

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 31

"Visitors"

Chapter
08



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.
Enjoy it!**

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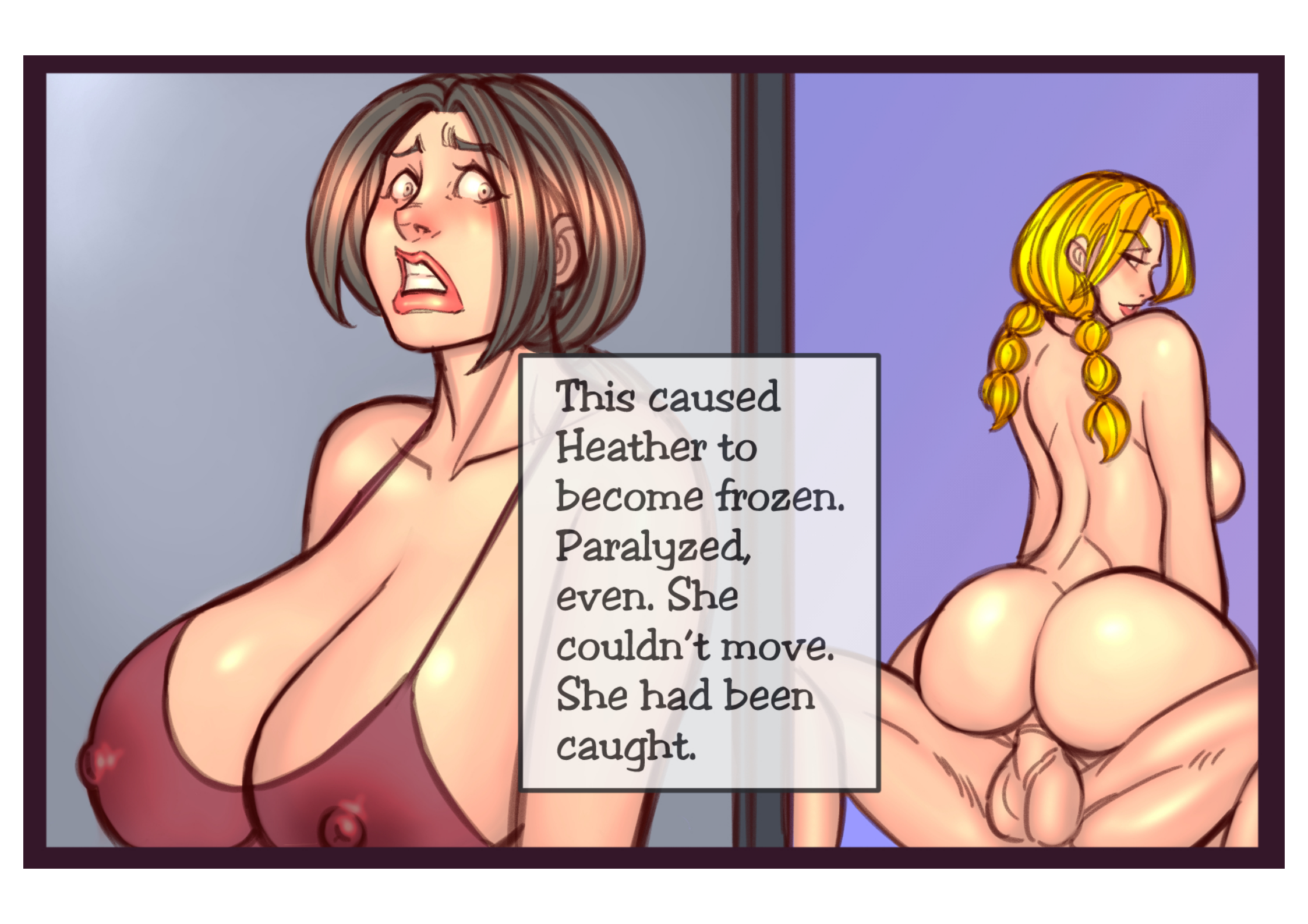
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CHAPTER 08

