

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Karen 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. "Because she doesn't really do anything useful around here. She just sits in the living room all day playing games and eating all the snacks."

"What's more, she broke a guy's wrist two minutes after we left the house," Chiyo continued. Her shoulders rose and fell in another heavy sigh. "He only tried to hit on her and not me... so I broke his other wrist for not hitting on me at all. But seriously, why am I so unpopular and unattractive?"

"Well... you broke a guy's wrist, so..." Rin murmured, swiping through his phone.

Afterward, she turned her face to the maids, "Hm? Munganda, is something the matter?"

"Everything is fine, Chiyo-sama. Welcome back," Munganda brightened up with a smile.

"Really? You looked a bit miserable there. Maybe it's my imagination." Then Chiyo's eyes slid sideways to Yuri.

She took a slow step forward, then another, circling the taller woman with open appraisal.

Her gaze traveled from the dark flow of her hair, down to the elegant line of Yuri's neck where the choker sat snug, over the stimulating curves of her breasts still marked with drying cum, past the narrow dip of her waist, and along the flare of her hips.

Chiyo's lips pursed in thought.

"Hmmm, you've got this perfect Gothic vibe; with the dark hair, those starry eyes, and the choker that is on your neck... but you know, there's something tomboyish about you too. The way you carry yourself, like you could snap someone in half without blinking? It's cool."

The praise hung in the air for a moment. Yuri simply regarded Chiyo with silent attention, her head tilting the smallest fraction.

She didn't seem self-conscious. Rather, just attentive.

"Let's go shopping for cool clothes, Yuri?!" Chiyo reached an odd conclusion.

"Sharp... pin? Are you referring to a weapon?" Yuri pressed one long finger to her lower lip. Her brow furrowed slightly in genuine confusion. "Forgive me, I am not familiar with that mortal term. Please take care of me."

"Kyaahhh!! You're so cute! Baka onii-chan doesn't deserve you!" Chiyo squealed, hopping on her toes and clapping her hands, her ponytail bouncing wildly.

"Chotto! What do you mean shopping!" Rin snapped from the couch he rested on, still nude, his voice edged with irritation. "Who the hell's going to cook what you bought for me?!"

"Onii, shut the fuck up for a second," Chiyo's eyes flashed a bright, unnatural violet. Every trace of playfulness vanished from her face, leaving icy, flat danger.

Her mouth flattened into a thin line, her expression now cold and empty, "You're the one who was busy corrupting the decency of our house a while ago—as you've always done—so why don't you cook for yourself for a change?"

"But... Chiyo," Rin immediately looked away, scratching the back of his neck, "my adorable and only sister, I can't cook food as good as yours..."

"O... Onii-chan..." Chiyo's voice softened for a single heartbeat, a flush crept up her cheeks, faint but unmistakable.

But then the violet replenished in her eyes and she snapped back to full volume. "Figure it out! And get some clothes on your nude body, damn exhibitionist...! Also, give me some money to shop clothes for Yuri!"

"No way! Munganda can get clothes done for free! And I can swear you'll just spend it buying stuffed animals! How many do you have now, 1000?"

"How dare you?!" Chiyo's voice rose an octave. "Why would I have such a small number of plushies? Apologize to the plushie gods now, by giving their apostle (me) a million yen!"

Rin groaned and fished his wallet out of the shredded hoodie pocket, then he tossed it to her without looking. "Fine. But I beg you, don't drain the account. And no more than three cheap plushies. My part-time job isn't funny."

"Deal!" Chiyo caught it in the air with a triumphant grin. "I love you, Onii-chan!"

She grabbed Yuri's wrist, being extra careful not to touch any of the drying cum streaks, and tugged her toward the hallway. "Come on! First we get you dressed, then we raid every store in Shibuya!"

"I'm warning you, himouto yo!" Rin shouted from the couch.

Yuri followed her without resistance, still completely choker naked. Her bare feet padded silently on the floor, hips swaying with unconscious grace. Cum dripped in slow beads down her inner thigh with every step she took, but she didn't seem to care... or rather, she didn't notice.

In the bedroom, Chiyo raided Rin's closet and Inferna's spare wardrobe. She pulled out a simple black oversized hoodie, loose cargo pants, and a pair of sneakers.

Yuri was dressed in them without delay; the hoodie swallowed her frame but still managed to hint at the curves beneath; the pants hung low on her hips, revealing a hint of pale skin above the elastic band. The choker remained snug at her throat, black against black.

"Perfect," Chiyo declared. "Now, my goth-tomboy supreme, let's go~!"

"Goth-tomboy supreme?" Yuri asked her. "Is that an appointment I must now carry out? It rings less eerie than the Void Keeper I was previously labelled without my opinion."

"Huh? What are you talking about? Are you chuuni?"

They vanished through the front door in a whirlwind of excited chatter (mostly just Chiyo's) and Yuri's very straightforward and unusual questions.

"What was that flat item we just walked past?"

"What? That was our door, I guess."

"Gates come in many shapes and sizes, I see... And what about the flat soft item we stepped on before leaving?"

"Do you mean our door mat?"

"What is this crude, spiraling maze? A game made by the gods?"

"Hm? That's the stairway—wait, where did Onii-chan get you from?! Are you a time traveler from the stone ages?"

"Time traveler? What is that fascinating term?"

"Never mind. You're probably from a time older than that, considering you don't even know the stone age at all."

"Tell me, Lady Chiyo, can I challenge a random stranger to a sex contest to see who is stronger?"

"Isn't that just degeneracy dialed to 11? You'll be arrested for public indecency, I think. Anyway, you're quite interesting, Yuri. I hope we get along just fine."

"Likewise, Lady Chiyo."

"Call me mistress!"

"Ah, yes. Mistress."

...This would be one of the most chaotic shopping in the history of shoppings: a cosmic entity turned cute girl, and a near-delinquent-borderline-criminal-but-still-adorable himouto...

For sure, all of Rin's money would be meeting its end soon, but what other calamity would these two cause at the store?

