

Eating a meal with Lala, Nana and Momo is enough to calm them all down after their sibling spat. You really didn't expect Nana to be this resistant to your presence, even though she's allegedly your biggest fan out of the three. According to Momo – the 'final form' of yourself from their version of the story is significantly different, having accumulated powers and abilities from various franchises and worlds.

"It's like you're the final boss in an RPG or something!"

Nana scoffs, "But you're not even close to that."

You polish off the last of your burger and lean back into the booth, "I've only been doing this for a few months. How long did it take me to reach that level in your favourite retelling?"

Momo explains, "It isn't an entirely accurate measurement, but the part Nana likes happens ten years after the first volume."

"He's taller, and more handsome, and stronger, and more confident, and he blows away all of the bad guys without even breaking a sweat! I don't see how someone as amazing as that is going to come from you!"

"Nana gets excited when she thinks about becoming one of your wives."

"Not *his* wife, the other guy!"

"He *is* that other guy. He looks identical."

Lala giggles; "Oh! I remember finding one of Nana's old sketches where she was planning her wedding dress! She really went into a lot of detail. She has the whole thing in her head, ready to go!" Momo and Lala really love divulging Nana's embarrassing secrets.

"Huh? And what about you two? You did the exact same thing!"

"That's right," Momo smirks, "I'm not ashamed to admit that I fantasied about marrying such a wonderful partner."

Lala nods rapidly; "Uh-huh. And now we have the perfect opportunity to do it! We should have a big, three-way wedding together!" Even Momo is struck silent by Lala's polyamorous intent. Lala loves her sisters that much that she's willing to get married on the same day as them. Nana's face can't get any redder than it is now as her imagination kickstarts to go along with Lala's proposal.

"T-Together?"

"Sure! Wouldn't it be a great memory to walk down the aisle together?"

In your own mind, the dresses that the three girls pick are much lewder than what they'll want in reality, with exposed thighs, transparent floral patterns and plunging necklines that reveal as much cleavage as possible. Nana would never agree to something like that, and not just because she despises it when people act like perverts. It'd reveal the hierarchy of chest sizes for all to see, and Nana has a complex about that type of thing.

Lala is unconcerned with what her sisters think; "Oh, that sounds amazing! We should totally do that!"

Momo giggles, "Typical. You always get ahead of yourself, Lala."

Lala pouts, "I'm being serious! It's supposed to be the best day of your life, so sharing it with you two sounds like it would make it even better."

You cut in, "Aren't we a little far off from arranging a wedding? I'd need to get your father's blessing first, and I can't do that until we can travel to your universe."

Momo covers her mouth, "How forward. He isn't saying no..."

That isn't a whole-hearted acceptance of Lala's plan! You just want to make it clear that things can't progress past the 'lovers' stage while you can't meet with their father. You know that his motivations in the original are more innocent than they first appear, but you also want to make sure that you can handle whatever challenge he throws your way when you do meet him. With that said – getting married to three beautiful aliens isn't such a bad deal.

Now that you think about it, why *is* their father alive? Given that the trio's mother is also present in the manga, did Mitsuru not expect you to print a card of her? Or perhaps they're... space divorced. But you can't imagine the emperor of the galaxy doing something like that. It's not really a problem. Mitsuru could find a universe where she's available if you need her that badly, but these three have all of your bases covered when it comes to pink-haired aliens with devil tails.

"Of course he's going to marry me," Lala pouts, "We're in love!"

"That's because you're thinking with your crotch and not your head," Nana says derisively.

The argument is put on hold as your phone vibrates on the table. Initially you expect to find another lewd selfie from Akeno or Rias, but it's actually a call being made from the garage. You accept it and hold it to your ear, "Hello?"

An unfamiliar feminine voice responds, "Hello! Mitsuru told me to call you and fill you in."

"Who's this?" you ask.

She chuckles, "It's Batgirl. Your friend asked me to help you track down a bad guy."

Looks like Mitsuru has been using the Sledgehammer behind your back again, not that she's disallowed from using it, it's her project. You just wish she'd let you in on what she's been doing with Venelana so often. Your first meeting being over the phone feels uneventful, but the practicalities of your mission come before any kind of romantic intention.

"Nice to meet you. I take it that you're an expert on following people?"

"That's right. When you work with the world's greatest detective, you pick up a few tricks. We broke into some CCTV systems and tailed them, but they travelled through a portal and out of sight. They must be retreating to their base every time they complete whatever they're doing."

"What can we do about it?"

"If it's proactive surveillance you want, you picked the right woman for the job. I'll stick around for a little while and keep an eye out."

"Thanks. You don't seem so disturbed by being dragged into a fictional universe."

She laughs, "This isn't even in the top ten weirdest things that have happened to me; you learn to go with the flow. You're lucky she summoned me when she did, I just jumped out of the shower and got dressed."

“Oh, so no costume?”

“Not right now. I’ll show it off when we have a moment, but I’ve got to keep an eye on these feeds. I’ll talk with you again soon.” It’s curt but friendly. Barbara hangs up and leaves you with your thoughts – and three very competitive sisters who haven’t stopped debating the merits of Lala’s relationship yet. What was Barbara thinking while you were on the phone with her? You hope that the gorgeous redhead isn’t put off by the insanity of your present life.

