

Seeing Rias' innermost desires played out in extremely realistic detail is an odd experience to say the least. Rias has never made any secret about how much she likes the idea of having you married to as many women as humanly possible, but the world she's constructed inside of the Fantasia System goes beyond what you expected.

Rias is generous. She wants everyone to know how amazing her husband-to-be is, and if that means she has to help build the harem to end all harems, then she's going to do it with a smile on her face. You have to admit that sitting back on the throne, surrounded on all sides by fawning partners, lovers and maids is a quick way to inflate your burgeoning ego. You feel like the King of the world right now, tinged with the knowledge that this isn't real - not yet anyway.

"You're enjoying this more than I am."

Rias giggles, "Is it that obvious? I've been making plans of my own for a long while, and seeing the outcome of that plan only makes me more excited to see it through. I can only imagine how you'll reshape the underworld; *no*, the underworlds of every universe once you reach your full power."

Rias is barely able to contain her visible excitement, both platonic and lustful, as she dreams up a far-off future where you are the 'Incandescent Devil Emperor,' reigning over multiple dimensions, married to hundreds beautiful women, and making fiction's most overpowered characters look like low level mobs in comparison.

Rias has never said it out loud – but that concept makes her *extremely* horny.

She thinks she's being subtle about it too. This place is meant to recreate her most deeply held fantasies, and it revolves entirely around you being swamped by a veritable army of other women. All of this is in-line with her motivation to establish her reputation in the underworld, through both the rating game and other means.

'Marriage' is one of the most important aspects of climbing the social ladder down there. Sure, there are families that have stellar reputations, but that's because they have a history of producing strong devils who could back up the big talk in battle. The thing devils really care about is sheer strength. If there's a commoner who leaves every other bachelor from a pillar family in the dust, then they'll happily marry them for that ability.

Still, many of them believe earnestly that anything less than marrying into a higher station is for the birds. It isn't possible to erase that sense of elitism even when their society is based on meritocracy. It's easier and safer for them to rely on established connections to find partners. To them, surely there are no diamonds hiding in the rough beneath their notice.

"Anyway, this is great and all – but I am curious about what they're planning to do with this hotel."

Rias hums, "You're right. What is it about this simulation that advances their goals? If only my virtual Mitsuru came with the same level of intelligence as the real one, but I'm afraid that they can only know as much as I do."

"Some kind of intelligence gathering operation? It could be possible to record what's going on in these simulations and relay it back, but that relies on someone important coming along and signing up for a room – not exactly a guarantee of success."

Rias' face turns red like her hair; "They're spying on us in here?"

"No. I don't think they are. We should leave and talk with the others before we get too engrossed in screwing around."

“Good idea, husband.”

You take the long walk back through the throne room to the main entrance, taking one last look at all of the girls that Rias has penned in to join your harem in the process. It really is an impressive sight to see so many people in one place. It does make you wonder how Rias perceives you as a lover. A sex monster couldn't please this many people...

The simulation collapses back into the normal hotel room you entered before, with the control console in the middle to let you tweak the experience. Instead, you walk through the 'real' simulated door and head back into the lobby. The receptionist is still waiting patiently behind the desk.

“We're just heading out for a moment.”

“That's fine! Come back soon!”

The lack of resistance seems unusual to you. You don't complain and head through the main doors. The simulation ends and you regain control of your physical body. You remove the headset and lay it back on the bed. Rias yawns and stretches out her body.

“I feel very well rested.”

“So do I.”

You tidy up the room a little and move into the hallway to try and find the others. From the offset it's clear that something isn't right here. The corridor has completely changed shaped and direction from as it was before. Your room used to be at the end of the hallway, but now it was just before a ninety-degree bend.

Rias catches on, “This isn't how this used to look.”

“Yeah – they're using some kind of fold space to make this hotel bigger than it seems from the outside. It must be to fit more guests than they could otherwise.”

The door numbers are the same but jumbled into the wrong order. The others must have been moved somewhere else. This plan must be bigger than you first anticipated. If they have similar space-time manipulation technology to what Lala brought with her into your world, they could theoretically fit an almost infinite number of rooms into this building.

