

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 11

"PARADOX  
LOCKDOWN"

CHAPTER  
06



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# SPICY STORIES VOL. 11: "Paradox Lockdown"

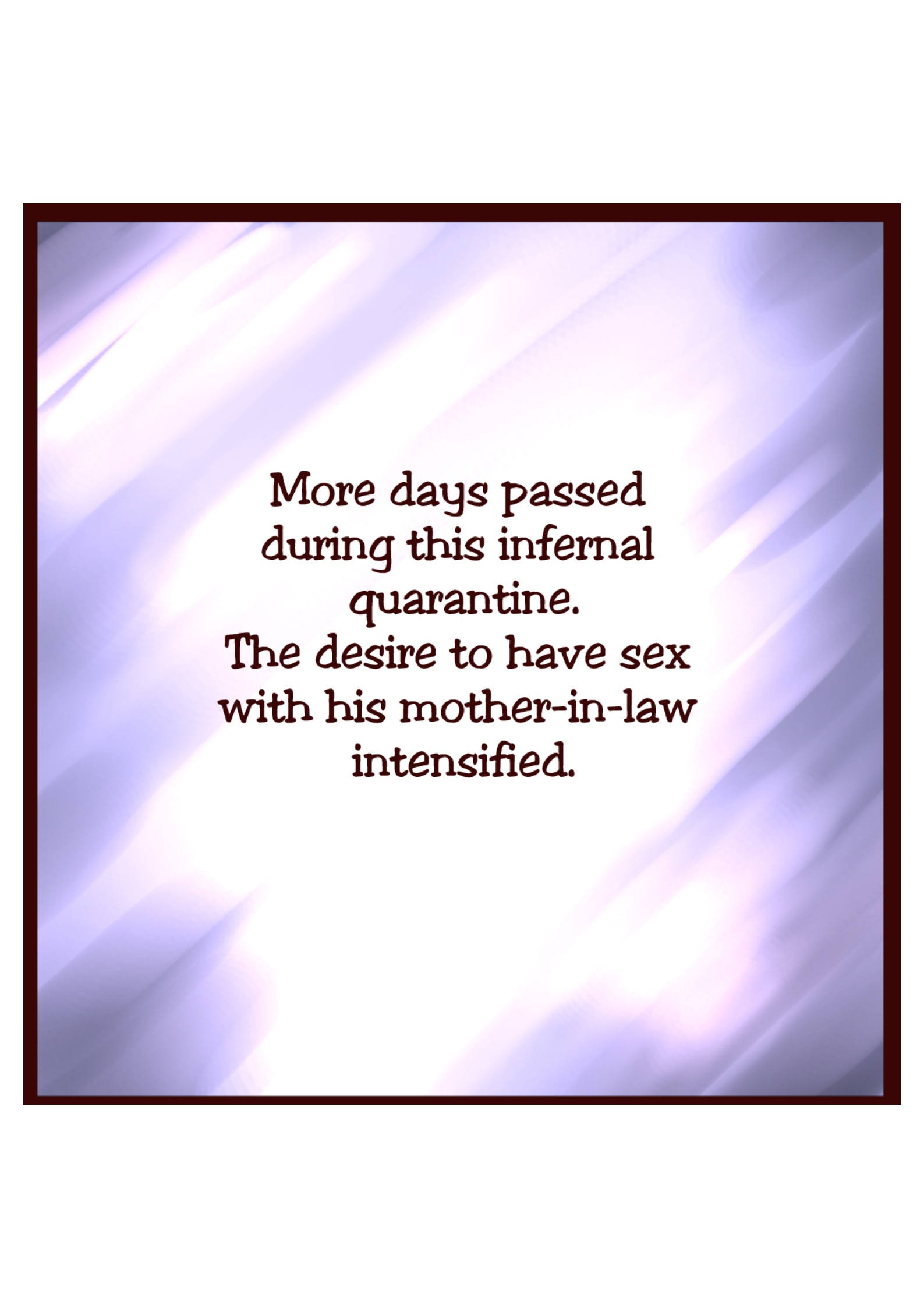
Written by Camille Juteau  
Art by NGTVisualStudio

