

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

After Chiyo and Yuri had left for the shopping mall, the spacious living room fell into a heavy, lingering silence.

Muganda and Inferna still held those sullen looks on their faces, their usual poised expressions now clouded with something deeper and more raw.

Rin was half dressed now, with only a hoodie on him and his penis out and limp, the fabric hanging loosely around his shoulders while the rest of his body remained exposed in the quiet aftermath of the former session.

As he swiped through the book he had grabbed from the table close by, his fingers idly turning the pages without much focus, Muganda bit her lips, her sharp teeth pressing into the soft flesh as a flicker of unresolved tension crossed her features.

Then, without warning, she rushed forward and grabbed his neck from behind the couch.

Her arms were wrapping around him with firmness, her breasts pressing close against the back of the sofa.

"Huh...? What are you doing?" Rin asked, trying to glance at the dark haired woman hugging him from behind, his head tilting slightly in an attempt to catch a glimpse of her face over his shoulder.

But she didn't say anything back and just stayed there, her grip remaining steady, her breath warm against the side of his neck as she held on without offering any immediate explanation.

Inferna soon walked in front of him, her face twisting only slightly from sadness.

But the depth of pain was more than her face could show, the subtle shift in her golden eyes revealing layers of emotion that her stoic features struggled to contain.

She moved with deliberate slowness, each step measured and heavy with unspoken weight.

"Inferna? what's going on?" Rin dropped the book now, letting it fall onto the cushion beside him with a soft thud, his blue eyes locking on the golden ones of Inferna as concern began to etch itself across his expression. "Do you want to fight..."

"No." She answered, moving slowly until her hands slithered behind his back, straddling him while she warmly held him, her voluptuous body settling onto his

lap with a gentle but insistent pressure, her long red hair cascading over her shoulders and brushing against his chest as she clung to him. "I... am unhappy."

"Really? What are you unhappy about?" Rin asked, lightly rubbing his hand through her long red hair, his fingers threading through the silky strands with a soothing, repetitive motion as he tried to understand the sudden shift in their behavior. "your big sister verbally hurt you again?"

Rin actually noticed that the two women were acting very strange, the realization settling in as he observed them more closely in the quiet room.

Muganda was the embodiment of composure and professionalism, always carrying herself with that cool, collected demeanor that rarely cracked under any pressure.

While Inferna just finds it very difficult to show any emotions at all, her face usually remaining a mask of stoic calm no matter the situation.

Now, these two super women were holding him tight, voicing their unhappiness in ways that felt entirely out of character for both of them, their bodies pressed against him as if seeking reassurance through physical closeness alone.

"When you were doing maintenance with Yuri..." Muganda finally spoke, her voice a bit shaky from held back tears, the words trembling slightly as they left her lips, her usual steady tone fracturing under the weight of what she was expressing. "you were happy. You... loved the sex."

"Uh, did I?" Rin scratched his head, his fingers running through his hair in a casual, almost absentminded gesture as he processed her words. "maybe I did. Why?"

"Why?!" Muganda's voice rose up a bit, the sudden increase in volume cutting through the quiet air of the living room, her black eyes with their white slits flashing with a mix of hurt and frustration that she could no longer contain. "Do you understand how much it hurt us to see you enjoy sex with that upstart, while sex with us has always felt like... like a chore?!"

This would be the first time Muganda raised her voice against Rin, the sharp edge in her tone hanging in the space between them like an unexpected crack in her otherwise unbreakable professionalism.

But he stayed quiet and listened to her carefully, his expression softening as he absorbed every word without interruption, giving her the space to continue.

While Inferna just laid on him like a baby koala, her body curled tightly against his chest, arms wrapped securely around him as if she refused to let go even for a moment.

Chapter 42: You Knew we were in Love with you?

"I..." Inferna raised her head to look at Rin's face, her serpentine slit eyes teary as her lips trembled, the golden hue of her irises glistening with unshed tears that caught the soft morning light filtering into the room. "I... love Master! I am in love with you. And wh-when I saw you enjoying sex with someone else... It hurt..."

The tears began falling more freely as if she remembered what happened once again, warm droplets tracing slow paths down her cheeks before she pushed her face down again, burying it in his shoulder.

Her long red hair was spilling over his hoodie like a curtain of crimson silk as her body trembled against him with quiet, heartfelt sobs.

"Likewise, Master," Muganda mumbled, her voice shaking on the brink of tears too, the usually composed tone fracturing into something raw and vulnerable as she clung tighter from behind. "I thought it was a high level of reverence before, but I know now... It is true love. We love you, Kiyoshi Rin!"

"..."

Rin was still holding his expressionless and tired face, but he didn't move at all, his features remaining carefully neutral as he processed their words.

Only listening carefully, his body tense beneath the weight of their confessions and the warmth of their embraces.

Until someone softly held his leg, and he looked down to find Karen, her presence sudden yet gentle as her fingers wrapped lightly around his ankle.

"K... Karen too," she had already finished crying back in her room, her eyes puffy and slightly reddened from earlier tears, the evidence of her emotions still visible on her face. "Karen loves Master Rin... Forgive her for her attitude before."

Rin glanced at her for a moment, then at Inferna, and tilting his head to Muganda, his blue eyes shifting between the three of them in quiet succession as he took in their vulnerable expressions.

Before a small red shade crept into his cheeks, neck, and ears, the flush spreading slowly across his skin like a rising tide he couldn't control.

"C'mon... you don't have to say it so shamelessly..."

He muttered, looking everywhere but them, his gaze darting toward the ceiling, the floor, and the scattered cushions as if searching for anywhere safe to rest.

The girls all perked up their faces, shock painting their features as they stared at each other, their eyes widening in shared surprise at the visible effect their words were having on him.

"Y-Yes... I love Master more than anything in the whole world!" Inferna added more fire, her voice gaining a determined strength even through the lingering tears as she lifted her head just enough to speak clearly.

And Rin squirmed a little, using the back of a hand to lightly hide his blush, the gesture awkward and almost childish as he tried to shield the growing redness. "I'm telling you to stop already..."

This was it.

The girls had landed an extremely valuable treasure: Rin was for some reason vulnerable to sweet talk right then.

The usual walls he kept up were seeming to crack under the weight of their sudden sincere, heartfelt words.

"The way you act as if you don't care, but you actually love your family, and you love small kittens, is simply knightly!" Muganda sang aloud, her seductive voice lifting with genuine warmth as she continued to hold him from behind.

