

Chapter 102: We Need To Get Rid Of Him

Then the Boogeyman ran toward Rin, his massive, stitched body thundering forward with murderous intent. His glowing red eyes burned with rage, blood dripping from torn stitches on his face and chest as he closed the distance, his heavy footsteps cracking the alley pavement.

The fog swirled around his towering form, the abandoned buildings casting long, twisted shadows under the dim streetlights.

The monster's stitched fists were raised, ready to crush the boy who had dared to humiliate him, his raspy roar echoing off the walls like a beast unleashed.

But Rin still moved forward with zero emotional impressions on his face.

His young expression remained calm, almost bored, his blue eyes steady and unfazed as he stood his ground.

The twelve-year-old boy breathed in and out slowly, his small chest rising and falling in a controlled rhythm, his blue hair tousled by the cold wind.

Then he started forming a round blue shiny form with different elements.

His small hands came together in front of his chest, azure energy gathering rapidly between his palms. Threads of crackling fire twisted with streams of shimmering water, chunks of solid earth mixed with glowing light, vibrating sound waves, and flowing currents of air.

The elements merged and condensed, forming a brilliantly shining blue orb that pulsed with raw, unstable power.

The orb grew bigger and bigger, swirling with chaotic colors – fiery reds and oranges, deep blues of water, earthy browns, brilliant whites of light, vibrating silvers of sound, and translucent currents of air.

The air around it warped and hummed from the sheer concentration of mixed forces, small sparks and ripples dancing across its surface as the conflicting elements fought for dominance inside.

The orb crackled with barely contained energy, the alley growing brighter as the blue light illuminated the fog and the Boogeyman's approaching form.

The Boogeyman kept charging, his stitched face twisted in fury, his massive fists swinging as he roared.

Just as the Boogeyman was about to lay his hands on Rin, the boy thrust the shining orb forward like a punch. The round blue form exploded against the monster's stomach with devastating force.

The impact was cataclysmic — the orb detonated in a blinding flash of mixed elements, fire roaring, water exploding into steam, earth shards flying like shrapnel, light blinding, sound waves booming, and air tearing like a hurricane.

The Boogeyman was sent miles away, his massive body launched through the air like a rag doll,

crashing through buildings, smashing through walls, and tumbling across rooftops before slamming into a distant warehouse with a thunderous boom that shook the entire district.

Debris rained down, dust clouds billowed into the night sky, and the monster lay broken and bleeding in the rubble, barely alive.

Rin didn't go after him.

He simply stood there, hands lowering as the residual energy faded from his palms,

his expression still calm and emotionless, as if the fight had been nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

The Boogeyman was lucky to still be alive —

Rin had held back, not interested in finishing a fight that had already proven unsatisfying.

The memory faded as the Boogeyman leaned back in his chair at the ancient table, his stitched body creaking as he finished the tale.

The other monsters murmured among themselves, their voices low and uneasy.

"Yes, they've heard about this Kiyoshi Rin and how he has been a big problem for us monsters."

The room filled with a chorus of reluctant agreement, the high-ranking creatures shifting in their seats, their auras of power pressing against each other.

Rin was popular in the monster realm — not as a hero, but as a relentless force that ruined their plans.

Many invasions and schemes had failed because of him. He had defeated countless monsters, from rampaging oni to ancient yōkai, turning what should have been easy victories into humiliating defeats.

His name was whispered in fear in dark corners, his blue hair and calm eyes becoming symbols of unexpected resistance.

The monsters spoke of how their carefully laid plans crumbled when Rin appeared, how their strongest warriors fell, how their hidden operations were exposed and destroyed.

The chamber grew heavier with the shared frustration, the obsidian floor reflecting their dark forms as they exchanged glances filled with resentment and wariness.

Then Jorogumo said, her voice smooth but laced with irritation as she leaned forward in the massive throne-like chair, her eight black eyes gleaming, her six human arms resting on the table while her massive spider legs clicked below.

"Hmm, well we will have to get rid of him or else he's going to mess with the plan with our invasion."

The meeting was about the invasion of Earth by the monsters, a grand scheme to breach the barriers and claim the human world as their hunting ground. Jorogumo's blue hair shifted like midnight water as she spoke, her human upper body graceful and seductive while her spider lower body remained a constant reminder of her monstrous nature.

She emphasized the need to eliminate Rin, as his interference could derail the entire operation, his power and determination a constant thorn in their side.

The Spider Queen's voice carried authority, her eight black eyes scanning the table as she laid out the threat, the ancient castle room seeming to listen with bated breath.

But then Bakuteriya then said, his venom-like form rippling and shifting on the chair, tendrils extending and retracting nervously,

"But who could defeat him? As we can see even high-ranking generals have been defeated by him."

The slime creature's glossy black surface glistened under the torchlight, bubbles of dark venom popping with faint smoke as he spoke.

He also noted that Jorogumo wasn't the type to go around fighting if not necessary – she was more like a queen of the spiders, ruling from her kingdom, directing her children and agents rather than engaging in direct combat herself.

The other monsters murmured in agreement, the room filled with the low hum of discussion as they weighed the risks of confronting Rin directly.

Then Jorogumo said, her voice cold and calculating,

"I got a plan... I know the whereabouts of his loved ones in Nara."

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Jorogumo leaned forward in her massive throne-like chair at the head of the ancient black marble table, her eight completely black eyes gleaming with cold calculation as she scanned the gathered high-ranking monsters.

Her blue hair cascaded like midnight water down her pale shoulders, framing a face of seductive beauty that contrasted sharply with the horrifying spider form below her waist.

Her six human arms rested elegantly on the scarred table, fingers tapping lightly in a slow, deliberate rhythm, while her massive spider legs clicked softly against the stone floor, the sound reverberating like distant thunder in the vast chamber.

The room itself amplified her presence — the tall, shadowy pillars seemed to lean in, the flickering torchlight from iron braziers casting long, twisting shadows that danced across the faded tapestries of fallen gods and conquered realms.

The air was thick with sulfur, old blood, and the musty scent of ancient stone, the obsidian floor reflecting the monsters' dark forms like a dark mirror.

She explained how she had gathered intelligence on Rin's family, knowing his parents lived in Nara, a quiet prefecture in Japan.

The information had come from spies and scouts, the Spider Queen's network of agents keeping tabs on potential threats.

Her eight black eyes gleamed with cunning as she spoke, her six human arms gesturing gracefully, her spider legs tapping the floor in rhythm with her words. The plan was simple yet effective — target the loved ones to draw Rin out or weaken him, using his attachments against him.

The room grew quieter as the monsters absorbed the strategy, the ancient tapestries on the walls seeming to stir as if approving the dark plot, the obsidian floor reflecting their dark forms as they leaned in, the meeting shifting from discussion to concrete planning under the flickering torchlight.

