

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

The dust from the earlier clash still hung in the air like a hazy curtain, but the one-on-one between Ryū and Ken had carved out its own pocket of chaos in the ruined plaza... No one else interfered.

The surrounding fighters had pulled back, eyes wide, as the two circled each other under the fractured sky. Broken concrete jutted like teeth from the ground. Twisted rebar glinted in the fading light.

A half-collapsed building loomed nearby, its exposed girders groaning with every tremor.

Ken moved first,

He blurred—not a streak of pure speed, but a ripple, like heat haze over asphalt.

Light bent around his form, folding the air so his silhouette flickered in and out, one heartbeat he was ten paces away.

The next, his fist drove toward Ryū's ribs in a lance of concentrated photons.

Ryū's arms snapped up, the impact landed with a sharp crack, force rippling through his bones.

He skidded backward, heels carving grooves in the debris, but he stayed upright.

Ken didn't let up. A follow-up kick whipped in low, light flaring along his shin like a blade's edge.

Ryū twisted, blocking with his thigh, the blow burned—raw heat searing through fabric and skin—but he felt no tear of flesh, no snap of bone, just pressure and sting.

Not light speed, Ryū thought, eyes narrowing as he tracked the boy's next shift, close enough to fool the eye, but there's lag.

A fraction of a second where the light has to catch up to his body. He hasn't mastered the merge yet.

Ken pressed the advantage, grin flashing white against his soot-streaked face, "You're just standing there taking it, old man!"

He clapped his hands together once—sharp, deliberate. The sound didn't echo normally, It exploded.

An invisible wall of compressed air and vibration slammed forward, roaring like a freight train in a tunnel. Ryū crossed his arms in front of his chest, the shockwave hit him square, lifting him clean off his feet and hurling him twenty meters back.

His body slammed into the side of a shattered pillar. Concrete powder exploded outward.

Pain flared across his back, but again, no real damage sank in—just the blunt force rattling his teeth.

Ryū landed on his feet, coughing once, smoke curling from his clothes where Ken's earlier light strikes had scorched the surface...Burns? Yes, Blisters forming on his forearms.

But the deeper layers held, he rolled his shoulders, feeling the familiar hum of his elemental control reinforcing every cell.

Ken was already on him again, light coiling around his palms like living whips.

He flicked his wrists. Twin beams lanced out, bending mid-flight in impossible arcs—one high, one low.

Ryū dodged the first by leaning sharply.

The second grazed his shoulder, slicing a clean line through cloth and leaving a smoking trench of reddened skin.

Heat bloomed, intense enough to make his vision swim for half a second.

But he didn't fall.

Instead, Ryū exhaled slowly, watching.

Ken's style was elegant violence: light for precision and heat, sound for raw knockout power.

The boy wove them together seamlessly—bend light to close distance or blind, then clap or shout to finish with concussive force....Impressive composition.

Ken lunged again, this time riding a streak of refracted sunlight that made him appear to teleport forward in stuttering jumps.

His elbow drove toward Ryū's jaw. Ryū parried, forearm meeting forearm with a meaty thud.

Sparks of light scattered like fireflies. Ken spun into a backfist.

Ryū slipped inside the arc, driving a short, brutal punch into the boy's midsection.

Ken grunted, air exploding from his lungs, but he recovered instantly.

He slapped his palms together right in Ryū's face.

BOOM.

The sound wave detonated at point-blank range. Ryū's world turned to ringing chaos.

His body catapulted backward again, tumbling end over end across the broken ground.

Shards of concrete bit into his shoulders and hips. The invisible force pressed on his chest like a giant's boot, squeezing the breath from him.

When he finally slid to a stop, his ears rang with a high, piercing whine.

Smoke rose from his torso in lazy spirals where light-infused strikes had landed repeatedly.

Ken stood twenty paces away, breathing hard but steady, light dancing across his knuckles like liquid gold. "Still standing? You're tougher than you look."

Ryū pushed himself up, wiping blood from a split lip that had already stopped bleeding.

His clothes hung in tatters, blackened and torn. Superficial burns marked his arms and chest in angry red patches, but beneath them, his reinforced body remained whole.

No broken bones. No pierced organs. The first light strike that had punched a smoking hole clean through his palm earlier had taught him the danger.

Now he channeled his elemental affinity differently—not trying to seize control of Ken's light, but hardening his own flesh and aura against it. Like wrapping steel around his bones.

He was impressed.

"Nice technique," Ryū said aloud, voice low and steady despite the ringing in his ears. "Light to set up, sound to deliver.

You bend photons like they're clay. Focus them into lasers that cut and burn.

Then you weaponize the air itself with vibration. Clean. Efficient."

Ken's eyes narrowed, suspicious. "Flattery won't save you."

He attacked again.

This time he didn't close the distance directly.

Ken raised one hand, fingers splayed. Light from the broken sky gathered, refracting through dust motes until a dozen needle-thin beams formed, each one curving and twisting like living serpents.

They shot forward in a spiraling barrage, bending at sharp angles to strike from multiple vectors at once.

Ryū moved.

Not fast like light, but with practiced economy. He twisted his torso, letting two beams scorch past his ribs. A third he met with an open palm, channeling his own energy to blunt the heat.

Pain flared hot and bright across his hand, but the beam dispersed into harmless sparks instead of drilling through.

Ken followed up instantly, dashing in while the light show distracted.

His fist, wreathed in a shimmering gauntlet of condensed photons, hammered toward Ryū's sternum.

Ryū blocked.

The impact jolted up his arm like a hammer strike. Ken chained into a knee to the thigh, then an elbow to the temple.

Each hit carried that extra bite of light—searing on contact, trying to cook flesh from the inside.

Ryū absorbed three more blows, each one shoving him back a step.

