

# I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

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Back with Rin and Naoya, Rin suddenly swiped at the air near his neck, like swatting an invisible fly.

"Hm? Did something happen?" Naoya asked, tilting his head.

"No... It's just," Rin answered, rubbing the spot in his neck. "my Lewd Meter suddenly went down a few levels. And it only happens when I'm exerting myself. Weird."

"...Lewd Meter? What's that?" Naoya asked, confused but intrigued.

"Ah! It's nothing, forget I said that—I just blurted it out. Actually, I think a bug bit me or something. So... What's that super important thing you wanted to show me?" Rin asked, changing the subject smoothly.

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Back in the corner, Hanako's shoulders slumped. "I... failed..."

She dropped to her knees, the cool jacket creasing as she stared at the ground, seemingly depressed.

"Hey, hey! It's okay, Hanako-chan!" Hinata made a worried face and knelt beside her immediately, patting her back. "There's a first time for everything. We'll figure it out, I promise."

Akane couldn't help a small, teasing smirk. "Ha, serves you right for trying to control my Rin like that."

But then, Hanako raised her head, and her face was... bizarre; her cheeks were bright red, and a happy smile pulled at her lips.

"Akane, I think you just acquired a love rival," she said softly.

"What?!" Akane yelped. "Why?!"

"But as promised, I will get you and Rin together. But... there's no guarantee I won't steal him for myself later." Hanako pressed her palm against her warm face, her fingers trembling slightly.

"Whoa... Hanako-chan, you're... blushing hard. Where is our Ice Princess?" Hinata stared at her visibly shocked. "But still, I thought your ability works on everyone—even the chairman, for a few minutes... So, who is this guy? Maybe he's naturally immune. Or even more interesting, blessed by a god or spirit."

"N... New contingency plan." Hanako stood up, dusting off her knees. "We'll convert Rin-chan to the Occult club in person!"

"No, that wasn't what we were doing, dumbass!" Akane grabbed Hanako's cheek and pulled, stretching it comically. "And who the hell is Rin-chan now?"

Hanako pried her hand off without losing her gleeful smile.

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While Naoya stood there, scratching his head and wondering why Rin wasn't love-struck by Hanako yet, the three girls emerged from their hiding spot and approached.

"Good morning, Naoya!" Hinata waved cheerfully.

The other two didn't say a word at first; Akane blushing and looking at her feet, and Hanako's cheeks still pink as she avoided Rin's gaze.

Naoya blinked, then acted surprised. "Hinata-san and Kurosawa-san? And... Hachimoto-san? What are you all doing here?"

Hinata grinned with a toothy smile at Rin. "Ah, is this your friend?"

Rin looked at her boredly, his eyes half-lidded, before recognition sparked. "Ah, it's you. You were filming us in there, weren't you?"

""...Eh?"" The three girls reacted in harmony, turning their gazes to him.

Then Rin shifted to Hanako, his expression turning slightly irritated. "Ahhhh, and you're the reason my Lewd Meter went up!"

"L-Lewd Meter?" Hanako stammered, genuinely confused, but still blushing hard.

"You better take responsibility now," Rin muttered.

Then he started stepping toward her without hesitation, slipping his hands around her waist and down the back of her skinny jeans.

His fingers pushed past the waistband, delving into her panties instantly until they met her bare skin. He groped her bare ass tightly; his fingers digging into the spongy, warm flesh, massaging with firm pressure that made her butt cheeks part slightly under his grip.

Akane was immediately horrified. "I-Idiot, what are you doing?!"

Which idiot she was referring to remains unknown.

Hanako herself gasped, her body stiffening as Rin's palms cupped and squeezed her, his thumbs tracing the curve where ass met thigh.

The sensation she felt was instant; heat was spreading from his touch, and her skin was tingling under the rough grip.

"R... Rin-chan, we mustn't—" She opened her mouth to protest, but Rin smashed his lips into hers before a word could escape.

The kiss was vigorous and demanding; his mouth gobbling hers, and his tongue pushing past her lips without prelude.

He tasted faintly of mint and something richer, or rather warmer. His teeth grazed her lower lip as he intensified it, one hand staying buried inside her jeans while the other came up to tilt her chin.

