

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Thruíowre added more force with a deep grunt, then the space below them crumbled and shattered, the void giving way completely.

It was no slow descent, nor was it a dramatic fall; but it was sudden, like a merciless absence of foothold. Gravity—or whatever cruel imitation of it was there—seized Rin and his opponent, then yanked them downward.

The maids fell too, their skirts fluttering upward in the rushing wind that howled through the new dimension.

Munganda's black skirt lifted high, revealing sheer black panties edged with delicate lace that clung to her pale thighs like a second skin.

However, Inferna's skirt rose as well, but there was nothing beneath; only smooth and bare dark lower lips, and the faint glint of scales along her inner thighs, shameless and unapologetic.

Neither made a sound regarding their impending fall, and they stood still as they went down with practiced grace, with Inferna's tails slightly coiling for balance, and their eyes still closed as though the drop were merely an inconvenience.

Thrúiwre landed before Rin, but it was almost as if the ground had risen to meet them rather than the other way around. Their massive frame struck the new surface with perfect stillness, the armor absorbing the impact without a tremor.

The Titan stood still like a carved stone as they landed, their sword already raised again, and the starry red glow inside the helmet sweeping the new landscape.

They had arrived in an endless plain of green grasses that stretched under a bruised bluish-purple sky. The blades of the grasses swayed in unnatural silence; over here, there was no wind or lifeforms, only the faint rustle of reality trying to remember how to exist here.

That is, this world hadn't been fully made yet.

Inferna and Munganda dropped to the ground a heartbeat later, landing lightly on bent knees, their skirts settling around them with elegant finality.

They rose in unison, with their expressions unchanged. However, Rin, their master, was nowhere to be found.

Thrúiwre began to glance around the expanse of grasses to find him.

But soon and without warning, a flash of crimson light shone and Rin was suddenly at Thrúiwre's face.

He had appeared in a blink, his golden short sword already drawn back to swing.

SLASH!

Then he swung at Thrúiwre's head.

The blade resonated through the air with a fearsome high, keening shriek; like glass shattering across a thousand dimensions at once.

And the ground going miles away from them split up from the force.

The slash carved a perfect line through reality. Grass, earth, sky, and clouds; everything along the arc's way tore open in a glowing fissure that stretched horizon to horizon.

The under-developed world creaked from the intensity, as distant mountains trembled.

But...

CRACK, CRASH!

Rin's sword cracked, then shattered on the helmet of Thrúiwre.

Its golden fragments exploded outward like dying fireworks, dissolving into motes before they hit the ground. The impact rang through Rin's arms, shaking his bone and muscle.

In spite of this, Thrúiwre did not even wince. Because, they were ready for the impact.

And with a heavy head-butt, Thrúiwre retaliated: they slammed Rin into the ground with a deep roar. The Titan's helmet met Rin's forehead in a brutal collision that cracked the space itself.

On the ground, Rin's vision flashed white, as he tasted his own blood.

But then the Titan's foot came down on him, several times, like an angry elephant on a mouse, each stomp driving Rin deeper into the soil.

The planet shook violently under the pressure, as cracks raced outward in spider web patterns.

Then Thrúíowre raised his foot—coating it in clouds of darkness—and stomped so hard, the dimension cracked again and fell in, taking them to another location: a snowy mountain. The world had folded like wet paper.

One moment was the endless grass; but the next one was a biting wind and blinding white.

Rin and Thrúíowre had plummeted through the previous tear together, Thrúíowre still on Rin, landing in a crouch on a frozen peak that overlooked a valley of jagged ice spires. Snow whipped around them in furious spirals.

The maids appeared an instant later, standing on a nearby ledge, but unlike their previous serene expressions, Inferna and Munganda had their faces etched with evident concern and uncertainty.

Rin leapt off the ground where he laid to some distance away from Thrúíowre, shaking the snow from his hair.

Not giving him a moment to recover, Thrúíowre had come upon him and slashed at him.

The ornate sword swept in a wide horizontal arc.

The cut was clean and ruthless, slicing the majority of the whole mountain itself, causing it simply to cease to exist—peak, ridge, and half the slope carved off and vanished in a single stroke, leaving a sheer drop into mist-filled abyss.

Snow and rock tumbled after the missing mass like an afterthought.

But Rin wasn't caught up in the disaster. No, he had twisted himself and avoided being cut with the paramount.

He spun mid-air, his body twisting at an impossible angle, and his crimson aura flaring to push him clear. His feet touched the ground, sliding backward down the ruined slope.

Thrúíowre was surprisingly fast despite their heavy-looking body. They chased after Rin, slashing and stomping at him with dimension-wrecking force.

Each swing tore chunks from the mountain; each stomp sent avalanches roaring down the flanks.

It wasn't known if life existed in this world. But if there were people below the mountain, they must have regrettably met their end by now.

Rin quickly darted between Thrúíowre's strikes, but his breath was coming in short bursts. He immediately began to mutter strange words under his breath as he ran and evaded.

"[Grønni Fángelsi, taki óvin minn!]," Rin whispered.

And in response to his command, thick thorny vines erupted from below, bursting through ice and stone like flexible spears.

They wrapped themselves like anacondas around Thrúíowre's arm and torso in an instant, the thorns attempting to drill into his living armor.

And the Titan halted for the first time, their legs rooted, but they still calmed with some restrained power.

Then Rin jumped high and floated in the air before Thrúíowre, his eyes went pure white and his hair went completely blonde, and he began to chant a spell in an eerie ancient language:

"Δ+Δ\|/α Η Θ Û Ö 8 Ł Ϛ ? B λ ϫ ϕ; ≠ ã ϑ ϖ!!"

The words were not spoken so much as torn from reality. Each syllable warped the air, leaving afterimages of fractured characters flying around.

Soon, the heavens above Thrúíowre opened up with a large crimson-violet eye looking down on them. The pupil tightened, focusing on the target. Then it began to hum with an electric cadence, glowing brighter, and ready to discharge.

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With a roar, Thrúíowre shook their body and the vines broke.

Immediately, the thorns began to snap like dry twigs, as they moved. Their armor rippled more violently, shedding fragments of the greenery that later dissolved into smoke.

The Titan raised their sword with both hands and drew deeply. Each of the words quaking the mountain: "DEVOUR IT, VOID OF VOID, INTO MY HOLLOW REALM!"

From the upwardly pointed large sword, a great pool of darkness surged upward, smashing into the ray of light pouring down.

The impact was utterly cataclysmic: Light and dark collided in a straight line that turned the area around the clash into glittering night in broad daylight.

Somehow, shadows bled into radiance, and radiance bled into shadow. The sky around the impact fluctuated between noon and midnight in stuttering beats.

BBBOOOOMMMM!!