Smoke trailed from his forearms where the light burned hottest.

His skin blistered and peeled, but the damage stopped at the surface.

He could feel his elemental reinforcement working, turning what should have been devastating cuts into bad sunburns and bruises.

Ken's frustration showed in his next move.

He leaped back, clapped both hands together with vicious force, and pushed.

The shockwave roared outward in a visible ripple this time—air compressing into a translucent wall of pure kinetic fury.

It uprooted loose chunks of concrete, sent them flying like shrapnel, and barreled straight at Ryū.

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Ryū planted his feet. He drew in a sharp breath, chest expanding, then he clapped.

Not a gentle meeting of palms. A violent collision, every muscle in his arms and shoulders driving the motion.

He didn't just mimic the sound—he poured his own elemental control into it, shaping raw vibration through the air with the same precision he used for fire or wind.

CRACK-BOOOOOM.

Two walls of sound collided in the space between them.

The impact was cataclysmic.

The air itself screamed.

A visible shock dome expanded outward from the clash point, shattering every remaining window in the nearby buildings.

The ground heaved violently, cracks spiderwebbing across the plaza in every direction.

Chunks of concrete and rebar launched skyward. The half-collapsed building groaned louder, a support beam snapping with a metallic twang as the structure shifted.

Ryū felt the backlash slam into his body like a tidal wave.

His feet slid backward several meters, heels digging trenches.

His arms vibrated painfully from the force. But he held.

Ken staggered too, eyes wide with surprise as his own attack rebounded partially.

Dust and debris swirled in a violent vortex between them.

For a moment, the only sound was the distant patter of falling rubble and the low rumble of settling earth.

Ryū lowered his hands, flexing his fingers. A thin trail of blood dripped from one ear, but he ignored it. "Your sound is raw power. Mine is shaped. Focused."

Ken wiped sweat from his brow, light flickering erratically around his shoulders. "You... copied that?"

"Not copied," Ryū said, stepping forward through the settling dust. "Adapted."

Ken snarled and attacked once more, refusing to yield momentum.

He bent light aggressively this time, creating a bright flash right in Ryū's face to blind him, then followed with a sweeping kick infused with a laser edge along his shin.

Ryū shut his eyes at the exact right instant, relying on other senses.

He felt the displacement of air, the shift in temperature. His hand snapped down, catching Ken's ankle mid-swing.

The light edge burned his palm, but he squeezed, elemental reinforcement turning the grip iron-hard.

Ken twisted free with a grunt, using another clap to blast himself backward and gain distance.

The shockwave rippled out, but weaker this time—fatigue setting in.

Ryū pursued.

He shouted this time instead of clapping— a short, guttural cry channeled through his throat and diaphragm. The sound wave burst forward in a focused cone, slamming into Ken's hasty block.

The boy's arms shook from the impact. His feet left the ground for a split second before he landed hard, skidding.

Ken retaliated with light. He thrust both palms forward. A thick beam erupted, no longer a needle but a solid cylinder of white-hot energy, bending and weaving as he guided it manually.

It carved a molten trench through the ground as it homed in on Ryū.

Ryū didn't try to control the light.

He knew his limits there.

Ken's manipulation was too refined—bending photons on the fly, focusing them into coherent beams that acted like solid matter one moment and pure heat the next. Instead, Ryū layered his own energy over his body like armor. He stepped into the beam.

Heat engulfed him. Smoke billowed instantly, thick and black, wrapping his form.

The beam scorched across his chest and shoulders, fabric disintegrating, skin bubbling and charring on the surface. Pain roared through him—intense, blinding for a heartbeat.

But he kept walking forward.

The beam pushed against him like a physical wall, yet his reinforced frame held.

Superficial layers burned away. Deeper tissue remained intact.

When the beam finally dissipated, Ryū emerged from the smoke cloud, body steaming, clothes in ashes, fresh burns painting red and black across his torso and arms. His hair was singed at the edges. Yet his eyes were clear, steady.

He looked... almost appreciative.

Ken's chest heaved. Sweat poured down his face. His light constructs flickered, less stable now. "How are you still moving? That should've—"

Ryū cut him off by moving in close again.

No flashy light steps. Just raw, grounded speed and positioning.

He threw a series of measured strikes—jab to the face, hook to the body, low kick to the knee.

Ken blocked the first two with light-hardened forearms, but the kick landed, buckling his leg.

Ken clapped desperately.

The shockwave erupted between them at close range.

Ryū answered with his own clap, perfectly timed.

The dual explosions merged into one deafening thunderclap.

The ground bucked like a living thing. A nearby lamppost toppled with a crash.

Windows that had somehow survived earlier shattered in a glittering rain.

Both fighters were thrown apart—Ryū rolling smoothly to his feet, Ken tumbling harder, catching himself on one knee.

Smoke continued to rise from Ryū's body in thin wisps. Burns covered him now like war paint, but none slowed his movements.

He could feel the limits of his fortification; each light strike chipped away at it, forcing him to constantly reinforce. But it held. For now.

Ken rose slowly, light gathering once more around his fists, though dimmer.

Sound hummed faintly in the air around him, ready for the next clap.

The fight stretched on, uninterrupted. Blow after blow. Light lances cutting through the haze.

Sound waves clashing in visible ripples that shook the foundations of the ruined plaza.

Ryū blocked, absorbed, adapted. Ken struck, burned, pushed with everything he had.

And still, the boy pressed as if victory was just one perfect combination away.

Ryū watched every motion, every flicker of light and distortion of air.

He mimicked where he could—shaping his own sound waves with shouts and claps that grew sharper, more directed.

When Ken tried another spiraling laser barrage, Ryū fortified and closed the distance, forcing the fight into brutal close quarters where light bending became harder to apply perfectly.

