

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 31

*"Visitors"*

Chapter  
09



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!**

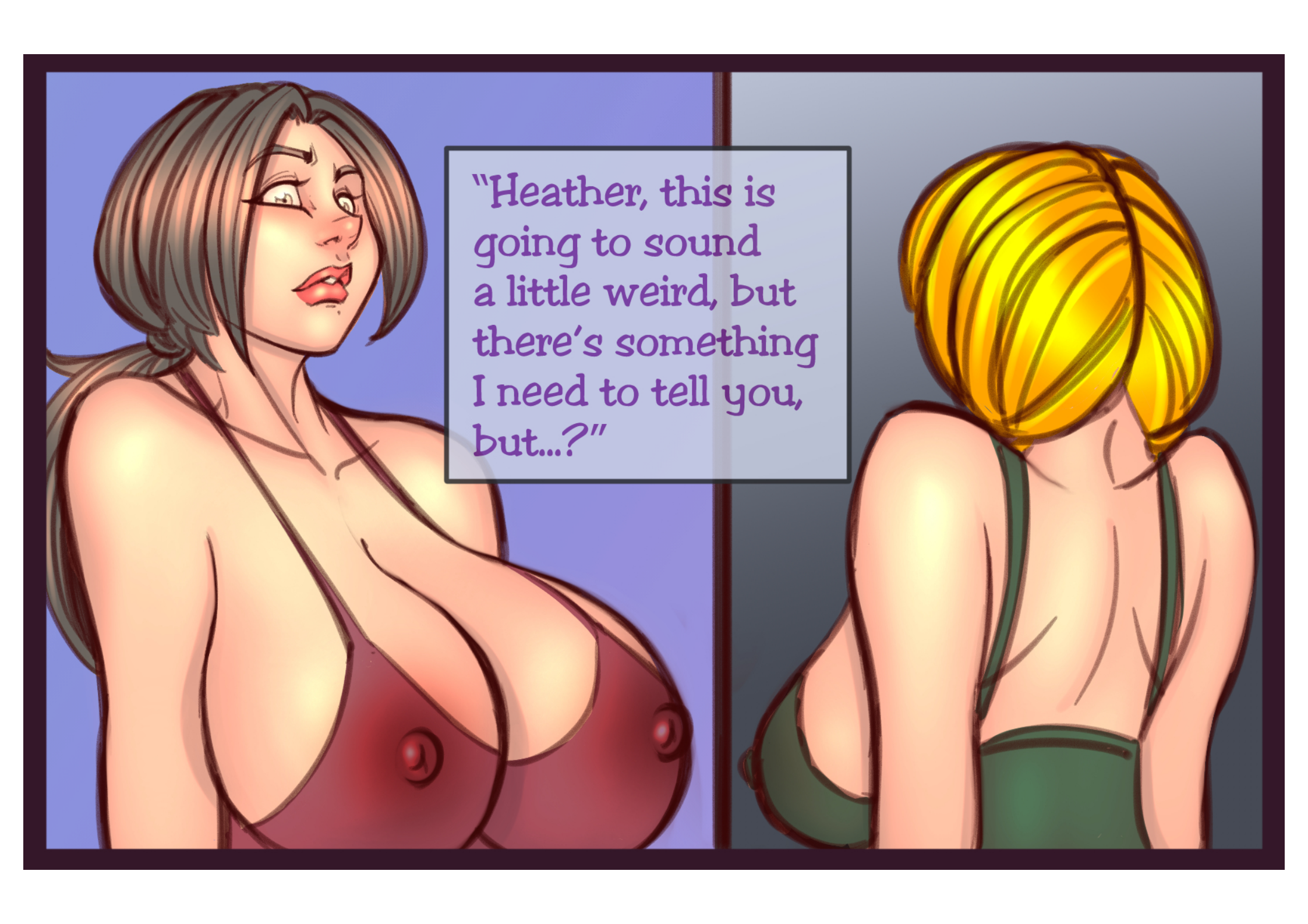
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# CHAPTER 09

"Could you possibly help me  
with something,  
please?"



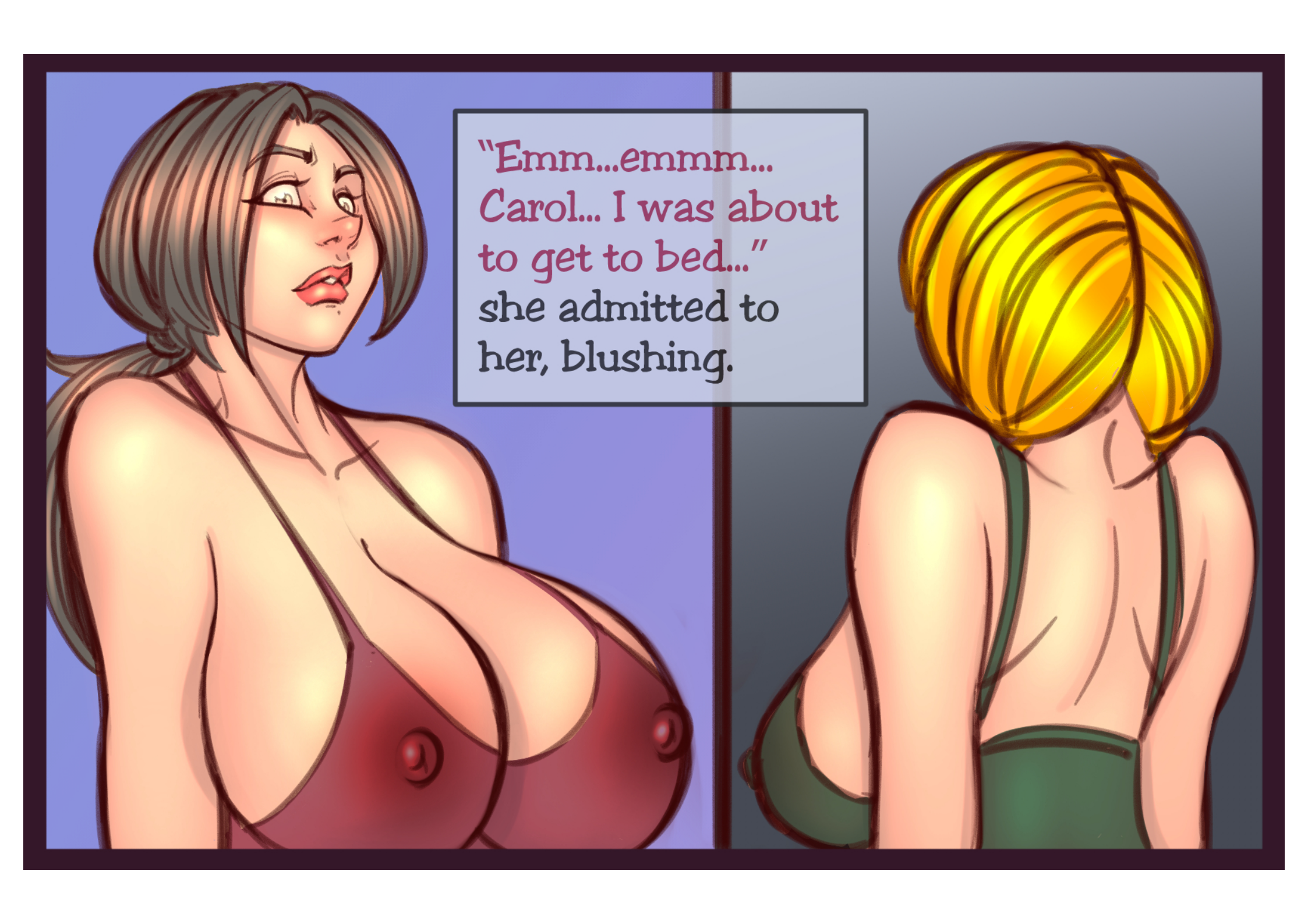


"Heather, this is going to sound a little weird, but there's something I need to tell you, but...?"

