

# I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

## Chapter 6: It's Because You Were Sucking Too Hard, Baka!"

Akane leaned back against the door as soon as it closed, arms crossed over her chest, hazel eyes darting everywhere except his face.

"Th-This better be fast, okay?" she muttered, voice shaky despite the attempt at bravado. "If anyone finds us—"

"No one will," Rin said calmly, stepping closer. He reached for the hem of her uniform blouse without formality. "Sorry again for the inconvenience. You're a life saver."

She stiffened but didn't stop him.

The buttons came undone one by one, his fingers steady and efficient. The fabric parted, revealing smooth skin and the simple white bra beneath. He slid the blouse off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor.

Akane's breathing hitched; the rise and fall of her chest drew his attention to the way the bra cupped her breasts; plump and soft, a generous handful that strained slightly against the cotton.

Rin hooked his fingers under the bra's front clasp and flicked it open. The cups fell away, and her breasts spilled free; pale and rounded, tipped with small pink nipples that tightened instantly in the cool air.

They were heavier than he'd expected, swaying gently with her quickened breaths.

Then a soft chime sounded in his mind.

«Report. Lewd meter increased by 2%. Current level: 54%»

Rin exhaled through his nose, a quiet swearword slipping out. "Damn it... only two percent?"

Akane's eyes widened at the muttered words, but before she could ask, he leaned in.

His mouth closed over her left breast, warm and wet, lips sealing around the nipple.

He sucked firmly, drawing the soft peak deep into his mouth, his tongue pressing flat against it in slow, deliberate strokes.

The texture of her skin was smooth and faintly salty; the weight of her breast filled his palm as he cupped it from below, rubbing and squashing it like dough—his thumb brushing the base.

Akane's back arched involuntarily.

A sharp gasp escaped her, "Ecchi..." hands flying to his shoulders. Whether to push or pull, she hadn't decided.

But inside her head, a frantic squeak echoed: 'I love you, Rin! Suck me harder!' Although, out loud, her voice cracked. "A-Aren't you done yet, damn perv?!"

Rin winced, interpreting the protest literally. To him, she sounded impatient, perhaps close to telling him to stop.

'Ah, I forgot.' He worried, 'This kind of thing is normally unacceptable. But she's willing to help me out. I better hurry!'

He didn't want to risk refusal. Not when the meter was still so low. So he doubled down immediately.

His teeth grazed the nipple lightly, then closed just enough to create a sharp tug.

He sucked and slurped harder, his cheeks hollowing, his tongue flicking rapidly over the sensitive nipple while his hand kneaded the other breast, rolling its nipple between his finger and thumb.

The wet sounds of his mouth filled the small room—slurps and soft pops each time he pulled back slightly before diving in again.

He then switched sides, giving the right breast the same intense treatment, his lips almost swollen from the added pressure, but his tongue was relentless.

Akane's knees buckled. "More... more, kono sukebe."

She clutched his hair now, fingers tangling in the deep blue strands. Her thighs pressed together, hips shifting restlessly.

A low whine built in her throat, muffled behind clenched teeth. Heat pooled low in her belly, coiling tighter with every pull of his mouth, like soft energy.

She was climbing fast, embarrassingly so, that the edge was already shimmering close.

Rin felt her body tense in that tell-tale way; her muscles locking, her breath coming in short, desperate bursts.

She was about to cum from everything. But...

...Rin suddenly released her nipple with a soft, wet sound and straightened up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Another chime.

«Notification: Lewd meter has been restored to 100%. Power level is currently not under threat»

He allowed himself a small, satisfied smile. "Perfect."

Akane stared at him puzzled, her chest heaving, her nipples glistening and flushed dark pink from all his attention. Her eyes were somewhat glassy, and her lips parted as she tried to catch her breath.

Rin picked up her blouse from the floor and held it out. "Thanks a bunch, Akane. I'll definitely pay you back soon."

Afterwards, he turned toward the door.

But!

Her hand shot out and grabbed his wrist; it was trembling, but resolved.

"...Then... I need my payment now..."

Her voice was low, husky, and nothing like the sharp tone from moments ago.

She kept his gaze while her free hand moved to her belt, unbuckling it with clumsy urgency. The button popped, zipper rasped down, and she shoved her denim pants past her hips.

They pooled at her ankles, revealing simple cotton panties printed with tiny white bunnies on pale pink fabric; cute, unexpected, and utterly soaked at the center.

