

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 34

*"Photo
Sessions"*

Chapter
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 34: "Photo Sessions"

Based on an Original story by HeyAll
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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CHAPTER 01

"You like that, don't you?"
she smiled, breathing heavily
as she was getting fucked.

"Don't be shy. We have a job
to finish...uhhh...fuck me...
own my pussy."



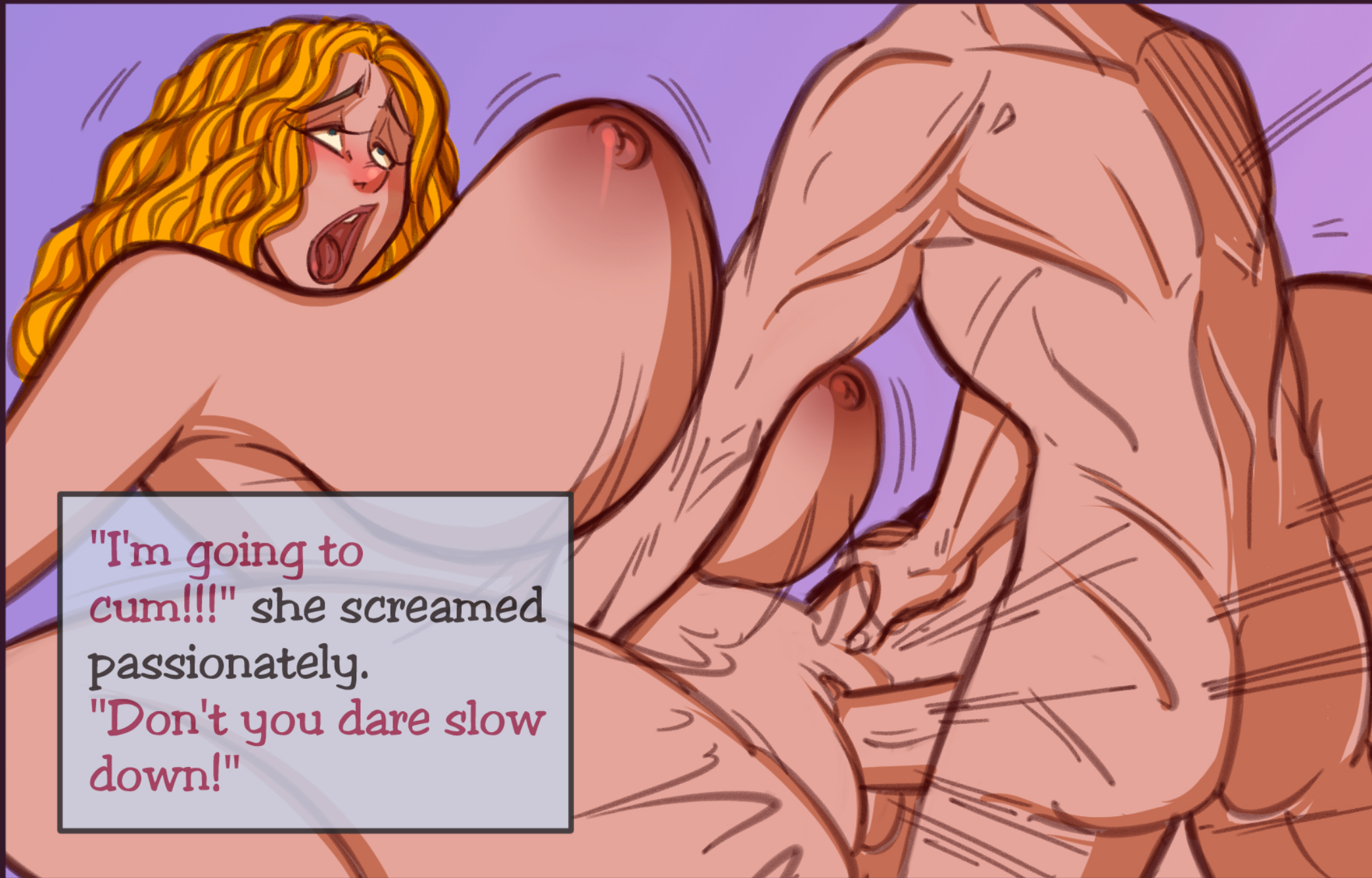
We continued this carnal fucking, and it was taking its toll as I was on the verge of cumming inside her.



She looked like she was going to climax as well.



Her once beautiful face was now twisting with pleasure as she clenched her jaw tightly and was squeezing her eyes shut.



"I'm going to cum!!!" she screamed passionately.
"Don't you dare slow down!"

Some days ago...



My mother and I had recently moved into a new apartment in downtown LA.



