

## Chapter 26: Two is Better than One

The sun had barely begun to crest over the horizon, casting long golden shafts of light across the rooftops of Fuyuki. The morning air was cool and brisk, and the city had yet to fully stir awake.

Sakura Matou walked alone down the familiar sidewalk, her schoolbag slung over one shoulder. Her pace was slow, almost mechanical. To a passing stranger, she looked like any ordinary schoolgirl—quiet, reserved, unremarkable.

But to me, cloaked in silence atop a nearby roof, she was anything but.

I watched her, unseen and unfelt, thanks to the layered mesh of perks and skills that rendered me invisible to even the most sensitive magical detection. Not even Zouken's writhing familiars would catch a scent. Not today.

There was no time for doubt. Every second she spent out in the open was another roll of the dice, and Zouken didn't need good odds to ruin someone's life.

I waited until she reached the exact spot Rin had marked for me—just past the corner where the old mailbox sat rusting away, a narrow bend where the road bottlenecked and foot traffic thinned to nothing.

Then I moved.

One moment, she was alone.

The next, a hand brushed her wrist—gentle, but firm. The world blinked.

We were gone.

No scream. No struggle. Just the echo of her footsteps fading into nothing, as if she had never been there to begin with.

I reappeared on a rooftop two districts over, the early morning breeze brushing against my coat. Sakura was safe—frozen in stasis inside my inventory, untouched by time, pain, or fear. She wouldn't even remember this moment until I chose to let her.

For the first time since I started this mission, I let my body relax, just for a breath.

But it didn't last.

Because this wasn't the end. It was only the beginning.

Zouken Matou was next.

And while I hadn't said it out loud—not to Rin, not to Ilulu, not even to myself—I had already decided.

Shinji dies today too.

Not because I wanted to be cruel. Not even out of justice. But because no world that allowed him to keep breathing was one worth saving.

Sakura might cry.

But tears dry. Scars heal.

And she'd never suffer at their hands again.

"One down, two to go." I quietly muttered to myself before disappearing again, this time heading in the direction of the Matou residence.

=====

Appearing high above the Matou residence using my Flight skill, I immediately pulled up my Bounty Tracker. My eyes narrowed in satisfaction as I confirmed Zouken's marker hadn't moved an inch.

*'So far, so good. Information and Trace Defense are working as intended if that walking corpse hasn't noticed a thing.'*

From this height, the manor looked deceptively normal. But beneath its aged exterior festered centuries of horror and rot. I extended my senses and quickly noted the presence of a bounded field—outdated, but still functional.

"I need to be quick and thorough," I muttered, summoning my strongest staff from the White Mage template and gripping it firmly. The polished metal thrummed with holy energy.

"Here goes nothing."

I leveled the staff toward the estate, eyes narrowing as I spoke the command.

**“Holy.”**

A massive sphere of divine light materialized in the sky above me, glowing brighter than the early morning sun. With a flick of thought, it plummeted straight down—impacting the manor with a thunderous eruption of pure white radiance. The blast vaporized the upper structure in an instant, leaving only smoking rubble and the heavy steel trapdoor to the basement beneath.

*‘Still intact,’ I noted. ‘Figures he’d keep his true nest well-fortified.’*

Wasting no time, I switched to another staff—this one drawn from Satou's template. With a practiced motion, I took aim again.

**“Fire Shot.”**

A barrage of fireballs burst from the staff's tip, dozens of them spiraling downward in a concentrated storm. The first slammed into the trapdoor, cracking the enchantments layered over it. The next shattered it completely. The moment the flames penetrated the darkness below, I heard it.

The shrieks. The hisses. The unmistakable dying cries of worms.

Thousands of them.

Zouken's foul familiars.

Not even a second later, a writhing mass of insects poured out from the ruined basement, swarming upward toward me like a tidal wave of rot and hate.

*Fool.*

He'd just made this easier.

Raising my White Mage staff once more, I spoke with calm precision.

**“Holy.”**

Light erupted from the staff like a divine spear. This time, with a clear target, it carved through the swarm like the wrath of the heavens. The air filled with the high-pitched screams of dying worms as they were incinerated by the dozens, their charred remains falling like black snow.

I didn't stop.

Not until the sky was clear again—and the Matou estate was nothing more than a smoking crater.

Pausing my onslaught, I waited for the smoke to thin. My eyes flicked to the HUD—and I frowned.

Zouken's red dot was still there.

*'Persistent bastard.'*

Sirens wailed faintly in the distance, growing closer. I grimaced, then slowly descended into the ruined basement, every sense on high alert.