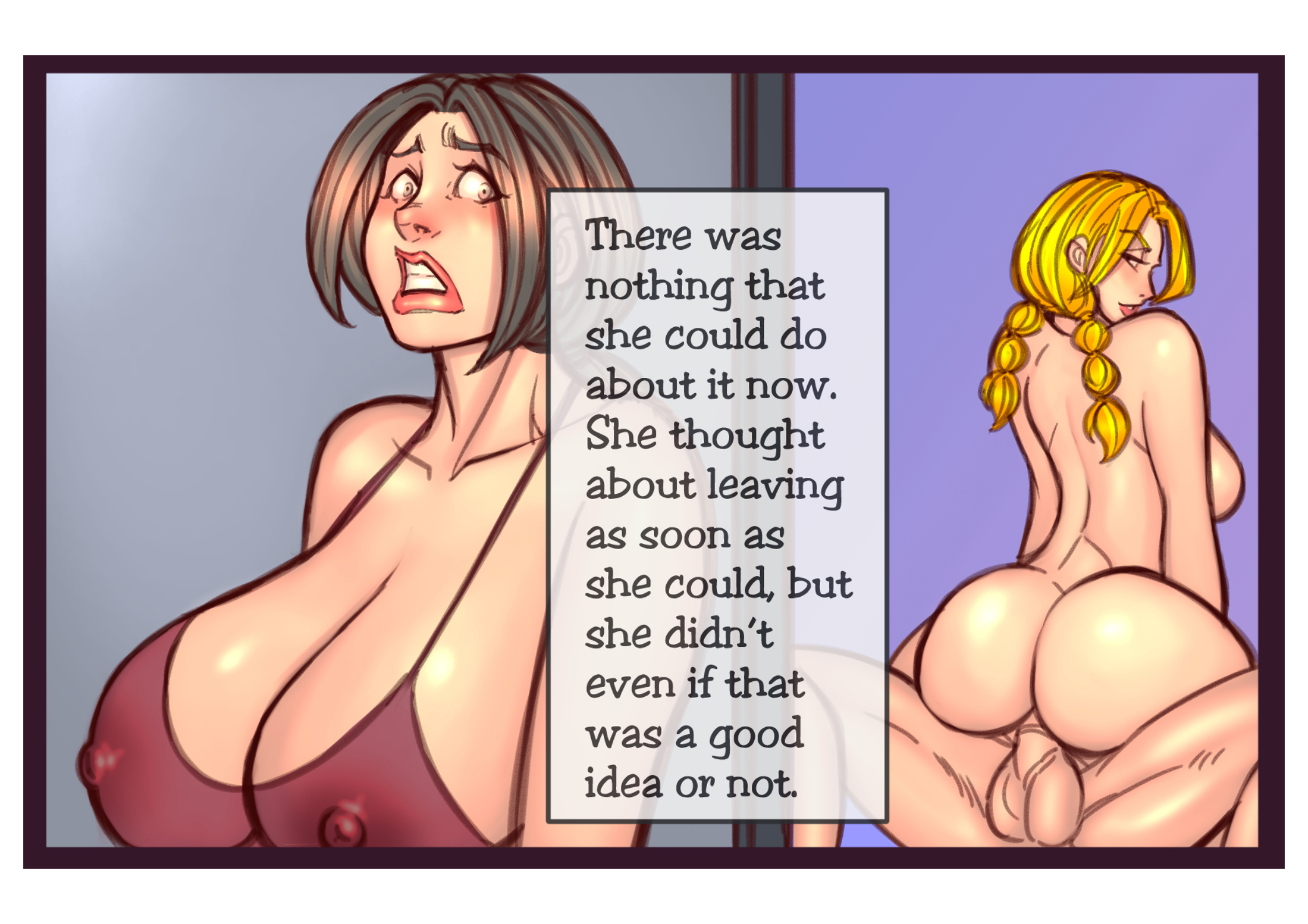
"Two girls sucking your big cock.
One at a time.
How does that sound to you?"

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



A comic book panel with a dark border. On the left, a woman with short, layered grey hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark red halter-neck top. She has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair in two braids is shown from the back, wearing a light-colored bikini. A white text box with a black border is centered between them, containing the following text:

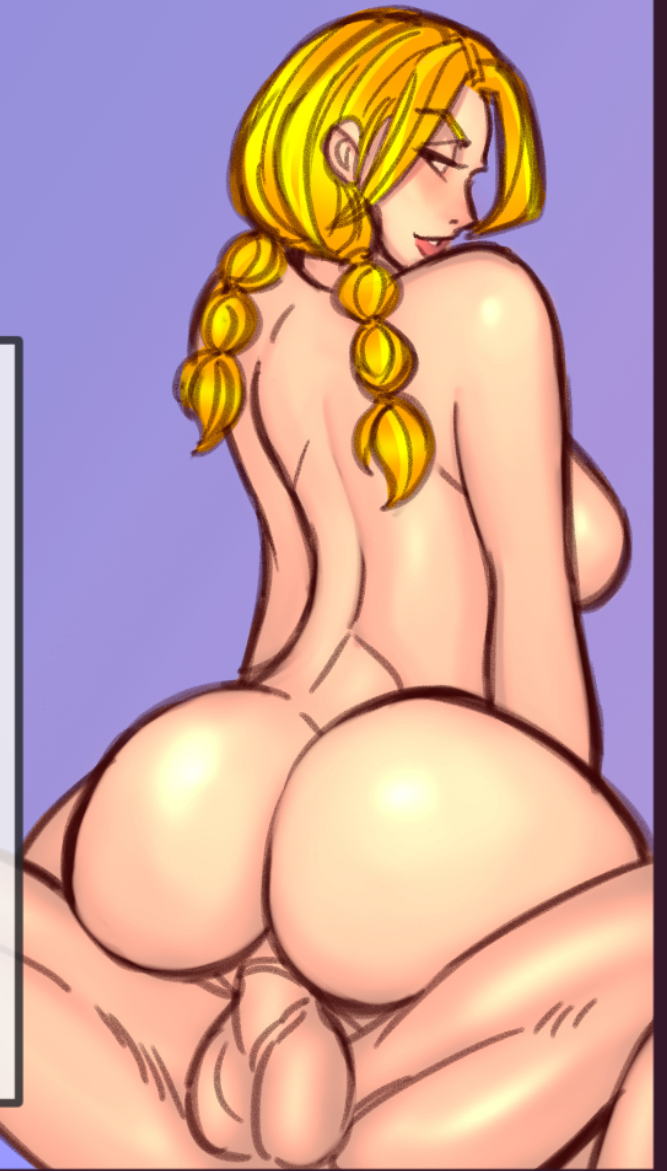
This caused Heather to become frozen. Paralyzed, even. She couldn't move. She had been caught.




There was nothing that she could do about it now. She thought about leaving as soon as she could, but she didn't even if that was a good idea or not.



She ultimately decided on staying. Heather and Carol continued gazing at one another during this standstill.





The last words
Carol uttered
resonated deep
down in Heather.
Her words were
quite mysterious
to her.