Hanako's breath mingled together with Rin's; hot and rough, as her body pressed involuntarily against his, the fondling turning more insistent.

Rin's fingers spreading her cheeks wider, and exploring the heat between them.

The moment stretched out like her ass, gaudy in its intensity: Hanako's long black hair swaying as she leaned into him despite herself, her cool jacket rumpling against his shirt, the faint sounds of their lips parting and meeting again echoing in the peaceful spot.

The onlookers were left wondering what in the world was even happening anymore.

Finally, Rin pulled back, withdrawing his hands from her pants

"Ah, it's wet." His fingers came away wet; glistening with Hanako's excitement, and a clear evidence of how her body had responded.

Hanako regained some composure, then she realized Rin was staring at her fluid. She blushed hard, trying to get a handkerchief to clean it off, but—

LICK.

Hanako's eyes went wide, her face—together with everyone's there—went full scarlet. Rin gently sucked and relished her fluid off his fingers, as if he was licking some very high-quality soup off them.

When he finished, he looked at them and suddenly smiled like a happy kid.

"Ahaha. My Lewd Meter is back to 100%. Thanks, stranger! And thanks, Naoya, for bringing her to me. It really was super important—though she's the cause of the meter going down."

Then he glanced at Akane, "Oh, hey, Akane! You never returned for classes, huh? Anyway, if there's nothing else, bye."

The group only stood frozen in stunned silence—Akane’s mouth hanging open, Hinata’s glasses fogging slightly, and Naoya blinking and blushing rapidly—as Rin walked away casually, hands in his pockets.

"My... My first kiss..." everyone ignored the love-struck Hanako trembling with joy.

"...Wait, who is Kiyoshi Rin again?" Hinata asked for a second time, her voice diminutive.

## Chapter 12: Surveillance Log Pt 1 – The Wet Slap of Skin On Skin

Uhm, my name is Minami Satoru.

I like to think of myself as a professional.

I’m twenty-eight years old, with short dark hair, dark eyes, and always dressed in black: black coat, black shirt, black pants, black shoes, black underwear (though that detail is unnecessary).

The idea of this black uniform is to blend into shadows and become invisible.

Unfortunately, the universe has a twisted sense of humor. I tend to attract more attention every single time:

Women glance twice as they pass, men stare longer than they should, kids point at me, and the cops are now my day-to-day companions.

I've stopped asking why it keeps happening. I just accept it as second nature and keep working diligently.

By the way, I have an ability: the ability is simple—I can see through things. Walls, clothes, flesh, whatever stands between me and what I need to observe becomes invisible.

X-ray vision without the radiation, I guess.

And it's pretty handy for surveillance.

Quick Note: I SWEAR ON MY BADGE I'M NOT A PERVERT! I ABSOLUTELY DON'T USE IT TO SPY ON RANDOM PEOPLE IN THE SHOWER OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!

...Only when the job demands it, though. And right now, the job demands a lot.

My target is Chris.

No last name on record. And no clear gender marker in any database.

He has an androgynous face, medium-length golden hair, blue eyes behind thin glasses, and a small beauty mark under the left one.

His voice is smooth and neutral; meaning he could belong to either gender. But due to his choice of clothes, I refer to him as "male," for now.

The Supernatural Control Organization flagged him years ago because of his side hustle at Comiket. He sells self-published manga and novels...

Okay yeah, nothing's illegal about that. Plenty of creators do it.

But the problem is the content he creates.

Every single story he produces describes real-life crimes committed by the villain known as Dragon Lord Ryū.

I mean, word for word. Even dates, locations, and victim names. Methods of execution, and the exact phrases Ryū whispered to near-dead witnesses.

All these are details no civilian should know.

No to mention, editors approach him constantly, offering juicy contracts, advances, and serialization deals.

But he refuses every single one politely, with a beautiful smile. Then he disappears back into obscurity, till the next Comiket.

For a while now, he has been working for a college kid named Kiyoshi Rin. As a butler, or personal assistant, or manager. Or whatever title you want to give it.

Rin himself is nothing special on paper.