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Walking along the bustling sidewalk on their way toward the large shopping mall, with the clear intention of picking out some fresh new clothes for Yuri along with perhaps one additional small toy or plushie that would bring a spark of joy to Chiyo, the tall and elegant figure of Yuri moved with an unconscious, fluid grace that seemed almost otherworldly.

Her dark, flowing hair swayed gently with each unhurried step she took, catching subtle highlights from the afternoon sun, while her starry eyes—deep and luminous like fragments of a distant galaxy—darted slowly from one unfamiliar sight to the next.

She tilted her head ever so slightly in quiet bewilderment at the endless stream of metal boxes on wheels that roared past them on the street, at the bright

rectangular screens glowing from shop windows, and at the clusters of people hurrying by with bags swinging from their arms.

Nothing in this vibrant, noisy human world made immediate sense to her, yet every new detail sparked a gentle, genuine curiosity that softened the usual solemn lines of her face.

She would pause for the briefest moment to stare at a flickering traffic light changing colors for no apparent reason, or at a group of teenagers laughing loudly while staring down at small glowing devices in their hands, her expression one of pure, unfiltered wonder mixed with a faint trace of confusion, as though she were witnessing the rituals of some ancient, incomprehensible civilization for the very first time.

Her outfit only amplified the striking presence she carried.

The oversized black hoodie that Chiyo had pulled from the closet draped loosely over her frame, yet it still managed to hint teasingly at the generous, stimulating curves beneath—the full swell of her breasts pressing softly against the fabric and the narrow dip of her waist that flared out into shapely hips.

The loose cargo pants hung low on those same hips, revealing a tantalizing sliver of smooth, pale skin just above the elastic waistband whenever she moved, while the black choker remained snug and elegant around her throat, contrasting beautifully with her dark hair.

Even in this casual, borrowed attire, Yuri looked undeniably sexy, her tall, statuesque body moving with that subtle tomboyish confidence and underlying strength that made her seem both approachable and dangerously alluring at the same time.

Heads turned as they walked.

Men and women alike slowed their pace, eyes widening or lingering a second too long on her swaying hips, on the way the hoodie shifted to reveal the elegant line of her neck, or on those captivating starry eyes that seemed to hold entire universes within them.

A few pedestrians openly stared, some whispering to their companions, others simply forgetting their destination for a moment as this mysterious goth-tomboy beauty passed by, drawing attention like a quiet storm on an otherwise ordinary street.

"Human customs truly are strange indeed," Yuri muttered softly to Chiyo in her calm, measured voice, the words carrying a faint note of genuine puzzlement as a random man stepped forward and pressed colorful printed flyers into their hands without warning.

She held the thin sheet of paper between two long fingers, turning it over slowly as if examining some sacred artifact whose purpose remained completely hidden to her.

"Feel free to ignore them sometimes, okay? They're just trying to sell stuff or promote events—nothing you need to worry about," Chiyo added casually, her voice light and dismissive as she gave the paper a quick glance before crumpling it slightly in her fist and continuing forward without breaking stride.

Her ponytail bounced with each energetic step, and she shot Yuri a small, reassuring smile that carried just a hint of amusement at her companion's innocent reaction.

And soon enough, after weaving through the crowded streets and crossing a wide intersection where the roar of engines and chatter of voices filled the air, they arrived at the entrance of the massive shopping mall.

The building rose up before them like a towering monument to human excess and excitement—a sprawling, multi-level complex of gleaming glass and polished steel that stretched wide across the block, its many floors visible through enormous transparent walls that reflected the sky and the passing clouds.

Bright, colorful signs in bold lettering advertised countless stores inside, while streams of people flowed in and out through wide automatic doors that slid open with a soft whoosh, releasing waves of cool, conditioned air scented with perfumes, fresh food, and the faint aroma of new merchandise.

Escalators glided upward in steady motion, carrying shoppers between levels lined with endless rows of brightly lit shops, each one bursting with clothing racks, electronics displays, food courts filled with the sizzle of grills and the see sweet smell of pastries, and entertainment areas where laughter and music blended together.

The entire place hummed with vibrant energy—footsteps echoing on tiled floors, announcements crackling over hidden speakers, and the constant buzz of conversations overlapping like a living symphony of modern life.

Yuri's starry eyes widened noticeably as she took it all in, her head tilting back slightly to gaze up at the high ceilings adorned with hanging lights and decorative banners.

She stood there for a long moment just inside the entrance, her bare attention sweeping slowly across the vast open atrium, the clusters of benches where people sat chatting or checking their phones, the colorful window displays showcasing mannequins dressed in the latest fashions, and the distant sparkle of fountains or decorative installations that added a touch of whimsy to the commercial space.

Wonder painted every subtle shift in her expression; her lips parted just a fraction in quiet awe, and she seemed to drink in every unfamiliar detail with the same attentive curiosity she had shown on the street—confused by the sheer scale and purpose of it all, yet clearly fascinated, as though she had stepped into a grand, enchanted realm crafted entirely by mortal hands for reasons that still eluded her completely.

"Quickly now, let's get you something like a few nice new clothes that will actually fit your style," Chiyo said with an enthusiastic lilt in her voice, reaching out to take Yuri's pale, smooth hand in her own smaller one.

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She gave it a light, playful tug, guiding her companion forward through the flowing crowd and toward the dedicated clothing section of the mall—a bustling area filled with racks upon racks of garments in every color and cut imaginable, where shoppers browsed casually, held items up to the light, and disappeared into small fitting rooms tucked away in quiet corners to try things on in privacy.

The space felt more intimate compared to the open atrium, with soft lighting highlighting the fabrics and mirrors positioned at strategic angles so customers could check their reflections from multiple sides.

Meanwhile, very close to the mall's main entrance and partially hidden in the shadow of a nearby parking structure, a nondescript dark car sat idling with its engine running low.

Inside, several men dressed in suspicious black clothing—tight shirts, gloves, and caps pulled low over their eyes—stared intently at the busy building, their postures tense and watchful as they observed the steady stream of shoppers moving in and out.