Akane's face burned scarlet, but her expression had shifted; her eyes were half-lidded, her lips swollen from her biting them, her breath coming in visible pants.

She looked totally wrecked and hungry all at once.

Rin, however, looked a little astonished. "Uhm. I know I did say I'll pay you back and all, but I didn't actually think it wa—"

"D-Don't get any funny ideas!" she snapped, voice cracking again. "It's because you were s-s-s-sucking too hard, baka!"

Rin wearily glanced at the clock on his phone; the former lecture was as good as lost. But fifteen minutes until the next lecture.

More or less, enough time if they hurried.

"Well," he said evenly, "I did say I'd pay you back. Anyway, let's make it quick before class."

He stepped closer, unbuckling his own belt. The zipper came down, and he freed himself; already half-hard from the earlier intensity, cock thick and warm against his palm.

Akane's gaze dropped immediately.

Then she swallowed, and dropped to her knees without being asked, the concrete cool against her skin.

Her hands wrapped around him carefully, as if testing the weight and the heat it radiated. A bead of precum glistened at the tip as she squeezed lightly; she leaned forward and licked it away with a hesitant swipe of her tongue.

Rin watched her carefully, as an internal, dry thought surfaced: 'Eh? Was Akane a pervert all along? You think you know someone...'

He then exhaled quietly.

"Haahhh, what a pain," he muttered, half-pouting despite himself.

He'd planned to finish fast and leave, but the sight of her on her knees—breasts still bare and marked from his mouth, bunny panties clinging damply between her thighs—stirred more interest than he wanted to admit.

This would be the first time he would have sex with her. Previously, it was just simple molesting and sexual harassment that the lewd meter demanded for, on short notice.

## Chapter 7: Now, if I Told You I Slept with a Goddess, You'd Think I'm Weird

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Akane looked up at him, hazel eyes dark with need, and took him deeper into her throat without another word.

The storage room door remained closed, the campus outside oblivious to the debauchery ongoing.

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AKANE'S POV

I never thought I'd end up on my knees in a dusty storage room, mouth full of THE Kiyoshi Rin's cock, but here I am, and my god, I wouldn't trade it for anything.

It usually used to be sudden harassments from him—grabbing my ass and apologizing afterward, groping my boobs and apologizing afterwards,

unexpectedly burying his face in my thighs and apologizing afterwards—but today he took it up a notch and actually sucked my boobs...

There was no way I could've let it end without anything ambitious happening.

His taste floods my tongue; warm, slightly saline, with that faint musk that's just him. I take him deeper, my lips stretching around his thickness, my cheeks hollowing as I suck harder.

The vein along the underside pulses against my tongue when I trace it slowly and deliberately.

I drop my head in, letting him hit the back of my throat, gagging just a little because the sound makes his hips twitch.

My hands wrap around the base, stroking what I can't swallow yet, twisting gently on every upstroke. Saliva drips down my chin, messy and shameless, pooling on the floor between my knees.

I don't care. I want him to see how much I want this; how much I've always wanted him. Maybe it'd go through today.

From the very first day he transferred into our year, I was head over heels. It was love at first sight.

Those deep blue eyes, that dark hair falling just right, the way he carried himself like the world was a mild inconvenience.

He looked grouchy most of the time, brows slightly furrowed, and his mouth set in a line that screamed "don't talk to me."

But grouchy guys... don't stop to pet stray cats behind the vending machines, do they?

They don't help confused old grandmas cross the busy street near campus without a word.

They don't show up to community cleanups on weekends, quietly picking up trash for hours while other kids our age chats and takes selfies somewhere.

I know this because I followed him. Once. Or twice. Okay, maybe more than that. But I sure was careful, so he never noticed.

I saw the real him: the reserved kindness, the patience, the way he listened when people talked even though he acted like he was bored.

He would make a good husband someday. A great one.

And if I could just have him, maybe I wouldn't have to go through with the marriage my parents keep pushing me into; an alliance with some boring rich kid from another family, all for administrative ties I don't care about.

But with Rin... everything would definitely be different.

Though, there are these " attendants" of his. Those stunning people always around him:

Inferna-san with her perfect stoic beauty; Munganda-san with that supernatural, yet suggestive grace.

Chris-san who looks like he stepped out of a fashion magazine, the other one in his house called Karen, with her lazy, seductive charm; even that awfully pale fellow with them presently.

They're all so gorgeous, and so devoted, trailing after him like it's the most natural thing in the world.