"Karen loves how Master watches over her and pats her head when she does the chores!" Karen quipped, her tone brightening despite the puffiness around her eyes.

And as they kept spelling out reasons why they love him, their voices overlapping in a gentle chorus of affection, Rin continued to melt over and over again, the shy discomfort mixing with something softer in his posture.

"Geeeee!! Enough, enough!!" He raised a hand, feeling immensely shy, his palm waving lightly in the air as if to ward off their continuing praises. "I know you guys like me... I just normally ignore it."

That single statement hurt the three girls deeply, their faces twisting in mild shock.

The warmth was already draining from their expressions for a brief moment before they regained composure, steadying themselves against the unexpected sting of his words.

"Why...?" Muganda asked softly, her voice dropping back into a quieter, more vulnerable tone as she searched his face. "You knew we were in love with you... why did you then choose to act as if it were no so?"

"Is Master... not happy with us being non-humans?" Inferna asked despondently, her golden eyes clouding with fresh uncertainty as she looked up at him.

"Dumbasses..." Rin flicked her cheek, the light tap gentle and almost playful, then paid her a glance, his blue eyes meeting hers directly. "And with Yuri just now? Was she human?"

They couldn't say anything, but they were still saddened by the news that Rin somehow knew about their feelings...

But he acted as if he didn't, the silence stretching between them as the weight of that realization settled in.

Then after a moment of silence, Muganda started, her body shifting slightly as she prepared to speak.

"In truth..." Her husky voice rang, as she stood upright, the words carrying a quiet gravity. "our Master is our Lord and god. I believe it is heretic to force our feelings in him in the first place. We were called to serve, not play romance."

Chapter 43: Do you Guys Wanna Have Sex Now?

Inferna and Karen looked at each other, their eyes meeting for a brief, charged moment, then both turned their gazes toward Muganda before finally settling on Rin, the weight of the conversation hanging thick in the quiet living room air.

"She is correct," Inferna furrowed her brows, the subtle crease forming between her golden eyes with their serpentine slits as she spoke, her long red hair shifting slightly with the small movement of her head. "We have forgotten the reason of our ordination. The reason we were sought out by Master."

"Karen thinks this is true too..." Karen played with her fingers sadly as she added, her voice soft and laced with regret while her hands twisted together in front of her, the hem of her cropped top riding up just a little to reveal another sliver of her toned stomach as she shifted her weight in her jean shorts and sneakers. "Karen was supposed to be dead and killed by Master... but Master saved her so that she can be of use to him... Somewhere along the lines, Karen fell in love with him; the way he fought, the way he smiled and laughed while bullying gods and monsters, the way he loves his family... Karen fell in love with Kiyoshi Rin... But that was a mistake..."

The air dampened with the heavy soaking weight of depression and despondence, the once-warm atmosphere of the living room growing heavier, pressing down on everyone as silence stretched between the words.

"Really? I was about to accept you guys feelings after all this time," Rin added casually, but trying his best to sync up with the sad energy there, his voice steady yet carrying an undertone of matching melancholy as he sat half-dressed in only his hoodie with his penis still out and limp. "I usually see you guys as my sisters and family. So it was really hard to seriously ponder being lovers... Though we fuck every day. But I was willing to stop that childishness and go with you all, but since you sai—"

""""NO!! P-PLEASE, MAKE US YOUR WOMEN!!""""

The three girls' voices rang out immediately, loud and desperate, as they perked up, their eyes glistening like a raging bull, faces lifting with sudden intensity and renewed hope shining through the earlier sadness.

"Hahaha!" Rin laughed at their predictability, the sound warm and genuine as it broke the heavy tension, his blue eyes crinkling slightly at the corners while his body relaxed against the couch.

He then pulled Muganda, guiding her to climb the sofa too, his hands gentle yet firm on her arms as he helped her settle beside him, then did the same with Karen, drawing her closer until all three were gathered around him on the cushions.

"You all are my women, that much is true," he held them and pressed them close, his arms wrapping around their bodies as they all blushed and fidgeted, cheeks flushing with warmth while their figures – Inferna and Muganda in their suggestive maid uniforms that hugged every generous curve, and Karen in her cropped top and jean shorts – shifted shyly against him. "But trust me when I say it's hella embarrassing to say things like that aloud. But yeah, I try to hold my emotions when we have sex... I couldn't hold it back with Yuri because even I have limits..."

The girls didn't reply. They only nestled within Rin's chest, wrapping their arms around him, their bodies pressing closer as they breathed in his scent, feeling like

the happiest women in the world, the earlier heaviness in the air slowly lifting and being replaced by a soft, glowing warmth.

For their feelings were responded to in the best way possible: mutual love, the kind that settled deep and made their hearts beat a little faster against his chest.

"So..." Rin added, breaking the silence, his voice dropping into a quieter, more intimate tone as he looked at each of them in turn. "Do you guys want to have sex now? Real sex this time."

They quickly raised their flushed faces to him, shocked that he made such a proposal, their eyes widening and lips parting in surprise while soft blushes deepened across their cheeks.

"But... your Lewd Meter must be full," Muganda asked, her seductive voice carrying a note of genuine concern as she tilted her head slightly, still nestled close in her suggestive maid uniform. "did you run out of energy so fast?"

Rin shook his head, as he took off his hoodie making him completely naked, and blushing too, the fabric sliding off his shoulders and revealing his toned body as a fresh wave of red crept up his neck and ears.

"No, my energy is at 100% now..." He answered, his penis slowly gathering blood and rising up, hardening gradually with visible pulses as it lifted toward his

stomach. "I just always dreamt of having sex with you all without holding back my emotions... Weirdly, as I actually let it all out... I don't feel embarrassed anymore."

The girls exchanged glances again, tears of joy forming in their eyes, glistening at the corners before threatening to spill over as smiles began to tug at their lips.

Rin asked, "Take your clothes off, they're in the way... I want to please my women. I might not show it, but I love you all too. You better cherish this one rare moment. I will never do this embarrassing shit again. You hear?!"

"Yes Master!!"

They answered in eager, breathy unison, voices trembling with anticipation as clothes began flying across the living room in a flurry of fabric and hurried movements.

Inferna was the first to move, her hands already reaching behind her back to loosen the ties of her suggestive maid uniform.

The black-and-white fabric hugged her voluptuous body so tightly that the material creaked softly as she pulled at the laces, the apron front peeling away to reveal the deep valley of her massive breasts, pale skin flushed pink with heat.

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The black-and-white fabric hugged her voluptuous body so tightly that the material creaked softly as she pulled at the laces, the apron front peeling away to reveal the deep valley of her massive breasts, pale skin flushed pink with heat.