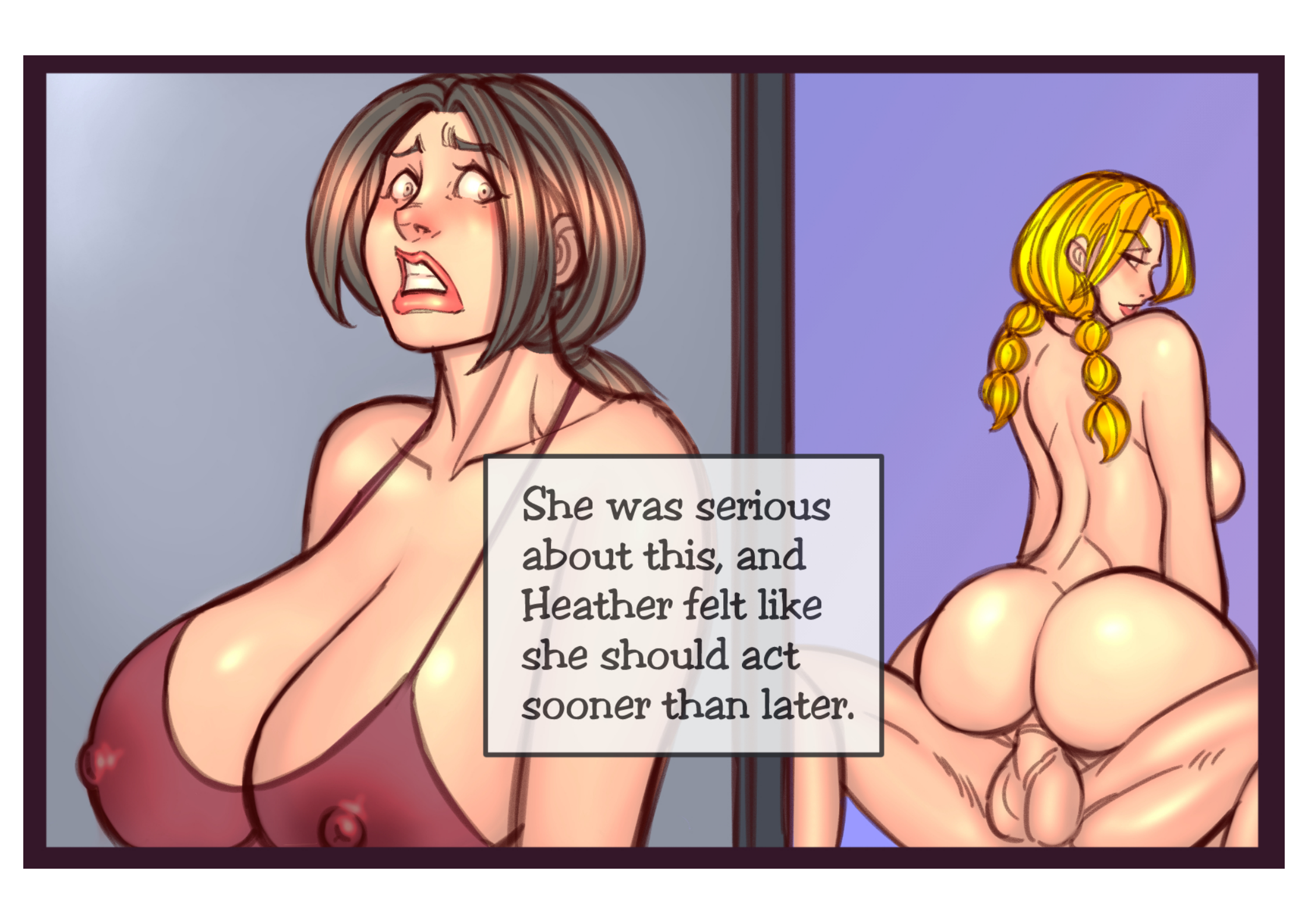
*'Two girls suckling
on a big cock? Did
she really mean
that?'*

She had no idea
what this was
supposed to mean.
Was she serious
about what she
meant?



"What do you mean?"

Christian finally asked her what she meant by that. The young girlfriend continued smiling.