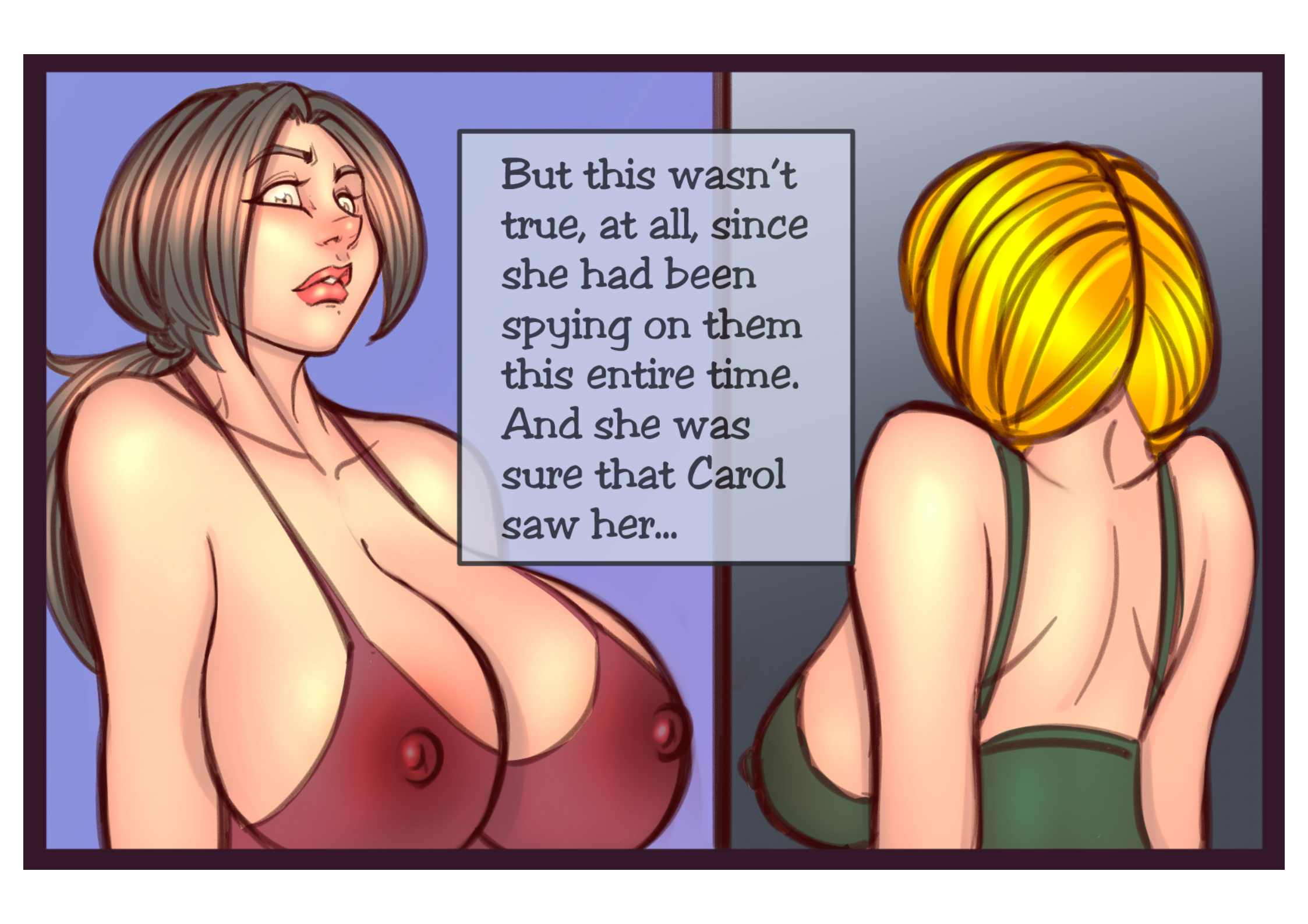


"But what?"

"Can I just...talk  
about... Chris and  
I for a second?"



"Emm...emmm...  
Carol... I was about  
to get to bed..."  
she admitted to  
her, blushing.



But this wasn't true, at all, since she had been spying on them this entire time. And she was sure that Carol saw her...

"I'd like to talk with  
you for a minute or  
two without Chris..."



"I mean, what's wrong? I can feel a weird tension in the air..."



Carol gave her a look, and it became clear that she was acting... weird. Chris and Carol shared the same bed earlier, but there was something wrong here.



"Are you two  
okay? I mean  
you and Chris."  
Heather asked.  
"We are fine...  
I mean, we  
are not..."  
"What? Why?"

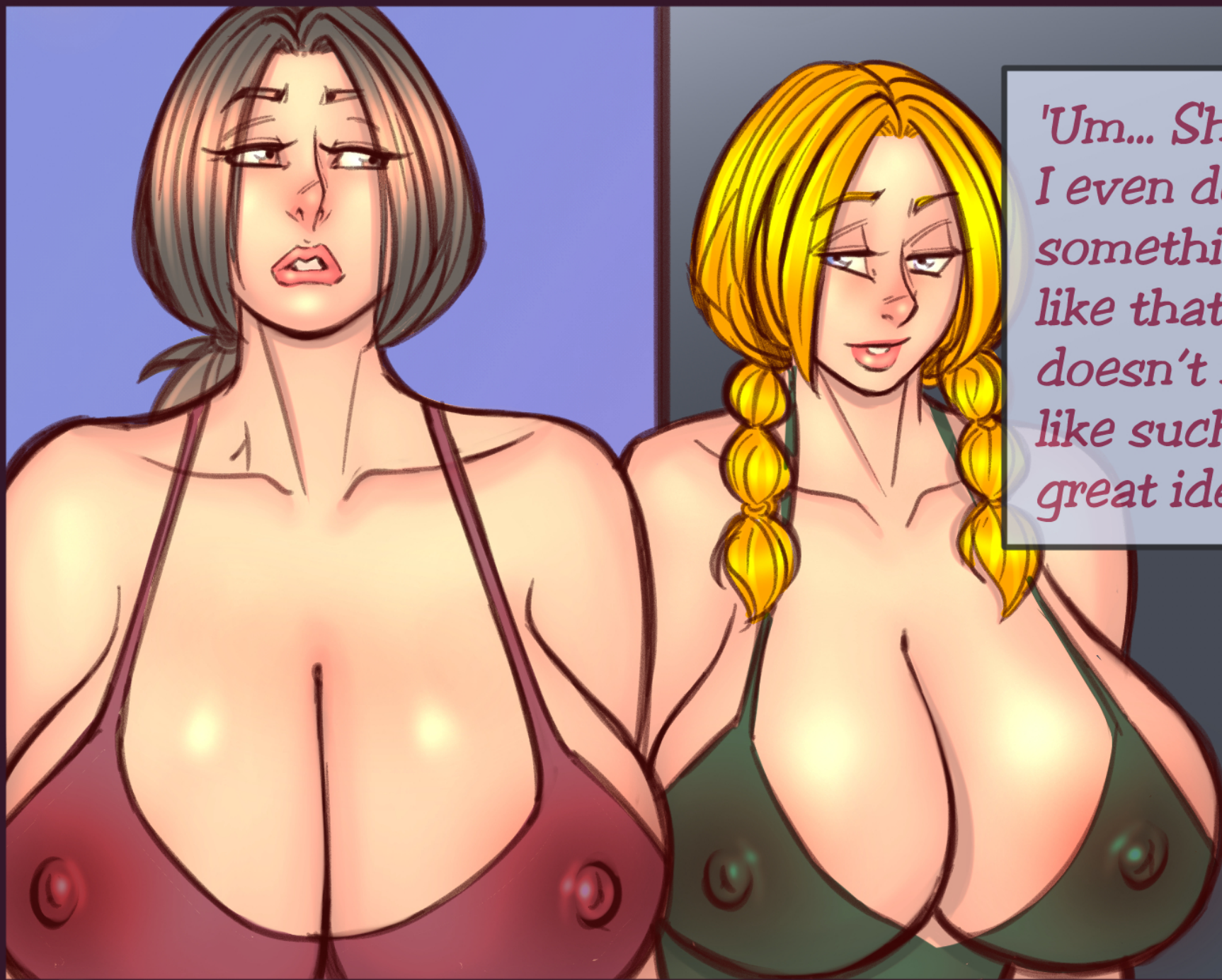


"Well, we...  
argued earlier.  
I sort of don't  
want to talk  
to Chris right  
now," Carol  
admitted,  
blushing.



"So, i was  
wondering if...  
if is it okay if...  
if I stay and  
sleep in your  
room tonight?"