"If the Boogeyman and Baba Yaga could go there and kidnap his parents and bring them here, then we could use them as collateral to negotiate with him.

Either he joins us in our plan, or we then use his parents to lure him in and eradicate him."

Jorogumo's raspy yet regal female voice echoed through the chamber with commanding authority.

She suggested the plan with cold precision, her eight black eyes narrowing as she outlined how they could target Rin's family in Nara.

The Spider Queen believed Rin was neutral — not truly aligned with humans or monsters, just a lone force who didn't care about sides.

By kidnapping his parents, they could force him to choose, using the loved ones as leverage to either recruit him or draw him into a trap where they could finally eliminate the threat he posed to their invasion of Earth. Her six human arms gestured gracefully to emphasize the strategy, her spider legs tapping the floor in rhythm with her words, the ancient castle room seeming to listen with bated breath as the other monsters absorbed the dark proposal.

The others were like "Wow, that's a great plan."

The room filled with a chorus of low, approving murmurs and nods.

Baba Yaga's amber eyes sparkled with dark amusement, her long brown hair shifting as she laughed softly, clearly delighted by the cunning idea.

The Boogeyman's stitched face pulled into a grotesque smile, his glowing red eyes gleaming with hunger at the thought of kidnapping and terror.

Bakuteriya's slime form rippled with excitement, tendrils extending as he bubbled with agreement.

The high-ranking monsters leaned in, their auras of power pressing against each other in the confined space, the obsidian floor reflecting their dark forms as they discussed the plan with growing enthusiasm.

The ancient tapestries on the walls seemed to stir, the depicted fallen gods watching silently as the monsters plotted, the torch flames flickering lower as if the room itself approved the scheme.

Then Bakuteriya said, his venom-like form rippling and shifting on the chair, tendrils extending and retracting nervously as dark venom dripped onto the table in small, hissing drops.

"Hey, it's Kiyoshi Rin we are talking about here... I would suggest we just stay out of his way or probably we go to him and negotiate with him.

But going after his family????? Then we are all about to see a new side of him."

The slime creature's glossy black surface glistened under the torchlight, bubbles of dark venom popping with faint smoke as he warned them.

He had faced Rin before and barely escaped, remembering the human's overwhelming power and the way he had ignored him for a stronger opponent. Bakuteriya's form quivered as he spoke, his voice carrying genuine fear, suggesting they avoid provoking Rin by targeting his loved ones, as it could unleash a side of the boy they weren't prepared for.

But then the others were like

"What are you even talking about, Bakuteriya?"

This plan is perfect... we kidnap his parents and get them down here...

Rin wouldn't even know how or where they are being kept. What a great plan."

The high-ranking monsters dismissed him quickly, their voices overlapping with condescending tones.

They saw Bakuteriya as a low-level monster, his slime form and timid nature making his suggestion seem weak and overly cautious.

Baba Yaga laughed softly, her amber eyes rolling as she waved a hand dismissively.

The Boogeyman grunted, his stitched body shifting as he sneered at the slime creature.

Jorogumo's eight black eyes narrowed slightly, her spider legs tapping the floor impatiently as she ignored the warning, the room filling with murmurs of agreement as they reinforced the plan, their auras pressing down on Bakuteriya like a weight, making his form ripple nervously as he shrank back in his chair.

Then Jorogumo said, her voice cold and final as she leaned back in the massive throne-like chair, her six human arms folding across her chest while her massive spider legs settled with a heavy click.

"It is settled then... Baba Yaga and the Boogeyman will handle it.

And make sure you handle it properly because Lilith is becoming so impatient on the invasion plan."

The Spider Queen's blue hair shifted like midnight water as she spoke, her eight black eyes scanning the table with commanding authority, reminding them of the Mother of All Monsters' growing frustration with delays.

The invasion of Earth was a grand scheme they had been preparing for ages, and Lilith's impatience was a dangerous pressure hanging over them all.

The room fell into a respectful silence, the monsters nodding in agreement, the ancient castle chamber seeming to groan under the weight of the decision as the meeting drew to a close, the torch flames flickering lower as the monsters began to disperse into the shadows, their dark plans set in motion.

Chapter 104: "You Know I'm More Than Enough To Satisfy Him"

Now about two weeks later after the encounter with the spider-like monster at Chiyo's school, an ordinary afternoon unfolded in Rin's living room.

The apartment was modest and typical of a middle-class family in Tokyo — not large or luxurious, just a comfortable three-bedroom unit on the third floor of a quiet residential building.

The living room had simple beige walls, a worn but clean sofa facing a modest TV stand, and a low wooden coffee table cluttered with game controllers and empty drink cans.

Sunlight filtered through half-drawn curtains, casting warm rectangular patches on the wooden floor.

The kitchen area was small and open to the living space, with basic counters and a rice cooker humming softly. Rin wasn't from a rich family, so the furnishings were practical and second-hand in places.

Money came mostly from the books he anonymously wrote about his monster fights and encounters.

Chris helped publish and sell them at Comiket – the massive comic market where crowds gathered.

Chris's androgynous beauty drew huge attention; both boys and girls flocked to the booth whenever the golden-haired figure appeared, boosting sales significantly.

It provided enough steady income to cover rent and daily needs without extravagance.

Dracula sat relaxed on the couch, his long black coat draped over the armrest, silver-streaked hair catching the afternoon light as he held Rin's tablet with elegant fingers.

His posture was aristocratic even while lounging, legs crossed as he tapped the screen, playing a strategy game with focused intensity.

The faint sounds of digital battles and soft background music filled the quiet room, contrasting with the distant city hum outside the window.

Then Chris walked in from the hallway, his golden hair neatly styled, glasses reflecting the light as he carried a small stack of papers.

Dracula glanced up without pausing the game and asked, his rich, aristocratic voice smooth and curious,

"What's with the noise back there? And where's Rin and the others?"

The vampire lord's tone carried mild amusement, one eyebrow raised as he tilted his head backward to the room, where faint rhythmic thumps, muffled moans, and the occasional creak of furniture drifted down from the upper floor.

Chris replied with a casual shrug, setting the papers on the coffee table as he sank into the armchair opposite. "Rin's undergoing his maintenance."

The words were delivered matter-of-factly, but the slight curve of his lips hinted at the true meaning —

Rin was currently having sex with the girls in his room, replenishing his lewd meter after recent exertions.

The sounds back there grew momentarily louder —

a sharp feminine moan followed by a deeper groan — confirming the activity without needing further explanation.

Chris continued, leaning back as he adjusted his glasses. "He just fought Inferna's sister, which brought his lewd meter really low.

