unknown force responsible for the damage caused, and attempted to dispel rumours of a ‘superhero’ arriving to save the day.”

The image switched from the studio to a live feed of him making a statement, “We’re already working to improve the security of our city. The police and national guard are on high alert, and are ready to respond to any further attacks by this unknown force.”

“What about the superhero?” asks an unseen reporter.

The governor scoffs, “It’ll take more than some internet hearsay to convince me of something like that. I can only ask people to apply some scepticism to what is clearly doctored and edited footage.”

You sigh, “Why can’t an honest guy get some credit for his hard work these days?”

Faust scrambles to grab the TV remote and switch it off. He turns back to face you with a look of shock on his face, “You, how did you find us?!”

“That stupid tin-can of yours is broadcasting a signal we can see from a mile away. Maybe you should turn it off next time you want to hide somewhere.”

“Grr. All of this is your fault! If you hadn’t interfered, we would have destroyed this planet through overpopulation already!”

“Uh. I’m not so sure about that.” Far short of the mass anarchy that Faust had expected, it seems that people are getting along swimmingly with their identical copies. There is no panic, nor any suggestion that the city will soon be experiencing a shortage of food and resources.

Faust pauses, “How many people are on this stupid planet?!”

“...Eight billion, give or take a few.”

“E-E-Eight billion!” he screams, “I can’t clone eight billion people! I’ll die of old age!”

Another body makes their presence known, sat above the party on one of the metal struts. Sundar sighs and covers his face, “You didn’t even know that?”

“He has a point,” Rias agrees.

“Why are you taking their side Sundar? If you aren’t going to help me destroy these fools, don’t pester me with your irritating presence!”

Sundar shrugs, “If that’s what you want. I’ll just sit back and watch as this guy kicks your ass.” He crosses his legs over each other and leans back in a relaxed pose.

You've heard enough, "How about we stop this circus and settle this the simple way?"

"Fine! Copyroid, destroy that fool! *Without* cloning him this time!"

The mechanical man takes a fighting stance and charges at you. You hold out your arms and put a stop to its bull charge. You deliver a metal denting knee to its midsection and hoist it over your head, slamming it back down onto the ground and stunning it. Meanwhile, the DxD foursome decide to teach Faust a lesson using their magic.

There was never a realistic prospect of him winning this fight. In reality it's even more pathetic than you first imagined. Rias and Rias swoop in using their devil wings and pummel him with a flurry of glancing blows, while Akeno and Akeno strike at him from afar using their incredibly dangerous lightning. He can't even move due to the barrage raining down on him from above. And true to his word, Sundar doesn't lift a finger to intervene on his compatriot's behalf.

"This... isn't... fair!" he yelps.

"It's not meant to be fair," Rias teases him, "This is love and war."

He is struck by another bolt from above, "Ara, if you have such a problem handling four girls at once..."

And another from behind, "Maybe you shouldn't have cloned us in the first place!"

Meanwhile, you're putting your best foot forward against the mechanised man trying to beat your head in using its cannon as a blunt weapon. Chun-Li's training has already had an effect on your fighting ability. Your stance is much stronger, your blows using more of your body's natural power. Even as you take a stray hit from its other hand, you stand firm and strike back with just as much ferocity.

Each clang of fist meeting metal spurs you on even further. Nuts and bolts fly free from their housings as it begins to fall to pieces right in front of you. You polish off your left-right combo with a flying kick, sending it tumbling down into the dirt.

Your communicator beeps, "It's time for the finishing move!"

"Finishing move? The thing can barely even stand up!"

"I thought you knew better than that! Every good hero has a finishing move, the most powerful, flashy attack that they *only* unleash when the foe has already been defeated to the point of no longer being a threat. Seriously now."

Isn't that all totally ass backwards?

"You never told me anything about a finishing move before."

"It's easy. Just do what you did already but give it a silly name, the suit will trigger it automatically."

A silly name? She's really putting you on the spot now.

"Fuck it."

You charge at the monster. The meters inside your helmet begin to go haywire as power is rerouted from your usual subsystems into your left arm. The panels there open outwards and begin to spark with condensed energy. Your mind quickly queues together a series of words lifted from other TV series and anime you've watched.

"Super-Electron Harem Punch!"

The clumsily glued together statement works a treat. You jump into the air and come back down again, planting your strike dead-centre on the android's chest. A second later your vision blanks out as a gigantic explosion engulfs both you and the robot. When the dust settles, little remains of it except a spattering of spare parts and mostly intact limbs.

But the catchphrase, cringe. That was cringe. That thing you just said? Cringe.

You crouch down and clutch your ringing head with your hands. You're such an asshole. You should have come up with something better than that.

As if to punctuate the immense dread you feel - Mitsuru chirps back through your headphones, "Perfect! That's some great footage!"

"...Footage? Hey, Mitsuru – did you just close the call? Mitsuru!"

You glance up just in time to see Faust retreat from his fight with the four DxD girls. When he does, the copies begin to flicker in and out of existence like static on an old television. Then they are pulled together and merge back into one, complete person. It looks like destroying his android undid the cloning process.

A gust of wind sweeps past you, snatching away the intact cannon that it had once used. Sundar smirks cockily from atop his hiding place with it clutched under his right arm. "That was pretty entertaining. But that idiot Faust isn't the sharpest tool in the shed. Next time – I'll give you a real challenge. See you later!"

And just like that, he's gone too.

You sigh and detransform. Akeno and Rias glide back down to you and kiss you on both cheeks.

"We did it guys; we defended the empty warehouse from their evil ways."

A few minutes later, back at the lab - Mitsuru claps her hands together; "Well done everyone. Another interdimensional scheme foiled with peak efficiency."

"Hubby was very impressive today. That training is paying off," Rias smiles.

“Ara, I like a dependable man,” Akeno giggles, “Please show me more of that side in the future!”

“Gap-moe?” Mitsuru ponders.

“That implies I’m not usually dependable,” you object. You slouch down on the couch and try to rest your body after a long day of... sex. It was mostly just sex. The fight lasted no longer than four minutes of carefully segmented and produced screen time. Mitsuru busies herself on her laptop with something, it’s only when she turns up the audio and you hear your own voice under the slickly produced musical score that you realise what she’s doing. “Mitsuru, you didn’t just record that to make a toy commercial, did you?”

She freezes with a tense smile, “Ah. Didn’t I tell you? I’m... recording these fights for... research purposes so I thought that it’d be helpful to turn them into DX toy ads.”

“Mitsuru...” you repeat with a grave tone of voice, there isn’t much else that needs to be said. She ignores you and keeps editing anyway. You’re going to have to get back at her somehow.

Chapter 15

A few days later Mitsuru and Lala pull you aside with the intent of showing you something they’d been working on for a while. What that thing was? An elevator, hidden in one of the doors that used to lead to the backrooms. Lala had been liberally using her pocket space technology to work with Mitsuru on several projects.

“We’ve been working really hard to expand your base!”

“My base? Mitsuru pays the rent.”

She continues undeterred, “We’ve added several new, useful rooms underground!”

“-Without breaking any pipes or wires,” Mitsuru qualifies. She presses the down arrow on the control pad and the doors slide open. The interior is actually much nicer than any elevator you’ve ever used. It’s deceptively large and it even comes with a padded bench against the back side. There are dozens of buttons on the internal panel, but only three or four of them have been given numbers.

“Going down!” Lala cheers, pressing the button for the second underground floor.

The elevator whirs to life and jolts down. You feel your stomach rising in your chest as you descend deeper into the earth. “Why did you add this bench anyway?” you ask, “It’s not like the trip lasts long enough to need to sit down.”

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, “Future proofing. In case we ever decide to build a hotel down here...”

Lala hugs Mitsuru, “Oh! That sounds like fun! Can I work at the reception?”

The elevator slides to a stop and the doors open with a loud ding. You step out onto an elevated walkway that looks out over a huge underground chamber. To the left is a long empty space with several paper targets lined up against the wall, and on the right is a collection of wooden walls and doorways configured into a set of buildings. It's a kill house.

Mitsuru escorts you down the stairs and to the range. They didn't skimp on the details, everything you could ever need for some target practice is here. A set of mechanical rails are hanging from the ceiling, allowing the targets to move and make things more difficult. Mitsuru gives you the sales pitch, "Since the Major is visiting and teaching you how to shoot, we decided that some new training facilities were in order. A fully functioning range and urban combat training area."

"This is pretty impressive. What else did you build down here?"

Mitsuru shakes her head, "I'm not spoiling *all* of our surprises just yet."

"So why *are* we down here?"

"Isn't it obvious? The next tool in your fight against evil. You've avoided using the direct fire function of the Sledgehammer until now, but a ranged attack will be invaluable as our enemies become ready to fight back against us. It's time to learn from the best."

Mitsuru reaches into the pocket of her lab coat and hands you one of the cards. You load it into the chamber and pull the trigger.

"SHATTERING! MOTOKO KUSANAGI!"

There is a small sense of childish glee that fills you whenever you do this. Soon enough the woman of the hour is standing before you in her full glory. The Major, Motoko Kusanagi.

She cuts an imposing figure, even if she is shorter than you. Her short purple hair, red-brown eyes and strange sense of fashion are just as striking as her muscular arms and thighs. She's wearing one of her most iconic outfits. The lilac one-piece. Complete with black leather jacket and matching thigh high boots. It was always strange seeing her wearing something like this surrounded by the other, more down to earth characters. Fashion in the future must be pretty wild.

Her eyes widen at the sight of you. And contrary to your expectations she doesn't charge to put you into an arm-bar, to try and pry answers out of you or Mitsuru. She quickly assesses the situation and decides that such a hostile action is entirely unnecessary. Though she does have something to say.

"This is... strange."

"You're telling me..." you mutter.

She puts her arms on her hips and turns to Mitsuru, "Do you mean to tell me that *this* is real? Or has someone hacked into my cyberbrain? I'm not detecting any interference with my optical and sensory systems..."

Ever the lore-nerd, Mitsuru is quick to shoot down her idea. “A military grade piece of equipment like that isn’t so open to primitive prying attempts. This is the real deal.”

She is not convinced, “I find that hard to believe. This kind of childish prank is exactly what I’d expected from an average two-bit hacker. A piece of custom-made software to entrap an individual inside of a virtual recreation of a popular television series.”

Her words are pointed and precise – she’s feeling around for the right answer. Her rationality takes precedence over what her cybernetic sensors are telling her. If you were in the same position, you’d find it hard to believe too.

“Couldn’t you find a more... accepting version of the Major? We’re not exactly masters of rhetoric, are we?”

Mitsuru adjusts her fish-bowl glasses, “There *is* no such thing as a gullible Motoko Kusanagi. There may be infinite possibilities out there, but the people we recruit still have to bear some resemblance to the person in question. What good would a trusting Major be?”

Motoko’s eyes narrowed, “A sophisticated, procedurally generated response.”

“We were hoping that you could teach our friend here how to shoot. He has no idea what he’s doing.”

“Hey!”

“I’m only being truthful,” Mitsuru shrugs.

“And if I do, you’ll send me home?’ What if I say no?”

You grimace, “Uh. We’ll send you back anyway. I’m not picking a fight with you.”

“This isn’t a very effective way of getting me to do what you want.”

“Do you know who we are?”

Mitsuru cuts in, “Of course she does.”

“I know you two, but not her,” Motoko responds, pointing to Lala.

“I’m Lala, nice to meet you Major!”

Motoko only then notices the long, black tail sprouting from the base of her spine. She is very confused. “Wait a second – is this a chatroom?”

You shake your head, “No.”

“Is it a body modification?”

“No. It’s real. Lala is from another planet.”

“Yep! I’m from outer space!”

Motoko pinches her nose between her fingers and tries to pick a course of action. Mitsuru snaps her fingers, “I think we’ll leave you two to it. Come on Lala.” The two girls quickly turn tail and flee to the elevator, shutting the door behind them. Traitors! The both of them!

“Uh, I can just send you back home if you don’t feel like showing me anything.”

“I don’t know what *this* is. My systems aren’t picking up on any outside interference, so unless this is the most sophisticated malware program ever coded, or I entered a chat room and was too drunk to remember...”

“It’s real,” you repeat, “I’m really me, and you’re really Motoko Kusanagi. We summoned you here from another world.”

“But that’s impossible.”

You shrug, “I can’t do anything to convince you. The choice is yours in the end.”

Motoko is a woman of intuition. She’s a special forces soldier and internal security expert. The fact that Mitsuru found a version of her who knows who you are, and presumably has strong romantic feelings towards you is already stretching your own belief of the situation. Convincing her that this is reality and not a malware simulation playing out in her brain is something you just can’t do.

She sighs, “Mitsuru was right, the security packages inside my cyberbrain are better than military grade. It would take a world-class expert hundreds of hours with a direct connection and a lot of luck to break that encryption protocol. A scheme like this would be unfeasible.” She points down to the gun in your left hand, “That thing really works?”

“I could send you back and re-summon you, if that would help.”

She nods, “Do it. And give me one minute.”

You untwist the barrel and watch as she dissipates back into the void beyond. You look down at your watch and count the seconds. A minute on the dot later you pull the trigger again and bring her back to your side. When she returns, her leather jacket is missing. She looks down at her own hands.

“Physical continuity and my GPS tracker is broken, this is the real deal.”

“Continuity?”

She looks to you with a smirk, “Virtual realities operate on a similar principle to a dream. There are ways to discern a simulation from reality. When you sent me back, I activated my GPS emitter and software manager to keep track of what was happening. They’re still running right now. I also removed my jacket to test the boundaries of the simulation.”

“All that confirms this is real?”

“To an extent.”

“And you’d be happy to give me some pointers?”

Motoko seems remiss to admit that much, she dodges the question and walks past you to look at the firing range. She quickly locates the control panel and begins pressing buttons to figure out how it works. You walk into one of the booths and look downrange. Firing this thing in your armour is easy enough in close quarters, but it kicks like a mule. You don’t trust yourself to use it in a bind when other people are around.

Motoko returns and pats you on the back. “Always assume the gun is loaded and ready to fire, and never point it at anyone you don’t plan on harming.”

You’ve heard this gun safety spiel before, “I understand *that* kind of stuff.”

“I’m just making sure. You’d be surprised at how many people don’t,” she comments scornfully.

Motoko’s hands are all over your body, adjusting your stance and pressing the stock of the Sledgehammer into the right location against your shoulder. When she’s satisfied that you won’t fall over after pulling the trigger and steps back and appraises you.

“I usually do this with power armour on.”

She is quick to rebuke you. “You can’t always rely on everything working the way you want. Learning things the hard way will pay off when you find yourself without every tool you need.”

Though the point you were trying to make is that the Sledgehammer kicks more than a real gun. This *is* something that Mitsuru designed with little consideration for user comfort. Motoko walks over to the control panel and brings one of the targets closer to you.

“Start by getting used to the recoil.”

You lean in as much as you can and pull the trigger. The force of the shot is almost like getting hit in the shoulder by a hammer. You stumble back and nearly fall over. “Holy shit!” You forgot how crazy powerful this thing is.

Motoko doesn’t comment, “Again.”

You follow her orders down to the letter and run through a series of simple trials for her. Sustained fire, accuracy, weapon safety – all of the things that she probably takes for granted with so many years of combat experience. And then a drill where she tasks you with shooting as many targets as you can while they pop up and down; the speed at which they do makes it extremely difficult. You score around fifty percent.

“...Decent accuracy. But slow. Section Nine expects more from our operatives.”

“Uh, Major, I don’t *have* a cyberbrain. I don’t think I can react any faster than this.”

She quirks her brow, “Really?”

“Yeah. That’s not a technology that’s been discovered here just yet. Didn’t you watch our show?”

She sighs, “I see. I suppose if the enemy has the same restriction, we can move on to the next step.”

You crack your bruised shoulder to try and regain some feeling in it. Motoko leads you over to the entrance of the kill house. “Using a ranged weapon often involves tight quarters and predicting enemy ambushes. Being able to clear a room is one of the most important skills for any soldier or public security specialist.”

“Right.”

“I’m going to put you through your paces. By the time you leave this room, you’re going to be so proficient that you could make a Navy SEAL cry.”

The way she says that is kind of hot.

“Yes Ma’am.”

Chapter 16

Motoko certainly put you through your paces.

You must have run the simulation two dozen times. Every time you messed up, she sent you back to the beginning with a harsh lecture on what you did wrong and how it might affect the people around you. You tried your best to take everything in, but it’s a *lot*. Motoko maintains her frosty, business-minded demeanour the entire time.

After another failed attempt at clearing the course you groan and lean back against the wall. It’s a good thing you’ve been training your body recently, or you’d be completely wiped out already. Motoko walks back down from the metal walkway that criss-crosses the training space for observers to use.

“You’re getting better.”

“I don’t feel like I’m getting better.”

“Hm. That’s the right attitude to have. People who think that they’ve learnt everything tend to get discharged for misconduct after a few months on the job.”

You fiddle with your hands to try and limber them up again. Motoko watching a harem anime is a deeply humorous image to you, so you try to break the ice and learn a little more; “I guess even a serious person like you enjoys something silly from time to time.”

She glares at you, “Silly?” The chill in the air makes you shiver. There was such a strong implication of threat in the way that she said that. It feels like there’s already a gun being held to your head.

You roll your hands over each other, “...You know, the anime we’re from.”

Motoko allows the tense silence to hang for eight seconds *exactly* – before her mouth can no longer hold back, “Actually, Harem Hero is a critically acclaimed exploration of societies attitudes towards sex and romance-“

Motoko stops herself and covers her eyes with her forearm. She just exposed her power level to you, big time.

“Uh, Major?”

“I know what you’re trying to do, but I’m not going to be coaxed into bed that easily – playboy.”

“I was just making conversation.”

“You don’t have time to make conversation. There are real lives at stake, and it’s your responsibility to go out there and make sure that nobody gets hurt, or at least to contain the damage they cause. The last thing you need to be worrying about is getting us into bed, even if that *is* the central conceit of the story.”

It was frostier of a welcome than you’d received from the others. That was very much in line with what you expected though. Motoko had a warmer side, but it usually only showed itself when business had been taken care of. If you want to progress this relationship, you’re going to have to show her that you can handle yourself in a fight.

“I get it. No funny business.”

To belabour the point she continues, “And don’t mistake my consumption of the series as a doe-eyed declaration of love for you. I don’t know if you’re half of the person that you were in that.”

“Hopefully I’ll prove that I’m... 100 percent of that version of me!”

That sounded a lot better in your head.

“Okay, enough small-talk, there’s still more to learn. Let’s clear some corners and avoid shooting the civilians this time.”

“Alright.”

Several more hours passed until Motoko was finally happy that you were competent enough to fire the gun without killing a score of innocent bystanders in the process. But competent and proficient were very far apart in her own words. She wasn’t impressed, it was the bare minimum.