The intention isn't to trap you here. There are still signs that direct you towards the exit – assuming they still work now that the layout of the building has changed. They want a lot of people to begin visiting this hotel, and given that scale, they want them to stay for as long as possible. And what better way of getting someone to stay then giving them everything they could ever want?

“I must say – this is a diabolic trap they've set,” Rias murmurs, “An obscene and efficient way of harvesting human vice.”

“But they're not devils like you. There must be another reason for this. A dream world where you can do whatever you want, a receptionist who pushes you to extend your stay over and over again.”

“Like a succubus,” Rias ponders, “They want to lull people into a deep slumber from which they will not awaken. What if there is no greater meaning beyond that? The goal is to keep as many people occupied in this hotel as possible.”

Rias is right. Though you still feel like there's something missing from this conversation. Your phone starts to buzz in your pocket. It's Barbara.

“Hey! Are you out of the room now?”

“Yeah. We just left. Barb, where are you?”

“I don’t know.”

“We don’t either. The entire place rearranged itself while we weren’t looking.”

“I took another look at the headset, and I think I have an idea about what they’re really for.”

“Besides keeping people here forever?”

“That’s part of it – but the headsets also contain wireless transmitters and receivers. This technology is incredibly advanced, but I believe that they’re using the idle part of the guest’s brains as a computing device and sending that power up to the mothership.”

“So they get to keep people from working or living their lives while also hijacking the idle parts of their brain to process calculations? That sounds like something they’d come up with. Are their lives in danger right now?”

“No. It’s harmless – but the real danger is the psychological aspect of this plot working as intended. It might be enough to prevent people from leaving. Then they need to keep them alive without pulling them from the virtual system. I imagine that they swap the guests to a life support system once they book a long enough stay.”

You sigh and stare down the long corridor, “Well, I don’t know how we’re going to meet up with each other given that the building is shifting in front of us. Let’s try to find Koneko and Asia and get out of here. I just hope they haven’t been charmed by this simulation system.”

Rias flares out her hair with a confident smirk, “Koneko isn’t going to be so easily distracted by their tricks, hubby. There’s no need to worry!”

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“I love you, Koneko.”

A dazed and confused Koneko was lounging on your fake lap, with Asia sitting on the other side and clinging to his arm. Koneko didn’t know what was going on – but she did like it a whole lot. Her initial resistance to being seen in this compromising position by Asia melted away as soon as you started to barrage her with a series of heartfelt compliments.

*You’re the cutest in the world.*

*I love your ears, kitten.*

*Curl up in my lap whenever you like.*

For all of her stubborn outbursts and frank refusals, Koneko was a total sucker. The moment that this started, she leapt into your lap and let you pet her feline ears for what felt like hours. Each statement whispered sensually into her sensitive receptors was burned into her memory to be played back at a later date. A combination of seeing you on TV for years and the help you gave her in controlling her powers turned her into a hopeless romantic.

Normally she’d kill anyone offering comments like this about her ears or tail, but it was okay if it was you. She never realized how good it would feel to have a set of strong fingers running through her

hair and scratching the bottom of her ears. Asia was also vowing for your artificial attention, pressing her chest into your arm and cutting in where she could.

“Koneko looks like she’s having fun.”

You smiled and squeezed the arm that was snaked around her waist, “I hope you don’t feel left over, Asia. Koneko’s been waiting a long time to do this with me.”

“I understand,” Asia smiled, “She has. Koneko is the one in our family who hides her feelings the most. She always sits with us and watches your series, but she always claims that she doesn’t really like it.”

“Shut up,” Koneko murmured, still immersed in the feeling of your fingers running through her hair.

“There’s nothing wrong with enjoying this, Koneko-chan. I’m sure that many people would describe it as escapism, but who wouldn’t want to marry a man who completes them? Who is caring and dependable, and who always tries to find time for them? He’s the ideal husband!”

Asia could hear the wedding bells ringing in her mind. While she understood that a Christian wedding was no longer an option, she fantasized frequently about wearing a wonderful white dress and walking down the aisle. She could still do that much – according to Rias it was once a popular trend to make a mockery of God by doing so in the underworld. These days, with how the relationship between the three factions had changed, it was less popular for that purpose.