So they're helping him with his maintenance right now."

The explanation painted a clear picture: the intense battle had drained Rin's special energy reserves, and Inferna, Muganda, Karen, and Yuri were all upstairs taking turns or working together to restore him through repeated, passionate sessions.

Chris's voice remained neutral, but his eyes sparkled with quiet fondness as he imagined the scene —

bodies entwined, skin flushed, the girls competing playfully for Rin's attention in the bedroom.

Then Dracula replied, a playful smirk tugging at his lips as he paused the game and set the tablet aside.

"He's making use of all of them?"

The vampire lord's tone was teasing, his silver-streaked hair shifting as he tilted his head, clearly meaning whether all the girls were participating together in satisfying Rin.

His elegant fingers drummed on the couch arm, the question laced with genuine curiosity and a hint of amusement at the human's stamina and the girls' devotion.

Chris replied, a small smile breaking through his usual composure.

"Well, they all wanted to participate."

He pictured the scene back there — Inferna's fiery passion, Muganda's composed yet intense loyalty, Karen's eager energy, and Yuri's clingy enthusiasm — all focused on Rin in a tangled, pleasurable pile of limbs and moans.

The sounds drifting down occasionally supported the image, a symphony of gasps and rhythmic movements that made the apartment feel warmer than usual.

Then Dracula said jokingly, his voice dropping into a sultry, teasing register as he smiled with elegant fangs glinting.

"Hmmm... you know I'm more than enough to satisfy him."

He implied he could change his form into an endowed, sexy lady if needed, his androgynous beauty making the offer both playful and genuinely tempting.

The vampire lord leaned back, crossing his legs with fluid grace, clearly enjoying the banter as he watched Chris's reaction.

Chris responded, shaking his head with a soft chuckle, his cheeks tinting slightly.

"If that would be necessary then I wouldn't mind helping him with that also... but Rin's not like that." He meant Rin wasn't particularly inclined toward male partners, even though the boy sometimes joked about Chris joining the maintenance sessions.

Chris had occasionally entertained the idea himself — his loyalty ran deep — but he usually took Rin's comments as light-hearted teasing rather than serious invitations.

The conversation flowed easily between them, the afternoon sunlight warming the modest living room as they spoke.

Then Chris said, his voice thoughtful as he glanced toward the rooms where the sounds continued,

"And I think Rin's really starting to enjoy the pleasure lately, other than before when he did it with no expression."

He had noticed the change — Rin used to approach the maintenance sessions with a blank, almost mechanical detachment, treating them as pure necessity to stabilize his lewd meter.

Lately, however, subtle shifts had appeared: genuine moans, lingering touches, and moments where Rin's usual stoic mask cracked with visible pleasure.

The girls' dedication and the growing emotional bonds were slowly drawing him out, making the acts feel less like chores and more like shared enjoyment.

Chris's words carried quiet observation, a small smile playing on his lips as he reflected on how Rin was slowly opening up to the sensations and connections.

The modest apartment felt alive with quiet domesticity despite the explicit activity.

The middle-class space – functional furniture, simple decorations, and the faint smell of recent cooking – reflected Rin's grounded life.

Money from the anonymous books sold at Comiket kept things stable, Chris's beauty drawing crowds that turned the publications into reliable earners.

Down here, Dracula and Chris continued their casual conversation, the contrast between the calm living room and the passionate noises from above creating a strangely harmonious atmosphere in the home they all shared.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

As you step into Rin's home, the entrance opens into a narrow, modestly lit corridor with plain beige walls and simple tiled flooring that feels cool underfoot.

The corridor is short and practical, leading directly into the living room — a cozy, lived-in space that reflects a normal middle-class Tokyo apartment rather than anything luxurious.

The living room features a worn but comfortable sofa positioned against one wall, facing a modest TV stand holding a mid-sized screen and a few game consoles.

A low wooden coffee table sits in the center, scattered with controllers, empty drink cans, and a couple of notebooks.

Sunlight filters through half-drawn curtains, casting warm rectangular patches across the wooden floor and highlighting faint dust motes in the air.

The room feels functional and comfortable, with a faint, familiar scent of recent cooking and laundry lingering.

From the living room, the kitchen is clearly visible at the back – a compact, open-plan area with basic counters, a white rice cooker humming softly on the side, simple cabinets, and a small sink.

The kitchen isn't fancy, just enough for daily meals, with a few dishes drying on the rack and the faint aroma of miso or grilled fish sometimes wafting through.

The entire apartment has a practical, homey feel – nothing extravagant, just a space designed for comfortable living.

Heading back from the living room through the short hallway, two bedrooms sit opposite each other.

On the left is Rin's room – a simple, personal space with a single bed, a desk cluttered with notebooks and his tablet, and a wardrobe against the wall.

The room on the right is Chiyo's, positioned slightly further down the hallway so you have to take a few extra steps before reaching it, giving the layout a slightly staggered, private feel.

Continuing a few more steps past the bedrooms, you reach a plain door that leads to the shared toilet and restroom – compact and clean with basic fixtures, a small sink, and a shower area that serves the whole household.

The apartment is not big at all – just enough for a small family, with no extra rooms or lavish decorations. Rin isn't from a rich family, so the furnishings are practical and second-hand in places.

The household sustains itself through the money Rin makes from his anonymously written books about his monster fights and encounters.

Chris helps publish and sell them at Comiket, the massive comic market.

Chris's striking androgynous beauty always draws huge crowds – both boys and girls flock to the booth whenever he appears, boosting sales significantly and providing enough steady income to cover rent, food, and daily needs without any extravagance.

In Rin's room, where the maintenance session was currently in full swing, the air hung heavy with heat, raw desire, and the thick, musky scent of sex.

Rin lay sprawled on his bed, back propped against the pillows, his muscular body completely naked and glistening with a light sheen of sweat.

His chest rose and fell with deep, controlled breaths, his hard cock standing thick and throbbing, veins pulsing visibly along the shaft.

Inferna knelt between his spread legs, half-naked and radiating raw sexual heat.

Her suggestive maid outfit was pulled down, leaving her full, heavy breasts completely exposed – large, perfectly rounded orbs with dark, stiff nipples that bounced freely with every movement.

Her tanned skin glowed under the afternoon light slipping through the curtains, the faint crimson scales along her sides and the base of her swaying tail catching the light seductively.

She looked every bit the bad, sexy slut she became during these sessions – golden eyes half-lidded with pure lust, lips parted in a lewd, hungry expression as she focused entirely on Rin's cock.

One hand wrapped firmly around the thick base, stroking with slow, deliberate pumps while her other hand gently massaged his balls.

Her thumb glided over the swollen, leaking tip, spreading the steady flow of precum that coated her fingers and made wet, slick schlick-slick sounds fill the room.