Soon the battle between Rin's light and Thrúiwre's darkness ended in a large explosion that swallowed the entire frost mountain.

A sphere of pure annihilation had bloomed outward, erasing the peak, all the snow, and all the stones—virtually everything within a few miles were devoured. The blast wave rolled across the landscape, flattening lesser ridges, and hurling ice shards like shrapnel.

If the only life in this world was around a mile radius, there probably wasn't life on the planet any longer.

Rin and his maids had left the immediate area of the collision, only watching from afar as the space emptied.

They stood on a distant ridge that had survived due to their protective barriers, only the wind whipping their clothes.

Rin's white glowing eyes soon returned back to their deep blue, and his golden hair slowly bled back to its original color at the roots.

"Well..." He breathed hard, his left hand pressed to his ribs, and his eyes narrowed at the settling dust cloud 150 meters below. "That had to put a dent in Thrúiwre... Though..."

But Rin wasn't satisfied yet. He went on to search for Thrúíowre in the aftermath, just to be sure he did a number on them.

"Master!"

However, Munganda's voice came a little late.

CRUUSHH!

The crushing sound of bone resounded as Thrúíowre's fist collided with Rin's left arm as he tried to defend against it.

Thrúíowre had emerged from the shadows behind him; their armor was slightly scorched but still intact, their starry red glow blazing even brighter than before.

The blow landed cleanly, and Rin's arm twisted at a sickening angle with a wet snap.

Pain exploded through Rin's shoulder, as he glided backward across the scorched ground, his sneakers digging furrows to slow himself until they completely unraveled leaving only Rin's bare feet. And blood trailed from his mouth from the direct impact.

Looking back at the battle, Thrúíowre was on him again; before Rin would react, they had begun stomping him viciously as whatever planet they were on shook terribly from the force.

Boot after boot came down, and each of the impact cratered the ground deeper. Rin's body bounced helplessly with every strike, his ribs making cracking sounds, and breath forced from his lungs in ragged gasps.

The maids watched from the ridge, had their hands clenched at their sides, with evident worry painting their features; but, of course, they still did not move to help.

This was the usual ritual. And helping when they weren't asked to would make Rin immensely disappointed with them.

Rin, however, was face down in the large crater made from his own beating.

Ashes mixed with dirt and blood around him. His hoodie was well torn, with one sleeve hanging only by threads.

Thrúíowre then raised a long leg high, nearly 15 feet high.

And with a great force, Thrúíowre descended the foot on Rin.

The stomp was apocalyptic.

The impact so much, that it forced them both to sink quickly into the earth, moving fast through layers of rock, earth, and molten stones from friction.

The soil screeched past them as they drilled further, pressure building. Then they landed—Thrúíowre's foot still pinning Rin—on a surface beneath the earth, a cave of sorts.

The cavern was vast, and only lit by faint phosphorescent veins in the walls. Stalactites hung like jagged teeth overhead, but were beginning to melt from the heat of the battle—I mean, beating.

Rin lay beneath the Titan's boot, his chest heaving, and blood trickling from his nose and the corner of his mouth.

Thrúíowre loomed above him, with their sword planted point-down beside them, and their armor steaming from the earlier clash.

The cave trembled once they had hit it, but it soon fell silent.

Rin coughed wetly, with a slow and bloody grin spreading across his face.

Thrúiwre's feet was still on Rin, on a surface beneath the earth, a cave of sorts.

The cavern was immense and dim, lit only by thin veins of pale blue phosphorescence that crawled along the walls like dying lightning.

Stalactites hung overhead in jagged clusters, dripping slow water that plinked against stone far below. The air there was thick and heavy with mineral dampness and the faint metallic tang of crushed rock.

Thrúiwre's dark boot pressed down on Rin's chest; immensely crushing and firm enough that every breath came shallow and labored.

Rin's torn hoodie spread beneath him like dark wings, his own blood already soaking through the fabric from his mouth and nose.

But Thrúiwre didn't stop there. They began to pound Rin on the ground with their large fists as the cave shook violently.

Each blow landed like a falling boulder from heaven.

The first fist drove into Rin's ribs with a wet crunch that echoed off the walls. The second slammed his shoulder back into stone, cracking it further. The third struck his side, forcing him to hiss in a sharp gasp.

Chapter 23: Master, I Plead With You, Concede Defeat!

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The cavern trembled with every single impact, like an earthquake—the stalactites rattled, dust and loam rained from the ceiling, cracks raced upward like lightning in reverse.

The phosphorescent veins blinked unsteadily, casting wild shadows that danced across the Titan's unmoving helmet. Rin's body jerked with each hit, his arms pinned uselessly at his sides, blood smearing his lips as he refused to cry out in yield or give up.

With a final hammer slam to Rin's rib cage, the entire cave imploded and shattered like a thousand crystals.

The blow was utterly thunderous.

Rin's abdomen caved inward under the force, a choked sound escaping him. Then even the ceiling gave way.

Massive slabs of rock tore free and plummeted from even afar, as the floor distorted and bent. Then everything that was in this cave dropped through the shattering bedrock in a roaring drop. Darkness and silence began to swallow

everything, broken only by tumbling sparks of the phosphorescence and the distant rumble of falling earth.

They all fell until they appeared and landed in a volcanic area, the weather cloudier and violent.

The new realm was a scorched plain under a sky the color of nasty old bruises. Black ash drifted like dark snow in the air.

Lava rivers glowed dull red in the distance, their heat warping the space into shimmering waves. Thunder rolled, but there was no lightning to be seen, just low and relentless roar.

The ground was cracked under the landing of the fighters, still quite warm underfoot. The sulfur here could sting the lungs and easily kill the weak.

Rin had hit the surface hard first, then Thrúíowre landed beside him, their armor ringing against stone without a dent.

"You still refuse to yield, Kiyoshi Rin?"

Rin was bloodied and breathing labored, his eyes were closed and his clothes were ragged, practically useless now.

"And I liked this hoodie, too. Too bad," Rin rasped as he coughed more blood.

The blood soaked his deep blue hair to his forehead. And his left arm dangled at a grotesque angle, the bone discernibly misaligned.

Shallow breaths rattled in his chest, each one bubbling and pained. He lay motionless for long seconds, with the only movement being the slow rise and fall of his ribs.

"Fool. You will perish at this rate," Thrúíowre shifted their massive head, "Drop this silliness already. You cannot defeat me."

A little while later, the space tore a bit farther from them—a purple rift splitting the air with a soft crack—and worried maids came out of it, horrified at their master's state.

Inferna and Munganda had stepped out of the portal in perfect unison, but they were restless.

Inferna's golden horns caught the dull volcanic glow, and Munganda's black hair whipped in the sulfur wind.

