

Chapter 91: No No No... I'm Just A Mere Human

Then she looked at Rin and asked, her raspy female voice filled with genuine curiosity and caution, the glowing white eyes inside the hood narrowing as she studied him closely.

"Who are you really? A god? Demi-god? Monster? What exactly are you?"

The question carried a weight of awe and wariness, her hooded head tilting slightly as she tried to make sense of the man standing so casually beside one of the most feared beings in existence.

Even though the occult group and others from their side didn't recognize him, she recognized and knew exactly who Dracula was – the well-known, dreadful, horrendous Dracula, the ancient vampire lord feared across realms for his power and cruelty.

Seeing Rin walk and speak casually with him, treating the legendary being like an equal companion, made her ask who Rin really was.

Her spider legs clicked softly on the ground as she waited, her hooded head tilting slightly, the forest seeming to hold its breath as the question hung between them.

The female voice carried a mix of awe and wariness, the creature's glowing white eyes fixed on Rin with intense scrutiny, as if trying to pierce through his casual demeanor to uncover the truth behind the man who stood so comfortably beside one of the most terrifying figures in monster lore.

The moonlight highlighted the contrast between the two men — Rin's relaxed, human-like posture and Dracula's elegant, ancient presence — making the question feel even more pressing in the quiet clearing.

The trees stood tall and silent around them, their leaves rustling softly as the standoff stretched on, the glowing white eyes of the monster watching Rin and Dracula with cautious intelligence.

The night air was cool against her hooded form, carrying the scent of pine and damp earth, as she waited for an answer that could change everything.

Then Rin replied to her, waving his hand passed his face in a casual, dismissive gesture, his palm open and fingers relaxed as he shook his head lightly.

"No no no... My name is Kiyoshi Rin, just a mere human."

His voice was calm and light, the wave of his hand brushing through the air as if brushing away the idea of anything grander.

His deep blue eyes met hers steadily, his black hoodie shifting with the small movement, his expression relaxed and almost amused, as if the question was no big deal. He stood there in the forest clearing,

the moonlight catching the subtle red-and-gold highlights in his hair (though in his normal form it was deep blue), his posture easy and unassuming, trying to downplay his power.

Then she still looked shocked because how can a mere human be like this.

Her glowing white eyes widened inside the hood, her spider legs shifting restlessly on the forest floor, crunching leaves and twigs as she processed the claim. The hooded head tilted further, the female voice silent for a moment as she struggled to reconcile the casual, seemingly ordinary young man with the way he stood so comfortably beside Dracula.

The shock was visible in the way her body tensed, the spider legs clicking faster against the ground, the glowing eyes flickering with disbelief and confusion.

A mere human speaking so casually with the ancient vampire lord?

It didn't add up, and the monster's posture showed her internal conflict, her hooded shoulders tensing as she tried to make sense of it.

Then the monster looked at Rin as she slightly tilted her head, saying, "Kyoshi?? That name sounds familiar..." Her raspy female voice carried a note of recognition, the glowing white eyes narrowing as she searched her memory, the spider legs tapping the ground thoughtfully.

Then Rin said to her, his voice calm and direct, "Do you attend school in Seishin Academy?"

The monster replied, "Yes... I work in the school as a teacher."

She explained how she went to school in Seishin Academy in human form as a teacher, which made it easier for her to track the book of the forbidden spell.

In her human disguise, she could move freely through the hallways, interact with students and staff, and search the library and offices without raising suspicion.

The role gave her access to records, schedules, and hidden corners of the school, allowing her to hunt for the book during off-hours while blending in as an ordinary educator.

Her glowing white eyes dimmed slightly as she spoke, the spider legs clicking softly as she described the advantage of the disguise, the female voice carrying a note of practicality and caution.

Then Rin said to her, "Then you know Kyoshi Chiyo..."

Then the monster realized, saying,

"Wait, you are related to Chiyo?" Her glowing white eyes widened again inside the hood, her spider legs shifting with surprise as she processed the connection. She was also Chiyo's teacher in the school, having interacted with the girl in class and noticed her potential. The revelation that Rin was Chiyo's brother caught her off guard, her hooded head tilting as she connected the dots, the female voice carrying a mix of surprise and newfound respect.

The monster's posture relaxed a fraction, the spider legs settling as she realized the human before her had personal ties to the school.

Then Rin replied, "Yes, she's my little sister..."

Then Rin said to her, "Do look after her, okay?"

His voice was gentle but firm, his blue eyes steady as he asked the monster to watch over Chiyo, his protective instinct clear in the way he spoke, the forest clearing feeling warmer for a moment as he entrusted the creature with his sister's safety.

Then the monster replied, "Sure... she's a good girl." Her raspy female voice carried a note of sincerity, the glowing white eyes softening slightly as she acknowledged Chiyo's character, the spider legs clicking softly as she agreed.

Then Rin said to her, "Alright, I'll be heading back now... don't worry, I'll try to get the rest out of the school so you can continue your search."

His voice was reassuring, his posture relaxed as he prepared to leave, the black hoodie shifting with his movement as he turned slightly toward Dracula.

Then she replied, "Thank you."

The female voice was soft, carrying genuine gratitude as the hooded figure nodded slightly, the glowing white eyes dimming with relief.

Then Dracula in the background said to her, his rich, aristocratic voice laced with boredom and superiority, "Count your stars... we would have whooped your ass if you hadn't complied."

The vampire lord's words were casual but carried the weight of centuries of power, his long black coat billowing as he spoke, his silver-streaked hair catching the moonlight.

He looked at the monster with mild disdain, as if the encounter had been a minor inconvenience.

But the monster didn't say a word.

She just stood there, her glowing white eyes avoiding Dracula's gaze, her spider legs shifting nervously on the forest floor.

She knew Dracula was a terrifying being, one of the most feared legends in the monster realm, and she was scared to even look him directly in the eyes.

The hooded head lowered slightly, the female form tense as she remained silent, the forest clearing feeling heavier with the vampire lord's presence.

The standoff in the forest ended with a tense silence, the moonlight filtering through the trees as Rin and Dracula prepared to leave, the hooded monster watching them depart with cautious respect.

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But the monster didn't say a word.

She just stood there, her glowing white eyes avoiding Dracula's gaze entirely.

Her hooded head lowered slightly, the spider legs at her back shifting nervously on the forest floor, crunching leaves and twigs as she tried to make herself smaller.

She knew Dracula was a terrifying being — one of the most feared legends in the monster realm, an ancient vampire lord whose name alone could make even high-ranking monsters tremble.