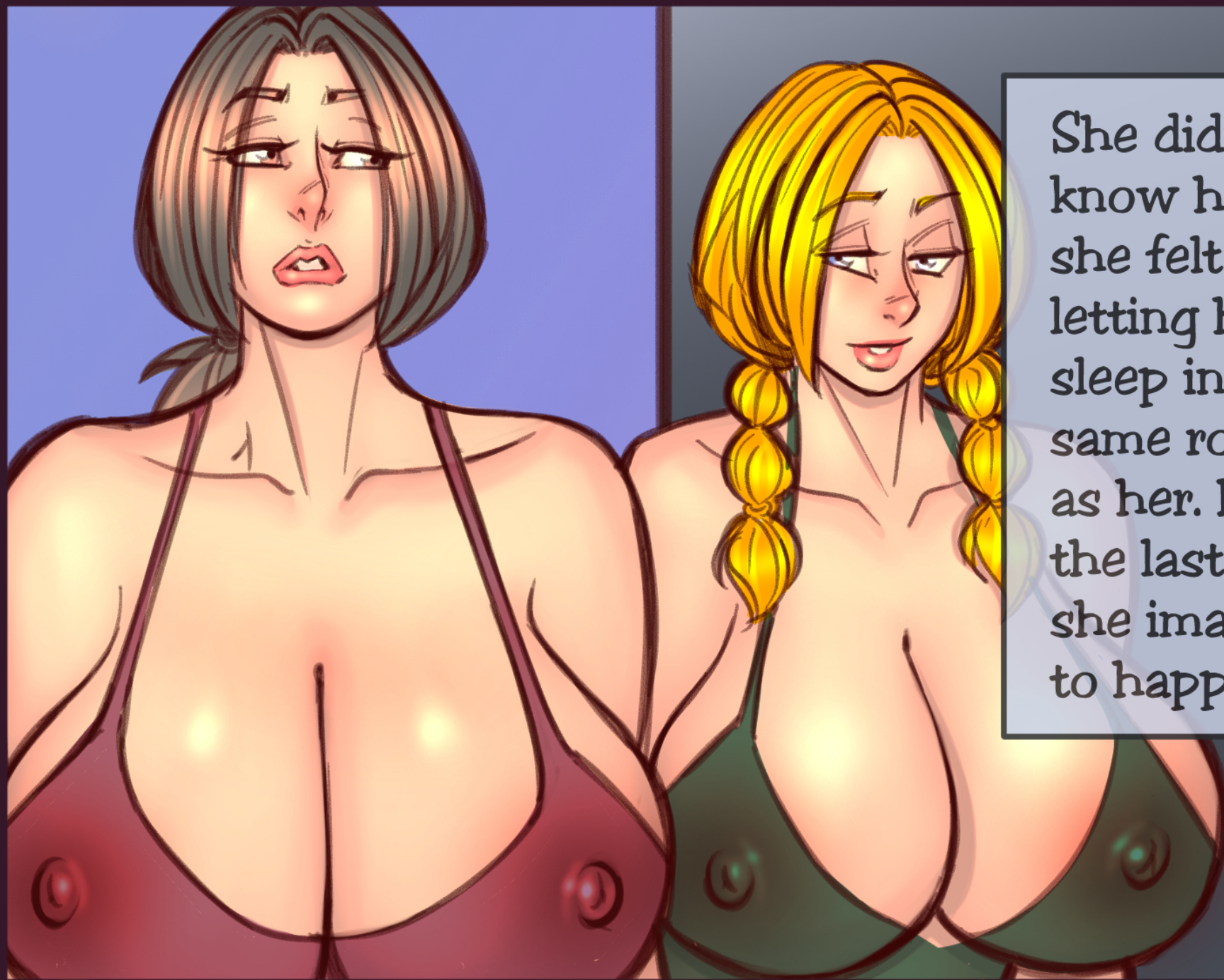




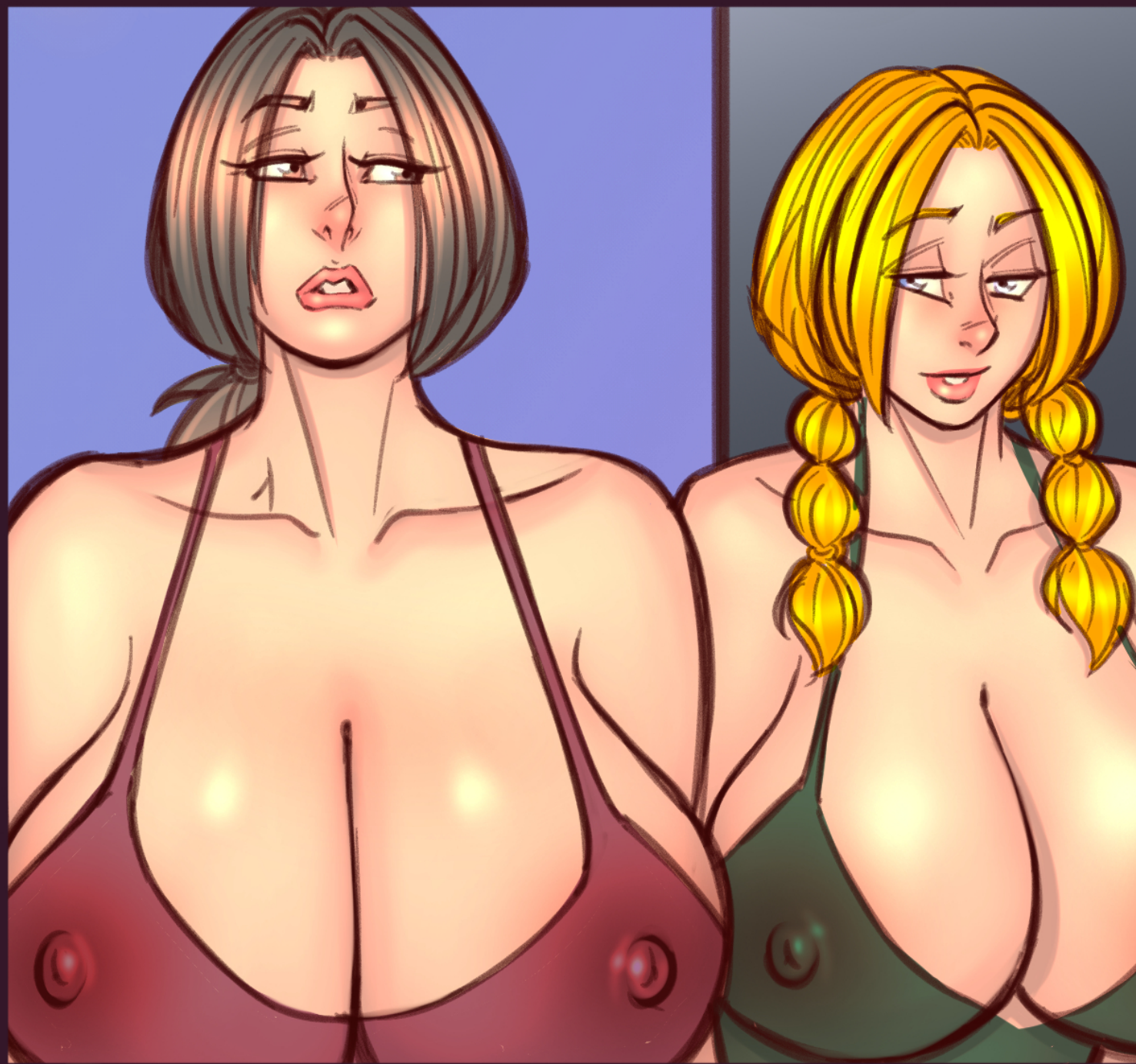
*'Um... Should I even do something like that? That doesn't sound like such a great idea...'*



Heather was  
hesitant and  
quite reluctant  
about this at  
first...



She didn't know how she felt about letting her sleep in the same room as her. It was the last thing she imagined to happen.

