Chapter 91: Love hotel?!

Yuriko gaped at the scene. She knew these shameless siblings would cross the line but she never imagined they would do it during the day without bothering to lock the door.

Shizuka squirmed out of his embrace and his penis covered in cum slid out. She sat beside Asahi with white fluids gushing out of her pussy.

Yuriko gulped at the size. Even her ex-husband was an inch or half shorter and he was *huge* in comparison to the *average*.

Suppressing the tingling in her crotch, she averted her gaze before Asahi noticed her gaze on his penis.

*What should I do now?*

Escape this awkward atmosphere or be shameless and do what she came here to do.

Choosing the latter, she assumed a calm expression and spoke, “Pardon me for intruding. Shizuka, did you tell him?”

“Huh? What are you talking about… ah, your friend? I forget.”

Yuriko sighed. Expecting too much from an airhead was a bad idea.

“Lecherous son-in-law, a childhood friend of mine is coming tomorrow and she specifically wants to meet you.”

Asahi smirked and folded his arms behind his head. “Who is she by the way? Another beauty.”

*This lecher…* She ignored his latter question. “You will know soon.”

Even he will have a hard time with this *peculiar* friend, who might break a bone or two of his if he tries to flirt with her.

“Please continue.” Yuriko chuckled and shut the door.

**(Asahi Pov)**

Something wasn't right. Yuriko’s mischievous smile when she left bugged me.

Where did this childhood friend pop up from? I am so gonna break his teeth if this friend turns out to be a man.

I placed my hand on Shizuka’s cheek. “Nee-san, rest. I have some things to do.”

She showed a reluctant expression. “Okay.”

I sighed and pulled her to lay beside me. “Let’s take a nap.”

She nodded and pressed her soft body against me, resting her head on my chest. “Un.”

I took out a blanket to cover ourselves and closed my eyes.

**—x—x—x—**

I headed straight to Yuriko after I woke up and pestered her for this so-called friend. But she refused even after I harassed her a few times.

I shrugged and took Shiori out to check our new spells on the battlefield.

We only had to cross several kilometers to find the undead.

I cast the Level 1 spell Lightning Line, summoning a golden bow in my right hand while lightning sparks burst in my left hand.

Badass.

I pulled the bowstring with my left hand, turning the sparks into an arrow made of pure lightning.

“You look like Zeus,” Shiori remarked.

I released the arrow, creating a giant opening in the ranks of the undead.

The sparks only diminished a little. I pulled it once again.

“Don’t compare me to that rapist bastard,” I muttered. Almost every God and Goddess from Greek Mythology was scum of another level.

“I am sorry.”

“It’s fine.”

She also summoned her bow and shot down the undead.

We wasted the undead until 4 PM. We also saved some survivors on our way.

Level 17 only required 200,000 XP now!

I went ahead and drove the poor guys to the Elementary school where the government wanted the survivors to evacuate.

I was curious to see the location with my own eyes. Expectations and reality always differ. The same was true here. The whole thing was a mess with the military choppers parked. Unlike the limited numbers of choppers, there were a thousand survivors.

The resources like fuel and gas were limited, which made their transportation limited.

I dropped off the survivors and drove back. Shiori glanced out on the roads, lost in thoughts.

“Shiori, do you want to save them?”

“Hm?” She looked puzzled before smiling in amusement. “Nope, I am happy with this little family I have.”

“Which small family has twelve members, huh?”

Aimi, Shizuka, Saya, Shiori, Saeko, Nao, Aiko, Leme, Rika, Yuriko—except Aiko and Rini, the rest were my future wives.

My harem has grown quite a bit in a matter of weeks. As Klyscha said, I need to control myself or I will end up surrounded by girls I won’t be able to keep happy. That’s one of the worst aspects of the harem. Unless I plan on cloning myself, I had to refrain from adding members without mutual feelings.

That reminds me of Grayfia. What is the maid doing in her world?

Klyscha burst into laughter.

(I was waiting for you to ask it. She is pissed that you haven’t summoned her for five years.)

*‘Five years or five days? Wait, is that the time difference between our worlds?’*

(Yeah, my love.)

*‘Nope, I ain’t gonna summon her until I am stronger than her. She will step on me the moment she sees me. It is great that the devil civil war is more than two hundred years away, so I have about one fifty days at the minimum.’*

“Our family is unique, isn’t it?” Shiori asked.

“It sure is.”

“To be honest, I didn't feel anything when I saw their despair…” She said and placed her hand over mine. “It seems my feelings are influenced by Saeko.”

“Hmm, she will be happy to hear it.”

“True…” She said and glanced outside the car. “Isn’t that a love hotel?”

A luxurious building with a red board hung above it.

“Yep.”

“Park at the side, please. I always wanted to visit one.”

“Girl… there will only be undead there to book a room.”

“Let’s check it out once, please.”

“Fine.”

I parked the car and we entered the location. Undead roamed the corridors, which we cleaned with no effort.

The first room we stumbled upon was in top-notch condition.

Then, Shiori did what everyone expected—took off her clothes and pushed me on the bed less comfortable than mine. She fulfilled her dream of trying various positions that would bring a deep blush on most women’s faces.

We got so wrapped up in enjoying each other that Saya had to call me by telepathy. The tsundere barraged us with a shit ton of questions when we returned.

I avenged myself and Shiori by pumping Saya full of semen in the shower. My libido increased with my stats and perhaps the influence of Eromancer Class.

After dinner, I helped Rini in sensing mana in the atmosphere and absorbing it. After two hours, she succeeded and a faint red aura surrounded her—she already initiated the [Mystical Growth] skill.

I moved my attention to Aiko, who watched us intently from the bed.

I hath sinned by tainting a pure loli.

Heaving a sigh, I sat beside her. “Have you ever tried meditation?”

She shook her head. Of course, she hasn’t. It would be weird for a seven-year-old to meditate.

“What color am I now?”

She looked up and her eyes lost focus for a second. “Blue and pink...”

Blue should be peaceful or calm and pink should be affection—that's what I always felt—not the sexual one mind you. Like every emotion, affection has different types and for Aiko, it should be similar to familial love.

“Direct your focus on anything other than your abilities. Try to free your mind.”

She closed her eyes, only to open them a minute later. “Onii-chan, I can’t.”

I put her on my lap and patted her head. “You will get there soon.”

I stopped sensing a presence behind me but the assailant didn’t stop and hugged me.

“Sneak hug!”

“Nao.”

“Hmm?”

“Hug me tighter.”

“Okay.”

Her soft boobs pressing on my back felt so good...