But their worried expressions worsened the instant they saw Rin.

"G... Goshujin... sama..." Inferna's yellow eyes widened.

"Master, I plead with you, concede defeat!" Munganda's white-slit pupils contracted to pinpoints.

Both of them had frozen in fear for a moment, but then they disregarded Rin's orders and began to walk towards him.

Thruíowre faced the duo, the light in their eyes blazing bright in warning, "Do not interfere, sycophants."

They stopped immediately, gritting their teeth.

"You're killing him!" Munganda yelled, but stilled the moment she saw the bright look in Rin's eyes.

He wasn't done playing yet, and it broke his maids heart.

Thrúiwre ignored them and walked over the beat-up Rin, then raised a hand and the dark giant ornate sword fogged into being. The blade materialized from swirling shadow, those patterns shifting along its edge.

Thrúiwre lifted it high, point aimed downward at Rin's chest. The starry red glow inside the helmet locked on the mess that used to be Rin, firm and determined.

"Farewell, Kiyoshi Rin," the rumble of a voice boomed across the scorching environment, "being the merciful individual I am, I shall cast your soul into the reincarnation cycle of your world. Rest assured, you will not simply hover over the void after your death."

Then they raised up the sword... And just stayed that way.

Rin looked at Thrúiwre slowly, his beat-up face heartbreaking. "What...? If you're going to do it, make it quick..."

His voice was hoarse and barely above a whisper, with blood bubbling out from the corner of his mouth.

His blue eyes, marked with blood and dull now, met the red glow of Thrúíowre without fear, only weary entertainment.

But Thrúíowre only watched him with those starry red glows for eyes.

SMASHHH!

Before they would say anything, something had moved fast and powerfully struck Thrúíowre's head upward.

With the force raising their head up, Thrúíowre saw him skyward smiling cheerfully.

Rin had suddenly leapt up and punched Thrúíowre.

The strike came from nowhere; Rin's good fist, wrapped in bright golden aura, slammed into the underside of the helmet with a heavy metallic clang that rang across the plain.

Thrúíowre's head snapped back and they staggered a little, being caught completely off guard. Rin, however, landed lightly on his feet, swaying but grinning wide.

As he ran to his maids, "Baaaka~!" He laughed at Thrúiwre, as Munganda and Inferna hurried to check his health and heal him.

Inferna caught him first, one of her arm sliding around his waist to steady him.

Munganda bent immediately, a violet glow already blooming from her palms as she pressed them gently to his twisted arm. The glow seeped into skin and bone, knitting slowly, easing the worst of the pain, and healing him gradually.

Rin leaned into them both, still chuckling despite the blood on his lips.

"Iya~! I thought you were going to strike that last one, seriously," Rin explained to Thrúiwre. "I had a perfect technique to counter it brilliantly. But it only works when the opponent moves with palpable killing intent. But you suddenly went soft on me!"

"I appears... that I do not wish to truly slay you," Thrúiwre's voice boomed in the volcanic region they stood. "Perhaps, it is because you are not evil, just immensely stubborn and a pain to deal with."

Chapter 24: I Do Not Want You to Leave Me

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"Iya~! I thought you were going to strike that last one, seriously," Rin explained to Thrúiwre. "I had a perfect technique to counter it brilliantly. But it only works when the opponent moves with palpable killing intent. But you suddenly went soft on me!"

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"Look at you sounding like an old man," Rin mocked casually.

"Master, that was far too reckless!" Munganda yelled, nearly in tears, as she rubbed his distorted arm lightly with violet glow. "What if... What if..."

"I thought you would flee this time around... Goshujin..." Before he'd defend himself, Inferna pulled his cheek lightly, her eyes watery and her lips puckered. "Why did you allow him strike you so much?! I was genuinely afraid we would lose you."

"Ehhhh? What a pain!" Rin pouted too.

"You ARE the pain!" The maids yelled in unison.

Thrúíowre only watched them curiously, as they bantered continuously, with Rin finally apologizing.

The Titan remained motionless, their sword still half-raised, and their starry red glow for eyes quivering slowly like a heartbeat.

The volcanic wind tugged lightly at their armor, but they did not move. They simply observed; the mortal leaning on his monster servants, the maids fussing over him like worried mothers, the easy laughter of Rin cutting through sulfur and ash of the atmosphere.

"Alright, Thrúíowre," Rin's arms were supported by the maids as he turned over his shoulder. "See ya. I definitely had fun, but my Lewd Meter is nearly empty. I'll come play with you at another time when you're even stronger."

"I refuse! Master will never return to this place until he learns restrains."

Munganda complained as she opened the tear for them to leave... HOWEVER!

It snapped shut suddenly.

The purple rift had glimmered once, but then collapsed in on itself with a sharp crack, sealing without trace.

"!!" Inferna and Munganda froze.

Then their heads snapped back toward Thrúiwre with unmistakable wariness, their bodies shifting instinctively into protective stances, fully ready to protect Rin to the death.

"What is this, still wanna fight?" Rin asked. "I still have some moves to show you, but GoG will kill me if I fight anymore. C'mon, for old times' sake, spare me for now. I mean, I beg you. should I lick your boots?"

Thrúiwre gazed at them with those red glows for eyes.

"...I do not want you to leave..." They said with their deep voice. "You... left me for too long last time."

"Eh?"

Thrúíowre's words hung in the dull, violent air. They weren't angry, and they weren't threatening Rin.

What was being exposed was a sad and ancient loneliness echoing across the scorched plain.

Thrúíowre gazed at them with those red glows for eyes.

"...I do not want you to leave..." They said with their deep voice, "You... left me for too long last time."

"Eh?"

Their words mixed with the volcanic air like stones into still water.

The dull sky rumbled as if in response to the claim, the lava rivers glowing faintly brighter as though stirred by the Titan's admission.

Rin put a hand over his mouth mockingly. "Ara~ Don't tell me you're going to be lonely when I'm gone. Are you so friendless?"

"I... I do not know. But I fear if you leave now, you would take too long to return and it will make me feel more... empty."

"And... you don't like feeling empty? You're literally void taken form."

"I do not like the emptiness. I want what those servants have too."

"Sheesh, you're so honest," Rin looked away slightly embarrassed from Thrúiwre's blunt talk. "Well, I knew something like this would happen sooner or later."

Then Rin reminisced about the past:

Twelve-year-old Rin appeared in the vast void along with Chris.

The emptiness stretched in every direction, black and absolute, broken only by distant pinpricks of starlight that refused to warm anything.

Rin stood small in his bear-printed short and short pants, his blue hair tousled from whatever struggle they had just tumbled through before coming there.

Chris, with his golden-haired and glasses glinting even in the void, stood beside Rin, with his expression calm and unreadable.