"Are we killing anyone today?" one of the men asked in a low, gruff voice, his fingers drumming lightly against the steering wheel as he kept his gaze fixed forward.

"Don't be ridiculous," another answered sharply, shaking his head with clear irritation. "It's a robbery, not a terrorist attack. We go in, we take what we need, and we get out clean—no unnecessary mess."

They numbered about five in that particular car, their faces set in hard, focused lines, while another group of roughly five more waited in a second vehicle positioned somewhere nearby, ready to coordinate at the right moment.

The atmosphere inside both cars crackled with restrained anticipation, the kind that suggested careful planning was now giving way to imminent action.

Something bad was clearly about to happen inside the bustling mall...^[1]_[SEP]But who exactly was it going to happen to?

Was Chiyo about to find herself caught in the middle of unexpected trouble?

Inside the bustling clothing section of the massive shopping mall, where racks upon racks of garments in every imaginable style and color stood waiting under soft overhead lighting, Yuri stood patiently while Chiyo moved with bright, energetic purpose from one display to the next.

The smaller girl's ponytail bounced with every quick step as she pulled item after item from the metal racks, holding them up high so the fabrics could catch the light and reveal their texture and drape.

She selected pieces with obvious excitement, her eyes sparkling as she imagined how each one might look on her tall companion.

"WOW, check out these ones!" Chiyo excitedly chirped, her voice rising with genuine delight as she lifted a sleek, form-fitting black dress made of soft, slightly shiny material that promised to cling closely to the body.

The neckline plunged daringly low, designed to accentuate the generous swell of the breasts, while the hemline sat short enough to highlight long, elegant legs.

She followed it immediately with a cropped top in deep crimson paired with high-waisted shorts that left a generous expanse of midriff exposed, the stretchy fabric thin and teasing.

"They would look great on you. I can already picture how perfectly they'll hug your curves and make you stand out even more in the best possible way!"

Yuri accepted the garments with her usual calm grace, stepping into one of the nearby fitting rooms tucked away in a quiet corner.

She emerged a few minutes later in the tight black dress, the fabric molding smoothly to her tall, statuesque frame—emphasizing the full, stimulating curves of her breasts, the narrow dip of her waist, and the natural flare of her hips.

The material caught the light with every subtle movement, drawing the eye along her elegant lines.

Chiyo's face lit up with unrestrained admiration the moment she saw her.

"Ohhh! So erotic! I knew you would look good in that!" she squealed, clapping her hands together rapidly while hopping once on her toes. "Rin's wallet won't mind a little hole if it means you get to wear something this stunning. You look like you could stop an entire crowd just by walking past them!"

Not satisfied with only the bolder styles, Chiyo darted back to the racks and returned with more mature options. She held up a sophisticated long-sleeved blouse in rich, deep crimson with a subtle sheen that spoke of quiet elegance, paired with tailored black trousers that sat perfectly on the hips and elongated the already impressive height of the wearer.

The combination gave an air of refined power and composure.

Then she brought out several cute pieces as well—a soft pastel pink sweater adorned with delicate lace trim along the collar and sleeves, matched with a pleated skirt that swirled gently around the thighs, creating a surprisingly sweet and youthful silhouette that contrasted beautifully with Yuri’s dark flowing hair and luminous starry eyes.

Chiyo’s enthusiasm carried her even further into playful territory.

She disappeared briefly into the lingerie section and came back holding a delicate bikini in deep midnight blue, its triangles of fabric connected by thin, barely-there strings that promised to reveal far more than they concealed, the color chosen to complement pale skin and dark hair perfectly.

Chapter 34: It Does not Compare to Sex, But I Fancy it

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Along with it, she presented several sets of cute underwear—lacy bras and matching panties in soft blacks, deep reds, and one particularly playful set decorated with tiny embroidered stars that seemed to echo the sparkle hidden in Yuri's gaze.

"These will be perfect whenever you want to feel extra confident or just want something pretty against your skin," Chiyo explained with a mischievous little grin as she handed the delicate items over one by one. "Try the bikini too—just for fun. Imagine how amazing it would look once you put it on!"

Yuri moved between the fitting room and the full-length mirrors with patient, unhurried grace, slipping in and out of each piece while Chiyo offered lively commentary and enthusiastic encouragement from just outside the curtain.

The tall woman's movements remained composed and natural even as she modeled the revealing bikini, the thin straps accentuating the smooth lines of her shoulders, the generous curves of her breasts and hips, and the elegant strength in her posture.

A few other shoppers nearby cast discreet glances, but Yuri paid them no mind, simply turning slowly in front of the mirror to observe how the fabrics moved with her body.

After they had gathered a satisfying collection of clothes—ranging from the boldly sexy dress and cropped top, through the mature blouse and trousers, to the cute sweater and skirt, plus the daring bikini and sets of lacy underwear—Chiyo's attention suddenly shifted elsewhere.

Her eyes brightened with a fresh idea as she remembered her secondary goal for the trip.

"I really want to grab a new plushy doll or two before we finish up here," she announced brightly, her voice bubbling with anticipation.

Without waiting for a full reply, she spun on her heel and dashed off toward another part of the mall where the toy and accessory stores were located.

"Wait here!" she called back to Yuri over her shoulder as she ran, her ponytail swaying energetically behind her with every hurried step. "I'd be right back!"

She said that, but she wasn't actually that far away.

Yuri could still clearly see her smaller figure weaving through the moderate crowd, heading straight for a brightly colored store entrance just a short distance down the wide, open corridor.

Left standing alone near the clothing section with several shopping bags now resting at her feet, Yuri lowered her gaze to the items inside.

She reached down and gently lifted one of the folded garments—the sleek black dress—turning it slowly between her long fingers so she could admire the way the fabric caught the light and feel its smooth texture.

Her starry eyes traced every line and detail of the clothing with quiet fascination, taking in the colors and styles that now belonged to her as part of this mortal world.

"Sho...ping...." she murmured softly to herself, the word rolling off her tongue with deliberate, careful pronunciation.