She shrugged the shoulders down, letting the uniform slide sensually over her wide hips and powerful thighs, the fabric whispering against her smooth skin until it pooled at her feet. Her long red hair swayed as she stepped out of it, golden horns catching the light, her crimson-scaled tail flicking excitedly behind her.

Her heavy breasts bounced free, full and round with large, stiff nipples already peaked and begging for attention. Between her thighs, her pussy glistened visibly, slick folds swollen and dripping with arousal, a thin string of her juices trailing down one inner thigh as her body trembled with readiness to fuck, hips shifting restlessly as if aching to grind against something hard.

Muganda followed right after, standing tall as she unbuttoned the front of her own suggestive maid uniform with deliberate, teasing slowness.

The fabric parted to expose her pale skin and generous curves, her breasts spilling out heavily as the top fell open, dark nipples hardening instantly in the open air. She swayed her hips from side to side, letting the uniform glide down her body like liquid silk, revealing the smooth expanse of her stomach and the enticing flare of her hips. When the skirt dropped, her long legs came into view, and her black hair cascaded over one shoulder as she kicked the garment aside.

Her pussy was visibly wet, puffy outer lips parting slightly to show the slick, glistening pink inside, her arousal coating her thighs in a shiny layer as her split tongue darted out to wet her lips. She looked ready to fuck, body thrumming with suppressed energy, every generous curve quivering with need.

Karen whimpered softly as she joined them, her fingers already tugging at the bottom of her cropped top. She yanked it upward in one swift motion, the fabric riding up over her toned stomach and freeing her perky breasts, nipples stiff and rosy as they bounced into view. Her jean shorts came next — she popped the button and shoved them down her hips along with her panties in one eager push, the denim sliding down her smooth legs until she could kick them off along with her sneakers, leaving her completely bare.

Her green hair swayed as she moved, her lithe body flushed all over, pussy visibly soaked and dripping, folds swollen and slick as a bead of her wetness trailed slowly down her inner thigh. She looked desperately ready to fuck, hips rocking forward instinctively, small hands trembling with excitement.

Inferna didn't wait for any permission. She quickly ran back to the couch, straddling Rin with urgent hunger, her thick thighs spreading wide over his lap as she began to kiss his neck, her hot lips pressing open-mouthed against his skin, then moving lower to his collarbone and finally capturing his lips in a deep, needy kiss.

He immediately returned it, their tongues swirling together in wet, messy strokes as saliva dropped off them in thick, lewd strands. Inferna's long, dexterous serpent-like tongue pressed firmly against Rin's, rubbing and coiling around it

with slippery insistence, the warm, slightly sweet lewd saliva coating their mouths and dripping down their chins in glistening trails.

The viscous fluid carried a tingling heat that made every slide and press feel electric, her tongue massaging his with slow, rolling motions that left strings of saliva connecting their lips whenever they parted for breath.

Her large, heavy breasts pressed fully against his bare chest, the soft, pillowy flesh squishing and molding warmly to his muscles while her stiff nipples rubbed back and forth over his skin with every breath and shift of her body, dragging teasingly and sending sparks through both of them.

The weight of her massive tits compressed delightfully against him, enveloping his chest in soft, heated pressure as she rocked gently.

"Awww, no fair!" Karen whimpered and ran to them too, her bare feet padding quickly across the floor. Muganda followed right behind, her voluptuous body moving with graceful urgency.

Muganda began licking Rin from the left side, her split tongue elongating smoothly and dragging hot, wet paths along his neck and ear, the forked tip flicking and teasing sensitive spots while her hand rubbed his body and dick sparingly.

Her fingers moved slowly over his skin at first, palms gliding across his chest and stomach in smooth, circling strokes that explored every ridge of muscle, then drifting lower to wrap lightly around his hard cock.

She pinched gently at the sensitive skin along his shaft, her fingertips stimulating the underside with feather-light pressure before stroking upward in slow, teasing pumps, thumb brushing over the swollen head to spread the bead of precum that had formed there.

Karen was to the right, sucking on his earlobe and cheek with wet, hungry pulls, her lips closing around the soft skin like he tasted like the sweetest thing ever, tongue swirling and sucking with soft, obscene sounds.

She alternated between gentle nibbles and long, dragging licks, her breath hot and shaky against his face as she pressed her smaller, perky breasts against his arm.

"Love you... love you, Master..." She whispered as she ravaged him, her voice breathy and desperate between each wet kiss and suck.

The three girls' demeanors were openly needy and passionate now, their bodies flushed and glistening with sweat and arousal as they rubbed themselves eagerly against Rin. Inferna's pussy was soaked, hot folds sliding slowly and sensually along the length of his hard penis without penetrating yet, her slick juices coating his shaft in a warm, slippery layer as she ground her swollen clit against him in deliberate, rolling motions.

Muganda's generous breasts swayed heavily as she licked and stroked, her own pussy dripping visibly onto the couch cushion. Karen's smaller frame trembled with excitement, one hand slipping between her own thighs to finger herself openly.

She plunged two fingers deep into her dripping pussy, the wet squelching sounds filling the air – lewd, rhythmic schlick-schlick-schlick as her fingers pumped in and out of her tight, soaked entrance, juices coating her hand and dripping down her wrist with every thrust.

Her fingers curled and rubbed inside her, stretching her walls and making wet, obscene noises that mixed with her rising moans – soft, whimpering "ah... ahn... Master..." that grew breathier and needier. "Fuck... so wet for you... please..." she gasped, dirty words slipping out between moans as her hips bucked against her own hand.

Inferna kept rubbing her pussy slowly against the hard penis, her slick lips parting around his shaft as she slid up and down the length without taking him inside, coating him thoroughly in her hot, creamy wetness.

"Master is the best... My body is so hot for you... burning... aching to be filled by you..." she murmured between kisses, voice husky and broken with lust, her hips circling sensually as more of her juices dripped down his cock.

Rin actually reacted this time, moaning softly with them, low and throaty sounds vibrating from his chest as his hands reached out to massage the breasts around him.

His fingers sank into the soft, heavy flesh of Inferna's massive tits on one side, squeezing firmly so the plump mounds bulged between his digits, then moving to Muganda's equally full breasts on the other, kneading and lifting them while his thumbs teased and rolled their stiff nipples in slow circles, pinching lightly until they hardened even more under his touch.

