

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Intense pain consumed everything, just like the fire and smoke.

The aggressive black dragon's breath coiled over me, like a flame that was alive, a wall of fire that undressed flesh from bone in heartbeats.

My skin became blistered and blackened, my simple farmer's tunic vanishing in an instant. I screamed—or maybe I tried to—but the heat stole the air from my lungs.

But the pain couldn't stop curiosity; I wanted to observe, for the last time, what was ending me. The fiend loomed above, twenty feet of glistening scales and red-hot eyes, its wings marking out the sky.

I had only been tending my small field on the village outskirts when it descended. Without any warning or reason in particular. Just to allocate death equally for us weaklings.

In those final moments, as my world turned to ash around me, only regret flooded in. I had lived a quiet life, and I was very contented.

My crops fed me well enough to feed others too, and in secret I scribbled stories that luckily found their way to the kingdom's courts.

I never harmed anyone, and the things I desired were only little. Yet when the dragons and demons came, when my neighboring farmers screamed and burned, I could do nothing.

Weak. Always weak. If only I had possessed the strength to stand against such monsters, like the holy knights. If only... if only...

Soon, darkness covered my vision.

However, light suddenly returned; a soft and golden light embracing me like the finest silk.

I blinked, confused, and found myself naked upon a vast bed of... clouds that felt impossibly solid beneath me.

The space sparkled with warmth and authority. And before I could gather my thoughts, a weight settled across my hips. A woman straddled me. A woman far beyond any mortal beauty I had seen.

Her golden hair spilled down her back like fluid sunlight, her eyes glowing white, framed by eyelashes of the same rich hue.

This woman's skin was flawless, and her body was lush and curved in ways that made my breath catch. Her full breasts were before my visage, her narrow waist, her wide hips... one could only think she radiated true divinity.

Smiling down at me, slow and knowing, she crooned, "Welcome, little farmer. I am the goddess of your world."

I opened my mouth to speak, but she silenced me by reaching between us, suddenly wrapping her slender fingers around my shaft below—which was already hardening under her mere presence—and then guiding it to her entrance.

She was already soaked herself, impossibly hot and glossy. So with one smooth motion she sank down, receiving me to the hilt. A low moan escaped her as her inner walls clenched around me, clinging like velvet steel.

I gasped, my manners holding even in the face of such overwhelming sensation. "G-Goddess... it is an honour beyond words to lay with you, I am undeserving."

She laughed softly, the sound like chiming bells, and began to move.

Her hips rolled in slow, deliberate circles at first, breasts swaying enticingly.

"Your life was interesting... Nick. A quiet farmer by day, a secret storyteller by dark. It's truly tragic how it ended with you burned so thoroughly," She continued moving, "I felt a pang of sympathy. So before I send your soul onward to reincarnation, I deemed it appropriate to gift you true pleasure—one you have never had before, and one tasting of divine happiness."

She leaned forward, capturing my lips in a deep, desirous kiss. Her tongue invaded my mouth, tasting sugary and electric.

I returned the kiss as best I could, my hands rising to clasp her heavy breasts, my thumbs brushing over the hardened nipples.

She moaned into me, her hips grinding harder now, and her wetness coating my shaft and dripping down my balls.

Without breaking the kiss, she shifted, pushing me onto my back fully and rising to ride me appropriately. Each bounce sent her breasts jiggling, her golden hair swinging wildly.

I decided to thrust up meeting her, feeling her divine interior tremble and squeeze.

She orgasmed quickly the first time, back arching, a sharp cry echoing through the space as her inside walls vibrated around me, warm fluids squirting lightly onto my stomach.

We changed positions seamlessly, as though she willed it.

She pushed me up and turned, presenting her divine bottom, before sinking back down in reverse.

I watched my cock disappear into her again and again, her perfect round cheeks rippling with each impact.

My hands gripped her hips, pulling her down harder. She reached back with her hands, spreading herself wider, letting me see every single detail of our joining.

Another orgasm rocked her, stronger this time that her whole body trembled, the inner muscles sucking me desperately.

Still I held on, pleasure slowly building but never releasing.

She flipped again, pulling me on top in missionary, her legs wrapping around my waist to lock me deep.

