

Mitsuru interrupted your day off with a request first thing in the morning.

She was picking up a strange signal from somewhere in the city, one which existed as a beacon to be followed. Checking it out was a short detour from your usual route, so you decided to do her a solid and see for yourself who was making so much noise on the sensors. It led you directly to the city's largest park. If they wanted to launch an ambush on you, there were much better places to do it.

The tension is palpable as you walk down the long dirt path to the specific area where the interference is emanating from. These guys have a lot of dirty tricks up their sleeves, so it wouldn't surprise you to find some kind of trap waiting. Every second that passes without something attacking you only serves to heighten your paranoia. So engrossed in it are you, that you fail to note the woman sitting on one of the benches as you walk by.

"I knew you'd show up."

Your back stiffens as a voice calls out to you, an unassuming girl with tanned skin and black hair is seated there sporting a cocky smile. She gives you a small wave and beckons you over, as if to invite you to sit beside her.

"Who are you?"

"Oh, uh. I almost forgot... I'm Donna."

All that confidence seems to drain away as she walks headfirst into an actual conversation with you. Contrary to her outdoorsy appearance, it seems that she's rather shy around strangers. Considering that she's the one shouting out to you after following the unusual signal Mitsuru described, it begs to reason that she's the person responsible.

"Is there a particular reason you dragged me out here?" you ask, nodding towards the conspicuously large bag on the bench which could contain the transmitter.

Donna crosses her arms and nods, "There is a reason. I called you here to have a chat, a negotiation if you will."

"On behalf of who?"

"Who else? Interdimensional Commune Voldaz, the aliens you've been fighting tooth and nail for the past three months."

You recognise her voice now, heavily modulated sure, but it's the same one that came from the copycat superhero that they deployed to try and kill you earlier. She was a human the whole time? You suppose it makes sense given her familiarity with human media franchises; she summoned characters from High School DxD to try and counter you.

"Don't tell me that you're the one who fought me earlier."

"That was me," she admits sheepishly.

"That was you?" you repeat in disbelief, "You're the one wearing that black knockoff suit?"

"I guess it is kinda' weird, but those weird alien people told me that I could use it to fight and that I'd get to summon a bunch of my favourite characters to be in my harem if I did. It sounded like a sweet deal at the time."

It's the same deal that Mitsuru extended to you. Though it takes on a much more sinister air when it's contextualised against a background of conquering the world for a group of alien invaders. It doesn't surprise you that someone could be craven enough to betray their home planet for the sake of scoring with a bunch of anime boys. Not that you'd do the same thing. If Mitsuru came to you with a plan to conquer the world, you would have said no and tried to snap her out of it.

"And you decided to tell me this because?"

Donna is nervous, "I was hoping that we could resolve this whole thing without having to murder each other or something horrible. I'm not the murderous type. They didn't tell me that I was going to be fighting other humans when they picked me up, they just said that I was going to be protecting the peace of the universe and fighting evil."

"We're evil from their perspective, we're getting in the way of their conquest of our planet. If you feel sorry about fighting humanity, why don't you ditch them and give it up? You won't need to fight anyone if you do that."

She twiddles her thumbs, "I didn't see much difference between joining them or defending Earth. Since when did any of the people in charge here give you faith that they're willing to do the right thing? They told me that they weren't trying to hurt anyone – and that they were going to share their technology with us once it was done."

"They've already tried to hurt a lot of people. You saw the collateral damage they caused the last time we fought," you object.

"But it'll be worth it in the end! A world without war, with technology that can save billions of lives! The only reason that damage happened was because you and that girl keep trying to resist it!"

A flash of anger runs through you.

"That girl is my best friend. I'm not going to stand here and let you badmouth her, especially not when you're trying to kill her."

"She's a threat to humanity's existence, no, not just humanity – but the entire multiverse. I've seen enough to know that they're telling the truth."

She's very trusting when it comes to evidently immoral individuals. All of that whining about the leaders of the nation not doing the right thing, but she's perfectly fine with conducting mass terror operations and trying to kill an innocent person. This negotiation isn't going too well. She's already pissed you off to an incredible degree.

"So that's your game? Kill Mitsuru?"

Donna nods assertively, "That's the only thing they want. After that, conquering the world will be nothing more than a formality. I'll get to keep my harem, and the world will see that the benefits they bring are worth so much more than the freedom to suffer under our current leaders."

You roll your eyes and groan, "They really managed to find a good little toady, didn't they? They must have picked you out for being the biggest coward they could find. If you think that their technology is going to save us, why not do the smart thing and take it for ourselves? Mitsuru's been reverse engineering their tech this entire time. We can have all of it, without bending the knee to some psychopathic aliens."

"Mitsuru cannot be trusted with that knowledge."

And who was she to make that judgement? She doesn't know the first thing about her.

"That's too bad. A buddy of mine said that we're going to win regardless, so I'm not giving up."

"I hoped that you'd see reason if we had the chance to speak."

"Nothing you said is reasonable. You're planning on throwing this planet into war based on the word of some people who've caused nothing but trouble for innocent civilians. Mitsuru, dangerous? How do you even know that it's true?"

Donna stands up and yells back, "Because I saw it!"

"I don't care what you saw! I'm going to stick to my guns. If you've got a problem with that, then so be it. The next time we meet it isn't going to be for a nice talk. I'm playing to win."

Donna scowls, "Fine. Be that way."

She doesn't stick around to see your reaction. A purple portal appears behind her, and she quickly grabs her bag and takes her leave. The portal dissipates before you can react. Mitsuru leaps onto your communicator and comments on the meeting.

"Donna? I got some clear footage of her on the micro camera – I'll check the databases and try to match the face to the name."