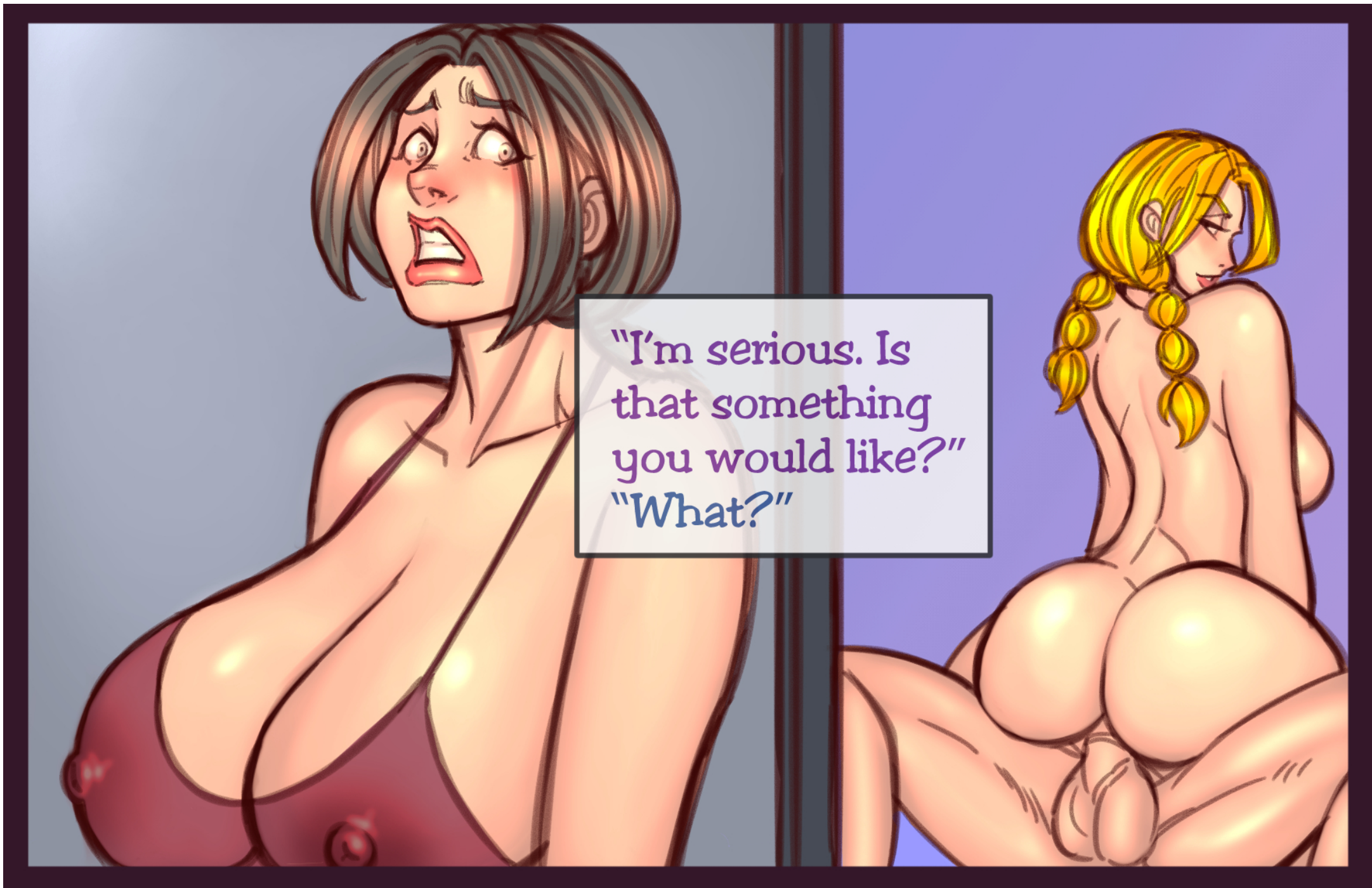


She was serious about this, and Heather felt like she should act sooner than later.




She thought about leaving again. She didn't want him to see him here on the doorstep.






"I'm serious. Is that something you would like?"
"What?"



"Two girls giving
you a nice and
warm blow-job."
"Is that a trick
question or
something?"



There was
no pretending
anymore.
She was better
off leaving
right away.

Nothing was
being hidden
anymore.
This message,
and it was a
message, was
directly aimed
at her.



The veil had been lifted and even though Heather had not been detected by Christian, she knew exactly what this meant.



She previously thought for a moment that there was a way for her to perhaps stay a while longer, but this no longer was something she thought was wise for her to do...



*'What am I
going to do?'*

It was too
late already.
They were still
having sex by
the time she
threatened to
expose her.





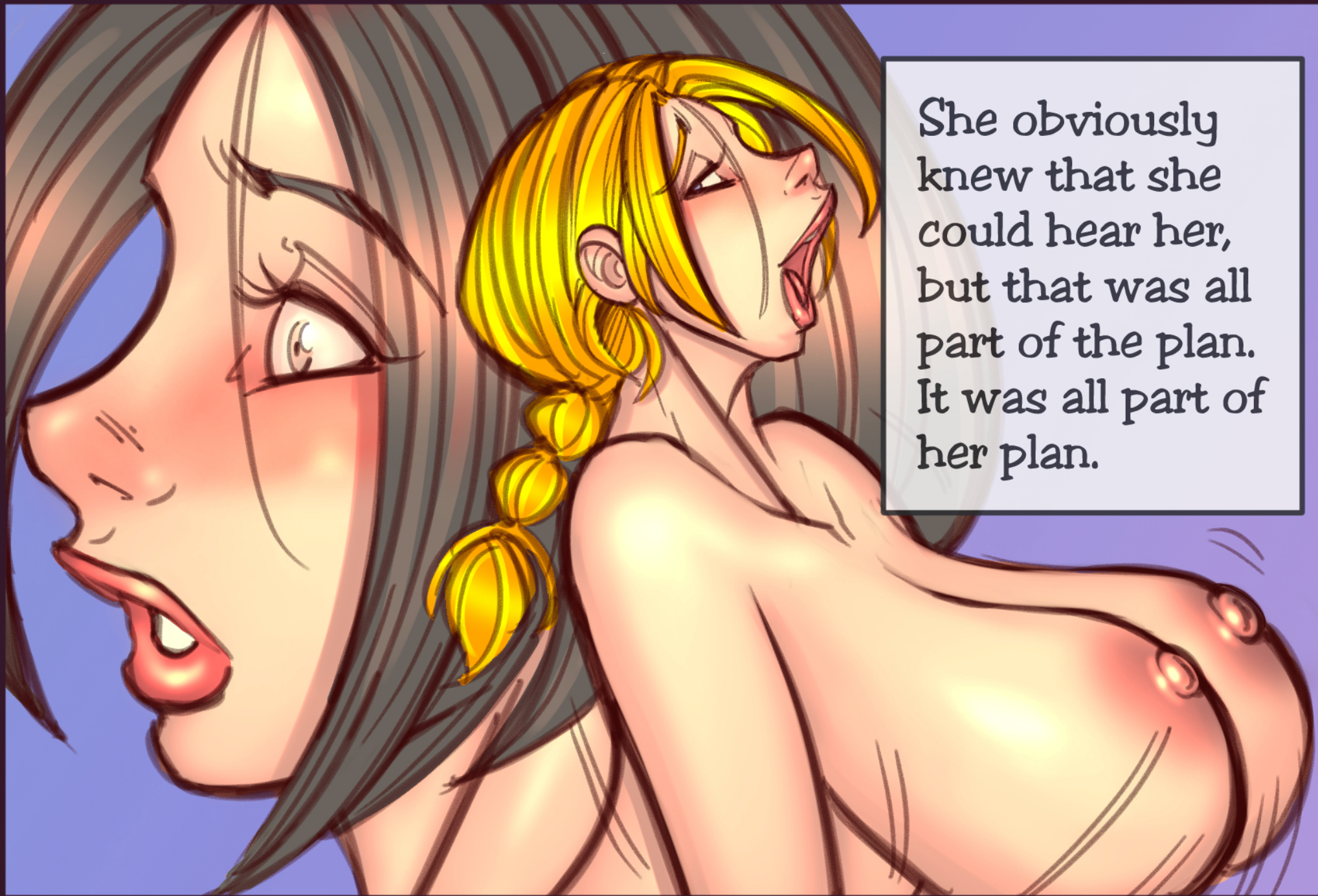
"Ahn!" Carol
moaned and
panted.