She leaned closer, inhaling deeply, the strong, masculine aroma of his arousal turning her on even more.

Thick strings of saliva dripped from her tongue onto the sensitive head as she drooled shamelessly, her hot breath washing over the throbbing cock.

"Mmm... Master's cock smells so good... so thick and hard just for me..."

she purred in a husky, aggressive voice, her tail thrashing behind her as she pumped faster, breasts jiggling heavily with each stroke.

She acted like a complete slut – aggressive, hungry, and unashamed, sucking the tip into her warm mouth with a wet pop while continuing to stroke the shaft with both hands, tongue swirling greedily.

Muganda, looking like the ultimate badass sexy slut and far more experienced, had stripped completely out of her suggestive maid outfit.

Her voluptuous body was on full display – massive, firm breasts with dark, erect nipples, a narrow waist flaring into wide, powerful hips, thick thighs, and a perfectly round ass.

Her dark hair framed her face as she sat directly on Rin's face, her dripping wet, horny pussy pressed firmly against his mouth and nose.

She moved her hips in slow, sensual circles and figure-eights, grinding her slick, puffy folds against his tongue as he thrust it deep inside her.

Wet, obscene squelching sounds filled the room with every roll of her hips – schlick... schlick... schlick – her juices coating Rin’s chin, cheeks, and lips as she rode his face.

Muganda’s expression was one of pure, controlled ecstasy – eyes half-closed, lips parted in smooth, throaty moans, one hand gripping Rin’s hair tightly to pull him deeper while the other pinched and rolled her own stiff nipple.

She twerked slowly and deliberately on his face, her powerful ass cheeks flexing as she smothered him with her wetness, moaning smoothly and sensually,

"Ahh... Master’s tongue feels so good inside me... deeper... yes..."

The bedroom was filled with the lewd symphony of their maintenance –

Inferna’s wet sucking and stroking sounds mixing with Muganda’s throaty moans and the constant wet noises of Rin’s tongue working deep inside her.

Inferna bobbed her head faster, taking more of Rin's thick cock into her hot, sloppy mouth while her hands pumped the base, saliva dripping down his shaft and balls.

Muganda ground harder, her thighs squeezing Rin's head gently as she chased her pleasure, her body trembling as another wave of juices flooded his mouth.

The girls were completely lost in serving their Master, their bodies flushed, sweaty, and eager, the modest room feeling even smaller and hotter with the intensity of the passionate session.

Rin's hands occasionally reached up to squeeze Muganda's ass or pinch Inferna's bouncing breasts, his own low groans vibrating against Muganda's pussy as the pleasure built.

The maintenance continued with dedicated, hungry passion, the girls working together to fully restore his lewd meter in the warm afternoon light.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then on the bed was Karen. The petite girl lay pressed against Rin's side, her small but incredibly sexy breasts exposed halfway underneath her crop top .

They were perky, soft handfuls with puffy, sensitive pink nipples that had hardened into tight little peaks from arousal.

Her skin was smooth and flushed a delicate pink, her toned stomach rising and falling rapidly with every excited breath.

Her cropped top had been rolled up high, bunched just under her collarbone, completely baring those tempting little tits that jiggled gently with each movement.

Her mini bum shorts were unzipped all the way down, the fabric parted wide open like an invitation, revealing the soft, neatly trimmed patch of dark pubic hair above her slick, puffy pussy lips.

The zipper teeth glinted under the afternoon light, framing the erotic sight as a thin string of her arousal already dripped down onto the bedsheet.

Karen had her head resting comfortably on Rin's chest, her soft lips wrapped lovingly around his left nipple.

She sucked on it with slow, hungry pulls, her tongue swirling wetly around the sensitive bud in tight circles before flicking it rapidly.

Wet, obscene sucking sounds filled the room — schlick... schlick... — as she nursed on his nipple like it was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted.

Her small hands roamed his chest, fingers tracing his muscles while she moaned softly against his skin, the vibrations traveling straight through his body.

Every time she sucked harder, her cheeks hollowed cutely, and her own pussy clenched visibly between her parted shorts, leaking more clear juices onto the bed.

On Rin's right side, Yuri was equally lost in lust.

The gothic girl was half-naked in the most erotic way possible.

Her black choker was still fastened tightly around her neck, but her top had been pulled down completely, exposing her pale, perky breasts with their puffy red nipples.

Her black jeans were shoved down to her thighs, revealing her smooth, shaved pussy that glistened with wetness.

Her red eyes with starry patterns inside were half-lidded in pure pleasure as she attacked Rin's right nipple with her tongue.

She licked it vigorously, long, sloppy strokes from base to tip, then rapid flicking that made wet slapping sounds against his skin.

At the same time, two of her fingers were buried deep inside her own dripping pussy, thrusting in and out with lewd, squelching noises.

"Mmmph... Master's nipple tastes so good..."

she whimpered between licks, her hips bucking against her own hand as she fingered herself faster, juices running down her wrist.

Akane stood up slightly on the bed, her voluptuous body on full display.

She bent forward, letting a long, thick string of warm spit drip from her lips directly onto Rin's hard, throbbing cock.

The saliva landed on the swollen head and slowly ran down the shaft, making it glisten obscenely.

She stripped off the rest of her clothes with eager movements —

her plunging top came off, freeing her large, heavy breasts that bounced heavily, dark nipples stiff with arousal.

Her shorts and panties followed, sliding down her thick thighs to reveal her soaked, puffy pussy.

Completely naked now, she turned around, backing toward Rin so her round, juicy ass faced him.

She reached back, spreading her cheeks slightly as she slowly sat down on his hard dick.

The thick head pushed against her dripping entrance, then sank deep inside her tight, wet pussy with a long, wet squelch.

Akane moaned softly, her voice husky and needy as she felt every inch stretching and filling her completely. "Ahh... so deep..." she gasped, her walls clenching greedily around him.

Then she started bouncing on Rin's dick — hard, relentless bounces that made her fat ass cheeks ripple and clap loudly against his hips.

The whole bed shook violently with every downward slam, the headboard banging against the wall.

Her moans grew louder and more desperate, turning into full-throated cries as she rode him like a woman possessed.

"Fuck... yes... Master's cock feels so good inside me!"

Wet slapping sounds filled the room — skin meeting skin, her juices coating his shaft and dripping down his balls with every bounce.

Her large breasts swung heavily, nipples hard as diamonds.

Meanwhile, Muganda's soaking wet pussy remained firmly planted on Rin's face.

The voluptuous maid had her thick thighs squeezing his head gently as she ground her dripping folds against his mouth and tongue.