"Are you sure this the place, Chris?"

"Indeed, Rin-sama. The Void Keeper dwells here."

Beyond them stood Thrúíowre, motionless, their hands on the hilt of a sword that seemed to rise from the nothing itself.

The Titan's armor shifted faintly like oil on water, their helmet horns curving upward into darkness.

The starry red glow inside regarded the boy and the blonde other without surprise or enmity—only calm observation.

"Go back, this place is off limits to mortals." His deep voice resounded heavily, shaking the space like distant thunder. "And shame on you, Mephistopheles, for leading him astray."

"Ehhh? So boring," Rin put his hands casually on his head. "Chris, I thought the guy would be more interesting!"

"Forgive my presumptuousness, Rin-sama," Chris bowed slightly.

"Why does the primordial demon serve the mortal?"

"Not telling!" Rin stuck out his tongue. "You're too boring, so I'll go away now."

As Rin and Chris turned to leave, Thrúiwre called, "Wait. Do you not want to stay a while longer? I would not mind resisting you, if you wanted a challenge."

"Pfft!" Rin exploded into laughter, hugging Chris's waist from too much guffawing.

"Haha, it was exactly as you said, Chris. He's super bored!"

Then as Rin faced him, his hair began to turn golden at the roots, leaving the deep blue hair at the rest.

"Sure, Thrúiwre. I'll play with you..."

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

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"Sure, Thrúiwre. I'll play with you..."

Back to the present.

The memory faded like smoke to the sulfur wind, then Rin blinked, back in the scorched plain, his blood still drying on his chin.

Inferna and Munganda still supported him on either side, their hands gentle but firm on his arms. His left arm still throbbed under Munganda's subtle violet healing glow, his bone slowly realigning with soft pops.

"I understand you, Thrúiwre," Rin said to the Void Keeper as his maids helped him stand properly, "But I can't even heal myself right now without ticking off GoG. So I can't play with you at the moment..."

"I... See..." Thrúiwre glanced at a volcano stirring from afar, the lava bubbled higher in its crater, red light flaring against the dull sky. "It cannot be helped, then—"

"But!" Rin interrupted them. "Has anyone ever told you to leave this toxic job of yours?"

"Inconceivable! I shall cut down whoever suggests such a thing!" Their voice shook the terrain. Dark rocks cracked under their foot, and distant lava rivers surged in angry pulses. "No one else can do this work better than I! There must be balanc—"

"Hey, Thrúiwre, make a pact with me," Rin suddenly asked.

He knew Thrúiwre was hardheaded and stubborn, but he had to try.

Rin shrugged off his maids' support and took one unsteady step forward. Inferna's hand hovered near his elbow, ready to catch him anytime. And Munganda's violet glow dimmed as she watched him move, worry etched into her face.

"You won't have to give up your job, and you will see more of me if you wanted."

Rin continued, standing on his own now.

"I bet you don't know what ice creams are; you don't know what it feels like to watch people have fun, and you lack the warmth of family. I used to be like you once—lonely and not feeling like I needed anyone but myself... but now I see my wrong, and I assure you, you will too. Come with me."

Rin stretched forth his hand, as golden light erupted from his palm, pure and warm despite his battered state.

The light wove itself into an ancient carving; intricate runes and interlocking sigils that floated between them like a bridge of starlight.

The pattern extended outward, with ornate lines reaching toward Thrúíowre's massive form, stopping just short of the Titan's armored chest.

"Make a pact with me... I'm sure I'm your only visitor, anyway. No normal person would try to orthodoxly cross dimensions knowing you sit here all the time."

The golden carving swayed softly, casting warm reflections across the black obsidian ground. Lava rivers hissed in the distance, but the immediate area around them grew strangely still; it was as if there was no wind, or tremor, but only the quiet hum of the forming pact.

Rin's voice carried warmly across the scorched obsidian plain, the golden light still wavering from his outstretched hand.

The ancient carving hovered between them; runes interlocking like a chain of starlight, warm and steady despite the dull volcanic rumble in the distance.

"Kiyoshi Rin. Do you assure me... that you would never grow tired of me and abandon me after a while?" Thrúíowre's deep voice was softer now, almost hesitant, as the starry red glow inside the helmet dimmed to a fainter color.

'Ah, so that was what happened that led you to be the Void Keeper, huh,' Rin pondered silently.

Indeed, the Titan's loneliness wasn't new; it had always been there, buried under their self-ordained duty and armor.

Rin just hadn't expected it to speak so plainly.

Perhaps, Thrúíowre was not the Void Keeper at a primal time on the past.

"You looked at me and my followers, and you wanted what we had... That is what you'd get... And, yeah, I get to fight someone strong more frequently!" Rin's tired and bloody grin returned, brightly genuine.

Thrúiwre regarded him for a long moment, then the Titan stepped forward. One massive armored hand rose slowly, with their palm open. The golden carving flared brighter, with lines stretching to meet the Titan's touch.

Thrúiwre had accepted the invitation and the light encompassed them and Rin.

The glow swallowed both of them in a warm waterfall of light; golden threads wrapping around armor and flesh alike, binding without heavenly force.

Rin felt the familiar tug of a pact sealing, but this one was different: more ancient and heavier. The only pact that felt close was the one with Chris.

Then GoG rang out;

«Success: Kiyoshi Rin and Thrúiwre, the Void Keeper, are now bound by a Master and servant pact. [Storage Space] have successfully evolved into [Void Pocket.] The Lewd Meter has also dropped to 5%. Few minutes until master is turned into bacteria»

"Eep! I'm sorry!" Rin cried to GoG, as the chime echoed in his skull like a warning bell.

Thrúíowre, however, wondered what voice spoke in their mind just now, the Titan's red glow for eyes dilating in confusion, and their head tilting as though listening to a distant sound.

Later on, Rin asked Thrúíowre to change their appearance, like his other followers did, to not attract attention.

"You're scary, plainly put," he confessed.

The Titan nodded at his request.

Then black fog rolled from the seams of their armor, quite thick and swirling, while swallowing the massive form whole.

When the fog settled, what remained was a lovely beautiful lady in full dark armor, now about the size of a normal person.

She removed the helmet and her extremely dark hair flowed out like ink as she shook her head. Her eyes were ghostly red, like a dark sky filled with red stars dotting it; deep, infinite, and luminously enchanting.

"Uhm... You were a girl?!" Rin was stunned, as GoG explained to him:

«Explanation—

Chapter 26: Thrúiwre's Name is Yuri From This Point

When the fog settled, what remained was a lovely beautiful lady in full dark armor, now about the size of a normal person.

She removed the helmet and her extremely dark hair flowed out like ink as she shook her head. Her eyes were ghostly red, like a dark sky filled with red stars dotting it; deep, infinite, and luminously enchanting.

