

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 31

"Visitors"

Chapter
07



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 31: "Visitors"

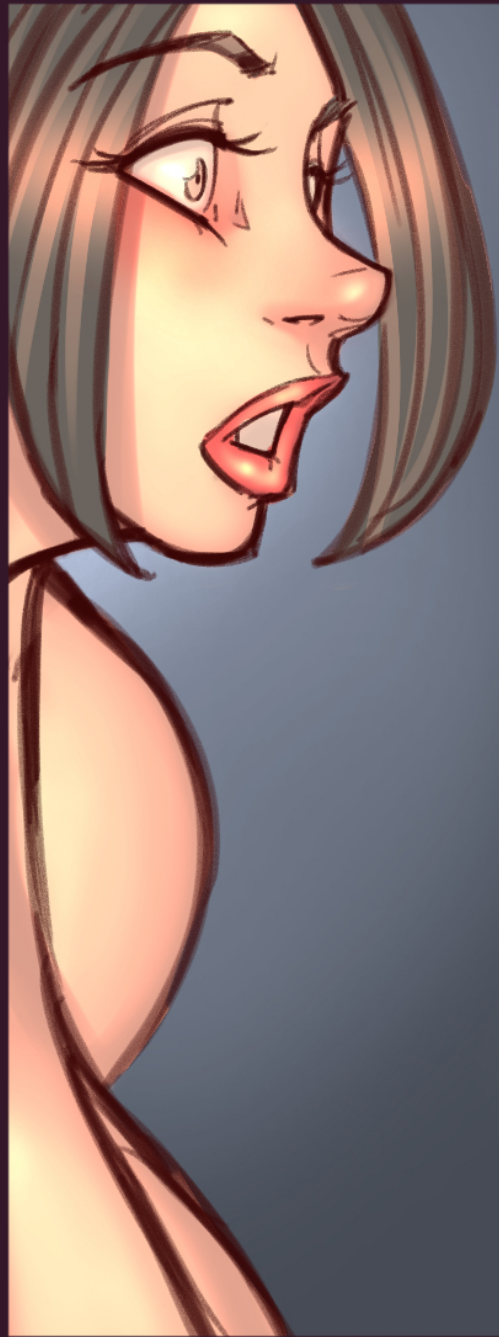
Based on an Original story by Camille Juteau
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

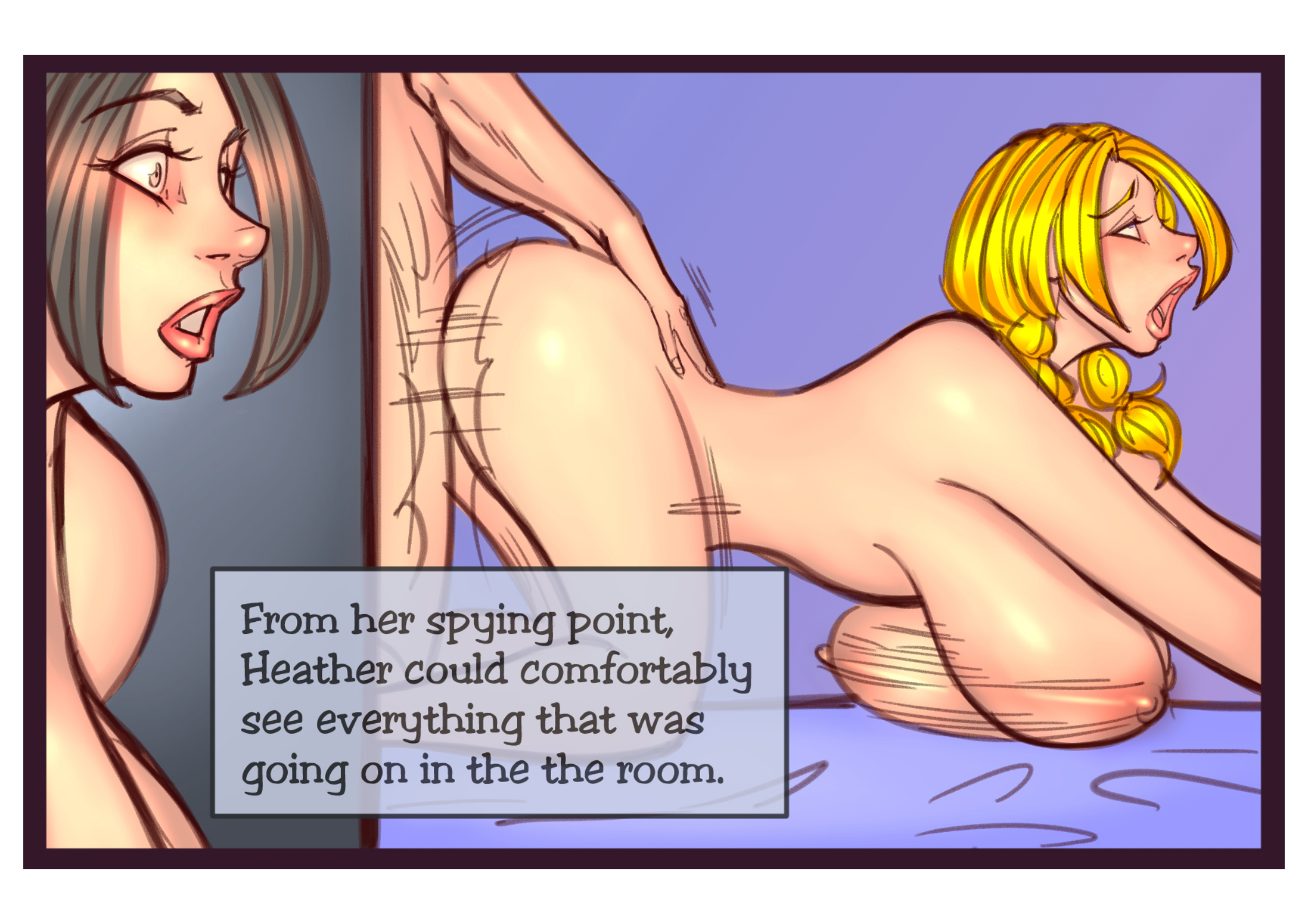
**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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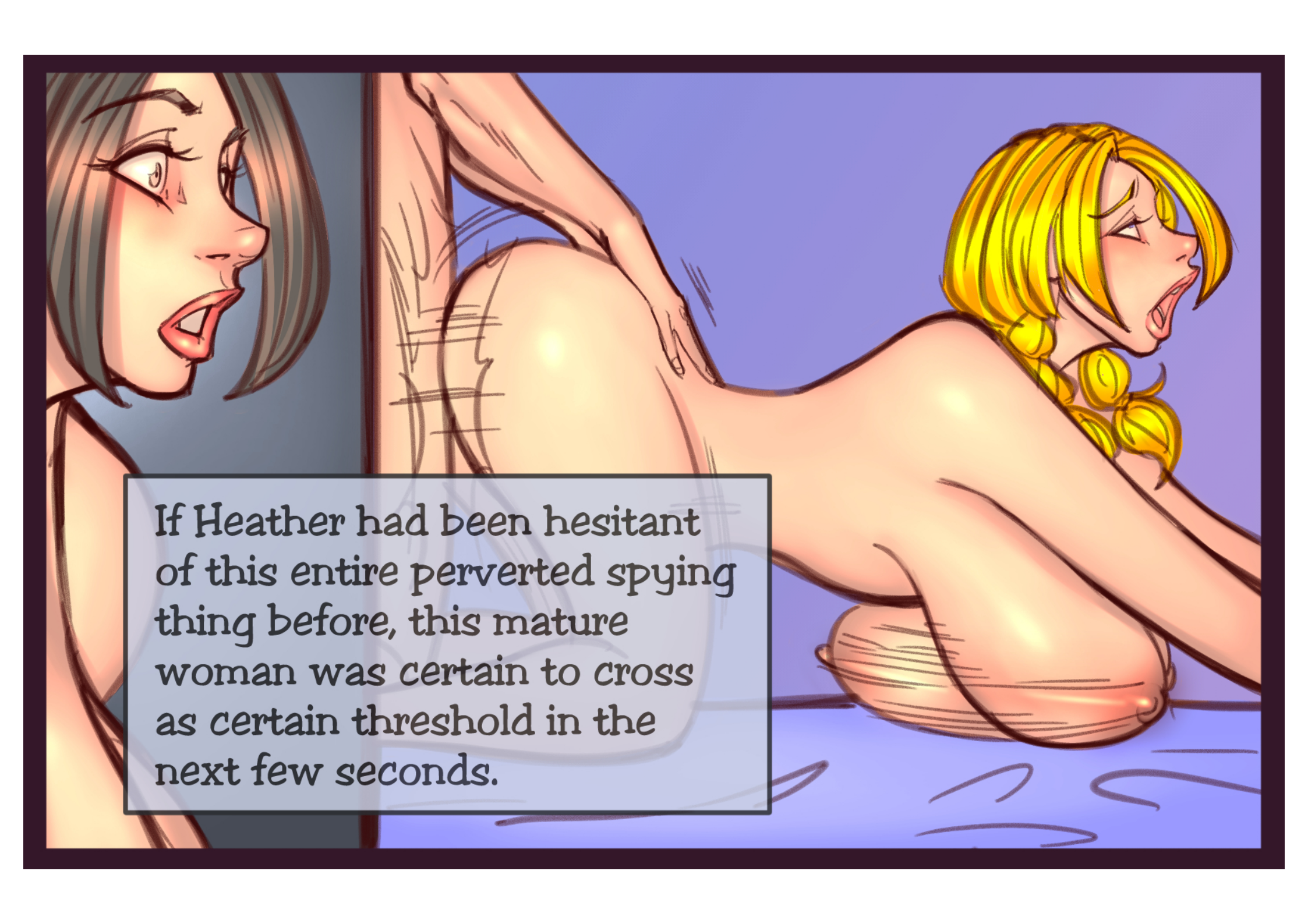
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CHAPTER 07