Rin's tongue drove deep inside her, thrusting and curling, tasting her sweet, tangy arousal as she twerked slowly and sensually on his face.

Her juices flooded his mouth, running down his chin in messy streams.

Muganda moaned smoothly and erotically, her voice low and throaty, one hand gripping his hair tightly while the other pinched her own stiff nipple.

"Mmm... Master... your tongue is so deep... I'm going to cum again..."

Her powerful hips rolled in perfect rhythm, smothering him with her wetness as another orgasm built inside her.

Inferna continued stroking and sucking Rin's cock whenever Akane lifted up, the two girls tag-teaming his shaft with sloppy, eager mouths and hands.

The room was filled with an overwhelming erotic symphony – wet slapping of flesh, loud moans, squelching sounds of fingers and tongues, heavy breathing, and the creaking of the bed.

Bodies moved together in a heated, passionate tangle, skin flushed and glistening with sweat.

After several minutes of Akane riding Rin's hard dick relentlessly, her bounces growing faster and more erratic, she suddenly reached her peak.

Her walls clenched violently around him as she screamed, "Yahhhhhh I'm cumming!"

Her body shook hard, thighs trembling as she slammed down one final, heavy bounce, burying him to the hilt. At the same moment, Rin released so much thick, hot cum deep inside her pussy, flooding her with rope after rope.

Akane squirted hard around his cock, clear juices gushing out and mixing with his cum, leaking messily down his shaft and onto the bedsheets in a lewd, overflowing creampie.

She kept grinding slowly through her orgasm, milking every last drop from him while moaning brokenly in ecstasy.

The maintenance session continued with raw, passionate energy, the girls rotating and working together to fully satisfy their Master in the warm, messy bedroom.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Muganda slowly stood up, her thick, powerful thighs flexing as she lifted her soaking wet pussy from Rin's face.

A long, glistening string of her juices stretched from her puffy, flushed folds to his lips before finally snapping, dripping onto his chin and chest.

She stood over his face for a moment, looking down at him with a dominant, horny smile, her voluptuous body glistening with sweat.

"My turn," she purred in a low, sexy voice, her dark hair falling messily around her face as she licked her lips, tasting her own arousal.

Inferna lay sprawled on the floor beside the bed, still recovering from her intense orgasm.

Her tanned body trembled, large breasts heaving as she breathed heavily, her legs spread wide with thick rivulets of Rin's cum and her own squirt leaking from her well-fucked pussy onto the floor.

She moaned softly, fingers lazily circling her sensitive clit as aftershocks rippled through her.

Muganda held Rin's still rock-hard cock in her soft but firm hand, stroking it slowly as she lowered herself.

She licked the entire length clean with long, sensual strokes of her tongue, savoring the mix of Inferna's juices along with Rin's cum.

Her tongue swirled around the swollen head, sucking gently before she positioned herself above him.

She slowly sat down on his hard dick, her tight, velvety pussy stretching around the thick girth as she sank onto him.

A cute, erotic noise escaped her lips – a breathy, needy whimper that turned into a long, throaty moan as she took him deeper.

She stopped halfway for a moment, savoring the feeling of being filled, her walls clenching rhythmically around him.

Then Rin grabbed her wide hips with both hands and pulled her down aggressively.

His cock sank fully into her soaking pussy in one powerful thrust.

Muganda's eyes flew wide open, her mouth forming a perfect "O" as she screamed in pleasure, her whole body shuddering violently.

The sudden deep penetration made her squirt instantly, a powerful gush of clear fluid spraying out around his cock and soaking his pelvis and the bedsheets.

Karen, watching with wide eyes, teased her breathlessly, "Huhhh? You came already?"

Rin didn't let her recover.

Still gripping her waist tightly, he began lifting her hips up and slamming her back down repeatedly.

Muganda started moving with him, twerking and bouncing on his dick with powerful, rhythmic motions. Her thick ass cheeks clapped loudly against his thighs with every downward slam, wet squelching sounds filling the room as her juices coated his shaft and balls. She moaned hard and continuously, her massive breasts bouncing wildly, nipples stiff and begging for attention. "Ahh... Master... so deep... you're hitting so deep inside me!"

Her voice cracked with pleasure as she rode him faster, her experienced pussy squeezing and milking his cock perfectly.

After several minutes of relentless bouncing, Muganda's moans grew louder and more desperate.

Rin suddenly grabbed her waist hard, holding her down firmly as he thrust up into her.

He filled her pussy full with his warm, thick cum, rope after rope pumping deep inside her.

Muganda came hard at the same time, her walls spasming wildly around him as she squirted again, her juices mixing with his cum and leaking out messily around his cock.

Her body shook violently, eyes rolling back as she let out a long, broken moan of ecstasy.

Rin's dick slid out of her soaking wet, cum-filled pussy with a wet pop, strings of mixed fluids connecting them for a moment before breaking.

Muganda moved up to his face, straddling his chest as she leaned down and started kissing him passionately. Her soft, full lips pressed against his, tongue slipping into his mouth to taste herself on his tongue.

The kiss was deep, messy, and hungry, saliva mixing as she moaned into his mouth.

Then Karen, with her crop top pulled upward, fully exposing her small but perky breasts and stiff pink nipples, stood up on shaky legs.

She slowly, teasingly pulled down her already unzipped bum shorts, revealing her dripping wet pussy and smooth ass.

Juices ran down her thighs as she smiled seductively at Rin and crawled toward him.

She rubbed her slick pussy lips against his still-hard cock, grinding slowly and moaning softly as she coated him with her wetness.

While rubbing, Rin's dick suddenly slipped completely inside her tight little pussy.

Karen screamed in pleasure, her small body jerking as she pinched Rin's skin hard, squirting instantly all over his cock and pelvis.

Muganda teased her with a breathy laugh,

"Haaa... you also came already, huh?"

Karen's voice shook as she whimpered,

"Not fair, Master..."

Her tight walls clenched desperately around him, trying to adjust to the sudden fullness.

Rin ignored her plea and started moving his waist upward, fucking her with deep, steady thrusts.

Karen gasped,

"Master please give me a minute—"

but her pussy only clung tighter to his dick, betraying her words.

Rin continued pounding her without mercy, not giving her any space to catch her breath.

Her small breasts bounced cutely with every thrust, her moans turning into high-pitched cries.

Meanwhile, Muganda leaned over and kissed Rin deeply again while Yuri sucked greedily on his right nipple. Muganda then grabbed Yuri's hair gently and pulled her toward her own face.

Their lips met in a passionate, sloppy kiss.

Muganda's tongue pushed into Yuri's mouth, rolling and twisting wetly with hers in an erotic dance.

Yuri's starry red eyes widened in surprise at first, but she quickly melted into it, grabbing Muganda's head and kissing her back even more passionately.