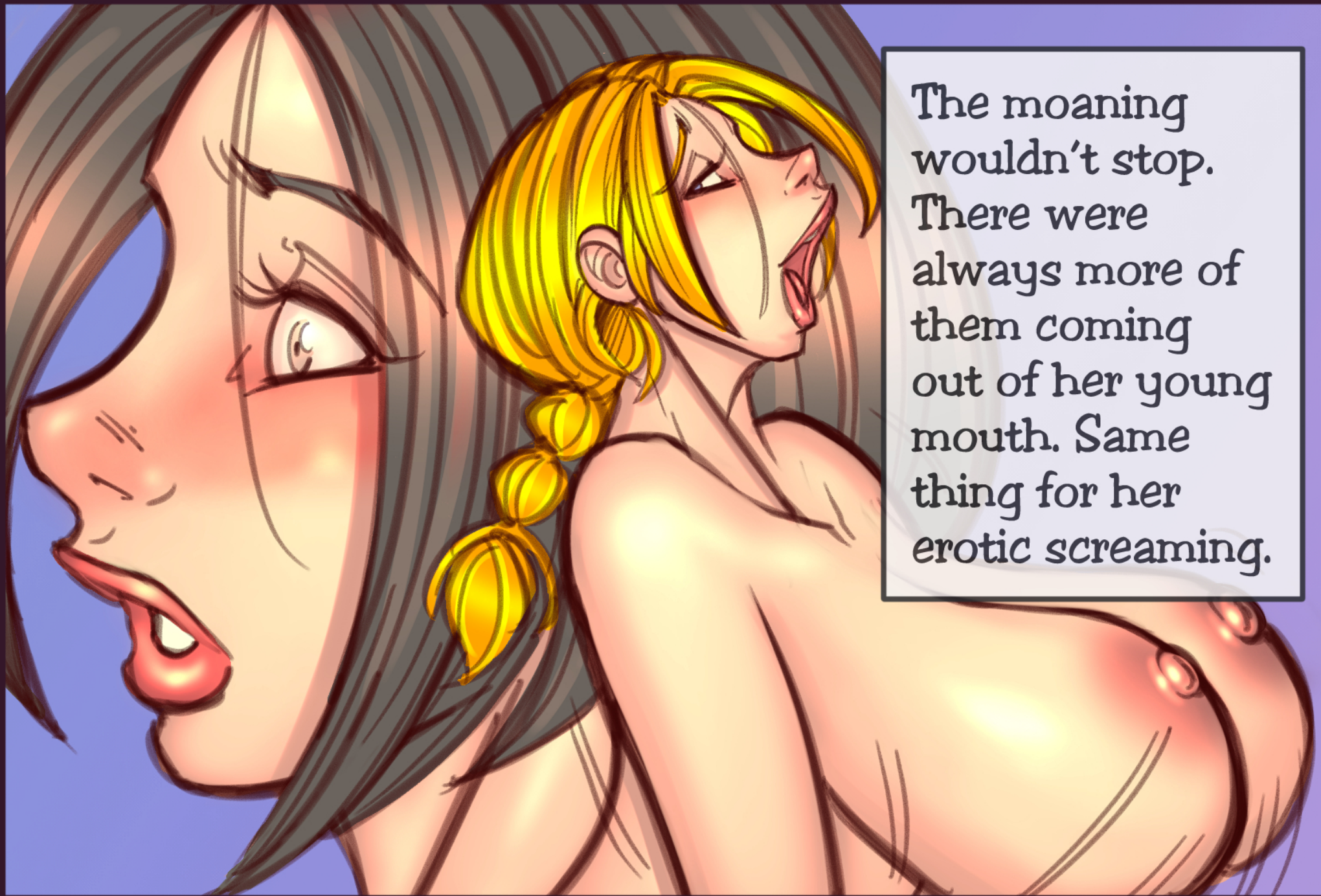
She erotically screamed like crazy. She was visibly enjoying herself, and she wasn't hiding it, at all.



If anything, she was doing that to prove a point. She was actively doing this to piss her off, and it worked. There was no stopping.