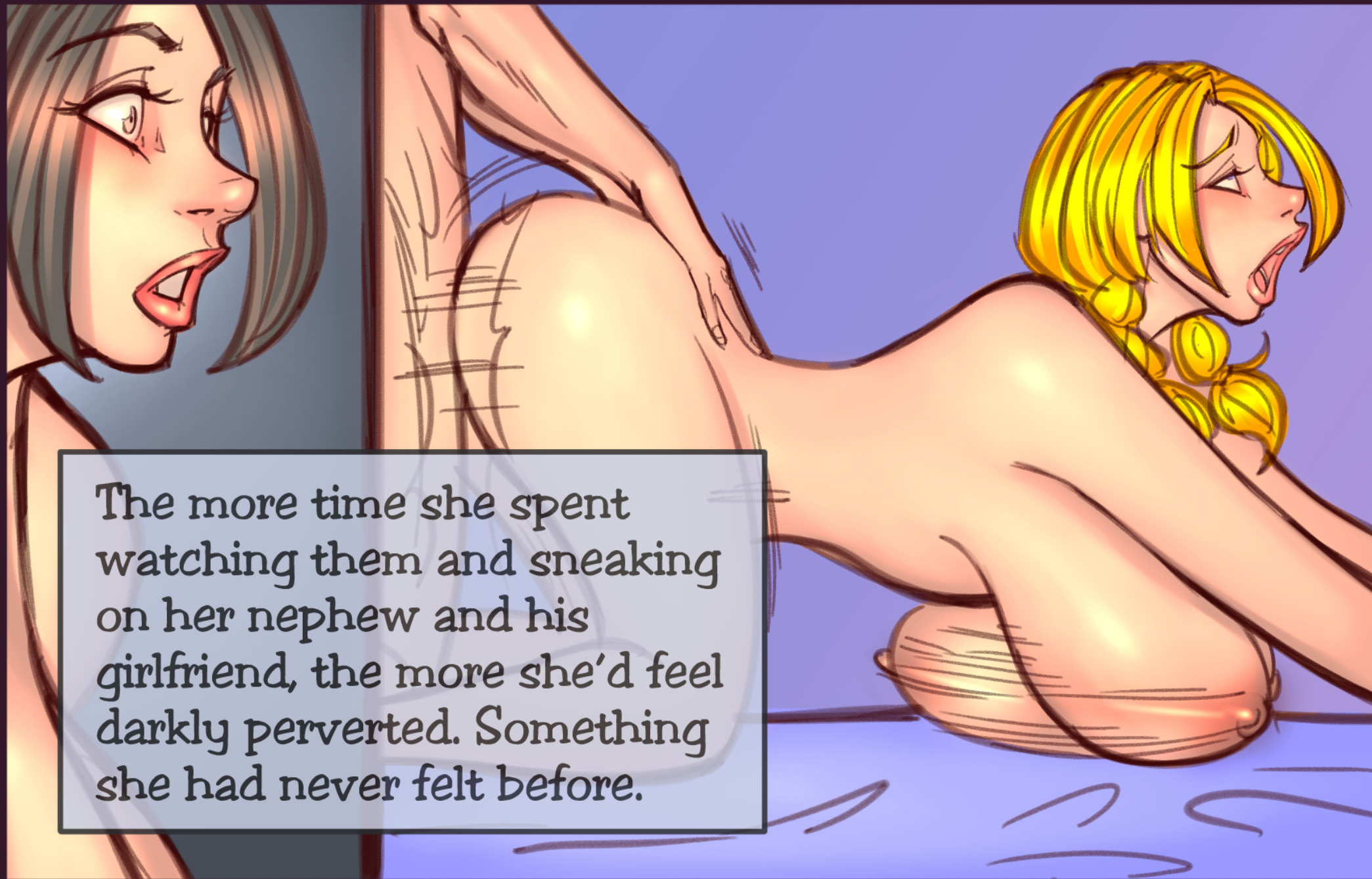


A comic book panel with a dark purple background. On the left, a woman with short, straight grey hair and a surprised expression looks out from a doorway. In the center and right, a woman with short blonde hair is in a bathtub, her back to the viewer. She is wearing a yellow bikini top and has her mouth open in a gasp. A white text box with a black border is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

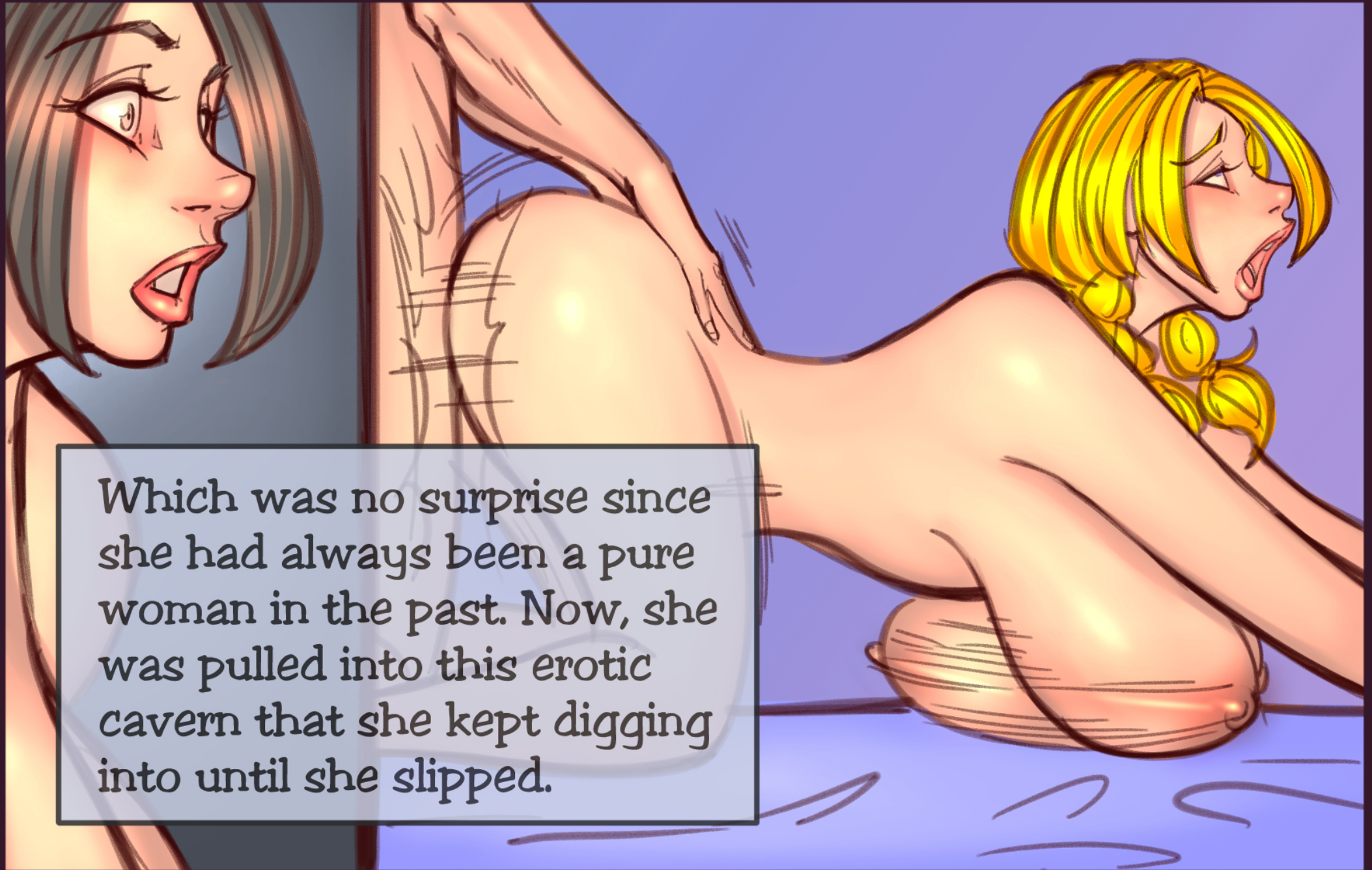
From her spying point,
Heather could comfortably
see everything that was
going on in the the room.



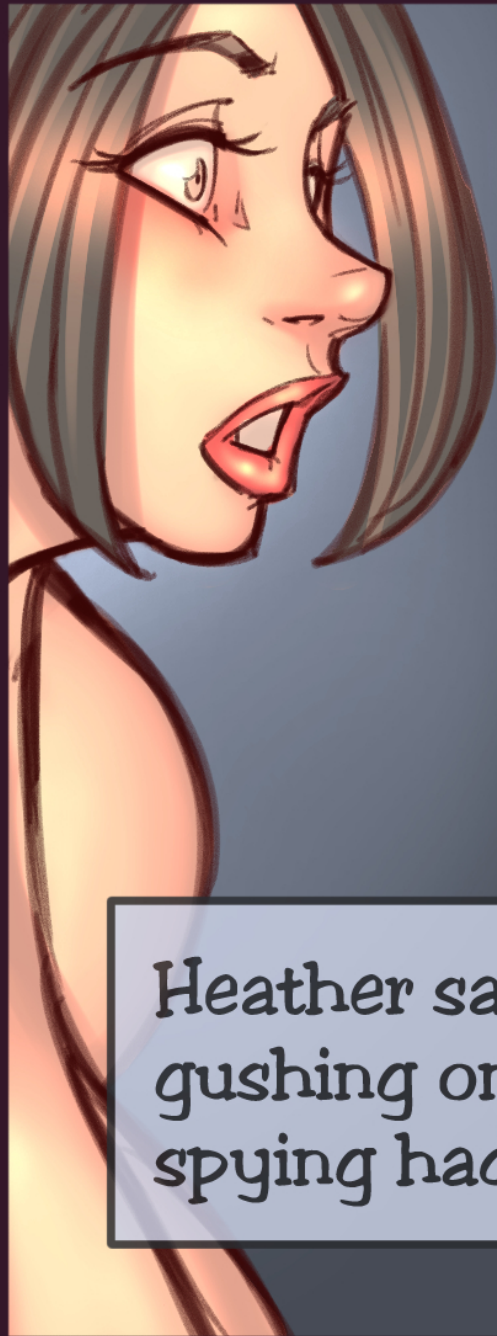
If Heather had been hesitant of this entire perverted spying thing before, this mature woman was certain to cross as certain threshold in the next few seconds.



The more time she spent watching them and sneaking on her nephew and his girlfriend, the more she'd feel darkly perverted. Something she had never felt before.



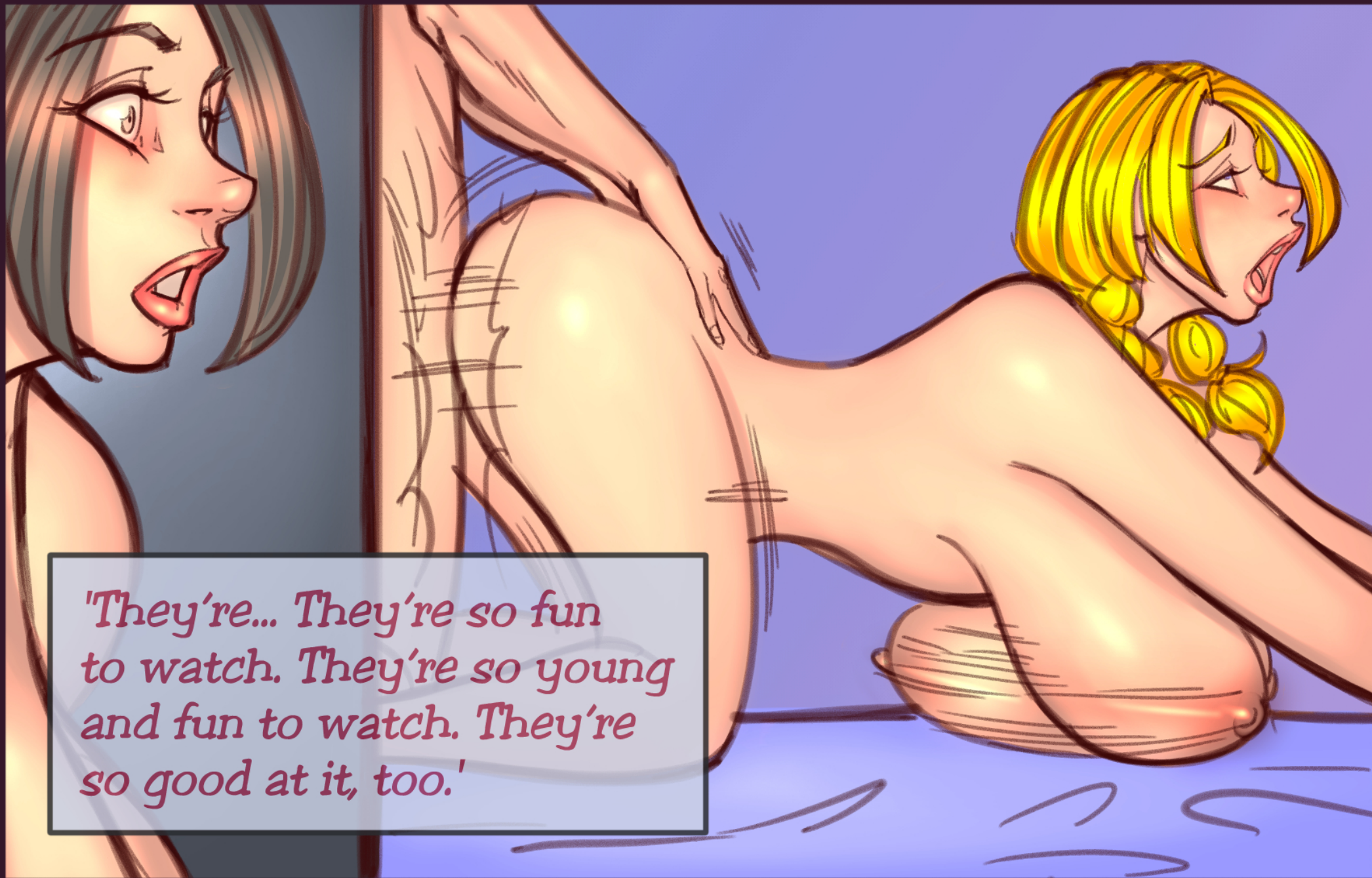
Which was no surprise since she had always been a pure woman in the past. Now, she was pulled into this erotic cavern that she kept digging into until she slipped.