I can't compete with that. I'm just Akane; decent face, okay body. The only special thing about me would be my fire ability, which only a handful of people even know about because dad instructed that I keep it hidden.

But still, I wouldn't be surprised if they all had abilities too. They're on another level. They... probably know every inch of him, every sound he makes when he cums.

Ah, the thought stings me, sharp and hot in my chest.

I pull off his cock with a wet slurp, strings of saliva connecting my lips to the glistening tip. I look up at him.

He's leaning against a stack of boxes, arms loosely at his sides, his expression was almost bored. But seeing the faint flush high on his cheeks and the way his blue eyes darken when they meet mine, I know I am going somewhere.

I rise slowly, knees aching a little, and press my lips to his. He surprisingly kisses me back without hesitation, one hand coming up to cup my jaw. His mouth is warm, and tastes like me now.

"Hey..." I ask against his lips, voice barely above a whisper. "Do you think I'm being weird?"

He pulls back just enough to look at me, brow raised as his tongue swiped the string of saliva connecting him to me.

So hot!

"Huh? You're always weird. Even stalking me sometimes. That's a crime, you know?"

H-He knew?!

But he continues, softer, "Inferna is weird. Munganda is weird. And even I am weird, sometimes... Just sometimes, though. My point is, being weird isn't necessarily bad... Now if I told you I slept with a goddess before reincarnating to another world, you'd think I'm weird."

My eyes widen.

For a second there I think he's serious; then the absurdity hits me and I burst out laughing, tears pricking at the corners.

I clutch his shirt to stay upright, the giggles shaking me.

"Hahaha! Goddess? Reincarnation? You read too much light novels, Rin..."

I wipe my eyes, still smiling, and look at him closely. His expression hasn't changed much, but there's something gentle in it now.

My heart pounds. I think... this is it. I can say it now.

"Now, if I said... I l-l-liked you, you'd also think I'm weird, r-right?"

Chapter 8: Hurry Up and F\*\*k Me So We Can Go to Class, Weirdo!"

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"Now, if I said... I l-l-liked you, you'd also think I'm weird, r-right?"

He tilts his head, considering. "I'm amazing and I have a handsome face, I think. So a lot of people and strangers say they love me and would like to be "my cum bucket." But that won't be the case if I wasn't attractive, right? But you... you seem to like the person I am, right? I totally understand."

Eh...?

Excitement explodes in my chest as I hear him speak. So... he gets it. He actually get—

"Like Inferna, Karen, Chris, Munganda, and even my little sister. You all like me for who I am, and I love you guys for it too. Arigatou yo?"

Haaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh... The words hit me like icy water.

"...Ah. Yes. Of course."

Not surprising. I'm... just like the others.

Just another person in his orbit. What was I even thinking would happen?

My throat tightens. I curse fate silently. Why does he have to be so oblivious...? So nice in the worst kind of way.

I turn my back to him, hiding the sting in my eyes.

My hands then move to my panties, sliding the damp cotton down to my knees.

The air feels cool against my soaked folds. I bend forward slightly, bracing my hands on a box, presenting my ass to him.

"Hurry up and fuck me so we can go to class! Weirdo!"

He makes a small, whiny sound behind me. "Ehhhh? I'm the one doing the hard work?"

"Shut up and just do it already!"

I hear the rustle of his fabric, then feel him step close. The blunt head of his cock nudges my pussy's entrance, sliding through my wetness once, twice, coating himself. Then he pushes in; unhurried, steady pressure that stretches me open down there, inch by inch. My eyes are rolling in.

The fullness is immediate and overwhelming. He's thick, hot cock filling every empty space inside me.

My walls flutter around him desperately as electricity coarse through my nerves. And the moment his hips finally meet my ass—fully seated and buried to the hilt—pleasure crashes through me like a broken dam.

Finally... Finally, I've had sex with Rin. I still can't believe it.

From only the insertion, I cum hard, a sharp cry tearing from my throat, my soaked pussy clenching musically around his cock.

My knees buckle; only my grip on the box keeps me upright.

He doesn't give me any time to recover. His hands settle on my hips, fingers digging into soft flesh, and he starts moving; deliberate, deep thrusts at first that drag over every sensitive spot inside me.

Each withdrawal leaves me aching to be filled again; each push forward forces a breathy moan from my lips.

The pace builds gradually. His hips snap faster, skin slapping against skin in the quiet room. The angle is perfect; he hits so deep, grinding against places that

make stars burst behind my eyelids. My breasts sway heavily with every thrust, nipples brushing the rough cardboard and sending more sparks down my spine.