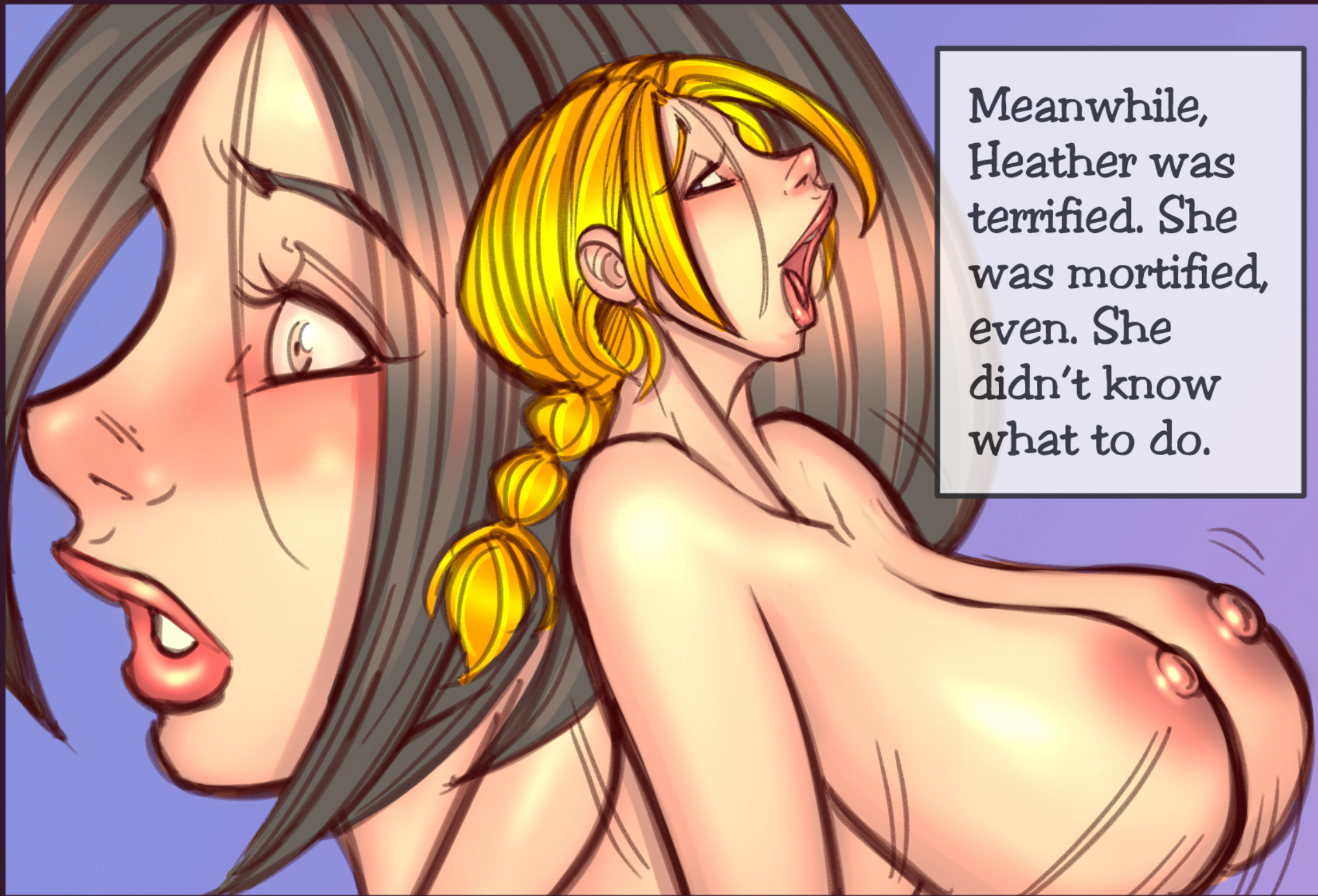
She obviously knew that she could hear her, but that was all part of the plan. It was all part of her plan.



The moaning wouldn't stop. There were always more of them coming out of her young mouth. Same thing for her erotic screaming.



Christian still didn't know everything that was going on. He couldn't. Everything was being done in his back.



Meanwhile, Heather was terrified. She was mortified, even. She didn't know what to do.



Everything
that was
happening in
that door was
forbidden.
It was like a
forbidden fruit.

For a moment, it
all felt as if it was
over. And it was
to be honest.



The house became more silent. Things were settling a bit. All the noises stopped and everyone was silent.



For a short moment,
it felt like there was
some healing going
on in the house. It
was not easy for the
teacher.