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All characters aren't real.  
All characters are 18 years or older.  
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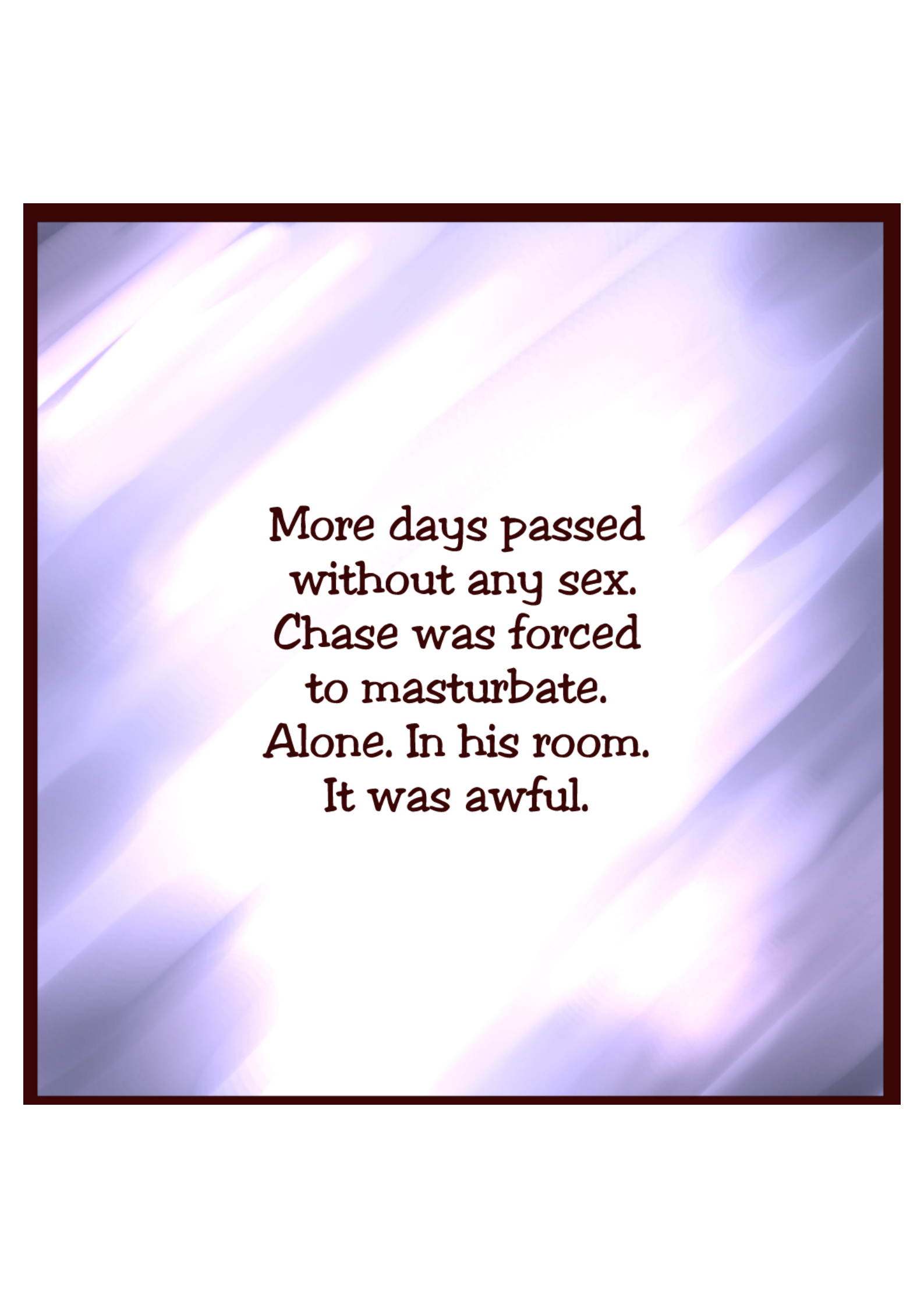
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# CHAPTER 06



More days passed  
during this infernal  
quarantine.