I pounded into her, the wet slap of skin on skin filling the cosmos. She scraped at my back, her heels digging into me, urging me faster.

We rolled through positions like lovers long familiar: techniques with her on all fours, me slamming into her from behind while she pushed back greedily; sideways with one of her legs hooked over my shoulder, allowing impossibly deep strokes; her sitting in my lap facing me, arms around my neck as we rocked together, kissing messily.

She orgasmed again and again; dozens of times, each climax more intense than the last. Her lower mouth squirted repeatedly, soaking us both, her cries growing hoarse.

Yet I remained hard inside her, still thrusting steadily, release hovering just out of reach.

Eventually she slowed, her chest heaving, her white eyes narrowing as she looked down at where we remained joined.

"Why have you not cum, mortal?"

I bowed my head as much as our position allowed, my voice steady despite the ache in my balls.

"Forgive my effrontery, goddess. I am but a feeble human, weak and unworthy. How could I permit myself release when my purpose is to solely serve and pleasure you? Your own satisfaction is my honour."

Her expression darkened instantly, her cheeks flushing with sudden offense.

Without a word she flipped me onto my back again and began riding with renewed fury. Her hips slammed down more brutally, taking me to the root each time.

Then something changed inside her; her inner walls rippled unnaturally, as though dozens of invisible hands massaged my cock from every angle, stroking, squeezing, teasing the sensitive tip.

The sensation was so overwhelming that pleasure began bordering on pain.

From the movement, she came harder than ever, body convulsing, nails raking lines down my chest. Her juices flooded out around my shaft. Again and again she climaxed, using that divine trick to push herself over the edge repeatedly.

Yet still I held back, focusing only on her pleasure instead, murmuring gratitude between some thrust.

"Thank you, Goddess... this honour is more than I deserve... I can be reborn with peace of mind now, greatly rewarded."

But a vein pulsed at her temple.

Gracious me, was she perhaps furious about something?

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

From the movement, she came harder than ever, body convulsing, nails raking lines down my chest. Her juices flooded out around my shaft. Again and again she climaxed, using that divine trick to push herself over the edge repeatedly.

Yet still I held back, focusing only on her pleasure instead, murmuring gratitude between some thrust.

"Thank you, Goddess... this honour is more than I deserve... I can be reborn with peace of mind now, greatly rewarded."

But a vein pulsed at her temple.

Gracious me, was she perhaps furious about something?

Her brows twitched dangerously. Then she leaned close, lips brushing my ear. "You will pay for this insult, you fucking mortal scum."

The heaven! How vulgar!

Then, as suddenly as a summer storm clearing, her demeanor shifted back. Her voice turned honey-sweet, expression softening into almost seductive warmth.

She slowed her movements to a sensual grind, her hands roaming my chest tenderly, fingers encircling my nipples.

"Oh, sweet Nick... I could simply reincarnate you now, back into a normal life in your world. Safe and simple." Her inside clenched teasingly around me, a gentle ripple that sent sparks up my spine. "Or... I could bend the rules just a little, and send you to another world—one where I hold considerable influence in. There I could grant your deepest desire: true strength, power beyond imagining, even a path toward godhood if you pursue it persistently. You could live any life you wish, with all the women, money, and fame you want... Never weak again."

Her fingers trailed lower, cupping my balls, massaging gently as she swayed.

Every touch of hers carried charged promise.

"But power always has a price," she purred, leaning in to nip at my earlobe. "To maintain that strength, you must regularly indulge in... some lewd acts. Acts you must genuinely perform. Neglect them and your power will fade in time, no matter how hard you train to avert this. In extreme cases you will need full, passionate fellowship, or suffer severe punishments: such as weakness, painful transformations, even days bedridden in agony. A gamble, most certainly... but imagine never being helpless again."

I considered her words carefully, still buried inside her divine heat.

Strength. Real strength this time?

No more watching villages burn while I hid. Truly, it was a tantalizing offer. One I surely couldn't refuse.

"If this is your recommendation, honoured Goddess," I responded, "then I accept. To be strong... to be able to protect what matters... it would only be a blessing."

Her smile widened, sharp and triumphant.