Just an eye-catching second-year at Tokyo Metropolitan University with decent grades. He has no registered ability or magic prowess, and also no criminal record.

He used to live in Nara prefecture with his parents, but now stays with this cute younger sister named Chiyo, two suspiciously perfect maids (Inferna and Munganda), and a hot unemployed girl named Karen who never seems to leave the apartment... or do anything, really.

Occasionally strange visitors show up; powerful-looking types who challenge Rin to fights, then vanish from all surveillance the moment they step inside. Weird, but not my assignment to research.

My assignment is Chris.

Nonetheless, I moved into the apartment next door for easy surveillance. The thinner walls make my ability do the rest effortlessly.

Today is day seventy-three of observation.

I sit in my darkened living room, blinds half-closed, binoculars on the wall even though I don't need them.

The view through the wall is pitch perfect. Rin's apartment is open-plan—kitchen, living room, and the couch in clear sight.

Hmm.

Right now Inferna is riding him reverse on that couch.

Oh god, she's magnificent.

Voluptuous doesn't even cover it.

Her tanned skin glowing under the afternoon light filtering through their curtains, her long red hair swinging like fire as she slams down onto his cock again and again.

Her breasts bounce heavily with each drop, plump and round, her nipples brown and solid.

Those wide, sexy hips roll in such perfect tempo, thick thighs flexing as she swallows him deeper.

**GULP!**

Her slender hands curls around his leg possessively, the fingers twitching every time she lands a combo on his dick.

The wet slap of skin on skin carries through the wall; though my ability lets me hear them, as if the sound was clarified.

Inferna's expression stays somewhat stoic, and almost emotionless, but her yellow eyes burn with focus, and they roll in occasionally.

Kiyoshi Rin—that lucky bastard—lies beneath her, his arms behind his head, looking utterly bored.

No, he looks even depressed. Like he's waiting for a bus that's perpetually late.

From the kitchen, Chiyo yells, "Someone should clean the bathroom while I cook! It's disgusting in there!"

Inferna doesn't break the rhythm. "A-Are you ready to cum, Goshujin-sama?!" she asks, her voice faint but steady despite the frantic pace.

Rin sighs. "Hm? Ah, sorry. I was just remembering how I couldn't fight Leviathan because of my Lewd Meter that keep going up lately. But yeah, I think I'll cum in... yes, I'll cum in the next three hours."

"Three hours?!" Chiyo spins around from the stove, spatula in hand. "That's unreasonable, Onii-chan!"

Ah, she marches over there, grabs Rin by the wrist, and yanks him out from under Inferna.

His cock slips free with a wet sound, still hard and glistening with Inferna's wetness. Inferna makes a small disappointed noise but sits back on her heels.

Eep! I shouldn't be watching this! But it's too late. I'm addicted already.

"Clean it now." Chiyo drags him toward the bathroom. "I'm not doing everything while you fornicate!"

I take a very, very long sigh and collapse on my chair.

So yeah, as I was saying, there is absolutely nothing special about the bastard, Kiyoshi Rin. And I don't pray to God every day to make him burn in a fire.

Nevertheless, THIS is what I watch every day.

Hours of this... "maintenance," as they call it.

And "Lewd Meter?" they've been saying it a lot, but I have no idea what that actually means.

I've seen Inferna ride him in every position imaginable. Munganda on her knees, her tongue wrapped around him like a sexy rope. Karen bouncing on his groin with her tongue slouching out—that crazed perv.

Even Chris sometimes joins in; giving efficient handjobs while dictating schedules.

And Chiyo... she just watches and blushes. She yells about chores, but she watches. I don't think she should be tormenting herself like that, though.

## Chapter 13: Surveillance Log Pt 2 – Do You Wish to See My Genitals?

I shift in my chair, my hand already inside my pants. Inferna's naked body is still in view; her breasts were heaving, and her thighs were so damn oily, her arms swaying lazily.

I immediately began stroking myself in time with the memory of her hips slamming down on that bastard's cock. And it doesn't take long before my release hits hard, spattering over my fingers as I bite back a groan.

Yes. This is my life now.

Surveillance and boners and masturbations.