The stories of his power, his cruelty, and his centuries of dominance were enough to make her heart race with fear. She was scared to even look him directly in the eyes, her glowing white orbs staying fixed on the ground or Rin instead, her body language screaming submission and caution.

The spider legs clicked restlessly, the female form under the hoodie tense and rigid, as if any sudden movement could provoke the vampire lord into action.

Then Rin said to Dracula, his voice calm and casual, "Let's go."

He turned slightly, his black hoodie shifting with the movement, his deep blue eyes glancing at the vampire lord with easy familiarity.

Then the monster asked Rin, her raspy female voice hesitant but curious,

"You were able to open a portal to get us here?"

Then Rin replied, waving his hand lightly as he shook his head,

"Oh, that wasn't me..." He pointed at Dracula with a casual thumb over his shoulder.

"He opened the portal.... I'm not used to opening portals."

He explained it simply, noting that some beings could both teleport short distances and open full portals to other locations.

This monster could only teleport short distances within a limited range, but beings like Dracula, Muganda, and Yuri could teleport and also open stable portals to distant places.

Rin himself wasn't particularly skilled at opening portals —

he relied more on his incredible speed to run to locations when needed, covering vast distances in moments rather than tearing open gateways.

His explanation was relaxed, his posture easy as he stood in the forest clearing, the moonlight highlighting the subtle deep blue highlights of his hair, his black hoodie and elastic pants making him look like an ordinary young man despite the power he held.

Then Dracula opened a portal which led him and Rin back to the school.

With a casual wave of his hand, the vampire lord summoned a shimmering, dark rift in the air, the edges swirling with crimson energy as it stabilized into a doorway.

Rin and Dracula stepped through without hesitation, the portal closing behind them with a soft snap, leaving the hooded monster alone in the forest clearing.

Reaching inside the school building, they saw that the rest were all panicking.

The group was scattered in the hallway, flashlights sweeping wildly, voices raised in worry as they called out names.

Hanako paced back and forth, her high ponytail swinging, her revealing outfit looking out of place in the serious moment.

Akane gripped her phone tightly, her plunging top rising and falling with rapid breaths as she scanned the corridors.

Nagumo stood with clenched fists, his muscular frame tense, while Hinata used her vision to scan through walls, her voice urgent through the earbuds.

The team looked lost and anxious, the earlier fight's adrenaline now replaced by fear for the missing members.

Then Rin was like

"Hey, what's up?"

He stepped into view casually, hands in his pockets, his black hoodie and elastic pants making him look completely relaxed.

Immediately Akane and Hanako ran toward him and hugged him tightly.

Akane pressed her body against his right side, her exposed breasts pushing warmly against his arm as she clung to him, her red ponytail brushing his shoulder. Hanako wrapped her arms around his left side, her own chest pressing firmly against him as she buried her face in his hoodie.

Both girls held him close, their bodies trembling slightly with relief, their revealing outfits shifting as they squeezed him.

Akane said, her voice shaky with worry,

"What happened!! Where did you go?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glistening as she looked up at him, her hands gripping his hoodie tightly.

Also Hanako spoke, her voice soft and relieved,

"We were so worried about you..." S

he hugged him even tighter, her high ponytail swaying as she pressed her face against his chest, her body warm and soft against his.

Then Rin was like "Sorry to get y'all so worried..."

I wandered in the middle of the commotion and got lost, then I saw Dracula on my way back here."

He lied smoothly, his voice casual and reassuring, his hands patting their backs gently as he spoke.

The story was prepared to fool the others and get them out of the school –

a simple explanation that avoided revealing his true power or the real events with the monster.

Then Naoya asked, his voice filled with confusion,

"Did you see the monster on your way here?"

Then Rin was like "Well, not really... but on my way at the backyard I saw a dead monster that Dracula just killed."

He delivered the lie with a casual shrug, his expression relaxed as he pointed vaguely toward the back of the school.

The story was designed to convince the group the threat was handled, allowing them to end the operation and leave without further risk.

Then Hanako looked at Dracula and was like "Really??" Her eyes widened, her high ponytail swaying as she turned toward the vampire lord, her revealing outfit shifting with the movement.

Then Dracula replied, his rich, aristocratic voice casual but carrying the weight of centuries,

"Yeah, it was really fast.

I caught it running out the building at the back, then I killed it."

He said it with a faint, elegant smile, his long black coat billowing slightly as he stood there, his silver-streaked hair catching the moonlight.

The lie was delivered smoothly, his posture relaxed as he played along with Rin's story.

The group stood in the dark hallway, the tension slowly easing as they accepted the explanation, the night operation coming to an unexpected but seemingly resolved end.

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Then Hanako looked at Dracula and was like "Really??" Her voice came out higher than usual, her high ponytail swaying as she turned her head sharply toward the tall, elegant man.

Her eyes widened with a mix of surprise and skepticism, her arms still loosely wrapped around Rin's left arm as she stared at Dracula.

The revealing black singlet she wore shifted with the movement, her chest rising and falling quickly as the question hung in the air.

The park lights cast soft shadows across her face, highlighting the way her brows furrowed slightly, her expression a blend of disbelief and reluctant acceptance.

Then Dracula replied, his rich, aristocratic voice calm and effortless, carrying the weight of centuries as he stood with perfect posture, his long black coat billowing gently in the night breeze.

"Yeah, it was fast.

I caught it running out the building at the back, then I killed it."

He said it with a faint, elegant smile, his silver-streaked hair catching the moonlight, his tone casual as if discussing something trivial.

The vampire lord's presence filled the space around them, his refined features showing mild amusement at the group's reaction.

Then Nagumo said, his muscular frame still tense from the earlier fight, his black hoodie shifting as he stepped forward,

"Could it be the monster we were fighting?"

Then Dracula replied, his voice smooth and unconcerned,

"Well, I don't know... I wasn't there when you guys were fighting it, so I don't know how it looked."

He shrugged lightly, his long coat moving with the motion, making it clear he had not been part of the hallway battle and therefore couldn't confirm the identity based on appearance alone.

Then Shiki said, his voice quiet and detached behind his black face mask,

"Let's go check out the body and see."

The group moved together toward the backyard, their footsteps echoing softly on the school grounds as they followed Shiki's lead, flashlights sweeping across the dark paths.

The night air was cool, carrying the faint scent of grass and distant flowers, the school buildings casting long shadows under the moonlight as they walked in a tight, vigilant group.

Reaching the backyard, they saw a creature lying dead on the floor, looking like a spider-like monster and also like a bat.

The body was sprawled awkwardly on the grass, its form a grotesque hybrid – multiple thin, jointed spider legs curled unnaturally, some broken and twitching faintly even in death, while bat-like wings were crumpled beneath it, leathery and torn.