The plaza trembled again as another dual sound clash erupted.

Dust choked the air. The half-collapsed building finally gave up a section of wall, crashing down in a roar of masonry that neither fighter paid attention to.

Ryū's burns stung with every movement.

Smoke curled from his shoulders. His ears rang constantly now.

But he was learning.

And the fight continued, fierce and unbroken, under the fractured sky.

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So then Ryū also started using light by deflecting it and also bending it toward another direction after being shot. Bright beams of concentrated light lanced toward him from Ken's outstretched hands, only for Ryū's muscular arms to sweep through the air with precise, controlled motions. Instead of taking the full force, he channeled his elemental mastery, palms glowing faintly as he caught the incoming rays and redirected them sideways in sharp, curving arcs. The light bent at unnatural angles under his influence, slicing into nearby abandoned walls instead of his body, carving deep, glowing trenches into the concrete that sizzled and smoked on contact. With each successful deflection, the golden dragons embroidered on his dark triad Chinese emperor-style robe seemed to shimmer brighter, as if feeding off the redirected energy.

The SCO agents watching from a safe distance remained tense, their tactical gear and weapons held at the ready. The organization was led and boarded by 7 executives, each one controlling the activities of the SCO for their respective country. There were exactly seven countries where the SCO had been firmly established, and the executive in charge of Japan happened to be Ken's father — a fact that added another layer of gravity to the unfolding battle.

Now back to the present...

Ken stood impressed, his deathly hollow stare momentarily flickering with genuine surprise as he watched Ryū adapt so quickly. In just these few minutes of intense combat, the Dragon Lord had already begun manipulating light in ways that mirrored his own techniques. Ken thought to himself, "Wow... now I know why you're called the Dragon Lord, Ryū," the silent acknowledgment flashing through his mind while his body remained locked in that flat, thousand-yard expression.

Then Ryū backed up to a little distance, his taller, more muscular frame moving with powerful yet casual grace across the cracked pavement. The flowing dark robe billowed around his broad shoulders and defined chest as he stopped, red-and-gold hair catching the Niigata breeze. He looked directly at Ken and said in a deep, mocking tone, "Is this how you go around pestering people's sisters around?"

In a confused moment, Ken tilted his head a little, the movement sharp and mechanical. His deep monotone voice cut through the lingering echoes of their earlier clashes as he replied, "What do you mean? Do you even know me?"

Then Ryū laughed, a rich, confident sound that rolled from his chest and echoed off the surrounding buildings. The golden dragons on his high-collared tunic and robe appeared to coil and shift with the motion. He answered with clear amusement, "Do I know you? The Dragon Lord's knowledge encompasses more than you could imagine."

Then Ken stood stiff, his entire body going rigid for a brief second as the words sank in. In his mind he thought, "Then he would know about my dad being the head of the SCO here in Japan," the realization hitting him like a hidden weight. That connection was kind of a big deal — if this man truly knew all these details, it could complicate everything significantly.

Then he looked at Ryū with narrowed eyes and thought, "Nahh... this guy is lying. He probably has seen me somewhere before but there's no way he knows about my dad." The hollow stare remained firmly in place, giving nothing away on the surface.

Then he struck Ryū again, continuing the fight with renewed intensity. Beams of bent light shot forward once more, followed by sharp claps that unleashed invisible sound waves. But then Ryū started fighting and reacting in a petty manner, jumping and dodging with exaggerated, almost playful movements. His powerful legs launched him high into the air, dodging a searing light blade by inches before landing lightly and sidestepping another sonic blast with theatrical flair. The dragon-embroidered robe flared dramatically with every leap, his red-and-gold hair whipping about as he moved more like someone toying with his opponent than fighting seriously.

Then Ryū was like, "Hey, why do you attack using light too much? It's so annoying... You know if you could just give me a little space I would finish you in a heartbeat, right?" His voice carried clear irritation mixed with teasing arrogance as he landed after another high jump, brushing dust from his sleeve with exaggerated annoyance.

Then Ken replied in his flat, deep monotone voice, completely unfazed, "You're being illogical. Knowing light is my main weapon here I have to use it wisely or else you'd have your way in beating my ass."

The exchange hung in the charged air between them as the fight continued without pause. Ryū's golden eyes sparkled with amusement even as he deflected another light beam, bending it harmlessly into the sky where it dissipated in a bright flash. Smoke still rose faintly from spots on his clothes and skin where earlier attacks had landed, but his muscular frame showed no signs of real damage. Ken pressed forward with mechanical precision, hands weaving patterns that bent and split light into multiple deadly rays while occasional claps sent concussive sound pulses hammering toward Ryū's position.

The ground continued to tremble slightly from the residual force of their earlier sonic clashes, small pieces of debris rolling across the broken street. The SCO agents remained behind Chris's glowing purple line, watching the spectacle with a mixture of caution and frustration. The tall, imposing figure of Ryū in his dark imperial attire moved with a blend of raw power and petty provocation, while Ken fought with that unnerving, emotionless hollow stare, his attacks never losing their calculated efficiency.

Ryū continued dodging in an almost lazy, taunting manner — leaping sideways to avoid a curving light slash, then hopping backward as a sound wave cracked the pavement where he had just been standing. His laughter rang out again between exchanges, clearly enjoying the chance to provoke the younger fighter. Ken, for his part, remained completely composed in his organizational mode, voice flat and movements precise, showing none of the shy, smiling liveliness he displayed when around Chiyo.

The battle stretched on, light flashing brilliantly against the overcast Niigata sky while the occasional boom of colliding sound waves rolled across the area like distant thunder. Ryū's petty taunts mixed with his growing mastery over deflection kept the fight dynamic and unpredictable, even as Ken continued pressing his advantage with relentless light and sound combinations

Chapter 54: So The Dragon Lord is In Love

After a while of fighting, Ryū finally understood the intensity of Ken's speed blast and his light ability, so now he knew the limit of the boy's ability.