GODDESS POV

Fool.

Absolute, arrogant fool.

He thought he could deny me his release—deny a goddess like me orgasm from her own gift—and walk away unscathed? Making me feel inadequate.

I hid my rage behind the sweetest mask, offering him exactly what his pathetic heart craved.

Power, yes. I would give him power beyond his dreams. But I would chain it to his basest desires.

Let him become strong through sweat and battle, only to watch that strength crumble unless he fucked every now and then, and reveled in it like the pervert I would make him.

Every day of your life, Nick, will be a reminder of this insult.

Perfect revenge. I will monitor his life with my Grace.

I summoned a glowing golden door in the air beside the bed.

"Wise choice, Nick~ Now... get the fuck out of my pussy!"

Then, with a swift kick to his bare ass, I shoved him off me and through the portal.

He tumbled naked into the void beyond, cock still achingly hard.

"Fool!" I laughed, voice ringing with glee. "That will teach you to insult a goddess of my caliber! Enjoy your new life; I hope you get arrested for public indecency!"

The door slammed shut, and I settled back onto my cloud bed, still tingling from the grueling fuck, but grinned, contented.

He will suffer deliciously for making me so miserable.

MORNING MAINTENANCE

I awoke to the familiar wet sounds of mouths working in unison and a delicious warmth enveloping my cock.

Lifting the sheets revealed the source: two devoted heads bobbing up and down between my legs.

Inferna, the Great Dragon, knelt on my right.

Long red hair spilled over her tanned shoulders, polished golden horns curving elegantly backward.

Her yellow eyes with their distinctive red slits gazed up at me with stoic heat.

Her body was voluptuous perfection, with ample breasts pressed against my thigh, her hips flared wide.

A long, powerful dragon tail swayed lazily behind her.

Her serpent-like tongue, unnaturally dexterous and lengthy, coiled around my cock, stroking from base to tip with practiced ease.

"Googh mhornhing, Goshujin-shama," she murmured, voice low and steady, breath hot against my skin.

On my left knelt Munganda, the legendary black serpent.

Her silky black hair cascaded like trapped midnight, framing pale skin now flushed with arousal.

Her black eyes holding white slits locked onto mine with quiet intensity.

Her curves were generous, though not quite as dramatic as Inferna's. And her own split tongue lapped greedily at my balls, teasing the sensitive skin beneath.

"Good morning, my master," she whispered, the words vibrating through me.

I sighed, propping myself up on elbows to survey the scene. "You two already started early this morning?"

"Good morning, Rin-sama." A cold, professional voice answered from the side of the bed.

Chris stood there in their usual sharp business attire—tailored coat, crisp shirt, glasses perched on a refined nose.

Medium-length golden hair framed an androgynous face of striking beauty, blue eyes calm behind the lenses, a small beauty mark beneath the left eye.

It was impossible to pin Chris to any single gender; they existed perfectly in between, and it suited them. "Your power levels registered a minor dip overnight. The Grace of the Goddess must have issued a warning, no? And these morning release are required to stabilize them before your classes."

Chris was in fact a primordial demon of chaos called "Mephistopheles."

He/her/it had once attempted to plunge the world into apocalypse when I was about twelve. I defeated them so soundly, it was rather fun.

Though instead of simply destroying them, I entered into a contract with them (okay, let's call him "he/him/his").

He sure complains a lot, but his organizational skills are unmatched.

"I see..." I turned away to look at the girls eating my cock as breakfast in bed.

Inferna had been this rampaging Great Dragon who torched an entire shrine in Nara (where I lived with my family) for amusement.

I confronted her and taught her true flames, but she submitted immediately. Ever since, she served as my expressionless yet fiercely loyal maid. And I don't have to pay her, with money, that is.

Munganda had been minding her own business as a continent-sized serpent beneath the Pacific until Chris casually mentioned her strength.

I instantly took it as a challenge and dragged her from the depths for a quick competition. I overwhelmed her, but she sure was a troublesome opponent.

However, she begged for mercy and pledged eternal service, just as I wanted to leave her alone already.

Welp. Another powerful ally who preferred loyalty over contest. How boring.

BANG!

The bedroom door burst open with dramatic force.