The upper body had a vaguely humanoid shape, but the head was distorted with sharp, bat-like features and mandibles, the whole thing covered in dark, glistening chitin that reflected the moonlight.

The creature looked unnatural and disturbing, its limbs twisted in unnatural angles, a pool of dark ichor spreading slowly beneath it on the grass.

Then Dracula said, gesturing casually with one hand, "Here it is."

But the others were looking a little bit confused.

Hanako tilted her head, her high ponytail swaying as she stared at the body, her brows furrowed in uncertainty. Nagumo stepped closer, his muscular arms crossed as he examined the creature, his black hoodie shifting with the movement.

The group exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of doubt and hesitation, the night breeze rustling the grass around the corpse as they tried to match it to the monster they had fought earlier.

Then Hanako said, "Is this the monster we just fought?" She tilted her head confused, her voice carrying clear uncertainty as she looked at the bat-like wings and spider legs, her revealing outfit shifting as she leaned forward slightly.

Then Nagumo, who also was close to the monster in their fight, also said,

"Hmm, it looks a bit different from the one we fought." His voice was low and thoughtful, his eyes narrowing as he studied the body, remembering the speed and agility of the creature they had chased through the hallways.

Then Naoya was like, "But isn't this a bat wing?"

He pointed at the leathery wing, his black hoodie sleeves sliding up his arms as he crouched closer, his expression puzzled.

Then Dracula said, his voice smooth and convincing, "A bat wing? how can a bat wing shoot out webs?"

He gestured toward the body with an elegant hand, his long black coat billowing slightly as he spoke, trying to convince them that the dead creature matched the one they had encountered.

He pointed out details — the thin, jointed legs, the way the wings were attached, the dark ichor — making it seem like a logical match, his aristocratic tone carrying authority that made the group pause and reconsider.

Then they were starting to believe it but still not fully. The group murmured among themselves, their flashlights sweeping over the body as they debated quietly, the night air cool against their skin as doubt lingered in their expressions.

Then Shiki asked, his voice quiet behind his black face mask,

"How do you kill it?"

Then Dracula said, his voice casual but detailed,

"I was standing here, then it ran with a high speed as it stumbled across me.

Then it tried shooting its webs at me, but then I dodged them, and that was when I killed it by using this wooden bat to hit its head multiple times."

He gestured toward a broken bat-like limb on the ground, claiming he had used it as a weapon, his long coat moving with the motion as he demonstrated the strikes with elegant, precise gestures.

In reality, the dead monster lying on the floor was one of Dracula's own summoned vampires – he had called it forth and killed it to create the perfect lie, using it as a scapegoat to fool the group and get them out of the school.

As the king of vampires, he could summon and control vampires at any time, making the deception effortless for him.

The group stood around the body, the night breeze rustling the grass as they processed Dracula's story, the tension slowly easing as they began to accept the explanation, the operation seeming to come to a close under the moonlight.

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Then Dracula said, his voice smooth and effortless, carrying the weight of centuries as he stood with perfect, aristocratic posture in the moonlit backyard of Seishin Academy.

"I was standing here, then it ran with a high speed as it stumbled across me.

Then it tried shooting its webs at me, but then I dodged them, and that was when I killed it by using this bat to hit its head multiple times."

He gestured casually toward the broken bat-like limb on the ground, his long black coat billowing slightly in the night breeze as he demonstrated the strikes with elegant, precise movements of his hand.

His silver-streaked hair caught the moonlight, giving him an almost ethereal glow as he spoke, his expression one of mild boredom, as if the act had been no more difficult than swatting a fly.

The group listened, their flashlights casting long shadows across the dead creature, the air thick with the metallic tang of blood and the faint scent of scorched earth from earlier attacks.

Then Hanako said, her voice thoughtful but laced with doubt,

"Hmmm... it must have gotten exhausted after fighting us inside the building."

She tilted her head, her high ponytail swaying as she stared at the body, her revealing black singlet shifting with the movement, pushing her breasts up as she crossed her arms.

In her mind, she couldn't fully believe that Dracula – the tall, elegant man they barely knew – could have killed the monster they had struggled against so hard. They didn't know who Dracula really was, the ancient vampire lord of legend, and they doubted he had the power to take down something that had given their entire team so much trouble.

The idea seemed too convenient, too easy, making her brows furrow slightly as she exchanged a quick, skeptical glance with Akane.

Then Naoya said, his voice carrying a note of caution as he crouched closer to the body, his black hoodie sleeves sliding up his arms,

"We should come back again just to be sure."

He poked at the creature with a stick, his expression serious as he suggested a follow-up investigation, his cheerful personality momentarily replaced by practical concern for the operation's success.

But then Rin said, his voice calm and reasonable as he stepped forward, hands in his pockets, his black hoodie and elastic pants making him look relaxed amid the tension.

"I suggest we don't... Seeing the monster already dead, our job here is done."

And also, the mess we've created inside the school and the loud noises definitely raised an alert for others living in this area."

He explained it smoothly, gesturing toward the damaged school building visible in the distance, the broken windows and scorched walls clear even in the moonlight.

He was trying to stop them from coming back here, as the monster was already seen dead and the fight in the school had caused so much damage to the inside building –

cracked floors, smashed lockers, scorched walls – that they wouldn't want to draw so many attention from authorities or locals.

His tone was practical, his deep blue eyes steady as he looked at the group, his posture relaxed but authoritative, the night breeze tugging at his hair as he tried to steer them away from further risk.

Then Shiki said, his voice quiet behind his black face mask, his messy black hair falling over his glasses as he adjusted them with one finger,

"Hmmm... why does it look like you guys are hiding something?"

He looked at the both of them suspiciously, his black leather pants and armless shirt making him blend with the shadows, his detached demeanor giving the words extra weight as he scanned Rin and Dracula with sharp, observant eyes.

Then Akane stepped in, backing Rin up as she moved closer to him, her plunging top shifting as she placed a hand on his arm.

"I go with what Rin says... and besides, our aim was to come handle the monster and here it is laying dead, so this is a successful operation, isn't it?"

She said it with a confident smile, her red ponytail swaying as she tried to sound convincing, her body language supportive as she leaned slightly against Rin, her revealing outfit still on full display in the moonlight.

Then it was settled... a successful operation as they all walked outside the school to the van.

The group moved together through the school grounds, their footsteps echoing softly on the grass, flashlights sweeping across the dark paths as they headed toward the parked black mini van.

The night air was cool, carrying the faint scent of grass and distant flowers, the school buildings casting long shadows as they left the scene behind.