His mouth and tongue stayed locked with Inferna's, kissing her deeply before momentarily tongue-fucking her hot, wet mouth – his tongue thrusting in and out between her lips in rhythmic strokes that mimicked fucking as she melted hot and wet against him, saliva mixing freely while her body trembled with overwhelming pleasure.

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Their tongues pressed and rubbed against each other with slippery insistence, coiling and sliding in messy, heated strokes that produced wet, obscene smacking sounds.

Thick strands of lewd saliva stretched between their mouths whenever they parted even slightly, the warm, slightly sweet fluid coating their lips and chins, dripping down in glistening trails that made every kiss feel slicker and more intimate.

The viscous saliva carried a tingling heat that heightened every sensation, making their tongues glide effortlessly yet press with firm, hungry pressure as Inferna's serpent-like tongue wrapped and stroked his in return.

His hands continued working Muganda's equally full breasts on the other side, kneading and lifting the heavy, soft mounds while his thumbs teased and rolled their stiff nipples in slow circles, pinching lightly until they hardened even more under his touch, the sensitive peaks swelling and darkening with arousal.

Karen's smaller frame trembled with excitement, one hand slipping between her own thighs to finger herself openly, fingers plunging deep into her soaked folds with rhythmic, squelching motions.

Then Inferna slowly went down, receiving Rin's hard penis as she moaned loudly and held him so tight, her inner walls stretching around his thick length with a wet, velvet grip.

She began to slowly move upwards and downwards on his penis, her hips rising and falling in deliberate, sensual rolls that made her heavy breasts bounce heavily against his chest.

Each downward slide buried him to the hilt inside her dripping pussy, her slick juices coating his shaft and dripping down to soak his balls as her body clenched rhythmically around him.

Rin still focused on her lips and on Muganda's stiff nipples as he moaned softly, low throaty sounds vibrating from his chest while his other hand then slid into Karen's dripping pussy and started fingering her pussy so fast.

His fingers pumped rapidly in and out of her soaked entrance, curling to stroke her inner walls as she started moaning his name so loud, her voice breaking into high-pitched cries.

Her hands and legs shaking uncontrollably, her eyes all rolled up as she orgasmed multiple times, squirting all over his hand and the couch in hot, forceful sprays that left wet patches on the cushions.

After some time Inferna still bouncing on his cock as she screamed and squirted a lot, her pussy gushing around him in powerful, rhythmic pulses while her body shuddered violently.

But Rin held her back not pulling his penis out, keeping her impaled deeply as he came a bunch inside her pussy, thick ropes of hot cum flooding her womb as she moaned so loud and kissed him so passionately, their tongues still pressing and rubbing together, lewd saliva dripping freely between their joined mouths.

Her large breasts pressed heavily on him, the soft, heavy flesh squishing warmly against his chest while her stiff nipples rubbed back and forth over his skin with every shuddering breath she took.

But she wasn't exactly exhausted, her body still rocking gently on him even as cum leaked around his cock.

Then Rin grabbed Muganda and started kissing her lips and rubbing her breasts, his hands squeezing the full, heavy mounds firmly while his mouth claimed hers in a deep, hungry kiss.

He bent her over the couch, her voluptuous body arching as he slid his penis inside her pussy in one smooth thrust.

She screamed but with a smile on her face and her eyes all rolled up in pleasure, her walls clenching tightly around him as he started moving fast and pounding her pussy so hard.

The wet slapping sounds of skin meeting skin filled the room as he drove into her repeatedly, her moans begging him not to stop, "please faster" spilling from her lips in desperate gasps as he pulled her hair backwards and continued fucking her so hard till he then filled her pussy with his cum.

She screamed saying "so much cum inside my pussy," her voice hoarse with ecstasy as her body trembled and more of his seed overflowed from her stretched folds.

Then Rin held Karen's hands and laid on her, kissing her deeply as he slowly went down to her soaked wet pussy and started sucking her pussy, his tongue lapping at her swollen folds and flicking over her clit with firm, wet strokes.

She then held his head down against her pussy as she moaned, her legs up and shaking violently as she orgasmed hard, her juices flooding his mouth in sweet, gushing waves.

Then Rin slowly slid his hardened penis inside her pussy, she held his neck and moaned so softly at first as Rin started moving his waist, his penis going in and out of her pussy with steady, deep strokes.

She moaned so loud and went on and on squirting as he continued pounding her pussy, her smaller body writhing beneath him while hot sprays of her release soaked his groin and thighs.

Then he released a whole lot of cum in her pussy as she held him tight, not letting any cum escape her pussy, her legs wrapped around his waist to keep him buried deep inside her.

This continued over and over.

Going back to fucking Inferna while the other two kissed him or sucked his nipples, their tongues swirling hot and wet over the sensitive buds, then back to Muganda as the other two sucked his nipples again, their mouths creating wet suction and gentle bites.

Then back to Karen as he fucked her, the cycle repeating with relentless passion.

Each time he returned to Inferna, their tongues pressed and rubbed against each other once more, lewd saliva mixing and dripping in thick strands as her large breasts pressed heavily on his chest, the soft, pillowy flesh molding warmly to his body while her stiff nipples rubbed teasingly over his skin with every bounce.

The girls remained eager and energetic, bodies flushed and glistening, pussies still dripping and clenching with need as they took turns riding him or being taken, moans and wet sounds filling the room without any sign of slowing.

None of them were actually exhausted, their bodies moving with the same hungry intensity round after round, pleasure building and releasing in endless waves as the afternoon stretched on in a haze of heat, cum, and shared ecstasy.

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Rin sat relaxed in the spacious living room, surrounded by the familiar faces of everyone currently at home. Chris stood nearby with their usual sharp business attire neatly pressed, golden hair framing their androgynous features and glasses perched precisely on their nose.

Yuri lingered close with her starry red eyes still carrying a soft, lingering haze from earlier activities, her posture graceful yet attentive.

Muganda and Inferna remained in their suggestive maid uniforms that accentuated every generous curve of their voluptuous figures, one with long red hair and golden horns subtly veiled by magic, the other with silky black hair and a quiet intensity in her black eyes with white slits.

Karen fidgeted lightly in her cropped top that occasionally rode up to reveal a sliver of her toned stomach and her jean shorts hugging her hips, sneakers tapping idly against the floor.

Chiyo sat nearby with her characteristic energy, eyes darting between the group as casual conversation hummed in low tones around the room.

Suddenly, Rin received a signal — a soft, familiar chime echoing only inside his mind from the Grace of the Goddess.

His deep blue eyes narrowed slightly as his posture shifted, head turning with calm precision toward Chris.