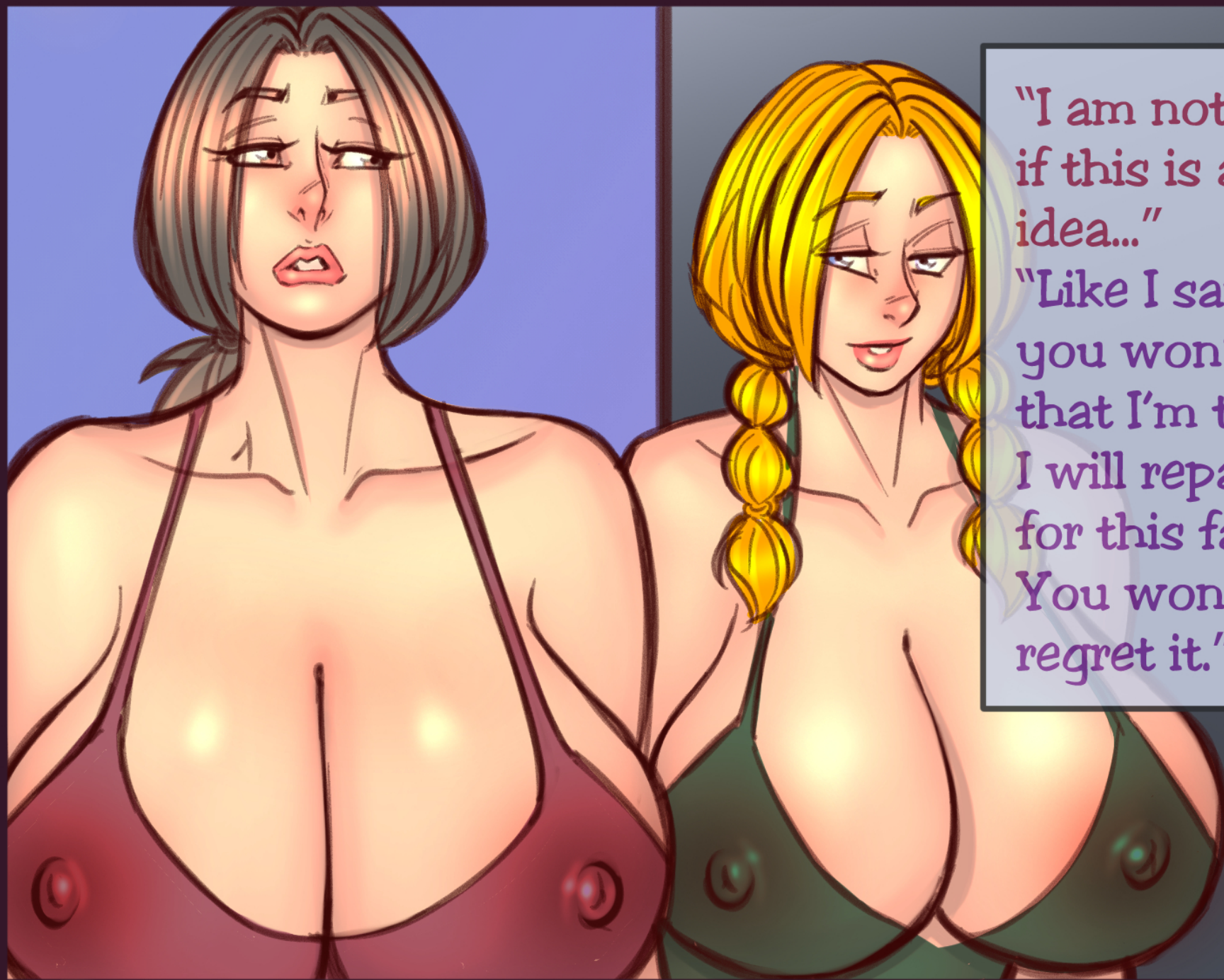


After all, she just had sex with Chris a couple of minutes ago, and she could still feel his smell on her. This was why she was so reluctant at first.

"Please..."



"Um, I don't know, Carol..."  
"You won't even notice that I'm there! I promise you! It's going to be a girl-to-girl favor, okay?"

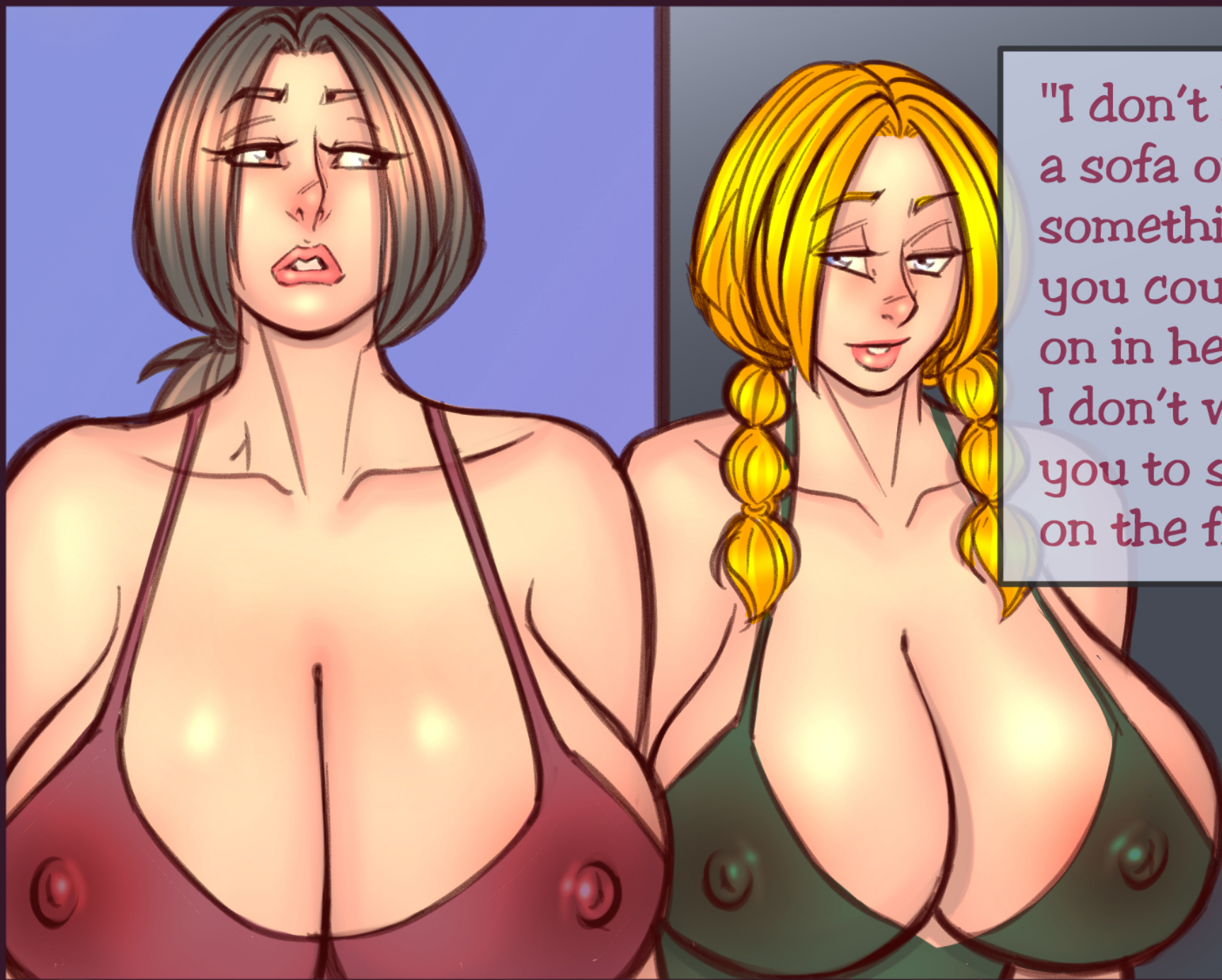


"I am not sure  
if this is a good  
idea..."

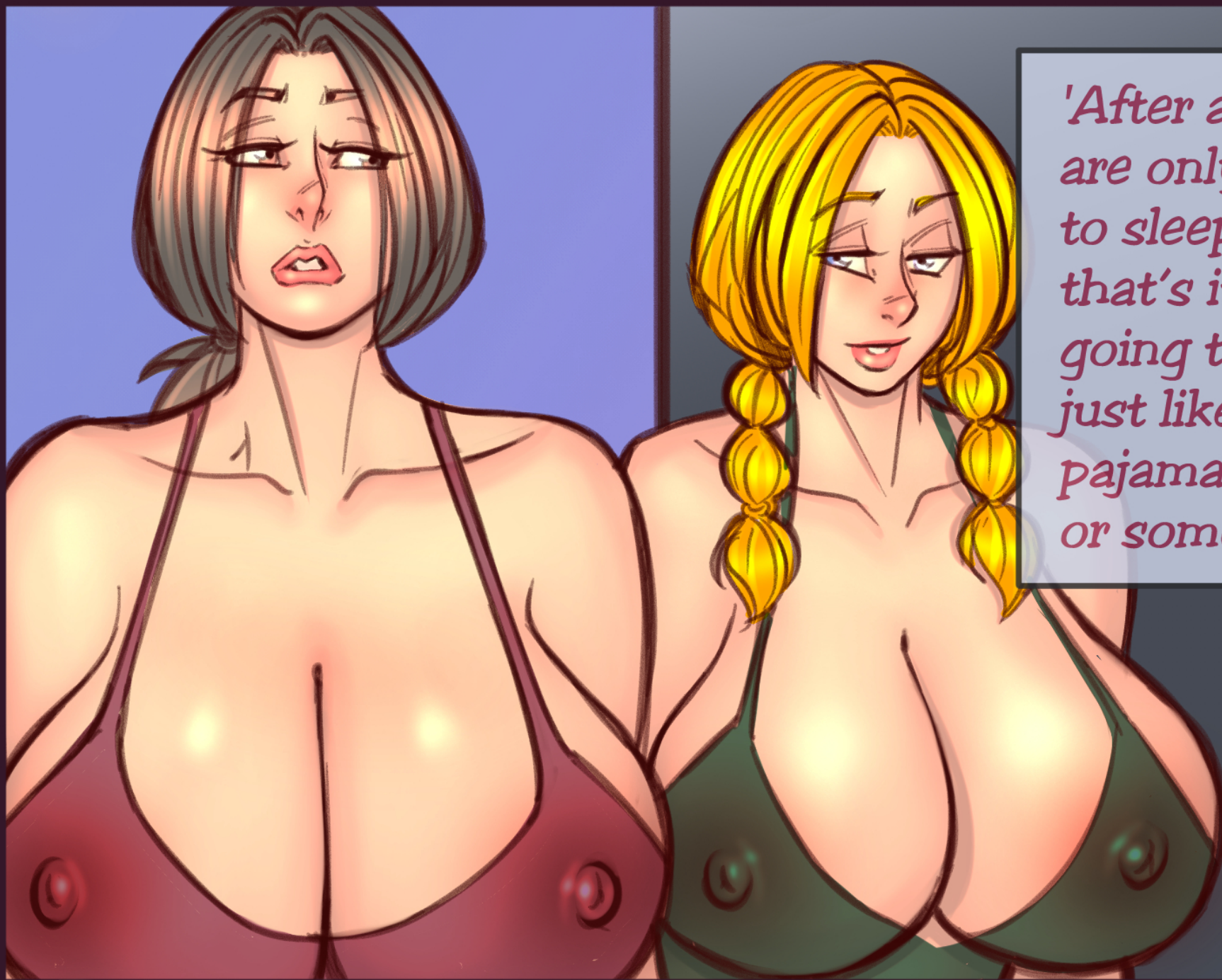
"Like I said,  
you won't know  
that I'm there.  
I will repay you  
for this favor.  
You won't  
regret it."