The stench hit me first—a rotting, cloying odor that threatened to turn my stomach. I forced it down. My eyes locked onto the figure slumped in the far corner, impossibly still clinging to life.

The moment my boots touched the cracked floor, it splintered beneath me—two insects launched from below, stingers aimed for my neck.

Too slow.

My hand blurred. Two wet crunches later, they fell twitching at my feet.

I didn't even flinch as bug viscera splattered across my sleeve. Raising my White Mage staff again, I began casting indiscriminately—letting **Holy** fill the room with divine light.

Zouken writhed on the floor, grunting in pain as the magic tore through the darkness he'd so long thrived in. A high-pitched chorus of screeches erupted around me—dozens of insects buried in the walls and under the floor, vaporized before they could ever strike.

I stepped through the cleansing glow until I stood before him.

There he was.

The monster who had tormented Sakura for nearly a decade.

Shriveled. Dying. Yet still, somehow, alive.

A bitter sneer curled my lips.

“He... he... cough—hehee...” rasped the withered corpse, barely lifting his head to look at me. “You’ll accomplish nothing... killing me here... assassin.”

I raised my second staff—already primed with **Fire Shot**, the magic pulsing at the tip like a ready warhead.

“Don’t worry. The worms inside Sakura are next. You die today, monster.”

His sunken eyes widened. He twitched as if to escape—but didn’t even get the chance to beg.

The fire hit him dead on, incinerating his body in a blaze of finality. Ash scattered across the blood-soaked stones.

“Good riddance.”

I checked the Bounty Tracker again—no red dot.

That was it. Once I removed the worms embedded in Sakura, Zouken Matou would truly be gone.

“Tch... centuries clinging to life, only to die like a roach under a boot.” I shook my head. “What a joke.”

The sirens were getting closer.

I disappeared from the scene a heartbeat later, leaving nothing behind but ash and silence.

=====

Rin’s house wasn’t far—just a few blocks away—and even though I’d flown quite a distance to throw off any potential observers, it only took me a few minutes to arrive. In a city like Fuyuki, where magi were scattered here and there, it wouldn’t be strange if a few of them kept familiars or detection wards running at all times.

Better safe than sorry.

I barely had time to knock before the door flew open—quite literally.

Rin stood there, eyes wide and sharp with tension, her usual composed expression nowhere to be found. Her lips parted as if to say something, but her shoulders sagged slightly in relief once she saw me standing there, completely unharmed.

That worried look didn't suit her.

I offered her a reassuring smile.

Her face softened a bit more as she stepped aside and let me in. Inside, Ilulu and the others greeted me warmly—my cute little elf had already set out a plate of food for me, clearly anticipating I'd skipped breakfast. She was right.

I sat down, and Rin took the seat across from me, her appetite returning now that the weight on her chest had eased.

"Is she in that 'inventory' of yours?" Rin asked, her voice calmer but still touched with residual worry.

I nodded, finishing a bite before answering. "Correct. Once I've eaten, we'll pull her out. While I work on purifying her, you can talk to her—explain everything in a way she'll understand."

Rin hesitated, then gave a small nod. "Alright. Just... make sure she's okay."

"I will," I said quietly, looking her in the eye. "She's safe now. That nightmare is over."

Rin only nodded silently at that, and for a while, a calm stillness settled over the kitchen. Asako and Bella joined us at the table, lightening the mood with quiet small talk while we ate. It wasn't much, but it helped.

Roughly half an hour later, the meal was over, and I found myself standing in Rin's workshop with just her beside me. I'd left the others behind—no need to overwhelm Sakura with too many unfamiliar faces right away.

"You ready?" I asked, glancing at Rin.

She took a steadying breath. Her usual calm mask slid into place like a familiar armor. "Yes," she muttered.

With a thought, I pulled up my HUD and pressed the command to retrieve her. In a flash of soft light, Sakura Matou reappeared in front of us, standing exactly as she had been when I placed her in storage.

To my quiet sadness, she didn't react much at all.

Just a faint widening of her eyes as she took in the change in scenery. No panic. No confusion. No questions.

Only silence.

*'She's so used to this... to being powerless, to being moved and used like a piece on someone else's board,'* I thought grimly, keeping the emotion from my face.

"Hello, Sakura," I said gently.

Her gaze drifted to me, then shifted—more sharply—when she noticed Rin at my side. Her lips parted slightly.

"Ah... Tohsaka-san. Did you need something from me?" Her voice was soft. Almost robotic.

Dead.

Then her purple eyes returned to me, void of light.

"I'm Aether Cordelia," I introduced myself, giving Rin a chance to collect herself. She remained silent. Probably struggling with the right words—if there even *were* any right ones.