A small, delicate blush surfaced on her pale cheeks, warming the skin just beneath her eyes and giving her an unexpectedly soft expression. "It does not compare to sex with my master, but it has its own standing. I fancy it."

The gentle moment of quiet reflection was shattered without warning by a loud commotion that erupted through the mall.

Harsh shouts suddenly echoed from multiple directions at once, aggressive voices cutting sharply through the previous hum of casual conversations and background music.

Heavy footsteps pounded across the tiled floors as a group of roughly twelve men burst into the main atrium from one of the main entrances.

All of them were dressed in dark clothing with faces partially obscured, and each one held a weapon drawn and pointed outward with clear intent.

The robbers moved with aggressive purpose, spreading out quickly to cover the open space and block off easy exits.

"Get down, all of you! Get the fuck down!" they yelled loudly, their voices overlapping in a chaotic, threatening roar that bounced off the high ceilings and glass walls.

Panic rippled through the crowd almost instantly. Shoppers screamed in sudden fear, dropping to the floor or crouching behind nearby displays and benches, their faces pale as they covered their heads and tried desperately to make themselves as small as possible.

Children began to cry, abandoned bags lay scattered on the ground, and the once-vibrant energy of the mall transformed into a tense, frozen silence broken only by the robbers' harsh commands.

While everyone else around her dropped to the ground in waves of terror, Yuri remained standing exactly where she was.

She continued to gaze down at the clothes in the shopping bag with the same calm, appreciative expression, her fingers still lightly tracing the edge of one garment.

The small blush on her cheeks had not yet fully faded, and her eyes held a soft, contented light as she remained quietly absorbed in her appreciation of these very first clothes from the mortal world.

One of the robbers, sweeping his gaze sharply across the atrium to ensure everyone was complying, suddenly locked onto the single figure still upright.

His eyes narrowed behind the shadow of his cap as he took in the tall woman with dark flowing hair, the black choker snug at her throat, and the faint blush still coloring her cheeks while she calmly examined her new purchases.

"Hm? Hey woman! Didn't you hear? Get down?"

Yuri soon turned her starry red eyes slowly toward the source of the sharp voice that had called out to her.

Her luminous gaze settled calmly on the masked man who had separated himself from the rest of the group and was now striding directly toward her with heavy, purposeful steps.

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He carried a black AK-47 rifle gripped tightly in both hands, the weapon held at a ready angle as he approached, his posture radiating aggressive confidence.

"What's this? Ya spacing out?! This is a robbery!" he yelled loudly, his voice rough and laced with irritation as he closed the distance.

He jabbed the barrel of the gun forward, poking it firmly against her shoulder to emphasize his words, clearly expecting immediate obedience.

Yuri's head tilted slightly to one side in quiet curiosity as she watched the dark metal object.

Her starry eyes traced its lines with genuine interest rather than fear.

"What type of artifact is this?" she asked in her calm, measured tone, her eyes locked on it. "Is this the reason the other people are getting on their knees?"

The robber froze for a split second, visibly shocked by her completely unruffled behavior.

Instead of dropping to the floor like everyone else, she had leaned forward, bending her back gracefully at the waist so she could peer more closely into the dark, circular opening at the end of the barrel.

Examining it as though it were some rare and puzzling relic from another era.

Her dark hair cascaded forward with the motion, framing her face, while the oversized hoodie shifted slightly against her curves.

Before the man could snap at her in rising anger, his eyes widened above the mask as he truly registered her appearance for the first time.

She was strikingly beautiful—tall and elegant, with flowing dark hair, luminous beautiful eyes that seemed to hold galaxies, plush lips, and a body that curved generously beneath the loose borrowed clothes.

The black choker sat snug against her pale throat, adding an alluring contrast.

'Holy shit... she must be one of those sheltered princesses who don't know how dangerous real life actually is,' the masked robber thought with an internal giggle, a crude smirk forming beneath his covering.

"Well, aren't ya a cutie!" the robber started, his voice shifting from threatening to a sleazy, flirtatious drawl as he lowered the gun slightly. "Looking all calm and pretty in the middle of this mess. Ya got no idea what's going on, do ya, sweetheart?"

Yuri remained completely still, her attention still fixed intently on the strange weapon in front of her.

She continued staring at it with careful fascination, her fingers itching to explore its weight and texture, paying almost no mind to the man's sudden change in tone or his flirtatious words.

Noticing that he was being largely ignored, the robber's expression hardened with irritation.

He glanced quickly around the atrium to check on the others.

The rest of the group had taken up strategic positions throughout the mall—some covering the entrances, others forcing clusters of terrified customers and staff down onto the cold tiled floor.

Bags and shopping items lay abandoned everywhere.

The robbers had completely taken over the space in a matter of moments, their shouts and the sight of weapons ensuring no one dared to move or resist.

He let out a low, satisfied laugh and moved even closer to Yuri, his boots scraping against the floor.

Without asking permission or hesitating for even a second, his free hand shot out and grabbed a firm handful of her ass through the loose cargo pants, his fingers digging possessively into the soft, rounded flesh.

He squeezed slowly and deliberately, feeling the generous curve yield under his grip.

The warmth of her body radiated through the fabric as he kneaded and palmed the supple cheek with obvious enjoyment, his thumb pressing into the yielding softness while his palm cupped and lifted slightly, savoring the full, firm weight of it.

"Well, isn't this a great ass?" the robber drawled with heavy satisfaction, giving another slow, sensual squeeze that made the flesh bulge between his spreading fingers. "So soft and perfect... I could do this all day—OWWW!!"

He suddenly shouted in sharp pain, the sound cutting through the tense atmosphere and drawing the immediate attention of several other robbers nearby.

One of the men stationed at the corner had been standing quietly, slightly different from the rest—simply watching the scene unfold with a more observant, detached posture rather than actively herding people.

But he wasn't seeming to help, his head only snapping around at the cry.

"Huh? What the fuck happened to your arm?!" one of the nearby robbers exclaimed, staring in disbelief at the gruesome sight.

The bone of the injured man's forearm was visibly piercing through the skin and flesh, jutting out at a sickening angle while blood began to stain his dark sleeve.