After criticising your ability to fight and shoot, Motoko turned her eye to the construction and function of your equipment. When you returned to the garage after hours and hours of intense spec-ops training she immediately sought out Lala and Mitsuru.

“What kind of armour design is this? It offers no camouflage, and there are no anchor points for extra equipment or climbing harnesses.”

The answer being that Lala’s technology allows you to instantly teleport anything to your location on demand. Motoko accepted that, but her harness comment was much more insistent. Urban combat sometimes demanded fighting vertically on very tall structures. Being able to rappel down the side of a building was something that Section 9 operators did on a regular basis.

“You can get the drop on the enemy and neutralize them before they harm a bystander.” Motoko points down at the computer screen where a schematic of your suit is display, “If you attached mounting points here and here, the suit could be used in conjunction with rappelling equipment to scale buildings.”

For everything else the pair tried their hardest to defend their personal pet project from her scathing insights, but there was little chance of success. They had to admit that she had some good points. Mitsuru’s particular insistence that the armour was designed to be marketable elicited a less than pleased response from Motoko.

The spirited debate ended with Mitsuru promising that she’d implement some of her ideas to make the Herarmor better. For you, it was just the first part of a long day of training. Chun-Li’s routine still demanded your attention. You grabbed a towel and headed into the gym while the girls talked.

“Doctor, Doctor!”

Sundar called out into a cavernous laboratory. He had travelled deep into the bowels of their ship to try and locate the ever-elusive Doctor Gael; clutched in his hands was the clone cannon used by Faust’s previous android warrior. The room was so large that his voice echoed through the darkness, beyond the light coming through the still-open door.

Doctor Gael was the man responsible for much of their technology. A foremost expert in the field of robotics, warfare and interdimensional materials. You wouldn’t know him unless you found him because he rarely if ever left his laboratory space. A majority of the interdimensional empire didn’t even know who he was, despite his position as the chosen heir to their wormhole technology and a trusted advisor to their supreme leader.

Pieces of twisted metal piled high surrounded him on all sides. Occasionally through the mayhem there was a workbench of clear space visible. How did he live like this? Sundar wondered. These were all the carcasses of old androids and abandoned military projects. For every idea that went into production, a hundred more were killed off before getting anywhere.

Sundar didn’t like Doctor Gael, but he needed him to enact the next steps of his plan.

His calls were finally answered as a short man burst outwards from a pile of scrap metal. He had a huge, bushy moustache and a pair of thick welding goggles covering his eyes. He had pale skin and green hair, which almost made him look like a clown.

“Yes, yes! I’m here you damnable pest!”

He waddled over to one of the workbenches and hopped up onto a stool to peer over it. Sundar slammed the decapitated robot-limb onto the bench in front of him. There was only one part he was truthfully interested in though. He pointed to the gun. “I want you to modify this thing so that I can use it.”

Gael adjusted his glasses, “Why? The report I received from Faust stated that it was not effective in combat – the scaling required to make it useful is beyond our means.”

“That’s because Faust is a moron,” Sundar growled, “If he suffers from such a lack of imagination that he can’t find a use for a *cloning* gun, that’s his problem. I need it, because I have a plan.”

Gael pulled it across the table and studied what was left, “Hm. It’ll need a new power source... a trigger mechanism. I can finish it fast enough. Anything else?”

“An android, one who’s good at long range combat.”

“Ah! Now that won’t need any extra effort. Talented snipers are my forte, if you will.” Gael reached into his pocket and retrieved a small tablet. With the press of a button, a pair of red eyes glared from one of the scrap piles. Then the android burst outwards, revealing a very... unique design.

“...It’s a cowboy.”

The facade of a ten-gallon hat, leather boots and tassel on its arms and legs. There was no doubt in his mind that the android was a cowboy. “Yes, good eye! When I was designing it – I took some inspiration from the great sharpshooters of their history. Allegedly, these ‘cowboys’ were notorious gunslingers and criminals.”

Sundar ignored the long-winded explanation. He already knew what a cowboy was. He’d been scouting the Earth for years. Still, the android did have a very dangerous looking gun attached to its left arm.

“It’s equipped with the most advanced predictive targeting module I could find, from an old fighter craft. It can shoot an insect in flight from miles away, and it comes with a sophisticated ballistics and tactics package that allows it to fight independently without user control.”

“It’s almost like you read my mind,” Sundar smirked. It was everything he needed and more.

“But what is this plan of yours? I can’t sign off on anything without an explanation.”

Sundar smirked and leaned in, this was his *masterpiece*.

Chapter 17

BEEP!

A loud alarm blares through the underground kill house as you finally reach across the red line. You collapse down onto your hands and knees, sweat dripping down onto the floor below. You finally did it. You managed to clear the entire course in time without killing anything you weren't supposed to!

Motoko was bursting at the seams with praise as usual, "Hm. You're a pretty quick study when you want to be."

"But?"

She rolls her eyes, "You're good enough to be a cop, but not in Section 9."

"If that's the standard we're using, I don't think I'm ever going to get there," you pat your chest, "I'm all flesh. No cyberbrain here."

Motoko checks her sports watch, "That's enough for today. I have to get back-"

But before Motoko can make plans to return home, your bracelet rings out.

Mitsuru's voice is emitted from the internal speaker, "Hey, you two – the invaders are attacking a local area. It looks pretty bad."

You grunt, "Damn it."

Motoko flashes the pistol held in the holster against her left side, "I'll give you a hand with this one."

You hurry back to the elevator and ascend back onto the main floor of the garage, Lala and Mitsuru are watching the news with a worried look on their faces. "Of all the days to do this," Mitsuru complains, "We were just about to finish it too."

You stop by the couch and ask, "Finish what?"

"I'll show you later. Get down there and destroy that drone."

You press the button on your bracelet and summon the armour, "Alright. Let's go kick some ass."

When you and Motoko finally arrive on the scene (by foot) it's clear that all hell has broken loose beyond the police cordon. A huge crowd of people have gathered and are trying to push and shove to get a look at what's happening beyond. Looks like you aren't getting through that way. Motoko pulls you into a nearby alleyway and leaps up the fire escape. You do the same using the hydraulic system in your legs.

You continue to climb up the rooftops of several other buildings until you pass the police blockade and get a clear view of the area below. It's a public park. The green space is protected on all sides by tall stone walls. A new type of enemy soldier guards the main gate – a mechanical biped body wielding a gun and utilizing body armour. They have strange, thin rectangle shaped heads and a red visor running down the front.

Motoko peers through a pair of collapsible binoculars and scouts the area, “Robotic soldiers, and they're armed. I'm counting twelve and that's only what I can see from here. We should assume that they have three or four times that number to cover this area.”

“What's the plan?”

Motoko doesn't answer right away, she continues to observe the area. You press a button on the side of your helmet and zoom in using the built-in telescopic visor. In the tree in one corner of the park, an unseen family of four cowers away from the gunmen.

“Hostages.”

“That's right. They've brought the fight to a populated area to make things more difficult for us – it shows a callous disregard for their lives.” Motoko's mind is working at its maximum capacity to come up with a plan, she points to the two gunmen by the front gates. “Those two are likely on watch, if we destroy them, they'll know we're here.”

“And everyone will come running.”

“From unpredictable positions,” she explains, “We can easily scale the walls without any additional equipment. It would be better for us to enter the park without destroying them first, there's only one angle they can come at us from afterwards.”

“So by leaving them, we make them more predictable?”

“Yes. The rest will have to be instinct. We don't have command, control or intelligence. We can split the park in half and take one each. We need to move quickly and eliminate as many threats as possible. Hopefully that armour holds up under enemy fire.”

You tap the composite panel running across your chest with your thumb, “It will. Mitsuru made it.”

“Let's move.”

Motoko leaps from the roof down to the street below, out of sight of the two drones by the front gate. You follow after her. You sneak over to the wall that surrounds the park and look up, there's nothing atop the wall to stop people from clambering over it. With another mighty leap, you clear it in one bound and find yourself on the other side behind enemy lines.

There's a long path that winds through this side of the park. There's an intersection in front of you that splits into multiple directions. Your vision is blocked by the sudden appearance of an overhead map in the HUD. Three dozen red dots appear in various locations. “If you need intelligence, all you need to do is ask,” Mitsuru titters. You look up above and spy a pair of commercial, four rotor drones sweeping the park. “I'm patching this to the Major too.”

You really wish Mitsuru would tell you about these things right away...

Motoko doesn't complain, "This is good. You take the back half of the park – it looks like the easier of the two to clear. I'll worry about this side."

With something that can roughly be described as a plan decided, you split up and creep towards the back-left corner of the park's area. You dip behind a bush as a pair of robotic soldiers watch for outside interference. They clunk and whirl, their heads turning at sharp, abrupt angles to try and catch people off guard.

You hear a gunshot in the distance.

The two soldiers turn to face the disturbance, which you take as your chance to get rid of them. You square your feet and march forwards with the sledgehammer held in a proper two-handed shooting stance. Take your time, take a deep breath, the first shot is the most important. You make sure that your crosshair is locked on and let loose with two shots. The thumping bass of the gun's mechanism firing fills your ears as one of the robots explodes into a fiery shower of sparks and metal, before collapsing onto the ground.

The other tries to react, but you're too quick. You adjust slightly to the right and unleash a precise shot into its chest, ripping a hole clean through the body armour and felling it in one go. Aiming for the main body of the target makes things easier. No time to celebrate, you move the overhead map into the corner of your HUD and move on to the next group. The red dots on Motoko's side are disappearing at a frankly frightening rate. She lives up to her reputation, that's for sure.

You methodically move through the twisting bends and looming treelines of the nature trail, eliminating any single robots that you come across. Motoko's kill house training still rings fresh in your mind, so you check every corner methodically and carefully. There could be foes lurking in wait not detected by Mitsuru's surveillance.

The red dots begin to move eventually in reaction to the attack, grouping up and moving towards both of you. You press the brakes and find a position behind an abandoned café. Several more robots emerge through the path opposite you and begin to sweep the area. You steady your arms again and fire, blowing one head clean off.

This time they display more than a small amount of intelligence. Three of them run to cover and begin using suppressive fire to keep you pinned behind the brick wall. The other peel away to the left, out of your line of sight. "Mitsuru, need some help here!" you call. The drone moves away and begins flying overhead, giving you a more precise map of where they're moving.

They've split up into groups of three, one team going around the left side and the other the right. You're being pincerred from two directions. Time to be decisive. You rush to the left flank and flip around the corner, unleashing a full burst from the sledgehammer before the three robots can react. You don't stop firing until you're damn sure that they're all dead. By moving to flank you, they left the field of view of the suppressing gunmen. Their loss, your gain.

You know it's coming before the shot is even fired, you fall back as a bullet whizzes past your visor and shatters one of the bricks into pieces. The air leaves your lungs as your back meets the floor, you roll over and fire back, using the suit's targeting computer to make quick and messy hits. It's an impressive stunt, though Motoko would probably have a very dim view of your Matrix-like theatrics.

There's something immensely gratifying about blowing a robot to pieces. Shards of metal and sparks fly everywhere as you rip them apart with each shot. You get back onto your feet and leap up onto the roof of the café. Not expecting the change in verticality, they're sitting ducks as you rain down a series of accurate blows.

Your heart is pounding really bad right now.

But your side of the park is clear. You open the comms channel, "Major, there's only one group of enemies remaining. That must be where the leader is."

"Meet me there, we'll attack from two angles and trap them."

You make sure that none of the people have stayed behind like the family you spotted before first. It seems that everyone has fled now that the robots have been dealt with. What it means for the area the enemy still controls is a mystery. You suspect that there are more civilians trapped over there too.

You dash through the park to reach the rendezvous point. When you arrive, Motoko is taking care of a pair of final stragglers. Even though Motoko is proficient in guns, she doesn't hesitate to get her hands dirty. One of the androids rushes up and attempts to swing at her, but she deftly ducks under the blow and wraps her arms around its neck.

With a mighty heave, she rips the rounded dome clean off the body, wires and pistons hanging free from the decapitated skull. She draws her gun and uses the decapitated corpse to deflect several bullets from the other, before returning fire and blowing it away.

Note to self, do not mess with the Major.

The area that the enemy commander has parked itself up in is the park's natural history museum slash botanical garden. It's a popular tourist attraction. "There must be hundreds of people inside," you conclude. Motoko bites her lip.

"Hmph."

Mitsuru returns with another reveal, "There's no need to guess. I've updated your operating system with a new helmet function, and calibrated it to match the heat signatures being emitted by the robots. Look towards the building, if you'd please."

From her remote location back at the garage, Mitsuru enables the thermal scope on your visor. The world turns black, blue and orange as the bodies inside become visible through the walls. "If I combine this thermal imaging with the audio and wavelength data being released by the enemy, I can do this!"

Suddenly, the blobby figures come into sharp focus. A wave passes over the screen – as it travels each individual body is tagged red or blue. Did Mitsuru manage to automatically detect the layout of every person in the building with nothing but that?!

“And compiling this with the floorplan of the building, we can do this!”

A three-dimensional model of the museum appears in your HUD, once again displaying the precise locations of every hostage and enemy robot. One figure stands alone in the middle of the main lobby area, guarded on all sides by four gunmen. Dozens of hostages are being kept under his watchful eye, huddled together at the bottom of the stairs.

You grunt, “That must be our man. And look at how many people he has!”

The other hostages are spread throughout the building, placed in prominent locations. Motoko isn’t pleased, “He’s placed the hostages in locations where they’ll be easy to hit with a stray bullet. He’s trying to tie our hands down.”

“So what do we do?”

“We have to dismantle his little game, bit by bit. I’ve already got a plan, so listen closely and follow my orders...”

Chapter 18

Motoko laid out how things were going to go down. It was tough cramming so much information into your brain on such short notice, but you managed. Many people's lives depended on you pulling this off.

You relocated to the roof of the building where a large glass roof looks down into the lobby. You can hear them talking to each other through the glass. Sundar is there with two dozen hostages, surrounded on all sides by gun-toting robots. Sundar is relishing the moment to torment his hostages, "If that detestable superhero you're all so in love with doesn't rescue you, well, it just goes to show how pathetic he really is."

He laughs at his own joke. This guy sucks.

You also notice that Sundar is wielding a new weapon on his left arm, which is being powered by a large backpack. You do not want to get hit by anything this guy comes up with. He has his head screwed on correctly, unlike his compatriot.

Mitsuru didn't have time to make all of the adjustments that Motoko asked for, so you can't do the cool thing and rappel through the window, shooting the whole way down. You stand away from the edge to prevent a shadow being cast into the building and mark every enemy you can see. The targeting computer inside your suit begins to work overtime. In fact, it's working so hard that you can feel it heating up at the base of your spine.

"On your mark, Major."

"Copy. Going in three."

You prepare yourself for the fight.

"Two, one. Go!"

You kick the glass pane in front of you and shatter it into pieces. You drop down through the hole and land on the balcony that runs around the second floor. As you roll to a stop, you draw your weapon and blow two of the robots to hell with accurate hip fire. There's no time to think about what Sundar is doing. You swing back and aim over the stone bannister, the robots surrounding the hostages don't move to harm them – Sundar points his finger firmly at you.

Now you get it, he captured them to lure you here!

Before they can return fire, you blast three more of them by stabilising your aim on the railing. You duck back down as a hail of bullets tear the stone to shreds. You roll out of the way before any of them can hit you. Gunfire breaks out in another part of the building as Motoko begins running interference on the others.

"Hostages don't seem like your style!" you taunt.

"I don't care much for them really – I just needed an excuse to draw you and your big mouth out of hiding!"

The robots have destroyed the closest piece of cover already. You move to the right and blow another away with some quick gunslinging. Then you find your face meeting the floor as a strong impact knocks you over from behind, you roll over and find another leering down at you from your blind spot.

"Asshole!" You fire three shots through his chest and watch him explode from inside-out. You stand back up and feel your back protest in pain, that's going to leave a mark. Finding a safe angle, you see that Sundar hasn't moved an inch since the firefight started.

"You think these small fries are the only thing I brought?" Sundar titters, "Say hello to Billy the Gundroid." He points to his left, where a strange looking robot with a ten-gallon hat and revolver style arm stands menacingly.

"It's a cowboy."

"I know it's a freaking cowboy!" Sundar scowls, "There's no way you can outshoot this thing. It has a targeting computer from a fighter craft."

"Oh yeah? This targeting computer was coded by Mitsuru," you reply. You severely doubt the efficacy of the retrofitted robot. Popping out of cover, you find yourself proven wrong as the cowboy's arm snaps into position and blasts you in the chest from long range. You slide across the floor and slam into the wall behind you.

Shit, that hurts! A smoking scorch mark on your left pectoral has ruined the all-white design of the Herarmor. It's a good thing they packed so much protective padding under there, or you'd be a red smear right now. Sundar cackles gleefully.

"See what I mean? This amateur hour crap isn't going to last for a second versus this thing!" Sundar doesn't move to finish you off though, he marches up the staircase towards you, pressing several buttons on the side of his new arm-cannon. "I had the Doctor whip me up something special. Now that you're stuck here and can't move, I have the perfect chance to use it."

It begins to crackle with blue energy, but instead of pointing it at your head or chest, he aims it down at your right hand – the one holding the Sledgehammer.

Oh no you don't!

You will your body to move and slide across the floor just as he fires. The blast hits the ground and your hand, but it doesn't hurt. In fact – the shot does no damage to your body at all. Sundar's eyes follow the weapon as it escapes, and that's all the distraction you need to kick him in the chest and send him flying back down the stairs.

Motoko bursts through the door next to you and begins to shut down the remaining robots. She disappears like a blur, using her cybernetic body to move at incredible speeds and contort her body in a way that a normal human can't. You get your second wind. You recover the Sledgehammer and hop down the steps.

"Get out of here!" you say to the hostages. They scream and run for the exit as all hell breaks loose once again. You do your bit and shoot the remaining stragglers. The cowboy dives for cover behind the counter. Sundar must have taken a blow to the head, because he looks out of it.

"Nice work," Motoko says as she lands next to you, "I rescued the others. Now all that's left is to eliminate these two."

"Don't think I'm so easy to get rid of!" Sundar spits. You're forced to roll away as the Gundroid unleashes several shots in your direction. As you twist and turn, you notice a small girl hiding behind one of the pillars. She didn't get out with everybody else!

Sundar, sensing that he's about to take a major L on his debut outing, he points his finger at the terrified girl and fires a blast of purple energy. Everything slows down to a crawl as you watch the flaming projectile fly towards the cowering girl.

There's only one thing to do.

You don't hesitate for a second. You leap over in front of the young girl and sweep her up in your arms, spinning around and taking the brunt of the attack for her. It hurts pretty bad, but you manage to steady yourself. When you put her back down on the ground and turn to face Sundar and his drone, you discover that both of them have already fled – leaving nothing more than a shower of sparks from their teleportation.