"Wh-what are you doing this early, Onii-chan?!"

Chapter 3: You Know How Much I Love Morning Blowjob!

Munganda had been minding her own business as a continent-sized serpent beneath the Pacific until Chris casually mentioned her strength.

I instantly took it as a challenge and dragged her from the depths for a quick competition. I overwhelmed her, but she sure was a troublesome opponent.

However, she begged for mercy and pledged eternal service, just as I wanted to leave her alone already.

Welp. Another powerful ally who preferred loyalty over contest. How boring.

BANG!

The bedroom door burst open with dramatic force.

"Wh-what are you doing this early, Onii-chan?!"

Chiyo-chan, my little sister in this life, stood frozen in the doorway.

Her purple hair framed her cute, wide-eyed face, her school uniform already on for her second-year high school semester.

Her cheeks burned crimson at morning maintenance sight.

Before I could respond, a petite figure appeared beside her.

She shoved forward with a pout. "You guys started without me? You know how much I love morning blowjobs!"

Karen's springy dark-green hair bounced as she stripped off her top without hesitation, revealing small, perky breasts topped with pink nipples already stiff.

Her eyes held distinctive vertical slits in black sclera, marking her inhuman origins.

You know, Karen had once been this colossal Kraken thing terrorizing the seas.

Munganda, nursing an old grudge with her, convinced me the creature was stronger than I.

'Well, we'll see about that!' is what I thought, going for a bout with enthusiasm.

I nearly incinerated her in the ensuing battle. At the brink of death, she cried out that she refused to die without experiencing the pleasures of the world.

"...Are you bored?" I had asked.

"...Yes," she admitted.

And once more, another powerful being bound themselves to me, seeking purpose and sensation.

Although, now she lived as a carefree, slightly needy girl with severe fear of missing out. Actually, she's a NEET.

Chris adjusted his glasses. "Time is limited, Rin-sama. Classes begin in ninety minutes."

I surveyed my assembled harem; three immensely powerful entities who had each tasted defeat at my hands and chosen lifelong service over annihilation.

They said it's devotion and sometimes playfully said they loved me... Hmmm. But I suspected self-preservation played a large role in it. Regardless, they were mine now.

"Chris is correct," I said, pulling the sheets fully away to expose myself completely.

My cock stood rigid, glistening from Inferna and Munganda's attentions. "Who knows what interesting opponent I might encounter today. Power must remain at peak! Sa, hajimeyo. let's make this quick and thorough."

Karen squealed with delight and scrambled onto the bed, pushing between Inferna and Munganda, as they grumbled.

Her small hands wrapped around my shaft as she leaned in, tongue darting out to lick along the underside.

Inferna shifted to focus on the head, her long tongue coiling expertly while Munganda continued lavishing attention on my balls, occasionally sucking one fully into her mouth.

I only rested my elbow on the bed-head, and leaned on it like a lord. How conceited I became.

Well, I won't say the combined assault wasn't exquisite.

Three mouth and six hands worked in practiced harmony, low groans drawing from their throats.

Chris remained standing, tablet in hand, dictating quiet reminders about the day's schedule even as the room filled with wet, obscene sounds.

We weren't rich though, Chris just loves to take things too seriously.

I reached down, threading fingers through Karen's green hair to guide her rhythm, then Inferna's red locks, then Munganda's black silk.

Pleasure built steadily, the familiar pressure coiling at the base of my spine. This was maintenance, yes—but undeniably tiresome.

Can't we just fight more to maintain the power? Lewd stuff can happen anytime.

Well, I suppose only the wise goddess understands the reason why. My mortal mind couldn't comprehend it. Though she's quite vulgar, but cute.

Her blessing insured that without genuine arousal and release, the power she granted me would slip away.

Even if I got power from somewhere else—like training, or power from another god—it'd still disappear if I don't tend to my lewd meter.

Karen pulled off briefly, lips shiny. "Can I ride first, pleeeeeease?"

Inferna and Munganda paused, brows furrowed, but glancing at me for permission.

Whatever.

I nodded.

Karen scrambled up eagerly, threw away her shorts, then began straddling my hips. She was already soaked; her small frame hid nothing.

