

When you open your eyes sometime later, you are not greeted with the pearly white gates of whatever afterlife awaits beyond mortality. Rather, instead, you see something much more interesting. Nana is hovering over you with tears in her eyes. Before you can get your bearings, she leaps on top of you and starts trying into your chest. Lala, Momo and Mitsuru are all looking down on you from above.

“Uh, what happened?”

Mitsuru pinches the bridge of her nose, “Honestly, I can’t believe you. It’s lucky that I successfully finished creating an antidote to their agent before it reached your brain stem and killed you for good. Your cute little heroic sacrifice nearly ended with you being buried six feet under.”

Momo and Lala look very sheepish about the entire thing; the carefully pieced-together plan they shared with you was in tatters now. It never even got the chance to get off the ground, since you passed out before they could implement it.

“Hey – I wasn’t going to let Nana choke to death on whatever that stuff was.”

Mitsuru is withering, “I do believe that their constitution is significantly hardier than that of a human being. A brief exposure to the agent would be significantly less damaging to them than us.”

“Still, Nana got pulled here against her will. I’m not going to let her get hurt for my own sake.”

“I-Idiot!” Nana bawls into your chest, “Do you have any idea how sad everyone would have been if you died?”

Now this is a change to her usual tsundere act...

Lala and Momo give you a pair of wolfish grins as their sister continues to cry angrily, lavishing you with as many insults as she can possibly come up with. Most boil down to you being an idiot, moron, fool or pervert – and even combinations of all four. It looks like your display of ignorant heroism finally caused the dam to break. At least until Nana becomes aware of how much of a scene she’s making. You’ve never seen her move so fast as she dries her eyes with her sleeve and leaps back to her feet, arms crossed and nose turned up into the air.

You’re back in the garage, and still in one piece at that.

You sit up on the couch and groan as the dryness of your throat becomes achingly apparent. A single glass of water is handed over, but it does little to assuage the chemical burns that have been left in the back of your windpipe. You feel like utter shit. It’s slightly worrying that this is becoming a regular occurrence.

“That was really cool of you, hubby!” Lala cheers with her tail wiggling happily, “The way that you sacrificed yourself for Nana was like something out of a manga!”

“This happened in volume thirty-six,” Momo states plainly, “Geeze. You made our plan look like total crap!”

“Your plan?” Nana repeats, “What plan?”

You groan, “Lala and Momo wanted to show you how amazing and lovable I am so they came up with some theatrics to make you fall ‘head over heels’ for me. That’s why they split off from us earlier. I got myself knocked out before they could swoop in and make it happen.”

Nana frowns and turns on her sisters angrily, “Stop messing around, you two!”

Momo defends herself, “Sorry. We just wanted to show you his good side, that’s all. We didn’t expect things to take such a dangerous turn.”

“And didn’t it work anyway? You’ve been crying for two hours straight now,” Lala jabs with her usual blend of cheeriness and childish ignorance. You don’t think it’s physically possible for Nana’s face to get any redder than it already is.

Mitsuru turns back to her computer and gets busy, “Well, the Toxidroid is gone – and if they try to use that chemical weapon again we can distribute the cure to the emergency services. I don’t think they’ll try that plan again while we’re still fighting back.”

Before you can even speak on the matter again, Lala and Momo grab you by the arms and drag you over to the elevator with Nana in hot pursuit. They speak in stereo, “Okay thanks bye!”

“H-Hey, wait a second!”

A few seconds later you’re traveling down the elevator shaft and being spat out in the harem bedchamber that Lala constructed. Your shoes are kicked away and you find yourself tossed onto the large and comfortable mattress floor with both sisters leaping in after you. Each arm is taken, but Nana stands on the wooden outer rim with a nervous expression.

“What are you two doing?” she asks.

Momo smirks and snuggles up to you, “Well, I think it’s about time we all had a frank conversation about how this is going to work. We’re happy to welcome you into hubby’s harem if you’re a little honest with us and admit that this tsundere act is just that.”

“It’s not an act!” she shouts, refusing to concede. Even if she wants to jump onto the bed with you and become one of your fiancés, she isn’t going to bite if Momo and Lala make a game out of it. You decide to take matters into your own hands and speak frankly with her about what she really wants from you.

“Nana – there’s no need to get mad at your sisters. They want you to be happy.”

“Hmph. Maybe they should keep their noses out of my business for once! They always do this.”

You restrain yourself from saying that it’s because Nana keeps rejecting things out of hand even though she wants to do them or possess them. If she thinks that something isn’t cool or in line with her expectations she turns her nose up and refuses to engage with it. Once she changes her mind she and her sisters have to play this war of words where Nana tries to avoid losing face. Your display of heroics earlier has convinced her to join in, but that would make her seem fickle and immature.

“Nobody’s going to make fun of you for changing your mind. People always do when they see something that puts others in a new light. I summoned you because I want you to join in with Momo and Lala. They told me that you’d go green with envy if they left you out.”