The desire to have sex  
with his mother-in-law  
intensified.



More days passed  
without any sex.  
Chase was forced  
to masturbate.  
Alone. In his room.  
It was awful.



However, as he sat on the edge of his bed, jerking it off, the MILF was secretly watching over him without him noticing or suspecting anything. She was there when he was masturbating himself.

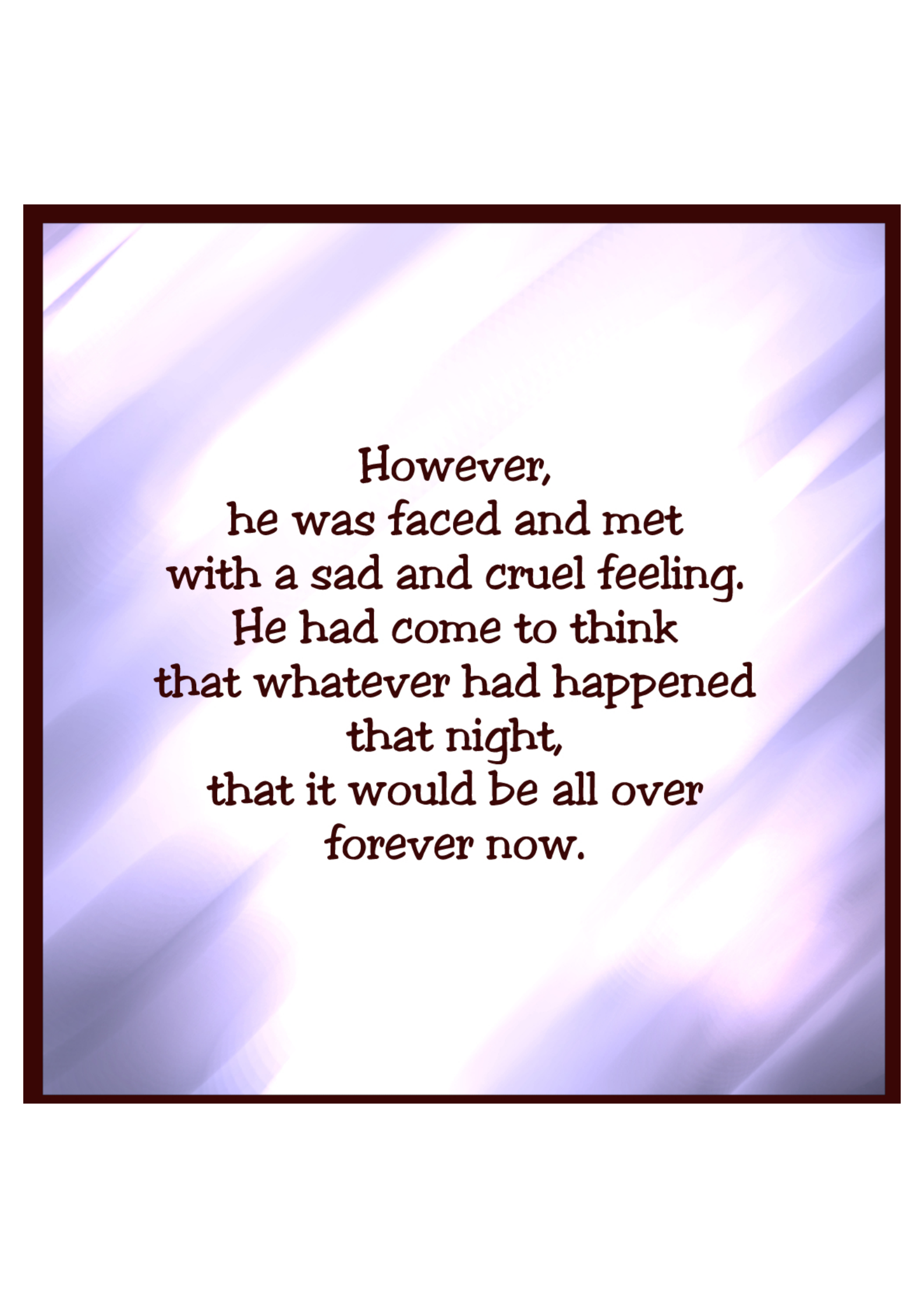


In the shadows, she was keeping an eye on him. Keeping her distance. Her right hand between her legs.

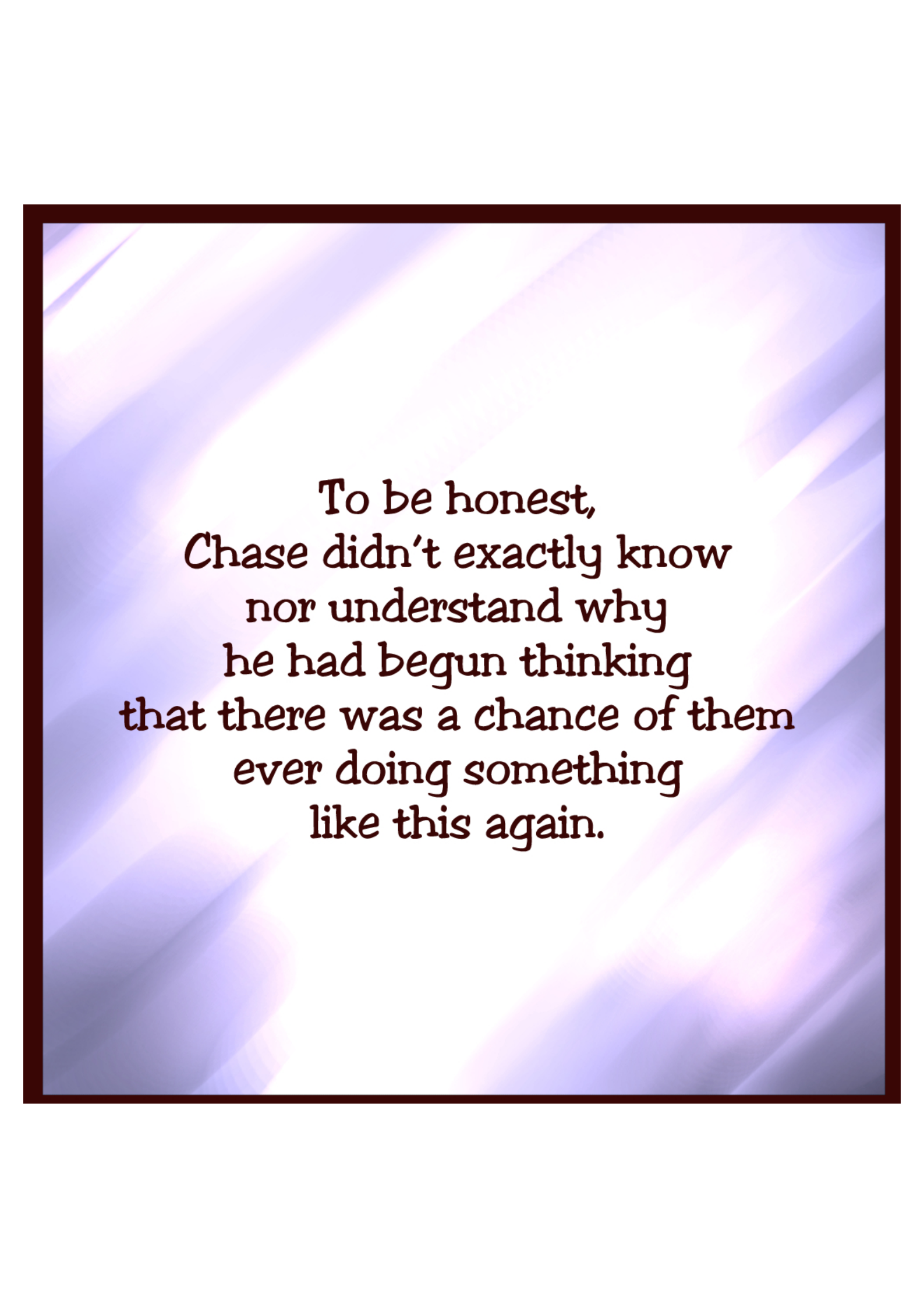
Even though they didn't spend any sexy time together ever since that one evening with her, relieving his stress, she always had been keeping a good eye on her. Always keeping an eye on him.