Nagumo took a big leather bag and stuffed the dead monster inside, the body making a heavy thud as he lifted it with his super strength and set it in the trunk of the van to take it to the headquarters for examination. The bag zipped shut with a final sound, the group climbing into the van one by one, the engine humming to life as they prepared to leave.

Then Akane, walking side by side with Rin, held his arm as she pressed her breast against his arm.

The soft, warm flesh pushed firmly against him through her plunging top, her body leaning in close as she looked up at him with a playful, slightly shy smile.

"I wanna go on a date," she said, acting like a kid as she repeated it to Rin's ear, her voice soft and persistent, her red ponytail brushing his shoulder as she tugged gently at his sleeve, her cheeks flushing with a mix of boldness and nervousness.

Then Rin replied, his voice casual but tired, "A date??? It's too late for that... I have work tomorrow morning..."

He rubbed the back of his neck, his expression showing mild exasperation as he tried to deflect the request, the night breeze tugging at his black hoodie as the van waited nearby.

The group started setting into the van, the doors opening with soft thuds as they stood front of the gate of Seishin Academy, the night operation coming to a close

under the moonlight, the tension and rivalry between the girls still simmering in the confined space as they headed into the van.

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Then Rin replied, his voice casual but tired, rubbing the back of his neck as he looked at Akane with a small, apologetic smile.

"A date??? It's too late for that. I have work tomorrow morning..."

The words came out light, but his posture showed the weight of the long day — shoulders slightly slumped, blue eyes glancing at the dark road ahead as the van waited nearby, the night breeze tugging at his black hoodie.

He was trying to deflect gently, not wanting to hurt her feelings but also not ready to commit to anything more right now.

His hand stayed in his pocket, fingers fidgeting slightly with the fabric as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, the cool night air brushing against his face.

Then Akane replied, her voice persistent and a little whiny as she leaned closer, her plunging top shifting dangerously as she pressed her body against his arm again.

"What about by noon tomorrow?"

She tilted her head cutely, her red ponytail swaying as she looked up at him with wide, hopeful eyes, her cheeks still flushed with a mix of boldness and nervousness.

She persisted, her hand gently squeezing his arm, her body language eager and pleading as she repeated the request softly, her breath warm against his ear.

But Rin replied, shaking his head with a small laugh,

"I'm still busy by noon tomorrow... got so much on my hands."

His tone was gentle but firm, his free hand gesturing vaguely as if listing invisible tasks, his expression showing mild exasperation mixed with fondness.

He shifted his stance, the black elastic pants hugging his legs as he tried to create a little space, the night breeze cooling the flush on his cheeks.

Then Akane frowned her face, her brows furrowing as she pulled back slightly, crossing her arms under her breasts to push them up even higher in the plunging top. "If you don't wanna go on a date with me just say it," she said, her voice carrying a mix of hurt and challenge, her red ponytail swinging as she turned her head away dramatically, though her eyes kept darting back to him. Her shoulders slumped a little, her revealing outfit shifting with the movement as she tried to hide the disappointment in her expression.

Then Rin was like "No, it's not that..."

It would be nice to go on a date with you but it's just that I'm occupied these days...

I'll let you know when it would work out, okay?"

He said it with a reassuring smile, his hand gently patting her arm, his deep blue eyes soft as he tried to balance kindness with his own boundaries.

His black hoodie shifted with the movement, the night breeze cool against his skin as he spoke, his posture relaxed but sincere, the park lights casting soft shadows across his face as he looked at her.

Then Akane smiled hiddenly, a small, satisfied curve of her lips as she nodded.

"Alright..." She said it softly, her cheeks still flushed as she leaned against him again, her body language showing she was content with the promise for now, her revealing outfit clinging to her curves as she walked beside him toward the van.

The smile was small and private, hidden behind her hand for a moment as she glanced at him from the corner of her eye, her red ponytail swaying with each step.

Then all went into the van but as before Rin and Dracula insisted on going by foot.

The group climbed in one by one, doors sliding shut with soft thuds as Nagumo started the engine.

Hanako and Akane sat in the back, their revealing outfits shifting as they settled, casting one last glance at Rin before the van pulled away.

Shiki sat quietly in the corner, his black mask hiding his expression, while Naoya leaned back with a tired sigh. Hinata adjusted her cap, her practical outfit looking modest compared to the others.

The van hummed to life, headlights cutting through the darkness as they drove off, the night air rushing past the windows as they said their goodnights, voices overlapping in tired but friendly farewells.

"Goodnight, Rin!" "See you tomorrow!" The van pulled away slowly, taillights fading into the distance as the group left the park behind.

But then Shiki at the back seat looked behind the transparent glass behind the trunk to see the monster and behold it had disappeared.

The leather bag was empty, the body gone without a trace.

Dracula had made it vanish — using his power as the king of vampires to recall or dissolve the summoned creature he had used for the lie, the bag now lying limp and empty in the trunk.

Shiki's eyes narrowed behind his glasses, but he said nothing, his detached demeanor hiding his suspicion as the van continued down the road, the engine humming softly as the group chatted quietly in the front seats.

Now on their way back, Dracula said to Rin, his rich, aristocratic voice low and thoughtful as they walked side by side through the quiet streets, their dark clothing blending with the night.

"I could perceive familiar smells of Jorogumo on that monster."

He explained that in the past he had been in contact with Jorogumo before — ancient encounters in hidden realms where the spider queen had left a distinct, musky scent of silk and venom that lingered on her children. The vampire lord's silver-streaked hair caught the moonlight as he spoke, his long black coat billowing, his elegant features showing mild interest as he recalled the familiar trace on the dead creature they had left behind. The scent had been faint but unmistakable, a mix of sweet venom and silk that brought back memories of old battles.

Then Rin was like

"Really? I didn't notice,"

his voice casual as he walked, hands in his pockets, his black hoodie shifting with his stride.

He hadn't picked up the scent himself, his focus elsewhere during the encounter, his blue eyes glancing at the dark road ahead as they continued walking.

Then Dracula said, "Hmm... she's probably one of her children."

He meant the monster was probably one of Jorogumo's children — a lesser spawn sent to scout or retrieve something, inheriting traces of the queen's power and scent.

The vampire lord's tone was matter-of-fact, his steps graceful as they moved through the empty streets, the night air cool around them as they discussed the implications, the distant city lights flickering like stars in the distance.

The conversation continued as they walked, the city lights flickering in the distance, the night far from over as new questions about the forbidden book and Lilith's involvement lingered in the air.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

On a different day, deep within the monster realm, a meeting was held by high-ranking monsters in a dark, shallow yet tall and huge room.