With a happy sigh she sank down, taking me inside her tight heat inch by inch. Her walls clenched immediately, drawing a hiss from her.

She began bouncing with enthusiastic energy, small breasts jiggling, hands planted on my chest for leverage.

Inferna and Munganda moved to my sides, each claiming one of my nipples to tease with tongue and teeth. The dual stimulation sent some sparks through me.

Ugh, I had to enjoy this or it won't work. A pain.

Within minutes Karen's rhythm grew erratic, her breaths coming in sharp gasps. She came hard, pussy spasming around my cock, a gush of wetness coating my groin. She kept moving through it, chasing a second almost immediately.

I sat up, wrapping arms around her tiny waist and flipping us so she lay beneath me. Now in control, I thrust deep and steady, hitting every sensitive spot inside her.

She wrapped legs around my back, urging me faster. Her second climax hit moments later, her back arching off the bed with a lolling tongue.

Inferna's tail curled possessively around my thigh. "My turn, Goshujin-sama?!"

I pulled out of Karen (who immediately whimpered at the loss) and turned to the dragon.

Inferna lay back willingly, spreading out her powerful thighs. Her pussy glistened, her scales glinting along her inner thighs where draconic traits showed in arousal.

One of her kind burned me to cinder in my original world though.

Then I slid into her in one smooth stroke; she groaned at the furnace-like heat that enveloped her.

Though, she remained stoic even in pleasure, only the tightening of her jaw and flutter of eyelids betraying how close she already hovered.

I set a hard, driving pace, hips slapping against hers. Her tail coiled fully around my waist now, pulling me deeper with each thrust.

Within minutes she shattered, a low growl rumbling from her throat as her inner walls clamped down rhythmically, dragon fire seeming to spark along my skin, though not burning me.

Yikes, she could kill someone with just sex? A really dangerous creature.

Munganda watched with that unnerving, terrifying smile, fingers already circling her own clit in anticipation.

When Inferna's aftershocks subsided I moved to the serpent.

She rolled onto her stomach and lifted her hips, presenting herself. I entered her from behind, hands gripping pale hips as I pounded deep.

Her split tongue flicked out to taste the air, as he body trembled. The angle let me hit new depths, and soon she too came, pussy rippling in waves, a hiss of pure bliss escaping her lips.

Karen had recovered and crawled over, pushing me onto my back again. "Okay, together this time?"

The three arranged themselves expertly: Karen straddling my face, facing my feet so she could lean forward and share my cock with the others; Inferna and Munganda kneeling between my legs, tongues and lips working in tandem.

I gripped Karen's small ass, pulling her down onto my mouth. She tasted fresh and salty, already dripping from earlier orgasms. My tongue delved inside her, then circled her clit relentlessly. She ground against my face, moaning loudly.

Below, Inferna's long tongue coiled around the base while Munganda sucked the head, their mouths meeting messily around my shaft.

The combined sensation—Karen's weight on my face, her juices coating my chin, the dual oral assault on my cock—pushed me rapidly toward the edge.

I thrust up into their mouths, hands tightening on Karen's thighs. She came again first, flooding my mouth as she shuddered. The clench of her body and the vibration of her cries sent me over.

Release hit like a thunderclap.

I groaned into Karen's pussy as the first thick rope shot into Munganda's waiting mouth. She swallowed greedily, passing me to Inferna for the next pulse, then back again.

They milked every drop, tongues gentle now, drawing out the pleasure until I was finished.

One of the hardest things in the world is forcing yourself to do something you'd rather not. But either way, I prevailed.

A soft chime sounded in my mind—the [Grace of the Goddess] (or GoG, for short) confirming power levels restored to full.

«Lewd meter has increased to 100%. Maintenance fulfilled. Successfully prevented power decay. But remember, increases in supernatural confrontations accelerate depletion rate»

Satisfaction and strength coursed through my veins, sharper than before.

Chris cleared their throat. "Excellent timing, Rin-sama. You now have forty-five minutes until first lecture."

The girls slowly disentangled themselves, each pressing a lingering kiss to my skin before rising to prepare clothes and breakfast.

Chiyo's embarrassed voice echoed from the hallway, reminding us food was ready.