Somebody save me.

Though, there's nothing suspicious from Chris himself.

He occasionally cooks, cleans, organizes Rin's schedule, and sells manga at Comiket under a pen name called "Mephisto."

Oh, but it turns out, the novels are actually written by Kiyoshi Rin—handwritten drafts I've seen through the walls.

Chris only illustrates them perfectly, accurately depicting the moments of Ryū's crimes, but no proof of direct contact.

Ara? Doesn't that make Kiyoshi Rin the person we should be targeting? He's the brain behind Ryū's written history...

But since he's nothing special, and I want him to not totally die in a fire, let's just continue watching Chris for now.

Anyway, there haven't been any meetings with the Dragon Lord himself. And no phone calls linking them too.

Just a college kid and his entourage living weirdly domestic lives.

I wipe my hand on a tissue, pull my pants back up, and start typing the daily report.

[Subject: Chris (alleged alias) - Day 73]

[No anomalous activity. Target continues domestic duties for Kiyoshi Rin. Kiyoshi Rin exhibits unusual acts with entourage.]

Lewd Meter references persist; possibly an internal quirk or hormone mechanic.

No evidence linking target to Dragon Lord Ryū beyond published works. Recommend continued observation.]

I hit send.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

The knocking sound comes from my own door.

I freeze. Then I activate my ability without thinking, as a professional. Through the wood, through the hallway, I see him.

Chris stands on the other side, so impossibly beautiful: Golden hair catching the hallway light like a halo. His blue eyes calm behind those cute glasses. His small beauty mark under the left eye.

As usual, black business coat, crisp shirt, and slacks tailored perfectly to his slender frame. He holds nothing in his hands, however.

My heart rate spikes. I've seen him come to my door many times, but I still get so nervous.

I stand, smooth my shirt, take a breath, then walk towards the door and open it.

"Afternoon, good neighbor," Chris says, his voice melodious and neutral. And his ethereal smile curves his lips. "I wanted to borrow your electric stove once more. Sadly, my master hasn't made enough treasures—or effort—to acquire one for himself. And Chiyo-sama needs to finish multiple meals soon."

I feel heat crawl up my neck. "Uh... sure. Come in—or wait, I'll get it."

I turn and walk to the kitchen, then grab the small portable stove from the counter

When I hand it over, my hands trembling, Chris accepts it with both hands, bowing slightly. "You have my thanks, oh good neighbor."

Then he turns to leave.

"Uh, haha, it m-might be weird to ask but," I blurt before I can stop myself "...Are you a guy or a girl?"

Chris pauses from my inquiry. That smile of his then widens just a little bit. "Oh my. I do get asked that a lot."

He sets the stove on the floor gently. Then, without hesitation, he grips the hem of his shirt and pulls it up to his neck.

Ack!!

H-His pale skin, flat chest, and those small, pink nipples standing out against the smooth expanse...

Though, there were no trace of breasts. There WAS this slim waist and a faint definition of abs under the skin.

My mouth instantly goes dry. I feel so damn lucky to be alive.

Chris tilts his head. "As you can see, there are no breasts here."

I can't look away from those nipples, though; Something about the way they pebble slightly in the hallway air.

"Do you wish to see my genitals?" he asks again calmly.

"Ah?! N-No, this is enough. Sorry for the trouble."

"Understood." Chris lowers his shirt, smooths it down, then picks up the stove again. "Now if you would excuse me..."

He walks the few steps back to his own door. And I watch the sway of his hips like a pervert, the perfect curve of his petite ass under the slacks.

The door closes behind him.

Ring, Ring.

The moment I enter my house, my phone rings.

I answer without looking.

"Minami-san, any reports?"

"Ah. Yes. I think I'm into BL now."

A long pause on the other end.

"...What? Uh, good for you I guess. But I was asking about the anomaly called Chris."

"Yes, that's what I said?"

More silence.

"Minami-san, please focus. Do you have any update on the target?"

I glance at the wall. Through it, I see Rin scrubbing the bathroom floor on his knees while Chiyo lectures him.

