

Lala could understand why her youngest sister was so hesitant to believe that you were the same man she had admired for so long. It was easy to lose perspective of the relatively humble beginnings that defined much of the early portion of the story. It was only when Lala went back and re-watched the earliest seasons that she remembered just how much things changed in time.

It was strange seeing you develop so much over the course of weeks and months. When she had first arrived in your world and met you for the first time – you didn't look the part of a conquering hero. The version of you from her world was 'complete' in a sense. A character that had been crystalized through a vast and ever-expanding multi-media franchise. It was inevitable that some of those portrayals would differ in tone and personality; but at the end of the day there were elements that were necessary to the character of *you*.

He was strong, confident, and had an array of powers that trivialized almost any threat and sometimes precluded the need for his immense, two hundred plus harem, even though it was the primary focus of the story. That journey from normal person to overpowered symbol of what was right appealed to Lala on a deep, emotional level. Lala was initially worried that things might not go that way at all.

But it was during your first night together with Rias and Akeno that Lala saw a glimpse of that future within you. Reclining back on the bed, surrounded by beautiful women, with a natural sense of confidence that betrayed the strange circumstances you were in. Lala imagined you in a few years' time, with powers of your own and many, many wives. You'd have a magnetic presence that let everyone know that you were the boss. A powerful force that could protect the multiverse from any threats that tried to do wrong by it. She'd walk into your throne chamber and see dozens of those wives, her friends, family and partners, all with a place in your heart.

Someone worthy of being the King of her father's space empire and more besides. Even now you had undergone a significant transformation, moulding your body into something worthy of a talented warrior. She knew that with time more changes would come, more abilities and skills and powers would accumulate, and then you would realise your full potential and save the universe just like she wanted you to.

Lala loved you because despite all of that, you would continue to do the right thing.

To give someone power was to reveal their true character. That was a lesson that her father had repeated time and time again. His management of the space empire they lent their name to had been a long and fraught road. There were many who aspired to take his place, or carve out an empire of their own by working from the inside. He understood well that the first step to evaluating a leader's trustworthiness was to see what they did with responsibility. The fact that you hadn't summoned an invincible goddess from another universe and tried to conquer your home planet was an encouraging start.

Lala knew that she was being blinded by her bias. She loved you deeply. She loved the way you looked, the sound of your voice, and the way that you held her body close during more intimate moments. The thought of being separated or disallowed from marrying you was an awful one. Soon Nana and Momo would feel the same way, they just needed to see you in action and spend some time with you.

"I'll admit, he *looks* like him – but that's where the similarities end!" Nana said as the trio waited for you to return from the bathroom. "Did you really fall head over heels for him after just one meeting, sis?"

“Yep, I did!”

Momo was much less harsh on her elder sibling, “I think he’s cute. What’s the problem with getting swept off your feet, Nana?”

“It’s not normal to fall in love with some pervert after one meeting!”

Momo smirked; “You’re just worried he won’t like a *flat-chested girl* like you.”

Nana’s forehead pulsed angrily, “Am not.”

Lala couldn’t help but vouch for you, “He already has a flat-chested girl in his harem. He isn’t concerned with how big your breasts are...”

“I don’t believe you. That’s the first thing that all of those stupid bastard suitors Papa finds say! ‘Don’t you have a daughter with bigger boobs?’ Who the hell do they think they’re talking to?!”

“That’s their problem. You’re really cute, Nana.”

But she didn’t want to hear it. It was one thing to hear that kind of talk from a family member, and another to hear it from someone she was actually attracted to. Nana was stricken by your appearance and attitude, but she wouldn’t admit to being invested in joining the harem in front of her sisters. She’d already invested so much time and energy into arguing *against* it that changing her mind now would just invite more teasing. Nana hated being made to look like a fool – even when her own actions were the direct cause.

“Let Nana be single if she wants to be,” Momo giggled, “I’ll just take her spot. I think he’s easy on the eyes, and I like a man who already has plans to conquer a *lot* of women.” Lala reached over and took Momo’s hands into hers with a joyful smile on her face.

“Thank you! I really can’t wait for us to spend time together. It’s going to be a lot of fun! Mitsuru has been teaching me a whole bunch of ways to invent new items too.”

“Mitsuru is the head girl, correct?”

Lala frowned, “Uh. I don’t think so. They have a ‘childhood friends’ thing going on right now.”

“We really *are* early,” Momo gasped. Mitsuru had been inducted into the harem properly during volume four, after a touching confession between them that acknowledged their long and fruitful relationship moving on to the next stage. It was one of Momo’s favourite arcs! She just had to do her bit and match them together, this was the perfect chance to participate in a story that had moved her so much when she was younger.

“I think they should get together,” Lala frowned, “But Mitsuru is always so focused on her work that she doesn’t have time to go on dates and stuff. Rias was trying to break her out of her shell recently, so hopefully she can give us a hand!”

“Rias is the devil girl, right?”

“Yep! She’s really beautiful and confident. I like her a whole bunch!”

Nana groaned, “Why are you introducing even more competition if you like him so much?”