The tall, muscular figure in the dark triad Chinese emperor-style clothes stood amidst the cracked street, red-and-gold hair slightly disheveled from the constant exchanges, golden eyes narrowed in focused calculation. Smoke still curled lazily from several scorch marks on his robe and skin, but his powerful frame remained steady as he processed every flash of light and every booming sound wave he had endured.

Then Ryū hopped backwards with a powerful push of his legs, creating distance between himself and Ken.

He raised both hands in front of his chest and began gathering different elements together in the form of a round shining ball.

Multi-colored energy swirled rapidly between his palms — threads of crackling fire twisting with streams of shimmering water, chunks of solid earth mixing with glowing light, vibrating sound waves, and flowing currents of air.

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

The air around it warped and hummed from the sheer concentration of mixed forces.

Ken saw this and immediately struck the shining ball with his light.

A searing white beam shot forward from his outstretched hand, aimed directly at the center of the growing orb.

However, the round form absorbed Ken's light instead, pulling the bright energy into itself and growing slightly brighter as it consumed the attack without any visible resistance.

The absorbed light blended seamlessly into the swirling colors, making the sphere glow even more intensely.

Then Ken used his sound wave toward Ryū as he was still forming the round ball with different elements.

He clapped his hands together sharply, unleashing a powerful invisible force of compressed sound that rushed forward with a deep, thunderous boom.

The sound wave was also absorbed.

The vibrating pulse disappeared into the shining ball without a trace, the orb simply humming louder as it incorporated the sonic energy into its chaotic mix.

Then Ryū finished forming the shining ball with different colors.

It was not quite round like a perfect ball but instead took the shape of a circular shining form, roughly the size of a basketball, pulsing with dangerous, ever-shifting hues — fiery reds and oranges swirling with deep blues of water, earthy browns, brilliant whites of light, vibrating silvers of sound, and translucent currents of air.

The entire construct crackled with barely contained power, small sparks and ripples dancing across its surface as the conflicting elements fought for dominance inside.

Then Ryū said to Ken in a calm yet threatening voice, "This is just a little ball.

I could create a lot more bigger ball of the size of the entire Tokyo... and if you get hit with just this small ball I created, you could evaporate."

Ken became cautious and stared at him, his deathly hollow eyes fixed on the dangerous circular shining form hovering between Ryū's hands.

The boy's body tensed visibly, his flat expression remaining unchanged on the surface while his posture shifted into a more defensive stance, clearly weighing the threat.

Then Ryū said to him with a serious tone, "I'll let you choose... stop chasing after Chiyo and I'll consider letting you go unharmed."

Then with a surprised impression on Ken's face after hearing Chiyo's name, his hollow stare cracked for the first time.

His eyes widened slightly and his monotone voice carried a rare hint of genuine shock as he said, "So the Dragon Lord is in love with Chiyo..."

Then Ryū, with a confused face — a clear "what? In love?" expression crossing his features, eyebrows raising and head tilting slightly — replied, "Em... well yes, I'm in love with her, and that being said you should stay away from her or else... you already know what this ball with mixture of different elements can do."

The shining circular form continued to pulse dangerously in his hands, its surface swirling with destructive potential.

Inside, visible threads of fire roared against churning water, solid earth fragments ground against vibrating sound waves, brilliant light clashed with flowing air, all compressed into one unstable, multicolored mass.

If released at full power, the mixture could easily create so much destruction to the whole of Tokyo if sent to the ground – a cataclysmic blend of every element colliding and exploding outward in unstoppable waves of fire, flooding torrents, crushing stone, blinding light, shattering sound, and tearing winds.

The air around the ball grew heavy and charged, small sparks of energy occasionally escaping and scorching the ground near Ryū's boots.

Ken remained frozen in place, staring at both the dangerous orb and the imposing Dragon Lord who now stood tall in his dark imperial attire, golden eyes locked on him with clear warning.

The previously emotionless boy showed visible tension in his shoulders and clenched fists, the mention of Chiyo having clearly thrown him off balance despite his usual flat demeanor during organization duties.

Ryū held the shining circular form steady, its multicolored light casting shifting reflections across his red-and-gold hair and the intricate golden dragon designs on his robe.

The threat hung heavily between them as the distant sounds of the city faded into the background, leaving only the low, dangerous hum of the condensed elements waiting to be unleashed.

Chapter 55: Who Do You Think You Are You Scumbag !!

Then Ken said to him in his usual flat, deep monotone voice, "I like Chiyo but I'm not in love with her.

She just seems lonely so I just try to cheer her up... and well if you claim you love her, you should stay by her always and cheer her up."

The words hung in the tense air between them.

Ryū's face immediately showed a little bit of an angry impression, his golden eyes narrowing sharply while his brows furrowed deeply.

The red-and-gold hair shifted as he tilted his head slightly, the muscles in his broad shoulders and large chest tightening visibly beneath the dark triad Chinese emperor-style robe embroidered with coiling golden dragons.

His voice rose with clear irritation as he replied, "What??? You mean to say you're chasing after her and you're not even in love with her??... Are you trying to mess with her feelings or what? Who do you think you are you scumbag"

The accusation echoed across the damaged street, mixing with the faint crackling sound still coming from the shining circular form of mixed elements that continued to pulse dangerously in Ryū's hands.

Small sparks of fire, flashes of light, and ripples of air occasionally escaped the unstable orb, scorching tiny marks on the already cracked pavement around his boots.

Then Ken was confused, his head tilting slightly to the side in a mechanical motion while that deathly hollow stare remained fixed on Ryū.