Sakura tilted her head slightly, as if grateful to be looking at anyone but her sister. I could feel the tension crackling faintly between them, the weight of things left unsaid pressing on all of us.

*'They have a lot to work through,'* I thought, but said nothing aloud.

"I killed Zouken," I said plainly.

Sakura blinked, not quite reacting at first. But then her eyes flickered—once, twice—searching my face for deceit.

"...Impossible," she whispered, barely audible.

"I know it's hard to believe," I said, my tone firm but not unkind. "But the only part of him still clinging to this world are the worms inside you. That's all that remains of your 'dear old grandfather.'"

She flinched at that. The words struck her harder than I'd expected.

And when I added, "Yes—she knows," nodding slightly toward Rin, Sakura flinched again. Her face turned away, her shoulders curling inward.

"...How?" she finally asked.

I didn't answer with words. I simply raised a hand, letting golden light gather at my fingertips.

**"Purify. Diaja."**

The first spell flooded Sakura's body with radiant holy light, a brilliant glow that poured into every dark corner of her being. A low grunt escaped her as the worms—Zouken's last vile imprint—writhed violently, shriveling from the inside out under the purifying force.

The second spell followed an instant later. *Diaja*. A soft golden wave mended the long-neglected damage, restoring her muscles, her nerves, her very core.

But even healing had its costs.

Sakura stumbled forward with a strangled gasp, her legs giving out as she dropped to her hands and knees. Her breathing was ragged—shallow, heated. Her face flushed with a mixture of pain and... extreme arousal.

"Sakura?" Rin cried, startled as she knelt by her sister's side, reaching to steady her. "What's happening—what's wrong with her?"

I grimaced, already suspecting the cause. "The worms fed off her magical energy," I said evenly. "They didn't just drain her—they tampered with her lust. Stimulated certain parts of her body and mind. Removing them all at once might have caused a backlash."

"A backlash? You mean—" Rin's words caught in her throat as Sakura let out a sharp, involuntary gasp, biting down on her sleeve in shame.

"She's overwhelmed. It's not her fault," I said quickly, stepping closer but careful not to crowd her. "She's never had a moment where those things weren't inside her. Her body's confused—trying to recalibrate."

"W-what do we do?" Rin asked looking worried and nervous to touch her sister, afraid she might cause more harm than good.

Grimacing I quickly thought of a solution and could only come up with two. "...We have two choices. We either let it run its course, however long that takes." I paused looking at the downed Sakura who had hazy eyes now, clearly overwhelmed.

"Or we treat the symptoms." I finished with another grimace.

"You can't possibly mean!" Rin turned to me with an incredulous and flushed look in her face.

"Trust me, that was not my first choice either but I have no idea how long that's going to last and Sakura is getting worse." I raised my arms to say I meant to harm before pointing down at Sakura who indeed looked much worse than moments ago.

The purple-haired girl was now drooling and sweating like crazy that she clumsily took off her black school vest leaving her in a plain white bra.

"S-sakura!" Rin exclaimed in embarrassment at her sister's bold actions and tried to touch her shoulder again only for Sakura to slap her hand away.

"Why don't we ask her?" I asked tentatively and seeing Rin reluctantly nod, I got down on my knee and gently grabbed Sakura's chin and raised it to my eye level.

"Sakura." I called her name out gently, getting a moan in response as her cloudy purple eyes slightly focused on me. "Would you prefer to wait this out or do you want release?"

*(Lemon)*

Staying silent for a moment, I was about to ask again when the answer was taken from my hands as Sakura leaned her head forward and caught my lips in a kiss.

"Please mm touch me~" Sakura moaned lewdly in our kiss.

Giving into the kiss for a moment, I kissed back and got a happy moan in response before I pulled away making Sakura whine and try to follow my lips only to be stopped by my finger.

Breathing a little heavier now, I turned to Rin who appeared surprisingly aroused. She was rubbing her thighs and had a blush on her face. When she caught my eyes, she blushed crimson and turned her head away.

"...Well, Rin?" I asked gently trying my hardest not to get a hard on as Sakura tired of being ignored resorted to inserting my finger into her mouth and started sucking lewdly.

"...Aargh! Fine! But I will also be present!" Rin finally caved in, Sakura's moans probably helping with the decision.

"Mmn Senpai~ Moore~" Still in a daze, Sakura didn't let me respond as with quick movements even from someone in such a state, two soft and dainty hands reached for my pants zipper and pulled out my already hard dick, with it slapping her in the face.