Ultimately, it was simply impossible to keep their lust down. That meant for Chase and for her as well, his mother-in-law he had come to love more and more. Especially after she had relieved his stress so nicely the other day.



However,  
he was faced and met  
with a sad and cruel feeling.  
He had come to think  
that whatever had happened  
that night,  
that it would be all over  
forever now.



To be honest,  
Chase didn't exactly know  
nor understand why  
he had begun thinking  
that there was a chance of them  
ever doing something  
like this again.

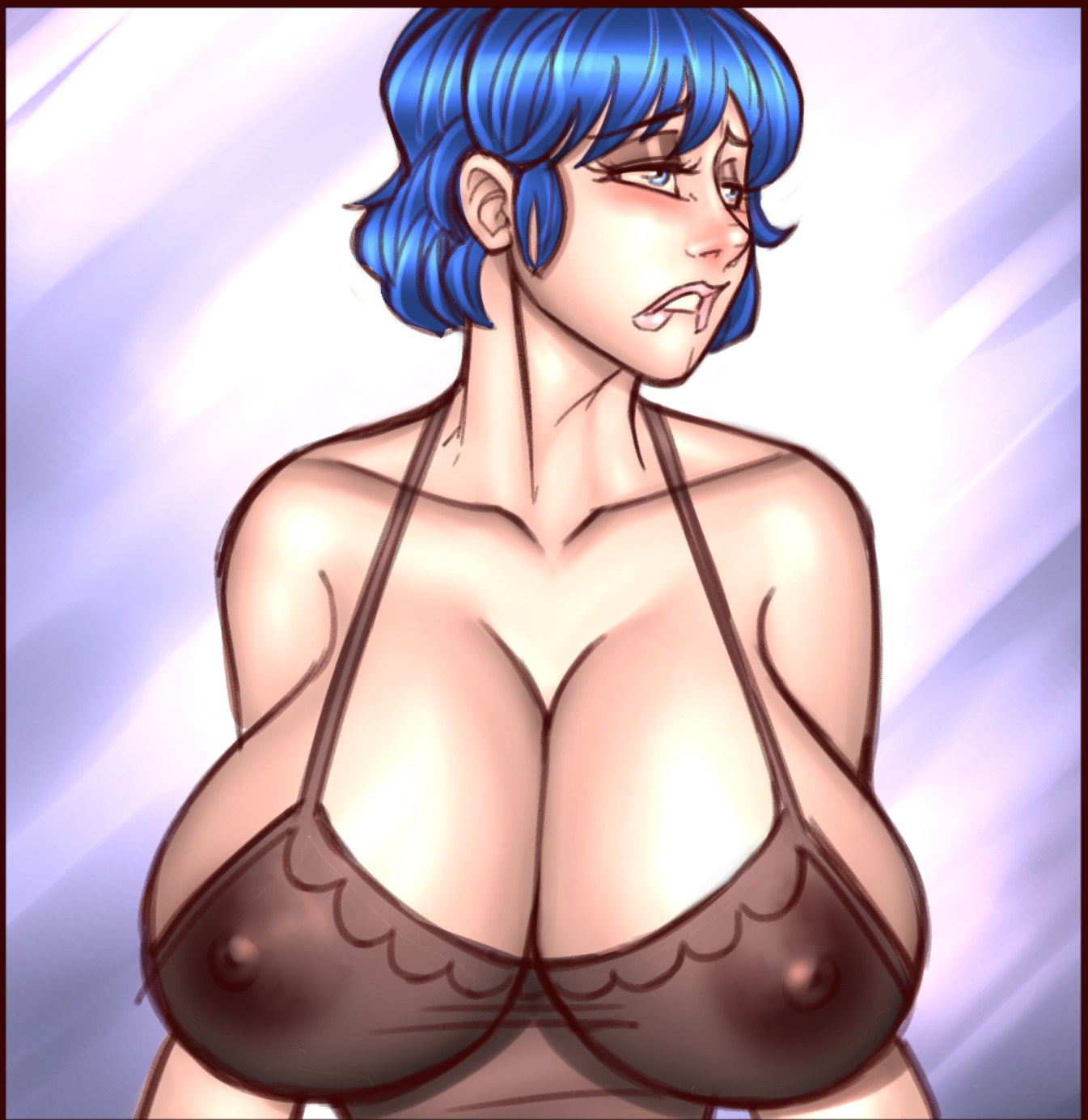
She told him that night  
that it was never going  
to happen again.