"Coward," you mutter. You place the girl back down on her feet, and she runs over and hugs your leg.

"Thank you!"

You kneel down and pat her on the back, "Don't worry about it. That's what I'm here for."

Your display of heroics receives a polite round of applause from the rescued crowd as they filter back into the room. Her parents arrive shortly after and thank you for protecting their daughter. Some of them take pictures of your armoured figure or ask for autographs. Motoko is not amused. You humour them for a brief time before Mitsuru begins chirping in your ear.

"I'm not detecting any more interdimensional signals. It seems that their attack is over."

Motoko taps your shoulder, "We better get out of here before the police show up."

You hustle your way out of the park the way you came in, over the fence and back down the road. You de-transform out of sight of any nearby cameras and lean back against the wall behind you. That was a pretty hairy situation. If these guys are going to start attacking civilian targets just to get to you...

"Debrief me," Motoko demands, "What do you think of what happened?"

The tone of her voice puts you on edge, and you immediately feel like you've done something wrong. Recalling her combat training, you check it against every instance where you fired your weapon or cleared a room. You think it went pretty well. There's only one thing that stands out.

"Is this about Sundar and the kid?"

Motoko nods, "I want to ask you why you jumped in front of her."

It's a question with an obvious answer. So obvious that you wonder why she's even asking it of you. "My first job is to protect people. I wasn't going to let a kid get blown to hell just so I could get another hit in against them."

Motoko continues unabated, "But now they might do this all over again. In exchange for one life, you may have endangered dozens more. You could have taken him down here and now, and saved them."

"I'm not here to save hypothetical victims. I would have done the same even if it injured me more seriously. A hero who picks and chooses who's worth saving isn't a hero at all."

Contrary to how you thought she'd react, Motoko cracks a slight smile.

"Good. I don't need a soldier who second guesses himself. Doing everything you can now is more important."

"Ugh, another test?"

Of course it was.

"That doesn't mean I'm happy with how this went down. We could have captured the target if we'd done things differently. And don't start throwing yourself in front of every damn bullet

and on top of every damn grenade – bravery and stupidity are very much alike. You're only one man."

You get her point. Motoko comes from a military background where rational action is core to everything she does. In that world you can't stop a bullet with special interdimensional armour. Doing that without the tools and protection that you do would be a serious risk, you could die.

But you have some more takeaways than just that; "Now that we know what his game plan is, next time won't be so easy for him. And anyway – it's not just you and me out here." You eject them into your hand and hold up a hand of cards, "We've got backup to spare."

"Hm. That we do."

Chapter 19

Motoko reclines on the dirty couch and inspects her handgun. It saw a lot of use in that last firefight. Sundar and his droid had fled before they could really fight you – and he was targeting the Sledgehammer too. Was he trying to destroy it? It's a pretty sound strategy if he is.

You sit down next to Motoko and clutch the bruise on your chest where the droid's shot hit you.

"Shit that hurts."

"That's what you have to deal with in this business," Motoko smirks, "Don't expect a kiss from me. You're going to have to work a lot harder to earn something like that."

It's weird how some of these women are harder to please than others, though you suppose it's an expression of their personality in a lot of ways. Motoko isn't so easy to sway, while Rias is a huge fan of yours and is eager to do whatever you want.

"I wasn't asking for one." It's not a huge loss anyway, Rias and Akeno would be happy to monopolise you for themselves.

"Why don't you summon Asia and ask her to heal you?" Mitsuru suggests from behind the workbench.

"That's a good idea."

You lean over and grab the gun from the table. Motoko checks her watch, "I should be getting back. The next time he shows, call me."

"Sure. You're the first woman on my mind."

Mitsuru hurries over and hands an inter-dimensional phone to her, "Use this to mark yourself as ready. We don't want to pull you away in the middle of something important."

Motoko inspects the old phone and nods, “Thanks. See you both.”

She disappears back to her home dimension as you unload the chamber, swapping her card for Rias and Asia’s. You check your phone and notice that Rias is good to go, this should make explaining things a lot easier. This is going to be the first time you’ve summoned her, hopefully she doesn’t mind doing you a favour on such short notice.

“ASIA AREGENTO! SHATTERING!”

“RIAS GREMORY! SHATTERING!”

The stern police officer is replaced by a pair of much more jovial devils. Rias doesn’t hesitate to leap on top of you and pepper your cheek with kisses. The blonde ex-nun stands back with a blush on her face. Rias has completely ignored her presence... and her hand in putting pressure onto your left pectoral muscle. Ouch.

“Rias, Rias, that kinda’ hurts!”

You push the devil away and down onto the couch. She pouts, “Aw, what’s wrong hubby?”

“We had a big fight and I got injured a little. I was hoping that Asia could use Twilight Healing on me.”

Rias doesn’t wait for permission. Her hands shoot out and tear the front of your shirt open, revealing the angry purple and red splotch that covers one side of your chest.

Asia hurries over and kneels down in front of you, “Oh dear! Let me fix it right away.”

“Nice to meet you too,” you sigh. What a state you’re in right now.

Asia smiles gently, “Don’t worry – Rias already told me that she’s set her sights on you. She asked me to watch the anime with her and... I became something of a fan myself.”

“How good is that anime anyway?” you ask as Asia prepares to heal you using her power. If a traditional girl like Asia enjoys it, it must be very compelling.

Rias’ chest puffs up, “Fufu. It’s only the most popular anime series in the industry. A lot of fans don’t even watch other series, I know I don’t. That crossover appeal means that it transcends the boundaries of what the ‘audience’ should be. It attracts the best and brightest animators too! All of the key moments are rendered in incredible detail.”

Is she talking about it or trying to advertise it? Asia holds out her palms against your chest and the rings on her fingers glow with green energy. Seconds later you watch as the injury begins to recede back into your body as if it was never there.

“Hm. It is mostly just bruising,” Asia explains, “It shouldn’t take much of my power to repair the damage.”

“Thanks Asia, I owe you one.”

She shakes her head, “There’s no need to do anything in return. I’m always happy to help people in need.”

What an angel this girl is. How could her own church reject someone with such a good heart? In under two minutes the injuries to your front and back are completely gone. You feel like a new man! Though it does mean that you need to find time to do Chun-Li’s routine again now that your excuse is gone. Maybe you’ll summon her to help out.

With that done, you button up your shirt and consider what you want to do next. Rias seems to be interested in properly introducing Asia to you. She places her hands on the shy girl’s shoulders and presents her to you, “This is my Bishop, Asia Argento. I’m sure you know much about her already, but I hope that the two of you will get along.”

“T-Thank you President.”

“And by get along, I mean that hubby here claims you and adds you to the harem!”

“Rias, stop teasing me!” Asia squeals.

“I’m not teasing you,” Rias says earnestly, “After all, Koneko-chan is going to be joining us soon too. I’d feel terrible if you were left out. Didn’t you tell me that you have a crush on him?” Asia is stunned into silence as Rias airs her dirty laundry right in front of you.

“H-Having a crush on a character isn’t the same as a real person,” Asia replies. “I’ve never had a boyfriend before anyway. I have to retain my purity for God – ow!” Asia visibly recoils in pain as the word leaves her mouth.

“Jeez Asia, you aren’t a nun anymore, remember? And I’m sure that Hubby would love to have a cute, helpful girl like you! Right?” Rias isn’t content with just dragging Asia into this, now she’s trying to embarrass you too. You don’t want to *insult* Asia on your first meeting, so you just nod along mutely.

Asia blushes the same red as Rias’ hair. It seems that Rias has derailed your first meeting in record time; “I’m sorry about the President, she can be very zealous when it comes to her peerage.”

Rias rolls her eyes, “Why *wouldn’t* I want my peerage to marry a good man?”

You decide to try and defuse things by taking Asia’s side, “I think you’re getting ahead of yourself a little Rias. Not everyone is going to jump in headfirst like you and Akeno.”

“I guess you’re right,” she sighs, “But you better make plans soon Asia, or he might have another dozen girls to look after before you. Women should be decisive in matters of love!”

Asia chuckles nervously. She turns her attention to the garage, “This is amazing – it’s just like it is in the anime.” She waddles around the main floor, inspecting some of Mitsuru’s prototypes and equipment.

“The universes are aligned so that the anime is very similar to our world,” Mitsuru explains as she tinkers with some type of gadget, “It makes it easier for our summons to jump right in and start fighting.”

“That was in the anime too!” Asia smiles. This is getting way too meta for your liking.

“How much did you tell Asia and Koneko?”

Rias looks away from you, “A little.”

“She never stops talking about you,” Asia reveals, “We have had a step by step recollection of every visit she’s made!” Every visit? You certainly hope not – that fivesome wasn’t something to be spoken of in polite company. Rias hisses at her for revealing her secrets.

“I’m not surprised, Rias. You always seem so excited to come over here.”

She hugs you tight all over again, “Why wouldn’t I be excited to be with my future husband? It’s so nice to take a quick break from everything going on back home.”

“How much time passes between you leaving there and going back again?”

“I’m not sure exactly, but it’s so short that not a single second passes!”

“That’s by design,” Mitsuru chimes in again, “I’ve been tightening it even more recently. I want to leave as little disruption as possible.”

Asia wanders back to the couch and stands in front of you, hands folded timidly into her lap. You reach down and take her hands into your own, “I hope that you’ll keep me healthy from now on, Asia.” Even that small amount of physical contact is enough to make steam come out of her ears, she squeaks and nods – so unfamiliar with contact with the opposite sex.

If Rias wants you to make Asia another one of your wives – you’re going to need to do a lot of groundwork...

Chapter 20

Asia and Rias said their goodbyes a few hours later. It was starting to get late, and you hadn't even completed your daily training for Chun-Li! It had been a long time since you last saw the master martial artist, so you decided to summon her for a joint training session. You messaged her with an explanation, and she asked for a second to change into something sporty.

"Ready to sweat?" she jokes. Chun has swapped out her classic outfit for something new. A long, one-piece tracksuit with a gold and blue vest that only covers the top half of her torso. The white ribbons in her hair were swapped for thinner, yellow replacements – which matched the yellow banded sneakers she was wearing on her feet. You believe this outfit comes from Street Fighter Alpha.

"You look amazing," you reply as you lead her into the space-time defying gym.

"Thank you. I have not worn this for some time! But it's very good for training. Let us begin with some stretches."

Chun-Li leads you through the full warm-up sequence again to refresh your memory. Stretches, light exercises, and short rounds of repetitive stances. The first time you did this it nearly wiped you out right away, but now it fulfills the intended purpose. There's a profound sense of satisfaction to be felt from advancing your body so much. You've started to fill out with muscles and your old fat is being burned away day by day.

"I see you have not been neglecting your training," she smiles, "You've made a lot of progress since the first time we met."

You think about the ways that the enemy are adjusting to your strategies, "I can't just rely on Mitsuru and the rest of you to bail me out of tough situations. One day my own skills are going to be the deciding factor." And what kind of superhero doesn't train a little? It'd be an insult to the title to stay a couch potato.

"And there we are – now it is time to begin."

We wipe the sweat from your brow and adopt a striking stance. Chun-Li emphasised the importance of repetition training, being able to do the fundamentals so well that they become second nature. The drill sergeant in her comes out as she barks the next order, "Give me one-hundred strikes, remember your form!"

Chun stands opposite you and demonstrates the pace you need to keep. One-hundred is more than you usually manage on top of everything else, but this is a milestone day. Chun wants you to break through those limits and show your strength.

"One, two, three, four!"

Your arms, back and sides begin to burn as you use your entire body to deliver the force needed.

"Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two!"

You keep your eyes focused on the goal. One day you'll be able to do some of the amazing things that she can, kicking, slicing, leaping, all without the aid of the suit.

"Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two!"

To be the best man you can be. To show all of the women who love you unconditionally that you appreciate every bit of it and more.

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one-hundred! That's good!"

You got so into it that you didn't even notice how quick you completed the set. Your arms feel like a pair of noodles already. Chun-Li approaches you and wipes down your chest with her own towel, it's strangely intimate. You note that she hasn't even broken a sweat yet. She's on another level to you.

"Well done. A dedicated mind creates an unbeatable body. To continue with my instructions even without my presence is a great feat in itself."

"Why? Do people not?"

Chun-Li laughs, "It's easy to become distracted or demotivated without guidance. Many people have responsibilities that become more important to them than becoming strong through martial arts."

"This is my responsibility, I don't have a job to worry about. I kept telling myself that I may as well do my best with the free time that I have between battles, or looking after Mitsuru when she forgets to eat..."

"You two are very close. You should never forget the value of such a dear friend."

You shrug, "It is kinda' her fault that all of this stuff happened in the first place. We're on this ride until the Untethered are dealt with. I try to make her more sociable but she's a tough nut to crack." You have dozens of stories about trying to get Mitsuru into social situations or to make other friends – and all of them end in disaster.

Chun processes your words for a moment before snapping back into business mode, she claps her hands and ushers you towards the padded area, "That is enough rest. Let's continue." More repetitive exercises, more strikes, stretches, kicks and punches. Afterwards she digs out a pair of pads and asks you to strike them while she blocks and moves.

"That's it, a little more effort!"

"I can't breathe!"

After an hour of non-stop action, Chun-Li decides that you've done enough for the day. It's getting late, and you're totally exhausted! Your body is soaked through with sweat. Chun walks over to one of the walls and presses a previously unseen panel. The wall opens outwards and reveals a sizable shower room. You don't remember that being there the last time...

She smiles, "I may have contacted Mitsuru and Lala and asked them to add some more features to the gym. A shower room was the least they could do." You're not stupid – Chun-Li is angling for something more than just a shower here. To be honest you did feel pretty bad about her being the one who missed out... being intimate with you. She seemed eager to join Rias, Lala and Akeno in those hallowed halls.

"Sure, let's get cleaned up."

You enter the room and lock the door shut behind you using a touch-screen keypad. Straight ahead are three spacious shower booths, each covered by a full body door. A strange choice given that you're the only one who uses the gym regularly – but you guess it can't hurt to future proof these things.

Lala and Mitsuru even went to the effort of including a changing area before the tiles start. There's a long wooden bench running down the middle of the floor, as well as a set of wooden shelves on the left that contain a set of wicker baskets.

"It's just like home," Chun observes. She takes one of the baskets down and steps out of her sneakers. She looks at you from the corner of her eye and unzips the back of her vest, placing it into one of the baskets. This is happening now. No backing out. You take off your own tracksuit jacket and throw it into a different hamper.

Chun peels off the tracksuit and pools it around her feet, kicking it off her foot and placing it into her basket. She was never shy about displaying her powerful body before, thanks to her skin-tight outfits, now you can admire her thighs in their full, muscular glory. Her hips and thighs are abnormally wide for someone with such a slim upper body.

Not that you're complaining. Damn.

Chun is relishing the attention, pushing her feet up to make her ass look even bigger from the side.

"I think this is a good chance for me to monitor your progress more closely," she jokes. Her thumbs reach under the sports bra she's wearing and pull it up over her head, revealing a pair of perky breasts and brown nipples. You stare for a second before blinking away your shock and returning the favour, removing your shirt and pants.

The topless Chun-Li wanders over to your side of the changing room and presses her palm against your chest to see how much was hiding underneath, "You've changed a lot since I asked you to start training." She looks up at you with a smile that betrays her excitement.

Chun-Li isn't a blushing schoolgirl, you believe that she's the oldest member of the harem by a long shot. She doesn't look a day over thirty, but It'd be exceedingly rude to ask. On the other hand, confident women like her still put you on the back foot.

"Uh, thanks."

"We can share a shower. Would you like to?"

"You seriously think I'm going to say no to you?"

You pull Chun close and kiss her. Before things can get too heated she pushes you back again, "Let's get these off." Chun grabs the edge of her matching panties and pulls them down to reveal her flower. You follow suit and do the same, removing your own boxers and revealing your half-erect member.

There's an awkward silence as you stand naked in front of each other. All you can think to say is 'wow.' Chun-Li is incredibly pretty, and her thighs are to die for. You can't wait to get your hands on them. Chun seems to agree, as she grabs your arm and drags you into the showers proper, settling on the middle booth to share with you.

It's a lot, lot bigger than your crappy shower back home. There's enough space for four or five people, but it's still a very intimate scenario to share with someone else. Chun twizzles one of

the nozzles on the wall and rinses you down with a spray of hot water. The force of the output takes you both by surprise – she scrambles to turn it down to a more manageable level.

"That's strong!" you comment. Chun, who now looks like a dog caught outside in the rain, laughs along with you. But there's one thing you know, both of you are going to end up getting dirty before you get clean...

Chapter 21

The façade doesn't last for very long, especially not when you can feel yourself becoming erect just from beholding her naked body next to you. You don't jump right in, Chun has some other ideas to explore first. You can't stop your eyes from drooping south and admiring her below the waist. She notices.

"Do you like my legs?" she smirks. She puts one leg in front of the other, subtly emphasising the thickness of her thighs and the width of her hips. How is it even fair for such a beautiful woman to have such an amazing lower body?

"Did the sun rise this morning?" Chun reaches out and guides your hands to her outstretched right leg, allowing you to feel the corded muscle underneath. They're still soft to the touch despite her long history of intense training.

"I get upset when men make passing comments about them, but for you, I will make an exception."

You bow, "Thank you very much." This is a rare chance for you to feel Chun-Li's actual, real thighs, and it's a chance that you aren't going to pass up on. You explore her legs while her other hand reaches out and slowly begins to stroke your shaft. Her entire body is so powerful – there isn't an ounce of misplaced fat on her. Perhaps her hard schedule is the reason she maintains such a youthful appearance?

Reaching around and planting your hands on the firm globes of her ass, you pull her back in for another kiss, sandwiching your cock between her thighs. Sensing that she has another chance to tease you, she tenses her legs and applies a surprising amount of pressure onto it. Her lower slit is already wet.

"I hope you don't think I'm too easy."

You chuckle, "I'm the one who should be saying that, Rias and Akeno are ruthless."

She stares deep into your eyes and positions the tip of your cock against her labia. With her permission, you slowly slide yourself inside of her until you can't go any deeper. She releases a wonderful, breathy moan into your ear as you do. The water runs over both of your intertwined bodies as things start to heat up for real.

Looking down at her from a few inches above, her abdominal muscles clench and reveal themselves. Her entire body is twisted in ecstasy as you slowly begin to pump your hips and find a pleasurable rhythm. You don't know how long you're going to last! She's really tight!

“That’s it, make me feel good.”

Having Chun-Li in your arms like this is like a dream. You attack her with short, sharp thrusts, earning more moans and grunts from her mouth. “Let me pick you up,” you say. You reach under her thighs and pull her up, holding her using your newly trained strength. You lean her back against the tiled wall to add more leverage to each of your thrusts. She’s enjoying it, and so are you.

“Right there! Right there!” she repeats.