The realm itself was a place of eternal twilight, where the sky was a perpetual deep crimson and purple, with no true sun or moon, only distant, flickering orbs of unnatural light that cast long, eerie shadows across jagged mountains and twisted forests.

The air was thick with the scent of sulfur and ancient decay, and distant roars of lesser beasts echoed through the valleys like constant reminders of the hierarchy of power.

The meeting room was carved into the heart of an ancient, crumbling castle that had stood for millennia, its stone walls blackened by centuries of dark magic and the residue of countless forbidden rituals.

The room was vast, its ceiling so high that it disappeared into shadow, supported by massive, cracked pillars covered in glowing runes that pulsed faintly like dying hearts.

The floor was made of polished obsidian that reflected the dim, flickering torchlight from iron braziers mounted on the walls, creating an illusion of infinite depth.

The walls were adorned with faded tapestries depicting ancient conquests and fallen gods, their threads frayed and stained with the blood of old sacrifices.

The air was heavy and cold, carrying the metallic tang of old blood and the musty smell of aged stone, with faint whispers of wind moving through hidden cracks like the voices of the dead.

The room felt alive with malevolent energy, the shadows seeming to move on their own, watching and listening.

In the middle of the room stood a large, ancient table carved from a single block of black marble veined with crimson, its surface smooth but scarred with claw marks and burn marks from past meetings.

The table was arranged with deliberate hierarchy: a massive, throne-like chair at the front end, tall and imposing with armrests shaped like twisting serpents, clearly meant for the one in charge.

On the left side of the table were three ornate chairs, each carved with different monstrous motifs – one with spider webs, another with bat wings, and the third with skeletal hands.

On the right side were three more chairs, equally grand but slightly less elaborate, their backs adorned with runes of power and dominance.

The arrangement created a clear power structure, the head chair dominating the room like a king overlooking his court.

On the right-hand side of the table sat a lady, tall and slender, so beautiful that her presence seemed to warp the air around her.

She had long, flowing brown hair that cascaded like liquid chocolate down her back, framing a face with fair, porcelain skin and sharp, predatory features.

Her eyes were deep amber, glowing faintly with inner power, and her lips were full and red, curved in a perpetual, knowing smile.

This was Baba Yaga, the fearsome witch of the woods, her slender form wrapped in dark, flowing robes that seemed to move on their own, whispering with hidden spells.

She sat with perfect poise, one leg crossed over the other, her fingers drumming lightly on the table as if already bored with the proceedings.

Right opposite her sat a tall, naked, muscular man who had stitches all over his body from his face to his feet. This was the Boogeyman, his skin a patchwork of pale and scarred flesh held together by thick, black thread that looked like it could unravel at any moment.

His muscles rippled under the stitches, his body a towering mass of raw power and menace, his face a mask of stitched-together features with glowing red eyes that seemed to swallow light.

He sat hunched forward, his massive hands resting on the table, fingers tapping impatiently, the stitches on his knuckles pulling tight with each movement.

His presence was oppressive, the air around him colder, as if fear itself clung to his form like a second skin.

Seated at the side of the tall fair woman was Bakuteriya, having a form of venom-like creature.

The slime-like being constantly shifted and rippled, its glossy black surface glistening under the torchlight, tendrils extending and retracting as it changed shape from a vague blob to a more humanoid silhouette and back again.

Its form was fluid and unpredictable, sometimes forming pseudopods that tapped the table, other times flattening into a puddle before reforming.

The creature's surface occasionally bubbled with dark venom, releasing faint, acrid smoke that smelled of poison and decay.

It was one of the more unsettling attendees, its lack of fixed shape making it hard to read, its presence a constant reminder of the unpredictable nature of the monster realm.

Other high-ranking looking monsters occupied the remaining vacant seats.

One was a hulking figure with horns and scales, another a shadowy entity that seemed to absorb light, and a third a elegant woman with snake-like eyes and fangs.

They sat in silence, their eyes gleaming with different degrees of malice and ambition, the air around the table thick with their combined auras of power and danger.

Now at the large seat by the front end, a ladylike creature was seated, having a spider form from her waist downward, consisting of huge spider legs as from her waist upwards was in a human form... having blue hair, and eight eyes completely black eyes.. and apart from her huge spider legs, she has from her waist upward.. six human hands.

This was Jorogumo, the Spider Queen. Her upper body was strikingly beautiful – pale skin, long flowing blue hair that cascaded like midnight water down her back, and eight completely black eyes that seemed to swallow all light, arranged in two rows on her face.

From her waist upward, she had six human arms, elegant and graceful, each ending in long, delicate fingers that could weave silk or tear flesh with equal ease.

From her waist downward, her body transitioned into a massive, horrifying spider form, eight enormous, jointed legs covered in sleek black chitin, each leg tipped with sharp, hooked claws that clicked softly against the stone floor.

The legs were powerful and agile, capable of scaling walls or crushing enemies, their surface glistening with a faint, venomous sheen.

Jorogumo sat with regal authority, her six arms resting on the table, her black eyes scanning the room with cold intelligence, her blue hair shifting slightly as she moved her head.

Her presence dominated the table, the Spider Queen radiating an aura of ancient power and ruthless cunning, the air around her heavy with the faint scent of silk and venom.

The room was silent for a moment, the monsters gathered around the ancient table, their eyes meeting in a tense standoff as the meeting began, the weight of their combined power making the very stones of the castle seem to groan under the pressure.

Chapter 97: The Meeting In The Monster Realm II

Then Jorogumo called out Bakuteriya, her raspy yet regal female voice echoing through the vast, ancient chamber with commanding authority.

The Spider Queen sat at the head of the massive black marble table, her eight completely black eyes gleaming like polished obsidian as she leaned forward slightly.

Her six human arms rested elegantly on the scarred surface, fingers tapping lightly in a slow, deliberate rhythm, while her massive spider legs below the table clicked softly against the stone floor, the sound reverberating like distant thunder.

Her blue hair cascaded like midnight water down her pale shoulders, framing a face of cold, seductive beauty. The room itself amplified her presence – the tall, shadowy pillars seemed to lean in, the flickering torchlight from iron braziers casting long, twisting shadows that danced across the faded tapestries of fallen gods and conquered realms.

The air was thick with the scent of sulfur, old blood, and ancient silk, the obsidian floor reflecting the monsters' forms like a dark mirror.

"You, Bakuteriya," she said, her voice smooth but laced with power, the eight black eyes fixing on the slime-like creature with unblinking intensity.

"You recently came in contact with Kiyoshi Rin, right?"

