

It was a late evening on TLR-Earth, and the Deviluke sisters were hard at work making plans for the near future. Crammed inside of their compressed-space laboratory, Lala had dedicated an entire wall of the space to a schizophrenic explosion of notes, images and coloured strings. An outside observer could easily mistake her for a conspiracy theorist, but it wasn't for the sake of proving the existence of a grand deception. It was Lala's personal notes on all of the girls that would soon be joining her Husband's rapidly enlarging harem. With some assistance from Mitsuru, she'd even gone so far as to include characters that haven't yet been summoned; based entirely on who your favourites were.

But at the present moment, Lala was distracted with something else entirely; "Don't you think that this dress would look super cute on me?"

Momo sighed and pushed aside Lala's phone with a frown, "We're not here to pick out a wedding dress, sis."

Lala pouted, "Aw, just tell me!"

"It's cute, and you look amazing in anything – can we please get back on topic?"

That topic was what to do about Nana. Momo stood from the beanbag she was using and stared at the note pinned next to her profile image. Listed were several aspects of her personality that would pose a challenge when trying to add her to the harem. Both girls knew her very well. Nana was stubborn, dishonest with her feelings, and valued strong people. She'd gotten much better with being honest since becoming friends with Mea, but romance was a different beast from friendship. Momo grabbed a pen and scribbled down an extra line.

Flat chested.

Just because they were sisters didn't mean that Momo could resist being petty or teasing her ruthlessly. She gave herself a satisfied pat on the back and returned the pen to its resting place. The harem chart was developing quickly. Lala had a second copy of it down in the garage, but that wasn't updated as often as the one in her laboratory slash bedroom. 'Batgirl' was the latest, opening a new cluster of potential haremets from her universe. You always gravitated towards a particular theme when you started adding more. Momo silently judged the quality of the other girls who were connected to her. They were all pretty good, but nothing compared to her cuteness!

"We need a super effective way to make Nana fall totally in love with hubby!"

"That's what I came here to talk about, did you forget already?"

"Uh. I think so..."

"Jeez – you're such a scatterbrain sometimes. We have to start somewhere, what does Nana like?"

"Strong guys!"

"That's right. Not only is she not being honest with her feelings, but she also seems to think that he isn't strong enough. She's comparing him to the version from the TV series; but we can't guarantee that he'll become like that. We just need to show her his best points, and she'll understand his appeal if we give her enough time."

Lala punched the air, "That's right! Hubby's super appeal will win her over in no time at all!"

Momo pinched the bridge of her nose, “Lala – you already like him. Nana is being resistant to the idea. We need to find a way to demonstrate his qualities to her without making her react negatively. If she thinks that changing her mind will look silly, she’ll refuse to do it.”

“Oh, like when she said that she didn’t like Pizza?”

“Yes, exactly like that.”

For all of her intelligence, Lala was bad at comprehending other people if not provided with a direct example she could relate to. She nodded happily and hummed as her brain ticked over with several ideas on how to entrap Nana in a loving, sisterly marriage to her favourite human. Nana just needed a little push so that she could admit just how amazing he really was! Momo was not expecting many good ideas from Lala – despite inviting her for a meeting. Lala was innocent in many ways, even as she became an adult. Understanding people’s feelings was a serious challenge for such a practically minded person.

But she’d also grown a lot since arriving on Earth and meeting her new friends. Momo had never seen Lala in such a good mood before. Now that she was away from the constant marriage proposals arranged by their father, she was free to be herself and enjoy her hobbies. She’d become much peppier, cuter, and more willing to treat her sisters like sisters.

“Hm. I think we have to show her that hubby really is just like himself from the show!”

“But how could we do that?”

“First, we need them to spend some more time together. Nana won’t be able to see him being cool and brave if she refuses to be around him.”

The pair continued to discuss their plan for an hour, before finally settling on a multi-pronged strategy to add her to the harem. Nana had no idea what she was in for.

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Barbara felt like a little kid again. She hadn’t felt this giddy about something in years. She had to stop herself from getting too excited. She was a fully-grown woman, not a schoolgirl going out with her first ever partner. This was different – that much was evident. She wasn’t just intent on dating a fellow superhero or even a normal person, but one of the objects of her friend circle’s collective affection. Barbara had pulled several of her fellow heroes into the rabbit hole with her and by now many of them had submitted fully to ‘you-mania.’

Despite her boundless love for the story that you star in, Barbara never expected to be pulled into your world to meet the real thing. Multiple universes were nothing new; but even with that knowledge she did not allow herself to become blinded with needless optimism about the potential of meeting you. But then it happened without warning! Barbara was usually in a dour mood while patrolling the streets of Gotham for crime, but tonight she was anything but. She was stuck firmly on cloud nine with a grin that betrayed the solemn duty she upheld for the city’s denizens.

