

“I don’t want to do anything, actually.”

Motoko was firm in her decision to not spend time getting ready to go out on the town, so you decide to use the bar that Mitsuru built behind your back and relax with her. You wanted to have another look at it too, since you were very much focused on having sex with Rias the last time you dropped by. Motoko was pleased to have a running bar to herself, as she cracked a rare smile and hopped the counter to pour herself a drink from the selection.

“Why did Mitsuru build this? I didn’t take her for much of a hard drinker.”

You shrug, “I’m guessing that she’s trying to provide a lot of amenities and places to hang out in the underground complex, since she’s planning on letting people come and go as they please soon when the next phase of her project wraps up. There’ll be a lot of folks wandering around and keeping themselves busy.”

“I hope you don’t just mean having sex,” Motoko says dryly.

“I might enjoy sex, but I’m not invincible. I slept with four women at once and nearly died in the process, but that might just be because it was Akeno and Rias...” Motoko sighs and places a glass onto the bar for you, filled with something light. You don’t want to get drunk when there’s the chance of an emergency occurring.

“You’re turning into a damn playboy – you better not let it get to your head.”

“Trust me, I’m still a nervous wreck when I end up in a situation like that. Why did you want to kick back and relax anyway?”

Motoko takes a sip of her beer, “I don’t get much time to myself at home. We’ve been working on a complex case lately, and I needed to take a break. Coming here gives me a chance to turn myself off for a few hours and forget about everything. When I go back, it’s like barely any time has gone by at all. That means I don’t have to keep a schedule.”

“I get it. Pretty convenient, right?”

Motoko nods, “I was wondering about that woman you had up top – she was working with Mitsuru on something?”

“Oh, that’s Android 21. We summoned her to give Mitsuru a hand around the laboratory. She’s very intelligent, a scientist that can humble Mitsuru in a lot of ways.”

“An android? She doesn’t look like any android I’ve seen,” Motoko muses. That’s true. The androids from her world can look like something out of your worst nightmares. The spindly robotic fingers that they use to type quickly still live rent free in your mind.

“It’s a different type of technology versus what you’re used to. I couldn’t explain any of the specifics though, you might have to ask her yourself for answers.” Motoko knocks back her first drink and set about downing another soon after. You wonder if she can get drunk like a full human can – that would help with the problem of immersing a person into a body that isn’t theirs. The party is only just getting started when Android 21 opens the door and wanders inside to see what the fuss is about.

“Mitsuru told me that you had both come to this room. I was hoping that I could spend some time getting to know you.”

“That’s fine by me, you okay with that, Motoko?”

She nods and grabs another glass, “Would you like a drink?”

21 smiles and sits on your other side, “Oh! Thank you very much. This is a charming little bar, isn’t it?”

You laugh, “Mitsuru’s really been using Lala’s compressed space technology to have her share of fun. I’m sure there are dozens of other rooms in this place that I don’t know about. We stumbled on this place a few days ago. I don’t know where she keeps finding the time with all of her other projects.”

“She has even more time to herself now that Bulma and I have started assisting her with her research.”

Motoko slides 21 her drink, which she happily takes an initial sip from. You wonder how the two are going to get along, since Motoko is a much sterner and sobering presence versus the relatively soft-spoken 21. This is also the first chance you’ve had to speak with her in a private setting away from Mitsuru. You’ve seen her running around the garage once or twice before, but she’s always been too busy whittling away at one of Mitsuru’s schemes to speak with you. It hardly seems fair; but Mitsuru insists that she’s more than happy to be rewarded with some of her innovations and knowledge instead.

Motoko is already scrutinizing the way she looks. She hops the bar and retakes her seat, leaning back as to spy on the back of her neck. There are no visible ports or panel lines to be seen. Motoko exhales through her nose and leans back in, “That body of yours – is it really cybernetic?”

“It is. I don’t remember clearly, but I’m an advanced android built on the basis of many iterative versions that came before me. I suspect that my modifications are relatively minor compared to yours. Mitsuru already explained some of it to me.”

Motoko shrugs, “This is a fairly new model too. I don’t really care about the sockets, everyone has them.”

“But being able to interface with a machine so directly is intriguing, even if it comes with all of the associated risks.”

“Sometimes I think that the world would have been better off if we kept the computers on the outside, and not in our heads,” Motoko muses, “Not that there’s anything we can do about that now. Mass adoption happened so quickly that people didn’t even consider the other consequences. But it was a boon for people suffering from brain disease.”

