

Belfast asked you for another round, though in reality it quickly escalated to no less than four. Belfast had every intention of getting her money's worth while she had the chance. Foolishly you believed that she was done after the third round, but a visit to the showers to clean off after such intensive activity was enough to make her horny again.

By the time she was done wringing you for every drop of semen in your body, it was already starting to get late. Belfast was in no hurry to leave the house, and you didn't have anything planned for the rest of the night either. She was content to stand behind you like the polite, well-mannered maid she loved to act as – almost as if your lecherous meeting never happened.

Your plans, or lack thereof, changed when you heard the doorbell ringing from the living room. Belfast hurried away to answer it, showing a well-dressed Venelana into the mansion.

"Venelana! It's been a while since we talked."

You stood up and offered her a kiss on the lips, which she gladly accepted.

"I know. Unfortunately, that bespectacled friend of yours has been keeping me busy with more of her pet projects. I decided to drop by after visiting the garage and say hello. And who is this lovely lady you have attending to the house?" Venelana asks, reaching over and cupping her cheek in her motherly fashion.

Belfast did not object to her tender touch, "I am Belfast."

"It's nice to meet you Belfast. I hope that you take good care of our fiancé."

"Of course, my Lady. I will serve him to the very best of my ability."

Venelana's eyes drooped down to her cleavage, "And I must say – you do seem to have a certain infatuation with ladies that bear a larger burden on their chest."

"I seem to recall you lobbying me to summon Grayfia to add to my harem..."

Venelana shrugs, "Guilty as charged, but can you blame me? The poor woman has been left out in the cold for years now. A capable man such as yourself is just the right thing for her."

Venelana is a legendary busybody when it comes to her friends and family. Grayfia enjoying singledom never occurs to her, it's a situation that she feels the need to rectify even if Grayfia never asked her for it. There are two sides to the leading lady of the Gremory clan. The harsh, commanding presence forged through leadership, and the kind, motherly figure who adored Rias and her nephew.

That motherly side has become more dominant as she's become more comfortable with being around you. Getting a woman who can do both is a sound piece of advice, if not something that most people would never be able to achieve.

"Would you like some tea, Lady Gremory?"

"That would be wonderful, Belfast."

Belfast excuses herself to prepare some refreshments.

"I hope Mitsuru hasn't been leaning on you too much."

Venelana waves away your concerns, "I am perfectly capable of telling her 'no.' I should say that I rather enjoy these bizarre schemes of hers, and if it serves the purpose of protecting our homes and making it easier for you to manage your harem – then there's no reason to refuse."

You sigh, "Mitsuru doesn't tell me about what she's working on until it's almost complete. I had no idea she was building this cross-dimensional technology until there was a giant enemy robot breathing down our necks."

"We've been working almost exclusively on completing her relay system, the one that will allow us to come and go as we please. We're having trouble acquiring some of the materials needed. No amount of money can smooth that over if you do not know where to start searching."

Venelana shuffles closer to you on the couch and interlinks her arm with yours.

"I hope that completing this will allow me to visit you more often without worrying about the Sledgehammer's capacity."

"I do too. It'd be really great to get everyone together so they can get to know each other more."

Venelana smiles with lewd malice, "And then we can rest in the grand bedchamber, with all of your devoted wives naked for your enjoyment."

The look on her face gives the impression that she enjoys that idea even more than you do.

Venelana is a woman who has been raised in a particular culture, where devils seem to find great fulfilment in seeing their partners start extramarital relationships. Venelana is so onboard with you being the head of a massive, interdimensional harem that she's investing million and millions of dollars into making Mitsuru's new project a reality.

"I take it that Belfast has already been acquainted with your better side?"

"I don't like to kiss and tell..."

She harrumphs, "Let me guess, you two were breeding like a pair of animals in rut moments before I arrived at the door?"

Your silence is the only answer she needs.

"I thought so. I have to say – she's a very fetching presence. She carries the dignity of her station well."

"She's a life saver. I don't think I could keep this place looking clean without her. It makes me feel bad about pushing so much work onto her all the time. I was considering inviting Grayfia and asking her if she'd like to be my maid too."

Venelana smiled, "Grayfia is a... subservient sort. She could have taken on the role as a member of our family, yet she insisted on keeping her marriage a secret for as long as possible. Perhaps she found a certain affinity with standing behind and encouraging from afar. It's the place where she feels most proud, where your achievements become her achievements."