Bakuteriya replied, his venom-like form rippling and shifting on the chair, tendrils extending and retracting nervously as he tried to maintain a more humanoid silhouette.

His glossy black surface glistened under the torchlight, bubbles of dark venom occasionally rising and popping with faint, acrid smoke.

"Yes, I did... I could barely escape.

And that was only possible due to he found someone stronger than me to fight with.

Instead, I would have been in big trouble."

He recounted the encounter with visible fear, his form quivering as he remembered how Rin had ignored him in favor of the stronger boy Ken, the slime-like body contracting and expanding as if reliving the terror.

Luck had been on his side that day — Rin's love for challenging stronger opponents had spared him, allowing the slime creature to slip away while the human focused on the more worthy fight.

The memory made Bakuteriya's surface bubble faster, the dark venom dripping onto the table in small, hissing drops.

Then Jorogumo said, her voice carrying a mix of amusement and frustration as she leaned back in the massive throne-like chair, her six human arms folding across her chest while her spider legs shifted below, clicking against the stone.

"Hmmm, I know Kiyoshi Rin always loves fighting stronger opponents."

She spoke with the weight of experience, her eight black eyes narrowing as she recalled their past clash. "But why doesn't he come look for me?"

The Spider Queen's tone held a hint of irritation, her blue hair shifting as she tilted her head, the human upper body graceful and seductive while the massive spider lower body remained a constant reminder of her monstrous nature.

She had observed Rin's pattern over the years — the human seemed drawn to powerful foes that could push him to his limits, seeking the thrill of true combat rather than easy victories.

Yet he had not sought her out again, despite their previous encounter.

She continued, her voice growing heavier with memory, "We've fought once before, but I wouldn't call that a fair fight due to my children and my agents fighting him, not letting him get to me."

The fight had been chaotic and unfair in Rin's eyes. Jorogumo had opened multiple portals, releasing waves of her spider children and loyal agents into the battlefield, swarming Rin from all directions and preventing him from focusing on her directly.

The constant interruptions, the endless horde of lesser monsters, had made concentration impossible, turning what should have been a direct confrontation into a frustrating war of attrition.

Rin had lost interest after that, finding the fight unsatisfying and unbalanced, the Spider Queen's tactics denying him the pure, one-on-one challenge he craved. Jorogumo's eight black eyes gleamed as she spoke, her six human arms gesturing gracefully to emphasize the memory, the spider legs below tapping the floor in rhythm with her words, the ancient castle room seeming to listen with bated breath.

Then Baba Yaga said, leaning forward with a low, cackling laugh that echoed off the stone walls like breaking glass, her long brown hair cascading like liquid chocolate as she tilted her head.

"Kiyoshi Rin..." She laughed again, a rich, amused sound that filled the chamber, her fair skin glowing in the torchlight as her amber eyes sparkled with dark humor.

"He came looking for me at my place in Russia just to fight, and he was just a little boy then.

I barely escaped." The witch recounted the memory with vivid relish, describing how the young Rin had traveled from Japan to her remote hut in the Russian wilderness, driven by rumors of her strength.

He had challenged her directly, his youthful power clashing with her ancient magic in a battle that shook the frozen forests.

Baba Yaga had used every trick — illusions, curses, and her infamous hut on chicken legs — to survive the encounter, barely escaping with her life as the boy's raw potential overwhelmed her defenses.

The story painted Rin as a relentless force even as a child, his determination to test himself against legends making him a figure of both admiration and caution among the monsters.

The room fell into a heavy silence as the high-ranking monsters absorbed the stories, the flickering torchlight casting long, twisting shadows across the scarred black marble table.

The ancient tapestries on the walls seemed to come alive in the firelight, depicting fallen gods and conquered realms as silent witnesses to the conversation.

The air grew thicker with the scent of sulfur and old blood, the obsidian floor reflecting the monsters' forms like a dark mirror as they shifted in their seats, the weight of Rin's name hanging over the meeting like a storm cloud.

Jorogumo's eight black eyes gleamed with renewed interest, her six human arms resting on the table as she leaned forward, her spider legs clicking softly below. The Spider Queen's blue hair shifted like midnight water as she considered the implications, the chamber's high ceiling disappearing into shadow above them, the massive pillars groaning faintly as if the castle itself reacted to the discussion.

The other monsters — the stitched Boogeyman with his glowing red eyes, the fluid Bakuteriya rippling in his seat, and the rest of the high-ranking attendees — watched in silence, their auras of power pressing against each other in the confined space.

The meeting had taken a dangerous turn, the name Kiyoshi Rin stirring old fears and new ambitions among the gathered monsters, the ancient castle room feeling smaller under the weight of their collective gaze.

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Baba Yaga said, her voice low and cackling like dry leaves scraping against stone,

"Kiyoshi Rin..." She laughed a bit, the sound rich and amused, echoing off the high, shadowed ceiling of the ancient chamber like breaking glass.

Her long brown hair cascaded like liquid chocolate down her back as she leaned forward, her fair skin glowing in the flickering torchlight, her amber eyes sparkling with dark humor.

The witch's slender form seemed to coil with delight, her dark robes whispering as she shifted in her chair, fingers drumming lightly on the scarred black marble table.

The room itself amplified her laughter — the tall pillars groaned faintly, the faded tapestries on the walls seemed to stir as if the depicted fallen gods were listening, and the obsidian floor reflected her amusement like a dark mirror.

The other monsters watched in silence, the air thick with sulfur and old blood, the torch flames dancing in iron braziers as Baba Yaga continued her tale with relish.

"He came looking for me at my place in Russia just to fight, and he was just a little boy then.

I barely escaped."

The memory unfolded in her words, painting a vivid picture for the gathered high-ranking monsters.

Years ago, when Rin was only twelve, rumors had reached him in Japan about a terrifying witch in the remote Russian wilderness – Baba Yaga, said to be so strong that even seasoned heroes avoided her domain. The young boy, driven by an insatiable curiosity and a burning desire to test his growing power against legends, had left Japan without telling anyone.

He traveled alone, crossing oceans and vast lands with nothing but determination and his raw talent.

The journey was long and harsh – cold trains, frozen forests, and lonely roads that tested even his young endurance.

But Rin pressed on, his small frame wrapped in a simple coat, blue hair tousled by the wind, blue eyes bright with excitement as he followed the rumors to her isolated hut.

The house Baba Yaga was staying in then in Russia looked so old like an ancient abandoned castle.

It stood alone on a misty, snow-covered hill, its walls cracked and overgrown with dark vines, towers leaning precariously as if the structure itself was alive and breathing.

The roof was patched with rotting thatch, windows like empty eye sockets staring out into the frozen wilderness, and the front door was a heavy, iron-bound slab covered in frost and strange runes that pulsed faintly with dark magic.