At the exact same moment, Chris looked his way, their blue eyes meeting Rin's with perfect synchronization behind the reflective lenses of their glasses.

Chris spoke to him in a measured, professional tone that carried just enough urgency to cut through the relaxed atmosphere. "Bakuteriya has come." The name hung in the air, also known as the monster under the bed.

A quick flashback unfolded in Rin's mind, sharp and vivid as if the years had peeled away in an instant.

Back when Rin was fifteen years old and still living in Nara Prefecture, Japan, he had been sleeping soundly in his room, the quiet night air filled with the faint rustle of leaves outside the traditional-style windows.

He suddenly woke up, eyes snapping open in the darkness as a subtle, instinctive alertness pulled him from sleep.

The room felt heavier than usual, shadows pooling unnaturally beneath the low frame of his bed. Then Chris walked in, their footsteps quiet and composed, golden hair catching faint moonlight as they approached. "Master, you have woken up," Chris said, voice calm and observant.

Rin replied with a hint of curiosity edging his youthful tone, sitting up slowly against the pillows. "Well, I sense something under my bed."

Chris answered without hesitation, adjusting their glasses slightly. "Well, that's probably those bedtime monsters that roam around under beds."

Rin tilted his head, acting confused as he rubbed the back of his neck, blue hair tousled from sleep. "Is it here to like eat me or?" His voice carried genuine puzzlement mixed with a spark of excitement.

Chris replied carefully, a faint pause in their words. "Well... em... probably."

So they started plotting on how they would capture it, Chris explaining in quiet, precise detail that the monster under the bed had a shape like a slime and could change its form at will, shifting from amorphous ooze to elongated tendrils or deceptive shadows to slip away unnoticed.

The two of them whispered strategies in the dim room, mapping out angles of attack and containment methods while the unseen presence lurked just out of sight beneath the wooden slats of the bed frame.

Then Rin was like "Ok then, what are we waiting for, let's get him out... I wanna see what this monster under the bed can do," his voice rising with eager energy, blue eyes lighting up at the prospect of testing the creature's power, body already shifting toward the edge of the bed with restless anticipation.

Suddenly the monster under the bed, with lightning-like speed, sprinted out from under the bed, its slimy form moving rapidly in a blur of translucent, gelatinous mass as it searched desperately for a way to escape out of the room.

The creature stretched and contracted fluidly, surface rippling like living jelly as it darted toward corners and gaps.

Rin started shooting magic at it, bursts of azure energy flashing from his hands in quick, precise arcs, but he couldn't get a hit because the monster's slimy form made it move and dodge all attacks with unnatural flexibility, the spells passing harmlessly through or glancing off its shifting, elastic body.

And then it escaped through an open window, slipping out into the night in a final, fluid leap that left only a faint, glistening trail on the sill.

This was the end of the flashback. Now back to reality, the living room snapped back into focus around Rin, the warm afternoon light filtering through the windows and the soft sounds of the others shifting in their seats returning to his awareness.

So now Rin and Chris, who happened to recognize the magical signature of that particular monster, exchanged another meaningful glance, the shared memory hanging silently between them.

Then Rin suddenly jumped in an acrobatic manner through an open window there in the living room, his body launching upward with fluid, powerful grace – legs tucking mid-air, arms extending for balance as he twisted smoothly and landed lightly on the top roof.

Tiles felt solid beneath his feet as he rose to a standing position, deep blue hair stirring in the breeze while his matching blue eyes scanned the surroundings with sharp focus.

He looked and tried to sense the location of the monster, every muscle poised, breath steady as he extended his awareness outward, feeling for that familiar, slippery magical trace amid the city sounds and distant rooftops.

And then Rin sensed the exact location of the monster...

Chapter 47: The Monster Under The Bed Part 2

And then Rin sensed the exact location of the monster...

It was in another city – Niigata, roughly two hours away by bullet train on the Joetsu Shinkansen line. The faint but unmistakable slippery magical signature

pulsed clearly in his awareness, emanating from the distant coastal prefecture like a beacon only he and a few others could detect.

Rin stood tall on the rooftop, the wind tugging lightly at his clothes as he focused inward and began using magic to modify his appearance so he wouldn't be noticed or recognized by the police or any heroes as Rin when he was out there fighting. The transformation started slowly and deliberately at the roots of his hair. Deep blue strands gradually lightened, shifting hue as vibrant red bled through from the scalp outward, rich crimson spreading downward in smooth waves while subtle threads of gleaming gold appeared like highlights woven through the red, catching the sunlight with metallic luster. His hair now fell in a bold, fiery red with golden accents that gave him an entirely different, more imposing presence.

Next, his eyes — which were normally a calm, deep blue — began to change. The rich blue color drained away like water receding, replaced by a brilliant golden hue that spread from the pupils outward, turning his irises into sharp, luminous gold that seemed to glow with inner power. The transformation made his gaze piercing and otherworldly, stripping away any trace of his usual youthful look.

Then his body started changing in a controlled, flowing sequence. Normally Rin appeared as a normal average boy with only light muscle definition, subtle abs, and a handsome but unassuming face. Now the magic reshaped him into something more manly and mature. His frame stretched upward gradually, bones and muscles lengthening smoothly until he stood noticeably taller, reaching a height that suited a fully grown man rather than a college student. His shoulders broadened with powerful rolls of muscle forming across his chest and back, pectorals expanding into large, firm slabs that pressed against his shirt. His arms thickened with dense, defined biceps and forearms, veins becoming faintly visible beneath the skin as strength layered on. His abs sharpened into a clear, muscular six-pack while his waist remained tight, and his legs gained powerful thighs and calves that filled out his pants with solid mass. He wasn't overwhelmingly huge or monstrous — just a little bit taller and significantly more muscular, the build of a strong, athletic adult man radiating quiet power and confidence. The changes

settled with a warm tingling sensation across his skin, leaving his new form feeling natural and ready.

Finally, his clothing gradually changed into something resembling Chinese mafia attire – more like dark triad Chinese emperor clothes adorned with intricate dragon designs. The fabric of his ordinary clothes darkened first, shifting from casual tones into deep, luxurious black and crimson silk-like material that shimmered with subtle sheen. The cut transformed elegantly: the shirt lengthened into a high-collared, traditional-style tunic with wide sleeves that tapered at the wrists, embroidered with coiling golden dragons that seemed almost alive, their scales detailed and mouths open in fierce roars across the chest and shoulders. A long, flowing outer robe settled over it, edged with gold trim and more dragon motifs winding down the sides and hem, evoking imperial authority mixed with dangerous underworld elegance. The pants adjusted into straight, tailored black trousers that complemented the outfit, while sturdy black boots formed around his feet with subtle reinforced detailing. The entire ensemble fit his new taller, more muscular frame perfectly, giving him the commanding aura of a powerful figure from ancient triad lore rather than an ordinary young man from Tokyo.