Inferna stands guard there, her arms crossed. And Munganda cuts something in the kitchen as Chris arrives to drop the electric stove. Karen... she just naps on the couch as always.

"Nothing off," I say finally. "Chris is male, and he is very breathtaking. Also, I'd like to keep watching him for a while longer."

Another pause from my superior.

"A-Approved. But Minami-san, be careful. The target might be very well a servant of the Dragon Lord Ryu."

"Understood, sir."

I end the call and sit back down.

I guess I get to keep watching this reality show... but a part of me wants to join in, though.

## Chapter 14: Rin-chan, You Can Grope Me Anyhow You Want, If You Join Our Club

The Occult Research Society clubroom smelled faintly of old books, incense, and the lingering sweetness of Hinata's strawberry gum. The afternoon sunlight slanted through half-closed blinds, painting thin golden bars across the cluttered table where six members sat in varying states of boredom and tension.

Akane stood at the head of the table with her arms crossed very tightly, her expression denoting her displeasure.

Her auburn hair was slightly mussed from running her hands through it too many times.

"Hey," she said with a rising voice, "you haven't gotten me together with Rin as you promised! And I haven't forgotten what you both did a few days ago!"

Hinata leaned back in her chair, her dark green short hair fell over her eyes.

Then she pushed her glasses up with one finger, trying for a pacifying smile. "Whoa, whoa, Akane-chan. It wasn't us, remember? Kiyoshi Rin is the one who molested Hanako. We were just... observing. For research purposes, one could say."

Nishikata Shiki—a tall, lanky guy, with messy black hair and perpetually angry brows—slammed his palm on the table.

"Molested? That wasn't just molestation! That bastard broke our Ice Princess! I mean, look at her now!"

He pointed dramatically at the corner where Hanako sat curled in a chair, her knees drawn up, and her long black hair curtaining her face.

She wasn't crying, of course. She was only busy giggling softly to herself with cheeks flushed pink, and her fingers frisking at the hem of her dark jacket.

Kitagawa Nagumo, the cool guy in the hoodie who rarely spoke, leaned against the wall with his arms folded. "It's serious, though, that Kiyoshi Rin could elude Hanako's Love Gaze. That's Special Grade level ability, and no one, so far, as ever resisted it before."

Yamada Naoya, with his light brown hair ruffled, and his green eyes bright with nervous energy, raised a hand.

"Look, Rin isn't the problem." He started, "I mean, yeah, the ability didn't work on him, which is weird, but the real threats are his followers. Those maids and the butler? Even the NEET girl in his house. They're dangerous people. And I think Rin doesn't even know how ominous they are."

After hearing Naoya's report, Hanako suddenly stood up, as her chair scraped loudly. "Then we've got to protect Rin-chan!"

Akane's head whipped toward her. "Hey! Keep your hands off him!"

But Hanako was already moving, her jacket flapping as she headed for the door. Akane chased after her, yelling something incoherent about dibs.

However, like a joke from the universe, they didn't make it far.

Because, the moment they stepped into the hallway, they collided with him.

Kiyoshi Rin.

"Ah." Akane froze mid-step.

The previous fire in her eyes had now vanished; her cheeks bloomed red, as she stared at his chest like it had personally offended her.

Hanako, on the other hand, lit up like a struck match. But she couldn't say anything, with her mouth opening and closing silently.

Spotting people, Rin looked down at them both, his bangs falling slightly across his eyes.

"Oh, it's Akane. What's up? Incidentally, is this your club?"

Akane swallowed. "Y-Yes. But I'm planning to dump them soon because they're useless—"

Before she could finish the sentence, Hanako lunged forward and fell against Rin's chest, her arms wrapping around his waist.

"R... Rin-chan! Please, join the Occult club!"

Rin glanced at her and raised a brow.

"Rin-chan? Is that me?" He squinted down at her face, focusing on her eyes. "Ah. I remember you. You're that kawaii Onee-san that helped me with my Lewd Meter. So you're with the Occult club, huh? Well, if you really want me to join, talk to my manager."

"K-Kawaii?!"

"Ack! Hey, that's unfair?!" Rin suddenly yelled at the air, startling the two girls.