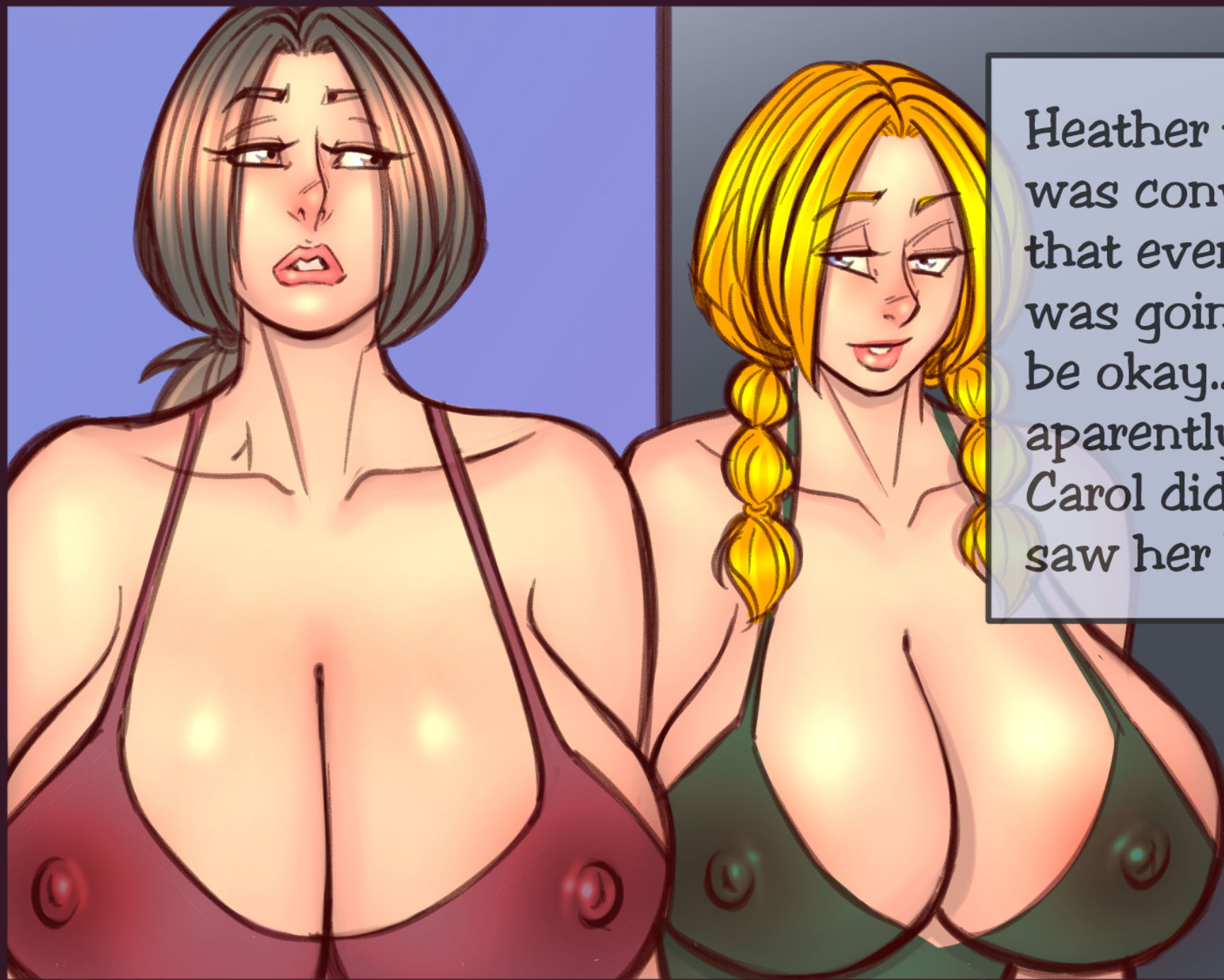
"Um... sure.  
You can come,  
and don't worry,  
the bed is large  
enough for the  
both of us as  
you can tell."



"I don't have a sofa or something that you could sleep on in here, and I don't want you to sleep on the floor."



*'After all, we are only going to sleep and that's it. It's going to be just like a pajama party or something.'*



Heather finally was convinced that everything was going to be okay... and apparently, Carol didn't see her before.

Later, Heather and Carol were sleeping.  
Everything was perfectly fine,  
and every thing was peaceful...

Until...

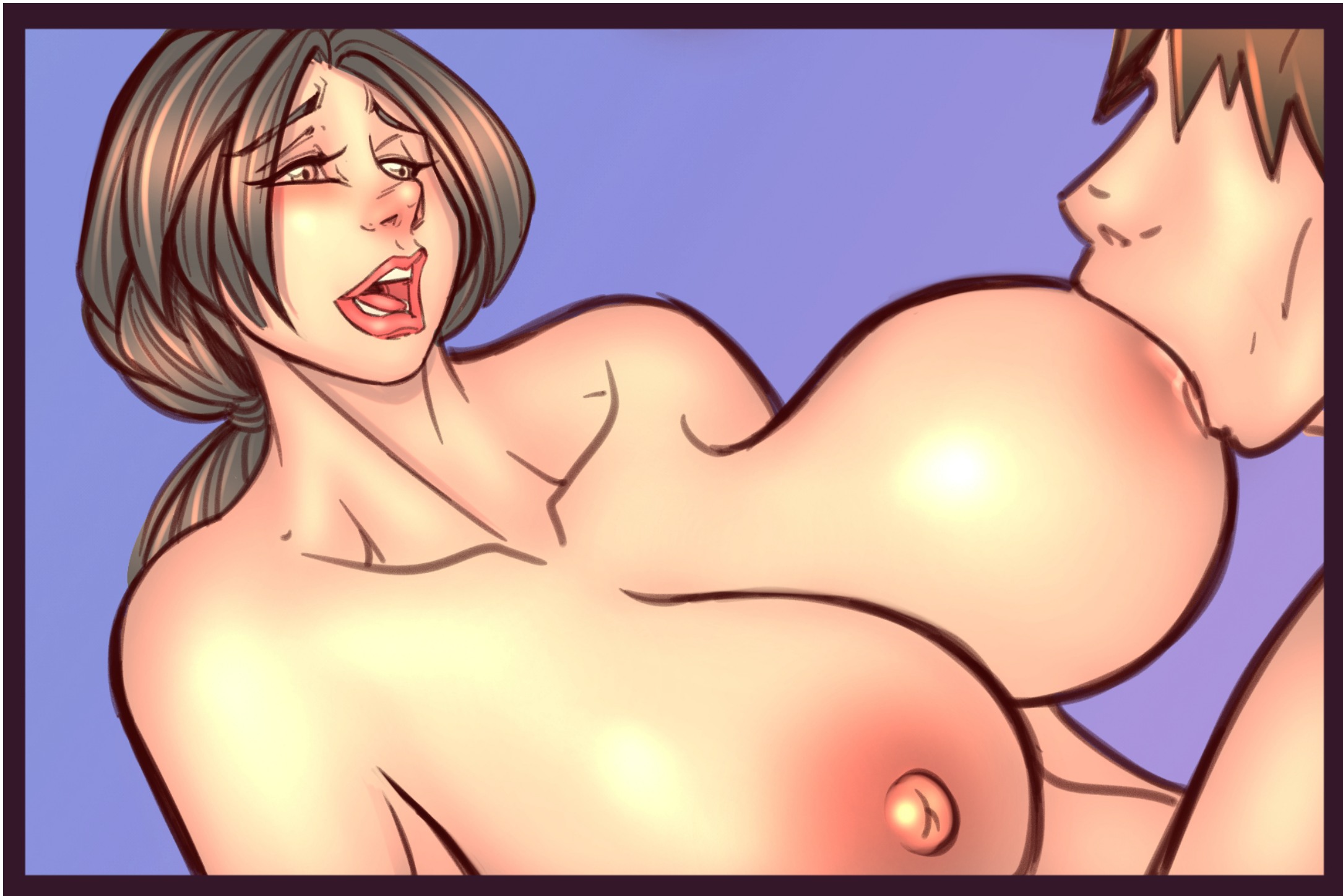
Until he showed up in her room  
later that night...