The sound of running water isn’t enough to drown out her whines of pleasure, or the sound of flesh meeting flesh. This isn’t a carefully choreographed dance on the surface of your bed – it’s a sudden and intimate meeting with no defined start or end. But the first apex approaches quickly and without mercy.

“It’s coming,” Chun gasps into your ear.

“Me too.”

The frenzied pace you carried a moment before slows to a crawl as you grind yourself as deep as possible and let loose. Her nails drag down your back as she feels your seed begging for entry to her womb. You kiss her neck and keep going, her body tensing up in your arms as her own climax rolls through and makes her go weak in the knees.

You feel like you’re going to melt together into one. The heat and softness of her body against yours, and the pleasurable afterglow that causes your vision to fog over. You want to stay here with Chun forever, but as your rational mind returns you know that it isn’t a possibility.

“That felt amazing,” she sighs. You continue embracing her for several minutes before finally backing away. She looks down at her slit and the trail of semen travelling down her left leg. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that you’re trying to get me pregnant.”

“Ah, that’d be kinda’ bad for training.”

She speaks forlornly, “Though, you have a very small chance of succeeding. I’m afraid that my younger years are firmly behind me.”

“If you ever... if you ever want to have a child – I’m sure we could figure something out. Mitsuru could probably come up with some crazy way to guarantee it and everything, no matter how old you get.”

“You would?”

“Are you kidding me? If it’s something that you want, I’m willing to do anything to make it happen.”

She kisses you again, unwrapping her legs from around your waist and standing under her own power. You stand back and admire her again. It’s so amazing to you that she’s real, in

the flesh, and that you got to share this moment with her. Her almond shaped eyes, wonderful curves and muscular body – she’s one of a kind.

“I have to admit – I was rather disappointed that I didn’t get the chance to do this with you the last time I visited.”

“The feeling’s mutual.”

“Now, how about we get clean for real?”

You have to agree. While you have enough stamina to go again, you want to leave things on a high note. You don’t think you’ve ever cum that hard before, not even when Rias and Akeno dragged you into their clone fivesome. You successfully bathe with only minor distractions from then on. Afterwards you shut the water off and head back into the changing room. Re-dressed and rosy-cheeked, you and Chun sit down on the bench and relax for a moment.

“Part of me still cannot believe that this is real,” she admits, “And to think that I would be lucky enough to experience it.”

“I know it’s a weird question to ask, but did you hope that this would happen?”

She’s embarrassed to say, “I always worried that I needed to start acting my age and leave your story behind. But even as the years stretched on I could never pull myself away from your adventures. You represented something I admired. A selfless person fighting alongside so many others. I... did dream once or twice of being one of your companions.”

Even a stern and disciplined woman like Chun-Li has daydreams too, huh?

“It’s been a big adjustment for me too – I feel like I’m being really greedy by relying on all of you to help me, not to mention being romantically involved with you.”

“You don’t need to feel so sad. I’m sure everyone is happy to do this with you as well.”

“Motoko might have a thing or two to say about that.”

“But you know that she really loves you underneath,” Chun reasons, “You just need to prove to her that you’re the... real deal.”

Motoko did warm up a little after you saved all those people. But how much effort is it going to be to take things to the next level? Motoko is interesting – she’s one of the few characters you can think of who have an active sex life depicted within their show. Rias and Akeno are such bundles of boundless lust that they slept with you the first chance they got, even though in *their* series they don’t really act that way. At least not until the later volumes.

“Anyway, you don’t need to be so reserved about spending time with me. This is a two-way relationship, remember? If you want to see me, just send me a message and I can summon you.” Chun is very different from Akeno, Rias and Lala. She doesn’t send you sexy selfies every waking hour of the day, for one thing. You really want to spend more time with her so that she can get comfortable with things.

“I will try! It can be difficult to find the time when I am running my own dojo.”

“You don’t do police work anymore?”

Chun finally gets to her feet and starts to dress herself, “No. I retired a few years ago. A lot of things changed and I no longer felt the need to work as an officer. But it seems that evil never rests.”

You sigh, “Not if you include the entire multiverse, it doesn’t.”

“I’m sure that you will be able to fight them off.”

“Heh, I don’t need a pep-talk. I’ve survived this long.”

Fully dressed, you head out back into the gym and then through into the garage. Mitsuru is working on the computer, hammering the keys at an incredible speed as lines of code fly by. She must be refining some of her projects, though you’re too much of a dummy to figure out which just from a single glance, or even a prolonged look.

“Good morning Chun-Li, I hope that he isn’t grating on your nerves too badly.”

Chun-Li bows, “No. He has been a diligent student as always.”

Everything’s calm right now, so you come up with an idea; “The rest of the day is free. How about we spend some time together?”

She smiles, “I’d love to.”

Chapter 22

It’s just another boring day in the lab.

You thought that Sundar would be chomping at the bit to attack again, but so far there’s been nothing from him or the other invaders. It’s summer – and that means the city is gridlocked thanks to various sports events and festivals. Mitsuru was never one for social events, so you’ve spent most of your time up till now waiting around in the garage for something to happen.

After some early morning training in the gym, Mitsuru calls you into the garage and sits down at the computer. She’s turned the monitor and the printer on. The UI on screen is much different to the raw stats and empty command windows that you’re used to. It looks like any modern computer application, with a graphic interface and everything.

“I decided to make things easier for both of us. Since I can’t always be around to mint new cards for you, the program has been updated and improved with a functional user interface that allows even you to find and press new cards with little effort!”

“Even me?”

“Yes. Since I decided to further develop my tracking algorithm and calculation system, it’s now feasible for you to do everything without my guidance.”

Mitsuru doesn’t notice how insulting she can be sometimes, “Okay. So how does it work?”

She demonstrates for you - typing out the name ‘Rebecca Lee’ and pressing enter. A moment later a profile page for Revy from Black Lagoon appears. “All you need to know is the name. My new system will automatically calculate the time-dilation factor and logistics needed to summon them. You just press this button and it’ll mint the card so long as there’s enough material in the printing tray.”

“...Okay. I can just summon who I want?”

“Yes, I’m not your Mother. But I strongly suggest that you restrain yourself and leave a few spares,” Mitsuru explains, “It’d be bad if we were caught on the back foot without the means to summon a counter to whatever the Untethered are planning.”

“Ah, I get it.”

Mitsuru empties the search box and locks the computer again, handing you a small USB stick; “Security function. Plug this in and the computer will unlock again. Don’t need people sticking their hands and fingers where they don’t belong!”

You take the device and put it into your jacket pocket.

“I’ve been working on some other gadgets that we can use to fight, including the ‘adjustments’ that the Major kindly suggested to us.”

Mitsuru waddles to the car lift, which hasn’t been used since you moved in. You did notice something lurking under a blanket over there – but you knew that Mitsuru wanted to give you a dramatic reveal. She tugs the tarpaulin away, revealing a dirt bike, painted white to match your armour. Aside from that there don’t seem to be many actual modifications.

“Since running to each attack location is such a pain, I decided to purchase an old motorbike and tune it up.”

She’s a grease monkey too now? She must have flipped through a manual and learned everything using her near photographic memory. You get closer and inspect it for yourself, “Couldn’t you just build a teleporter or something?”

“Not unless you have an infinite supply of inter-dimensional anomalous material. We’d need some of it to teleport that precisely. Do you know how to ride?”

“...I’ll figure it out.”

“I am planning on making more changes, but it’ll have to do for now. I did have time to include an automatic ignition system that triggers when it detects you wearing your armour. Just jump on and it’ll handle the rest.”

“Anything else you need to tell me about?”

Mitsuru snaps her fingers, “No. That’s all for now. Unless you’re interested in some of the new rooms Lala and I have been building.”

“New rooms?”

“Nothing that you’d be interested in. A larger workshop space downstairs, some new laboratories and equipment for testing purposes, that kind of thing.”

No hotel? You are kind of interested in what they look like – but you’ll probably get to see them eventually anyway. “I’m good for now. I better go downstairs and run some kill house drills before the Major chews me out.”

“Nice to see that you’re taking it seriously.”

“Why wouldn’t I? These guys are seriously messed up. If I’m the only guy who can stop them, I’m going to do everything I can. Just a shame my wage is so bad.”

Mitsuru frowns, “It’s the minimum legal requirement, and I may have some news for you on that in a few days.”

“What, on the money?”

“Yes! Now shoo, I have work to do.”

The computer lies there in wait. It’s been several hours since she revealed the new system to you, Mitsuru has vacated the garage to do testing in the ‘materials lab,’ so you decided that now was the time to test it out for yourself and let your fantasies run wild.

There’s only one problem. Mitsuru claimed that you have enough rocks for eight new cards, but you can’t think of a single person you need right now. Without Mitsuru’s admonishment hanging over you the baser part of your brain demands that you pick someone merely for your own enjoyment; but that seems a little off when the fate of the world is in the balance.

So even after Mitsuru made a big show of making it easy enough for a dummy like you to use, you find yourself shying away from the decision. The pile of unused material lays in the drawer below, beckoning you to make a choice. This is the problem with having the entire multiverse laid out before you.

You decide to distract yourself by spending some time with Rias, as she’s marked herself as available on your cross-dimensional phone. As soon as she emerges from the other-worldly portal, she leaps on top of you and drags you to the floor in a tight hug. She’s not wearing her uniform for once. You pat her on the back.

“Jeeze, that’s a way to say hello.”

She sticks her tongue out at you, “Sorry. I just can’t contain myself when my handsome husband needs my attention.” She kisses you and then drags you back to your feet. You left

the computer unlocked, and Rias notices the strange visuals of wobbling 3D shapes and graphs that Mitsuru uses to locate harem members.

“What’s this?”

“That? Oh, Mitsuru decided to make a fool proof version of her ‘harem location program,’ you just type out a name and it does all the hard work for you.”

You sit down in the chair and demonstrate the process for her, rapping out the first name that pops into your head. Erza Scarlet. You press enter and the computer whirs for a moment, spitting out a short profile about her, a full body image and some other, more technical details about her home dimension and the time-dilation factor. After confirming you have the right person a big green button attempts to entice any would-be summoners by asking you to “PRESS” her.

But you aren’t summoning anyone at the moment so you back out of the menu. Rias is clearly interested, “Mitsuru is very intelligent, isn’t she?”

“That’s the understatement of the year. She’s on a totally different level to everyone else.”

“So, what’s the issue?”

You chuckle, “When you have infinite possibilities in front of you – it’s kind of hard to choose, you know? I feel like it’d be better if we just saved up our space rocks and used them to counter whatever the enemy comes up with.”

Rias has a contemplative look on her face, “I feel like the wives you have now can handle whatever comes your way. After all, you have the lovely daughter of the Gremory clan *and* her peerage on your side.”

Koneko and Asia aren’t really in wife territory *just* yet.

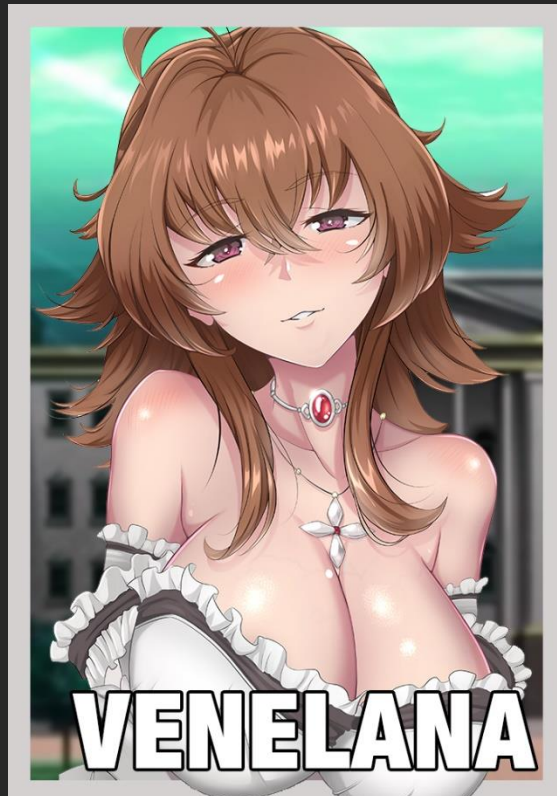
“I guess you’re right.” Suddenly, you feel the urge to go to the toilet, “I’m going to the bathroom, back in a sec.”

“Okay!”

You wander to the other side of the lab and head into the small restroom attached to the former office. After emptying the tank, you wash your hands and shake them off because Mitsuru forgot to buy more hand towels again. A commotion coming from the other room catches your ear.

You come back into the lab and see Rias hovering over the computer and printer.

You approach and realise that both machines have been turned on and used. When you finally notice what Rias has actually done, she looks like a kid caught with her hand in a cookie jar. Rias used the printer while you were away. The card laying in the output chute isn’t of any of the girls you have considered recently, but rather one of her brown haired, big breasted mother - Venelana Gremory.



There's only one question on your mind, "Why your mother of all people?"

You've never seen Rias look like this before. Her usual confidence and teasing manner are nowhere to be seen. The devil bashfully twirls a lock of her hair with her finger, "Well, it's just that my mother has been very lonely since father passed away – so I thought that it'd be nice for you to take her on as a new harem member."

You sigh and take the newly pressed card from inside the machine. There's so much wrong about this that you can't even begin to put it into order. Rias is trying to set you up with her Mom for goodness' sake!

"I already told her all about you," Rias continues, "I think she'd be very happy to join with you."

"And you don't think that's weird?"

Rias is genuinely confused that you're even asking, "What about it? Why wouldn't I desire my mother to marry a fine man like you?"

You like MILFs as much as the next guy – but you weren't planning on summoning anyone's mother who's already in the harem. You were afraid that they'd take it the wrong way, or the right way, because it was crazy weird to think about.

"People don't really do that here," you explain, "In fact, polygamy is very unusual too. I can only imagine what people would think if someone married a mother and daughter at the same time."

“You can be such a prude sometimes,” Rias giggles, “There’s nothing wrong with my mother being with you. Devils do it all the time!”

Curious. You wonder if the ‘universe’ that Mitsuru pulled Rias from has the same rules applied to the humans and angels as well. Though to be honest, there aren’t many human characters in DxD to begin with. It seems that Rias is trying to arrange a meeting between you, for the sake of getting her some dick or earning her approval is yet to be determined.

“Well, it’s just us in the lab today, so I guess we can summon her and say hello at least…”

Rias smiles brightly. You’re such a pushover sometimes. “Ah, just a word of warning – mother can be rather strict when it comes to matters of love. She’s been bothering me incessantly about the date of our ‘inevitable’ wedding. I told her that this might happen.”

She’s been planning this the whole time - this is scarier than fighting a robot to be sure. You swallow your pride and slide her new card into the Sledgehammer, twisting it around and pulling the trigger.

“VENELANA GREMORY! SHATTERING!”

Even though you’ve done this nearly one-hundred times before, this is the most nerve-wrecking summoning yet, it’s even worse than the first time you ever used it. The glass shatters into a spectrum of rainbow colours, before filling up the void again – the fragments quickly assemble themselves into the form of an older woman; Rias’ mother, Venelana. She has brown hair, purple eyes and is wearing a frilly white dress that struggles to contain her bulging chest.

She blinks and then turns on you so fast that you’re certain she had her first line prepared beforehand. Her naturally seductive eyes sharpen as she settles her sights on you, “So this is the young man who’s taken my darling Rias’ heart?” You feel a chill run through your entire body.

Rias latches herself onto your arm and hugs you close, “Yes mother!”

God help you with these devils…

Chapter 23

Venelana cuts an imposing figure, even though she's nearly a foot shorter than you. This is a forbidden power that only the mother of one of your girlfriends can possess. Venelana quickly turned her attention to the run-down garage that she finds herself in, "And what do you call this? These squalid conditions..."

"I call it Mitsuru cheaping out on the rent," you snipe – even though she isn't here to hear it.

"He doesn't live here mother," Rias explains, "It's simply a place where they design and manufacture their weapons."

That seems to stem her fury for the moment, "I see. Then I suppose the quality of the accommodations don't matter."

You lean over and whisper to Rias, "How much does she know about me?"

"She used to sit in the living room and watch the anime with us. I've also been telling her about what's happening on this side."

You hope the anime isn't as perverted as your version of events is. At least having a harem of wives and girlfriends isn't odd in their world, you seem to recall. That said, Venelana strikes you as a stern type of woman. She isn't going to approve something like this so easily.

She claps her hands together and smiles, "So, when's the wedding?"

The tension that built up in your body is released like a coiled spring, to be replaced by a flood of barely withheld confusion. That was the first question she wanted to ask about your relationship? "Uhm. Don't you have any other questions before that one?" you venture.

Venelana giggles in a way that is very alike to her daughter; "I trust Rias' judgement. I've never seen her so convinced of anything in her life. I do have a few misgivings about her indulging in such a fantasy though. Not everything in life can go the way you want it to."

"I understand, mother. Meeting him was a singular occurrence, I'm not so naïve to think that good luck will always be on my side."

Venelana reaches over and clasps your hands in hers. Her hands are very soft and warm. "From what she tells me you're a fine man. So, take good care of my daughter, please."

You nod, "You have my word."

Rias steps in and grabs her mother's arm, "Mother, aren't you forgetting something?" Venelana closes her eyes and sighs. Rias must be wearing on her patience a little with something, has she been pushing for her to... to become a member of your harem like she said before? The bravery of this girl to bring that kind of thing up with her.

"Rias dear, while I appreciate your concern for your mother – I highly doubt that your fiancé would be receptive to taking on an old, widowed woman like me. Especially not with children, some men are very possessive after all."

Your jaw drops through the floor as Venelana not only suggests that the idea is acceptable, but that men from her universe wouldn't want that exact combination of things in a potential partner. She's drop dead gorgeous, with a naturally mature air that doesn't need crow's feet to speak of her age. You've done a few good deeds already, but what the hell did you do to deserve the chance at this mother-daughter combo?

Despite the overflowing desire you feel, it's so, so hard to get the words out of your mouth. Flirting with your fiancé's mother in front of her is just something that people don't do. But for Rias and Venelana it is very much something people do. Rias gives you a knowing look that piles on even more pressure. You're doing this for her too – this is something you're

doing to make her happy. You repeat that mantra in your head over and over as you finally find the words to say.

Rias releases your arm, leaving you connected to Venelana again; "I wouldn't mind. I think you're a very beautiful woman, Venelana."

She's flustered, but resists regardless. "You're just saying that to flatter me."

So you lay it on thick to try and break through, "Flattery doesn't have to be untrue. It'd be my greatest honour to court both of the Gremory ladies." Rias smirks – knowing that a corny line like that would strike at her mother's traditional heart. Venelana studies your expression for any sign of dishonesty. You keep a stiff upper lip and resist the urge to cringe yourself into oblivion.

"Hmph, and my body having borne two children is not an impediment to your affections?"