Then, his hand moved before anyone could react. He reached behind Hanako again, creeping his fingers behind Hanako's ass and groped her hard.

"Ah! Not this again!" Akane yelled, horrified yet flushed.

Rin's fingers prodded into her soft, perky butt, kneading the round curve, and spreading her cheeks slightly under the fabric.

"Hngh! Ah..." Hanako squeaked happily, her body trembling as she pressed tighter against him.

"You... You can grope me anyhow you want, Rin-chan, if you join our club..." she whispered, her voice shaking with heat.

Akane's jaw was dropped at the scene.

But then she snapped out of it, moving into view. "No way! Hey, Rin, you can also g-grope me if you join too! I'll kill you if you do, though."

"Eh? Why is my life suddenly threatened?" Rin pulled his hand away from Hanako's ass, then glanced at her flushed face, "Ah, I'm so sorry about that. GoG just threatened to deck my Lewd Meter and I responded instinctively. But you truly are a lifesaver. Thanks."

Akane fluttered her eyelid, staring at Rin. "By the way, what is this Lewd Meter thing you keep mentioning?"

"Uhm..." Rin glanced around the hallway as if the answer might be written on the walls. Then he shrugged. "Yes! It means I'm horny. If I say Lewd Meter all of a sudden, take it to mean I got horny."

Hanako's blush deepened, as she looked away shyly. "So... Rin-chan is horny now..."

"Hey, cut that out! You're supposed to be helping me!" Akane snapped.

At Akane's words, Hanako gasped; her normally half-lidded eyes suddenly snapped wide open at once.

Then something palpable changed. The dazed, giggly haze from before cleared from her eyes.

She straightened herself and her expression turning serious.

"Please, forgive me. I don't normally act like this, but I have suddenly become infatuated with Rin-chan... But as I promised, I will get you two together!"

"...Huh?" Akane was a bit alarmed by the shift, but accepted, "Well, as long as you understand."

Then Hanako turned fully to Rin, with a steady voice again. "Rin-chan, I think I'm in love with you!"

"Chotto!!" Akane nearly collapsed.

But she continued without pause. "...However... despite my love for you, can you please go out with Hachimoto Akane?!"

"Sure." Rin answered immediately.

"Eh...? Ah, I mean, that's wonderful." Hanako's eyes began to well up with tears as she turned to Akane. "You... You s-see? I told you I w... would do it!"

## Chapter 15: Take Off Your Clothes, All of You

"Sure." Rin answered immediately.

"Eh...? Ah, I mean, that's wonderful." Hanako's eyes began to well up with tears as she turned to Akane. "You... You s-see? I told you I w... would do it!"

Akane made a wry smile, before turning to Rin. Her face was bright red, as she smiled a bit.

But then she pushed her chest up in pride. "Hey, what are you agreeing to all of a sudden? At least th-think about it more!"

Rin tilted his head. "Hm? I like Akane."

Akane's tears spilled over at the sound of that. Finally, her dream had come tru—

"I like Akane, so going out to get something like ice cream or a movie won't be too bad." Rin sadly finished his statement.

"What?! Ah, yes." Akane wiped her tears furiously with her sleeve, her face scarlet from embarrassment. "That was definitely what I was also thinking!"

"Heh." Hanako smirked mockingly at her, wiping her own tears.

"Ah, and about the invitation... Uhm..." Rin scratched the back of his neck, wondering what her name was.

"H-Hanako!" she suddenly raised a hand, "Kurosawa Hanako is my name."

"Got it. About your invitation, you can talk to my manager here about it."

Suddenly—frightening Akane, Hanako, and the five Occult club members peeking around the corner—Chris was standing there.

The truth is, he had been there the entire time, silent and completely unnoticed.

"Hey, Chris," Rin addressed him casually. "It seems they want me to join their sect or something. I have a battle with Thyúíowre the Void Keeper in the next few minutes, and I've recharged my Lewd Meter with Hanako-chan's super squishy ass, so no need to worry. But can you help me see if the cult thing is worth it?"

"Understood, Rin-sama." Chris adjusted his glasses. "I will thoroughly screen them all to see if they're worthy."

