

Cote 94

Chapter 94

Watching the two of them talk as if she weren't there, Kushida Kikyō trembled with anger, yet there was nothing she could do. She even began to regret not changing her position periodically—then she wouldn't have been caught red-handed like this.

If it were someone else, she might have been able to think of a way to turn the tables, but facing someone like Kaoru Mitoma, Kushida Kikyō couldn't come up with a single good idea.

Moreover, the other party had just dared to brazenly grope her, clearly indicating that he had set his sights on her today!

"Your lust is your own business, don't pin it on me. I have no interest in her," thought Kamuro Masumi, feeling quite frustrated. She had originally intended to reward Kaoru Mitoma, but seeing him so readily target another girl, her intentions vanished.

"It seems Kushida-san doesn't need to make a choice," Kaoru Mitoma pondered. "This is indeed my fault. Forcing a classmate is just too despicable."

Kamuro Masumi looked at him suspiciously. Was this guy actually going to change his ways today?

"I'm glad Kaoru Mitoma-kun thinks that way. Doing such things to a classmate is really excessive," Kushida Kikyō said with a pleased expression. "You should delete the video quickly. I can pretend what just happened didn't occur, okay?"

"Deleting it would be a waste. I'll post it right away, otherwise I might feel uneasy," Kaoru Mitoma extended his hand towards her, making it clear he wanted her to return his phone.

So, not needing to make a choice meant making the choice for her, huh!

Kushida Kikyō forced a smile, her mind racing, but her words came out slowly and hesitantly, "If Kaoru Mitoma-kun insists on targeting me, I won't hold back either. I can do anything, you know?"

"If that's the case, why not take the initiative?" Kaoru Mitoma said. "You should know very well what I want. Just lower your head and let me have my way. Serve me obediently, and I might delete it right away."

Kushida Kikyō's expression stiffened. This guy was indeed after her beauty, and she couldn't help but feel a bit of despair.

"You can accuse me of assaulting you now, but I can also make the video public. What happens next is entirely up to you."

Faced with such blatant threats, Kushida Kikyō found herself without any thoughts of resistance. She was now at his mercy, and it seemed impossible to get through this crisis unscathed. The more she thought about it, the more disheartened she became. The only way out now was to endure his humiliation temporarily and find a way to escape his control later.

But she felt extremely aggrieved, overwhelmed by a strong sense of shame. Kushida Kikyō couldn't bring herself to lower her head, only murmuring softly, "I... I need some time to think. Can you let me go for now?"

Kaoru Mitoma showed a faint smile, then coldly said, "Right now, I'm giving you a chance, not the other way around. You have value to me, which is why I'm patiently discussing this with you."

A look of struggle flashed in Kushida Kikyō's eyes, her breathing becoming more rapid. "You lecherous scoundrel!"

"So what if I'm lecherous? If I'm lecherous, you should be the one happy. Otherwise, I might do something to you that even I can't predict," Kaoru Mitoma said with a grin. "If you've made up your mind, give me back my phone."

After a long silence, Kushida Kikyō silently handed the phone back to Kaoru Mitoma.

Kamuro Masumi witnessed everything, letting out a deep sigh. She didn't stop Kaoru Mitoma because she knew he wouldn't miss this opportunity. Then she couldn't help but think of her own experiences.

Sakayanagi Arisu's approach to her seemed much gentler. Kamuro Masumi's feelings were complicated. Was she about to gain another companion?

"Good, now lift up your skirt," Kaoru Mitoma commanded Kushida Kyouko.

In an instant, Kushida Kyouko froze, completely stunned.

Shinomiya Masumi was momentarily taken aback, then angrily exclaimed, "Kaoru Mitoma! Do you really have to do something so weird in front of me?!"

"This is to give her more leverage, so she won't go all out against us later," Kaoru Mitoma explained as he activated the camera function on his phone. "I'll just take a few photos. You can strike a nice pose, no need to manage your expression. That murderous look in your eyes is perfect—keep it up."

Kushida Kyouko's face darkened, her hands tightly gripping the hem of her skirt. She wished she could punch Kaoru Mitoma and smash his phone to pieces.

"Ahaha, do we really have to do this?"

"I'm afraid just the video alone might not be enough to keep you in line. I'll help you take some more... suggestive photos later."

"..."

The girl gritted her teeth, her gaze sharp as blades, piercing through Kaoru Mitoma. If she could, she would have skinned him alive without hesitation, her expression screaming murder. This scumbag, this disgusting creep—why had she even greeted him in the first place?

But no matter how much she cursed, the reality wouldn't change.

With deep humiliation, Kushida Kyouko slowly lifted her skirt. Her skin was like pure snow, with a faint, jade-like luster. The inner part of her thighs was especially delicate and tender, gradually revealing a hint

of color, like the petals of a flower. The curve of her hips was outlined, her body a blend of youthful innocence and budding maturity. Yet, her pretty face was filled with shame and resentment. Her hands held up the pleated skirt, exposing even her soft stomach.

Shinomiya Masumi was dumbfounded. She watched as Kushida Kyouko turned her gaze away, her face flushed with embarrassment, her fair neck tinged with a faint red hue.

The crisp sound of the camera shutter echoed several times. Kaoru Mitoma was diligently taking photos of Kushida Kyouko, not a hint of carelessness in his actions.

"Are you done yet?" Kushida Kyouko felt utterly disgusted, her cheeks burning. She felt completely exposed, just wanting this ordeal to be over.

Kaoru Mitoma carefully reviewed the photos. His photography skills were always on point, perfectly capturing the girl's expression and pose. These were photos he could treasure for a lifetime.

"Very cute. Want to come take a look?"

Kushida Kyouko let her skirt fall. There was no way she would go over to look at her own humiliating photos. Even if she did, it would likely end with her smashing Kaoru Mitoma's phone to the ground.

"I've gained a new understanding of your perversion," Kamuro Masumi sighed.

Kaoru Mitoma shook his head. "It's not that I'm perverted. It's just that she's too stubborn. If she didn't care about the video and just walked away, it would mean the video wasn't important to her, and we'd be wasting our time."

Kushida Kyouko was momentarily stunned, then listened as he continued.

"If one video can threaten her into taking suggestive photos, I can't even imagine what else we could do," Kaoru Mitoma chuckled. "Such a cute Kushida-san is very valuable to us. Kamuro, why don't you go shake her hand?"

Kamuro Masumi's face darkened. "Why would I shake her hand?!" It sounded like some kind of dog meet-and-greet!