Atop her perch overlooking the streets, Barbara kicked her legs back and forth while eating her midnight meal. It felt strange to work with a smile, but it did help her weather some of the more dreadful sights a Gotham vigilante encountered on a nightly basis. She had to keep herself alert for anyone who needed help, while the other part of her brain was occupied with imagining all of the things that she wanted to do with you, both innocent and adult.

She heard the snapping of fingers piercing the veil of her awareness. She turned around and spotted a blonde woman floating in the air behind her.

“Kara?”

“Hey. I was just passing through and decided to see how things are going.”

Barbara and Kara were close friends, though it was rare to see Supergirl visiting Gotham when she had her own responsibilities to handle back home. Not that it was difficult for her to get between places – she could fly faster than a speeding bullet after all. Barbara had plenty of reasons to be jealous when she had to do things the hard way.

“For Gotham, it’s just business as usual.”

“Really? You look different. Did something nice happen that you’re keeping to yourself?”

Barbara couldn’t stop her face from giving away the truth, she broke out into laughter and turned away to try and hide it. Kara floated casually to her other side and rendered any attempts moot. Kara wasn’t even wearing her Supergirl outfit, she was very confident in no one seeing her in the darkness of the evening skies.

“Come on Barb! I can see your pulse – I’m on the right track.”

Barbara didn’t want to reveal everything that had happened, for fear of incurring the wrath of karma or finding a catch that rendered everything pointless. She still struggled to fully accept that it wasn’t a fever dream. The problem was Kara. She was very good at being persistent and getting answers out of people. She wouldn’t go away until she had some kind of idea about what Barbara was so pleased with.

“Ugh. You’re the worst,” Barbara groaned. She placed her food back into the box and adjusted her mask. “I met a guy. I’m not going to say much more than that.”

“You met a guy?!”

Barbara covered her ears and a gust of wind blew thanks to the force of Kara’s exclamation, “Damn – give me a warning before you do that next time. You almost deafened me!”

Kara landed on the roof and clasped her hands together, “Sorry! It’s just you’re always so busy with the whole Batgirl thing that I thought you weren’t interested in romance.” Kara was already excited to hear about her friend’s love escapades, but she didn’t want to upset Barbara by asking too many questions when things were fresh. Kara had a bad way of getting too personal when people wanted to keep some distance.

Barbara did offer some details to keep her happy.

“He’s a pretty normal guy, but he is in the same line of work as us.”

Kara scoffed, “A normal superhero? There’s nothing normal about what we do.”

“I didn’t mean it like that. Anybody who does this is selfless to the core. He doesn’t have any powers, and he only started fighting crime recently.”

“Ah. I get it. He must be pretty impressive to win you over Barb. You have high standards.”

Barbara contested the allegation, “Do not.”

Kara leaned against the bell tower to try and keep out of the rain; “You totally do. I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with that, you’re free to be with whoever you want to be with. You’re just critical of most men we come across.”

“My problem is that a lot of the people we know invest everything into being a superhero. I want a guy who can switch off now and again.”

“You should introduce us! I’d love to get to know him.”

“I will, when I’m sure that it’ll last longer than a few days.”

Barbara stood at attention as her portable tracker started to beam a stream of information. There was a call going out to the police nearby – she could already hear the sound of a gunshot ringing out above the ambient noises of the city. Kara moved over and reached out her hand, “Need some help?”

Barbara shook her head, “Just drop me off nearby – you don’t have your outfit on.”

“Heh. I don’t wear a mask.”

“You’ve got enough things to worry about before you come and start offering me favours, Kara.”

Kara knew that time spent arguing was time wasted. Barbara was stubborn. She wrapped her arm around her waist and used her immense strength to lift her from the floor and fly in the direction of the commotion. Once she had found a good location to leave Batgirl, she gave her a friendly salute and took off above the clouds again. Barbara could worry about her love life later. There was someone who needed help on the street below. She leapt from the rooftop and fanned out her cape, the dynamic material morphing into a shape that allowed her to safely glide down onto the ground below.

A group of thieves who had just finished smashing the front of a local shop were taken aback by her sudden appearance on the scene.

“It’s Batgirl!” one of them cried.

“Wack her!”

Their first mistake was assuming that Barbara was going to let them pull a gun. She fired a grappling tether from one of her armlets and dragged the firearm wielding goon to the ground, throwing off his aim and preventing him from making an accurate shot. The others were knocked aside by a barrage of batarangs that homed in on their heat signatures with perfect precision. Their bodies scattered in every direction as their consciousness was knocked clean from their bodies in one fell swoop. She leapt over the last gang member and dispatched him with a blow to the temple.

She disarmed him and dismantled the gun. The same process of checking pockets and tying hands was repeated four times. With another group of criminals now waiting for the loving arms of the incoming police cars, Barbara fired another grapple onto the ridge of the nearest building and ascended back into the night. There were still some hours to go before dawn.