Android 21’s initial intention to speak with you is quickly pushed aside as she finds great interest in exploring Motoko’s home world and all of the technology within. Dragon Ball already boasts some strange and wonderful inventions, so you doubt that she’s going to take any of them for herself when better options are already available, but her natural curiosity isn’t going to be sated so easily. 21 is especially enraptured by Motoko’s discussion of the Tachikoma units and their ability to think and act independently. You’re happy to let them speak at length. You want to make sure that all of your harem members like each other, so moments like these are important to build relationships between them. You’ve tried your hardest to break all of the girls out of their respective circles and intermingling.

“I didn’t expect a serious character like you to have a romantic relationship with him,” 21 giggles. Motoko’s cheeks turn red from a combination of alcohol and embarrassment.

“There’s nothing wrong with wanting a partner who’s... a little different to who you usually deal with. I’m surrounded by enough serious people when I’m at work. I don’t want to deal with them when I’m trying to relax too.”

“What is it that they say? Opposites attract?”

You shake your head, “I wouldn’t call us opposites. Motoko is just very professional.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that,” Motoko murmurs. You aren’t certain what she means.

Android 21 is halfway through her drink when she finally turns the topic back around to you.

“I really loved your TV when I was introduced to it. It felt like I’d seen it before in the past, but I was experiencing it all over again for the first time – if that makes sense.”

“Entertainment in your world must be pretty crazy,” you theorise. Who’d need TV when there were people have such explosive fights all the time?

“Actually – the first few seasons are rather understated. It was only later on that things started to escalate. I believe they started to take inspiration from some of the real fights that were happening at the time. You became very popular with the children.” Mitsuru did try to make the transition easier on all of the harem members, you recall. She must have specified universes where your present state of affairs match their own interpretation of events.

“I found myself rather taken with you after watching your story for myself. Though at the time I believed I wasn’t deserving of such a romance thanks to my... wilder side. I’m sure you’re well aware of that – given who you are.”

You offer her a reassuring grin, “I do. But you managed to get it under control, didn’t you?”

She adjusts her thick, black rimmed glasses; “I did to some extent. Though ‘she’ still has a way of taking control of my body when she gets restless. She shouldn’t cause you any harm should that occur though. Just feed her enough and I’ll return to normal when she’s blown off some steam.”

“Right.”

The rest of the evening goes by without a hitch, but Motoko is the one who has to head home first once the beer had dried up. She leans in, give you an uncharacteristic (and very stinky) kiss on the cheek before teleporting back. Android 21 on the other hand has proven that she can hold her liquor very well. She’s drunk much more than you and isn’t even fazed by it. She stretches out her arms and groans as fatigue starts to set in from sitting on the barstool. It’s almost time for her to turn in the night as well, but suddenly her eyes flash red, and in a flash of violent crimson light you find yourself bowled over onto the ground.

When you finally get your bearings again – you discover that you’re being pinned down by Android 21’s evil side! The pink skin, white hair and long, prehensile tail make it immediately obvious that the 21 you’ve been speaking with until now was holding back on something. “Geeze, why does that prissy, boring old side of me have to hold back from taking what we both want!”

“21?”

“I mean – there’s a perfectly good man sitting right next to us, and she doesn’t even try to rock your world and show you why she deserves a spot in your harem. Isn’t that stupid?” There’s a sharp, unhinged edge to her voice that wasn’t there before. Her selfish instincts have completely taken

over and formed into her alternate personality. You made this bed when you asked Mitsuru to maintain her other personality, so now you have to lie in it. You fear for the safety of your pelvis with the lust filled gaze she's giving you.

"I take it that you're 21's instinctual side..."

"That's right," she boasts, "When the 'human' side of me keeps running her mouth and being a total bore, I bubble up inside of her and make sure that what she wants, she gets. All of those little worries and stresses get blown away into the stratosphere!" Her grip on your wrists tightens even further as she leans close enough for you to feel her breath on your face. "You're going to be our new lover. That's why you summoned us here, isn't it?"

You nod, "I did. I wanted your intelligence and your strength."

"That's right. A package deal like this doesn't come around too often! I'm getting a craving for something a little different – something that I can't buy or make for myself. You wouldn't happen to have a way of helping me?" 21 punctuates her claim by slowly unzipping your pants with her other hand. She's so strong that you can't possibly hope to throw her off now. She's in total control of this situation.

Seeing no other option, you set your resolve and agree; "Fine. I'll do it."

"Good! This heat in my belly is totally unbearable right now! I need a strong man to make all the pain go away. I know that you can do that for us." 21 coos as your erection springs to life beneath her palm. She fishes it free from the fabric prison and licks her lips. "When I'm done with you, none of those other girls are going to satisfy you in the same way again."

You'll just have to see about that.