A lull in the debate allows you to explain, “Listen, Lala’s been nothing but happy to be with me. I’m not going to say that she can’t change her mind, but you should listen to what she says. She means it.”

Nana shakes her head, “But why did she just leap into your arms like that? She doesn’t know anything about you. You might look like the guy from our favourite show, but that’s not evidence that you’re a good person.”

It’s true that Lala is impulsive and naïve in many ways, but the impression you’re getting from Nana is that her cynicism is getting in the way. She thinks that all of this is too good to be true; and to be honest you can understand how she feels. Getting to have your own *harem* of characters from things you like is insane. The only proof is in the reality. Mitsuru really made it happen. This isn’t a fever dream or the last desperate delusions of a dying brain, it’s real.

“I’ve seen hubby fight for other people a whole bunch,” Lala says resolutely, “He’s a hero, after all!” She punctuates her declaration by clinging to your arm and smiling as she makes eye contact with you. Lala really is amazingly cute when she wants to be. You wrap your arm around her waist and pull her a little closer in retaliation.

For the time being, things are left there.

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“I’m very sorry for calling you here so suddenly, Barbara.”

Barbara had been very confused when she found herself being pulled into a rift between dimensions. As a superhero living in a city like Gotham, she was used to strange occurrences that defied the laws of physics and logic. She had been exposed to so many different people from other worlds, all of whom had differing powers, values and perspectives that she truly thought nothing more could surprise her.

Mitsuru proved her wrong. Barbara couldn’t withhold the gasp that escaped her lips as she stepped forth into a familiar locale. It wasn’t somewhere she had visited before, but many restless nights of fantasy had taken place here. Barbara knew it was strange for a bonafide superhero to read and consume superhero stories, but she found them comforting. The belief that good would always win out over evil was something she held close to her heart, even when the worst of society strived to prove her wrong.

Kara was the one who kickstarted the trend. She was never shy about her passions, and she was quick to recommend things to Barbara on the rare occasions where they had time to speak. Barbara had found the whole thing so silly. Barbara had no interest in a polyamorous relationship, but her mind was soon swayed as she got to see all of your wives interacting and supporting each other. It spread like a wildfire through their common acquaintances and allies. Diane, Starfire, and hell even *Raven* had started to read every volume and watch the TV adaptation.

Barbara was taken aback by just how good it was! The art, the writing, and the depth of each relationship pulled her deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole. It had lived in her mind as her

favourite piece of media for years. She had repeatedly daydreamed about getting to live the story herself. Not that she had ever aired that to her friends. Starfire's extreme sense of honesty meant that she hogged most of the limelight when it came to declaring her fangirlish love for you.

Her eyes scanned the environment. It was just how she had imagined it, the garage where so much of the early story took place! Every piece of junk, the TV bracketed to the front wall, and the various gadgets and workbenches that Mitsuru had been working on before she arrived. The run-down business had been transformed into something more comfortable, with insulation on the walls and home comforts dotted around the place. A beat-up old couch rested in one corner, while an open door led into the kitchenette.

She could hear her own heart hammering in her ears. Adrenaline flooded her bloodstream as she drunk all of the small details. That extended to the short scientists who stood in front of her. Mitsuru was really cute! She resisted the urge to scoop her up and swing her around, she'd find that extremely irritating. Barbara took a deep breath and tried to calm down. Mitsuru had called her for her technical expertise, and she was happy to give it over. Just like the Mitsuru from the original manga, she had a strong sense of justice – even if she did try to hide it under an uncaring and precise façade.

Cracking into the city's CCTV networks was easy. Her fingers danced across the keyboard as firewall after firewall fell to her skills. It would be even better if was allowed to integrate her personal AI system into the detection algorithm, but Mitsuru had revealed that her central computer wasn't strong enough to host the advanced logic just yet.

*Yet.*

Mitsuru had also added a second request on top of tracking down the villain. She wanted Barbara to assist in building a new central server system inside of the garage, one that could utilise some of the computer components she had stolen from the invaders. Barbara had a wealth of experience and she knew that. The specs that she had provided were almost as shocking as her sudden relocation. The parts they were using were extremely advanced. She could see why Mitsuru wanted to integrate them.

"The invaders have been wizing up to some of their previous failings. This new evasive strategy of theirs is going to be tough to counter. Especially considering that the damage they cause is already done by the time we're aware of their involvement."

"I can do it. I'll look over your plans and make sure everything is in order."

Barbara was being selfish. She was assisting Mitsuru in the hopes that she could also get to know you better as well. But wasn't that okay? Even a hero could ask for something in return from time to time. The entire premise of the situation was that she'd be introduced to his harem eventually, and Barbara found the prospect exciting.

"How long have you been doing this?" Barbara asked.

"A few months."

"Oh, and how many other girls have gotten involved?"

Mitsuru paused and counted up the figure in her head, "Twelve? I think." Barbara hummed as she considered the number. It really was early days – and she was happy to be involved. But for now, she

had to focus on the job. Helping Mitsuru find where the android had gotten to. After all, Barbara knew how attractive she was. She'd have you eating out of the palm of her hand in no time!