You clench your teeth and stay your tongue from calling her a smoking hot MILF, "I find your motherly manner very charming." Nice and diplomatic. It seems that her resistance is rooted in devil societal norms, rather than a distaste for you as a potential partner. Perhaps marrying a woman who has already given birth creates messy succession problems for the big families.

Rias eggs her on, "Mother – he is being entirely honest. Don't you think it's about time you found a new partner? I'd be more than happy to invite you into the harem."

Venelana takes a long time to decide on her final answer.

"...Very well. I am willing to give you a chance. I hope that you meet the expectations that Rias has set with her tales of your exploits." Rias cheers and pulls her mother into a loving embrace. You try desperately not to look at their sizable chests squishing together as she does so. "However, I would like to take things slow. It has been a very long time since I've enjoyed the company of a man who is interested in me."

"He's a gentleman at heart, mother. He'll do whatever it takes to make you comfortable."

You nod, "She's right – if there's ever anything that makes you worried or uneasy, please tell me."

Venelana scolds you both, "I've lived longer than the two of you, don't start treating me like a blushing maiden."

"But mother, you are blushing!"

"Keep teasing me and I'll cut your inheritance."

Rias bows in deference to the head of the family, "Apologies."

She finally removes her hands from yours, "But before we worry about courtship, I'd like to get to know you as my future son-in-law first and foremost."

You chuckle, "I think Rias told you everything there is to know."

You decide that having such a serious discussion in the dirty, run-down garage is a little too much. So you head out and down the block to where a small café is located. It's surprisingly classy given that it's in a former industrial area. You take a seat out front, thankful that the former road that ran down here has been turned into a pedestrian only zone.

You start off by explaining how the two of you met, and Mitsuru's invention of the device that allowed it to happen.

"Interesting, so this Mitsuru is what you could call a genius?"

"I don't think that's unfair to say. She skipped grades, has a doctorate in just about every subject you can think of. Big companies are clamouring for her to sign on and work for them but she wants to keep her independence. I think she feels that she can change the world easier that way."

"What do you mean?" Venelana asks, sipping her tea.

"Well, Mitsuru doesn't just work on armour and weapons for me. She's been working on a lot of different collaborative projects to enhance food security, access to clean water, things like that. Mentioning that kind of thing to her will set off a long rant about corporations holding her down. She's working on a... product line all on her own."

"Going into business? My, if she wishes for some advice, she should speak with me."

"Mother..."

"Sorry dear, you know I can't resist the chance to get involved with a new venture like that."

"She loves micromanaging things back home," Rias explains. "Sometimes I can barely pull her away from bookkeeping to look after the house. She would fall asleep at her desk if not for our servants tucking her into bed."

Now it's Venelana's turn to be on the back foot, "I never!"

It turns out that these two are a lot of fun to be around. Given that Rias comes from such a high-class family, it's strange to see her having such an equal report with her own mother. But you suppose that Rias is the leader of the gang for a reason, she's very confident in her own abilities.

Venelana gets things back on track, "So, tell me about yourself."

You spend the next hour going through your entire life up to this point. Your family, where you grew up, meeting and going to school with Mitsuru, moving out here to help her with her science. It's a long and generally mundane story – with Mitsuru's many brushes with the law being the only real points of notable excitement.

"A humble background for a humble man," she concludes. "I can't say that I was expecting Rias to settle on someone like you."

"You wanted me to marry Riser Phenex," Rias comments disparagingly.

"That is how things work between the families, Rias. When you spend much of your time in their company, the chances of marrying into them become higher." There's a world of difference between meeting someone at your job or in your social circle and an arranged marriage though, and Rias seems to think so too. "But if you truly desire someone else, there is little I can do to change your mind. It would be extremely unfair of me to forbid you from courting who you please after what your brother did."

Okay, that sounds like some very personal family drama, an emotional scab that you don't want to pick open again. It does elicit one other question from you, "If you're concerned with my status, why did you agree to join my harem?"

She crosses her arms, "Unfortunately, while many widowed devils find themselves swept away by aspiring rulers – I have some things working against me. For one, I'm from an influential family; accumulating the goodwill and power needed to wed me is beyond most. Secondly, I've already given birth to two children. Devils are possessive and greedy in equal measure, and most would balk at the prospect of becoming a surrogate father."

That isn't much of a reason to say yes. You're sure she could still find someone more appealing than you. "Those are reasons why other people wouldn't want to claim you – but why are you okay with me?"

She sighs, "Rias is much like me when I was her age. That sounds natural for a mother and daughter, but the true extent of the resemblance is stronger than you would think. This may sound egotistical, but I consider Rias' opinions to be an extension of my own. If she is enraptured with you such that she demands that an arranged marriage be cancelled, then I can only suspect that I will soon feel the same way."

"I get it."

Rias isn't offended by the comparison, "My, you must have been a very wild child..."

Venelana titters, "Shush you."

You laugh and settle in for another hour of family time.

Venelana was actually a joy to speak with, even when she was drilling you for every little nitty-gritty detail on what you've been doing with her daughter for the past few months. You managed to navigate your way out of the jam without airing any of your bedroom escapades with her, though you can only assume that she knows that Rias has done something with you. After all, she did claim that Rias is much like her when she was younger.

That statement comes with an implicit meaning that Venelana is not going to jump right into sleeping with you or declaring you her new husband. She needs time to get a feel for things; she's been a widow for a good few years now and her self-worth has been lowered by the way that devil society works. As you think about it more with both women away, you find yourself coming around to the idea. You just need to get over it and show her a good time. If Rias doesn't have a problem with it, and she considers it normal, then there's nothing you can say that'll convince her otherwise.

With the first of what you fear will be many daughter-parent meetings over, you refocus on refining your skills with the Sledgehammer. You need to be faster, more accurate, and less reliant on the targeting system that Mitsuru built into the suit. Motoko also stressed the importance of decision making. There was nothing worse than firing and hitting a civilian because you didn't consider your angle carefully – everything she taught you was in service of avoiding that outcome from the start.

You'd come to the garage in the morning, run dozens of drills in the kill house until you were happy with your time, and then head into the gym to continue following Chun-Li's training regimen. Every day you went back to your apartment with no energy left – the only thing you could do was flop down onto your bed and pass out.

Faster, stronger, longer.

You repeated those three words in your head again and again. They were what drove you for the four days after you met Venelana. Things were taking so long that you hoped Sundar had thought better of messing with you, that turned out to be untrue. Mitsuru burst into the gym while you worked one of the bags.

"We've got an attack report."

"Seriously? Where?"

"The local stadium. They've attacked one of the games and taken hostages again."

You pull out your phone and check everyone's status. You've got a flush of all four original occult research club members and the Major on hand. Looks like you have everyone you need to catch Sundar out this time. Heading back into the garage, the TV shows a helicopter circling the baseball stadium where the trouble is happening. Sundar is waving to the camera from the middle of the grounds. A row of drones point their weapons at a petrified audience.

Not this again!

You load the gun with the cards of Rias, Akeno, Koneko and Motoko. The three devils will provide you with good fighting power and more crucially, magical defence ability. Motoko is going to need to be here for this urban environment and to direct things using her leadership skills. You send her a quick message so she can get ready.

"AKENO HIMEJIMA! SHATTERING!"

"RIAS GREMORY! SHATTERING!"

"KONEKO TOUJOU! SHATTERING!"

"MOTOKO KUSANAGI! SHATTERING!"

It's a very noisy and visually messy summoning. The three devils (this time wearing casual summer outfits) and the Major (who by contrast is already wearing her body armour and toting a rifle) stand before you in a line. Koneko would be confused about her new environment if she didn't have the personality of a stone-cold killer – this must be a version

of her that hasn't opened up to other people just yet. If Issei from their universe isn't their primary love interest, that task might fall onto your shoulders someday.

"Sorry for the trouble – but it looks like Sundar finally decided to make his move."

"It's fine," Motoko nods, "This time I managed to switch into my operational body before you summoned me."

"You were using a civilian spec body last time?" Mitsuru queries. You shudder to think how much of a nightmare she is for the enemy when she has the full plethora of weapons and abilities.

Motoko cracks a rare joke, "If you were hoping to have some fun with me, I'm afraid that this one doesn't come with functioning genitalia."

"Trust me, that's the last thing I'm worried about right now." You point her to the TV – where the news helicopter continues to circle the stadium. Motoko's face hardens as she takes the situation in. Rias and Akeno are also taking things seriously, but the missing link is Koneko, who has now been summoned for the very first time. If she has any objections to it, she doesn't air them. She remains silent.

Rias puts her hand on your shoulder, "Don't worry hubby, we already told Koneko about you and what you do here. She's willing to help."

"That's great. We need her defensive powers to stop people from getting hurt."

She finally speaks, "If that is what the president desires."

"Before we go, we need a plan," Motoko says.

Mitsuru seems to have anticipated this – she reaches over and retrieves a tablet from the table. She unlocks the screen and reveals a full floor-plan of the stadium, which she must have stolen from somewhere. "I can't mark the location of the enemy forces without more data, but I can estimate what angles they're holding."

Several red cones appear, displaying the range of vision and fire for the drones she's seen on the TV. The threat of them opening fire on a crowd of innocent people feels real. They could cause a hell of a lot of damage if they wanted to.

"Rias, Koneko and Akeno can stop the gunfire by using their magic. Or Akeno can use her lightning to strike them from afar."

"Fufu, a nice idea," Akeno smiles.

Motoko agrees, "We need to strike a balance between attack and defence. Reducing enemy numbers will make things more manageable. I believe that we can quickly eliminate the enemy targets in front of the stands, but we don't know what else is waiting for us in there."

You continue her train of thought, "And as powerful as the Occult Research Club is – none of them have had the same close combat training that I have."

"They should focus on clearing the field then," Motoko concludes, "You and I can enter from the front entrance and eliminate any surprises he's keeping inside."

"Remember that we can fly," Rias says, flaring out her devil wings to belay the point, "We could enter through the open roof of the stadium and have the first attack."

Motoko assents to the idea, "That's a good plan. If we clear the guns pointing at the stands – then we have much more room to manoeuvre. Okay. Let's get to it."

"Oh, I'll re-summon you when we're outside the arena. Make sure you're ready to fight."

"Okay."

You unload the gun and send the four women back to their respective universes for the time being. You use Lala's bracelet and summon your armour, running over to the dirt bike that Mitsuru tuned up for you. This can't be too hard to use, right? You mount it and feel the engine rumble to life as it recognizes the signal being emitted by the suit.

"Let's go!"

You punch the throttle and shoot out of the open garage door. You wind through the narrow roadways of the industrial area and out onto the main avenue through the city. Weaving between cars and running red lights runs a large risk, but you can't afford to waste any time and let Sundar hurt those people. A mark on your licence is preferable to being arrested for illegally owning a firearm anyway.

After a few brushes with death, you finally arrive in the utterly gigantic parking lot outside the arena. A police line is already being formed, much to your chagrin. You dismount out of sight and summon the four warriors back to this world. That's going to be a problem. You need a way to get through the line.

"We can fly over them," Rias smirks, "Maybe we could carry you?"

Motoko shakes her head, "This body is too heavy. And we need to clear the main interior of the building, it'd be easier for us to run through."

But Rias is a devil, she must have some kind of superhuman strength. You know that Koneko does. Still, your job is to clear the entry to the arena, the other three girls can worry about rescuing the crowd without you.

You clap your hands together, "Alright, let's stop talking and do it. Good luck to you three."

"Don't worry, I won't lose in front of my future husband," Rias boasts.

"Fufu, see you later darling!"

The three devils sprout wings and fly off into the sky. Meanwhile, you and Motoko dash to a gap in the police line and leap over the parked car. It happens so quickly that the armed officers don't even have time to react before you're breaking through the glass door and

spilling out into the ticketing area. Two drones turn on you, but are put down by a pair of synchronised gunshots from you and the Major.

"Get me a bead on those robots," Motoko asks.

"Looks like they didn't learn anything from last time," Mitsuru chuckles, "I'm marking them now."

Thirty red silhouettes appear through the walls of the main building. Sundar really pumped up the numbers after his last defeat. Motoko smirks and releases the safety on her rifle, "Alright. Show me what you've learned."

Challenge accepted.

Chapter 24

The building that leads into the arena space is huge. It connects to all of the stand entrances, and contains several shops and services designed to keep the people comfortable during a long game. Most of the people in this part of the building successfully escaped before being taken hostage, but Mitsuru's HUD marked several left-over civilians being held by the enemy.

Motoko is a consummate professional, leading the way as you cover her from the rear; and what a wonderful, perky looking rear it is, clad in military grade skin-tight pleather. People in the future are lucky to have butts like this mass-produced. You stick close to her back and cover her blind spots, you know you can tank a few hits from these smaller guns without a problem.

Motoko is a joy to watch at work. Her aim is precise and quick. You crest the top of the escalator leading to the food court and watch as she drops two of them with quick, lightning fast bursts from the futuristic rifle. You swivel around and look up to the bannister above where another robot is attempting to ambush you – you blow its cybernetic brains out with a single blast from the Sledgehammer.

"I should ask your scientist friend to make me one of those," she quips, checking her ammo count.

"She probably will if you do."

Motoko finally steps off the top step and beckons you to follow her with a quick hand signal. Even with her in front of you, you still feel hopelessly out of your depth when it comes to these military style movements and operations. At least you have the benefits of Mitsuru's wallhack, which helpfully marks the locations of the noise that the androids emit.

The cat and mouse game begins. Motoko kills another, and another. You steady your aim against one of the eatery tables and strike down two more. "Nice shooting," Motoko praises you, "You've been practising."

You chuckle, "You said I needed to make a Navy SEAL cry. All I need now is the SEAL."

You can hear her sigh from across the food court, "Don't get ahead of yourself."

She continues to lead the way as you shoot your way through offices, corridors and utility rooms. You blast one of the soldiers through a glass wall, shattering it into a spectacular shower of glass shards and robot parts. Rias speaks to you through the radio channel.

"We took care of the small fries, but this Gundroid is giving us trouble!" Rias explains.

"We'll be right there."

There are only a few left. Motoko gives you the signal to split off, "Go help them. I'll mop up the last of them."

"On it."

You turn on your heel and run down the corridor to the nearest crowd entrance. Sunlight burns your eyes as you emerge out onto one of the upper decks of the stadium. The crowds at the top of the seating areas have already escaped – but the people on the bottom deck were in the line of fire and couldn't do the same.

The ORC is standing firm, utilising magical circles to absorb the fire from the two remaining invaders. Sundar and his Gundroid. They are struggling; the long-distance fire of the gundroid is keeping them pinned down. The magic being emitted from their hands is used to shield the trapped onlookers behind them. You take aim with your gun and fire, hitting the cowboy dead in the left arm and sending it tumbling in a plume of sparks and smoke.

The devils are quick to react. They usher people to the exits while keeping an eye on the robot for any further attacks. The entire place empties out in a matter of seconds, leaving you in an empty baseball stadium with Sundar. "What the hell is your problem?" you demand from atop your vantage point.

"You really piss me off," Sundar growls, "Always being so self-righteous, even when you use other people to fight your battles." He's still armed with the strange weapon from your last fight, the one he tried to use on your Sledgehammer.

"I'm not forcing them to do anything. Unlike you, they're good people at heart. If that's your argument, wouldn't you say that you're forcing all of us to fight by doing this? You're an invader, hurting and terrorizing innocent people for no purpose."

His face hardens, "Pft. The reasons are beyond a simple mind like yours. You're not a man willing to make sacrifices to benefit the majority."

"I fail to see how attacking these people benefits anyone."

He lets out a bitter laugh, "Why not? It brought you here. Didn't you know? Eliminating you and that scientist friend of yours is now our number one objective."

"You lay a finger on Mitsuru and you'll be eating out of a tube for the rest of your life, asshole."

"Big words from a small man. Why don't you come down here and put your money where your mouth is?"

You accept the challenge, leaping from atop the third floor and down onto the grassy pitch below. Sundar tries to take advantage and fires some speculative shots at you with his arm-gun, but both miss as you roll out of the way. You fire back, but he teleports to the side leaving the bullets to hit nothing but the ground.

So absorbed by the gun duel, you fail to notice an interloper taking aim.

"Gundroid! Do it!"

A flash from afar, and your hand cries out in agony as an accurate shot smashes against the back of your armoured plate. Your fingers freeze up and drop the Sledgehammer to the dirt. Sundar moves as swiftly as the wind, swiping it from under you and kicking you away. You stop yourself short of falling down the stairs and into the team dugouts.

Your heart pounds at the prospect of having your number one weapon taken away. "You can't use that," you grunt, "It's biometrically coded."

Sundar laughs menacingly, "We already know. That Doctor isn't a dullard. But... you never figured out what this thing is." He held out the gun attached to his arm with a self-satisfied smirk, "Recognize this? You already destroyed the original version."

Suddenly it clicks into place, "That's... the cloning gun!"

"Wow! You aren't dumb as bricks after all! I asked a friend of mine to make some modifications, and now..."

He charges up a bolt of blue energy and dangles the captive firearm over the barrel, unleashing a vivid flood of energy that engulfs it completely. One silhouette turns into two, and then it drops at his feet. Another Sledgehammer. He throws the original back at you like a piece of garbage. You reach out and take it. He leans down and picks up his new pirated copy in exchange.

"The old version cloned everything – but I only need the non-organic materials to do this. I just needed to get you into the right position, and use the Gundroid's targeting computer to shoot it out of your hand. How do you like that?"

"What the hell are you doing?"

"That's for me to know, and for you and your shitty harem to find out."

The war of words is interrupted by the return of the ORC and the Major. He only just avoids being fried by Rias' destructive magic; Motoko takes aim using her rifle and shoots at him. Sundar raises his arm and uses the cannon as a shield, shattering it into pieces. Despite the destruction of the cloning canon, the second Sledgehammer remains in existence. There must be a backup keeping it separate!

He scowls, "Whatever. I got what I wanted – you losers can play with this pile of junk!" He snaps his fingers and falls backwards through a portal that appears on the ground behind him. It closes so quickly that you can't even try to stop him.

He got you. This whole thing was a set-up so he could steal the Sledgehammer.

You're so angry that you snap your sights onto the Gundroid like a man possessed. You pull the trigger and blow a hole clean through its chest, then its arms, then its legs. You shred it, tearing away pieces until it's nothing more than a metal frame covered in hanging wires and dangling motherboards. You don't stop firing – gunning down the maddened gunman like you're in a gangster flick.

You stutter to a halt in front of the scrap pile and sigh. Mitsuru is going to kill you. Whatever she saw through the feed in your helmet, she doesn't comment. You feel a hand on your back, it's the Major and the others. You climb back to your feet and nod to them, "Thanks everyone. At least nobody got hurt."

Rias smiles, "It's no problem hubby!"

"Ara, I'm always happy to punish evildoers with you," Akeno shivers with sadistic intent.

"Perverts," Koneko comments derisively.