Belfast returned to the living room and played a tray of tea onto the coffee table, pouring Venelana a cup and handing it to her.

"Thank you, dear. Now – I've heard from Mitsuru that several new girls have become your fiancés, so I was hoping to hear from you about them. Mitsuru's observations are details, but only if they interest her. She's been completely consumed trying to finish the mass relay."

"I suppose that's fair. Where should I start..."

You walk Venelana through all of the latest additions to your collection. It takes you a moment to catch up on your own memories, since you have to pinpoint the moment where Venelana stopped being in the loop and organise them into a neat order for discussion. Mitsuru has been making noise about a private social media-esque app for your phones which could smooth over the process of keeping everyone on the same page.

“Hm, so these Deviluke girls aren’t devils like me or Rias?”

“No. They have devil tails, but they’re aliens.”

“Interesting. They sound like the perfect partners for the Gremory house – given that they’re in line to rule a galactic empire.” Those sound like they’re on an entirely different scale to one another from your perspective, but Venelana has proven time and time again that her influence reaches farther than one might think.

“I do like bringing in girls from more humble backgrounds as well.”

“Like this Barbara Gordon you spoke of?”

“I suppose she’s humble in comparison to the intergalactic heiress, yes.”

“Rias’ pawn is something of a hero himself, they call him the-”

“Oppai dragon?”

Venelana blinks – and then remembers that you know a lot about her world already.

“Yes, the oppai dragon. Our corporation took a page from your book and have been mercilessly merchandising his appearance. We have toys, manga, a TV series, albums...”

“Uh, that’s a lot more than what Mitsuru has asked me to do so far.”

Out of necessity, she’d rather not reveal your civilian identity to the public. All hell would break loose if that were to happen. So unluckily for her she cannot ask you for public showings or tie-in albums. You know for sure that she’d do it if it made money.

“I know,” Venelana reveals, “I was the one who helped plan the rollout of your merchandise, and wrangled the ownership rights to the concept. Do you have any idea how frustrating it is to file a copyright on these things without a real name to put to the documents?”

“I do not.”

Venelana calmed her resurgent frustration with a sip of Belfast’s tea.

“I’d like you to keep me informed about the new girls joining your harem, dear. Rias and I will be responsible for organizing everything into a harmonious whole. A lot of families don’t understand the value of proper planning and management, they see it as emotionally disconnected – even though it is done in the interest of fairness for everybody involved. We want to ensure that nobody is left out.”

You nod in agreement, “That’s a good idea. I think things will get a little easier once Mitsuru finishes her project and some of my partners can come and go without me summoning them. The problem is building them in every world we’ve pulled from.”

Barbara was very eager to join in and build her own version of the anchor, presumably because some of her fellow superhero pals heard about her new, amazing boyfriend. Having Supergirl and

the like running around might make your role as a hero redundant, given their incredible levels of strength and general lack of weaknesses. Does Kryptonite even exist in this universe? But then you recall the words of warning offered to you by that faker working for the aliens.

Anything you can summon, she can counter by summoning a character of her own. She also has what seems to be unfettered access to all of the cross-dimensional material she likes, while you and Mitsuru are left to pick through the wreckage of their robots for tiny portions of the stuff.

Venelana is very eager to spread her devilish business empire to other worlds. Having the ability to visit as she pleases will help in that endeavour. What's hers if yours – having serious financial resources behind your operation beyond the toy sales will supercharge Mitsuru's ability to build new gadgets for you.

"Some of the components we need aren't able to be obtained through... legal means."

"That's never stopped Mitsuru before, and I don't mind breaking a few laws if it's for the sake of protecting the Earth. I could get apprehended for illegally owning a gun, for one thing. I'm sure that shattering the boundary between this world and others might qualify as a crime too."

Venelana disagrees, "Pah. The rule makers are often paralyzed when it comes to unprecedented action. Without a directive to follow – they'll be left to scramble in response."

You do get the feeling that shattering the boundary between realities will elicit a harsh response, one that is not necessarily constrained by legal precedent. They might send a gang of hitmen to murder you on the street out of fear or something.

"I'm not afraid to break the rules of man, but I cannot claim to have a wealth of experience in exploring the figurative underworld."