Nana’s straightened tail sags as the tension finally starts to uncoil.

Momo finally sees fit to state the obvious, “Nana, you didn’t fall in love with him because of his strength – it was his selflessness. I think he’s pretty cool even if he doesn’t have all of the powers and abilities he does in the future.”

Lala nods, “That’s right! Hubby is cool and strong, so get down here and jump onto the pile!”

You frown, “Please don’t jump onto my chest.”

Nana is contemplative for a worryingly long time. The dam finally breaks. She kicks off her shoes and descends onto the bed with a short jog, before collapsing down and claiming the last free spot on your body by burying her face into your chest. Surrounded on all sides by bright tufts of light-pink hair, you have to reckon with how much your life has changed in the past few months.

Everyone spends their time enjoying the comfort of the bed and feeling up your body, Momo being the main offender. Her restless hands are all over your chest and arms, what she can get to anyway now that Nana has perched atop you like a housecat. With all three Deviluke sisters on board with the harem thing, you're one step closer to clearing your 'backlog' of girls, whom you've summoned but not yet invited into the family.

"Don't think I'm going to apologise. You have a lot left to prove, mister!" Nana says, voice muffled by your shirt.

"I hope I don't disappoint those expectations. Anyway, getting to be a member of the harem comes with several benefits. Including dates, my phone number, and the ability to visit my world whenever you please."

"And the sex!" Lala chirps.

"H-Hey, where did you learn a dirty word like that?" Nana gasps.

"Huh? Me and hubby have already done it a whoooooo bunch of times, obviously!"

Nana's grip on your shirt tightens, "And you just decided to go along with him?!"

"It was fun. Sex is fun!"

Momo shakes her head, "I can't believe that Lala was the one who lost her V-card first..."

Nana is all out of anger to spare, she rolls her eyes and slumps back down on top of you.

"You're too easy, sis."

Lala finds that objectionable, "I know that we're going to be together forever, so why worry about it? It was love at first sight."

"Whatever you say," Nana says dismissively. Her eyes turn to the board against the entrance wall and that look of concern becomes ever deeper. "What the hell is that thing?" She extracts herself from the pile and wobbles over to the wooden outer ring with her bare feet to get a close look at the contents. There's a squawk of indignant anger as she notes that Lala and Momo have snuck her picture into the web.

"That's the harem plan!" Momo called over to her, "So we can keep track of all of Hubby's fiancés and girlfriends."

Nana studies each picture in sequence, getting increasingly steamed with each girl she finds, especially when she notices that a lot of them are sporting breasts that are far beyond what a woman could realistically sport in your own world. Her shoulders quake as the full breadth and depth of the bodies on display trigger her biggest personal hang-up.

"I'm taking back what I said! This guy is just a stupid, big-boob loving pervert! Why are you going out with so many balloon-titted cows?!"

"That's rude," you frown, "And not all of them are that big."

Momo grabs your shoulder, "It doesn't matter. Anybody bigger than her is a cow by default."

"Maybe if everyone weren't stealing all of the boobs, I'd have some of my own!"

The argument quickly escalates from there with each girl bickering over who stole what and whether men can appreciate the homely charm of a girl without breasts. You are a lover of all sized, but Nana isn't going to believe you when her trust is so hard to earn as is.

"Hubby doesn't care about how big your boobs are. He already brought you to this world, didn't he?" Lala reasons (correctly.)

Nana turns her nose up into the air and huffs, "Boys are all the same. They only care about girls with big butts or huge boobs."

"Hubby is happy with me and mine aren't that big!"

"They're way bigger than mine!" Nana yells back.

Lala stomps her foot into the mattress and moves away from the cuddle pile, snapping her fingers and causing her clothes to disappear in a puff of smoke. Now naked aside from a pair of panties, she cups her breasts and shoves them into her face. "Hubby likes them even though they aren't the biggest."

"Get your boobs out of my face, Lala!"

The sisters collapse back onto the mattress as they wrestle for supremacy. Lala doesn't care one bit about being naked and rubbing herself all over Nana to try and prove her point, though you aren't quite certain what getting naked and dragging her to the floor is meant to do. It's far too comical a sight to be arousing, as much as you enjoy the sight of Lala's body.

Momo is despondent, "Not again..."

"They've done this before?"

"They're always play-fighting over every little thing. They'll wear each other out if we leave them alone for an hour."

"Uh, so what are we going to do while they fight?"

Momo smirks and hoists her legs across your stomach, straddling you from above and holding a finger to her lips. Your heart leaps into your mouth as she unleashes her full, sadistic and seductive powers to toy with your feelings and fills your blood with an injection of arousal. Her tail whips back and forth, her cheeks turning a dark shade of red as the excitement builds.

"I think it's about time that I took advantage of what we have here and show you how much I want to be one of your wives."

The room turns black as her pink hair enshrouds your view and her lips meet yours. Lala and Nana are missing out...