His expression showed clear bewilderment, though his voice stayed flat and emotionless as he tried to process the sudden outburst.

Then Ryū, facing him from a short distance, let his angry impression soften into something less intense.

His golden eyes still burned with irritation, but the tight line of his jaw relaxed just a fraction.

In his mind he thought, "I would really love to beat this guy up really badly but he's not really a bad guy."

Ryū knew Ken was actually pretty strong. If he were to take the fight seriously, as annoying as Ken's light and sound abilities were, he would probably have to go for the kill to end it quickly.

But he didn't want to kill him because he wasn't a bad guy.

To Ryū, this was just a little fight — nothing more than his personal displeasure at having this boy hanging around Chiyo.

Now Ken stood breathing heavily, his shoulders rising and falling with deep, labored breaths as sweat glistened on his face and neck.

His body showed clear signs of exhaustion after the long exchange of light beams and sound waves, yet he stubbornly kept his fighting stance upright — knees slightly bent, hands still positioned defensively, that thousand-yard hollow stare never wavering even as fatigue set in.

Then Ryū said to him in a firm, decisive tone, "It's enough."

This fight is over... for now."

The shining circular form of mixed elements still hovered between his palms, its multicolored surface swirling with fire, water, earth, light, sound, and air in a chaotic but contained storm.

The orb continued to hum with dangerous power, small arcs of energy occasionally snapping outward, but Ryū made no move to release it.

Then Ken said to Ryū, his deep monotone voice carrying a serious warning despite his exhaustion, "You better watch your back.

You have no idea what weapons and power the SCO has." Because Ken actually thought the SCO was so strong that they were Gods pretending to be humans far stronger than Ryū.

"Don't look down on them just cause they are humans.

I tell you they have more power than you think... Take this as an advice."

As Ryū backed away a few steps, the dragon-embroidered robe flowing around his taller, muscular frame, he then laughed — a low, confident, and slightly mocking sound that rolled from his chest and echoed between the damaged buildings.

The laughter caused the golden dragons on his high-collared tunic and robe to catch the light dramatically.

His golden eyes glinted with amusement mixed with lingering irritation as he looked at the exhausted but still defiant boy standing across from him.

The air between them remained thick with tension.

The shining circular form of condensed elements slowly began to fade as Ryū gradually dispersed the gathered power, the swirling colors dimming until the dangerous orb dissolved completely into harmless sparks that drifted away on the breeze.

Smoke still rose faintly from scattered scorch marks on Ryū's clothes, but his powerful body showed no real damage.

Ken continued standing in his fighting stance, breathing hard, his hollow stare fixed on the Dragon Lord even as his body clearly struggled to keep going after the intense battle.

The surrounding street bore clear marks of their fight — cracked pavement, scorched walls, and scattered debris — while the distant SCO agents remained behind the glowing purple line Chris had drawn, watching the scene unfold with cautious eyes.

Ryū's laughter slowly faded, but the confident, almost playful smirk remained on his face as he regarded Ken one final time, the red-and-gold hair swaying gently in the coastal wind.

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As Ryū backed away from him, he then laughed — a deep, confident, and slightly mocking sound that rolled freely from his broad chest, echoing across the cracked street and damaged buildings around them.

The laughter caused the intricate golden dragons embroidered on his dark triad Chinese emperor-style robe to catch the fading light dramatically, making them appear almost alive as they shimmered with each movement of his muscular frame.

As he walked away, his taller, more imposing body moved with casual power, one hand slipped casually into the pocket of his dark trousers while the flowing robe swayed behind him.

His red-and-gold hair shifted in the coastal breeze as he spoke over his shoulder in a relaxed yet arrogant tone, "I don't think there's any human in this world that can stand against me..."

My only interest are in monsters. At least I can break a sweat fighting strong ones." His golden eyes glinted with clear dismissal as he continued walking.

"And the only reason I even chose to fight you was because I saw that you was stronger than Bakuteriya, If not, I would have ignored you to fight the monster Bakuteriya instead."

The words carried clearly through the quiet aftermath of their battle, mixing with the faint crackling of residual energy still lingering in the air and the distant hum of the city.

Ryū's powerful steps were unhurried, boots sounding solidly against the broken pavement as smoke from earlier light attacks continued to curl lazily from a few scorch marks on his robe and skin.

Then he stopped suddenly and tilted his head a little backwards, red-and-gold hair falling slightly across one side of his face.

He said to Ken in a calm, almost instructional tone, "Train your ability, because the moment you become as fast as light it would be very difficult for anyone to defeat you."

Your speed is equivalent to sound but not as fast as light... so work more on yourself."

Ryū then said in his mind, "You're still young – he's about Chiyo's age... seventeen. That shouldn't be a problem for you."

Ryū then waved one hand casually with the other hand still in his pocket while backing Ken, the dragon-embroidered robe fluttering lightly with the motion.

He said in a carefree voice, "Well, I'm off now."

Then Ken said to him, his voice still deep and monotone despite his heavy breathing and visible exhaustion, "Well it's clear I wasn't able to defeat you.... But what about Bakuteriya? Because of you our target escaped."

Then Ryū told him without turning around fully, his golden eyes looking forward as he continued walking slowly,

"No need to worry about Bakuteriya... Him knowing I'm in Tokyo, he won't make a move here for a while."

Then Ken asked, still standing in his tired but upright fighting stance,

"But what made Bakuteriya come to Tokyo in the first place?"

Then Ryū replied in a knowledgeable, slightly dismissive tone, his muscular back still facing Ken as he spoke,

"Most monsters love playing around, moving from one location to another looking for who to prey on to show how strong they are...

and well there are also monsters like Bakuteriya who sneaks into cities to prey on weaker opponents — like humans and less powerful heroes — but flee when it comes in contact with stronger opponents. Hmm... cowards."