“Because I know that it’ll make Mitsuru super happy,” Lala chirped. To her, it seemed like an entirely reasonable thing to do for a friend.

Momo was quick to pick another fight, “Is that a tinge of jealousy I detect? You still have time to claim a spot in the harem for yourself before things get intense.”

“Pft. Over my dead body.”

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When you step out of the bathroom and return to the table, you find all three Deviluke sisters in the midst of yet another spat over whether to join the harem or not. It seems that mere words aren’t going to be enough to put this debate to rest. That’s just fine by you, because Barbara has sent you a message about the culprit behind the poisoning being spotted nearby. The small number of green spaces in the city means that its possible for her to keep an eye on all of them.

“They’ve found the person responsible for the poisoning, they’re close. Let’s get there and stop them before they can cause any more damage.”

That’s enough to keep Nana quiet for now. They follow you back out of the café and down the road to where the local park is located. It’s much smaller than some of the other major attractions in the city. It’s a large open area with hills, trees and a lake in the middle. A tall brick wall surrounds most of the premises, with two double gates opening up onto the main pathway through the woodland.

“What a lovely park. I was worried that all of these tall buildings had taken over the entire city,” Momo sighs. Their own home planet had struggled with the labour of reclaiming some of their lost natural beauty once before. People didn’t know what they had until they lost it. It was part of why Momo valued natural life so highly, and not just because she had the innate ability to speak with plants.

“Yeah – they’ve been trying to redevelop some areas into parkland for everyone to use recently. But that isn’t going to help if these aliens keep poisoning the soil with that chemical compound.”

“Hmph, I can’t forgive someone who hurts the animal’s habitats like this,” Nana concurs; it’s the first time they’ve agreed on something all day.

“We’d better get in there before they do something bad,” you declare. You run through the main gate and onto the pathway. It’s a large park, and you’re not certain where they’ve pitched their base of operations. You pull out your phone and send a call to Mitsuru and Barbara, but it’s only Mitsuru who picks up.

“I’ll lead you there. Just follow my instructions, and you might want to put your armour on first.”

You use Lala’s invention and summon your protective outfit. Mitsuru relays a series of relatively vague directions to you, leading you down small side routes and between the trees, until you come upon a large clearing where an unfriendly face is waiting for you with a strange android stood by his side.

“Ugh, not you again.”

“My name is Faust!”

“I don’t care – you’re gonna’ be a bloody smear on the ground in a second if you don’t stop messing with us.”

The android by his side is exactly what you expected it to be. A weird, one-sided mess with a large tank of sludge strapped to it’s back and a large mechanical needle on one arm. A singular, beady red eye stares a hole through you as Sundar starts to run his mouth again about how amazing his plan is this time.

“The source of all civilization is that of the flora and fauna. Even the mightiest of space empires have sprung forth from humble farmland and hard work. Rob your enemy of their sustenance, and they shall fall easily in battle. And so, I have elegantly concocted a scheme that will see your precious fertile ground rendered completely useless!

This guy has never worked on a farm before...

“My Toxidroid will inject a specially made chemical compound, one that cannot be found here on your planet, into the soil and make it impossible for plants to grow. Once that happens, the ecosystem of your planet will collapse too. Your world leaders will come to us, begging for salvation as the hunger starts to bite – and then you will submit to us fully and promptly!”

You cross your arms and tut, “Oh yeah? And how are you going to spread that toxin far enough to do that?”

You expect Faust to make a fool of himself like he did with the cloning gun, but it seems that he’s done his homework this time around. He wags a condescending finger in your direction and laughs with a blue-blooded shrill; “Of course – such a plan could only work if applied in great scale. This is merely an experiment to prove the value of the toxin. It can easily be dumped into lakes and rivers across the world, water treatment facilities, and even the domestic water supply! Any ground that we can’t reach will be swarmed by droids like this, ensuring complete global saturation!”

“At least you made it that far this time.”

Nana scowls, “This guy stinks! And he has a face like an eggplant!”

Faust turns to your three pink-headed companions, “And what’s this? You mean to defeat me with a gaggle of pink-haired teenagers?” Faust has already *seen* Lala fight, so you’re not certain why he’s so dismissive of her and her sisters. Their race is no joke. The lasers they fire from their tails are super-heated and can cut through pretty much anything.

“Heh. I’ll make you eat those words, wise guy,” Momo snickers evilly.

But the proceedings are interrupted by the arrival of another voice.

“It’s not just going to be these four, either.”

A shadow falls down through the trees and makes a clean landing on the other side of the clearing. As the dust and leaves settle, the form rises to its full height and reveals a menacing black cowl. Her outfit is adorned with a bold, yellow and gold trim that highlights a bat insignia on her chest. She places her hands on her hips and steps out of the shade, revealing the full view of her heroic visage.

It’s Barbara, rocking her Batgirl costume and ready to mess Faust up.

“Batgirl?” you ask.

Barbara smiles, “Sorry – but if you’re throwing a party, you should throw an invite my way too.”