Their tongues slid against each other, saliva dripping down their chins as they made out hungrily above Rin.

Karen reached her limit quickly.

Her small body trembled violently as she moaned, "Master... I'm cumming!"

Rin hugged her tight, pulling her down hard as both of them came instantly.

He filled her tight pussy with thick, warm cum while Karen squirted hard around him, her eyes rolling back completely.

Her small frame shook uncontrollably, mouth open in a silent scream as she passed out from the overwhelming pleasure, collapsing limply onto Rin's chest with his cock still buried deep inside her twitching pussy.

The bedroom was a complete mess of sweat, cum, and heavy breathing.

The girls panted and moaned softly around Rin, their bodies flushed and satisfied as they continued their dedicated maintenance, determined to restore his lewd meter completely.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Yuri's and Muganda's tongues separated slowly.

A thick, glistening string of mixed saliva stretched obscenely between their swollen, wet lips for several long seconds, sparkling in the afternoon light before it finally snapped and dripped messily onto Rin's chest. Both girls' faces were flushed a deep, heated red, their breathing ragged and heavy.

Yuri looked even more horny and excited now, her starry red eyes sparkling with fresh, insatiable hunger. Her pale gothic skin was covered in a thin sheen of sweat that made her body glisten, her perky breasts rising and falling rapidly as she licked her lips slowly, savoring the taste of Muganda's mouth.

A visible shiver ran through her as she stared down at Rin's hard cock with open lust, her thighs pressing together as fresh wetness dripped down her inner legs.

Inferna climbed back onto the bed with predatory grace, her tanned, voluptuous body still trembling from her previous orgasm.

She crawled over Rin like a hungry dragoness and pressed her full, soft lips against his in a deep, devouring kiss.

Her hot tongue pushed aggressively into his mouth, rolling and twisting wetly with his own, saliva mixing noisily as she moaned deeply into the kiss.

Her large, heavy breasts smashed firmly against his chest, stiff dark nipples dragging across his skin with every heated breath she took.

Muganda moved behind Inferna without hesitation, lowering her head between the dragon girl's spread, thick thighs.

She started sucking on Inferna's dripping, freshly fucked pussy with shameless, hungry intensity.

Her full lips sealed around the swollen folds, tongue diving deep inside to lap up the creamy mixture of Rin's cum and Inferna's juices with loud, wet, obscene slurping sounds.

Inferna's eyes rolled back instantly, her kiss with Rin growing sloppy and desperate as overwhelming pleasure crashed through her.

She moaned loudly into Rin's mouth, her body shaking violently as Muganda sucked harder, tongue flicking rapidly over her sensitive clit before thrusting deep again.

Suddenly Inferna squirted hard, a powerful, messy gush of clear fluid spraying directly into Muganda's eager mouth.

Muganda kept sucking greedily, swallowing noisily and moaning into the dragon girl's pussy, refusing to pull away even as Inferna's walls spasmed and leaked all over her face and chin.

The kiss between Inferna and Rin never broke, turning into a messy, saliva-drenched make-out session as the dragon girl rode the intense, continuous orgasm, her moans vibrating into Rin's mouth.

Yuri climbed over Rin's body like a needy gothic kitten, her half-naked form glistening with sweat.

She started licking from his chest downward in long, sensual, worshipful strokes – her warm, wet tongue tracing every muscle ridge, circling his nipples, then sliding lower over his abs.

She reached his still-hard, cum-covered cock and took him into her mouth with desperate hunger, sucking hard with wet, noisy bobs of her head.

Her cheeks hollowed as she took him deeper, throat bulging slightly as she gagged herself on his thickness, thick drool running down the shaft and coating his balls.

Rin grabbed a fistful of her red hair firmly and pushed her head downward, forcing his cock into her throat. Yuri choked hard for several long moments, eyes watering, throat convulsing visibly around his girth as thick spit bubbled from the corners of her stretched lips and ran messily down his shaft.

She gagged wetly, the lewd glucking sounds filling the room until Rin finally released her.

Yuri pulled back gasping desperately, long, thick strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to his cock as she coughed and breathed hard, drool pouring down her chin onto his stomach in messy rivers.

She quickly stood up on shaky legs and stripped off the rest of her clothes completely.

Her pale gothic body was fully exposed – perky breasts with puffy red nipples, smooth shaved pussy dripping with arousal, black choker still tight around her neck like a collar.

She held Rin's throbbing cock with both hands, stroking it reverently as she looked at him with desperate, starry eyes.

"Master please use my pussy,"

she begged, voice hoarse and dripping with need, her hips already grinding the air.

Then she slowly sat on his hard dick, moaning loudly as the thick head stretched her tight entrance wide open. Thick spit drooled continuously from her open mouth down onto Rin's stomach as she sank lower, taking every thick inch until her ass rested against his thighs.

She started riding him hard, bouncing aggressively, her small but firm ass slapping loudly against his hips with wet, rhythmic claps.

"Please fuck my pussy harder Master!"

she cried, voice breaking with pleasure as she slammed down repeatedly, her tight walls squeezing and milking him desperately.

Rin's hands gripped her narrow waist tightly, fingers digging into her pale skin as he guided her movements, thrusting up to meet her bounces.

Inferna continued kissing him deeply, their tongues wrestling messily.

Muganda stayed behind Inferna, sucking and licking her squirting pussy with loud, wet sounds, making the dragon girl moan nonstop into Rin's mouth.

Karen remained lying unconscious on the floor, her small body twitching occasionally, thick cum still leaking from her well-fucked little pussy onto the sheets.

The scene was pure erotic chaos.

Yuri kept riding Rin with everything she had, her tight pussy clenching and fluttering around his cock as she bounced faster and harder.

Her perky breasts jiggled wildly, spit still drooling from her lips as she moaned brokenly.

"Master... so deep... I'm losing my mind!"

The wet slapping of her ass against his thighs mixed with the obscene squelching of Muganda eating Inferna's pussy and Inferna's muffled moans into Rin's mouth.

After several intense minutes, Yuri reached her breaking point.

She screamed, body locking up,

"I'm cumming Master!" Rin pulled her down hard, hugging her small body tight against him as he filled her pussy with thick, hot ropes of cum.

Yuri squirted violently around him, her juices gushing out messily in powerful sprays as both of them kept grinding through their orgasms, bodies locked together in ecstasy.

Rin pumped more and more cum deep inside her, overflowing her tight pussy until it leaked down his balls and thighs in creamy white streams.

Yuri's eyes rolled back, her tongue hanging out as she twitched uncontrollably on his cock.

Inferna also screamed into Rin's mouth as Muganda used her teeth to gently graze her swollen clit.