"Aw, don't be so cold Koneko-chan, I'm sure you'll learn to love him just like we did!" Akeno declares, shoving the stern girl's face into her bosom. The two begin to struggle with each other as you try to collect your thoughts.

"What's your assessment Major?"

"It was mostly a success, though your theatrics do seem to cause trouble." Motoko closes her eyes and nearly cracks a smile, "I suppose that 'heroic' part of you isn't so bad. Everyone needs a little bit of romance in their lives, being rescued by a police officer doesn't have the excitement as a superhero."

"Trust me – you're pretty special. I mean you're the only cybernetic person on Earth right now."

"You can't tell just from looking at me," she responds, "Unless you strip me naked."

You clutch your helmet covered head in despair, "While I'm sure I'd enjoy having every bone in my body broken for trying, Mitsuru is going to kill me first."

"That's right!" she cries through the comms, "I'm going to wring that muscular neck of yours!"

Chapter 25

The rescue at the baseball stadium had driven the media frenzy surrounding you to new heights. It was the only thing that anyone could talk about across the nation. Who was the

mysterious masked hero? What was the deal with the alien invaders? And how was he getting away with such blatant copyright infringement? You try to drown out the noise and focus on doing what you do best. Lounging around the garage and training.

Mitsuru didn't actually have much to say about the enemy copying her weapon. She shrugged it off – they already have the ability to travel through infinite dimensions, and that isn't going to change with them making a replica Sledgehammer. You're more concerned about the underlying technology giving them a leg up, but if Mitsuru isn't worried, you're not worried.

Two mostly calm days after the stadium incident, Mitsuru calls you over to the computer. "What's up?"

"We spoke about the money a few days ago – and I said that I'd have something substantive for you in a few days."

"Oh, right. So, am I getting a raise or something?"

Mitsuru adjusts her glasses, "That is to say, we received our first royalty payment for the merchandising line. With the manufacturer and retailer fees, we are left with a big portion of the proceeds. I've given you your thirty percent cut after routing it through some privacy conscious foreign banks."

Well, that sounds dubious!

"And how much did we make?"

"The videos of you fighting and summoning girls have blown up now that people know it's real, you were the number one trend in the world a few days ago. Since we planned ahead and had merchandise, toys and write ups already prepared – we were perfectly positioned to take advantage of the phenomenon. They flew off the shelves, and in total you took away fifty million dollars."

"..."

"..."

"F-Fifty?"

"Yes."

"Million?"

"Yes."

"Fifty million freaking dollars?!"

Mitsuru is too slow to plug her ears. She winces and hurriedly shoves a small plastic card into your hand, "Give or take. In fact, here you go! A new bank account with that money in it. Now, I couldn't move the lump sum into there without arousing unneeded suspicion, so you've been promoted to the COO of our company. You're earning one-hundred thousand

dollars a month. You can finally move out of the crap shack you call an apartment. Or pay child support for your five hundred wives."

Do banks even insure this much cash at once?

"A-Anything else I should know?"

"No, that's it. Keep doing what you've been doing, and I'll keep working on our equipment. Oh, by the way, the leftovers from the Gundroid have been put into the printer. You have enough for ten cards now."

"I'll hold off on making any new ones right now."

"I saw an interesting selection in the logs actually, I didn't take you for that kind of person."

You hold up your hands in defence, "I stepped away for a moment and Rias did it."

"How convenient."

Mitsuru is not convinced.

It's not like you need her approval or anything! You walk away and begin to think about all of the amazing things you can do with your newly earned money. Mitsuru's right, you would like a private space to call your own that can handle more than two people at a time. You'll have to wait a while to accumulate the funds to buy a big penthouse outright. At least the property prices in this city aren't as insane as they can be elsewhere.

You're pulled out of your careful considerations by your phone vibrating. You swipe left before checking the caller ID and are surprised to discover that it's Rias. "Hello hubby, how are you doing?"

"Fine, thanks. What's the occasion?"

"I just wanted to have a chat with you, that's all."

"Okay – has anything interesting happened on your end for the past few days?"

"There's always something. The fallen angels make sure of that. We also got to meet Issei's girlfriend!"

That explains a lot, actually. "Oh, Issei has a girlfriend?"

"I was rather surprised myself. He always seemed so adamant that he was going to form a harem and all, but it seems that she's domesticated him, so to speak." Rias giggles at her own joke, "She's a girl from Kuoh Academy."

And probably someone you've never heard of. Mitsuru's griping about things being convenient rings a little hollow when she digs out universes like this one where the horniest man in existence can settle down like that. It makes it much easier for you to claim every girl from the ORC, and the other devil's peerages too. A world filled with singletons, divorcees

and widows. It's kind of sad now that you think about it. Part of you would like to meet Issei, but you'd probably have to press a card to make that happen. Maybe in a pinch.

"She sounds nice. Mitsuru just got finished talking to me about the income from her stupid merchandising idea. I'm getting paid one-hundred-thousand dollars a month now as the COO. I don't even know what to do with that kind of money."

Rias hums, "To be truthful, I don't either. Everything has always been provided to me by my mother and father. The Gremory clan is very affluent, yet I find myself without the need for anything expensive. Recently I have started to fill my wardrobe with some cute outfits for our dates."

"Cute cute, or sexy cute?"

"Both!"

That tracks. "I'd like to move out of the 'love nest' and into somewhere bigger and nicer. Also, it's way too hot in the summer. But what else could I even spend it on?"

"A sports car?"

"Heh, that might be fun. Getting to feel like a big shot for once in my life."

"Fufu, you'll need a pair of beautiful women for those lonesome arms as well. Akeno would love to strut her stuff while hanging off of you."

Images of Rias and Akeno wearing sexy evening dresses and escorting you to a high-class restaurant flood into your head. Oh yeah, you definitely want to try that – even if it's just once and never again.

You shift topics, "How's your mother been?"

Rias giggles, "You can call her by her name, hubby. She's my mother, and your future wife. Perhaps you'd like to take us both to the bedchamber at the same time?"

You flush red. It always gets to you when Rias teases you like that; "I think I'd need to work up some serious courage to propose that."

"There's nothing strange about it," Rias insists, "We're devils after all. You should stop thinking like a human when you're dealing with us."

You shrug to an audience of none, "I don't know how a devil thinks."

"Aggressive, greedy, foolhardy. I would say that you are nearly there – laying claim to a mother and her daughter is exactly what I'd expect from a high-level devil."

"Hey, that was your idea."

"You could have said no."

"I don't think I can say no to you."

"Aww. You're too sweet."

Speaking of girls from Rias' world, "What did Asia and Koneko think of being brought through?"

"I did warn them, so they were ready for it. Asia was very eager to help anyone in need. Koneko isn't one to be open with her feelings, but she does stay in the room when the ORC fanclub watches the show. She pretends that she doesn't know anything about you."

Curling up on the couch and enjoying your adventures huh? Even so, you're going to need to break the ice with her if you want to add her to your burgeoning harem. Asia seems more open to the idea, even though the chaste nun hasn't had her first lewd thought yet.

"The rest of the club's members are hoping to meet you soon too!"

"Sure. I'll try and get more cards for you guys soon. Xenovia's probably interested, right?"

"Yep!"

She'll probably try to make a baby with you as soon as she steps through to your side...

"I'll make sure she gets an invite to the party then. I'll summon you and Akeno soon so we can hang out. I have a few errands to run today."

"Okay hubby! Message me any time. Bye! Love you!"

"Love you too."

She hangs up. During the discussion you ended up wandering into the gym to get a little privacy. May as well run your routine while you're here, unfortunately Chun-Li is occupied at the moment. No in-person training and shower fun this time. Your body has changed radically even after just a month or two of work. You used to be a pretty normal looking person – but now you can see your biceps and pecs growing by the day.

Unless you do some serious weight training, it's unlikely you'll get any bigger than this. That's just fine by you. You don't need to be a bodybuilder to fight evil, and you don't want to look like a character from JoJo's Bizarre Adventure. Not unless you have to. You slap your cheeks and stop your mind from drifting any further. It's time to get serious. Chun-Li will be angry if you miss out on your daily training.

And you do not want to make Chun-Li angry.

Motoko messaged you using one of Mitsuru's phones and asked to drop by for another training session. She stepped through the interdimensional rift wearing another one of her rather distinct outfits. A pair of thick, blocky black sunglasses, a tight grey bodysuit, and a

long black trench coat. She looks like she just stepped out of a cyberpunk movie, which she technically did.

"Let's train."

And just like that, you were sent spiralling back into the depths of hell. Motoko isn't giving you any slack today. It seems the better you get, the harsher she is with her criticism. Her biting sarcasm and perfectionist mindset forces you to run the course a dozen plus times before she's finally happy. And that's before she demands co-operative drills where you need to properly use squad tactics with her.

After finally coming to a stop and resting, you notice that she's moving a little slower than last time.

"You feeling okay?"

Motoko waves you off, "This is a civilian grade body, since we aren't doing anything special today."

You laugh, "I didn't know you had the ability to turn off from business mode. What's the difference between this and a military body?"

Motoko cocks her hips to the side, "Lighter, the joints and muscular system are less robust, there's no armour, and it also comes with all of the comfort features. Like eating, defecating, anatomical accuracy."

"Oh, you did say that your 'combat' body didn't come with nipples."

"They don't. No need for things like that on something you're only meant to use occasionally. If you're going about your everyday business - people like to be reminded that they're still human. Missing out on functions like those can lead to depression and dissociation, where the mind rejects the body."

You listen attentively and quickly come up with another question; "I don't mean to bring up something personal but you've been in a cyborg body for a long time, right? Do you still feel that way?"

Motoko's face shifts to a dissatisfied look, "I've been in a mechanical body for as long as I can remember. It's something that you can never get used to. The human brain is wired to think a certain way. I have a collection of spare bodies in my apartment. Some for work, some for leisure."

"That's wild. Is it really that easy to swap between them?"

Motoko nods. "If there was someone out there who'd be willing to transfer themselves into a 'non-human' body for good, I could only conclude that there's something wrong with them."

"I guess. Hey, are you planning on doing something else while you're here?"

She shakes her head.

"Not interested in seeing the world before cyberbrains became a thing?"

Motoko doesn't seem interested, "This world isn't so different to mine, even though the technology is less advanced." Figures. She seems like a hard woman to entertain and interest. Speaking of entertainment...

"Mitsuru told me that everyone we summon already knows the score – I forgot to ask you last time. Are you familiar with us?"

That confident smirk falters for just a second. "Ah. Are you trying to ask me if I'm a big 'fan' of yours?"

"Sure. Let's go with that."

She sighs, "It's no good dancing around this one is it? I am."

"What's our story like in your world? How similar is it to this universe?"

"The core elements are the same. You and Mitsuru fighting alien invaders, summoning characters from other media franchises, set in a quaint retro-future city before the invention of most modern technology. All of that is mixed in with a large amount of sexual comedy and meta commentary. It's a very guilty pleasure. Don't start trying to make fun of me-"

"I won't," you cut her off, "In fact, it's flattering that someone like you would enjoy 'our' adventures that much."

"Hmf. I started reading it on a whim when I was younger and still in the military. Some of my platoon mates handed me their leftover copies just to kill some time. When I returned to Japan and joined section nine, I kept up with it. I got invested. I didn't know most of the crossover characters who were introduced, so I had to enjoy the original content as it was."

"Oh, so you don't know any of the Occult Research Club."

"No. There are similar characters, but not identical."

It seems that in all universes, anime and manga are horny. You are not surprised to learn this. You badly want to broach the subject of her affection for you – but Motoko will probably crush your balls if you try anything like that on her. She's going to reveal the truth on her own terms, you're just going to have to wait.

"Coming here does make for a good change of pace from my usual routine. I can relax for a few hours without having to worry about the world falling apart."

"Your idea of relaxing is more training?"

She titters, "Of course. Shooting dummies and targets is my 'happy place.'"

You can only hope that you aren't counter amongst their number, because you are a dummy.

"How do you feel about this whole harem thing anyway? I still haven't gotten used to it."

Motoko folds her glasses and slips them into her pocket, revealing her red eyes. "As impractical and improbable as the function of a relationship like that is – I can't feel surprised with it. I've seen a lot of strange things in my time. People modding their bodies to extremes that I couldn't have imagined before, choosing to live inside of a cyberbrain in their own closed-off world... so a romance with multiple partners is almost tame in comparison."

"Improbable, that sounds right to me."

"But not impossible," she emphasises, "If there are infinite worlds with infinite personalities, I'm sure that amongst those possibilities are a group of people willing to give it a try."

"Are you one of them?" You cringe internally as the real thrust of your questioning slips out, every bit as bare faced and brazen as you were trying to avoid.

Motoko doesn't reach out and crush your balls with her robotic grip, instead she smirks and leans into your personal space, "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

You sigh and close your eyes, "We both know how this works. But I'm not going to insist that you have to do anything. Like you said, improbable and impractical. I'm waiting for the moment where one of you starts thinking that I can't divide my attention in enough ways."

You don't know what you expect her reaction to be. Motoko is such a mixed bag of emotions and moods. Deathly serious, teasing, mature or even childish. She can be all of those things and more. What she doesn't do is take advantage of your position to sneak in a kiss. She puts her hands on your chest and pushes you back a touch.

"Then you'll have to do your best to make sure that doesn't happen. It might hurt if someone spurns you, but would you prefer to keep them with you even if they weren't enjoying it?" She speaks with a firm conviction that fills you with a sudden burst of confidence. She's right. You just need to do what you can and see how things play out.

"Alright. I get it."

But Motoko can't resist the chance to jab at you with another comment, "And if you want me to join this little 'harem' of yours – you're going to have to impress me." Impress her? How the hell are you going to impress a woman who rips tanks apart with her bare hands? You get the sense that she's more interested than she lets on.

"Easier said than done..."

You finish up the last few rounds of firearms training with Motoko. She can't stick around for long, so after you're finished you send her back home so she can take on some real threats instead of ones that Mitsuru and Lala built. You towel off the sweat and clean up the mess, resetting the training system to its normal settings.

But speak of the Deviluke and she shall appear. As you move to leave the elevator doors open and the violent bundle of pink alien energy dashes you, pulling you into a tight hug, "Mitsuru and I finally finished what we were working on! So now we can spend a bunch of time together!"

"Hey Lala, did Mitsuru summon you again?"

"Yep! Come with me, there's something I want to show you!"

You follow the peppy girl into the elevator. The elevator begins to shift and move for only a short distance, coming to a stop two floors below. How many floors did they build down here? And how did they avoid hitting any pipes in the process? Lala presses several buttons, seemingly entering a password that only she knows.

The doors open again to reveal a strange room. There's a wooden platform that runs along the entryway of the chamber, but the rest of the floor is seemingly made from one gigantic mattress, complete with sheets and pillows. It's large enough to comfortably bed several dozen people. White curtains hang from each wall, giving it an almost heavenly appearance.

"So... what's this room?"

"This is Lala's personal chamber! Mitsuru said I can do whatever I want in here! So I decided to turn it into a super awesome harem bedroom for all of us! We can all snuggle up together and maybe do something lewd too..."

Your eyes drift to the left, where a single standing whiteboard is perched atop the thin strip of solid ground. Leaving your shoes in the provided rack, you walk around and get a proper view of what's contained on it. To put it bluntly, it's a crazy ass conspiracy theory chart, with images of all of your present harem members connected with pieces of coloured string. "HAREM PLAN," is scribbled across the top in red marker.

"Harem Plan?"

Lala trots over with a smile, "Oh, Momo heard about me being added to a harem and she was super excited about it! We made this together. The red string connects girls who are already in love with you, and the yellow string is for girls who haven't realised how much they want you just yet!"

Some of the other interpersonal relationships have also been connected with blue string. Rias, her mother and her peerage are all strung up with each other. The candid images of Akeno and Rias lying seductively on crumpled white sheets make it immediately obvious that they're both in on the joke. By contrast Koneko and Asia have normal profile shots of their faces. Xenovia is also hovering around the bundle of devilish ladies, but she isn't connected to you yet – presumably because you haven't met her yet.

"This way, we can make sure that we plan carefully and capture their hearts in one go!"

You were just kinda' winging it until now. How helpful could this chart really be?

"It's interesting, but aren't you going to run out of space eventually?"

Lala hums, her tail wagging in the air behind her. "We can worry about that when we get there! Oh, maybe we could get one of those super cool touchscreens and make a really big digital version! But there's something so fun about having a physical board here..."

You chuckle and pat her on the back, "Okay, okay. We'll do the board for now."

Chapter 26

Lala's harem bed-chamber and harem plan seem to indicate that she has a vested interest in the whole polygamous relationship thing. And her sister? Did she mean Momo? It's been a long time since you last read To Love-Ru...

Lala kicks off her shoes and dives onto the ginormous bed, bouncing up and down on it like a trampoline. Well, there's no need to overheat your brain thinking about it. You do the same and leave your shoes behind, stepping onto the surface of this alien bed planet that Lala has constructed.

"Where did you even find a mattress this big?" you ask as Lala finally falls flat onto her back.

"They make extra big mattresses for extra big aliens," she explains matter-of-factly. "Okay! Let's have some fun again!" Lala rolls over and clambers into your lap. Her long black tail wraps around your waist and holds you tight to her back as she settles in. "Mitsuru can be a meanie sometimes. She always has something for me to do."

"Sorry. She's rather blunt, isn't she?"

"Uh-huh. But I like that about her. She reminds me of my little sister, or Yami-chan."

Lala reaches up and presses down on Peke, transforming her alien outfit in a puff of smoke. When it clears a moment later you discover that she's wearing a thin nightie and a pair of matching lacy panties. Your hands don't have anything stopping them from touching the skin on her belly, she begins to giggle and squirm in your lap.

"Hehehe, that tickles!"

"Why did you bring me down here?" you ask.

She turns back and pecks you on the lips with a quick kiss, "I just wanted to spend some time cuddling with my fiancé, that's all. All of the other girls have gotten to spend so much time with you recently."

"I know. It's really tough to make everyone's schedules line up, isn't it?"

Lala's body is really warm and soft. She doesn't have the same insane curves that Rias and Akeno do. She's lithe, and rather thin. That isn't a problem! It's nice to have such a beautiful girl who isn't all boobs and butts. Some people would probably demand all of those things at once, but can you really talk? It's not like Rias and Akeno aren't pretty and sexy as well.

Feeling mischievous, you reach out and wrap your hand around the spaded tail dangling to your left. Lala immediately stiffens up at your touch as a shiver runs through her body, "Wah! Don't attack my tail like that, meanie!" The blush on her face is exciting. You just wanted to touch it since you forgot to the last time you slept together.

"I just thought of a problem with this room."

"Huh, what is it?"

"I can only summon four people at a time. There's no way we can fill all of this space unless Mitsuru upgrades the Sledgehammer even more."