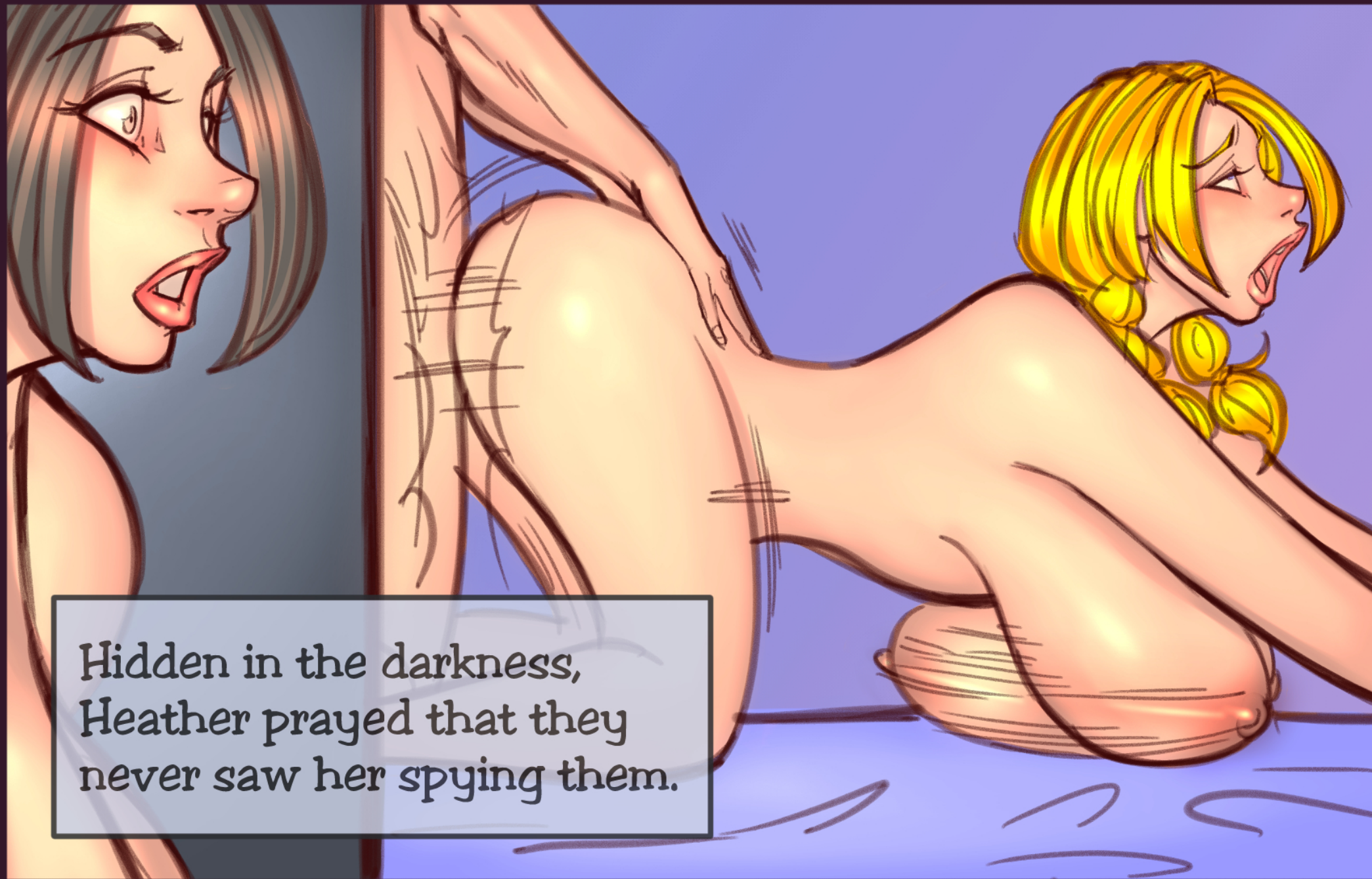
Heather saw the oozing river gushing on her crotch. All the spying had made her so horny.



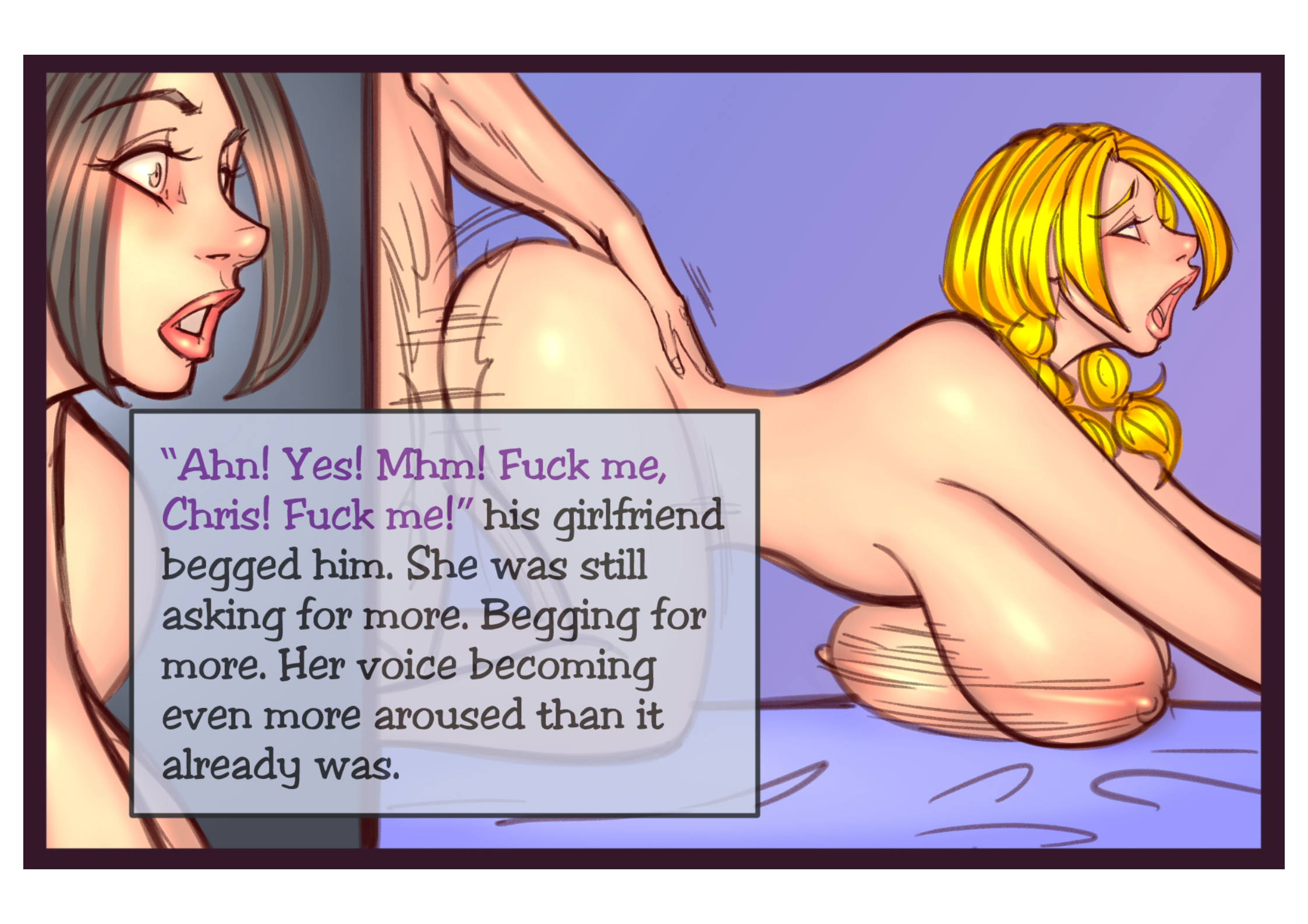
'I can't contain myself any longer. I'm feeling so horny right now, and I know what I'm doing is so wrong, but I can't help it.'



'They're... They're so fun to watch. They're so young and fun to watch. They're so good at it, too.'

