

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 47

"Christina"

Chapter
06



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 47:

"Christina"

Based on an Original story by Anonymous
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

CHAPTER 06

"Would you like to touch them?"
she asked.

"Would that make you feel
better?"

Christina pulled
her shirt to reveal
the same mile-long
cleavage I was
edging to this
morning.



I started shaking
nervously again,
I really wanted
to say yes, but
instead I said,
"I can't. I really
want to... but I
can't do that to
Marie."



Christina laughed.
"What? What do
you mean?"
"Touching her
mother's tits?"
I replied. "You
don't think that's
a no-no?"



Christina laughed again. "Oh my god. She didn't even tell you?"

Now I was very confused.

"Huh? Tell me what?"



"Oh my, she probably
should've just told
you..." Christina said.



"She knew we were going to be alone together today. She's a lot more open than you think she is, if you know what I mean."



"I'm not upset
about the bra thing.
I thought I would
get home before
you."



Wait... what? Is THAT
what Marie has been
hinting at these past
few days? Holy shit,
I really love her.



I slowly and nervously
brought my hand over
Christina's tit.



I looked at her and she just smiled and nodded with approval, so I gave it a light caress. It was so fucking big - my hand was barely half its size.



I ran my hand lightly
over the whole upper
surface area, and
suddenly she pressed
my hand right into it.



I gave it a few gentle squeezes, amazed at the softness, yet I was still uneasy about the situation.



She forced my hand harder into her large watermelon breast. I began squeezing it harder, appreciating its incredible size. My dick now started to move.



"Marie tells me that titty fucking is your favorite thing in the whole world. I'll bet you've always wanted to fuck these. Would you like to fuck my tits?"



"Whoa, uh... um..." I stuttered.
My dick started to soften
again, as my body began to
shake nervously again.



"It's okay. It's the one thing she said you've always wanted but she could never do for you. She said it was your greatest fantasy." Christina grinned.



"Come on. Stand up.
Get those pants off.
I want to see it."



I removed my hand from her breast and stood up slowly, turning around to face her.



Christina positioned herself on the edge of the couch and briskly removed her shirt, tossing it to the side.



I couldn't believe what I was looking at. My wife's mother sat right there in front of me, only five feet away, wearing only her pants and a bra..



This bra could barely support the insane amount of breast meat that I was staring at.



Her skin was surprisingly smooth, not as wrinkled as I would've expected for a 51-year-old woman.



"Are you just going to stand there and stare at my tits?" she asked.



I undid my belt and zipper,
pulled down my pants
and boxers and removed
them.



I stood in front of Christina
paralyzed.

"Are you going to be alright,
Johnny?" she asked, puzzled.

"I thought this was your
greatest fantasy."



"It... it is... but... oh
my god..." I stuttered.
This was ridiculous.



"Maybe you
need some more
reassurance,"
Christina giggled.



She squished
her tits
together, and
began fondling
them over her
bra.



She squeezed and squeezed, all the while looking at me seductively. My dick finally began to grow now. She continued to play with her tits while my friend continued to rise.



"Oh ho ho, there
we go," she
exclaimed.

"Mmm Marie got
a good one, didn't
she?"



She kept playing
with her tits for
about another
minute until my
cock was pointing
straight to the
ceiling.



Christina smiled
as she reached
her arms behind
her back, and
I heard the
snapping sound
of her bra clips.



One snap, two snaps, three snaps. With each snap, the weight of her enormous tits pushed down the lace cups just a tiny bit more.



On the fourth snap,
gravity did the rest,
causing those all natural flesh bags
to crash down onto her thighs.

"Now come here,"
she demanded.

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