The limb hung awkwardly, held together only by strands of muscle and skin.

"This freaky bitch!" the injured robber cried out through gritted teeth, his voice cracking with agony as he clutched at the broken arm with his other hand. "She... b-broke my arm!"

"Apologies, humans," Yuri said in her calm, polite tone, somehow now holding the AK-47 rifle gently in both of her hands.

Her unusual eyes remained fixed on the weapon with the same quiet curiosity, as though the violent incident had barely registered beyond a minor interruption.

She continued;"But only my Master is allowed to lay hands on my body in such a manner."

The robbers standing nearby exchanged quick, bewildered glances, their masked faces tilting in confusion at the strange choice of words coming from the tall woman who still stood completely unfazed in the middle of the chaos.

"Humans?" one of them muttered under his breath, the word sounding oddly formal and detached from the terrified civilians cowering on the floor.

"What is going on there?!" another robber called out—

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"What is going on there?!" another robber called out sharply from across the atrium, his voice echoing off the high glass walls as he craned his neck to see what was causing the sudden commotion around Yuri.

"Uh, civilians are breaking our arms here!" the robber who had rushed over to check on his injured colleague replied with a strained, almost humorous edge to his voice.

Though his eyes remained wide with disbelief above the fabric of his mask.

"What the—? Fucking kill her if she is being a pain!" one of the apparent leaders barked out the command, his tone harsh and impatient as he gestured sharply with his own weapon.

The robber who had just had his arm shattered raised his other hand and lifted another weapon—a pistol—unsteadily toward Yuri, his fingers trembling slightly from the pain radiating through his broken limb.

"Sorry pretty face," he muttered with a faint trace of regret slipping into his rough voice, as if mourning the loss of something appealing. "You're going to meet your creator."

Yuri tilted her head a little to one side, her dark hair shifting smoothly with the small motion, and asked in her calm, genuinely curious tone, "Do you know where my creator is?"

BANG!!

The deafening sound of the gunshot roared through the entire mall like thunder trapped between glass and tile.

Screams erupted instantly from the people huddled on the floor. Terrified voices rose in a chaotic wave of panic, children crying louder while adults pressed themselves even flatter against the cold ground, hands covering their heads as the sharp crack reverberated off every surface.

The robber lowered his gun slowly, smoke still curling from the tip, and gave a satisfied nod toward his colleague's visibly broken arm.

"Wasted!" he mocked with a harsh laugh, clearly pleased with himself. "She must be one crazy human, with so much strength in those slender ar—"

"Human... I have yet to meet my creator," a deep, feminine voice cut through the noise with serene clarity, instantly drawing every pair of eyes back to Yuri. "Or were you simply bluffing?"

Yuri stood exactly where she had been, the bullet having struck her squarely in the center of her forehead.

Her head had snapped back slightly from the impact, dark hair whipping with the force, but she had not fallen.

She simply paused there for a moment, as if patiently waiting to see this "creator" the man had mentioned.

Then, with a smooth, unhurried motion, her neck straightened back into perfect alignment, the small red mark on her forehead already fading as though it had never been there.

A warm, gentle smile curved her lips as she extended the AK-47 rifle back toward the shooter, holding it out carefully by the stock.

"Here is your magical artifact," she said politely, her starry eyes still carrying that same soft curiosity. "I have sated my curiosity, thank you."

The entire place fell into a stunned, heavy silence for a long heartbeat, the weight of what had just happened pressing down on everyone present.

Then the robber who had fired the shot stumbled back a step, his voice cracking with raw disbelief.

"...H... How did you do that?!" he demanded, his pistol lowering further as his hands began to shake. "Wait, are you one of the heroes?!"

"M... Mummy, is she a hero?" a small, terrified girl whispered loudly from where she huddled against her mother's side on the floor, her wide eyes fixed on Yuri with a mix of fear and sudden awe.

"Y-yes, she must be!" the mother replied, her voice trembling but brightening with desperate hope that spread across her scared face like a fragile light breaking through darkness.

The spark caught quickly. Soon, scattered voices from the civilians throughout the mall began to rise in a growing wave of cheers and encouragement directed at Yuri.

People who had been cowering moments earlier now lifted their heads slightly, whispering and then openly calling out in relief and admiration.

The robbers, on the other hand, shifted uneasily in their positions, their earlier confidence cracking as fear started to creep into their postures.

After all, in this world, heroes were known to be ruthless when provoked, legends that made even hardened criminals think twice before pushing further.

'Hero?' Yuri however wondered silently to herself, her expression remaining serene even as the noise swelled around her. 'What does that term mean? Do they think me their Redeemer of some sort? Are they unhappy with being told to stay down by the strong? What will Master do in this position?'

"Yahoo! Yuri, I'm done harming Onii-chan's wallet," Chiyo's bright, cheerful voice suddenly cut through the tension as she came skipping back into view from the direction of the toy store.

She clutched a colorful armful of different plushy dolls – soft bears, cute cats, and several fantasy creatures with big embroidered eyes – pressed happily against her chest. Her ponytail swayed energetically with each bouncy step.

"A new collection of mine...! Hm?" she added casually, before her eyes began sweeping over the masked men who had surrounded Yuri, their weapons still raised but their stances now noticeably more uncertain as they eyed the tall woman they suspected might be a hero. "Ah... we're being robbed?"

"Robbed?" Yuri asked innocently, her warm smile still in place, "No, they were displaying a fine show of strength to the weaker humans, no?"

Yuri glanced between Chiyo and the group of robbers, completely unbothered by the guns, the bullet bump that had already vanished, and the rising cheers from the frightened civilians.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Chiyo paused for a moment, her bright expression shifting as she slowly looked around the chaotic atrium once more.

Her violet eyes swept across the scene with sharp awareness;

The masked robbers standing tensely with weapons still raised, the civilians huddled on the tiled floor, the abandoned shopping bags scattered everywhere, and the tall figure of Yuri standing calmly in the center of it all.

She took in every detail with a single, measured glance before speaking.