The dragon girl lost control completely, squirting hard all over Muganda's face in a messy flood while still kissing Rin passionately.

Her body shook violently before she finally collapsed onto Rin's chest, completely drained, panting heavily with her tongue still lazily licking his lips.

Rin just lay on the bed looking up at the ceiling, his lewd meter now completely full and satisfied.

All the girls were out of breath and exhausted – Inferna limp and twitching on his chest, Yuri still weakly grinding on his cock with cum leaking out of her ruined pussy, Muganda licking her lips covered in Inferna’s juices, and Karen still unconscious on the floor, small body glistening with sweat and multiple loads.

The modest bedroom was a complete mess of sweat, cum, spit, and heavy breathing.

The air was thick with the raw, heady scent of sex as the maintenance session finally reached its satisfying, exhaustive end.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then on that same day, after the long and intense maintenance session that had filled Rin’s modest bedroom with the thick, heady scent of sweat, cum, and satisfied moans, Inferna, Muganda, Yuri, and Karen continued helping Rin restore his lewd meter.

The girls moved around him with tired devotion – bodies still flushed pink, skin glistening, soft kisses and gentle caresses lingering as they made sure every last bit of his energy was replenished.

Rin eventually lay back on the bed, breathing steady, his usual calm mask returning while the girls cleaned up around him, exchanging tired but affectionate glances.

Meanwhile, Hanako and Akane followed Hinata to visit her brother.

The three girls had changed into normal, everyday outfits suitable for a casual afternoon visit.

Hinata wore a simple light-blue blouse with subtle white patterns tucked neatly into comfortable beige pants that hugged her figure modestly, her hair tied back in a neat ponytail with a plain black hair tie, and practical white sneakers that made soft sounds on the pavement.

Akane chose a casual red sweater that clung gently to her curves without being too revealing, paired with dark blue jeans and comfortable brown boots,

her vibrant red hair left loose but neatly brushed so it swayed with each step.

Hanako went with a soft white blouse under a light beige cardigan, a knee-length navy skirt that flowed gracefully as she walked, and simple black flats.

They looked like ordinary university students heading out for a relaxed visit —

clean, comfortable, and unassuming, blending perfectly with the afternoon crowd on the streets.

They met at the bus stop not far from her brother's apartment building.

The stop was alive with the ordinary rhythm of city life — salarymen checking their phones, mothers carrying shopping bags, students chatting in small groups.

The afternoon sun hung warm and golden, casting long shadows across the sidewalk as the three girls stood together, chatting lightly about classes and recent club activities while waiting.

When the bus arrived with a soft hiss of brakes, they climbed aboard and found seats near the back.

The bus rocked gently as it moved through the city streets, passing tall buildings, small shops, and bustling intersections.

Through the windows, the scenery rolled by – children playing in parks, couples walking hand in hand, and the distant gleam of the skyline.

Akane asked Hinata, tilting her head with genuine curiosity as the bus turned a corner, sunlight flickering across her face.

"Are you and your brother close?"

She meant it in the deeper sense – whether they shared a strong emotional bond, talked about personal things, or spent real quality time together despite their busy schedules.

Hinata replied with a small, slightly wistful smile, looking out the window at the passing buildings and trees.

"Well, we were... but since he started working for the organization we don't see or talk much."

Her voice carried quiet acceptance mixed with a hint of longing.

The Supernatural Control Organization demanded long, unpredictable hours and constant availability, especially now with the rising number of monster attacks.

Hinata's brother had grown more distant over time, swallowed by surveillance assignments and fieldwork that kept him away for weeks.

She missed the easy late-night conversations and shared meals they used to have, but she understood the demands of protecting the city came first.

Akane nodded sympathetically, her red sweater shifting as she adjusted in her seat.

"Oh, he works with the organization... that explains why.

I heard they overwork heroes these days."

She meant the heavy workload – the organization was assigning more missions, longer surveillance shifts, and constant monitoring because monster attacks had increased significantly in frequency and intensity. Heroes and agents were stretched thin, often working overtime with little rest, leading to exhaustion and strained personal relationships.

The pressure was visible in the tired faces of many association members these days.

Hanako added gently, her voice supportive as she leaned slightly toward Hinata, her high ponytail swaying with the bus's movement.

"Still, you're his younger sister. He should create time for you."

She said it with quiet emphasis, her expression showing she believed family should always come first even with a demanding job, her cardigan sleeve brushing Hinata's arm comfortingly.

Hinata gave a soft shrug and a small, understanding smile.

"Well... it is what it is."

Her tone was resigned but not bitter, showing she had made peace with the situation even if it still stung sometimes.

The conversation drifted to lighter topics as the bus continued its route, the girls sharing small laughs and observations about the city passing by.

They eventually reached their stop and got off, the afternoon sun warming their backs as they walked together through a quiet residential neighborhood. Modest apartment buildings lined the streets, small parks with children playing, and the occasional corner store. The three girls walked side by side, their normal outfits making them blend seamlessly with other pedestrians. They soon arrived at Hinata's brother's apartment building — a plain, unremarkable five-story structure similar to many in the area.

They climbed the stairs to his floor, their footsteps echoing softly in the clean but simple hallway.

Hanako knocked twice on the door with polite, measured raps, while Akane and Hinata stood behind her, waiting calmly with small smiles.

Just before the door opened, Hanako glanced casually to the left and saw Chris standing right beside the door to the next apartment, which was joined directly to Hinata's brother's unit.

Chris looked as elegant and androgynous as always — golden hair catching the hallway light softly, thin glasses perched neatly on his nose, holding a small stack of papers under one arm.

Hinata's brother was Minami Satoru — the same man secretly living next door to Rin's apartment on a long-term assignment from the Supernatural Control Organization.

His primary task was to watch Chris's daily activities through the walls using his X-ray-like vision, the same ability his sister Hinata possessed.

He had deliberately moved into this specific apartment precisely because it shared a thin wall with Rin's place, allowing him constant, unobtrusive surveillance of everything happening next door.

Hinata used her mother's last name "Oka" instead of the family's last name "Minami" for personal reasons she rarely discussed, while her brother kept the family name Minami Satoru.

This small detail created an invisible web of observation and hidden connections that none of the visiting girls were aware of yet, adding another layer of quiet tension beneath the seemingly ordinary afternoon visit.

The door finally clicked open, revealing Minami Satoru — a man in his late twenties with short dark hair, sharp observant eyes, and simple black clothes that helped him blend into any background.

He looked mildly surprised to see the three girls standing there, especially his sister Hinata.

The afternoon visit had begun, but unseen threads of surveillance, family distance, and organizational secrets already hummed quietly in the background of this

ordinary-looking apartment complex, as the girls stepped inside with casual smiles and light conversation.