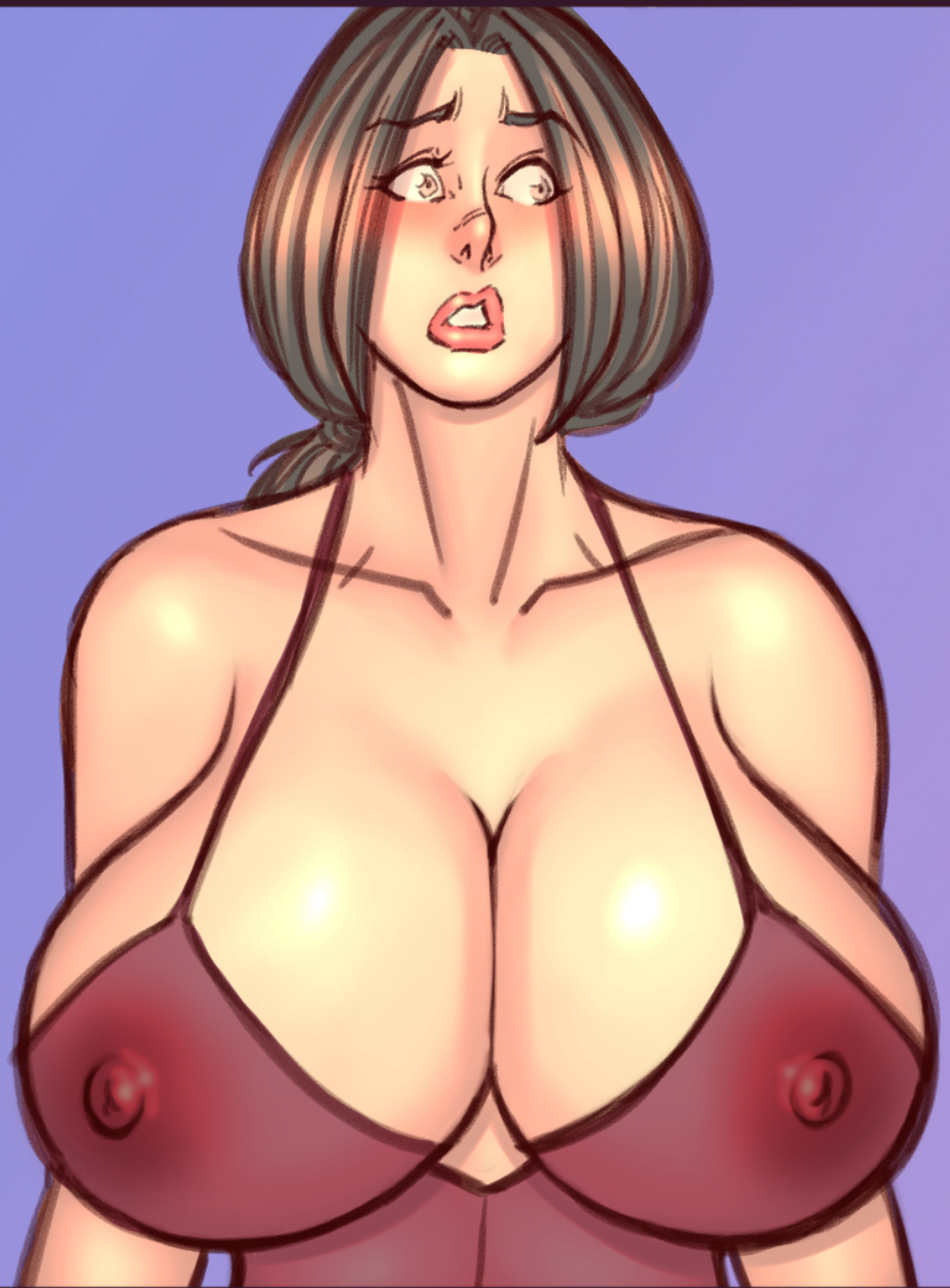
She tried focusing on herself for two minutes, but this silent environment was not going to last for too long.



When Heather
heard anything
again, it was the
house settling.
Cracking.



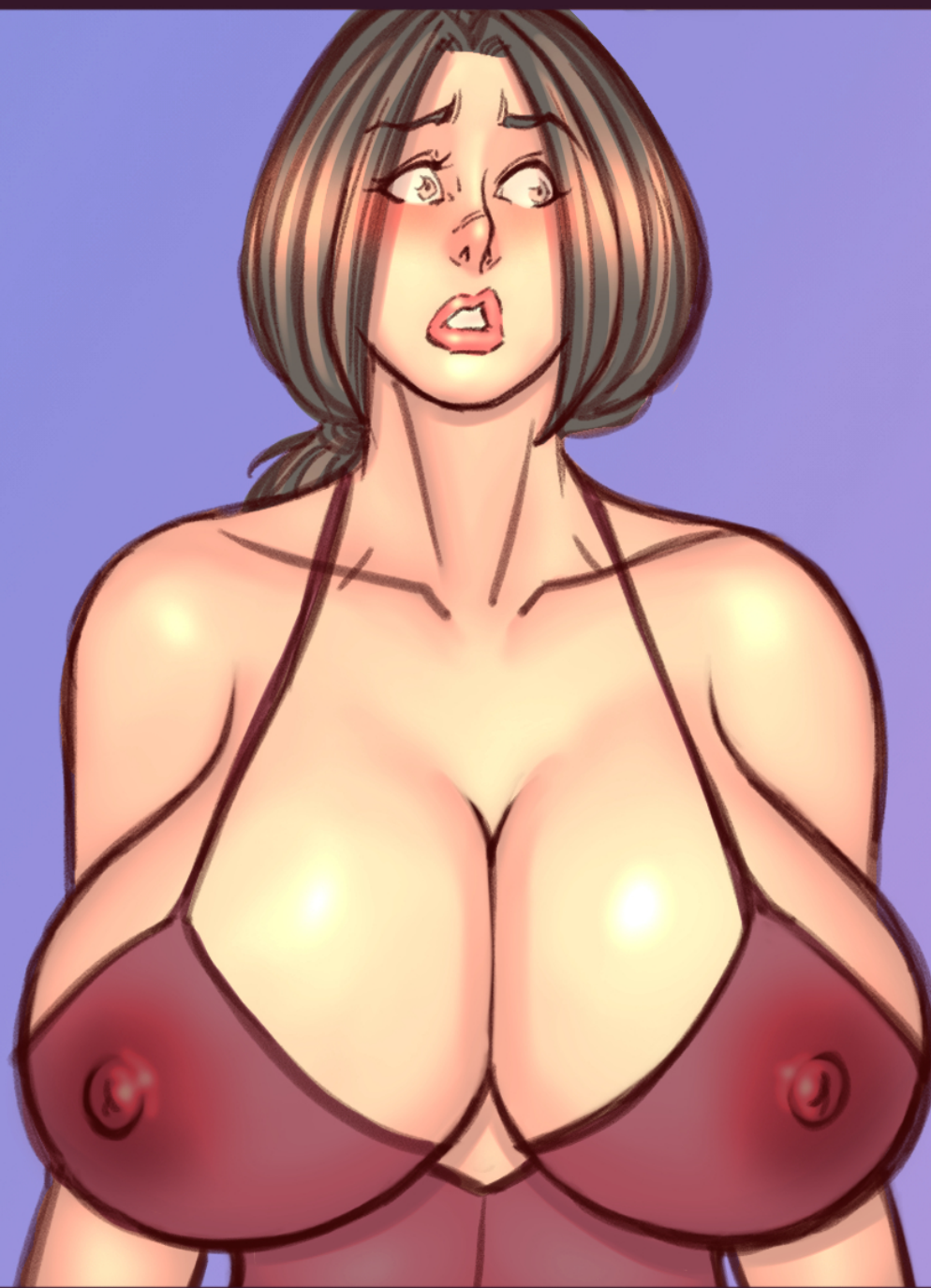
She thought someone was coming her way, but that was not the case. It was only the house settling. Heater looked up and realized that the young couple had fallen asleep.