"No, this is definitely a robbery," she said, her voice carrying a mix of casual realization and mild annoyance. "And why is that person's arm like that?"

She gestured with a small tilt of her head toward the robber whose forearm bone was still visibly protruding through the torn sleeve, the limb hanging at an awkward angle.

Yuri answered immediately in her calm, straightforward tone, her red eyes blinking once as she explained without hesitation.

"That human took hold of this part behind me," she said, turning her body slightly and gesturing clearly with one long, pale hand to the curve of her own ass. No

She then demonstrated the motion by gripping the area firmly with her fingers for a brief moment. "And it made me feel a tad of what Master taught me earlier. So I punished him."

"...Huh?" Chiyo's gaze darkened noticeably, the playful light in her violet eyes fading into something much colder and more dangerous as the full meaning of the explanation sank in.

She turned slowly toward the group of robbers, her expression hardening into a sharp, icy glare that seemed to cut through the air between them. "I leave you for a few minutes and you ended up raped?"

The robber with the broken arm shivered visibly under the weight of that glare, his good hand clutching the injured limb tighter as pain and fear mixed on his face.

"N-No! I only touched her ass a little! It wasn't a rape!" he protested, his voice cracking with urgency and a hint of desperation.

"Same thing," Chiyo said flatly, raising her arm in a deliberate, threatening motion as if preparing to cast something.

Her ponytail shifted with the small movement, and the temperature around her seemed

to drop as her presence grew more imposing. "I will teach you to respect a woman's body now."

The robbers shifted uneasily in their positions, fear spreading through the group like a visible ripple.

Their stances grew more defensive, weapons held a little tighter, eyes darting between Chiyo and Yuri.

The smaller girl seemed to carry even more authority in this moment than the tall, unharmed woman beside her, and the thought of what a suspected hero — especially one with such a cold, commanding glare — might do to them made several of them swallow hard.

Shooting or fighting back suddenly felt far more risky than it had moments ago.

Yuri only watched the scene unfold with quiet attention, her starry eyes softening slightly at the edges as she observed how effectively Chiyo was intimidating the armed men.

A small, warm feeling of happiness stirred inside her at the sight — the sister of her Master was clearly a badass, handling the situation with confident strength that matched the chaotic energy of their household.

"Ara?" Chiyo suddenly paused, lowering her raised arm and looking down at her open palm with a puzzled frown.

She flexed her fingers once, then glanced sideways at Yuri standing beside her. "Someone deactivated my skin-ripping spell."

The words hung in the air for a moment.

The robbers yelped in collective panic, their bodies tensing further as fresh waves of fear washed over them.

A few took half-steps backward, their breathing quickening at the casual mention of such a violent-sounding ability.

Meanwhile, the civilians still on the floor felt their hearts relax just a fraction, a tentative sense of relief spreading as they realized the two women might actually be capable of protecting them.

The robbers were clearly torn — some gripping their rifles as if considering opening fire on Chiyo and Yuri, while others glanced desperately toward the exits, weighing the chances of simply running away.

Shooting at the pair might prove pointless, only wasting bullets on targets who had already shown they could shrug off a direct headshot.

At the same time, trying to escape from two pissed-off heroes felt about as easy as killing a lion with both hands tied behind one's back.

"Good day, heroes..." the quiet robber from earlier finally spoke up, the one who had simply watched his companion's arm break without intervening.

His voice was calmer and more measured than the others, cutting through the rising tension. "I do believe we ought not to escalate things any further."

Chiyo turned toward him with a casual, appraising glance, her violet eyes narrowing slightly as she studied his posture.

"Are you the one who deactivated my skin-ripping spell? You don't seem like an ordinary robber to me."

"More importantly," the man continued, reaching up to pull down the mask that had been covering the lower half of his face, slowly revealing his complete features – a surprisingly ordinary yet attentive face with sharp eyes that seemed to hold more knowledge than his criminal role suggested. "Are you a hero... or are you the sister of Dragon Lord Ryu? In the novel of the famed author Chris, Ryu had a sister with violet hair named Chi-chi..."

Chiyo's expression remained outwardly calm, her face composed and almost neutral as she listened.

But inside, her thoughts raced quickly.

'Tsk. Sometimes Chris can be sooooo dumb. Why add my features in the diary of a criminal? And how come this robber cares so much about it...? Should I... take him back to meet Munganda-chan for questioning?'

Chapter 38: The Humans are Trying to Show Gratitudes with their Lives

Chiyo stood there for a long moment, her violet eyes still fixed on the unmasked robber as her mind turned over the possible consequences.

Giving this strangely knowledgeable man over to Munganda would likely end in a very bloody interrogation, and if Karen happened to catch wind of it and decided it

sounded like a fun game, the whole situation could spiral into something far worse and far messier.

The thought made her hesitate, the heavy silence in the mall pressing down around them.

The air felt thick and charged, still carrying the sharp scent of fear-sweat from the civilians huddled on the cold tiled floor.

And the sharper edge of panic rolling off the masked robbers who remained frozen in their positions, weapons half-lowered but grips still tight.

So she denied it, keeping her face deceptively calm and composed, the corners of her mouth even lifting into a small, almost friendly smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"I don't know who this Dragon Lord person is," she said smoothly, her voice steady and light as if discussing something trivial like the weather. "And, not like I'm a hero or anything, but I totally cannot let you rob this place. So hurry on and go back to the mountains."

The words hung in the tense air for barely a heartbeat.

The other robbers didn't wait even one moment longer.

Their bodies jerked into motion almost simultaneously, boots scraping loudly against the polished tile as they began to scurry away in a disorganized rush toward the nearest exits.

Fear propelled their movements — shoulders hunched, heads low, rifles clutched awkwardly as they weaved between abandoned shopping bags and crouched civilians.

The atmosphere crackled with their desperation, the previously commanding shouts now replaced by the frantic sound of hurried footsteps and ragged breathing.

But they stopped abruptly when Chiyo's voice cut through the atrium like a whip.

"Wait!" she commanded, her tone sharp and authoritative, echoing off the high glass walls and polished surfaces.