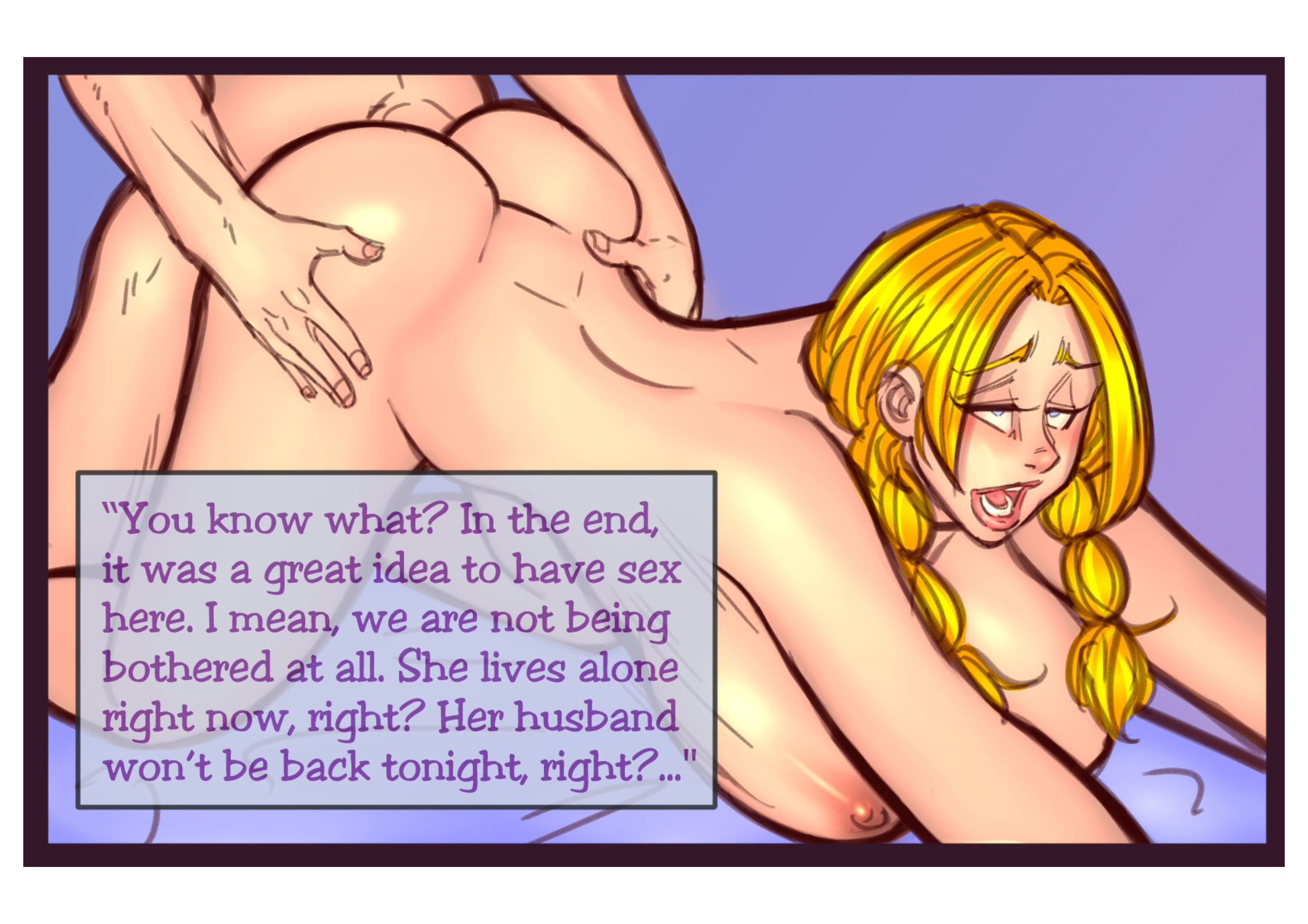


Hidden in the darkness,
Heather prayed that they
never saw her spying them.

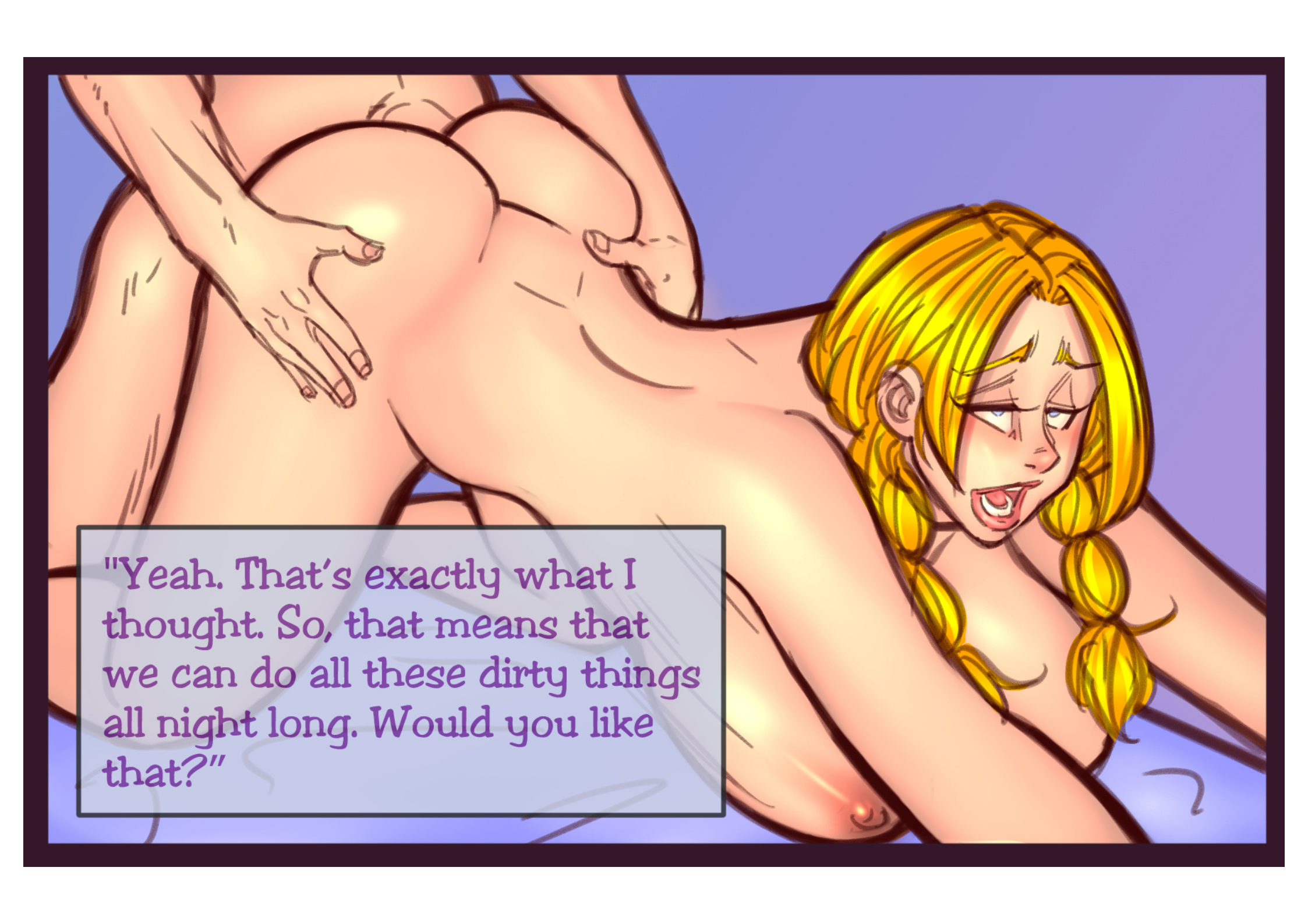
A comic book panel featuring a woman with blonde hair and a yellow necklace in a suggestive pose. A speech bubble contains explicit text. The background is a solid purple color.

"Ahn! Yes! Mhm! Fuck me, Chris! Fuck me!" his girlfriend begged him. She was still asking for more. Begging for more. Her voice becoming even more aroused than it already was.

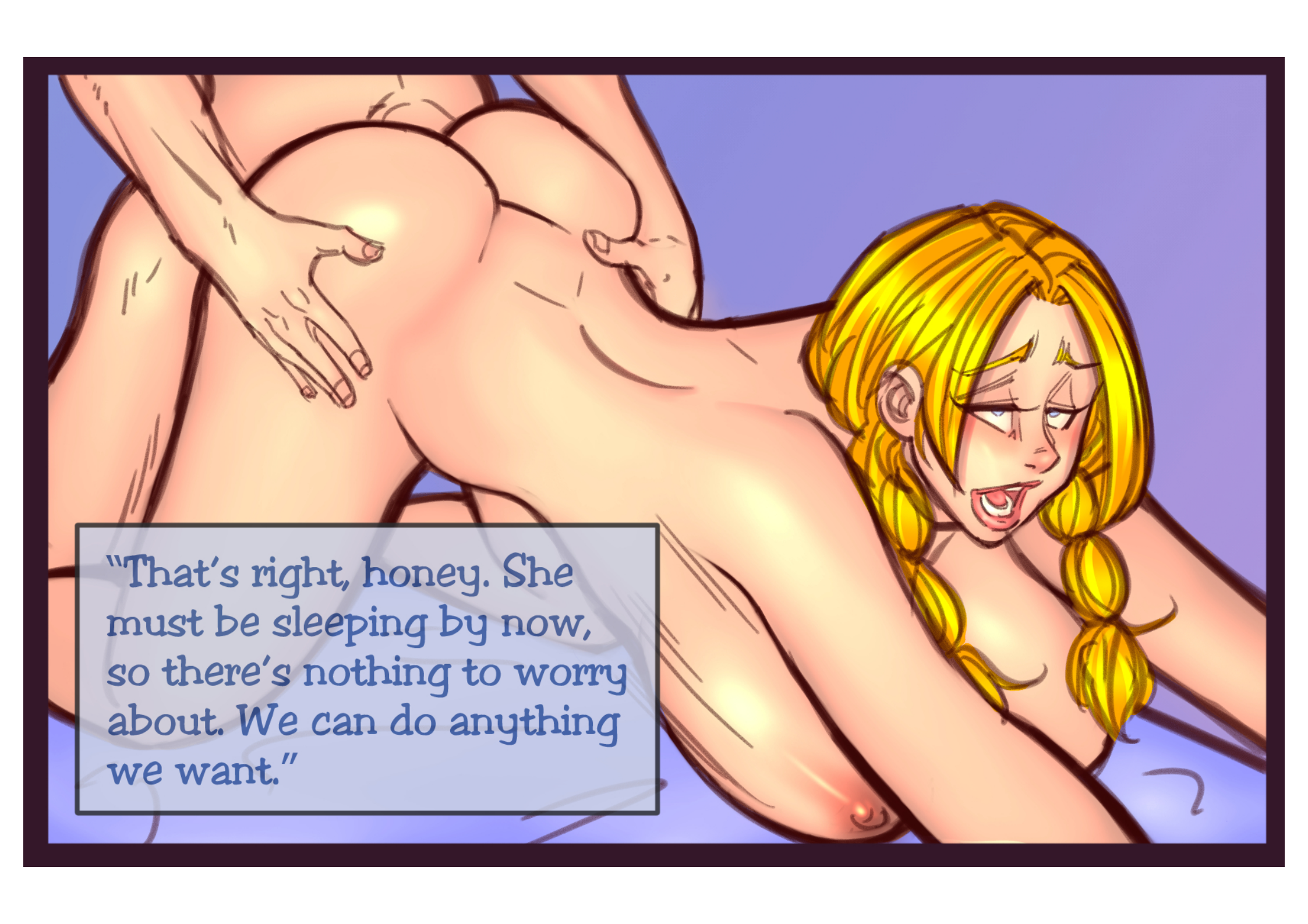


A comic book panel with a purple background. In the foreground, a woman with long, bright yellow braided hair is shown from the chest up. She has a distressed expression, with wide, teary eyes and an open mouth as if crying or shouting. Her skin is shaded with warm tones. In the background, a person's hands are visible, touching her back and shoulder. A speech bubble with a black border and a light blue background is positioned in the lower-left quadrant. The text inside the bubble is written in a purple, serif font.

"You know what? In the end, it was a great idea to have sex here. I mean, we are not being bothered at all. She lives alone right now, right? Her husband won't be back tonight, right?..."

A comic book panel with a purple background. In the foreground, a woman with long, bright yellow braided hair is shown from the chest up, looking down with a distressed expression. Her mouth is open as if speaking or crying. Behind her, a person's hands are visible, touching her back and buttocks. The lighting is warm, with yellow and orange highlights on the skin. A speech bubble with a black border is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

"Yeah. That's exactly what I thought. So, that means that we can do all these dirty things all night long. Would you like that?"

A comic book panel with a purple background. A woman with long, bright yellow braided hair is shown from the chest up, looking over her shoulder with a distressed expression. Her mouth is open as if speaking or crying. She is being touched on the back by another person whose hands are visible. The lighting is warm, with yellow highlights on the skin. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

"That's right, honey. She must be sleeping by now, so there's nothing to worry about. We can do anything we want."



"Ah! Yes! Keep fucking me!
Pinch and pull on my nipples
as I rail you, gorgeous!"



'They're... They're talking so dirty. It's different from my relationship with my husband. They're so free. Liberated.'



'Once again, I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't be watching them, yet, I want to keep spying on them so bad. Um...'