That makes the gears turn in your head. There's a trio of women you've been thinking of for some time now. Balalaika, Revy, and Roberta from Black Lagoon. Not only are all three of them quintessential bad bitches – but they also know a lot about the underworld. If Mitsuru needs some dubious acts committed to complete her project, Balalaika would be the first person to summon.

You explain your idea to Venelana, who finds it intriguing.

"Hm. They sound like an interesting selection of characters. Their experience in the criminal world would be invaluable in terms of accessing and smuggling the rare materials we need. My shell company could provide them with documentation and funds to establish their network."

"Well, I'd need to speak with Mitsuru first. We're trying to keep a tight leash on how much interdimensional stuff we're using on cards. We never know when they'll bring out someone far more dangerous than the foes we've already faced."

"It is a difficult line to tread, moving between your future safety and the need to invest in the facilities."

All three are armed and dangerous, but you're not sure that those guns can punch through the armoured plating of the Interdimensional Commune's robots. Mitsuru will need to develop and provide them with more effective weaponry if you want to use them in active combat situations. Not every member of your harem needs to do that, of course, Bulma is a permanent member of Mitsuru's science team – but you know that all three are tough customers.

The fact that Mitsuru has confirmed the presence of a universe where all three are willing to be your lovers is very confusing. They were the last characters you expected to appear in a compatible dimension.

Venelana steers the conversation into a less existential direction, asking how things have been going for you recently. You enjoy a quiet evening with her and Belfast until the sun sets and they have to head back home. Venelana says goodbye with a very aggressive kiss, complete with tongue, before disappearing through one of her magic circles.

You grab the Sledgehammer and do the same for Belfast.

“Thank you for today, Belfast.”

She curtsies, “Serving you is my greatest honour, Master. Whenever you have need of me, please do not hesitate to request my assistance, in combat or in housekeeping.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. See you later.”

You empty the chamber and send her home in a shower of glass-like shards. With everything taken care of, you exhale and head back to the living room. It can be very overwhelming when Venelana wants to talk business, and ‘business,’ in this case the date of your inevitable marriage both her and Rias. She doesn’t want the Gremory house to be without a leader for any longer than it has to.

She must feel like the answer to her problems just descended from the sky and fell into her lap. Strong, good-looking (from their perspective) and willing to enter into a polyamorous relationship with every female family member she has left. You’d like to follow through on that promise and wed them, but you can’t do that unless you become a devil.

Venelana has pieces to spare, but you’d need to head through to their universe for legal recognition as to your devil marriage. There’s also the sticky subject of ceasing to be human. It would make your fights safer thanks to their increased durability and strength, but it may come with unintended consequences. For one thing – if they launch an attack on a church you’re going to be plum out of luck!

You’d have to send someone else to take care of it.

But do the churches in this world even have the same effect? God is a physical presence in the DxD universe. His touch is what gives those areas their devil-repelling power. There are too many unknowns to deal with. It would be a compromise. No rescuing people in churches, but you’d become stronger everywhere else.

Being a devil was always a huge fantasy of yours. They get cool powers, they can fly, and the underworld is a pretty interesting place on top of that. You never expected to be faced with an actual decision over it though. It mostly extended to embarrassing delusions about meeting all of the hot girls and sleeping with them.

But who’s laughing now? You do get to sleep with those hot girls!

Rias and Venelana have made it clear that you don’t have much of a choice. If you want to head over to their world and really be recognized as the Gremory house’s new head, you’ll need to submit to their rules and become a devil first. You sigh and start to flick through the channels on your overly large flat-screen TV to distract yourself.

It's not fair to them to keep putting it off. Rias and Venelana have placed a lot of trust into you, and have made their own sacrifices and contributions to the cause. This is meant to be a relationship, and relationships sometimes demand compromise. Would being a devil even do that much harm? They don't have to maintain themselves with the blood of innocents or anything, they could easily coast their way through life without ever engaging in a rating game or signing contracts.

You feel your own stubbornness failing. What kind of man makes a promise like that and doesn't follow through when the time comes? Rias and Venelana deserve more dedication than this, as do all of the other girls in her peerage who've become your lovers too. With that, you resolve to do the right thing once you gain the ability to go into their world.

You chuckle to yourself, "But turning into a devil sure sounds weird..."