He guessed maybe perhaps  
something could change.

But it didn't.

He had come to think  
that she wasn't interested in him  
anymore.

This wasn't the same case.  
The living proof was  
right behind him.  
She was right there.  
Stimulating herself.  
Rubbing her own clitoris  
as he watched Chase  
masturbating himself in  
sheer frustration.  
He was nearly crying.



Meanwhile, the mother-in-law blushed as she felt so horny she could get a peak of him jerking it off.

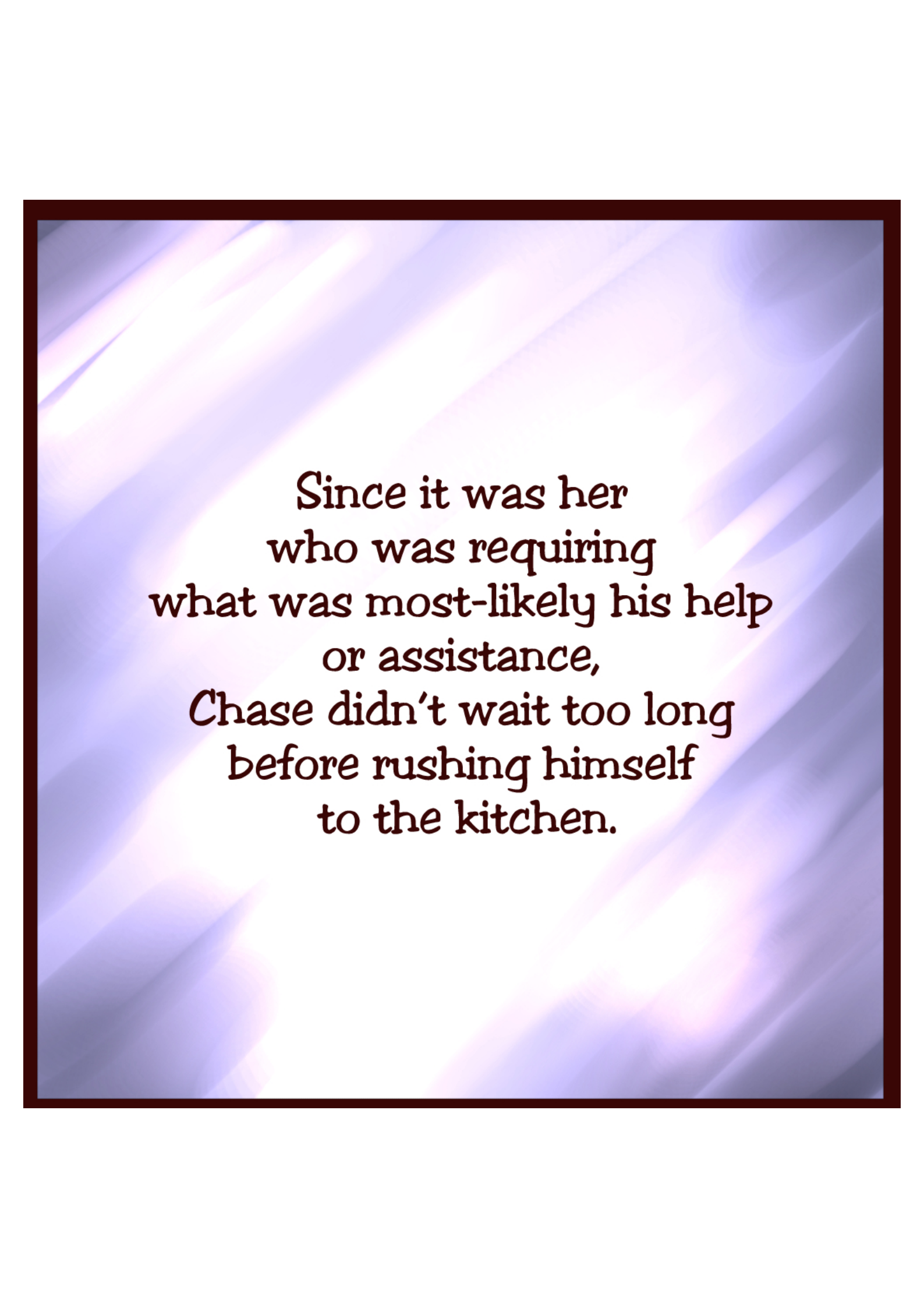
Soon. Soon, the two were going to be together again.

Not now, but soon. It was only a matter of time before she felt ready to relive some more of his stress.

The next day.

"Oh, Chase, could you please  
come help me with something?"

Karina yelled out  
from the kitchen.



Since it was her  
who was requiring  
what was most-likely his help  
or assistance,  
Chase didn't wait too long  
before rushing himself  
to the kitchen.



However, the young man was just coming out of the shower by the time she requested his help. Wearing nothing but a tiny and tin towel around his waist, covering his junk.

"Coming!" he yelled out back to her.

"Thanks."



Two seconds later, he arrived in the kitchen and was shocked to discover his mother-in-law down on her knees, in a corner of the room, cleaning, scrubbing a tile on the floor.

She wasn't wearing much. Merely nothing but an apron.

An adorable pink apron.



Outside of that, she also had a minuscule pink thong and a pair of sexy white high-heeled shoes. Her back was facing him when he first stepped into the room. Chase also managed to see that she had yellow dishes-cleaning gloves.



Something pretty practical while scrubbing the floor, but rather sort of trivial since she wasn't wearing much else. Not that Chase complained.

"Karina?"



"Thanks for coming, Chase."

"Do you need my help or something?"

"As a matter of fact, I do."

"Already," he blushed, getting hard as he was watching her, "how may I help you exactly?"

"Come over here."



"Alright," he moved closer to her, getting harder and more erect the closer he was going to her. When he finally reached her position in the corner of the kitchen, he realized that she wasn't exactly scrubbing.



It was no longer the case.  
He discovered that her right arm had  
gotten stuck between the oven and the  
counter as she was desperately  
attempting to scrub between the two.  
"I'm stuck. Do you think you could help  
me?"



"Oh!! y-yeah .. of course .. but .. How?"

"Why don't you pull on me or something?"

"Pull on you?" he asked her.



"Yeah."

"How exactly?"