"I leave it to you, then."

Rin waved at the group—including Hanako, who blushed furiously at being called "Hanako-chan" and commended for having a "super squishy ass"—and walked away without another word.

When Rin was out of sight, Chris turned to face the club members, with his ever ethereal smile wavering a little.

"I have a packed schedule," he said calmly with his gender-neutral voice, "so let us make this swift. In short, take off your clothes, all of you."

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After Rin disappeared around the corner, the hallway outside the Occult Research Society clubroom fell quiet.

Chris stood perfectly still for three seconds, but then the otherworldly smile he had worn in Rin's presence vanished completely.

His blue eyes turned flat and cold behind his thin glasses.

"Take off your clothes, all of you," he ordered.

"H-Huh?!" Akane's voice cracked the silence. "Why the hell do we have to do that?!"

Chris did not give an answer.

Except, with one swift, fluid motion he stepped forward, and gathered the six students—Akane, Hinata, Hanako, Naoya, Shiki, Nagumo—then herded them back into the clubroom, like they were plush dolls.

The door closed with a decisive SNAP, then he turned the lock.

...Only then did he glance over his shoulder slowly.

"Look, humans, I earlier spoke of my packed schedule..." he said, his voice low and even, "don't make me repeat myself again. Undress. NOW."

No one there could explain why... Why did their bodies feel obliged to obey him?

Hypnosis? Compulsion? Or just a primordial fear of an unknown variable?

Their minds comprehended that this was unreasonable, humiliating, and ridiculous. Yet the command settled into them as if ice was in their veins.

"GULP!" the six throats worked at once.

Then six pairs of hands began to move.

Hinata unbuttoned her jeans with trembling fingers, pushed them down her thighs, and stepped out. Her pale blouse slid off her shoulders, revealing dark bra and matching panties that hugged her slim hips.

When she was done, she crossed her arms over her chest.

Akane yanked her T-shirt over her head in one angry motion, her auburn hair tumbling free. Her baggy pants dropped to the floor, revealing cute cotton panties printed with tiny strawberries and a plain white bra.

Hanako moved more sluggishly. She shrugged off the dark jacket, then peeled her red gown over her head. Her crimson lingerie waited underneath; a lace bra that lifted her moderate breasts high, matching thong that disappeared between the curves of her ass, with garter straps clipped to sheer stockings.

Naoya peeled off his green sweater, then the T-shirt beneath, revealing lean muscle. His blue jeans followed, exposing his boxers that clung tightly to his hips and the bulge beneath.

Shiki stripped reluctantly. His shirt came off to show a slender frame with narrow shoulders, and a flat stomach. Only his brown briefs remained.

Nagumo tugged the hoodie over his head without expression, followed by his shirt and jeans. Only his plain gray boxer remained.

It was almost as if they were at gunpoint, being shook down for money.

The six lined up shoulder to shoulder, facing Chris like soldiers at inspection.

The clubroom smelled of old paper and incense, but now the sharp scent of nervous skin joined the frolic.

Hinata scowled, with a small but defiant voice. "Why are you making us do this?"

Chris stepped closer to her. His fingers trailed lightly down her side; over the curve of her ribs, the dip of her waist, and the swell of her hip.

Hinata shivered under his subtle touch.

"My master," Chris answered calmly, "has a problem. He suddenly needs to sexually vent. Without warning, and quite frequently too."

"So your master is a pervert."

"If he is going to spend time away from his followers and with you people," Chris ignored her aside and continued, "I must ensure you can satisfy his needs."

Shiki raised a shaky hand. "Uh, but we're guys!"

"It does not matter the gender," Chris replied without looking at him. "if you have the skill, it is sufficient."

Nagumo then narrowed his eyes on Chris. "You... You're the one who keeps publishing novels about the Dragon Lord Ryū's atrocities... Word for word."

Every head snapped toward Nagumo, then back to Chris.

Chris inclined his head slightly at Nagumo's remark.

"That is correct. I am a fan of his exploits, not a criminal as those organizations deem me." Then his tone flattened. "Though, Incidentally, are any of you part of the 'heroes'? I refuse to allow my master any association with such a grou—"