'My student has a magnificent body. He's a lot more muscular than I thought he was. Um... I want to rub myself all over that door...'



"Don't talk so loud! We are going to get caught if this continues!"

Christian reminded his girl that they weren't alone.



They might have gotten it pretty easy so far, not knowing that Heather was already onto her, but Christian wasn't stupid, at all.



In his mind, he knew that he couldn't afford to wake Heather up. Otherwise, this could be quite catastrophic to everyone involved.



"Right... Right... Want me to moan a bit less loud, then? That is going to be pretty hard for me if you know what I mean."



She understood the gravity of the situation, but she couldn't stop enjoying the moment and taking it pretty lighthearted.



She smiled at her boyfriend. Purred. Blushed. Moaned. And not any quieter, though.

In other words, she didn't listen to her man too much. She didn't take him seriously, at all.



"Babe. You're not talking or moaning any quieter."

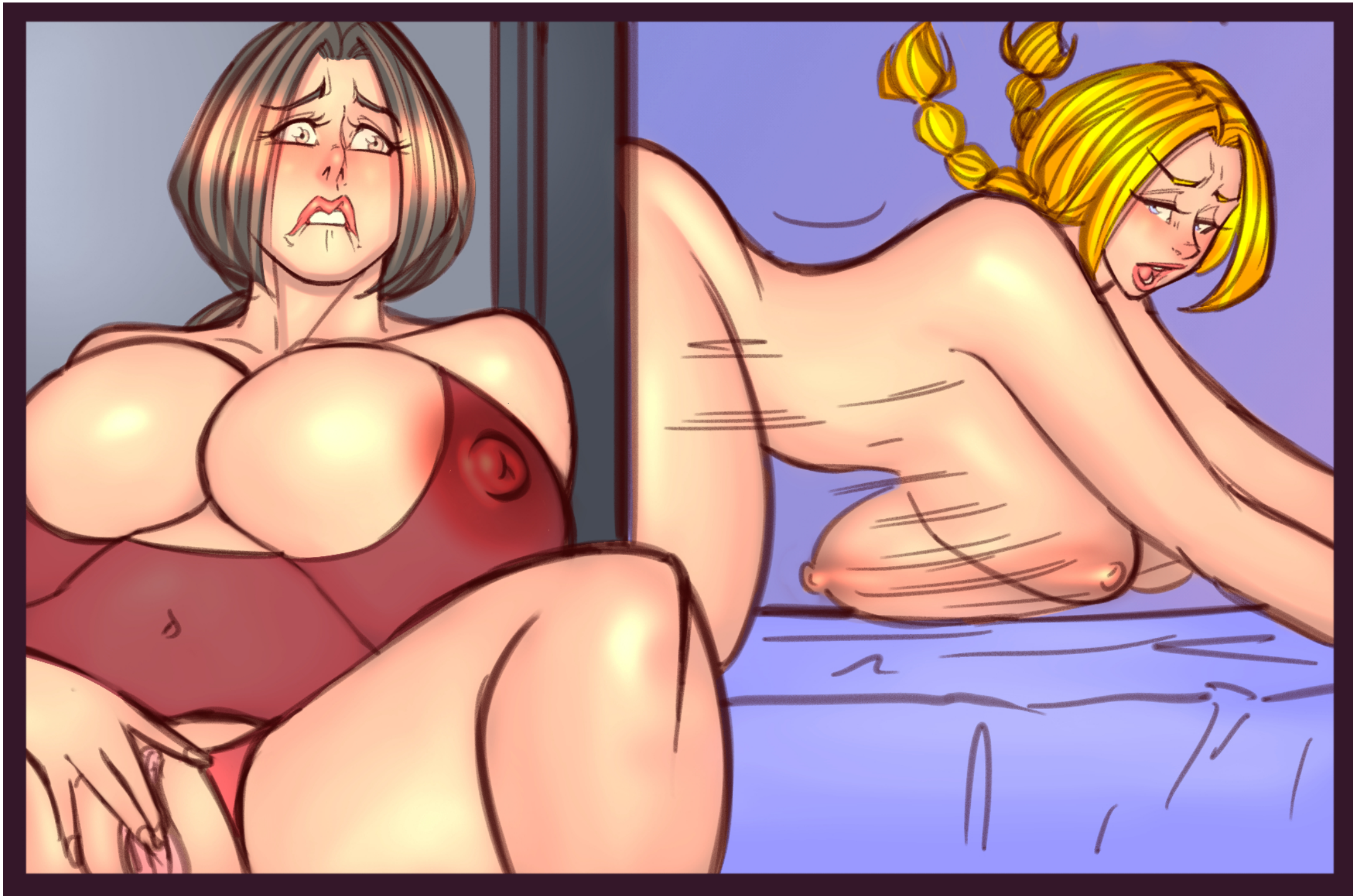
"That's too bad. Your cock feels too good inside. I can't help it. Can't moan any quieter."




*'They're so... Cute.
It's cute and hot
to see them play
like that.
I wish I had that...'*

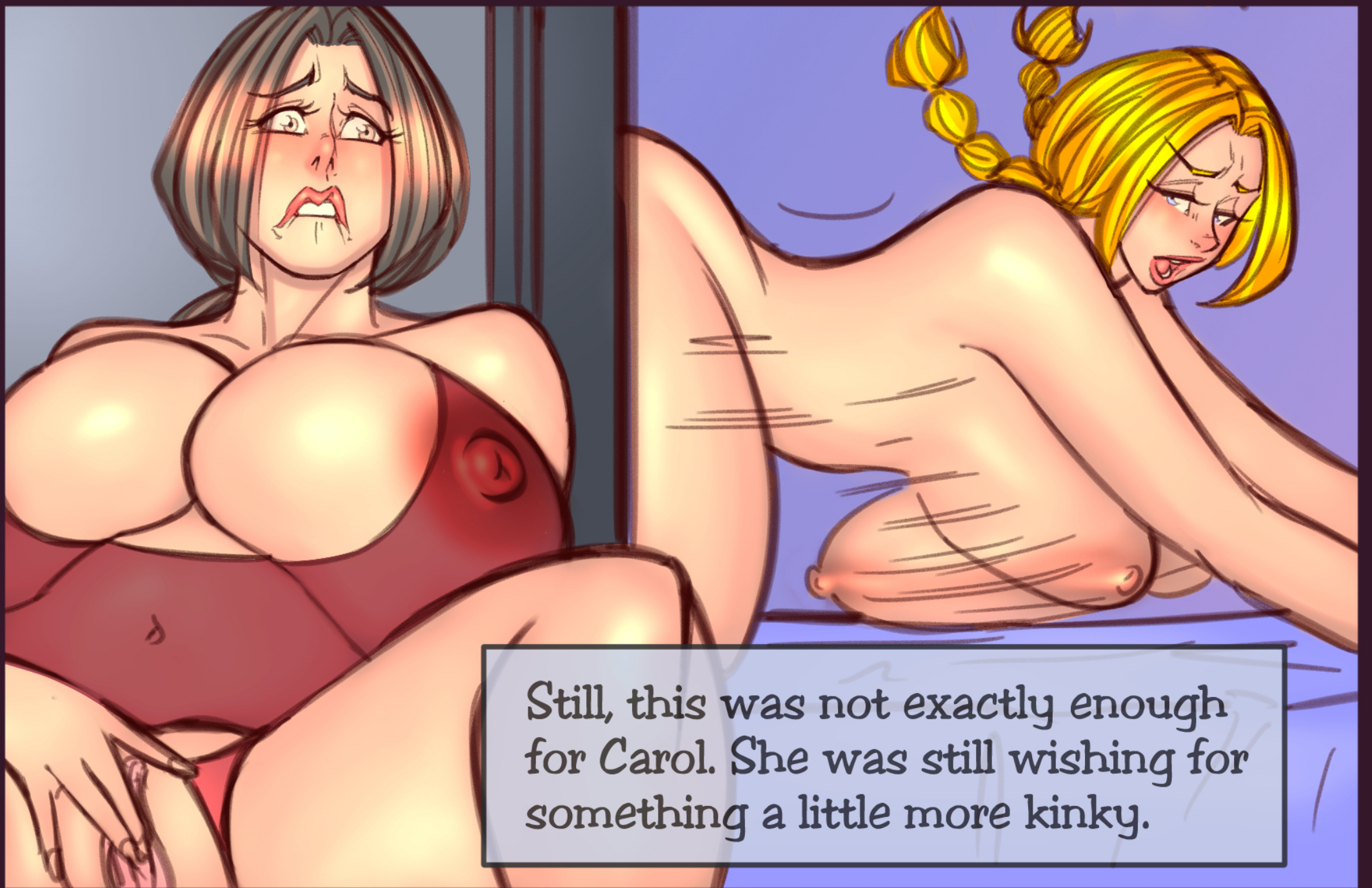


Heather bit her lower lip as she listened to them and watched them have some creamy and hot sex. Wishing she had their luck.