"Uhm... You were a girl?!" Rin was stunned, as GoG explained to him:

«Explanation: individuals like Mephistopheles and Thrúiwre are not fixated on gender—as they basically possess none—However, it does not make a difference if they do or do not have a gender. But regarding the form that Thrúiwre currently embodies, they envisioned themselves as such»

Thank you very much, GoG, for that lengthy aside no one asked for.

"Okay, you look lovely, Thrúiwre... But your name is a bit of a mouthful," Rin squinted as she moved closer to him. "HmMMM. Yuri. From now on, call yourself Yuri. Like Munganda and Inferna, Thrúiwre isn't too popular. But for those who know the name, it would cause one hell of a racket—something I'd really not like."

"Understood. My name is Yuri from this point," Thrúiwre's voice was now tender and feminine. The voice now answering back was still somewhat deep, but it now carried a womanly timbre; making it comfy and resonant, like steel coated in cotton.

"I hope you show me great and interesting things, Kiyō... Master."

"Hey, you don't have to call me that!" Rin waved. "And your outfit... Mhm, it's not gonna work."

Then he asked Munganda to whip up something more... normal.

Yuri turned her "Void Armor" into dark mist, which left her nude—revealing her pale, strong, and erotic body: her breasts weren't exaggeratedly large, but full enough that one palm couldn't quite grip it all.

Her shape was every bit the otherworldly being she was; narrow waist flaring to wide hips, with long legs toned with subtle muscle, and that pale skin, yet so

luminous under the volcanic glow. Her expression remained like Inferna's—stoic, but also serene, betraying no emotions at all.

Munganda shrieked from the "apparent seduction," and magically dressed up Yuri. Violet light swirled from Munganda's hands, as fabric coalesced around the new form of Yuri:

A black choker snug around her throat, with black casual pants hugging her legs, and a shirt with one arm a tank-top sleeve and the other a short sleeve in deep grey.

A dark wrist ornament gleamed on each of her arm; they were simple bands etched with faint characters like infinity and omega.

Anyway, the overall look was somehow gothic; somewhat edgy, low-key, and effortlessly striking despite it all.

After that, Munganda created the portal and they all went through.

The purple tear opened smoothly, and they stepped through together; Rin was already healing from his bone injuries, but was limping slightly between his maids. Yuri following last, looking back at her empty home with a new ambition.

However, when, Yuri arrived in the world of light—though it was already night over here—her eyes widened at the scene of life that hit her: they were on Tokyo's tower when they arrived, viewing the place that was nothing like the void Thrúíowre sat in every day.

The night city sprawled below in a glittering sea of lights; neon signs quivering, cars streaming like rivers of red and white, with distant laughter and music drifting on the wind. The atmosphere smelled of rain, street food, and some smoke. People moved in every direction, alive and warm.

"Welcome to the land of the living, Yuri!" Rin, who was now getting dried like an old person, congratulated Thrúíowre. "M-My Lewd Meter!"

"Ah, quick. Let us take you home..." Munganda's smile was lacking amiability.

"Yes. It's time for you to give us attention, Goshujin-sama..." Inferna chuckled darkly at Rin's frail state.

"Please... Be gentle..." Rin made a wry smile as the four of them disappeared again, and arrived at his apartment.

The familiar room materialized around them, and Yuri began to scan the interior like a curious child; the soft lighting of the residence, scattered manga volumes at one corner, and the faint scent of instant ramen lingering from Karen's deed.

Rin collapsed onto the couch with a groan, his clothes were still bloodied and ragged.

And as Inferna got him out of his rags, Munganda turned to Yuri:

"So, Yuri, I am your senpai from today! And your first task would be helping us to do maintenance for Master like this, okay?" I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Thruíowre (now called Yuri) and the others had returned to Rin's apartment.

Rin himself was almost dried up like brittle parchment. His skin had taken on a dull, ashen tone; his lips were cracked, his breathing shallow and raspy.

The Lewd Meter had begun to take its toll, draining him faster than any battle ever could. If he was left in this state much longer, the curse would twist him into some weak and frail animal; a punishment the goddess had designed to be both humiliating and effective.

But Munganda and Inferna were already so used to this routine that they moved with experienced calmness, even a discreet satisfaction.

They loved their master and wanted him alive more than anything, but this compulsory moment gave them free rein to play with his body. Without holding back, and without restraint.

His body was theirs to use however necessary to bring the meter back up. Which was entertaining, from their perspective.

"You'll be joining us in doing his maintenance too, understand?" Munganda said, already pulling seniority on the newcomer.

Yuri nodded at her statement, still adjusting to the casual authority in Munganda's tone.

The apartment was quiet. The living room smelled faintly of instant ramen and old manga pages.

But Chiyo, Chris, and even Karen the NEET were nowhere to be found—it was normal for them to be away at this time; Chris was actually running around sexually harassing the occult members around the nation.

And Chiyo might have gone to buy groceries, or might even still be in school. But Karen being away from home? That was odd and suspicious.

The couch then creaked under Rin's weight as Inferna wasted no time.

She leaned over him, kissing his overly thin lips with slow and deliberate hunger. Her tongue traced the cracks, licked the dried blood from the corner of his mouth, then moved down his neck, tasting sweat and brackish.

Her hands worked his torn hoodie open and peeled it away, revealing the sharp lines of ribs and the ugly purple bruises still healing across his chest and stomach.

She didn't flinch at the damage; she simply pressed her mouth to every mark, licking and sucking gently, as though she could pull the pain out through his skin.

"Why is our master in such a weakened state?" Yuri asked quietly.

The person who had fought her on almost even footing, matching her blow for blow across shattered dimensions, was now frail and helpless, slumped against the cushions like a broken doll.

"It is his Lewd Meter acting up," Munganda explained while stripping out of her maid outfit.

She reached behind her back and tugged the knot of her apron free.

The white fabric slid down her arms and pooled at her feet.

Next came the black dress; the buttons popped one by one, revealing her porcelain skin inch by inch. She bent her shoulders and the dress slipped past her large g-cups, catching briefly on her stiffened nipples before falling to the floor.

Her skirt followed with a soft rustle, exposing the black lace panties already damp at the crotch and the garter straps framing her thighs.

She stepped out of her shoes, then hooked her thumbs into the elastic band of the panties and dragged them down slowly, letting them slide along her legs until they dropped.

Now, she was completely naked, except for the stockings and garters. And she stood with relaxed confidence, though her body flushed from anticipation.

"Lewd Meter?" Yuri repeated. "I believe he mentions it nearly every time we do battle. Please, Senpai, can you tell me its meaning?"