A moment later, her smile grew in size as she murmured quietly. "It's ssooo biiig~ Much bigger than nii-san's~" Sakura giggled for a moment before licking her lips and immediately went to licking my rod as if it was a lollipop.

"Sakura." I muttered quietly with a small voice as my hand came to rest on her long purple hair making her eyes turn up to look at me all the while never stopping her ministrations.

"If I'm going to do this, I don't want you to ever mention the name Shinji or Zouken ever again." I declared seriously with slightly narrowed eyes not knowing she would even hear me being in the state she was in.

Surprisingly though, Sakura nodded her head happily with her eyes lighting up in real joy. "Okay Senpai~ Anything for the person who killed grandpa~"

With those words, Sakura got back to work and shoved my dick down her throat in one go, with her throat humming as she did so.

"D-damn." I closed my eyes pleased at her actions and at the fact that even in this state, Sakura was starting to accept the fact that Zouken was dead.

Hearing clothes ruffling behind me, I was reminded that we weren't alone as I felt a soft body and pair of breasts hug me from the back.

"...I'm still here too, you know?" Rin murmured into my back in slight jealousy as her arms wrapped around my chest. "And you're too overdressed."

"Don't worry, Rin. I haven't forgotten." I said reassuringly as I mentally unequipped my clothes leaving me naked before with one hand bringing Rin to my side and pulling her in for a kiss.

“Mmn~” Rin, showing her hidden perverse side, immediately got into the kiss and pressed her body closer to mine.

“No fair~ Nee-san is being unfair~” Sakura’s cute voice complained from below causing us to pull away.

“...Nee-san?” Rin muttered quietly with a blink, before a smile grew on her face.

“Bet you enjoyed that, didn’t you? Pervert~” I teased only getting a cute huff in return as she turned a deep red and pulled me for another kiss to shut me up.

A moment later, I was pushed into my back along with Rin by a dainty hand. Looking down I saw Sakura now fully naked as she crawled into my lap stopping just above my dick.

Then all the while looking at me, she reached down and lined herself up before dropping down without warning and letting out a loud moan as she did.

“It’s in~ Senpai is inside me~ Hihih, the boy who killed grandpa in inside me~” She muttered deliriously before raising her hips and dropping down again before repeating the process.

Looking at Rin from the corner of my eye, I smirked as I saw her with her gaze fixed on her sister and more specifically at our abdomens. Watching with rapt attention as my huge dick disappeared into her little sister.

“Come on, pervert~ I want to taste you.” I teased and not giving her a chance to respond I used my strength to place her right over my head having perfect view of her tiny pussy already dripping with arousal.

“Akari! Waaaaaiitttt~ Hyyeeeeeek!”

“You taste delicious Rin~” I muttered into her opening causing a mini orgasm as Rin shuddered on top of me with her hands coming down to grip my hair tightly to keep her balance.

Down below my hips never stopped moving and meeting Sakura’s desperate thrusts with the girl having already cummed several times but not stopping for a second.

It didn’t take long before I reached my limit and with a grunt, I painted Sakura’s walls white, thankful that her body was free of worms now.

“Senpaaaaiiiiii~”

“Akaaarrriiii~”

With my release, Rin’s and Sakura’s followed with Sakura slumping forward ending up hugging her sister from behind who didn’t even notice with her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

“Hmhmhm, you’re next Rin~” I smiled gently removing Rin from on top of me and setting her beside me the doing the same to Sakura next.

“Haaah haaah g-give me a m-moment.” Rin panted tiredly still out of it from her intense orgasm.

Sticky Fingers was a cheat for a reason after all.

“No can do~” I said in singsong kneeling before her and lifting her legs to the air, letting them rest on my shoulders as I lined up with her virgin pussy.

“A-At least go gentle. I-It’s my first time!” Rin admitted a little embarrassed.

“Don’t worry, you have my word that nothing but pleasure will come as I make you mine~” I smirked and not wasting another moment I hilted myself balls deep inside the girl causing her toes to curl up and for her eyes to roll to the top of her head as another orgasm hit her.

“Hmhmhm, see?” I teased and started thrusting before I felt Sakura hug me from behind. Turning my head, I met her halfway into a kiss as she rubbed herself against me, with one of my free hands coming around her and started fondling her ass.

“Mmn Senpai~ Senpai is amazing~ Even making nee-sama submit before him~” Sakura mumbled a bunch of nonsense into our kiss that went mostly ignored by me. There would be time to talk later.

*(End Lemon)*

*‘Hmhmhm who would have guessed, that my rescue of Sakura, would lead to me sleeping with both her and Rin.’ I thought in amusement not saying anything about the pair of eyes I felt watching us.*