She then thought
it would be a good
idea to reach for
the door and to
shut it before going
back to sleep...



She came close
to doing it, but...
She was too
scared to wake
them up.



However,
exactly as Heather was
about to spin around
and leave,
she was quickly faced with...





She was right
there in front
of her door.
Blocking her
the way.



What she found at the door of her room was Carol wearing an erotically suggestive and tiny underwear.



Carol faced her.
Directly
confronted her
in the dark of
night as there
was almost no
source of light
in the corridor.




"Carol?"

"Mrs. Heather..."

Carol asked in
a shy and quite
innocent way.

"Yes."

A comic book panel featuring a blonde woman with two large braids, wearing a green bikini. She is looking towards the left with a pleading expression. To her left, the back of another woman's head and shoulder is visible. A speech bubble is positioned between them.

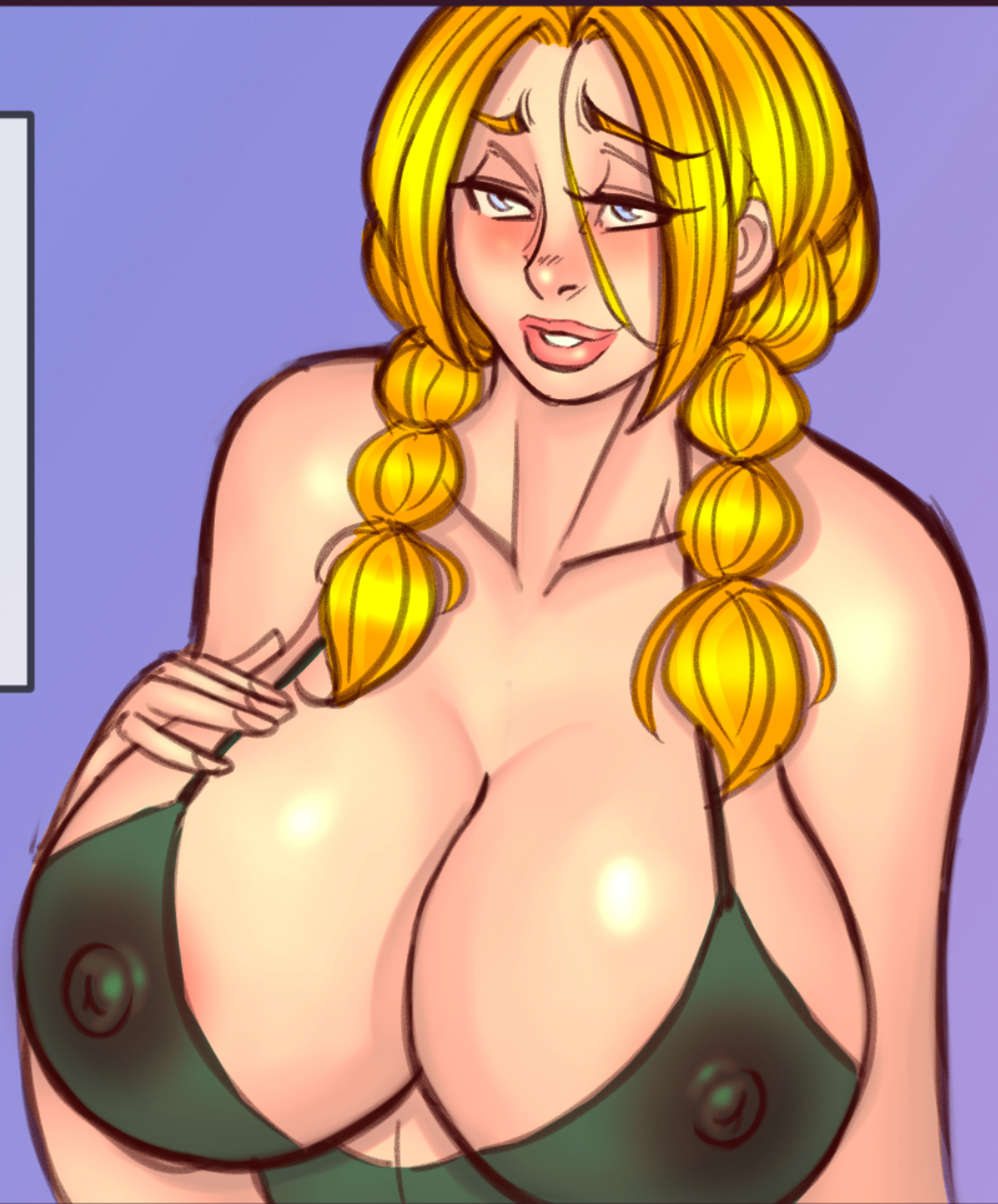
"Could you possibly help me with something please?"

"S-Sure. You know,
it's pretty late as
you already know,
but what is it?
What do you need
help with?"

Carol then innocently
and seductively
smiled.



Heather had no idea what was going to happen next, but she understood now more than ever than Carol was up to something.



The tension was only
escalating from here.



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