The air around the hut felt colder, heavier, as if the building sucked the warmth from the world.

Snow crunched under Rin's small boots as he approached, his breath visible in the freezing air, his young face set with determination as he knocked on the door with a small fist.

Behold, she opened the door.

Baba Yaga appeared in the form of an old woman, hunched and wrinkled, dressed in ragged, patched robes that smelled of herbs and decay.

Her long brown hair was tangled and graying at the edges, her amber eyes peering out from a face lined with age and cunning.

She saw a young child standing by her door — a boy with deep blue hair and matching blue eyes, small but radiating an unusual aura of power even at that age.

She was like, "Oh hello?? What brings you here?"

Her voice was raspy and sweet, like honey over broken glass, hiding the predator beneath.

In her mind, she thought with dark hunger,

Who is this dumb kid? Didn't your parents tell you not to wander around this area?? I'll make sure to savor his flesh... young meat is always the sweetest.

Her amber eyes gleamed with anticipation, imagining the boy as a tender meal to replenish her strength, her wrinkled hands twitching slightly as she beckoned him inside.

She then said, "It's cold outside, come inside.

Let me get you something to eat."

Her tone was grandmotherly and inviting, the old woman form shuffling aside to let him enter, the heavy door creaking loudly on rusted hinges.

Rin walked inside her home, the interior dark and cluttered with strange artifacts – jars of floating eyes, bundles of dried herbs, and bones hanging from the ceiling like wind chimes.

The air was thick with the smell of stew and something metallic underneath.

She walked him to the dining area, a rough wooden table surrounded by mismatched chairs, and went into the kitchen, returning with a small bowl of food.

The stew looked innocent – chunks of meat in a thick broth – but the smell was off, rich and coppery.

She served it to Rin with an evil smile on her face, her wrinkled lips curving upward as she asked,

"So why are you here? You looking for your parents?"

Then Rin looked at the food and said, his young voice steady and unafraid,

"You expect me to eat this food made from human parts?"

The words cut through the air like a blade, the bowl still steaming in front of him.

Baba Yaga's smile slowly disappeared, her amber eyes widening in shock.

In her mind, she thought with rising alarm, How could he tell it was human meat?

The old woman form faltered for a moment, the illusion cracking as her true cunning showed through.

Then Rin said to her, his blue eyes sharp even at twelve years old,

"Hmm... well this is the main reason why I'm here i___"

The memory faded as Baba Yaga leaned back in her chair, her laughter echoing again through the chamber, the other monsters shifting in their seats as they absorbed the tale of the young boy who had dared to challenge one of the most feared witches in the world. The ancient castle room felt smaller under the weight of the story, the torch flames flickering as if reacting to the name Kiyoshi Rin, the high-ranking monsters exchanging glances filled with a mix of respect and unease.

The meeting continued, the name hanging over them like a storm cloud, the obsidian floor reflecting their dark forms as they planned their next moves in the shadows.

Chapter 99: Baba Yaga's Encounter with Kiyoshi Rin II

Then Rin looked at the food in the steaming bowl, the chunks of meat floating in the thick broth giving off a coppery, metallic scent that made his nose wrinkle.

He pushed the bowl away slightly with one small hand and said in a calm, steady voice that carried far more weight than his twelve-year-old frame suggested,

"You expect me to eat this food made from human parts?"

The words hung in the air like a blade.

Baba Yaga's evil smile slowly disappeared, her wrinkled lips straightening into a thin line as her amber eyes widened in shock.

In her mind, the thought raced with rising alarm:

How could he tell it was human meat?

The old woman form she had taken faltered for a moment, the illusion of the kindly grandmother cracking as her true cunning and hunger showed through.

The air in the dark, cluttered hut grew heavier, the hanging bones and jars of floating eyes seeming to watch the scene with silent interest.

The stew continued to steam innocently on the rough wooden table, but the scent now felt wrong, thick and wrong, the coppery undertone unmistakable to someone with Rin's sharp senses.

Then Rin said to her, his young voice clear and unafraid, "Hmm... well this is the main reason why I'm here." He stood up slowly from the mismatched chair, his small frame straight and determined, blue hair tousled from the long journey, blue eyes sharp as he looked at the old woman.

"I heard this is where the terrifying Baba Yaga lives... Are you Baba Yaga?"

She looked at him in silence for a long moment, her amber eyes narrowing as she studied the boy standing in her hut.

In her mind, the thoughts swirled with confusion and dark amusement:

Who is this kid? He came all this way alone? Doesn't he know what I am?

The ancient witch's wrinkled hands tightened on the edge of the table, the rags of her robe shifting as she leaned forward slightly, the fire in the hearth crackling louder as if reacting to the tension.

The hut felt smaller, the shadows deeper, the air thicker with the scent of herbs and hidden decay.

She finally spoke, her voice raspy and sweet like honey over broken glass,

"How could you..."

Then suddenly Rin stood up fully and kicked her.

The kick was so powerful it threw her out through the walls of her building.

His small leg snapped forward with explosive force, the impact sounding like thunder as his foot connected with her chest.

The old woman form flew backward like a rag doll, crashing through the wooden wall with a deafening crack of splintering timber and exploding debris.

Dust and wood fragments filled the air as she tumbled outside into the frozen Russian wilderness, snow flying up around her as she landed hard on the icy ground.

The hut shook from the force, the roof creaking as if it might collapse, the hanging bones rattling like wind chimes in a storm.

She stood up slowly, snow clinging to her ragged robes, her amber eyes wide with shock as she saw Rin walking out of her building toward her.

The boy stepped through the hole he had created, his small boots crunching on the snow, his blue hair tousled by the cold wind, his expression calm and determined. Baba Yaga wiped blood from her lip, her old woman form flickering as the illusion strained, revealing glimpses of her true, more terrifying shape beneath.

She said to herself, her voice a low growl in her mind, Who is this kid who defies me?

Then she became so furious.

Her wrinkled face twisted into a snarl, amber eyes blazing with rage as she grabbed a large, long bone from the snow — a femur from some long-dead giant, heavy and jagged.

She sprinted toward Rin with surprising speed for her apparent age, the bone held like a club as she swung it with deadly force.

The fight broke loose between them in the snowy clearing outside the hut.

Baba Yaga attacked with wild, powerful swings, the bone whistling through the air as she tried to crush the boy.

Rin dodged with effortless grace, his small body moving like water, ducking under swings and sidestepping strikes that shattered trees and sent snow exploding into the air.