A lot of devils were also former humans who ‘valued’ the idea of a wedding as it was. As they grew in number proportional to the pure-blooded devils - their perspectives and cultural practices came to influence the underworld in many ways. They saw a wedding as the ultimate expression of dedication and love to their partners, because they had been told as much throughout their entire lives.

Asia even went so far as to consider concrete plans for a grand wedding with *all* of Rias’ peerage, including Venelana, as the brides. She was uncertain as to your true feelings about that idea because you were insistent on giving every partner their own time to be with you romantically. Would you be happy having a shared wedding with everyone, rather than giving every woman what they want?

Rias found out about Asia’s scrapbook of wedding plans and started contributing her own. They’d grown very close over sharing their fantasies with one another. Rias was dead set on making you her husband and the head of the Gremory house.

Asia was getting excited again. She took a deep breath and tried to stop her mind from running away. They were still inside of the hotel after all, and this wasn’t the real you – just a simulation based on their collective memories. She was remiss to admit that your presentation was a little out of line with reality. Their love for you tainted the projection, making subtle tweaks to your appearance and behaviour that made you even more attractive to them if that were even possible.

“We should probably leave and check in with Rias and the others.”

Koneko really didn’t want to get up.

“But we still have time left for our booking.”

“Wouldn’t you feel much happier if you could do this with the real person, rather than a simulation?”

She bristled at the thought of showing such affection in front of others, “No. And don’t you dare tell anyone else about what happened in here. I’ll never forgive you.”

Koneko used all of her will to push away from your lap and sit back up on the couch again. She could have happily spent hours and hours there, enjoying your warmth and extremely skilled fingers, but there was a mission to complete. She was Rias’ rook first and foremost – and that meant putting aside her personal enjoyment so that she could protect her in frontline combat. Koneko would die of shame if Rias found herself in a difficult situation and she was too busy getting scratchies to come and help.

“We’ll be back.”

Koneko led Asia back through the door and into the virtual lobby. The receptionist was still standing there with the same smile on her face. The only indication that she was still live was the gentle sway of the fluffy tails sprouting from the base of her spine.

“Please come again!”

Koneko ignored her, but Asia’s polite nature forced her to bow to her in deference.

“We will. Thank you very much!”

Walking through the front door and waking up on the bed was a disorientating feeling, as one set of sensations was suddenly swapped for another. The fabric of the bed they were lying on appeared out of nowhere and their entire centre of balance shifted. Asia removed the headset and tried to keep herself from becoming sick.

Koneko immediately checked her phone. There was a message from Rias asking her to call as soon as possible, along with some brief details about the situation.

“It looks like they’ve gotten into trouble,” Koneko sighed.

“We do tend to look for trouble quite often.”

“This hotel must be part of one of their schemes. We should go and find the President.”

Asia meekly followed Koneko through the door – only to discover that they were somewhere else entirely to where they were before. They had picked up the room and move it wholesale across the building for storage. Despite this there were still signs on the wall that direct them towards the exit.

“What’s going on?” Asia wondered.

“They moved the room while we were inside. They were not expecting us to leave before our booking was over.”

“Moved us? How big is this building supposed to be?”

“According to Rias, it’s theoretically infinite. They’re using compressed space to keep as many people in here as possible.”

Koneko was somewhat familiar with compressed space. One of your other lovers was always keen to utilise it to make the most out of every doorway. It was the ability to expand a small interior location into a much larger one by using a series of point relays that could manipulate space-time. She didn’t understand the latter half of that explanation, but the outcome was evident even to a layperson.

Impossible constructions could be squeezed into tiny containers, or huge buildings hidden in what was otherwise a tiny broom closet.

Finding the exit was easy. It was clearly signposted for any guests that broke the mould and left early. The real problem was dismantling the operation. They couldn't allow it to sit here in the middle of the city and brainwash people into spending their entire lives in an idealized simulation. They had family and friend waiting for them on the outside.

"Rias is asking us to meet with the them at the entrance, so let's follow the signs for now."

Asia nodded and followed closely as they started the long, tedious, repetitive walk down the carpeted hallways of the hotel. Contrasted heavily with the lavish and theatrical virtual hotel, the physical location felt like a prison. No matter how far they walked – the lack of visible landmarks or differentiation with the décor made it feel like they were making no progress at all.

This was going to take a while...