Wait, she wasn't watching that, right?

I stretched, feeling invincible. Another day in this bizarre, sanctified, and wonderful life. Strength secured, for now.

Now, who am I punching today?

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

The second day of the semester began much like the first, with Tokyo's bustling energy pressing against the car windows as Chris navigated the familiar routes to Tokyo Metropolitan University.

Kiyoshi Rin sat in the back seat, his deep blue hair catching faint glints from the morning light, his matching blue eyes calmly scanning the passing streets.

At twenty years old and in his second year, he carried himself with discreet confidence that drew lingering glances from passersby.

He was gorgeous in a sharp, understated way, and he possessed the kind of features that made people instinctively pause; strong jaw, clear skin, and an effortless composure that bordered on kingly.

Flanking him as always were Inferna and Munganda, both in their suggestive maid uniforms that accentuated every generous curve while somehow maintaining an air of impeccable service.

To the ordinary students and civilians hurrying along the sidewalks, the pair appeared as stunningly beautiful women with an exotic, almost cosplay-like flair.

No one could glimpse the polished golden horns or the crimson-scaled tail that marked Inferna's true nature; such features remained veiled from ordinary people's eyes by the subtle workings of magical spells.

Chris drove with focused precision, his golden hair neatly styled, and his androgynous beauty framed by glasses that reflected the morning lights.

The scene they presented upon arriving at campus turned heads without fail.

"Chris, make sure to return that car you rented, okay? I don't know why you keep taking it, like our house isn't close by."

"Of course, Rin-sama."

Rin stepped out first, followed gracefully by the two maids whose voluptuous figures moved in perfect sync with his stride.

Whispers rippled through nearby groups of students; admiring, curious, and some even envious. Together they looked almost mythical, like a young deity escorted by divine attendants through the mundane world of lecture halls and vending machines.

Classes passed smoothly enough.

Tales of Genji, followed by History of Modern and Contemporary Japanese Literature, with some light physical conditioning session where Rin demonstrated controlled strength without revealing too much of his superhuman abilities.

Throughout the morning, Hashimoto Akira—a stunning course mate—exchanged brief, measuring glances with Rin across lecture halls, her short red hair and

puckering lips signifying she was one of the rival opponents of Inferna and Munganda (rival in love, that is).

Yet no direct encounter arose; she seemed content to only gaze at them, as usual.

Lunch soon found them on a shaded bench near the central courtyard.

Inferna unpacked an elaborate bento with mechanical efficiency (like it wasn't Chiyo who cooked them all) while Munganda stood watchfully nearby, her bizarre smile softened just enough to avoid alarming passersby.

Chris then reviewed incoming messages on the tablet, occasionally murmuring updates about agency inquiries or minor supernatural disturbances in the city.

That was when the air loosened.

A sudden chill swept across the courtyard despite the warm spring sun.

Students shivered and looked around in confusion as shadows seemed to deepen unnaturally around one particular tree.

Crimson light gathered there like pooling blood, coalescing into the tall, elegant figure of a man dressed in an immaculate black suit with a high-collared cape.

He had pale skin, sharp aristocratic features, long dark hair streaked with silver, and eyes glowing faint red—he was unmistakably, impossibly gorgeous, the kind of beauty that felt both alluring and dangerous.

Gasps immediately spread through the courtyard. A few students murmuring, and immediately backing away, phones already out to record.

"Chris." Rin gave the signal.

"Understood."

With a wave of his hand, Chris did something supernatural, then it was as if nothing happened. The people began passing by as usual, as if they had forgotten why they were surprised before.

"Dracula," Inferna narrowed her eyes.

The legendary vampire lord himself strode forward with theatrical grace, cape billowing dramatically despite the still air.

His gaze fixed solely on Rin, as his lips curved into a determined smile that revealed the tips of his elongated fangs.

"Kiyoshi Rin of the East," Dracula announced in a rich, accented voice that carried effortlessly. "This time I shall claim victory. Prepare yourself!"

Scarlet energy flared around his outstretched hand, condensing into a lance of crimson light that shot forward with blinding speed, aimed directly at Rin's chest.