The coastal wind picked up slightly, carrying the faint salt scent from the Sea of Japan across the battle-scarred street as small pieces of debris continued to settle around them.

The shining circular form of mixed elements had long since dissipated, leaving only faint glowing sparks that faded into the air.

Then before Ryū left, he stopped once more and asked Ken over his shoulder in a quieter, more personal tone, his red-and-gold hair shifting as he glanced back slightly, "Does Chiyo get lonely in school?"

The question lingered in the tense silence that followed their intense fight.

Ken remained standing a short distance away, chest still heaving with heavy breaths, sweat glistening on his face and neck, his hollow stare fixed on the retreating Dragon Lord.

Ryū's taller, muscular figure in the imposing dark imperial attire continued to move away with casual confidence, one hand remaining in his pocket while the other hung loosely at his side after the casual wave.

The golden dragons on his high-collared tunic and flowing robe caught the light one final time as he prepared to depart, the earlier laughter and arrogant declarations still echoing faintly in the air between them.

The damaged street bore clear scars from their battle — cracked pavement, scorched walls, and scattered rubble — while the SCO agents watched cautiously from behind Chris's purple line in the distance.

Ryū's powerful frame moved with unconcerned ease, his words about monsters, strength, and Chiyo hanging heavily in the space he left behind.

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Then Ken replied, his voice still carrying that deep monotone tone even as his chest continued to rise and fall heavily from exhaustion, "Well yeah, you know she carries herself high – she's too proud – and well so many people don't interact with her.

She even eats her lunch all alone on the roof.

That's why I try to keep her company so she won't be lonely... but well I get a lot of scoldings and bullying from her, but well I don't think she really means that in a bad way.

That's just how she is I guess."

Ken's words came out between steadying breaths, his body still tense in its fighting stance, sweat tracing slow paths down the sides of his face while the hollow stare remained fixed on the taller figure before him.

Then Ken asked Ryū, tilting his head slightly with visible curiosity breaking through his usual flat expression, "But how did you know about us?"

Then Ryū, who was obviously lying, replied with a smooth, confident tone while his golden eyes glinted with amusement, "Well I'm in love with her and I want to marry her but I'm kind of shy."

The moment the words left his mouth, Ken's mind raced. In his thoughts he thought, "Shy???? This guy isn't really how I thought he was — all boss character type." The usually emotionless boy showed a brief flicker of genuine disbelief in his hollow eyes, his shoulders shifting slightly as he processed the unexpected confession from the imposing Dragon Lord standing before him.

Then he told Ryū in a straightforward tone, "You must be a good guy."

Then Ryū replied, his voice dropping into a more serious register as the golden dragons on his dark robe seemed to catch the light sharply, "Don't get me all wrong... I've done so many things you can't even imagine.

I've gotten so many lives killed due to my fights between monsters... I'm not a good guy."

The admission hung heavily in the air between them.

Ryū's taller, muscular frame stood tall in the dark triad Chinese emperor-style attire, red-and-gold hair swaying gently in the breeze as his golden eyes looked directly at Ken with unapologetic honesty mixed with a hint of darkness.

Then Ryū suddenly rushed down to where the others were in high speed, his powerful body becoming a crimson-and-gold blur as he leaped from the damaged street level with explosive force.

Ken followed right behind him, pushing through his exhaustion to keep pace as both figures moved swiftly toward the group waiting below.

When they reached the others, Chris and the SCO agents were visibly surprised, their postures shifting with clear shock as they saw both Ryū and Ken approaching side by side, looking relatively normal after such an intense battle.

The SCO agents exchanged quick glances, their tactical gear rustling as they adjusted their stances.

Then the SCO agents spoke up, voices laced with confusion and suspicion, "Ken, what's happening? You didn't defeat him? And what's with this attitude — as if Ken and Ryū were friends?"

Ken told them calmly, raising one hand in a placating gesture while still breathing heavily, "Not to worry, it's no problem..." He then looked directly at Ryū and said with firm conviction, "I've told you... we will surely capture you."

Either you come in and work with the SCO or you will be held captive — imprisoned. We can't let someone like you moving around freely."

Then Chris replied with their usual composed and slightly amused tone, adjusting their glasses as they spoke, "We'll see how it goes then."

Then Chris, Ryū, Inferna, Yuri, and Muganda all left together. The group moved away from the scene with calm, unhurried steps — Inferna and Muganda still disguised as black mist hovering close to Ryū, while Yuri walked gracefully beside them.

Ryū's dragon-embroidered robe flowed behind his tall, muscular frame as they departed.

As they were all going, Chris then asked Ryū in a quiet, curious voice, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

Then Ryū replied with a small, satisfied smirk on his face, golden eyes looking ahead, "Well I really did enjoy this fight.

I thought that boy likes Chiyo because he's always following her around at school."

Then Inferna said to him, her voice low and eager from within the swirling black mist, "Should I dispose of him?"

Then Ryū replied without hesitation, waving one hand dismissively, "No need for that... it's not half bad. Since he's not doing anything lewd with her, he can continue keeping her company at school." He paused for a moment before adding thoughtfully, "Then he said he would even try to go visit Chiyo at her school someday to see how she's doing at school..."

The group continued walking away from the battlefield, the tall figure of Ryū in his imposing dark imperial attire leading the way, his red-and-gold hair catching the light as the coastal wind continued to blow gently around them.

Behind them, the SCO agents and Ken remained standing in the distance, watching the Dragon Lord and his companions disappear from view.

Chapter 58: Its Over Two Days Now and We Haven't Fked**

After the fight between Ken and Ryū, the group made their way home with Rin's companions — Inferna, Chris, Muganda, and Yuri.

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows across the streets of Niigata as they moved together.