"Ah—R-Rin—!" The sounds spill out unfiltered: the wet squelches of my pussy gobbling him, my own bursting moans, his very low grunts of effort. I push back to meet him, greedy for more, my inner muscles squeezing every time he bottoms out.

My second orgasm hits suddenly, coiling tight and snapping loose.

I cry out louder this time, my walls spasming wildly, my love juices dripping down my thighs. He doesn't slow down; he keeps driving into me through the aftershocks until I'm trembling, salivating, and oversensitive then still climbing again.

The third orgasm comes faster, almost painful in its intensity. My legs trembles and give out completely; if not for his arm banding around my waist, I'd collapse.

I sob his name, as my pussy milked him desperately with dirty sounds, my vision whiting out for a short moment.

When I come back to myself, he's still hard inside me, but no longer moving. Although throbbing with no release.

I reach down shakily, my fingers finding my stretched vaginal entrance, feeling where we're joined.

But... no cum. Nothing.

"Wait! You didn't cum?!" My voice comes out hoarse.

"Yabai." Rin looks away, suddenly nervous. "Er, uhm, yeah! Look at the time!"

He pulls out his cock carefully—making me sob internally at the loss—and bolts for his clothes. Pants halfway up his legs, he dashes for the door.

"Aho, put on your pants first!"

"Ah, I forgot!"

I watch him frantically yank them the rest of the way up, his shirt half-buttoned, his hair mussed, his face flushed a bit, as he disappears down the corridor.

The door swings shut behind him.

I slide down to sit on the cool floor, my panties still around my knees, my body humming with aftershocks. A slow, helpless smile spreads across my face.

Thank goodness I wore a cute pair today. Who would've known...? But... I would've love for Rin to fill me with cum till it overflows out of my pussy...

And... And I d-don't mind carrying his baby, too.

"Argh, that damn fool... I love him so much, it's literally unfair."

## I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Akane stayed slumped against the dusty boxes for several long seconds after Rin bolted out the door, his pants still half-zipped, and his shirt crooked.

Her thighs trembled weakly, some slickness chilling on her skin, yet a relaxed, stupid smile spread across her face anyway.

She had felt him inside her body; his thick and hard cock filled her up. Though, even if he hadn't cum, even if he had run off like the campus was on fire, the memory of those extreme but steady thrusts still throbbled between her legs.

For now, her body felt taken by the one she loved. So she was satisfied. Almost happy, even.

She pushed herself standing with a shaky sigh, tugging her panties back into place. The bunny print was soaked through now, clinging uncomfortably to her lower lips, but she didn't care much.

She reached for her jeans with clumsy fingers, when some low footsteps echoed from the shadowed corner near the door.

"Ahhh, what a scene we just witnessed," a cheerful voice said. "Right, Hanako?"

Akane spun around so fast her jeans slipped halfway down her thighs again. "O... Oka-san? Kurosawa-san?!"

Then two girls stepped into the thin gleam of light from the high window.

The first girl was Oka Hinata; she wore a loose blouse tucked into straight-leg jeans, her dark green hair cut short and messy around her ears, and her dark eyes sparkling behind round glasses.

She looked like she had just walked out of a casual lecture, except for the sleek black camera dangling from her hand.

The second girl was Kurosawa Hanako; she stood a step behind, her arms folded. Long black hair fell straight past her shoulders, surrounding a face that gave almost nothing away, utterly emotionless.

A dark jacket over a pale shirt, with skinny jeans hugging those long legs. She was cool, distant, and expressionless in a way that made the small room feel colder. Often called the Ice Princess, due to her lack of reactions.

"Were you..." Akane yanked her jeans up, fumbling with the zipper. "were you watching the whole time?"

Hinata's smile turned teasing, as she lifted the camera in her hand and wiggled it. "I recorded the whole porn with this cutting-edge model. 4K, stabilization, with low-light enhancement. Also has crystal clear audio too. By the way, you were loud, Hashimoto-san."

"D-Delete it now. Right now!" Akane's face burned hotter than any fire she could summon. "that was something private."

Hanako spoke before Hinata could reply Akane.

"We are well aware of your abilities, Hashimoto-san." Her voice was flat and calm, though practically wearied. "In our club, we accept your kind with open arms. Won't you reconsider joining us?"

Akane finished zipping her jeans and crossed her arms, "Like I said before..." trying her best to look composed even though her legs still felt like noodles. "I don't want any part of those hero stuff or the Supernatural organization. I know you bunch work with them."