"How? What do you mean?"

"It looks like both of your arms are stuck in this crack between the oven and the kitchen counter. Why am I supposed to be pulling on exactly?" he asked her.



"Oh, I see what you mean now. It makes a lot of sense."

"It sure does. So, what am I supposed to be pulling on?"

"How about my butt?"

"Your butt?"

"Yeah."



"Your butt?" he repeated to her.

"Yeah. Are you deaf or something?"

"No, no, I heard you the first time."

"So, do you think you have access to my butt?" she asked him while shaking her butt and making her ass jiggle quite a bit.

"I think so," he admitted to her.



"Then, hold on to my butt and pull on it please."

"Okay."



He moved closer to her in her back and set himself in motion to pull on her big ass. He started by holding on to it as she explained to him. He grabbed her ass by the rims of it.

"Alright. Pull on it now."

"There it goes," the young man finally began pulling on her to unstuck her.



It didn't work at first.

"Harder."

"Okay."

It still didn't really work.



From a certain distance in the kitchen, it looked, and it felt like he was humping her and fucking her from behind, but it was truly not the case.

"Harder again," she told him.

"Okay."

"Are you even trying?"

"I am trying."



"Are you really?"

"What am I supposed to do right now? Cut your arms because you are stuck in there? How did this happen in the first place?" he asked her.



"I don't really know. I was trying to clean the tiny, narrow space and one thing led to another, and I couldn't get my arms out of the crack. It's so dumb of me" she admitted out loud.

"You could say that."

"Hey!" she took it pretty bad.

"What? You said it yourself."



"That doesn't mean it gives you the right to say anything about it."

"Look. I am just trying to help here."

"Oh, I can see that. I'm still stuck in here though," she said to him, frustrated.

"As I said earlier, I am trying my best."


"I don't believe that. Please. Pull harder."



"How about this?" he asked her as he pulled stronger than ever on her big butt to unstuck her arms from the narrow crack between the oven and the kitchen counter. Then, all of a sudden, one of her arms was finally pulled out of the crack and unstuck. Her right arm.



Unfortunately, for the young man, as this happened, he was sent back. He flew backward and fell on his own butt. As he fell down, something quite horrible happened.



Chase, unfortunately,  
lost the only thing  
he was wearing:  
His towel.



This resulted as he received a bit of a hit from her large butt as he unstuck her and her arms.

The minuscule towel slowly and dramatically fell down to the ground. He didn't realize it at first.



"You, did it? You did it! One of my arms. Good job., Chase," silence, "Chase? Chase, are you listening to me? You did it,"



She turned her head around, realized he was down on the ground.

"Oh my, are you alright?"

"Yeah. I'm fine," he stood up again,

"One of your arms is still stuck though."

"Yeah. But it's already pretty neat. I feel like I should be thanking you now.

Rewarding you even."



"Rewarding me? What do you mean?"  
he said to her.

She finally turned around for the first time she was unstuck. Her attention was quickly turned to something quite lower than his face.



She noticed that he no longer had anything covering his crotch. She also noticed the fallen towel at his feet. However, even though she noticed that he was now naked, she acted like she hadn't found out about it.



Something that seemed incredibly appealing to her since he didn't realize what had just happened to to him in the first place.

*"Of course, you deserve to be rewarded,"* she said as she turned around again, and taking off her small thong.

Directly avoiding to look  
at his package  
for a short window of time.  
She placed the palms  
of her hands  
over the top of the kitchen counter  
and attempted to  
lift herself up.



The first thing that truly went up in the air was her big, more or less naked butt. She then personally and intentionally hit the tip of the young man's dick. At this point, Chase was semi-erect, but that changed quite fast once her meaty butt first touched his cock. Hardening faster than ever.



He felt embarrassed almost right away.  
"Oh god!!" He screamed a bit, then  
placed his hands over his mouth.  
Covering it. Muffling his own scream.



Ups!!!

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