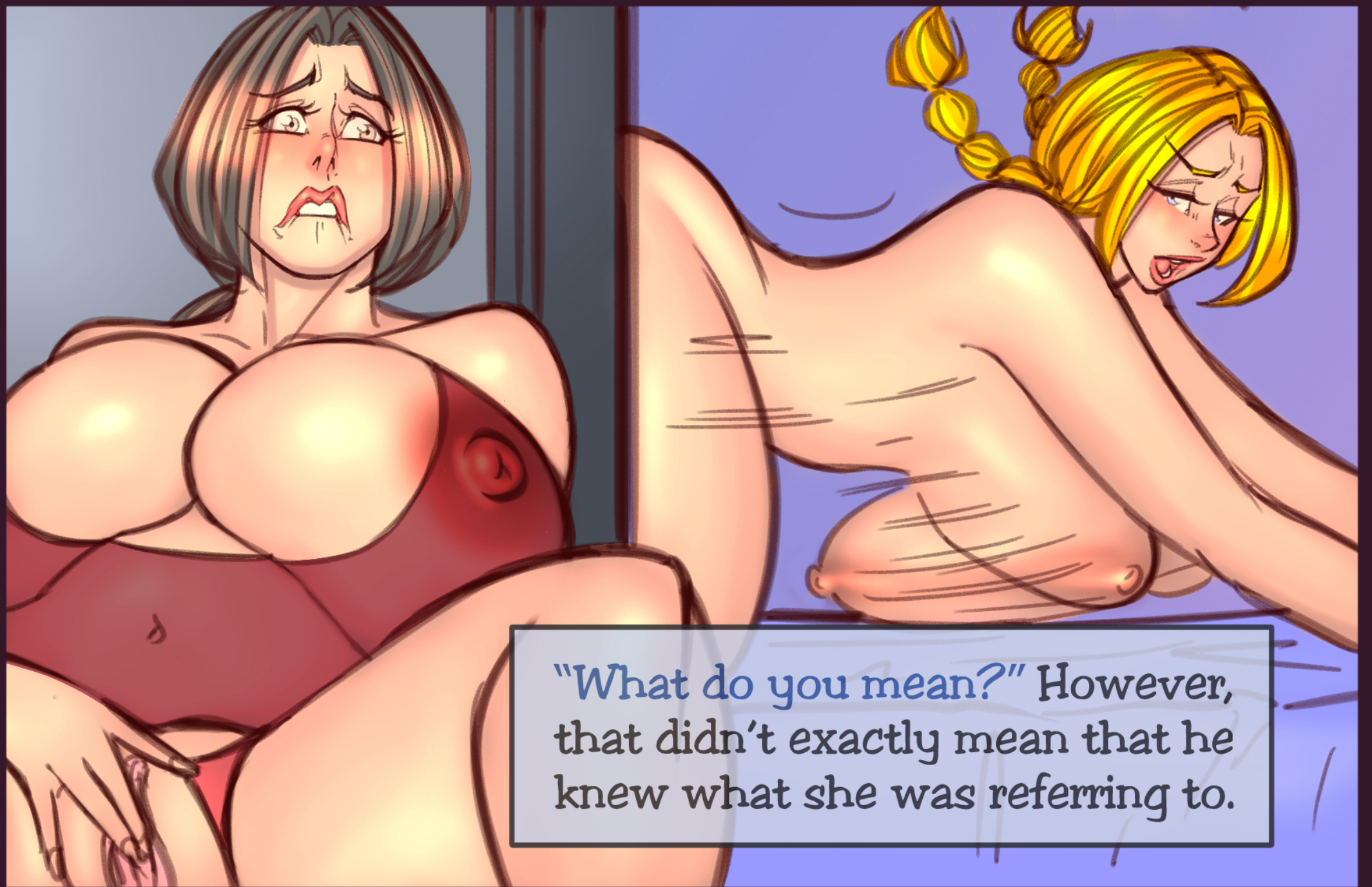




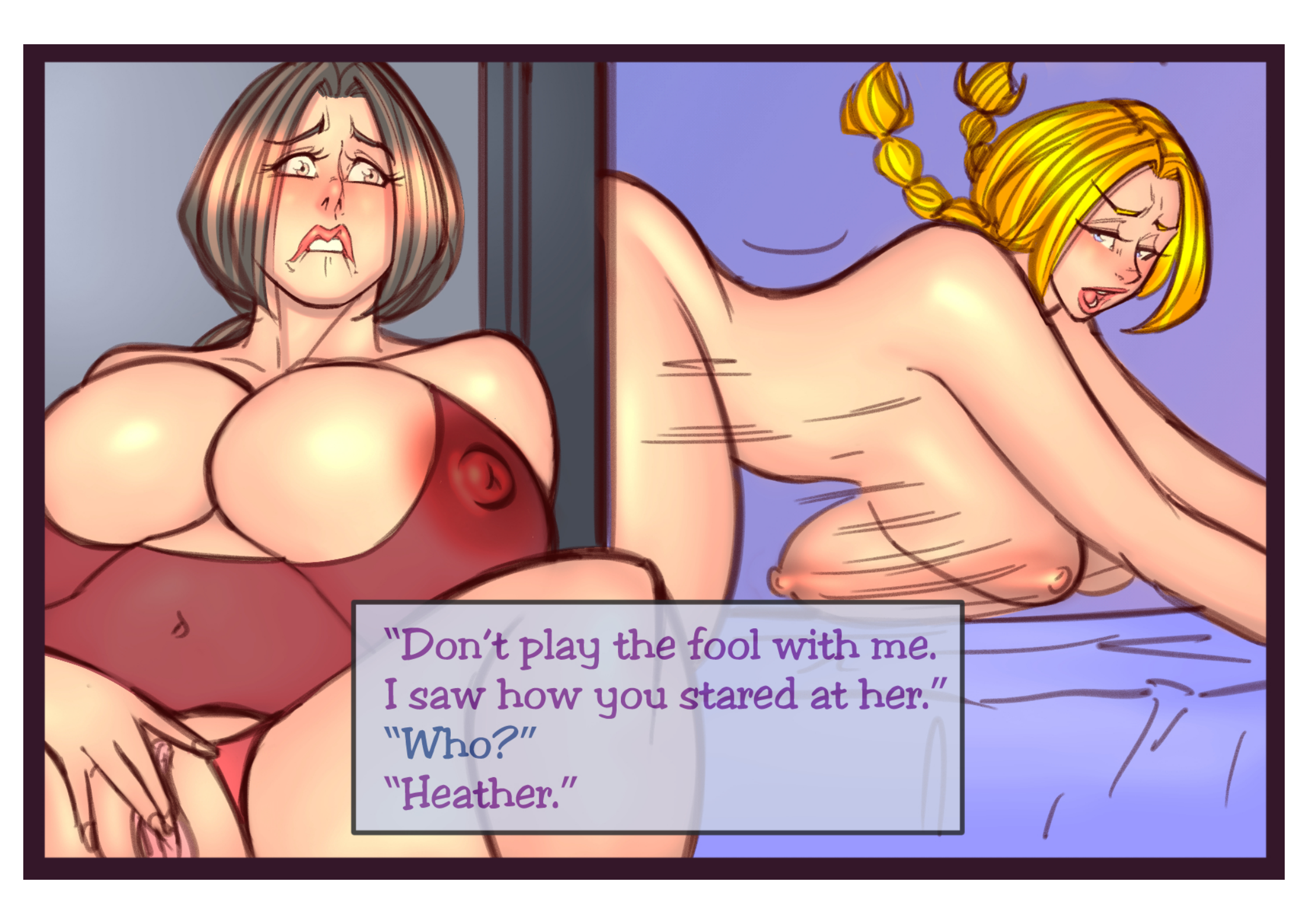
"What would you like to do now?" she asked Christian as he was still deep in her. Still fucking her with all the youthful might and strenght of the young man he was.



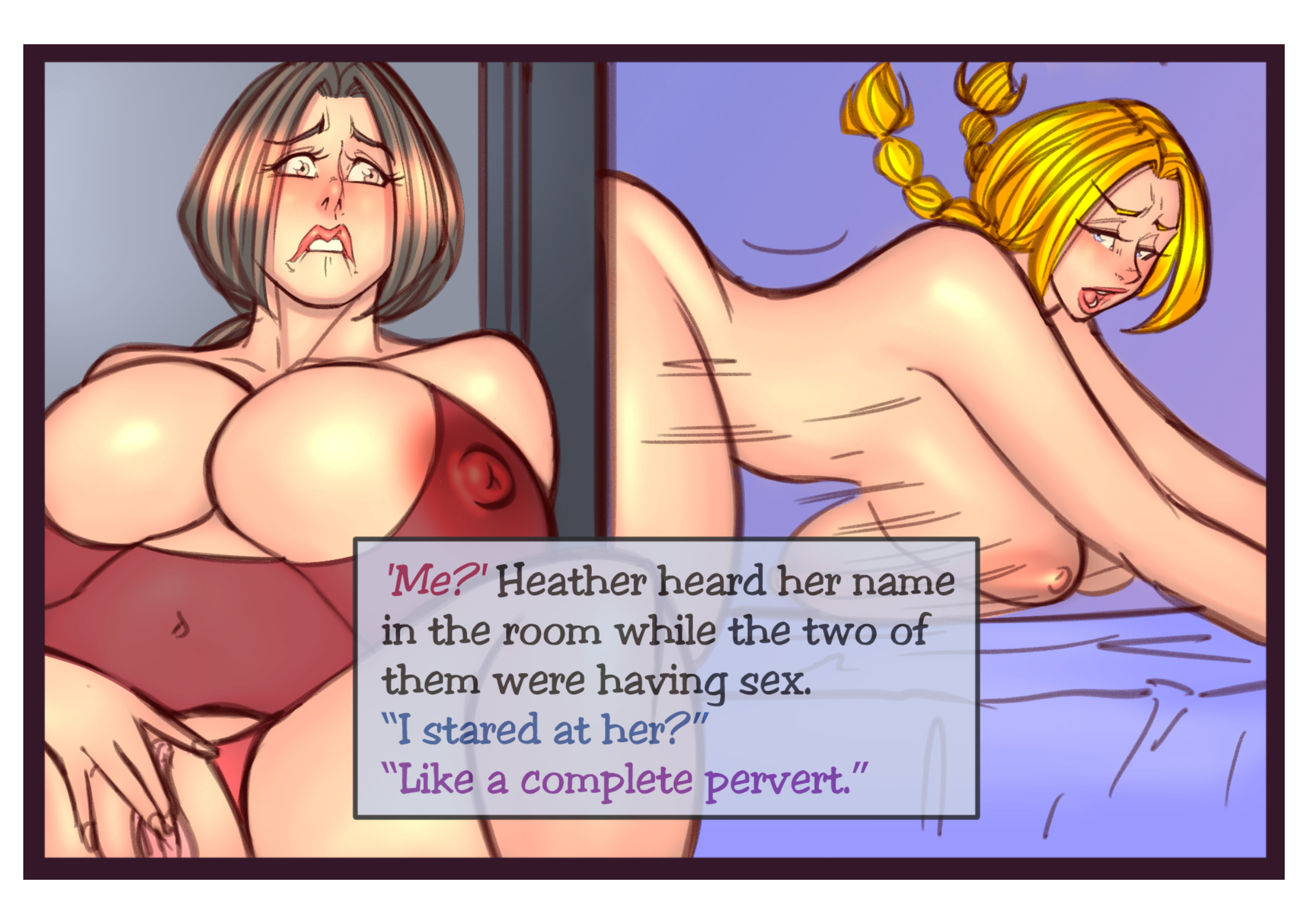
Still, this was not exactly enough for Carol. She was still wishing for something a little more kinky.



"What do you mean?" However, that didn't exactly mean that he knew what she was referring to.




"Don't play the fool with me.
I saw how you stared at her."
"Who?"
"Heather."



'Me?' Heather heard her name
in the room while the two of
them were having sex.

"I stared at her?"

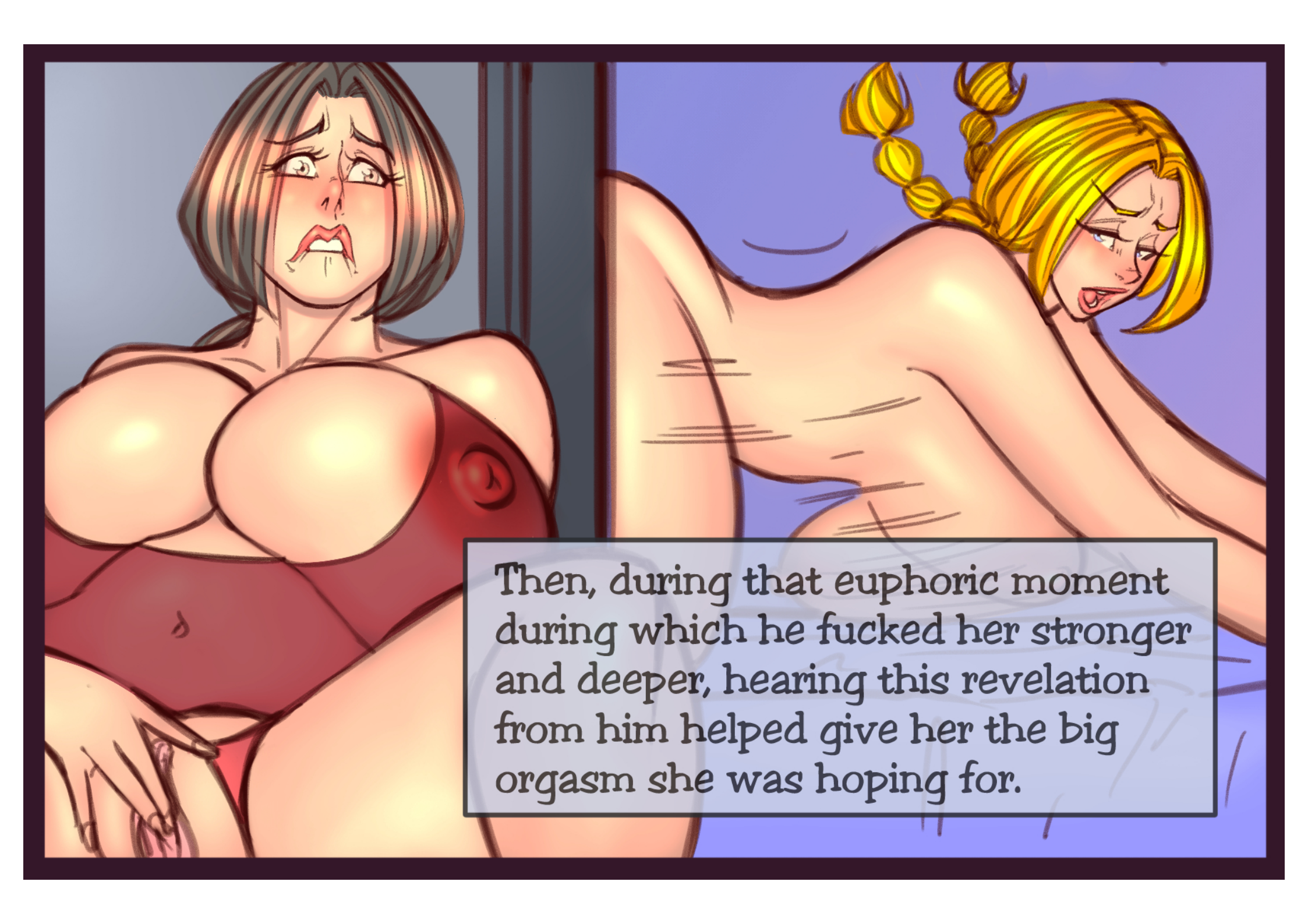
"Like a complete pervert."