Hearing "Senpai" made Munganda pause as she moved, a pleased flush creeping up her neck. She smiled haughtily, her chest puffing slightly.

"It cannot be helped, I suppose! Let your Senpai enlighten you!"

Munganda explained the mechanics while moving closer to Rin.

The Lewd Meter was a sad and cruel (yet fortunate) leash which was placed on Rin's strength, his powers, and his very existence. In this world, his power was tied directly to genuine sexual release and arousal.

If he neglects it and the meter dropped, he would become weakened.

But worse, if it dropped too low and decreased to zero, then the real curse would kick in; causing painful transformations, devastating weakness, and sometimes days of agony.

GoG, the voice they'd all heard, was the divine system enforcer for this: basically the first companion granted by the goddess upon his reincarnation, and the one who monitored and punished him when he disobeyed.

"GoG... Do you mean the voice of God that I heard after my contract with Master?" Yuri asked. She had already begun stripping her own clothes simply because

Munganda did so; the grey shirt she was wearing tugged over her head, pants slid down long legs.

She was naked, and her body was every bit as striking as her cosmic nature: moderate breasts, narrow waist, hips that flared invitingly, and her skin pale yet faintly luminous.

"That is correct. However, GoG is not the voice of God, as you thought," Munganda answered.

She grabbed Yuri's hand and pulled her toward the couch where Inferna was almost high from kissing her vulnerable master. "GoG is his first companion, given to him by the goddess upon reincarnation."

"Oh? Master remembers the events upon his own rebirth?" Yuri was quite surprised, though her features remained calm. Only her slightly raised voice betrayed the shock.

"Apparently, he does. He has refused, in spite of this, to tell us about his previous life. And none of us worry his head by asking. Do you understand?"

Yuri nodded. "I do, Senpai. I shall not ask unreasonable or bothersome questions to trouble my Master..."

Being called Senpai again made Munganda blush and smile more confidently. A while ago she couldn't even shift properly in Yuri's presence: Yuri was a cosmic force, practically a walking black hole of power. But now that same entity was calling her Senior.

"I'm glad you understand. Now," Munganda unbuckled Rin's belt and pulled his pants down in one smooth motion, "shall we start the maintenance?"

Yuri stepped forward but hesitated. Naturally, she didn't know what to do.

She looked at the twitching half-hard cock of Rin, then glanced back to Munganda, who had already leaned down and started sucking on one of his nipples, her tongue swirling lingering rings while her hand fondled his thigh.

Inferna was still kissing him messily, her tongue deep in his mouth, swallowing every weak moan he let slip.

From watching what they were doing, Yuri lowered her head and swallowed Rin's dick, taking it deep until it all fit into her throat.

The sudden heat and pressure made Rin wince.

Unlike average, when he could stay detached and bored even during sex, he was at his most vulnerable right now. Every sensation struck him harshly; more overwhelming and raw.

Chapter 28: Yuri Couldn't Answer Munganda with Her Throat Full of Cock

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Unlike average, when he could stay detached and bored even during sex, he was at his most vulnerable right now. Every sensation struck him harshly; more overwhelming and raw.

Yuri's throat constricted around him in a certain pattern; her tongue pressed flat against the dick, stroking as she held him fully wrapped. Saliva gathered quickly, dripping down his cock and pooling on his lap.

Yuri then spat out his cock with a wet schlick. Saliva strings connected her lips to the glistening head for a moment before breaking.

Drool coated everything; the couch cushion beneath him, his thighs, the base of his meat rod. She looked up at him with those starry red eyes, calm and attentive, waiting for the next instruction.

"Good. Like that," Munganda purred, "but keep bobbing your head on it until he gives you his essence."

Her unnaturally long, split tongue curled around one of Rin's nipples, twirling the hardened bud in measured and drenched spirals while her fingers pinched and rolled the other.

Inferna had already shifted behind him. Her powerful thighs clamped around his waist like a holder, locking him in place.

She received his mouth again, kissing him with desperate, open-mouthed hunger; as though his lips were the only drug that could slake the fire inside her.

The indifferent mask she usually wore had shattered; her cheeks were very flushed, eyes glassy with raw need, and her tongue plunging deeper to taste every weak moan he let slip.

Yuri nodded at Munganda's directive, her red-star eyes never leaving Rin's face.

She dragged her tongue along the base of his cock in one long, dawdling stroke. The cock jerked under the wet heat, veins pulsing visibly.

Then she opened wide and took him back in; way deeper this time, until her nose brushed his pelvis and her throat flexed around the full length.

Rin's body jerked. His eyes flew wide, tears gathering at the corners as he gritted his teeth against the overwhelming rush.

Every nerve was raw and hypersensitive; the Lewd Meter had stripped away his usual detachment... but actually, Rin was acting stranger than usual that day.

He thrashed lightly, with hips twitching upward on instinct.

Yuri's hands settled on his thighs, her fingers nudging into his muscle for leverage. She began to bob as she was told; steady and cadenced, with her lips sealing tighter.

Wet squelching echoes filled the room with every descent of her head, more saliva bubbling at the corners of her mouth and sliding down in glistening trails.

"Eh? What exactly are you doing to him?" Munganda's voice hitched with genuine surprise. She had never seen Rin react like this—so sensual and so needy—even during 0% routine maintenance.

Yuri couldn't answer Munganda with her throat full of cock. She only kept going; sucking harder, slurping louder, her tongue pressing flat against the dick on every upstroke.

Inferna and Munganda paused their own ministrations, their eyes locked on the bizarre sight: Yuri's dark hair was swaying, her cheeks scooped inward, and her red-star gaze fixed upward on Rin's tear-streaked, pleasure-twisted face.

She picked up the speed; now smooth and relentless that Rin's hips stuttered, a choked groan tearing from his throat.

And then... he came intensely, spurting heavy floods straight down her throat.

Yuri pulled off slowly, and the moment his cock slipped free from her mouth, white essence overflowed out; spilling over her chin, and cascading down the expanse of her breasts, streaking her stomach in sticky lines.

Even after she released him completely, residual cum sprayed across her lips and cheeks. She opened her mouth wider, tongue extended, catching every drop like it was sacred.

She gulped with a soft and satisfied sound. "Master's essence... It tastes glorious."

«Notification: Lewd Meter has risen to 50%. Master's power level is stabilizing. Further sexual activity is currently unnecessary unless Master plans another battle»

Color began to stream back into Rin's cheeks. His breathing steadied, his eyes clearing from glassy to sharp.

And the hollows under his cheekbones filled out, muscle returning beneath his skin. He was himself again; the cocky, unbreakable Rin they all knew. Maintenance complete...

Or so it should have been.

Munganda and Inferna, seeing his condition become better, began to greet him.