"She's bad news. There's nothing scarier than an irrational person trying to appear reasonable."

Mitsuru snickers, "Whatever. If those 'Voldaz' clowns want to try and kill me, they're going to have to do a lot better than their previous plans. It's clear that I'm the person they want to be rid of, presumably because I'm the only one who can reverse engineer their technology."

"Seriously, who the hell does she think she is calling me out here for this? Did she really think that I was going to be on board with killing my best friend?"

"There's no need to get flustered about it now. You've already beaten her once before – just keep your eyes on the prize and she shouldn't be too much of a problem."

"I wish I could share your optimism."

With that odd diversion over with, you decide to head home and cool your head. That girl really ticked you off in record time. You imagine that most people would be feeling miffed if someone said they were going to kill their friend for the 'good of humanity.' They must have fed her some convincing propaganda to get her talking like that, or perhaps they chose her specifically because of her lack of backbone.

The very second you stepped through the doorway, Belfast was shooting through the living room doorway and standing in front of you with her hands folded politely against her stomach. It's a strange contrast to have a dedicated maid wearing an outfit that shows off as much of her chest as possible at any one time.

"Welcome home master – I have just completed the last of the chores."

"Thanks Belfast. You're a life-saver."

She bristles with pride, "Think nothing of it. I am here to serve in whatever capacity you desire."

Belfast hasn't yet expressed any romantic interest in you, though the veiled implication of her words is not subtle in the slightest. It's clear that you could request her to do whatever sordid acts you please without receiving a single iota of complaint. Still – it feels a little exploitative to play into the maid delivering sexual favours scenario without having a chat with her about it first. You like to set boundaries before jumping into the hanky-panky.

She follows you through to the kitchen, observing silently as you grab a glass of juice for yourself.

“Sorry for being in such a hurry. Something weird happened and it really annoyed me.”

“It is a maid's responsibility to stand firm and comfort their Master, no matter the circumstance.”

You sit down at the gigantic wooden dining table and admire the décor that Rias and her mother came up with. Despite their devilish instincts, they didn't go all out and turn the place into a haunted house like you feared. Belfast stands patiently by the door and awaits your next order.

“What do you think of the house, Belfast?”

Belfast hums and considers her answer carefully, “I enjoy the aesthetic that Lady Gremory has decided to implement, though I am more familiar with estates that utilise a lighter, more grand appearance.”

True. Rias and Venelana brought a lot of darker tones to the house, shades of navy, crimson and emerald primarily. They're contrasted by the brighter wood floors and furniture. You agree with that decision. The previous form of the unfinished mansion was nauseatingly gaudy, it was the most obvious example of ugly modern architecture that you'd seen.

You're trying to distract yourself.

“I wish I could keep my composure like you.”

Belfast closes her eyes, “It is something that comes with practice, Master. To go above and beyond what is possible from one's own personality is difficult. There is nothing wrong with expressing your feelings, I and your other wives will be here to ensure that you regain your stillness and rationally.”

“Thanks.”

She's right. There are plenty of people who care about Mitsuru just as much as you do. Rias has become very close friends with her recently, dragging her out of the lab for some socialising with the other members of the occult research club. Asia was acting apologetic about leaving you out of things – but you don't see the issue. Mitsuru invented this technology, so why can't she get some benefit out of it as well? Rias was incredibly angry when she found out they were trying to target Mitsuru before.

You sigh and lean back in your seat, “This is what it's like to live on the warpath, huh? Always having to worry about myself and the people around me – I couldn't live like this forever. I guess that's why I become unparalleled as a fighter eventually.”

“Become?”

You wave it off, “Nothing, just thinking out loud.”

Belfast frowns and steps closer, “Now now Master, stress isn't good for the body. You need to take care of your mental health as well. I could give you a massage if that would help you relax.”

“Okay – if you think it’ll help.”

Your shoulders do feel a little stiff from all of the exercise you’ve been doing lately. Belfast escorts you through several doors down into an area of the house that you haven’t had the chance to explore yet. One of the rooms that looks out into the back garden has seemingly been transformed into a fully functioning and appointed spa, complete with a bed, footbath, a small pool, and a sauna.

“When the hell did they build all of this?” you wonder.

Belfast is familiar with where everything is located. She sets about gathering her supplies while directing you towards a paper wall, “Please remove your clothes and lay down on your front for me, Master.”

“All of them?”

She just winks, “That is your decision.”

You tread the line of caution and leave your underwear on. Belfast doesn’t air any complaints when you step back out again, if anything she enjoys every second of eye-fucking your body, which has transformed from a pretty unhealthy state into the type that a big A-list action star would have through a high-paid personal trainer.

You don’t pay Chun-Li for her guidance.

You clamber up on to the bed and fit your face through the specially-made hole at the top. Belfast returns to the land of the living soon after and pops open a bottle of oil, dribbling a small quantity onto your back and shoulders.

“Just close your eyes and relax, Master.”

Almost immediately after she starts to work the oil into your skin, you feel the heavy weight of her breasts pressing against you. It suddenly makes sense as to why she was so eager to give this a try, it’s the perfect place to squeeze her curvy body against yours while maintaining a thin veneer of professionalism. You ignore the first incident to see if she does it again, but she leaves no room for doubt as she presses against you several more times in the space of a minute.

You’re starting to suspect that she wants to be more than your maid.

“How do you feel, Master?” she purrs.

Despite that – her fingers do feel amazing. She locks onto your aching muscles with deadly precision and kneads the stress out of them. The only response that feels appropriate is a low groan of appreciation.

Belfast giggles, “I see. Once I have finished on your back, we can roll you over and do the front too!”