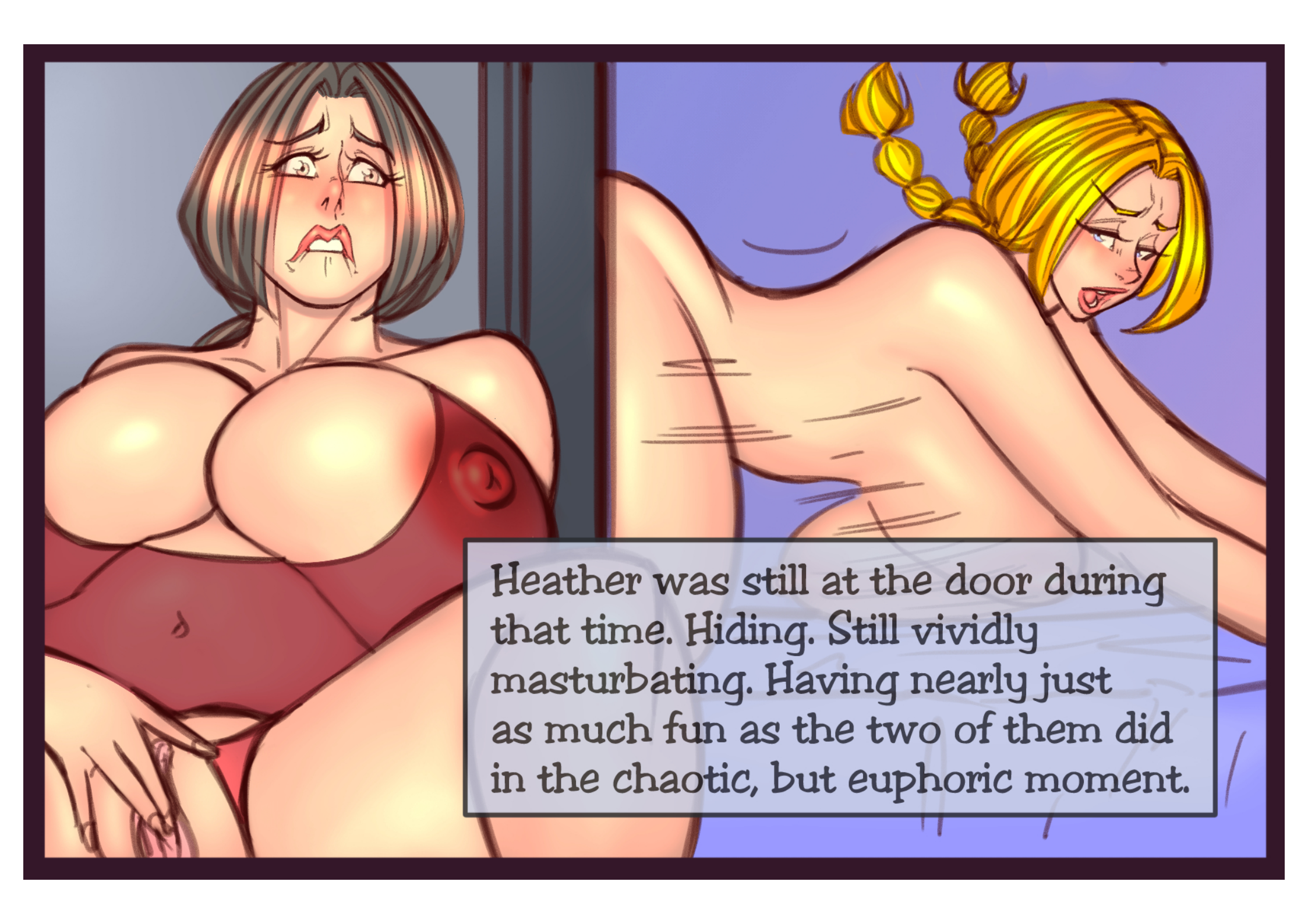
"Are you being serious right now?"
Christian couldn't believe what he
heard from his own girlfriend.
"You want to suck on her breasts,
right?"



"Of course. Yes. I wish I could do it,"
he finally admitted to her.
"Ahn! Yes!"



Then, during that euphoric moment during which he fucked her stronger and deeper, hearing this revelation from him helped give her the big orgasm she was hoping for.



Heather was still at the door during that time. Hiding. Still vividly masturbating. Having nearly just as much fun as the two of them did in the chaotic, but euphoric moment.

The young couple changed
and tried multiple positions
during their time at night.

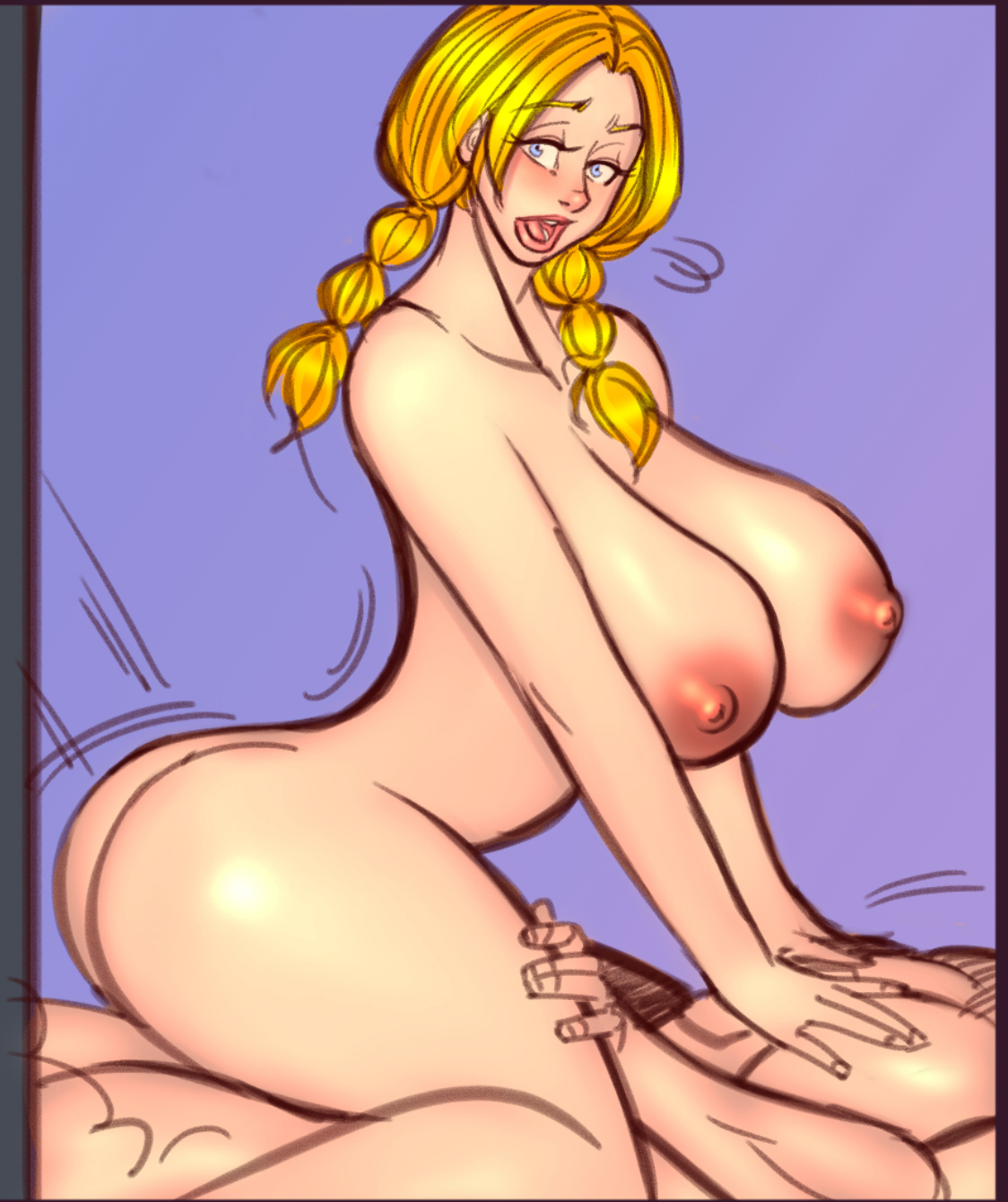
They tried so many different positions
that this allowed Heather to see them
in so many different angles that
no parts of them were left unseen
and uncovered.

Heather saw everything.
The mature woman soon
became so aroused at the door
that she crawled deeper
into the room.
Still remaining on the doorstep,
her shadow was suddenly seen
by the girlfriend in the room.

Creak!!!