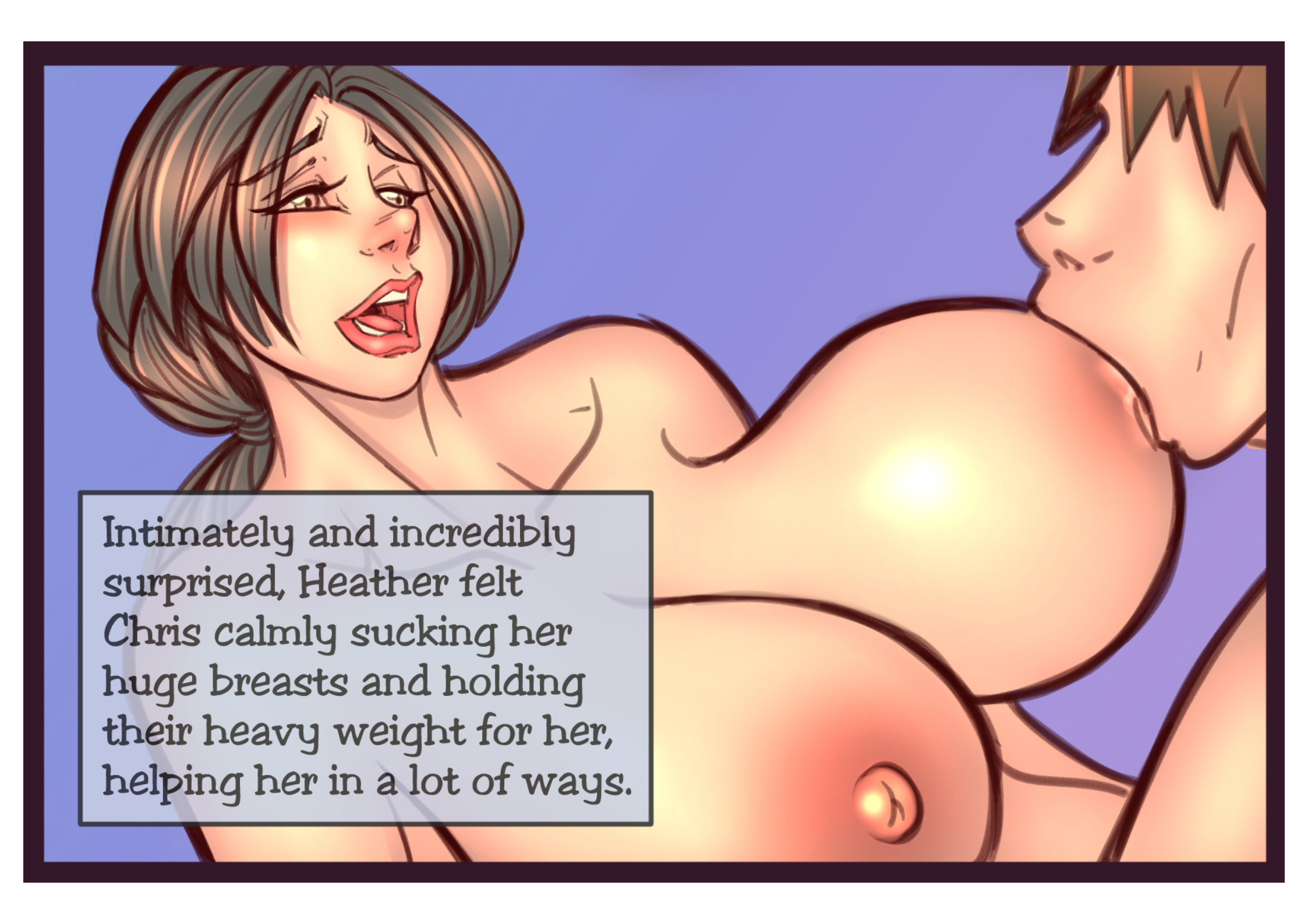
She smelled the same smell  
that she remembered from  
earlier that was all over Carol.  
It was him...

"Chris..."

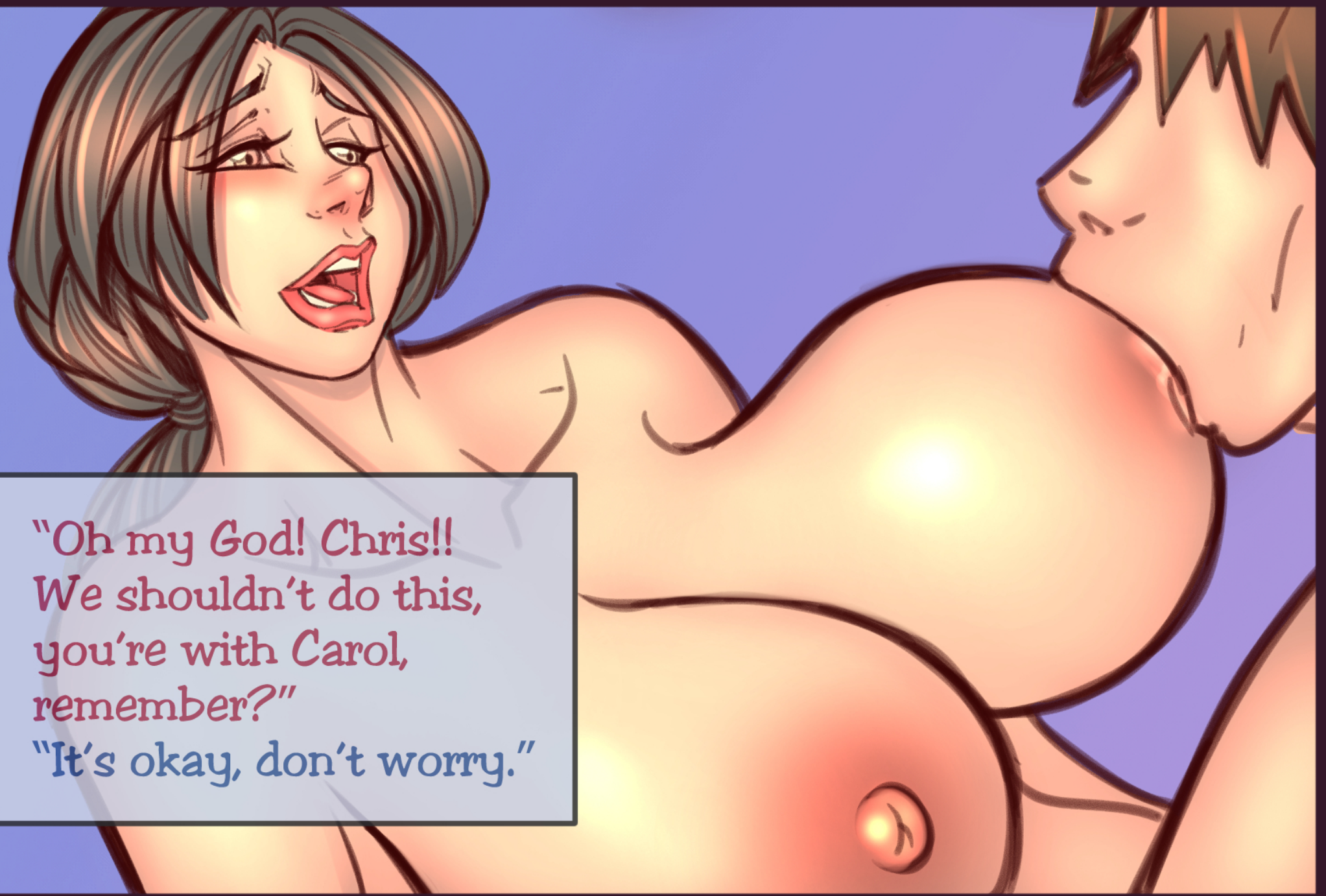
"Stay calm, I want to take care of you."