Lala is outraged by the revelation, puffing out her cheek and slapping her hands on the soft floor below. "Grr. That just means we need to improve our technology! What kind of King doesn't sleep with all of his concubines at once!?" You can't help but find it really amusing that she finds that problematic. You distract her by leaning in and placing a gentle kiss on the nape of her neck.

"Four girls are enough to wear me out already."

Lala giggles, "Don't worry! Momo and I are already working on creating an even better stamina producing item for you to consume! She's getting all of her plant friends to help."

Memories of your wild foursome with her, Akeno and Rias are still fresh in your mind. You'd also be remiss to forget the extreme crotch and groin pain that resulted from having three different women ride you like a bucking bronco for hours on end. "That was a crazy night, even with the basic version."

She blushes, "That was the first time I've ever done something lewd before. It felt really amazing. Akeno and Rias were really beautiful too!"

"I seem to recall Akeno having a lot of fun with you, you didn't mind?"

"Of course not. It's only natural that your wives work together to prepare you for more."

If that was their intent it worked for sure. Seeing Akeno thrusting three fingers into Lala's pussy and causing her to squirt everywhere was an unforgettable moment. Well, what little you could see of it while Rias was grinding you into the mattress.

She takes your hands into hers; "I hope that you consider inviting Momo and Nana too. Then all of us can be your happy harem wives!" Nana doesn't seem like the type of girl to take to anyone, especially not someone like you. Momo is clearly into it though. "It'll be nice to sleep in here with everyone at the same time."

You think she brought you down here for another reason though. It's hard to not get excited when such a cute girl is wiggling on top of your lap in nothing but her underwear. You reach up with both hands and gently place them on her breasts, eliciting an excited inhalation from the pink-haired princess. They're really soft and squishy.

"How about we break this place in? Just to see if it works..."

Lala nods and removes Peke from her head, leaving them on the mattress to the side. Her clothes disappear into another cloud of smoke, revealing her nude form once more. She escapes from your lap and twizzles around to face you. Needy hands reach out and slip

themselves under the hem of your shirt. A few moments later you're left completely naked from head to toe, just like her.

"Your snake is happy to see me!" She cheers.

"My snake?"

"What would you like to do?" She flutters her eyes in a mockingly seductive manner. Your response is simple, you pull her back over and into your lap, this time face to face. Your erect member slips into her eager and welcoming folds, her tail shoots straight out as the pleasurable sensation runs through her body.

"How about we take it slow and enjoy each other?"

Lala's eyes widen as she realises what you have planned. She leans in and places her chin against your shoulder, her body shuddering and chest heaving as the gentle lovemaking begins to affect her for real. There's no need to wildly pump your hips – she's so tight and wet that it feels amazing even when you aren't moving at full speed.

You decide that some romantic talk will please her even more. She flinches as the hot breath spills from your mouth and over her sensitive ears, "I love you Lala. I'm so happy that I got to meet you."

"Ah! Ha... ha... I love you too. I love you soooooo much!"

Lala's needy body presses closer to yours as her own hips begin to move. The cherry-like scent of her hair and a little bit of feminine sweat fill your nostrils as you bury yourself into her nape and kiss at her neck. "One day you'll be the Queen, and I'll be the King – and we can have a big wedding with all of the harem members. Rias, Akeno, Asia, Koneko, Motoko, Venelana, Chun-Li, and whoever else."

She shivers as a deeply held desire slips from between her plush lips, "...M-Momo and Nana."

"And your sisters too. One big happy family."

"T-That's right. The King of the galaxy needs to have a bunch of super amazing concubines and wives. Who all love you as much as I do! Who can pamper you and sleep with you, and have your babies and... Ah!" You feel a sudden gush of fluids splash against your crotch as the lewd fantasy drags Lala to the first of many upcoming orgasms.

It's slow and sensual, completely unlike the pelvis shattering fuckfest that her, Akeno and Rias unleashed unto you a few weeks earlier. Lala never once lets go of your body, hugging you tight and pressing her cute breasts into you. Legs tangled, hearts connected – you don't feel the need to pick up the pace and make it any more intense. This is a moment for you and her, something to share and remember. Lala's been neglected versus some of the others. You want to make up for it.

She giggles deliriously, "Queen... I was always so afraid of becoming Queen because my father set me up with some weird people. But if it's with you, I'm really excited." You kiss as

you feel the first of your orgasms approach. You groan into her mouth as a thick flow of seed flows into her unprotected pussy. This might turn into a shotgun wedding if you aren't careful.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asks.

"Of course I did, but we aren't done just yet."

You lean forward and push her down onto the bed beneath you, repeating the process all over again. A slow, simmering intercourse that leaves your body flushed and pricked with invisible needles. It's fun and sexy. Lala's flower feels so good around your shaft that you never want to be pulled apart, even though you know you have things to do outside of this little world she's created.

Time fades away from your mind as you do your best to make Lala feel every little bit of your love. You kiss every part of her body that you can reach, pushing her hips upwards with slow, methodical insertions. Lala enjoys every second of it, feeling you searching out and pounding against her most sensitive spots. Just you and her, together, in a sea of white sheets and lace curtains.

You cum several more times until her vagina is overflowing, never once considering pulling out. Your stamina isn't limitless, and Lala hasn't spiked you with a weird viagra drug this time. You finally put an end to things and extract yourself from her body, collapsing down onto the soft floor and pulling her into a normal embrace that doesn't involve mashing your privates together. There's an incredible mess from where you've repeatedly soiled her insides with your sperm.

You gasp and try to catch your breath after such an intense and intimate meeting. Lala smiles and cups your cheeks in her palms, exploring the features of your face like a curious child, committing each and every detail to memory.

"Thank you, husband." Her skin, marred pink and red through the shared heat and her beaming smile are almost enough to knock you flat. How can a woman like this look even more beautiful after two hours of sex?! "I think Momo and Nana will love to be your wives as well."

"Well, we do have a lot of cards ready to use. Momo, Nana and Xenovia are on my shortlist."

"Oh! Rias already sent me a picture of Xenovia so I can put her onto the chart."

You noticed earlier back at the board. Pretty much every woman in Rias' orbit was included – where the hell did she get some of those from?

"You girls are talking to each other a lot?"

She nods, "It makes sense doesn't it? All of your future wives need to be in close contact so we can coordinate dates, future concubines, and other things like that!"

"Why did I pick so many presumptuous girls so early? We need to leave some girls for the rest of the guys out there," you laugh. Though you have learned that Issei has a nondescript

girlfriend of his own, so maybe it's not really stealing from the respective main characters of each franchise.

"There's no need to slow down now," Lala insists, "Let's conquer the multiverse and all of the amazing women inside of it! For the sake of our future harem!"

This is going to be troublesome.

Chapter 27

Things have settled down in terms of monster attacks. A few days have gone by since Lala's introduction to the 'harem chamber' that she snuck in under the foundations of your garage HQ. Though in other ways things have gotten increasingly chaotic and out of hand. Your baseball stadium rescue has resulted in a media tumult – with hundreds of journalists descending on the city to try and find the identity of the mysterious superhero.

There are TV specials, round the clock talk show speculation, and people painting murals of you onto the side of local apartment blocks to celebrate your actions in rescuing the people at the game. There's a veritable Harem Hero frenzy ongoing. And Mitsuru is more than happy to stoke the flames of that frenzy.

She summoned Venelana Gremory using the Sledgehammer (without your knowledge) and attained her assistance in spreading the word about her new toy line, released to coincide with the trend. She didn't just want to conquer the store shelves, she wanted to conquer the multi-media landscape! You've started to overhear her speaking with producers and licensors about new products, comic book tie-ins and potential lawsuits from the people whose intellectual property you are now plucking characters and concepts from.

There's just one problem with that – Mitsuru has not only hidden her identity, but also the location, registration and finances of your new 'company.' It's a black box from which no information can leak or escape. The government doesn't even know who you work for. Plus, the rather tenuous legalise theory that you aren't really selling other people's ideas. Mitsuru had quietly shelved the replica cards and replaced them with non-copyright infringing alternatives. Some of them are more obvious than others.

The first one-hundred-thousand-dollar cheque slid into your bank account with little fanfare, after bounding between various proxy accounts intended to protect your identity. It's even more than Mitsuru initially suggested, pushing upwards into the one-hundred-seventies. Suddenly you don't need to worry about rent or your expenses anymore. It's both liberating and constricting. What are you going to do with so much cash? Rias had some good ideas. Why not live it up a little with a flash car and a new, larger apartment?

And thus, the apartment search begins. You know that Lala has the ability to add compressed space rooms to any building – so space may not be such an important factor. You're just looking for something more liveable, and maybe a little impressive so you can feel like a big shot. With such a huge amount of liquid cash on hand, you can pay the down payment for pretty much any available apartment in the city. Sans the ones constructed to launder dirty money in the downtown district – doomed to never be lived in.

You created a shortlist of several that catch your eye, all of them offering premium perks like an underground parking space, a private elevator, and panorama views of the district they're located in. Many of them have been built in speculative locations close to the garage and by the waterside. The attempted gentrification of the former industrial and shipping area hasn't been doing so hot – so there are plenty of bargains to be found.

Having sent a message of interest to one of the estate agents involved, you received a response from them promptly. They couldn't show you around in person, but they would leave a spare key under one of the potted plants in the outside hallway for you to use. If nothing else it should provide a fun diversion to see how the 'other side' lives. You walk through the abandoned warehouses and industrial yards to an area that has been flattened and landscaped into a new high-end business and residential area.

The building you seek towers above the others. A reflective monolith of glass and steel – an overcompensating construction that seeks to be the tallest around. You walk through the repaved courtyard slash park and into the cold embrace of an empty skyscraper lobby. There isn't a soul to be seen, but the lights are on and the doors still open so...

Screw it. You ignore the potential for this to turn into an avant-garde horror flick and swagger to the elevator. The agent said the double-layered apartment was on the thirtieth and thirty-first floor, and inhabited half of the building's footprint in the process. You can't imagine the size of the place until you see it with your own eyes.

Up and up you go. A sassy saxophone melody plays over the elevator speakers during the trip. The reflective steel doors slide open and reveal a beige hallway. On either side of you are two black doors, with numbers printed onto them. You're looking for 312. A pair of vases stand guard on either side of the wooden laminate door, under the left is the key you were promised.

"Alright, no axe murderer just yet."

The door unlocks with a satisfying clunk, swinging open to reveal a fairly lavish entry hallway into what is a truly gigantic luxury apartment. These are the real high roller suites, mainly designed for investors to buy and sit on for a stupid length of time without ever once opening the front door and using them for their practical purpose.

On the immediate right is a cloak room to store coats, umbrellas and a veritable landslide of outside shoes. You kick off your own dirty beaters and leave them by the front door so you don't spoil the lovely white-marble floor. You're spoilt for choice on where to start your inspection, but a rumbling from your pocket momentarily distracts your attention.

It's Akeno, wondering if you're free to spend a little time with her. As usual, this simple request is accompanied by an image of her posing in a full-body mirror with no clothes on. Does she think she needs to pay you in nudes or something? You fire off a message asking her to get dressed. What's the harm? You summon the Sledgehammer using your bracelet and summon Akeno from her world. The busty sadist appears wearing a flattering white blouse, jumper and long black skirt. She looks very mature in this new casual outfit.

"Hello Akeno."

"Fufu, hello husband!" Akeno leans up and plants a friendly kiss on your lips. Her eyes are immediately drawn to the apartment you're in. "Hm. Is my dear husband seeking a new home?"

You and the girls already talked about the money situation. "Kind of. I got curious about how far my new-found wealth can go. This is the first place I've checked out."

"Ara, it is rather bare, isn't it?" Akeno comments, craning her head upwards to look at the tall glass windows that look out over the water.

"All of these modern buildings look like this. They need something... more personable."

Akeno nods, "I much prefer the way that Rias styled our clubhouse. It's very comfortable and warm. These big bald windows need some lovely crimson curtains, don't you think?" The gothic stylings of DxD's clubhouse do have a certain appeal. You're going to have to redecorate no matter which building you choose in the end.

The main living area is huge – featuring a built-in kitchen area, dining table and depressed seating area with an equally large flat-screen TV built into the shape of the indentation. Huge roof to floor windows give a semi-impressive view over the bay of the city. Heck, you can see the baseball stadium from here. You and Akeno wander around the place, providing commentary and ideas for what you'd like to do with it. The room that is most exciting to her is the master bedroom, which takes up a large chunk of the second floor. A half-wall allows you to see through the very same windows.

"What a wonderful love nest," she giggles, "I can just imagine us lavishing you with affection on a big, emperor size mattress while we watch the sun set."

A what? You don't even know if they make beds that big.

There are several other mostly empty rooms intended for whatever use a rich man can think of. It's so sprawling that you're already running low on practical ideas for what to use them for. Akeno does her level best to try and make up for it. "Fufu, this would make a wonderful dungeon. We can punish the naughty girls in your harem, and have a little fun together." She trails her pedicured nails down one of the empty walls and flutters her eyebrows, essentially begging you to ascent to the concept.

You don't know where to start with something like that. "Uh, I think I'll leave the dungeon design to you then – Akeno." She responds by planting another kiss on your cheek and hugging your arm like a doting housewife. She can be a real sweetheart when she tries. She also manages to restrain herself from asking for a quickie with you. And by 'quickie' you mean three hours of marathon sex like what always seems to happen.

"How many places did you look up?"

"A few, more apartments like this and some bigger houses out in the suburbs."

"I'd love to come with you. Shall we?"

You smile and shepherd her back towards the entry hall, "Of course, whatever you want." There are a few more places you're planning on visiting today – so having Akeno for company sounds like a great idea. Otherwise it's going to be very dry and boring, oohing and awing at whatever absurd architecture the rich and powerful have decided to construct in an affront to good taste.

Maybe a gothic twist is just what one of these breezy, oversized homes need.

House hunting with Akeno is rather tame by her lofty-debauched standards. She may have teased you and made crude comments about 'punishing' you a few times, but otherwise she manages to keep it in her pants for the entire trip. As for the apartments themselves, you quickly come to realize that all of them are essentially identical. A large open plan living room connected to a lavish modern kitchen and a bunch of afterthought doom chambers designed to be turned into displays of excess.

Sure, the elevators and underground parking makes you feel like a high-roller, but you can get much more bang for your ill-gotten buck by heading slightly out of town and into one of the high-class suburban areas. Consisting entirely of large, elaborate modern palaces with tall perimeter walls and garages big enough for twenty cars. Plus, they come with a garden, you can make as much noise as you like, and people won't look at you like a psychopath for using it for something other than money laundering.

The city had once believed that expensive developments like this would help kickstart the economy – years later they still sit empty and unused, at severely reduced prices. Akeno coos in awe as you step through the front gate and into the garden. It's an 'open day,' but you're the only people in the entire lot.

The reason you chose this particular house over all of the others is because it's built in a much more appealing classical style. A red brick façade, white Victorian style-windows, a big front balcony and a fairly lush front garden to help it blend into the environment. It isn't a jumbled mess of unneeded edges and extensions like the usual McMansion, and it isn't a towering white monolith that makes you feel like you're living in a bad science fiction movie.

"I like this one," Akeno comments, "It reminds me of the clubhouse."

The clubhouse doesn't not have a separate garage area, with three automatic doors and enough space to fit twelve vehicles though. A laid-brick roadway flows down from the mouth of the second building like a river. No tarmac here. You scan your phone at the front door using a weird app the estate agent told you to install, which unlocks the door and leads into a rather lavish front reception room, with a pair of staircases reaching out to embrace you from the front.

The house is totally empty. None of the walls are painted or papered, and there's no furniture. According to the description on the site you found it on – the house was left unfinished inside after the previous owner went bankrupt. That means that it's a mostly clean slate for the buyer to do whatever they please with it.

To put it bluntly – it's a rather boring place to explore. There's nothing to see, but a lot of things to consider. Maybe this is the blank canvas you're looking for? Akeno eagerly takes pictures of the rooms using her phone for later use.

"You could ask Rias for some monetary assistance, as her future husband."

"No need. I can afford the down payment for this, and the repayments. I'm getting kicked 150k every month now, and it might go up depending on what Mitsuru does."

Akeno stares at one of the bedrooms with a sly smile, "Fufu. I can imagine you and your wives reclining on a lovely bed in here."

"That includes you, you realize."

Akeno giggles and pecks you on the cheek, "Oh? So forward! I expect a lovely, debauched wedding in a satanic chapel. I really want you to see me in a dress..."

Right, the devils can't enter holy buildings. You almost forgot.

"I think Rias would like to get her hands on this building," Akeno explains, "She has something of a hobby for interior design."

"Oh, is that so?"

"She was the one who directed the reconstruction of the clubhouse. She'll turn this empty shell into a lovely place to make love and raise children." Akeno's face flushes and her eyes glaze over as a lewd fantasy spills into her headspace. "I can't wait to meet all of your lovely mistresses."

The utterly bonkers amount of money you now have is enough to convince you. What's the harm? If it doesn't work out you can just use it for something else. That does mean you have to go through a fairly lengthy process to purchase the place and get it up to a liveable standard first. There isn't even a fully completed kitchen or bathroom.

"I think this is the place," you declare. Akeno puts her hands together and tilts her head to the side. She always looks so patient and calm, even when you know there's a sadistic streak running through her. You lean in and wrap your arm around her waist, "How about we head back to my apartment for a little while? Say one last goodbye together."

Her eyes sharpen and she licks her lips seductively, "Fufu. Of course, husband."

It took less than a second from crossing the threshold of your front door to Akeno pushing you up against the wall and claiming your mouth for her tongue. You wrap your arms tight around her body and cup her heart-shaped buttocks with your hands, forcing a needy moan through her otherwise occupied throat. The heat on her face is clear, she backs away and pants with need.

"Husband, I need you to take care of me," she teases in a sing-song voice.

Take care of her you will. Clothes are thrown to the wayside as you both struggle for supremacy and collapse onto the crappy mattress in your bedroom. Akeno's body is insane. Her breasts are huge, and her hips and thighs are equally plush. There's little room or will for foreplay, Akeno spreads her legs wide and reveals her wet lower lips with lidded eyes and a beckoning hand gesture.

A lyrical moan escapes from her chest as you plunge deep into her wetness, grinding the tip of your erection as deep as it can go. Her arms pull you closer and her legs wrap around your waist to stop you from pulling out. She wants every last drop of your essence to be consumed by her hungry womb, playing with fire and running the risk of a demonic pregnancy.

As you thrust into her again and again, she recaptures your lips in an intimate and tongue-filled kiss. The soft and warm flesh wiggles against your own, vying for dominance from below. Your back burns as she runs her nails down you, leaving red marks in their wake. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" she chants wordlessly, her muscles tensing and her pussy spasming around your cock. You grunt and bury yourself even deeper – pressing the tip against her core and unleashing thick, steaming strands of seed into her womb.