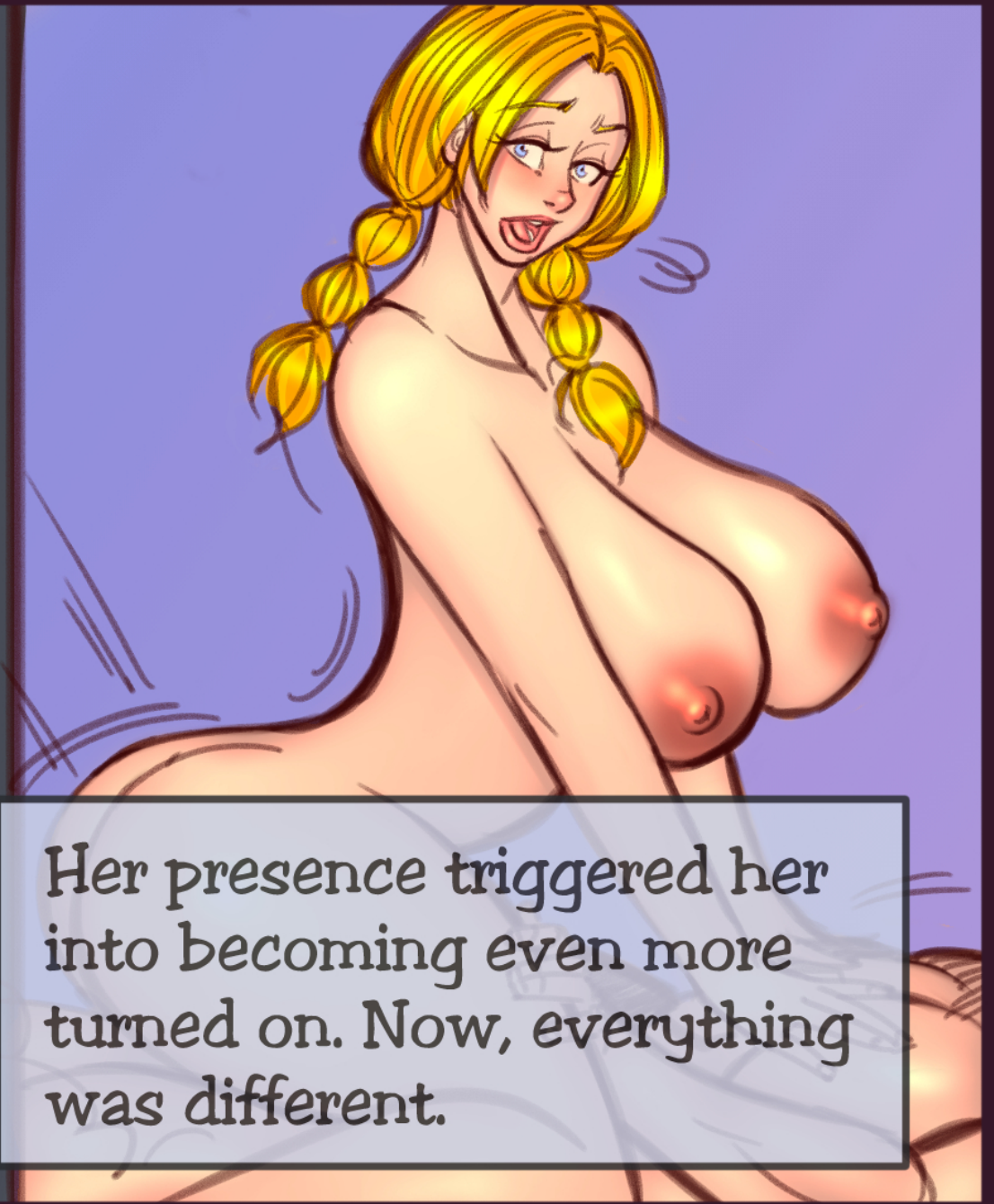
She heard her, too, yet, Christian never saw
and never heard her.

Christian was much too horny to hear her.





"Uh?" The girlfriend knew she was there now. She could feel her presence and somehow this aroused her even more.



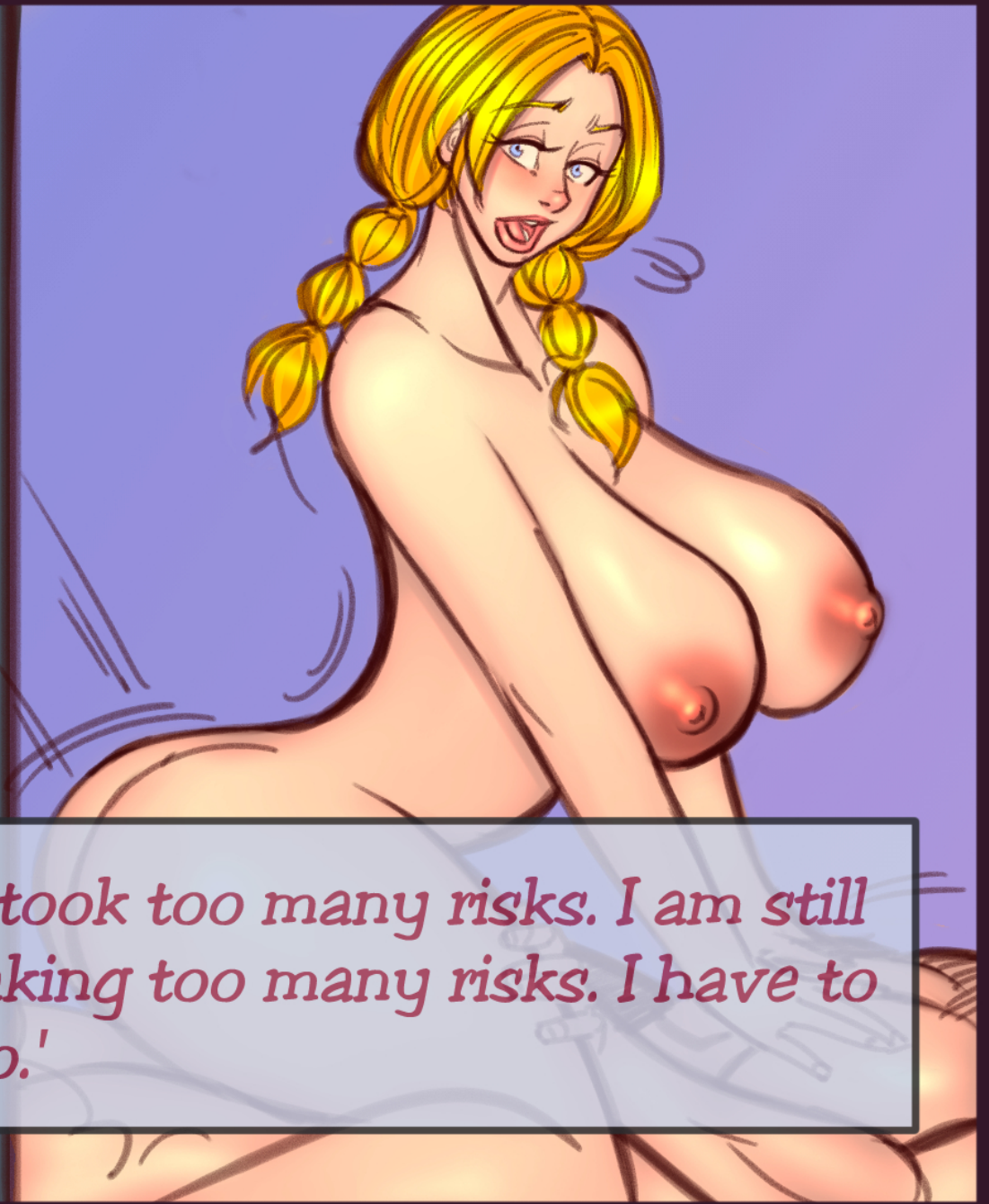
Her presence triggered her into becoming even more turned on. Now, everything was different.



Now, they had an audience.
She did. She had an audience
and she was into this sort of
thing.



'Oh, no, I hope they didn't hear me. These floors are so old that they always creak like that. It's on me.'



'I took too many risks. I am still taking too many risks. I have to go.'

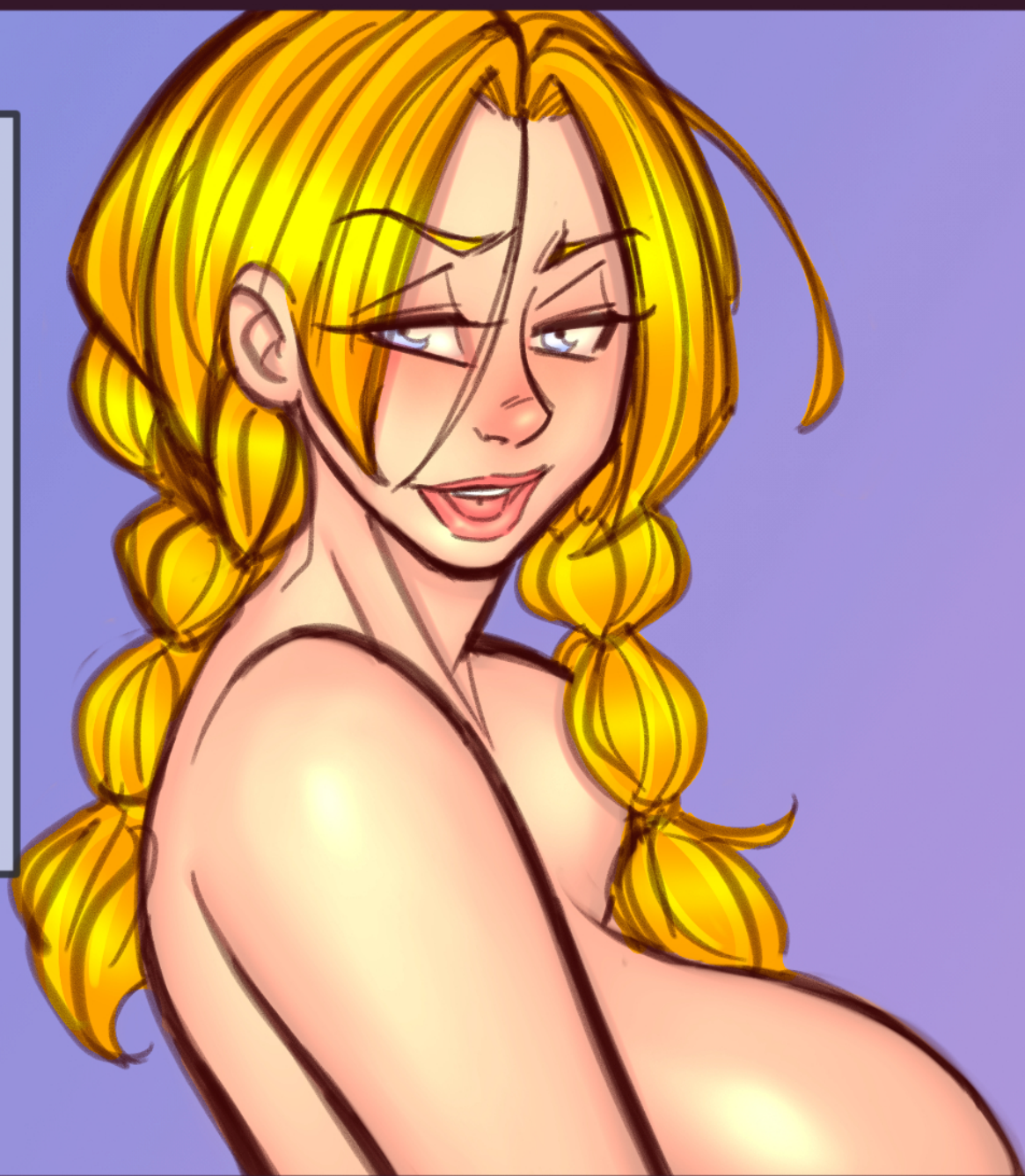


'I can't stay here any longer, otherwise, I am going to be in big, big trouble...'

She stared at the door.
More confident than
ever.
She had lust oozing all
over her body.



She knew Heather was out there on the doorstep, hidden and shrouded in darkness, and this was exactly one of the many things that were getting her on as much as it did.



With the most aroused expression she could pull off, his girlfriend slowly turned to her man.



He looked down
at her and they
exchanged one
nice and sensual
look before...



"Hey, honey,
would you like
to have a
blow-job at
two?"

"What?
A blow-job
at two?"



The cat was out of the bag. Heather was caught and there would no coming back from this.



"Two girls sucking
your big cock.
One at a time.
How does that
sound to you?"
Carol said this
while she was
looking directly
to Heather.



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