Rin, now back in his usual appearance after dispelling the transformation, walked with a relaxed stride, his deep blue hair catching the light.

As they traveled, Rin turned slightly toward the others and told them in a low, straightforward voice that when they got home he would need them to help him out... that his lewd meter had gotten so low due to the fight with Ken.

His tone was casual but carried a clear undertone of need, the exhaustion from the intense battle having drained a significant portion of his accumulated energy.

So after all had happened, Rin was now back in school. The familiar hallways and classrooms of Tokyo Metropolitan University buzzed with the usual energy of students moving between lectures.

Yuri now came to school with Rin, which made so many eyes gaze at Rin because Yuri was always all over him even in class.

The starry red-eyed girl stayed glued to his side, her graceful movements drawing constant attention wherever they went.

Inside the classroom, during a quiet moment between lessons, Yuri was now at Rin's back, hugging his neck from behind.

Her arms wrapped possessively around him as she leaned in, pressing soft, repeated kisses against his cheeks right there in the middle of class.

The gentle, wet sounds of her kisses and the way her body pressed warmly against his back caused several students to sneak glances, whispers spreading quickly through the rows of desks.

Rin was now like "I've had enough of this" He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his usual calm expression cracking with clear irritation as he finally turned his head slightly and asked Yuri, "Hey, what's happening? Why are you always acting this way even in class?"

But Yuri replied instead by asking him to have sex with her, being very persistent.

She leaned closer, her breath warm against his ear as she grumbled softly, "It's over two days now and we haven't had sex..." Her starry red eyes looked at him with clear longing and complaint, her arms tightening around his neck as she nuzzled against him.

Then Rin said, well that's because you don't get up early and before you do, Inferna, Karen, and Muganda would have already made my lewd meter higher.

He explained it with a slightly exasperated but honest tone.

Before getting her human body, Yuri didn't sleep at all — she existed in a constant state of wakefulness without any need for rest.

But now that she had this human body, she had discovered what it felt like to sleep, and she had grown to love it deeply.

She now slept a lot, often waking up very late in the morning, her body curling comfortably under the sheets long after the sun had risen.

By the time she finally stirred and made her way downstairs, Inferna, Karen, and Muganda had already been awake for hours.

The three devoted girls would have already started their morning maintenance on Rin — their mouths, tongues, and bodies working together with practiced skill to bring his lewd meter back up to a stable and high level through intense, repeated releases.

Because of this, by the time Yuri finally woke up and sought him out, Rin's energy was already well satisfied, leaving him with little immediate urge or physical need to have sex with her at that moment.

Yuri's late sleeping habit had unintentionally caused her to miss her chance every morning, resulting in her growing frustration and clinginess throughout the day.

Well, Akane — wondering who this new girl who was all over Rin was — walked up to him during the break. She approached with a mix of curiosity and slight hesitation, her eyes flicking between Rin and the beautiful girl still hugging him from behind. Akane stopped in front of his desk and asked him directly, "Who is this girl, Rin?"

The question cut through the low murmurs of the classroom.

Yuri remained pressed against Rin's back, her arms still loosely wrapped around his neck as she continued to nuzzle his cheek affectionately, seemingly unbothered by the attention they were drawing.

Rin sat there, feeling the weight of multiple curious stares from classmates while trying to figure out how to respond to Akane's straightforward question.

The classroom atmosphere grew thicker with interest as students pretended to focus on their notes or phones but continued sneaking glances at the unusual scene unfolding at Rin's desk.

Yuri's persistent affection, Rin's visible exasperation, and Akane's direct inquiry created a charged moment that pulled even more attention toward their group.

Chapter 59: Don't Get Too Close Judo Because You His Cousin

Then Rin told her, "Yuri is my cousin from Nara and she just moved in."

He said it casually, his voice steady as he leaned back slightly in his chair, trying to sound as normal as possible while Yuri continued hugging his neck from behind, her soft lips occasionally brushing against his cheek.

The explanation came out smooth, but Akane and Hanako weren't satisfied with what was happening. Both girls stood there with narrowed eyes and skeptical expressions, their gazes shifting back and forth between Rin and the beautiful starry-eyed girl clinging to him. Akane crossed her arms tightly over her chest while Hanako's lips pressed into a thin line, clear suspicion written across their faces as they continued staring at the pair.

Then Hanako said to Rin, her tone firm and expectant, "Why haven't you been coming to the club room...Chris has already approved it."

Rin turned his head slightly, blue eyes widening in mild surprise as he looked toward Chris who was sitting nearby.

"Chris, is that true?? You've certified them for me to join?"

Chris replied in their usual calm, professional voice, adjusting their glasses with one finger, "Yes... I have examined them and there's no problem in you joining. But well, there are other members in the club I haven't examined yet though."

Then Hanako said quickly, nodding as she spoke, "Yes I know, but it's all good."

The members you examined the other day are our core members.

The other members are part of the club but not from our school."

The occult club was much larger than it appeared on the surface.

While the club itself only gathered a visible group of students, it actually contained well over 100 active members in the local area.

In reality, it served as a mini gathering point — a smaller, localized branch — for a much broader cult that had members spread nationwide across Japan.

The main purpose of this occult club was to conduct research on various occult phenomena, hidden supernatural knowledge, and mysterious events.

More importantly, it acted as a discreet way of bringing together potential heroes and individuals with special abilities who attended the school, creating a hidden network where talented students could connect, share information, and support each other under the innocent guise of a school club.

Then Rin was like "Hmm, okay..." He rubbed the back of his neck lightly, his expression showing mild reluctance mixed with acceptance.

"Once in a while I'll join you guys, but you guys shouldn't impose on me too much..."

Hanako and Akane's faces immediately showed visible expressions of happiness and relief.