Yuri leaned in too, smiling softly. "Welcome back to health, maste—"

Before Yuri could finish the greeting, Rin surged forward.

His hands clamped around her waist, fingers plowing into her pale skin. His face was flushed cherry-red as he dragged her mouth to his in a bruising, desperate kiss.

Yuri stiffened for half a heartbeat, being caught off guard, but then melted into it.

Her lips parted, her tongue meeting his in hungry strokes.

She licked into his mouth, bit his lower lip gently, sucked on his tongue like she wanted to drink him down. Rin groaned against her, the sound vibrating between them.

He fell back onto the couch, pulling her with him. Yuri straddled his lap, knees sinking into the cushions on either side of his hips. Their mouths never separated; their kissing excavating, more chaotic, with saliva mixing as tongues tangled.

Rin's hands slid down to grip her ass. He squeezed hard, kneading the firm, rounded cheeks like soft clay, with his fingers spreading her open slightly with every rough massage. Yuri arched into the touch, a low hum vibrating in her throat.

To the two maids watching, it was utterly shocking.

Yuri, the stoic, cosmic, expressionless entity until moments ago, now had a deep flush staining her cheeks and throat. Her red-star eyes had gone molten, pupils blown wide, fixed on Rin with the unmistakable look of a woman in complete heat.

"Master... something is wrong with me... here," Yuri whispered, her voice softer, more feminine, and less resonant. She guided one of his hands between her thighs, pressing his fingers against her soaked pussy. "Please... do something about the aching."

Saliva glistened on her chin, dripping in slow trails down the inner curves of her breasts.

Munganda stepped forward, concern flickering across her face. "You performed brilliantly, Yuri. I am in awe, but Master has probably had enough—"

"Sure," Rin cut in, his voice rough with desire. "I'll help. After all, this would be the first time, since my goddess, that I actually enjoyed any sexual activity."

The words landed like an explosive.

Munganda's foot caught on nothing, as she stumbled, with eyes wide.

Inferna froze mid-motion, her tail striking slightly in stunned silence.

Rin's hands slid under Yuri's ass again, lifting her effortlessly despite his earlier exhaustion. His cock stood rigid again; steel-hard, and flushed dark at the tip, already leaking precum. He positioned her above him, his swollen dick tip kissing her glossy pussy.

They locked eyes; passionate and unguarded, then Rin guided her down slowly.

The head parted her lower lips, slipping inside the tight, burning heat of her. Yuri's breath hitched, but Rin kept pushing, inch by inch, until gravity took over. Her weight dropped the rest of the way, swallowing him to the root.

"Ahn~!"

Yuri—the undefeated Void Keeper, Thrúíowre—let out a sensitive and erotic moan as her cervix kissed the tip of Rin's cock. Her inner walls clenched hard around him, fluttering in frantic pulses.

«Notification: Lewd Meter has reached 79%. Further sexual activity can be postponed»

But Rin wasn't listening anymore.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

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But Rin wasn't listening anymore.

His hips snapped forward one last time, burying himself to the deepest part of her. Yuri's inner walls clamped down like a balled fist, draining him dry.

Thick spurts of cum flooded her depths, mixing with her own fluids, with a faint line of crimson that leaked out curling around his cock; a proof that her body had never taken anything like this before.

The excess dripped in slow, viscous streaks from her stretched entrance, coating his balls and pooling on the couch beneath them.

"Did that hurt?" Rin asked, with a rough voice.

He reached up and tucked a damp strand of midnight hair behind her ear, his thumb brushing the flushed curve of her cheek.

"Not at all, Master..." Yuri's breath hitched, her starry red eyes half-lidded and glassy. "I wanted it. Shall we continue, or does it all end here?"

Rin's subsequent smirk was nearly feral.

He gripped her hips and dropped her flat on her back across the cushions. Her legs fell open instinctively, her pussy still convulsing and drooling his seed.

Without a word he grabbed his dick and drove it back in her; with a hard, deep, and relentless clash. Each thrust of his slapped soggily against her clit, forcing little gushes of mixed fluids to spray across both their thighs.

"Ahhnnn! Master... I fancy this ritual!" Yuri's voice cracked into a needy moan. "I cannot explain it, yet I yearn to do this act every moment from now on!"

"Well, good for you," Rin growled, slamming forward again.

His cock pounded her cervix with every stroke, the blunt head kissing that deepest spot until her whole body arched off the couch.

Yuri's hands flew to his shoulders, her fingers pressing into his skin. Her legs locked around his waist, pulling him even deeper. "More! More, Master. Show me more of this ritual!"

They didn't stay on the couch long.

Rin flipped her over the armrest, bent her forward until her breasts mashed against the fabric. He re-entered from behind in one brutal slide, hands gripping her hips so hard the skin blanched white around his fingers.

Yuri moaned loud enough to rattle the windows; a raw and animalistic moan. The stoic Void Keeper was nowhere to be found. Her ass jiggled with every punishing thrust, her butt cheeks rippling with every slap, the wet smack of skin fellowshipping filled the entire apartment.

One way or the other, they stumbled into the kitchen next.

Rin lifted her onto the counter, spread her thighs wide, hooked her knees over his elbows and fucked her standing. Yuri's back arched, head thrown back, dark hair spilling across the granite. Her breasts bounced wildly with each slam; with those hard and flushed dark red nipples.

She excitedly clawed at his shoulders, leaving heated red trails.

"Master, ahh! It's too much, but I want more—!"

Another orgasm ripped through her.

Clear fluid squirted around his pistoning cock, splashing his stomach and dripping down the cabinet doors. Her pussy tightened so violently it nearly spat out his cock, but Rin just growled and fucked through it, chasing his own peak again.

Munganda and Inferna, however, stood frozen in the doorway, only watching.

Rin had never fucked them like this; with actual hunger and with real enjoyment.

Every previous time had been largely mechanical: simple maintenance, meter management, but nothing more. And Rin almost endured it, with his detached and bored demeanor.

But now his eyes were shady with desire, his lips parted, and sweat rolling down his back as he railed the former Titan into the counter.

The maids' faces were still; their indifferent veils only lifting at the edges with something close to heartache. They were happy he was alive, and happy the meter was climbing, but the envy... it burned brighter than they imagined.

After all, they had never gotten this ravenous version of him. Not once before. After all their long years of being his servants, they felt that they could not make him crave sex even once.

Nevertheless, they didn't dare interrupt. If they did, the spell currently on him might break. He might retreat back into indifference and lose this rare opportunity to enjoy and revel in his carnal desires.

So they watched, silently and miserably, with aching hearts, while Yuri screamed through yet another climax, her thighs trembling, and her toes curling against Rin's back.

Not long after, the front door clicked open.