"Such a beast, fufu."

That was never going to be enough to please Akeno. Before you knew it, the positions are switched, with her bouncing on top of you and grinding her hips. Her huge breasts dangle freely, allowing you to knead and play with them – pinching at her hard nipples and suckling on them in a desperate frenzy.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" The sweet sounds of ecstasy coming from Akeno drag you even further into the lustful inferno. Before long, you follow up your previous creampie with a second, even stronger one. As your shaft slips from her sodden sex, she licks her lips again and her face flashes with sadistic fervour.

"That's a good little hubby. But I'm not satisfied just yet."

Two hours later you lay on your back with Akeno upside down at your side, trying to cool down after such a hardcore round of sex with the black-haired beauty. She dragged you to several more orgasms before you finally tapped out. She eagerly cleans off your soiled cock with her mouth, vacuuming up whatever is left inside of your shaft with oral skills that defy her inexperience with men.

Pop.

You shudder as the cold hair buffets your saliva covered member. Akeno scrambles back up into place and pulls your arms over her. Akeno rolls over to face you and squeezes her breasts together, "I heard from the president that you're trying to add her mother to your harem."

"She was the one who made the card," you reply, "Turns out that Rias is a bit of a mother's girl."

Akeno laughs. "It's exciting, our handsome hubby claiming the hand of one of the largest and most influential devil houses. There are many other lonesome noble women who could use our help in seeing the light."

Being alone with Akeno really makes you think. How does she feel about you independent of Rias' influence? You know that she's willing to do anything for her – but does that extend to being with her boyfriend too?

"How do you feel about me, Akeno? You were very excited to jump into all of this."

Akeno's face softens for once. "I like what I like. Don't tell the president, but I've also had fantasies of being with you. My, it's embarrassing to say! But now that I know you're real and not just a character..."

"I get it. Rias and you are the same. You're very... popular with a certain type of man."

"Fufu, bottoms?"

"Not just bottoms," you groan. "People who'd like a beautiful, powerful devil girl with a sexy body and a mean edge. That's something you can't get without advanced dimension hopping technology."

"I'm happy to fulfil whatever fantasies you have, hubby. Make sure to summon lots and lots of pretty girls that I can punish!"

"Punish?"

Akeno drops the act for just a moment; "Sexually, not painfully."

"Yeah, yeah. I get it."

Chapter 28

"Doctor, Doctor!"

"I'm here you damn brat. No need to shout!"

Sundar pushed his way through the scrapheap jungle that Doctor Gael called an 'office.' In one of the few open spaces he worked dutifully – the Sledgehammer that Sundar had copied was dismantled into hundreds of pieces. The copy gun glowed dimly from the back of the room, the stabilisation device needed to remain powered for the copy to continue existing.

The Sledgehammer was a fiendishly complex piece of machinery. Gael, in his years of experience, he'd never seen anything like it. A hyper-intelligent brain struggled to comprehend. Voldaz were meant to be the rulers of the interdimensional space. Yet here was a random earthling creating a weapon unlike anything they could make themselves.

Sundar paced around the workbench and picked through the dozens and dozens of schematics that Gael had drawn by hand. The Doctor had been working on picking it apart for weeks now, and progress was painfully slow. He had hoped that his next plan would have had a faster return on investment. The entire thing had been kept quiet, at the Doctor's insistence. He was terrified when Sundar returned with the white weapon clutched between his claws.

What had frightened him so? Now that it was nothing more than a pile of electronics the mystique was gone.

Gael ignored his irritating gaze and continued to tinker with his current obsession, a sophisticated time-space dilation device that the human scientist had included into the device. He could already feel his own mind being enriched with a bevy of new ideas. If only he could work with the woman in question, instead of being tasked with such inane nonsense as building attack droids.

He grunted, "If you're so bored, why don't you go attack the humans?"

Sundar waved his hands dismissively, "Mary and Faust are already doing it. Not like they'll get anywhere with it. Those two don't have a brain cell to share. That guy who's been fighting us is a real asshole – summons a bunch of people from other dimensions to fight for him."

"If it works, it works," Gael sighed. "There's no need to begrudge a winning strategy."

"There is when it beats me. I would have preferred to destroy him then and there – but we need something to even the playing field a little."

"It shouldn't take too long now. I'll have what you want soon enough."

"I hope so, Doctor."

Gathered around the TV in the garage are you, Rias, Koneko and Asia. A news report displays your heroism in defeating the Gundroid and saving lives. Followed by a panel where the interviewer is speaking with the city's police chief – Andrew Spalding.

The interviewer goes for the jugular, "There are some that would say that the police aren't taking enough of a proactive approach to this unknown threat. What is the feeling at your department?"

The chief sputters for a moment, "I-I'd just like to say that we shouldn't leap to any judgements about the work that my officers do. We follow a strict process to ensure that we do everything we can to resolve the situation at hand. We know that these attackers are using advanced weapons to take hostages and cause large amounts of damage to public infrastructure..."

"Have you made an assessment on what their goal is?"

"No. But we're working with all the relevant government agencies to track down the people responsible, and to get a stronger lead on where they might strike next."

"And what of the people who did enter the stadium?"

"While public bravery is appreciated, and very noble – it should be said that in delicate hostage situations such as this that it should be left to the police. We have the training and the team to successfully resolve the situation. Vigilantism can result in more harm than good."

"Thank you for your time, Mister Spalding."

"Thank you."

The report ends and moves on to a boring public interest story about a local school. You mute the TV and turn to a starry-eyed Asia, "You were very cool! So this is the power of Rias' husband..."

"Uh, thanks Asia."

The original intent of this get-together was for Rias to introduce you properly to Koneko and Asia. Though things quickly veered off course as the news turned to your previous actions. Koneko has remained almost completely silent since she arrived. Unless you do something perverted, it's unlikely to stir any substantial reaction from her right now.

The ex-nun continues to sing your praises. "I really admire you for protecting all of those people. It would have been simply dreadful had something happened to them."

"Hopefully we can stop anyone from getting hurt. I don't know how long it's going to take to beat these guys for good though."

Rias giggles, "You haven't accumulated enough wives just yet. Try asking again after you have a few hundred more."

Asia blushes, "Oh! Are you sure that's okay Rias? Normally marriage is between two people..."

Rias leans over the back of her chair and pulls Asia's head between her huge boobs, "We're devils Asia, and so are you. We don't need to follow the word of the almighty. What's wrong with sharing your love with other people?"

"Well... it's just that they might get jealous, and start fighting each other! That doesn't sound like a happy marriage to me."

Rias ponders the quandary before coming up with a typically 'Rias' solution. "Why don't you try it out? I can lend hubby here to you for a while." The words are spoken with full teasing intent. Asia turns an even deeper shade of red as your eyes meet her.

"I-I-I can't do that! He's your fiancé!"

Rias leans down and blows a puff of hot air into her ear, "He's Akeno's, Lala's and Chun-Li's fiancé too. And they're all perfectly okay with how things are."

"Pervert," Koneko snipes. You don't know if it's aimed at you for having multiple potential wives or Rias for trying to whore you out to her servants. Having teased Asia enough, Rias wanders back over to where you're sitting and plants her thick thighs on your lap, wrapping her arms around your neck in a half-embrace. Asia looks like she's about to melt, you didn't even know people could get this red in the face.

"Live a little!" Rias concludes. She leans in and kisses you on the cheek.

"I-I'm not sure I could," Asia protests. "I've never even kissed a boy before."

With how thirsty she is in the show, you're not sure that's true. At the least she must have seen something sexual during her life so far. Koneko is giving you a glare that could cut like a knife. She doesn't like it when Rias gets all affectionate with you. Which is perhaps why Rias drags Asia away to meet with Mitsuru about something. A trickle of sweat slips down your neck as the pressure of her yellow orbs begins to bore into your body.

"Is there something wrong, Koneko?"

She looks away to not give you the satisfaction of rumbling her; "I do not understand why the President is in love with you. Is it simply because of her enjoyment of your anime?"

"Have you seen it?" Rias already indicated as much before.

"It is difficult not to when the President drags the television into the meeting room. The rest of the club has a strange fixation on it. Even Issei."

"It's popular, right? I bet a lot of people their age are the same way."

Koneko continues, "Issei admires the series because you, the lead character, have an impractically large harem of women who love you unconditionally. According to him – you are the goal and ideal of every hot-blooded man on the planet, a 'harem king,' which is both crude and reductive."

You snicker at the moniker – something that their Issei has abandoned with the discovery of a girlfriend of his own. You decide to ask Koneko about it, "Rias told me he has a girlfriend. Has he given up on it?"

"Thankfully, yes. He no longer makes passes at me, Rias or Asia. He has 'grown up' thanks to her guiding hand. Yet here you are, doing the exact thing that I believed impossible."

Is it really impossible though? Everyone else seems to have such confidence that they'll keep loving you, even if they're one of hundreds. It's been a running doubt in your mind since this whole thing started. How do you know they're telling the truth? Do they even know how they'll feel about it if it comes to that?

"Well, if they get sick of it – there's nothing I can do to stop them from breaking up with me," you shrug. "We're all making a choice to be a part of this. That's one thing I know now for sure."

"I only helped you because the President asked," the cat girl insists, "Don't think that I'm in love with you just because I assisted you in battle."

She's being extremely tsundere. You shake your head, "I never did. There's a big gap between coming and helping me fight and deciding to go out with me."

That's good enough for Koneko. "Good. I will seek to understand the President better."

"And Akeno?"

"I already know why she's with you. She does as Rias asks."

"Because they trust each other."

Koneko blinks and reconsiders her words, "Apologies. I didn't mean to imply that Akeno is being forced into this."

"No, I get it. Akeno gave me a shot because she likes the President, right?"

Koneko bristles, "I do not understand why the President's mother is involved too."

You chuckle nervously, "Uh, that was Rias' idea. She doesn't like her mother being unwed, apparently."

"But as a male you will not complain. Bedding a mother and daughter is the type of lecherous fantasy that I should expect from you."

Talking with Koneko is tricky, but it's also pretty great. Getting to interact with characters you love (platonically for now) is an amazing experience. You're going to need to earn her trust somehow. The conversation is ended suddenly with the return of Rias and Asia.

"My, you didn't claw his eyes out Koneko-chan!" Rias giggles.

"Would you like me to?" she scowls. Rias is going to get you into trouble with comments like that...

Chapter 29

The peace and quiet could never last for long. It was early in the morning, right as the rush hour traffic peaked when the news trickled through to your sophisticated surveillance system; aka watching the internet and news. But much to your surprise, the person responsible for this attack isn't Sundar.

It's Faust.

You arrive armoured up and ready to fight. He stands atop a pile of burning rubble with a smug smirk on his face. You scowl at the braggadocious buffoon, "What the hell are you up to now?"

"I will not repeat my previous humiliation. I have come to rid the world of you, opening the path for our glorious conquest of your people!"

"Yeah, whatever you say."

He points his finger down at you, summoning several armoured goons from nowhere to try and take you down. The problem for them being that you've been training hardcore for weeks now, and combined with the power of the Herarmor you can now easily blast through enemies like these without even needing to summon someone to assist you.

You clobber one with a right hook, before swinging your hips around and roundhouse kicking another. Chun-Li has taught you a few of her moves, though you're nowhere near good enough to put them into action in a real fight. The speed and the way that she contorts her body is beyond you. The bodies of the robotic drones hit the floor in their dozens, as you intersperse the hand to hand combat with a shot or two from the sledgehammer.

Faust stands and stew in frustration as his pack of nobodies struggle to beat you, a man who's already destroyed several of their more advanced robotic soldiers. You grip one by the neck and throw it down to the ground – splitting it clean in two. Another tries to hit you from behind with a metal club, but it glances off of your armour harmlessly. You punch through its stomach and disembowel it, ripping cords and components free like a gore-seeking maniac.

On the periphery of the fight, you notice several people recording it using their phones. They really ought to have heeded the police's warnings and stayed away from this! You step between the enemy force and them, blocking their way with several warning shots. Your HUD flashes with markers for your current card collection.

"Alright, come give me a hand Motoko."

The voice activation system responds and ejects her card into your hand.

"MOTOKO KUSANAGI! SHATTERING!" The purple haired cyborg appears in a flash of colour. She takes a second to get her bearings.

You motion back to the assembled audience, "Major, I need a hand evacuating these civilians."

"Leave it to me."

She sprints away at an inhuman speed and begins corralling the onlookers away from the battlefield. Motoko knows how to scare people into line, and that allows you to worry about taking care of Faust's attack force. Another leaps at you from above, you put your hands up and stop it mid-flight, bringing it down over your knee and severing its mechanical spine. You almost feel bad for the poor thing.

"Enough! I'll take you on myself!" Faust descends from his hiding place and draws his blade. In the link of an eye he dashes towards you and swings down, you hold up your arms and block the blow – but it hurts. Guh! This guy is surprisingly strong for such a moron! You keep him away by sweeping at his legs with one of Chun's low kicks.

"If you're such a tough guy, why are you wasting my time with these piles of junk?"

You clash again, trying to overpower one another using raw strength. He grits his sharp teeth and scowls, "It would be unbecoming for the likes of me to duel an unworthy cretin like you!"

"Oh? I guess I'm worth the time suddenly!"

You pull back and headbutt him, knocking him off balance and allowing you to blow him back into the side of a nearby car with a jumping kick. Spittle flies from his mouth as his feet

leave the ground. Crash! The windows shatter and the metal bends beneath his body. It isn't enough to put him down though – he leaps right back to his feet and rushes in for another round.

The edge of his blade glows with blue energy. You sense incoming danger and dodge back just in time for the blade to cut through the front panel on your chest. The HUD lights up with red warning signals as critical systems start receiving damage. A huge gash runs left to right, potentially exposing you to fatal attack.

"You're pathetic!" you yell. "You're just a lazy asshole!"

"I trained for years in the art of swordsmanship!"

"And now you kick back and let other people do the hard work for you!"

He growls in anger and swings down at you again, you dodge to the left as the blade slices through the tarmac below like a knife through butter. This is too dangerous – you can't risk getting hit by whatever kind of energy weapon he's using! You open a gap between you and fire ranged attacks, but he easily bats them aside using the blunt edge. His reaction speed is crazy.

"You aren't so strong without that armour," he concludes, "I can tear it apart, piece by piece, and see the soft flesh that cowers inside."

"Who's cowering exactly?"

Faust laughs, "I can see it in the way that you move. Now that you know my blade is capable of cutting through that primitive armour, you've lost all of that misplaced confidence. Why don't you go ahead and summon some of those slaves of yours? I would be more than happy to send them to the other side."

Man, you really want to shut this guy up. His eyes widen and he leaps away, blocking several gunshots that were aimed squarely at his chest.

Motoko is back, and she's very pissed off.

"Slave? I'd like you to repeat that to my face."

You smirk inside of your helmet, "Here's your chance Faust. You feel like sending the Major to hell?" His stance loosens. He was just running his mouth. He doesn't want to fight you while Motoko is keeping him busy with incredibly accurate covering fire like that.

"Gr. I'll see you both again soon enough."

He disappears through a black portal.

You sigh and relax. What a mess! The entire street has been torn to shit, and there are dead robot bodies everywhere you look. Motoko leaps down from her vantage point and inspects the damage for herself. Her eyes focus on the big cut running across your chest. It didn't go deep enough to cause major damage to your body or the second layer of internal plating.

"Thanks Major."

She crosses her arms, "You can call me Motoko if you want."

Not even her last name? "Feels a bit disrespectful."

"I've spent a lot of time overseas," she explains, "Motoko is fine."

"Alright. Thanks Motoko."

She smiles and pats you on the back. Sometimes you forget that she has a more casual side. She follows you back to your motorcycle and hops on the back as you rev the engine, "Oh, you want to come along for the ride?"

"While I'm here."

She clenches the side of the bike using her robotic thighs. No arms around your waist on this occasion. You slip down an alleyway and out onto the opposite street where the police haven't established a full cordon just yet. You accelerate and easily slip between two of the parked vehicles. The police shout and yell to try and get you to stop. You're already out of sight by the time they get back into the driver's seat.

"You okay back there?"

"No problem! I noticed that Mitsuru made some of those modifications I suggested!" She reaches out and pokes her finger through one of the ring loops that now hang from your ribcage. Small enough to not be noticed, but large enough for super tough fibre or rope to slip through.

"She's been experimenting with some new traversal systems for tall buildings," you explain over the noise of the engine. "Mitsuru doesn't say it, but she takes any criticism of her work as a serious challenge!"

The tall offices soon switch over into industrial wasteland as you approach the garage. You circle the block a few times to make sure that nobody has followed you back. When you're sure it's safe – you drift over to a blind spot where there are no surveillance cameras in operation and disable your armour. From there it's a two-minute journey back. Pulling up to the dilapidated old building when you're making so much money feels wrong.

What Mitsuru had spent a huge portion of the money on was purchasing all of the land surrounding it. There are several empty buildings that used to house businesses here, and those that stuck around have moved out into new digs thanks to her generous offer of cash. The entire block is yours to play with – not that the rusty shacks and rolling iron doors instil much in the way of inspiration. You slot the bike into its usual hiding spot and cover it up with the white sheet. Motoko stretches out, as if she has muscles to consider in that body of hers...

Mitsuru isn't here. You check the status screen and find that Venelana has been summoned recently – they must be off making money somewhere without you. Motoko has an unusual look on her face that only grows more disconcerting the longer it endures.

You sit down on one of the plush chairs and try to relax, "What's up?"

Motoko looks away like a classic tsundere, "Nothing."

You stare at her in defiance. One idea comes to mind. Getting to live out a fantasy, fighting with you and spending time with you – Mitsuru did say that all of the people you summon are in love with you, or will fall in love with you in time. Whether they're willing to fulfil that fantasy and join the harem right away is perhaps dependent on their individual personalities.

What is she thinking about right now? Is she embarrassed about 'breaking character' and just going with the flow? It's not like she knows anyone in this world to make fun of her for deciding to start a full-on relationship. She could keep it a total secret.

"You see right through me, don't you?" she sighs.

"A little; I think. You usually keep your cards close to your chest."

"You have to in my line of work."

"But out here you aren't in Section 9."

"Do I look like the type of woman who engages in flights of fancy?"

"No."

Motoko chews on her own tongue, "Fine. I'll tell you. I've started to come around to this whole... situation. Until now I was just denying how much I was enjoying it. I'm still stuck in a place where I have to hide this hobby from other people."

"There's nothing wrong with that. Everyone has a secret or two."

She glances back down at you, "I don't do romance. I don't have the time. I've slept with friends, just for fun, but never committed myself to anything serious."

"So are you willing to give it a try now?"

Her eyes narrow. She grunts, "Seeing those other girls climb all over you may have made me feel a slight pang of jealousy. You're here in front of me – so consider this your final warning. I'm going to make you mine."

You smile, "Please take care of me, Motoko."