She glanced away, toward the closed door Rin had fled through. "Besides, my dad is an executive in the Supernatural Control Organization, and even he hasn't managed to recruit me. So just stop all your—"

"KIYOSHI RIN," Hanako exhaled, cutting Akane off cleanly.

"..." Akane's head snapped back. "What?"

Hanako's dark eyes didn't falter as she continued. "You want to get Kiyoshi Rin to be yours, no?"

Akane opened her mouth to say something, but closed it, her cheeks flushing again.

"S-So what?" She looked down at her sneakers as her voice dropped to a mumble. "He... he just had sex with me. That's already a huge step, don't you think? Yeah, he left me hanging there, but still. It's progress. A-A-A-And he came inside me too—"

"HE... didn't cum." Hinata covered her mouth, mocking.

Akane jerked and looked away.

"He pulled out and left before he could feel good," Hanako continued, her tone sounding matter-of-factly. "YOU felt good. But he didn't. Because, let's be realistic, he does not love you."

"..."

The words stung more than Akane wanted to admit. She dejectedly hugged herself tightly, silently staring at the floor.

"But," Hanako added, "he would be a figurine in your hands if you agree to join our club. I am not referring to the organization we're associated with—just the Occult Research Society here in campus. You see, we have resources, information, and... ways to keep someone interested in you."

"Eh? Why something so suspiciously specific?" Akane raised a brow, but her heart still gave a painful thud at the possibility.

She thought of Rin's bored expression while he pleased her earlier; the way he had thanked her like it was just a transaction, and then bolted away like she was an errand already checked off.

It was actually heart-breaking. And she was greedy for more.

She wanted more than just sex. She wanted him to look at her the way he looked at those other impossibly stunning women who followed him everywhere.

"I..." Akane swallowed. "If things don't work out with him... if he doesn't... want me despite your processes... I'm out immediately, agreed?"

Hanako's lips curved into the thinnest possible smile. "Acceptable."

Then Hinata bounced once on her toes, glasses glinting. "Yay! New member vibes!"

"Hey! We haven't finalized anything yet." Akane shot her a glare.

"We will start the operation immediately." Hanako ignored the interruption and continued. "we shall wait for Kiyoshi Rin to finish his lecture. He'll come out the main exit of Building C in about twenty minutes. I guarantee you this, Hachimoto Akane, he'll be yours after today."

"H-He better..." Akane frowned. "But... you have a plan?"

"Young lady," Hanako's expression didn't change much, but something colder and confident flashed behind her eyes. "I always have a plan."

"Come." She turned toward the door, her long black hair ever-changing like waddled ink. "We'll watch from the courtyard, discreetly."

"Don't worry, Hashimoto-san!" Hinata looped her arm through Akane's before she could protest, dragging her gently but securely toward the exit. "This is gonna be fun. And if it goes wrong, we can always leak the sex tape to motivate him~"

"D-Don't you dare. I'll even be receiving damages too." Akane yanked her arm free, her face burning scarlet.

Hinata laughed brightly and unbothered as she followed Hanako. But Hanako simply opened the door and stepped out first, more cool and more reserved.

Akane followed last, her jeans finally buttoned, but her heart hammering so hard she could feel it in her throat.

She didn't know what Hanako's plan was, and part of her didn't want to know—it felt fishy. But another part—the part presently aching from Rin's touch, still hot from the memory of his cock inside her—whispered that this might be the only way to make him stay with her forever.

She stepped into the hallway as the door clicked shut behind her.

"Twenty minutes. Just twenty minutes, right?" She could wait twenty minutes...

Indeed, she had completely forgotten she was supposed to be in the class as well.

## Chapter 10: You Smell Like Sex Sweat

Hinata frowned deeply from their hiding spot behind a low wall in the courtyard corner, her glasses slipping slightly down her nose as she peered through the leaves of a nearby bush.

The three girls crouched together, Akane sandwiched between Hinata and Hanako.

From here, they could see the main exit of Building C, where students trickled out after lectures, but Rin's group stood out immediately; him in the lead, tall and composed, with Dracula and his two maids trailing close, and Chris a step behind, a tablet in his hand.

"This isn't working," Hinata whispered, her dark green short hair brushing against Akane's shoulder.

"What isn't working?"

"...He can't be alone for even a second with those maids glued to him. And what's worse is that they're more beautiful than me; how do they even exist? And look, I tried confusing them with a bit of bloodlust earlier, but they didn't even react. And if I amp it up any more, the whole group of students would panic from the sudden fear. We might blow our cover too."