Once the transformations completed, Rin stood transformed on the rooftop, red-and-gold hair swaying in the breeze, golden eyes scanning the horizon with sharp intensity, his newly muscular body held with natural authority in the dark, dragon-embroidered emperor-style attire.

Then he called out Inferna, his voice carrying clearly across the roof as he turned toward the direction of the house below. "Let's have a race to see who reaches Niigata first ...and also count how many steps it takes you to reach there"

Inferna agreed without hesitation, her golden eyes with serpentine slits flashing with competitive fire as she positioned herself beside him, her suggestive maid

uniform hugging her voluptuous curves while her long red hair and veiled golden horns caught the light.

After a short countdown from Rin — "Three... two... one... go!" — Inferna sprinted off with so much energy and speed. She launched forward in a powerful burst, leaping from roof to roof with explosive force, her powerful legs propelling her in massive, graceful arcs across the cityscape. Buildings blurred beneath her as she covered the immense distance. Each leap spanned incredible distances, her body cutting through the air like a crimson streak before her feet touched down lightly on another rooftop far ahead, momentum carrying her onward without pause until she reached Niigata in an astonishingly short time... in only thirteen steps, a journey that would normally take about two hours on a bullet train.

Inferna reached the location and landed with a solid impact on a high building overlooking part of the city, breathing steadily as she scanned for Rin. Then she saw that Rin was already there, standing casually a short distance away and laughing at her with genuine amusement. He told her he had only used three steps before reaching here and that if not for some discomfort on the way he could have made it in two steps instead, his new golden eyes twinkling with playful challenge while his red-and-gold hair shifted in the Niigata breeze and his dragon-embroidered attire billowed slightly.

As Rin and Inferna were together talking, exchanging light words about the race and the journey, then Chris, Muganda and Yuri arrived shortly after, appearing with their own swift, controlled movements near the same rooftop area.

Then Rin looked and saw the monster — Bakuteriya. The creature looked like a slimy black venom, its amorphous body glistening with a dark, oily sheen that shifted and rippled constantly, tendrils of viscous black substance extending and retracting as it tried to maintain a low, hidden profile near the ground.

Then the monster saw Rin and was suddenly terrified. Despite the modifications and changes in Rin's appearance, the red-and-gold hair, golden eyes, taller muscular build, and imposing dark triad emperor clothes with dragon designs – it could still sense and remember him and the encounter it had with him and Chris that night years ago in Nara. Its slimy form quivered violently, surface trembling as instinctive fear rippled through its gelatinous mass.

Then Rin looked and saw that the monster was already surrounded by a group of SCO— Supernatural Control Organization – agents in tactical gear forming a cautious perimeter around the terrified creature.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then the monster saw Rin and was suddenly terrified because despite the modifications and changes in Rin's appearance, it could sense and remember him and the encounter it had with him and Chris that night years ago in Nara.

Its slimy black venom-like body quivered violently, the dark oily surface rippling and contracting in erratic waves as instinctive fear spread through its gelatinous form.

The creature's amorphous mass shrank back slightly, tendrils retracting inward as if trying to make itself smaller, the glossy black substance glistening under the Niigata daylight while faint tremors ran across its entire unstable shape.

Even with Rin's fiery red hair streaked with gleaming gold threads swaying in the coastal breeze, his piercing golden eyes glowing with otherworldly intensity, his taller and more muscular frame radiating quiet power, and the imposing dark triad Chinese emperor-style clothes adorned with coiling golden dragons across the high-collared tunic and flowing robe, the monster still recognized the familiar magical presence beneath the disguise.

Memories of that night in the quiet Nara bedroom clearly flashed through whatever passed for its consciousness – the failed escape, the bursts of magic, and the two figures who had nearly captured it – causing the creature to freeze in visible panic, its form trembling uncontrollably.

Then Rin looked and saw that the monster was already surrounded by a group of SCO agents – members of the Supernatural Control Organization.

The SCO was no ordinary agency. It stood as a powerful international body that operated not only across Japan but worldwide, its authority reaching into every corner where supernatural threats emerged.

Unlike the more public-facing Heroes Association, which focused on flashy battles and protecting civilians from visible dangers, the SCO functioned as the hidden governing force behind it all. They sponsored the Heroes Association, issued directives, provided critical intelligence, and supplied resources for large-scale operations.

More importantly, the SCO held ultimate power and authority to interfere directly in any situation involving supernatural creatures or rogue heroes.

They could monitor, detain, or even eradicate anyone — hero or civilian — who opposed their mandates or threatened the delicate balance between the human world and the hidden supernatural one.

Their agents moved with disciplined precision, dressed in tactical dark uniforms reinforced with subtle magical wards, faces partially obscured by visors or masks that hid expressions while sharp eyes scanned every movement of the trapped Bakuteriya.

A vivid flashback from the recent robbery incident involving Chiyo and Yuri. During that chaotic event, the man named Kurt had revealed himself as a member of the SCO.

His intervention had been swift and calculated, showcasing the organization's reach and willingness to step in when supernatural elements spilled into public crimes.

Kurt's presence had underscored how deeply the SCO could embed itself into situations, watching from the shadows and acting decisively when necessary.

The SCO's interest extended far beyond single incidents. For some time now, they had been quietly investigating Chris — the androgynous primordial demon who

served as Rin's efficient manager and wrote detailed books chronicling real criminal and supernatural events.

Chris's stories contained exact, precise information about crimes and battles that even the SCO lacked full access to, raising strong suspicions.

The organization watched Chris closely, hoping to catch him off guard and uncover the source of his seemingly impossible knowledge.

They lacked concrete evidence to convict him outright, so their surveillance remained patient and calculated, waiting for any slip that could link the books to forbidden sources.

What the SCO did not yet fully realize was the deeper connection between Rin and the mysterious figure known as Ryū in Chris's books.

Ryū was portrayed as the Dragon Lord — a tall, commanding warrior with striking red hair streaked with gold that shimmered like living flame, piercing golden eyes that glowed with intense power, a fully grown manly physique featuring broad shoulders, a large muscular chest, defined abs, powerful arms and legs, and an overall imposing yet controlled presence.