Their previously tense shoulders relaxed, small smiles breaking across their lips as they exchanged a quick, satisfied glance with each other, the earlier suspicion momentarily easing into open delight.

As time went on... Akane and Hanako didn't like Yuri, and they were clearly trying to bully her.

Whenever they had the chance, they would deliberately meet her in the hallways, near the lockers, or even during breaks, cornering her with sharp words.

They would always say things like, "Hey, don't let this get over your head.

Just because you're his cousin and you're close to Rin doesn't mean nothing." Their tones were laced with jealousy and warning, eyes narrowing as they looked Yuri up and down.

And well, Yuri would always respond with visible confusion, her starry red eyes blinking slowly as she tilted her head slightly, clearly not understanding why these human girls were pestering her.

She genuinely looked puzzled, her graceful posture remaining calm while she tried to process their aggressive behavior.

The thing was that Akane and Hanako didn't really see her inhuman qualities.

Just like how normal people didn't see Inferna's polished golden horns or her crimson-scaled tail, and how they didn't notice the tiny white slits inside Muganda's black eyes, it was the same with Yuri.

People saw that her eyes were red, but they didn't really see the beautiful starry patterns swirling inside her red irises.

Normal humans simply couldn't perceive these inhuman qualities — only a select few with special sensitivity or power could notice the subtle supernatural traits hidden in plain sight.

Yuri continued walking beside Rin most of the time, often staying physically close to him, while Akane and Hanako watched from a distance with clear disapproval. The two girls would whisper to each other during class or in the corridors, throwing occasional sharp glances toward Yuri whenever she laughed softly or leaned too close to Rin.

Despite their repeated attempts to intimidate her, Yuri remained mostly unfazed, her confusion slowly turning into quiet indifference as she failed to understand the hostility coming from the two human girls.

The school days continued with this underlying tension. Rin tried to focus on his lectures while dealing with Yuri's constant affection, Chris handling matters efficiently in the background, and Akane and Hanako keeping a watchful eye on the new "cousin" who had suddenly appeared and taken up so much of Rin's attention.

The occult club invitation lingered in the air as a future obligation, while the subtle bullying attempts from the two girls added another layer of complication to Rin's already eventful school life.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then one day, Dracula and Rin visited the club room together.

The moment they stepped inside, Rin casually said with a relaxed tone, "Hello, what's happening here today?"

The occult club room was filled with the usual low hum of activity – scattered books on occult topics, old maps pinned to the walls, and several club members quietly discussing something at a large central table. Aside from Rin and his companions, no one else knew that Dracula was really the dreadful Dracula everyone had heard terrifying stories about.

To the students and club members, he was simply a tall, elegant man with long dark hair streaked with silver who happened to bear the same name as the legendary vampire.

They had no idea the polite, aristocratic-looking visitor was the actual feared vampire lord.

Then Hanako looked up from the documents she was reviewing and said that there was a particular monster they were looking into.

She leaned forward slightly, her eyes bright with interest as she asked Rin directly, "Do you believe in monsters?"

Then Rin was like "Monsters? No?.. Are monsters even real?" He gazed upward at the ceiling with a deliberately casual and slightly confused expression, his deep blue eyes drifting as if the idea was completely foreign to him.

Then Hanako smiled confidently and said, "Well, monsters are real, but you don't need to worry.

I will protect you." Her voice carried a playful yet serious protective tone as she puffed out her chest a little.

Akane immediately reacted, her eyes widening in protest as she cut in sharply, "What?? No, I will be the one to protect you!"

The two girls then burst into a very short argument on the matter, their voices overlapping quickly with growing intensity.

Hanako insisted she would be the one to keep Rin safe while Akane argued back just as fiercely, both of them glaring at each other with competitive fire before the exchange ended almost as quickly as it had started.

Then Rin said calmly, trying to steer the conversation back on track, "Okay, so what's up about the monster..."

Then Hanako replied, her expression turning serious again as she pointed at a map spread out on the table, "We suspect a spider-like monster known as 'Jorogumo' moving freely around this particular area — near Seishin Academy, the prestigious private high school where Chiyo attends school."

The thing here is that Jorogumo was a spider monster queen.

From her waist upwards she possessed the beautiful form of a seductive human woman with long flowing black hair and pale, flawless skin.

From her waist downward, however, she carried the horrifying form of a massive spider, with multiple long, powerful legs covered in sleek black chitin that could move with terrifying speed and precision.

Jorogumo was one of the top-ranked monsters in the monster realm — exceptionally strong and too powerful.

Rin had fought her some years ago, and even for him, Jorogumo had been too strong to handle comfortably back then.

The reason Rin hated fighting her was because he found it so unfair.

Jorogumo possessed a wide variety of dangerous abilities, and worst of all, she could create a special dimension where she would release her children — numerous spider-like monsters of varying sizes and strengths.

These offspring were powerful enough on their own to overwhelm most opponents, making it extremely difficult for Rin to concentrate fully on fighting the queen herself while constantly having to deal with waves of her deadly children attacking from all directions at once.

As Hanako explained the situation, the club room fell into a focused silence.

Some members leaned in closer to examine the map and notes, while Dracula stood elegantly beside Rin, listening with a faint, knowing smile on his aristocratic face.

Rin kept his expression carefully neutral, though inside he felt a flicker of old frustration at the mention of Jorogumo's name.

The memory of their previous encounter — the chaotic dimension filled with skittering spider monsters, the queen's seductive yet deadly human upper body moving with unnatural grace, and the overwhelming difficulty of the battle — still lingered clearly in his mind.

The club members continued discussing theories and possible sighting locations around Seishin Academy, completely unaware that one of the strongest beings in the room had already faced this particular monster queen in the past and knew exactly how dangerous she truly was.