Hanako sighed softly, as her long black hair shifted; she leaned forward to take a better view. Disappointment was etched with faint lines around her cool, expressionless face.

"Contingency plan it is, then." She straightened up slightly, still hidden by the wall. "Fortunately, we've been monitoring Kiyoshi Rin since his first year. The Occult Research Society has eyes everywhere on campus, you see."

"You've been what?" Akane's head whipped toward her. That's creepy! Stop spying on people!" Said the lady who occasionally stalks the same person.

"We even planted a sleeper agent on him too," Hanako ignored Akane's outburst completely, her voice steady. "The person we concealed to keep a close eye on him is Yamada Naoya. A reliable secret agent. He's somewhat giddy, but I guarantee you, he's effective. I will ask for his help immediately."

"No, I'm telling you to stop doing stuff like that!" Akane shouted, her voice rising enough to draw a quick glance from a passing student.

She clamped her mouth shut, her cheeks heating up again.

Hanako didn't even acknowledge the yell. Her dark eyes stayed fixed on the building exit as she made a phone call:

"Ah, hello Naoya. Yes, there is something I want you to do for me—"

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"Yo! Rin!"

Across the courtyard, Naoya came into view; a bright kid with light brown hair that caught the daylight sun and green eyes sparkling with energy.

He wore casual clothes: a loose hoodie over a graphic tee and jeans, with sneakers scuffing the pavement as he jogged up to Rin and his group.

"Ah, Naoya! Haven't seen you since morning. Were you in class?" Rin asked, pausing mid-stride.

"Hey, c'mon, I'm the one who should be asking you that." Naoya grinned, falling into step beside him. "And is it just me or do you smell like sex sweat?"

"It's just you," Rin replied flatly, not breaking pace.

Naoya laughed it off, chatting animatedly as they walked.

As Rin replied him, he glanced back at the followers—Inferna and Munganda with their flawless postures, Dracula absent-mindedly walking, and Chris adjusting his glasses—then something sharp crossed Naoya's face.

"Hey, Rin, mind if we talk alone for a sec? There's this super important thing I gotta show you. I promise, it won't take long."

"Sure," Rin shrugged.

Then Naoya led him toward a calmer path behind the building and away from the main crowds.

As they separated, Naoya looked over his shoulder again and glared at the group. Though, Inferna and Munganda glared right back with unspoken fury.

Though, Dracula and Chris simply raised an eyebrow, not really understanding why the mortal was suddenly showing hostility.

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The three girls watched from their corner, as Rin was taken away.

Akane's heart was still pounding in anticipation.

The spot Naoya chose was secluded enough, and there were no other students around. And it was visible from the girls' new angle through a gap in the hedges they now hid.

"So... what is this super important thing you wanted to show me?" Rin asked, stopping near a cluster of trees.

Naoya opened his mouth to answer him—

And Hanako decided to strike, then and there.

She squinted from the distance, her dark eyes narrowing until they formed a distinct purple heart shape in each pupil.

The air around her seemed to thicken for a moment with a thin pressure that made Akane's skin suddenly prickle.

But... Nothing happened.

"Hm?" Hanako blinked, a fragment of confusion cracking her usually cool facade for the first time.

"What? Aren't you supposed to go meet him or do something now?" Akane asked, glancing between Hanako and the distant figures.

"That's not it..." Hinata's playful smile had faded at this point, replaced by a serious countenance. "That's not how it works. Hanako-chan has the ability to make someone like her, and even fall in love with her if she wanted. Moreover, she can transfer those feelings to someone else. That was the plan: hit Kiyoshi Rin with it, then shift the affection to you."

"C'mon, I'm begging you guys to stop doing unorthodox things like that!" Akane cried, her voice a desperate whisper-shout.

Hinata waved her off. "It wasn't working either way. And for the first time ever, too."

"inconceivable," Hanako nodded slowly. "I'll increase the volume now. Then focus more on the target."

"And that will be more effective?" Akane asked, still doubtful.

"I guarantee it...!" Hanako assured her, "But, on the other hand, it might turn him into a mindless zombie who just loves me."

"What?! You're being evil now!" Akane whined, grabbing Hanako's arm.

Hanako ignored her again.

Her heart-shaped eyes glowed brighter, the purple intensifying as she squinted harder, channeling whatever unseen force she wielded into Rin.

"Chotto! Don't hurt him!"

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

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

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

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

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.