The single word froze the fleeing men in place, their bodies going rigid as fresh terror washed over them. m

The air seemed to grow even heavier, thick with the collective dread radiating from both the robbers—whose masks could no longer hide the fear, the way their shoulders trembled—and the civilians, who remained pressed low to the floor, hearts pounding as they watched the confrontation unfold.

"I haven't... skinned you alive for raping my friend."

Chiyo continued, her voice carrying a dangerous sweetness that made the threat feel all the more vivid in the charged silence.

The moment the words left her mouth, the strange, unmasked robber she had been speaking to muttered a single urgent word under his breath.

"Run."

Then he moved with surprising speed, slamming his body hard against the large glass wall nearby.

The impact sent cracks spiderwebbing across the transparent surface before the panel shattered outward in a burst of glittering fragments.

He leaped through the opening without hesitation, disappearing into the outside light.

The other robbers joined him immediately, their fear turning into outright panic.

They bolted after him, shoving past each other in their haste, boots crunching over broken glass as they fled for their lives.

In their terror, they abandoned their cars completely, the idea of slowing down to climb inside feeling far too dangerous when every second counted.

The sound of their desperate retreat faded quickly into the distance, leaving behind an atrium filled with the faint tinkling of settling glass shards and the heavy, relieved breathing of the civilians still on the floor.

"Hahaha!" Chiyo held one hand over her face, her shoulders shaking with clear delight as she glanced toward the shattered wall and the direction the robbers had vanished.

Her ponytail bounced lightly with the laughter, the earlier coldness in her violet eyes replaced by sparkling amusement.

"Did you see that, Yuri?! I mixed bloodlust with a 'certainty' the way Munganda taught me. It makes them believe everything you say when threatening them."

Yuri smiled warmly and nodded in quiet approval, the expression softening the elegant lines of her face.

She reached up with one long, graceful hand and gently took a few strands of her dark hair, tucking them slowly behind her ear.

The motion was unhurried and sensual, her fingers sliding smoothly through the silky length, causing the strands to catch the mall's bright overhead lighting and gleam like polished obsidian.

As her hand moved, the oversized black hoodie shifted subtly against her body, hinting at the generous curves beneath while exposing a teasing sliver of pale skin at her waist.

The simple gesture carried an effortless, beautiful allure—elegant yet undeniably provocative, drawing the eye along the graceful line of her neck and the soft fall of hair that now framed her face like a dark, inviting curtain.

"Indeed, Lady Chiyo did display a great level of supremacy over the other humans," she said, her voice calm and sincere. "I was proud to be part of our group when I saw it."

Chiyo blushed a tad, a faint pink flush creeping across her cheeks as she lifted a finger and poked Yuri's cheek playfully, the touch light but affectionate.

"Being cheeky with me...? I told you to call me mistress..."

"Whooo!!" The civilians began to cheer and applaud enthusiastically, the sound rising in a relieved wave that filled the previously tense atrium.

Hands clapped together, voices overlapping in grateful excitement as people slowly began to push themselves up from the floor, their faces no longer pale with terror but bright with admiration.

"Wow, the heroes are amazing!" the small girl happily told her mother, tugging at her sleeve with wide, sparkling eyes.

"They sure are! I told you," the mother answered, her voice warm and relieved as she smiled down at her daughter.

Everyone around them bowed their heads deeply in thanks, bodies lowering in respectful gratitude. "Thank you for saving us, Hero-Oneesans."

Chiyo waved her hand sheepishly, a shy grin spreading across her face as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other.

"No, no, we are just passing mages. Anyway, it was a pleasure."

To their bowed heads, Yuri was beginning to pull out her void sword from a dark space tear that had started to form in the air beside her – a swirling rift of inky blackness that seemed to drink in the mall's bright lighting.

"Huh?! What are you doing?" Chiyo asked quickly, her eyes widening as she gestured urgently for Yuri to hide the cosmic weapon from sight, one hand waving in a frantic motion while she stepped closer.

"Hm? The humans are trying to show gratitude with their lives, no?" Yuri asked, her brows furrowing slightly in genuine confusion as she paused and then smoothly put the large dark sword back away, the rift closing with a soft whisper of displaced air.

"Absolutely not!" Chiyo yelled, her voice rising with a mix of exasperation and fondness as she reached out and grabbed Yuri's wrist.

She began dragging the taller woman toward the nearby checkout counters where they would pay for their clothes, weaving past the cheering civilians and scattered debris from the shattered glass. "Ugh, we still need to train you a whole lot, huh?"

The air in the mall gradually lightened as they moved, the thick tension of fear slowly dissipating into relieved murmurs and grateful laughter, though faint shards of glass still glittered on the floor like scattered diamonds under the bright lights, a silent reminder of how quickly the ordinary shopping day had truly turned chaotic.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

The robbers huffed and panted heavily as they sprinted through the back streets behind the massive shopping mall, their boots slapping loudly against the pavement.

Sweat soaked through their dark clothes, chests heaving with every desperate breath while they struggled to keep up with the strange, unmasked man leading the way.

He moved with surprising endurance, never once looking back, as if he knew exactly how much distance they needed to put between themselves and the two dangerous women inside the mall.

The group stayed close behind him because he seemed far more knowledgeable about dealing with people like Chiyo — the kind who could make hardened criminals run for their lives with just a few words and a glare.

They soon slowed to a stop in a narrow, well-hidden corner tucked away from the main roads – a secluded alleyway behind the mall where overflowing dumpsters lined one wall and faded graffiti marked the brick surfaces.

Tall buildings on either side blocked most of the sunlight, leaving the space in cool shadow.

The air here smelled of damp concrete, rotting garbage, and distant exhaust from the main street.

Broken crates and discarded cardboard boxes cluttered the ground, making the alley feel even more isolated and forgotten.

The dark-eyed man turned to face the dozen robbers gathered behind him, his own breathing steady despite the long sprint.

The others were far more winded, leaning against the walls or bending over with hands on their knees as they tried to catch their breath.