"Chris, what are you doing here?"

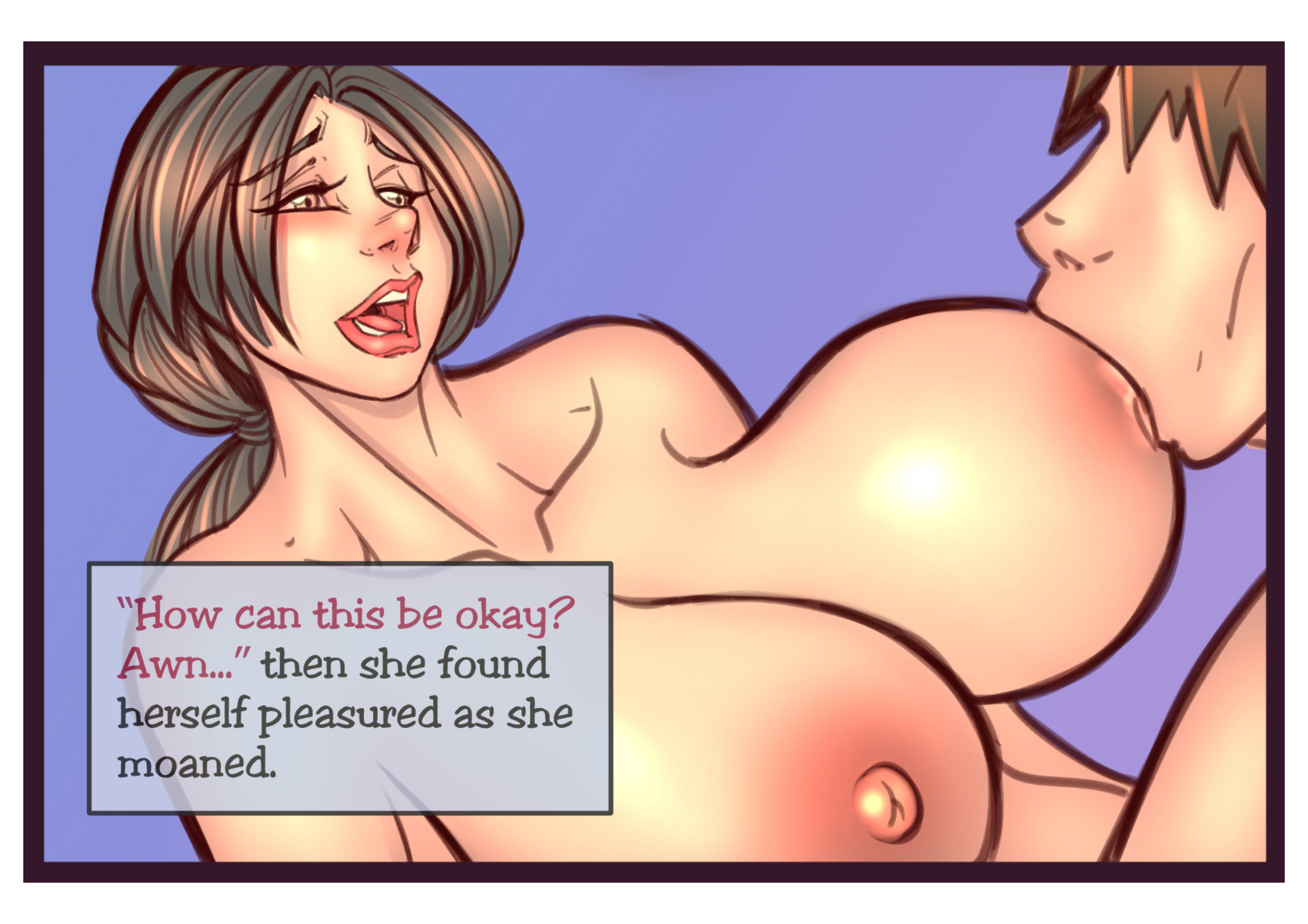


A comic book panel with a blue background. On the left, a woman with short, layered grey hair is shown from the chest up, looking towards the right with a surprised expression, her mouth slightly open. On the right, a man's profile is shown from the chest up, facing left. He has short brown hair and is holding the woman's breasts. The breasts are very large and are the central focus of the panel. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

Intimately and incredibly surprised, Heather felt Chris calmly sucking her huge breasts and holding their heavy weight for her, helping her in a lot of ways.



"Oh my God! Chris!!  
We shouldn't do this,  
you're with Carol,  
remember?"  
"It's okay, don't worry."

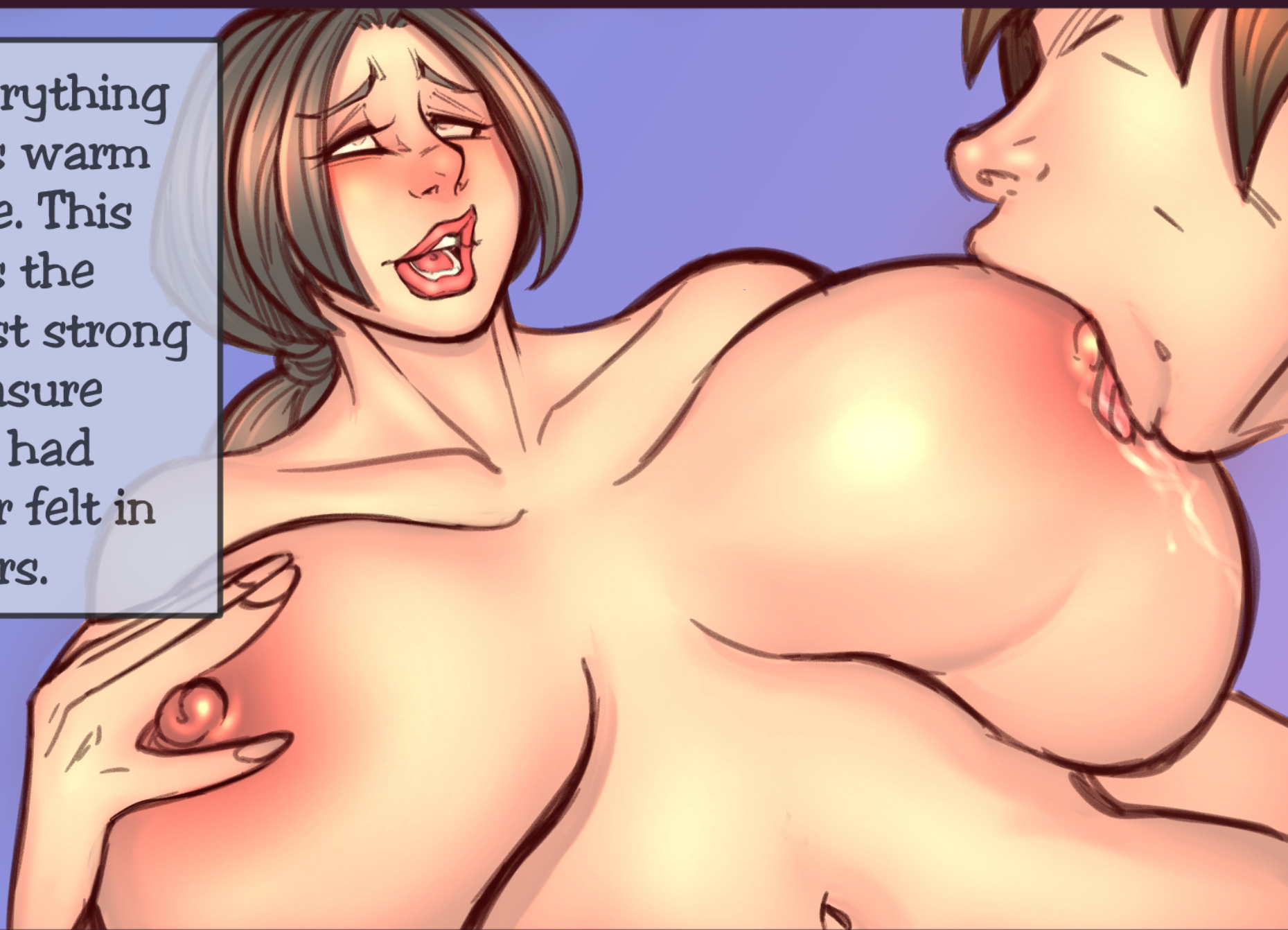


"How can this be okay?  
*Awn...*" then she found  
herself pleased as she  
moaned.



"I always wanted you."  
"G-God!!Me... me.... me  
too!!... I'm so... weak!!"

Everything was warm here. This was the most strong pleasure she had ever felt in years.