But Rin's blue eyes shone briefly with an inner azure glow. The crimson lance reached halfway, then simply vanished, dissolving into harmless sparks that drifted away like dying embers.

He regarded the vampire calmly over his bento. "With my anti-magic eye, you're not even worth fighting. Come back when your strength surpasses mere magic, Alucard."

"It's Dracula, Rin-sama." Chris cleared his throat delicately from the side.

*

The chronicle of their initial meeting transpired: four years ago, when a sixteen-year-old Rin had stormed Dracula's ancient castle in Eastern Europe on a whim, seeking worthy opponents.

The vampire lord had been supremely confident, centuries of unchallenged dominance causing arrogance.

The battle had lasted less than five minutes. Since then, Dracula nursed a complex mix of resentment, admiration, and determination to one-day triumph.

*

Dracula's confident posture faltered. "...Again."

His pale cheeks took on the faintest hint of color, an impressive feat for the undead, as he lowered his hand.

The dramatic aura dimmed considerably.

"My physical strength remains considerable even without magic," he murmured, almost sadly, red eyes downcast. "You truly are a monster among monsters... Kiyoshi Rin."

Then... without another word, the vampire lord turned and sat alongside Rin as if it were the most natural thing, matching his pace perfectly.

One of history's most infamous supernatural beings casually sitting with a college student in campus like a willing puppy.

Though, Inferna and Munganda weren't pleased.

"You find even us standing, but you dare sit with master? Filth." Munganda frowned for the first time since the story started. A terrifying frown revealing unexpected jagged teeth.

"Indeed. Shall we turn him to ashes already, Goshujin-sama?" Inferna glared.

Chris merely adjusted his glasses and continued swiping his tablet.

Rin continued eating, unfazed by the monstrosity seated beside him. Inferna and Munganda exchanged envious glances but did nothing further.

Soon, Rin finished eating and they all walked to his class.

The strange procession continued through afternoon lessons.

Dracula sat in the back row of History of Modern and Contemporary Japanese Literature, taking diligent notes with an antique fountain pen.

(Note: He wasn't a student, or supposed to be there at all.)

During breaks he hovered nearby, occasionally attempting conversation about classic literature or modern blood substitutes. Rin answered politely when it suited him, otherwise he let the vampire trail along in silence.

Midway through the final lecture of the day, a soft chime sounded in Rin's mind; the alert of the Grace of the Goddess (GoG)

Chapter 5: Hey, Wanna Do Lewd Things with Me Real Quick?

Dracula sat in the back row of History of Modern and Contemporary Japanese Literature, taking diligent notes with an antique fountain pen.

(Note: He wasn't a student, or supposed to be there at all.)

During breaks he hovered nearby, occasionally attempting conversation about classic literature or modern blood substitutes. Rin answered politely when it suited him, otherwise he let the vampire trail along in silence.

Midway through the final lecture of the day, a soft chime sounded in Rin's mind; the alert of the Grace of the Goddess (GoG);

«Warning: Lewd meter has dropped to 62%. Maintenance required within the next two hours to prevent power decline. Recent increases in supernatural confrontations appear to have accelerated depletion rate»

'Curse you, Jason!' Rin cursed Dracula in his mind.

He paused in his note-taking, brow furrowing slightly.

'Lately the damn meter has been dipping faster than usual,' he reasoned, 'Is it possible that the goddess's generous punishment (curse) has been adapting to my growing strength, demanding more frequent immoderation?'

«Warning: Lewd meter has dropped to 62%. Maintenance required within the next two hours to prevent power decline—»

'I heard you the first time!'

So yes, Rin still believes the Goddess "penalized" him with hindrances so he wouldn't get too strong so suddenly, that it breeds arrogance.

He exhaled quietly, a rare note of complaint escaping under his breath.

"My lewd meter has been going down a lot lately..."

Chris, seated beside him, flinched, then flushed faintly across his androgynous cheeks.

They leaned closer and spoke in a hushed, but professional tone. "If... If I may be p-permitted, Rin-sama, I could assist discreetly—"

"I refuse," Inferna, sitting vigil behind them, cut in with archaic formality that brooked no argument. "such duties fall to me alone. For I am Goshujin-sama's devoted cock case, bound to serve in ALL his needs."