Chapter 110: "Emm.. Does Rin Live Here?"

Chris looked as elegant and androgynous as always — his golden hair catching the soft, warm glow of the hallway lighting, thin glasses perched neatly on his nose, and a small stack of papers held casually under one arm.

He was dressed in his usual refined style: a crisp white shirt with the top button undone, revealing a hint of smooth skin, slim black trousers that accentuated his graceful figure, and a light coat draped effortlessly over his shoulders.

The sight of him standing so close, almost unexpectedly, made Hanako's heart skip a beat, her breath catching for a brief moment as she took in his composed presence.

"Isn't that Chris?" Hanako said, her voice coming out louder than she intended, carrying clearly down the narrow hallway.

The words slipped out with genuine surprise, drawing immediate attention from the others.

Chris turned his head smoothly and gracefully, his expression shifting from mild surprise to a polite, composed smile as he recognized the three girls standing there.

His blue eyes behind the glasses sparkled with quiet amusement, and he gave a small, elegant tilt of his head in acknowledgment.

Hinata's cheeks flushed instantly with a soft, warm pink that spread across her face and down her neck.

She felt her pulse quicken noticeably, a rush of heat blooming in her chest as memories flashed vividly through her mind —

the heated encounter in the occult club room, the way Chris's hands had moved with such skilled confidence on her skin, the intense waves of pleasure that had left her breathless and trembling for days afterward.

She had been harboring a deep crush on him ever since that day, though she tried her best to hide it behind her usual calm and composed demeanor.

Her hands fidgeted slightly at her sides, fingers twisting the hem of her light-blue blouse as she tried to steady her breathing and appear normal.

The hallway suddenly felt warmer, the air thicker around her as her heart continued to race.

"What are you doing here, Chris?"

Hinata asked, her voice coming out softer and a little breathier than she had intended, carrying a subtle mix of nervousness, excitement, and lingering affection.

She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, her practical white sneakers making a soft sound on the floor, her light-blue blouse suddenly feeling a little too warm against her flushed skin as she fought to keep her composure.

Chris responded elegantly, his smooth, neutral voice carrying that effortless charm and warmth that always made him stand out in any setting.

"Oh... and what do we have here?"

He tilted his head slightly to the side, a small, beautiful smile playing on his lips as he took in the three girls standing in the hallway.

His golden hair shifted lightly with the movement, and his blue eyes behind the thin glasses sparkled with genuine interest and quiet amusement, making the simple greeting feel intimate and welcoming.

His tone light, conversational, and perfectly poised. "Well, I live here."

He gestured casually with his free hand toward the door beside him, the movement graceful and unhurried.

"And why are you girls here?" He asked.

Hinata replied, trying her best to keep her voice steady even as her heart continued to race and her cheeks remained warm.

"We're here to visit my brother."

She offered a shy, small smile, her ponytail swaying gently as she glanced between Chris and the still-closed door, her mind replaying fragments of their club room encounter —

the heat of his body, the skilled touch of his hands, the way he had made her feel desired and overwhelmed in the best possible way.

While Satoru stood in front of the girls, his sharp, observant eyes scanned his sister and the two beautiful girls she had brought with her.

A slight, almost imperceptible lewd grin tugged at the corner of his mouth for a brief moment before he quickly masked it with a polite, neutral expression.

He was dressed in his usual simple black outfit that helped him blend seamlessly into any background – black shirt, black pants, black shoes – his short dark hair neatly combed, his posture relaxed but always alert. As an SCO agent living next door specifically for surveillance, he was used to staying invisible and professional,

but the unexpected sight of three attractive young women at his door stirred a quiet, private interest he pushed aside almost immediately.

His gaze lingered for a fraction of a second longer than necessary on Akane's red sweater and Hanako's modest yet flattering outfit before he refocused.

Satoru, realizing he had been momentarily forgotten in the surprise of seeing someone else, cleared his throat softly and stepped forward a little, bringing the girls' attention back to him.

"Emmm... hello girls?"

His voice was calm and polite, with just a hint of dry amusement as he raised one eyebrow, his black sleeve shifting slightly with the small movement.

Hinata blinked, then smiled warmly at her brother.

"Oh, hello Onii-chan."

Chris looked between them with polite curiosity, his elegant features softening into a gentle smile.

"He is your brother?"

Satoru leaned his head out a little further from behind his partially open door to see who they were talking to. When his eyes landed on Chris, his expression shifted subtly – a flicker of professional recognition mixed with careful caution crossing his face for a brief moment. He asked Hinata, his tone casual but with a probing edge,

"Wait, you know Chris?"

Hinata nodded, trying to sound relaxed and natural even as her crush made every small detail about Chris feel amplified.

"Well yeah... he attends our school with Rin."

She kept her voice light, but inside her heart was still beating faster, her mind replaying the intimate club room memory as she stood there in the hallway.

Satoru's eyes narrowed just a fraction before he recovered with a smooth, polite smile.

"Oh, that's true." He turned toward Chris with practiced ease.

"Well, Chris, this is my little sister Hinata."

He gestured with an open hand, his black sleeve shifting slightly as he introduced her.

Chris offered a graceful nod and a warm, charming smile that reached his eyes.

"Hello y'all . It's nice to see familiar faces outside of school."

Akane and Hanako's eyes widened almost simultaneously as realization dawned on them.

The apartment next door belonged to Chris —

which strongly implied that Rin's apartment was right here too, just on the other side of the wall.

Their expressions shifted from surprise to uneasy excitement, hearts beating faster as they processed the unexpected coincidence.

Akane's red sweater suddenly felt a little tighter around her chest, and Hanako's cardigan sleeve brushed nervously against her side as she exchanged a quick, meaningful glance with Akane, both girls feeling a sudden flutter of nervousness and anticipation at the possibility of seeing Rin so close by.

Akane asked, her voice carrying a mix of curiosity, surprise, and a hint of unease,

"Chris... is Rin in there?"

She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, her comfortable brown boots making a soft sound on the floor as she tried to keep her tone casual, though the slight tension in her shoulders betrayed her inner flutter of emotions.

The hallway fell into a brief, charged silence as the pieces connected – the close proximity of the apartments, the hidden layers of surveillance, and the overlapping lives of everyone involved creating an invisible web of tension and coincidence beneath the seemingly ordinary afternoon visit.

Satoru watched the interaction with sharp, professional interest hidden carefully behind his calm facade, while Hinata tried to steady her racing pulse, her crush on Chris making the entire moment feel even more intense and charged than it already was.

The afternoon visit had taken an unexpected and intriguing turn, with old connections, hidden roles, and quiet secrets quietly humming in the background of this ordinary-looking apartment complex hallway.