He wore dark triad Chinese emperor-style clothes: a high-collared tunic and flowing robe embroidered with intricate, coiling golden dragons that seemed

almost alive, paired with tailored black trousers and sturdy boots that completed the aura of dangerous imperial authority mixed with underworld elegance.

In the books, Ryū emerged to fight strong monsters across the land, his battles described with breathtaking detail and precision.

In reality, Ryū was Rin himself. Rin had been venturing out for years to confront powerful supernatural threats while disguised in this exact transformed appearance.

Chris simply documented those real fights in his books, turning Rin's actions as the Dragon Lord into gripping narratives.

The SCO had been investigating the enigmatic Ryū for a long time, analyzing every described battle for clues about this elusive figure who consistently neutralized dangerous creatures before the agency could fully respond.

They studied the books for patterns, trying to predict where the Dragon Lord might appear next, never suspecting that the tall, red-and-gold-haired warrior in the dragon-embroidered emperor attire was actually the same young man attending university in Tokyo under his ordinary guise.

Standing on the Niigata rooftop in his transformed state – red hair with golden highlights catching the wind, golden eyes scanning the scene below, muscular

frame filling the dark imperial robes with quiet strength — Rin observed the SCO agents tightening their perimeter around the terrified Bakuteriya.

The slimy black venom creature continued to shiver and shift its form nervously, its glossy surface reflecting the surrounding buildings as it sensed the closing net.

The agents moved with coordinated efficiency, some holding specialized containment devices that hummed with suppressed magical energy, others scanning the area for any additional threats.

The coastal air carried the faint salt scent from the nearby Sea of Japan, mixing with the tense atmosphere as the standoff unfolded beneath the clear sky.

Chris, Muganda, Inferna, and Yuri remained positioned nearby, their postures alert yet composed, watching the developing situation with careful eyes while Rin's new golden gaze remained fixed on the surrounded monster and the powerful international organization that now controlled the immediate battlefield.

The weight of the SCO's global authority hung unspoken in the air — their ability to govern the Heroes Association, sponsor operations, and eliminate opposition creating an invisible pressure that affected every supernatural encounter in the city.

Rin's disguised form, identical to the legendary Ryū from the books the SCO had pored over for clues, stood silently as the pieces of a larger hidden game continued to shift around the trembling black slime creature below.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

So now the SCO has surrounded Bakuteriya with their gadgets and guns. The agents formed a tight, professional perimeter around the creature, their tactical dark uniforms blending with the urban surroundings while specialized containment devices hummed with suppressed magical energy.

Heavy rifles and energy-based weapons were leveled steadily at the monster, red targeting lights dancing across its shifting black surface.

The monster under the bed was actually strong and difficult to capture due to his slimy form — even if attacked or shot, its body would just scatter like slimy water around and rearrange back to its normal form unless someone struck its core directly, then it could be killed.

The viscous black mass constantly flowed and reformed, tendrils stretching out experimentally before pulling back, testing the gaps between the agents while its surface shimmered with oily reflections from the surrounding buildings and overcast sky.

Rin (as Ryū) and his accomplices — Chris, Yuri, Inferna, and Muganda — stood still above them on the roofs of high buildings, their figures mostly hidden from below by the angle and distance, not noticed yet by the SCO agents, only by the monster.

Rin wasn't really happy because he really wanted to get to fight Bakuteriya but now there were these nuisances around.

His newly golden eyes narrowed with clear irritation, the red-and-gold hair swaying slightly in the coastal breeze as his taller, more muscular frame remained tense beneath the dark triad Chinese emperor-style clothes embroidered with coiling golden dragons.

The high-collared tunic and flowing robe shifted with his subtle movements, the intricate dragon designs seeming almost alive against the dark fabric.

His broad shoulders and defined chest rose and fell with restrained annoyance while his powerful arms stayed crossed, the burn of disappointment evident in the tight line of his jaw.

Then Rin looked below and sighted someone familiar.

He was Chiyo's friend — a young boy about Chiyo's age who did come at times (but not often) to visit Chiyo at home. Rin remembered he had seen him at the house before, and well Rin didn't really like him — probably because he thought this dude wanted to date his sister.

The boy stood among the SCO agents in a composed stance, his presence blending into the tactical group yet standing out to Rin's sharp gaze.

His youthful face carried a focused expression, posture straight and alert as he held some kind of specialized device in one hand.

Rin seeing him together with the SCO made him think, "Is he really a big deal?" He had thought the boy was just a normal boy chasing after his sister, yet here he was operating alongside one of the most powerful international supernatural organizations.

The realization settled heavily as Rin's golden eyes lingered on the scene below, the wind carrying faint salt scents from the nearby Sea of Japan across the rooftops.

So Rin did a magic spell on Yuri, Muganda, and Inferna, making them look like black mist so they wouldn't be recognized being around Ryū.

The transformation happened smoothly — their forms shimmered briefly before dissolving into swirling, shadowy black mist that hovered silently beside him on the rooftop, concealing their identities completely.

He knew the SCO was onto Chris and Ryū and they knew how Ryū looked like, so he wouldn't want them seeing the maids that normally walked with Rin being with Ryū – that would just blow his cover in an instant.

The dark mist curled and drifted subtly with the breeze, hiding every detail of the voluptuous maid uniforms, long red hair, golden horns, silky black hair, and distinctive features while remaining close enough to observe everything.

And then Rin (in Ryū form of course) jumped down into the commotion with a powerful, controlled descent, his taller muscular body cutting through the air gracefully before landing with a solid impact on the ground near the surrounded monster. The dragon-embroidered robe billowed dramatically around his frame as he straightened to his full imposing height, red-and-gold hair catching the light while his golden eyes scanned the agents with calm authority.

Then Rin said to them in a deep, commanding voice, "You humans can go, I'll handle this."

The SCO agents reacted with immediate surprise and tension. One of the senior operatives muttered loudly enough for everyone to hear, "What? Isn't this the guy in that author's book?... the criminal known as the Dragon Lord running loose around fighting monsters?" Recognition flashed across several faces as they connected the tall figure with fiery red-and-gold hair, piercing golden eyes, muscular build, and the distinctive dark triad Chinese emperor clothes adorned with coiling golden dragons to the descriptions they had studied in Chris's books.

Then they all pointed their guns towards Rin and said to him firmly, "You are under arrest."

Rin laughed, a low, confident sound that echoed across the street, his broad chest rumbling slightly as the golden dragons on his robe seemed to shift with the movement.