It felt like  
heaven, and  
she didn't  
need to wear  
clothes to be  
warm.




It sure helped  
that Chris  
was holding  
her, hugging  
her tight.




"I bet you...  
Please suck  
on my big  
titties, Chris...  
This is what  
I want the  
most..."





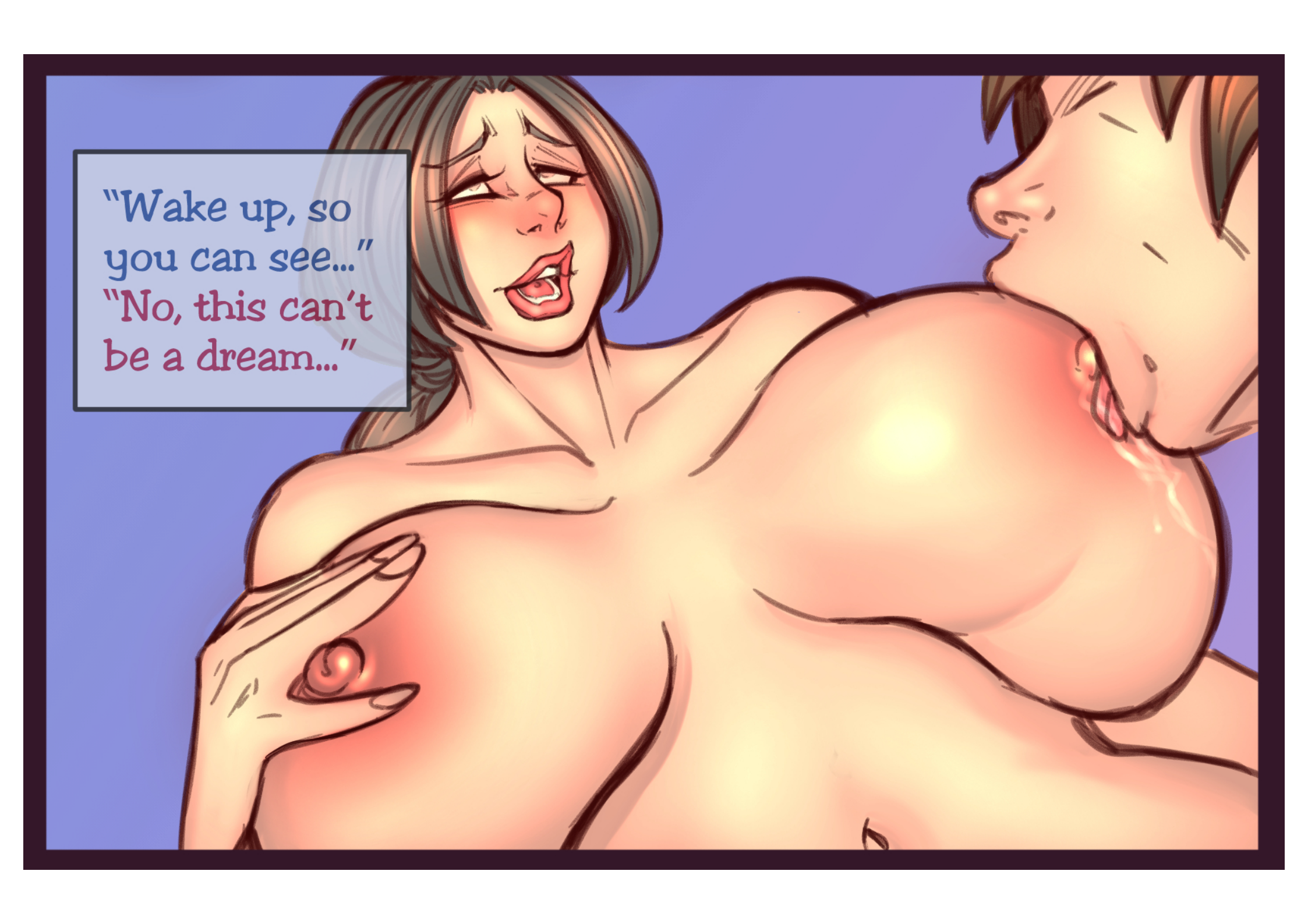
"This is what  
you want me  
to do?"

"Yes, please.  
Don't make  
me beg you  
again."



"I want to do it again, but you should wake up, so you can see."

"Wait... What?"



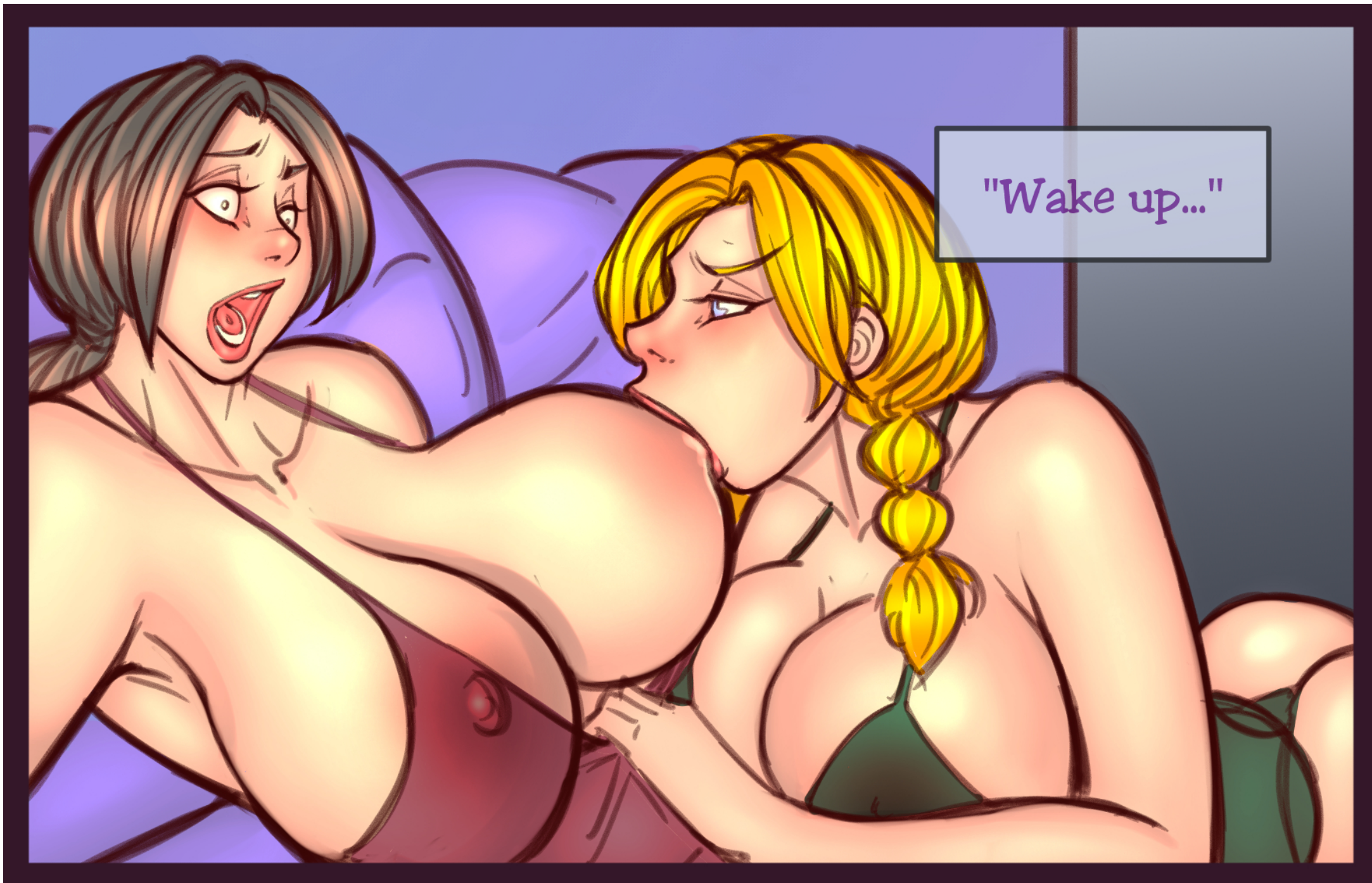
"Wake up, so  
you can see..."  
"No, this can't  
be a dream..."

*"What the heck?"*

Then, Heather was back to reality.  
She woke up, and the  
wet dream was over.

But sometimes, reality  
surpasses fiction...  
When she woke up, she found...





"Wake up..."



Heather was not only shocked, she was terribly mystified.



A high level of confusion took over her, and she gasped as she began to understand what was going on.



"W-what are  
you doing,  
Carol!!!?"

"Just Relax...  
and enjoy it..."

"This is just the  
beginning..."

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