"Oh man!" one of them gasped out, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, his voice rough from exhaustion. "Heroes are so much trouble. We were lucky... too damn lucky to get out of there alive."

The rest of the robbers began exchanging tired words of praise to luck and fortune, muttering things like "Yeah, we barely made it" and "Never robbing a place with weird girls again" while slapping each other on the shoulders in weak relief.

Their masks were pushed up or hanging loosely around their necks now, revealing flushed, sweaty faces still marked with fear.

The dark-eyed man squinted at them calmly, his expression unchanging as he watched the group celebrate their narrow escape.

After a moment, he spoke in a quiet, measured voice that cut through their chatter.

"Are you telling me you all did not realize the auras of the two women were abnormal?" he asked, tilting his head slightly as if genuinely puzzled by their ignorance.

"What are you talking about?" one robber answered, still breathing hard and wiping his face. "Only awakened folks can tell things like that apart. We only saw two gir—"

"I have no further use of you then," the dark-eyed man sighed softly, turning away from them and starting to walk in a different direction down the narrow alley.

His footsteps echoed lightly against the brick walls. "I suppose you all do not know about the Monster cult too?"

"Huh? What monster cult?" one robber wondered aloud, exchanging confused glances with the others as they straightened up from their exhausted postures.

"Wait, who was this guy again?" another asked, his brow furrowing as the group suddenly realized the man wasn't really someone they knew well — he had just appeared among them earlier that day with a plan and a calm demeanor.

The dark-eyed man stopped walking several feet away and glanced back at them over his shoulder, his dark eyes cold and detached.

"Kurt is the name," he said simply. "My regards to Hades in hell."

"What do you me—!" one of the robbers started to shout, but the words never finished.

Before any of them could react or finish the question, invisible threads sliced through the air with silent precision.

The cuts were clean and instantaneous – one moment the dozen men stood there breathing heavily, the next their bodies simply came apart.

Heads rolled cleanly from necks, torsos separated from waists in perfectly straight lines, arms and legs dropping away as if sliced by the sharpest blade imaginable.

Blood sprayed in sudden, vivid arcs against the alley walls and pooled rapidly on the dirty concrete, dark and glistening under the shadowed light.

The severed pieces fell with soft, wet thuds – limbs twitching once or twice before going still, bodies collapsing into disjointed heaps that no longer resembled the living men who had been running for their lives only moments earlier.

The air filled with the metallic scent of fresh blood mixing with the alley's earlier stench of garbage, while faint steam rose from the warm remains in the cool shade.

[Come in; this is Kurt.] [Kurt]

[Agent Kurt, what is the situation?]

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

The air filled with the metallic scent of fresh blood mixing with the alley's earlier stench of garbage, while faint steam rose from the warm remains in the cool shade.

[Come in; this is Kurt.] [Kurt]

[Agent Kurt, what is the situation?]

[The small time gang members have nothing to do with the Monster cult. They probably used their emblem and terms for fun.] [Kurt]

[Roger that... And about their state of being?]

[Naturally, I killed them.] [Kurt]

[Good. Report back to base then.]

The mental call ended with a faint, almost imperceptible click in Kurt's mind, leaving behind a sudden, heavy silence in the narrow alley.

He stood motionless for a long moment among the scattered, cleanly severed remains, the metallic tang of fresh blood thick in the cool, shadowed air.

Broken glass from distant storefronts and the faint hum of traffic on the main road beyond the brick walls felt distant and irrelevant now.

Kurt released a slow, tired sigh that seemed to carry the weight of the entire afternoon, his shoulders dropping slightly as the tension from the chase and the swift execution finally eased from his frame.

He began to stew in his thoughts, his dark eyes narrowing as he stared at nothing in particular, the gruesome scene at his feet barely registering anymore.

Who were those two women?

The question turned over and over in his head like a persistent shadow he couldn't quite shake.

The dark-haired one had eyes like a red starry night — cosmic and completely unexplainable, glowing with depths that no normal human should possess.

He doubted anyone ordinary could even perceive those strange stellar patterns swirling within them.

She had moved and spoken as if she were only newly arrived in their world, her reactions to everyday threats and customs carrying an innocent cluelessness that felt almost alien.

Everything about her suggested she didn't fully belong here yet, as though she had stepped through some unseen veil only recently.

Then there was the purple-haired woman.

She had shown no real fear of the weapons pointed at her, not even when gunfire cracked through the mall.

That lack of panic meant she might possibly not die from being shot at all — a thought that sent a quiet chill down his spine even now.

She had been terrifying in her casual confidence, those violet eyes flashing with something far colder and more dangerous than simple heroism.

They held a depth that spoke of power held barely in check, the kind that could unravel a person with a single glare or a whispered threat.

She resembled the character that criminal author Chris wrote about in his novels – the one with the same striking violet hair and that unmistakable blend of playful energy mixed with sudden, icy menace.

But she had denied it so calmly, claiming she didn't know who Dragon Lord Ryu was or anything about the story.

Kurt suspected she was lying.

Her mannerisms, the way she carried herself, even the exact shade and bounce of that ponytail – everything matched the description of Chi-chi in the story too perfectly to be coincidence.

If he hadn't stepped in at that critical moment and deactivated her spell, he wondered what she had truly wanted to do.

It certainly wasn't anything as merciful as simply skinning someone alive.

The intent behind her raised hand and darkening gaze had felt far more final, far more destructive.

Like something that could have painted the entire mall in blood without a second thought.

Nonetheless, the case continued.

Kiyoshi Rin remained the least suspicious person in their group, which was why the organization currently kept fewer eyes on him compared to the others.

But personally, Kurt believed the entire Kiyoshi family — even the parents living quietly in Nara — were all deeply anomalous and deserved the highest level of surveillance watch.

Every one of them carried secrets that didn't sit right with the normal order of things, secrets that could unravel carefully maintained balances if left unchecked.

He sighed heavily, for he wanted nothing more than to take a nap right now.

The exhaustion from the day's events pressed down on him like a physical weight, making the cool, blood-scented alley feel even more oppressive as he stood there alone with his thoughts and the silent evidence of his work.