

I'm Strong But Only If I Stay Lewd

C 111

Then Akane asked, her voice carrying a noticeable tremor of unease as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other, her comfortable brown boots making a soft scuff on the hallway floor.

"Chris... is Rin in there?"

Her red sweater suddenly felt a little too warm against her skin, and she exchanged a quick, meaningful glance with Hanako. Both girls felt a flutter of nervous excitement mixed with awkward tension —

the realization that Rin's apartment was right here, separated by only a thin wall from Hinata's brother's place, made their hearts beat faster.

Hanako's fingers tightened slightly on the strap of her cardigan, her high ponytail swaying as she tried to keep her expression neutral, but her eyes betrayed the same mix of anticipation and unease.

The hallway suddenly felt smaller, the air thicker with unspoken possibilities and the weight of their budding feelings for Rin.

Chris answered smoothly, his elegant voice calm and composed as he offered a small, graceful smile.

"Well yes... this is actually his place. I'm kind of like just staying with him."

He gestured lightly toward the door with his free hand, his golden hair catching the hallway light as he spoke with effortless poise, his androgynous beauty making the simple statement feel almost intimate.

His blue eyes behind the thin glasses held a hint of quiet amusement as he watched the girls' reactions, his light coat draped perfectly over his shoulders.

After he said that, Hanako and Akane turned to Hinata almost immediately, their faces lighting up with bright, excited smiles. Hanako spoke first, her voice bubbling with barely contained enthusiasm as she clasped her hands together.

"Emm Hinata... you can stay here with your brother. Let us go say hello to Rin."

The words came out sweetly, but the underlying motive was clear —

they had spotted a golden opportunity to see Rin unexpectedly, and they weren't about to let it slip away.

Their eyes sparkled with eagerness, bodies already turning toward the neighboring door as they tried (and failed) to hide their impatience.

Satoru stood there in the doorway, his sharp observant eyes watching the scene unfold.

In his mind, the thought echoed with clear disappointment: What?? The chicks are going? His face fell slightly, a subtle shadow of sadness crossing his features as he realized these two beautiful girls his sister had brought over were about to leave without him even getting a proper chance to say hello or make an impression.

He had been looking forward to the unexpected company, his usual professional detachment momentarily cracked by the sight of Akane's red sweater hugging her curves and Hanako's modest yet flattering outfit.

Now they were slipping away, and he could only stand there with a polite but inwardly disappointed smile.

Hinata just stood there looking at them with a straight face, letting out a soft, knowing sigh.

She crossed her arms lightly under her light-blue blouse, her ponytail swaying as she shook her head slightly.

She knew exactly what the two girls were thinking — their crushes on Rin were obvious, and the sudden chance to see him had ignited their excitement like a spark on dry grass.

Her expression remained calm and slightly exasperated, the kind of older-sister look that said she had seen this coming from a mile away.

Then Akane and Hanako walked quickly toward Rin's door, their footsteps quickening on the hallway floor.

Akane's hand gently but firmly moved Chris aside as she passed him, her red sweater brushing against his arm.

Chris simply stared for a moment, eyebrows raised in mild surprise, but he stepped back gracefully without protest, his elegant posture unchanged as he watched them with quiet curiosity.

The door was already halfway open....

Akane called out politely, "Sumimasen," as she stepped inside, Hanako following closely behind her with eager steps.

The moment they entered Rin's living room, the sight that greeted them stopped both girls dead in their tracks.

Rin was standing there in the middle of the living room, completely naked, his muscular body still glistening with sweat and fluids.

Thick streaks of cum and squirt covered his chest, stomach, and thighs, some still dripping slowly down his skin from the intense session that had just ended.

His cock hung heavy and semi-hard between his legs, still shiny and slick.

Behind him, Inferna, Muganda, Yuri, and Karen were all in various states of undress, looking thoroughly fucked and satisfied.

Inferna stood with her tanned body on full display, large breasts heaving as she breathed heavily, dark nipples stiff, her pussy visibly leaking a thick mixture of cum and her own juices down her thick thighs.

Muganda's voluptuous form was equally exposed — massive breasts marked with handprints and saliva, her powerful ass and dripping pussy still twitching from repeated orgasms.

Yuri's pale gothic body was a mess of spit and cum, her perky breasts and smooth pussy glistening, black choker still tight around her neck.

Karen stood against the wall, her small perky breasts exposed, cropped top rolled up, mini shorts completely unzipped and pulled down, her tiny pussy red and overflowing with cum that dripped onto the floor in slow, lewd strings.

Akane and Hanako stood frozen, eyes wide open in complete shock.

Their mouths fell open, faces flushing bright red as the explicit scene burned itself into their minds.

The modest living room – with its worn sofa, low coffee table, and simple kitchen visible in the back – now felt charged with raw sexuality, the air thick with the unmistakable heavy musk of sex.

Akane yelled first, her voice cracking with disbelief and embarrassment, "Nani????... You sleeping with your maids???"

Her hands flew up to cover her mouth, but her eyes remained glued to the scene, unable to look away.

Hanako stood beside her, equally stunned, her face burning crimson as she took in every detail – the cum-streaked bodies, the girls' flushed and satisfied expressions, Rin's nonchalant nakedness.

Both girls felt a storm of emotions – shock, jealousy, arousal, and confusion – washing over them as they stood there, unable to move or speak coherently for several long seconds.