Munganda's mouth twisted in disapproval, then she leaned down slightly, voice soft but resolved.

"Master, perhaps you should follow me to a quiet corner instead. I can resolve this efficiently."

Dracula, who had been listening intently from the adjacent seat, suddenly blushed across his pale skin; a deep crimson that stood out starkly.

He raised one elegant hand hesitantly. "Might... Uhm, might I also offer assistance? I observed that each of your followers grew evidently stronger after forming their contracts. Perhaps if I too..."

He trailed off, clearly misunderstanding the nature of those "contracts," imagining some intimate ritual of power transfer or the like.

Rin considered his options with slight frustration; Inferna's possessive claims, Munganda's calm insistence, Chris's rare offer, even Dracula's blushing misunderstanding.

But for all their enthusiasm, Rin was annoyed by it.

Public maintenance (basically, random sexual harassment) was risky—it had landed him in trouble in the past. But the meter's steady decline left little choice.

But that was when a familiar voice interrupted from the lane.

"Rin! You're spacing out again during lecture notes?"

Hachimoto Akane approached with her usual brisk stride, short auburn hair bouncing slightly, hazel eyes narrowed in mild annoyance.

She was a second-year classmate with a fire-based ability (though, only a few knew about it) and a sharp tongue.

However, attractive in a fierce, no-nonsense way that made her somewhat popular despite her prickly demeanor.

Rin looked up at her directly, and deciding bluntness was simplest.

"Hey, Akane. Wanna do lewd things with me real quick?"

SLAP!

The slap echoed through the lecture hall like a gunshot.

Students nearby froze, discussions dying instantly.

From the sudden attention, Akane's face exploded into crimson, her hand still raised from the impact.

She apologized profusely as the lecturer cleared his throat.

"Y-You idiot!" she hissed, voice trembling between fury and embarrassment.
"We're in public! Have some discretion!"

She glanced around frantically at the still staring gathering, then back at Rin, cheeks burning brighter.

Her voice dropped to an urgent whisper. "Because... because you're asking so desperately, I suppose I could... you know, help you out. Just this once."

Rin stood calmly, expression deadpan. "Cool. I owe you."

He reached out and took her hand firmly, pulling her along as he headed for the exit. Akane stumbled slightly before falling into step, face still flaming but not resisting.

Behind them... the followers reacted in rare unison.

Inferna's stoic mask cracked just enough for her jaw to tighten visibly.

Munganda's plastered, terrifying smile became genuinely frightening for a split second.

Chris adjusted his glasses with unnecessary force, his lips puckered and his cheeks still tinged pink.

Even Dracula clutched his cape dramatically, red eyes wide with jealousy and defeat.

Akane was a friend to Rin... That was simply why she hadn't been caught in some "freak accident" or disappeared a long time ago.

The group sat and waited behind as Rin led Akane toward a secluded place, the air thick with unspoken tension.

Another day at university, another balance to maintain between godlike power and the goddess's petty price.

Rin pulled Akane through the side corridor of the humanities building, his grip firm but not rough on her wrist.

She stumbled once, heels rubbing against the worn linoleum, but managed to keep pace without protest, her face still flushed crimson from the slap scene and Rin's sudden proposition.

The hallway was empty this late in the afternoon block—most students are already in lectures or clubs—and Rin knew from experience that the old storage room at the far end stayed unlocked and unused. That was where his maids attended to him.

He pushed the door open with his shoulder, tugged her inside, and let it click shut behind them.

The room was small and dim, stacked with dusty boxes of outdated textbooks and forgotten projectors.

A single narrow window high on the wall let in thin gray light that barely reached the floor. The air smelled faintly of paper and chalk dust. It was quiet enough that their breathing sounded loud.

Akane leaned back against the door as soon as it closed, arms crossed over her chest, hazel eyes darting everywhere except his face.

"Th-This better be fast, okay?" she muttered, voice shaky despite the attempt at bravado. "If anyone finds us—"

"No one will," Rin said calmly, stepping closer. He reached for the hem of her uniform blouse without formality. "Sorry again for the inconvenience. You're a life saver."

She stiffened but didn't stop him.