"Tadaima~!" Chiyo's cheerful voice rang out, with grocery bags rustled in one of her hands. "Ah, onii-chan is already back from ca—?! Wai—! What are you doing, you pervert?! And who the hell is that?!"

Chiyo froze in the doorway, her eyes widened.

Before her, Rin was balls-deep in Yuri on the couch, still thrusting, while Yuri's head slouched back in bliss, her tongue lolling slightly, with drool stringing from her chin to her heaving breasts.

"Geez! What's with the noise..." Karen stepped in behind Chiyo; her cropped top riding up to show a sliver of her toned stomach, her jean shorts hugging her hips.

She took one good look at the scene, then at the naked woman currently getting knocked, and something snapped.

CRASHHH!!

Chapter 30: Yuri, Don't Talk About Sex Like It's Some Sophisticated Magic Spell!

"Geez! What's with the noise..." Karen stepped in behind Chiyo; her cropped top riding up to show a sliver of her toned stomach, her jean shorts hugging her hips.

She took one good look at the scene, then at the naked woman currently getting knocked, and something snapped.

CRASHHH!!

Like lightning she launched herself across the room.

Her foot pistoned toward Yuri's head, aimed to kill whatever escort her master had picked up.

But Yuri caught her foot in the air with a casual strength, her other hand braced on said master's neck, tangling his hair, as he slammed her from behind regardless of the current situation.

Even after catching the kick, Yuri's tongue was still out, her lips swollen, and eyes half closed in post-orgasm haze.

Karen hissed and leapt back, landing in a crouch like an angry cat.

Yuri came violently yet again.

Her pussy gushed around Rin's cock, a fresh spring of clear fluid soaking his groin and dripping onto the tiles. She moaned long and low, while her body shook.

Chiyo slapped both hands over her eyes; but her fingers parted instantly, peeking through the scene. Inferna and Munganda's expressions were carefully blank, but the sadness in their eyes was unmistakable. Karen only clicked her tongue at being completely ignored.

Rin finally calmed down, with his breathing ragged.

Yuri turned around and had her arms wrapped around his neck as his cock pulled out with a wet schlick. A line of bleached slime immediately drooled from her gaping entrance, splattering on the floor.

"Master... that was extraordinary," Yuri murmured, with a hoarse and feminine voice. She snuggled his neck like a clingy cat. "What is the term for this ritual?"

"Hm? Uhhh... it's called sex." Rin explained. "Well, it goes by many names; including copulation and fucking."

His tone had already flattened back to emotionless default, the raw hunger from seconds ago fading like the evening sun.

"Copulation?" Yuri tilted her head, cum still dripping from her chin onto her breasts. "Does that not refer to an act done by mortals for reproduction?"

Yuri pondered for a second, then blinked slowly. "Am I... going to bear Master's offspring now?"

"Slow down, you!" Rin snapped, shoving her face away gently but firmly.

Then he turned his neck and found Chiyo still peeking, her cheeks flaming red, and Karen crouched like she was about to pounce any second from then.

"Ah! Chiyo, I've warned you against watching lewd acts like this!" Rin suddenly lashed out. "You're still too young! Aren't you like thirteen or something—"

"Idiot! It's YOU who should stop with the immorality already! And you don't even know your little sister's age?!" Chiyo snapped back, her hands dropping from her face. "And who is this now? You picked up a prostitute or something? Or are you replacing your maids? And judging by her unusual eyes... She's not human, is she?"

Chiyo glared at the naked woman; her pale skin streaked with drying cum, her breasts heaving gradually, her thighs damp and trembling lightly, and her red-starry-night eyes still dazed with euphoria.

"...Meh. She's cute so it goes," Chiyo shrugged after a second. "You... What is your name?"

"I was born from void and used to be called Thrúiwre, meaning 'nothing'." Yuri said, snapping back to reality.

Then she suddenly sank gracefully to one knee despite more of the mess dripping down her legs. "But my Master has christened me Yuri. On the other hand, your form is most exquisite, ma'am. May I ask what your name is, and your relationship with my Master?"

Chiyo instantly flushed scarlet and thrust her hand out like royalty. Yuri took it gently and pressed a soft kiss to the knuckles.

"O-oh, aren't you charming," Chiyo stammered. "I'm Kiyoshi Chiyo. this pervert's younger sister."

"Ah, so you are an honored Kiyoshi?" Yuri smiled, a thin and polite curve drawing at her lips. "Then you must also possess extraordinary powers. Can you use sex at Rin's level too?"

"Wha—! Don't talk about sex like it's some sophisticated magic spell! And hey! Don't indoctrinate this cute girl with your filthiness!" She stood there with both hands on her hips, her cheeks flushed red, glaring straight at Rin.

Rin was slumped on the couch, cradling what remained of his favorite hoodie; now nothing more than torn fabric and loose threads hanging from his fingers like the corpse of some pet he once loved.

"Karen does not like you..." she whispered, planting one hand firmly on her waist.

Her fingers spread wide, with her posture was firm, and her green pupils narrowed into sharp horizontal slits as she stared Yuri down.

Her suggestive top rode up slightly with the motion, revealing a portion of her under boob.

"Pray tell, what is your relationship with my Master?" Yuri asked. Her tone remained calm, measured, and polite.

Those starry red eyes fixed on Karen without blinking, curiosity plain in the slight tilt of her head. She stood completely still and naked, dried cum still streaked across her breasts and stomach in pale, crumbly lines.

"Karen's not telling, baaaka!" She shot back instantly.

She stuck her tongue out in an inflated, mocking raspberry, then spun on her heel and dashed toward Rin.

"Rin-sama~" In one fluid motion she leapt onto his back, arms looping around his neck, legs wrapping around his waist. She shifted his face to hers, and pressed their lips together in a series of loud, wet kisses, sucking lightly at the skin. "Mmmph... mine!"

"C'mon, I just spent myself in that embarrassing display of carnal desire!" Rin whined. His voice came out thin and petulant, shoulders hunching as he tried to shrug her off without actually using force. His hands hovered uselessly in the air for a second before dropping back to his lap.

"...And Karen even went to the outside world so you'd praise her too..." she pulled back just enough to pout against his neck. "Rin-sama is a colossal idiot!"

She hopped off his back and walked in front of him, drew her leg back and then kicked his knee; sharply and aggressive, the heel of her sneaker connecting solidly, that a ripple of shock wave erupted—though he didn't react at all.

Then she superhumanly bolted down the hallway in a flash of green hair and jean shorts, disappearing around the corner before anyone could react.

Chiyo let out a long, tired sigh.

She rubbed her temple with two fingers.

"I actually dragged Karen out to go shopping for groceries," she explained, with a flat voice.

"Main... tenance?" Yuri tilted her head.