He then started walking towards Bakuteriya, jokingly greeting him like "Yoo, you remember me right..." His voice carried casual amusement while his powerful steps closed the distance steadily, boots sounding firmly against the pavement.

And well Bakuteriya was so scared and looking for a way to escape from Rin — despite Bakuteriya being a little bit strong, he was a real scaredy-cat. The slimy black venom creature trembled even more violently, its form scattering slightly at the edges before reforming, tendrils retracting desperately as it tried to find any gap in the SCO encirclement or a path away from the approaching Dragon Lord it clearly remembered from years ago.

So as Rin (Ryū) was walking towards Bakuteriya, suddenly a bright light with so much intensity and power struck Rin's hand, which really did have an impact on it, leaving his hand all burnt up with a hole in his hand.

The searing flash illuminated the entire area for a split second, the air crackling with raw energy as the attack connected solidly. Pain flared visibly across Rin's features for a moment, smoke rising from the charred wound where a clean hole now pierced through his previously uninjured hand, the skin blackened and raw around the edges while golden eyes widened in genuine surprise.

Rin was surprised to see it was the boy who came looking for Chiyo at his place (Chiyo's friend) who threw that attack on him. The young boy stood with his arm still extended, residual light fading from his palm as his expression remained focused and resolute.

And he was so shocked because he didn't even sense anything from him — even with how bright the light was, he still didn't sense anything, meaning this boy is really strong.

The realization hit Rin hard, his newly muscular frame tensing as the unexpected power level registered fully.

What he had dismissed as a harmless boy chasing after his sister now revealed itself as something far more dangerous, capable of landing a clean, powerful strike without any detectable buildup of magical signature.

So now Rin's focus isn't on Bakuteriya anymore but on the boy as he moves towards him ready to attack the boy, his golden eyes locking onto the young figure with intense concentration while the burnt hand flexed slightly despite the damage, the dragon-embroidered robe shifting with each purposeful step forward.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

The boy then shouted using a light energy — like a sound wave infused with brilliant light — that burst outward from his mouth with devastating force.

The attack erupted as a visible cone of shimmering white-gold energy mixed with concussive sound, slamming directly into Rin's chest and sending him flying across a considerable distance.

His taller, muscular body in the dragon-embroidered emperor attire cut through the air before crashing heavily into a cluster of abandoned buildings on the edge of the industrial area, concrete and metal groaning under the impact as dust and debris exploded outward in a thick cloud.

Rin stood up slowly from the rubble, dusting his dark robe and tunic with deliberate, unhurried motions.

The golden dragons on the fabric seemed to shift and gleam as he brushed off the dust.

An anticipating smile spread across his face, golden eyes lighting up with genuine excitement as he realized that this boy was far stronger than Bakuteriya and that he would really enjoy every second of this fight with him.

The burn on his hand from the earlier attack throbbed faintly, but the pain only sharpened his focus and thrill.

So then Rin sprinted back toward the boy at a speed too fast as lightning that the SCO agents couldn't even comprehend.

His powerful legs propelled him forward in a crimson-and-gold blur, the flowing robe whipping violently behind him as the air itself seemed to crackle and part around his accelerating form.

In less than a heartbeat, he closed the distance across the street.

Then Rin said to the boy in a deep, confident voice that carried across the battlefield, "I want to fight you now."

The boy, having a thousand-yard stare, a flat monotone voice, and a complete lack of reaction to surprises, replied "fine by me."

When he was with the organization, his expression changed completely — no glasses on, a deep tone voice paired with a deathly hollow stare that made his eyes look almost empty and unnerving.

But when he was with Chiyo, he didn't really act vacant or with a hollow expression; he was more lively, with a lighter voice tone, glasses perched on his nose, always smiling shyly and showing a gentle, awkward warmth.

Then immediately Rin moved and the boy also moved toward his direction, and suddenly they started fighting.

The SCO agents standing around couldn't really have a clear glance at the fight.

All they could see were streaks of lights moving rapidly with sharp sounds of lightning-like impacts – explosive cracks, booming clashes, and flashes of energy that blurred the two figures into near-invisible motion.

The air vibrated with the sheer force of their exchanges, concrete cracking beneath their feet as shockwaves rippled outward.

Then Chris appeared before the SCO agents, materializing with their usual composed elegance in sharp business attire, golden hair neatly styled and glasses reflecting the chaotic light of the battle.

Of course the SCO recognized and knew Chris as the author selling books on behalf of Ryū and also suspected him as a criminal too, but they couldn't arrest him due to lack of evidence. Their gazes hardened with suspicion as they watched the androgynous figure approach calmly.

Then a member of the organization shouted out, voice tense and accusatory, "You criminal, so you've shown your true colors huh?"

And Chris replied with a perfectly calm and straight face, "What are you talking about? I'm a journalist, I'm just here to document what happens here for my book with my friend over there — that's Ryū — as usual.

Nothing to worry about."

But the SCO agents were still cautious of him, their hands staying close to their weapons while their visors tracked every subtle movement Chris made.

Then Chris said to them firmly, "Do not interfere in this fight."

Then the SCO replied with clear suspicion, "And why is that?"

Then Chris said with a straight face, "If you want to, you can go ahead... but I have already told you not to interfere.

Let them fight."

Then the SCO said, voices rising with tension, "Are you trying to stand against the SCO?"

Then Chris struck a glowing purple straight line in front of them on the ground, the magical barrier humming with restrained power as it stretched across the street like a clear warning.

Chris said calmly, "Whosoever wants to butt in should then cross this line."

Then one of the SCO agents told the rest to stand down for now, saying they would surely catch up to Chris's scheme and send him to jail. He smiled thinly while telling Chris, "And by the way, the boy is very strong.

He can control sound and light... meaning Ryū will be defeated."

As all the commotion was going on, Bakuteriya saw this as an opportunity to escape. Using his slimy skills, the black venom-like creature suddenly scattered its body into a fluid, fast-moving pool of glossy darkness that flowed rapidly across the ground, slipping between the distracted agents and buildings with incredible speed.

It left the entire area behind and escaped into the monster realm, arriving at the shadowy, otherworldly domain filled with twisted landscapes and faint, eerie lights.

There, it met other monsters — grotesque silhouettes and glowing-eyed beings lurking in the mist.

Bakuteriya explained what had just occurred in a trembling, hurried voice, telling them he was not going back there again.

He described how Rin was there — knowing full well that Rin was Ryū — and how overwhelmingly powerful he was, his slimy form still quivering with residual fear as the other monsters listened intently in the dim, foreboding realm.