The fight was thrilling and chaotic — Baba Yaga's rage fueling her speed and strength, the bone cracking against rocks and trees as she roared, while Rin countered with precise, powerful strikes of his own, his small fists landing with force that sent the witch staggering.

Snow flew in clouds, the cold air burning their lungs as they clashed, the forest around them shaking with the intensity of the battle.

Baba Yaga was fast and powerful, her attacks wild and overwhelming, but what she noticed was that none of her attacks showed any damage on this little kid.

Rin moved with unnatural speed and precision for his age, dodging and weaving, his blue eyes calm and focused as he landed blows that cracked her illusions and sent her flying into snowdrifts.

The witch's ragged robes tore, her old woman form cracking further as she realized the boy was far more than he appeared.

She rushed toward Rin, trying to grab him in a desperate hug-like grip to crush him, but Rin dodged at the last moment and punched her stomach with full force.

The impact was devastating — his small fist sank deep into her midsection with a sickening thud, the force lifting her off her feet and sending her flying backward through the air.

She landed at a distance, her body skidding across the snow, eyes rolling back as she coughed up dark blood that stained the white ground.

The pain was immense, her illusions shattering completely as she gasped for air, her true form flickering into view for a moment — a more monstrous, ancient witch with sharp features and glowing eyes.

Then she looked at him and realized this wasn't just a normal kid.

Her amber eyes widened with shock and fear as she gasped, "What are you and who sent you?"...

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

Then Rin replied, standing tall in the snow, his small frame radiating power as he said simply,

"Well, I'm Kiyoshi Rin, just a mere human living in Japan."

His voice was calm, his blue eyes steady as he brushed snow from his coat, the cold wind tousling his blue hair.

Then he started using his magic blasts toward her, shooting heavy blasts of azure energy that lit up the snowy forest like lightning.

The blasts roared through the air, exploding against trees and ground as Baba Yaga started running as fast as possible, her ragged robes flapping wildly.

But he was still on her, the blasts chasing her through the trees, each hit sending shockwaves of energy that scorched the snow and shattered branches.

She attained so much damage from each blast thrown at her — her body jerking with every impact, blood spraying across the white ground as she stumbled and ran, her illusions breaking apart as the boy's power overwhelmed her.

The forest shook with the force of the magic, trees toppling and snow exploding in clouds as the witch barely escaped, suffering too many life-threatening injuries as she vanished into the frozen wilderness, her cackling laughter turning into pained gasps as she fled for her life.

The memory faded as Baba Yaga leaned back in her chair at the ancient table, her laughter echoing again through the chamber, the other monsters shifting in their seats as they absorbed the tale of the young boy who had dared to challenge one of the most feared witches in the world.

The ancient castle room felt smaller under the weight of the story, the torch flames flickering as if reacting to the name Kiyoshi Rin, the high-ranking monsters exchanging glances filled with a mix of respect and unease.

The meeting continued, the name hanging over them like a storm cloud, the obsidian floor reflecting their dark forms as they planned their next moves in the shadows.

Then the Boogeyman shared his experience he had with Kiyoshi Rin.

The stitched, towering figure leaned forward in his chair at the ancient black marble table, his massive, patchwork body creaking as the black threads holding his flesh together pulled tight.

His glowing red eyes swept across the gathered high-ranking monsters, the torchlight from the iron braziers casting flickering shadows across his scarred, stitched face and naked, muscular torso.

The room itself seemed to lean in, the high ceiling disappearing into darkness, the faded tapestries on the walls stirring as if the depicted fallen gods were listening.

The air was thick with sulfur, old blood, and the musty scent of ancient stone, the obsidian floor reflecting the monsters' dark forms like a mirror of nightmares.

The Boogeyman's presence was oppressive, fear itself seeming to cling to his stitched skin like a second layer, making the other attendees shift uncomfortably in their seats as he began to speak in a low, raspy voice that echoed like gravel under boots.

"It happened when that boy was a little grown up," the Boogeyman started, his stitched lips pulling into a grotesque smile that showed jagged teeth.

"He had already met that demon Chris by then.

One day, I was in a particular area in Germany... a quiet, foggy town where the humans whispered about disappearances and murders in the night. I was the cause, of course — feeding on their fear, taking the weak ones when they wandered alone.

The reports spread quickly, humans locking their doors, parents warning their children about the Boogeyman in the dark.

I enjoyed it... the terror I spread was like sweet nectar."

The monsters around the table listened in silence, Baba Yaga's amber eyes sparkling with interest, Jorogumo's eight black eyes fixed on him, Bakuteriya's slime form rippling with curiosity.

The Boogeyman continued, his massive hands resting on the table, stitches pulling as his muscles flexed.

"Then one night, Kiyoshi Rin left Japan.

He came all the way to that foggy German town because of the rumors.

He loves to fight strong monsters, you see.

He wanted to know how strong I was, so he tracked me down like a hunter following a scent.

The boy — arrived under the cover of darkness, his blue hair hidden under a hood, his eyes sharp and eager. He didn't come with an army or allies.

He came alone, seeking the thrill of battle."

The Boogeyman paused, his glowing red eyes gleaming as he relived the memory.

"I saw him first.

He was standing in the shadows of an abandoned alley, the fog thick around him.

I thought he was easy prey – a lone traveler, perhaps a tourist who had wandered too far.

I licked my lips, drooling at the thought of his fear, the sweet taste of a young man's terror.

I approached casually, my tall, stitched body moving silently through the fog, my voice low and soothing as I said,

'Hey boy, you lost?'

The room was silent, the other monsters leaning in, the torch flames flickering as if holding their breath.

The Boogeyman continued, his voice dropping to a raspy whisper.

"Rin saw me and just stood there in silence, looking at me with those calm blue eyes.

No fear, no panic — just quiet assessment.

I smiled wider, my stitched face pulling tight as I said, 'Come with me, I'll take you to your parents, okay?'

I gave him an evil smile, my jagged teeth glinting as I gently grabbed his hand, trying to pull him into a dark corner where I could savor him slowly.

The boy's hand was warm, his grip firm... and then I heard a sound.

A sharp crack, like bone breaking. I turned around, confused, and when I looked at my hand... my wrist was broken.

The bone snapped clean, the stitches tearing, dark blood oozing from the wound.

The pain was sharp, sudden, and I realized the boy had done it with a casual twist of his hand."

The Boogeyman's glowing red eyes widened as he recounted the moment, his stitched body shifting in the chair, the black threads pulling tight across his muscular chest.

The other monsters murmured, Jorogumo's spider legs clicking softly, Baba Yaga's laughter low and amused. The Boogeyman continued, his voice growing more intense.

"That was when the real fight began.