She had just gotten divorced from her second husband of a few short years, and was on her way to getting back on her feet again, financially and emotionally speaking.



We settled in just fine as I began my second semester at a nearby university, while my mom was looking to resume her career in the modeling industry.



But at 45 years old, my mother, Donna, now found herself struggling to get hired for jobs she normally would have no trouble getting.




She was still a very beautiful lady, having that California beach blonde look most men go crazy over; with her wavy blonde hair, a golden brown tan, and a perfectly fit 5'7" body to top it all off.




But no matter how gorgeous she looked, there was still the issue of this city having more models than anyone knew what to do with.



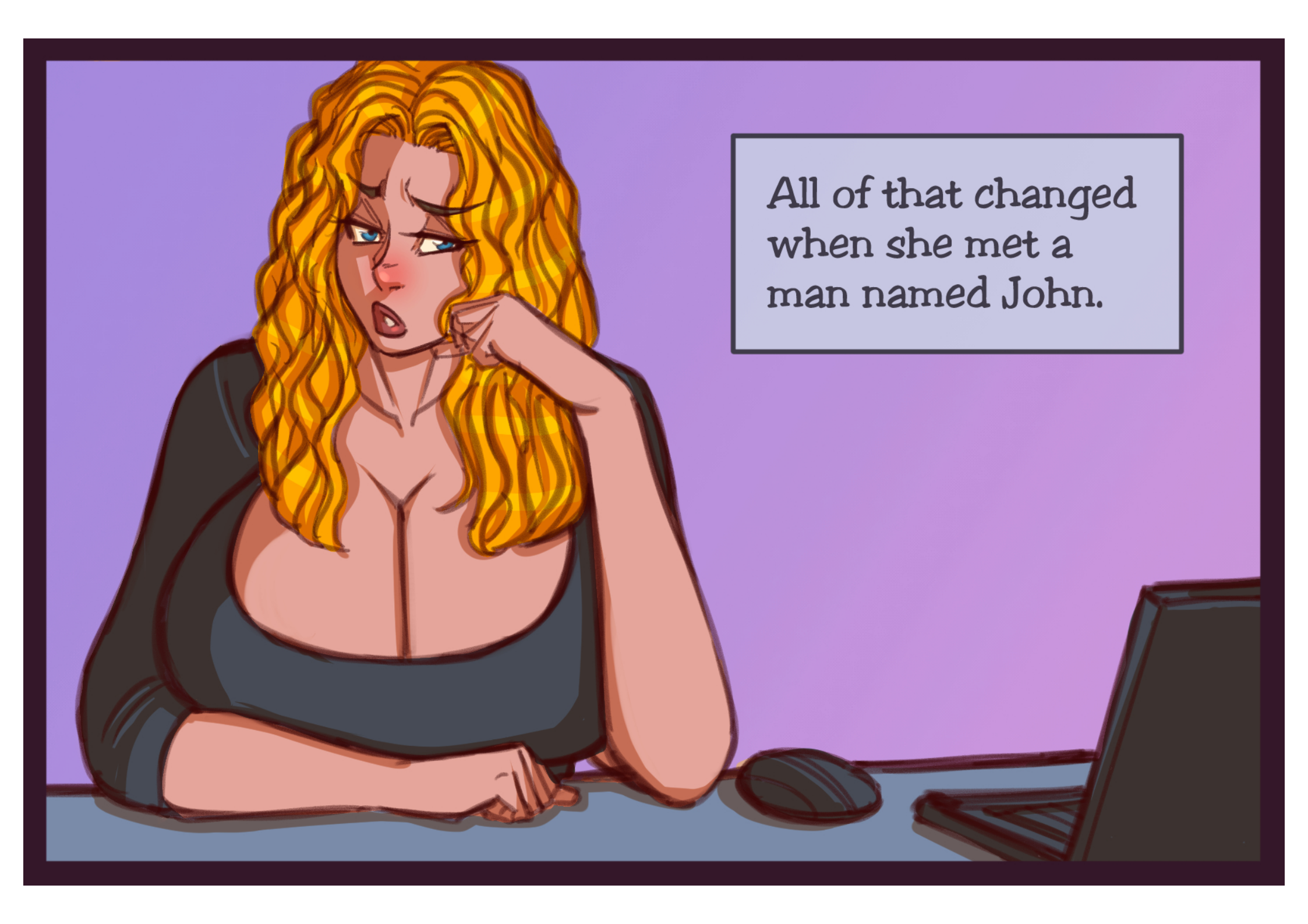
And of course there's
the long lay off she's
had from working in
this business.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting at a desk. She has a frustrated or angry expression, with furrowed brows and a slightly open mouth. Her right hand is raised to her face, with her fingers near her eye. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top. In front of her is a computer monitor and a mouse. The background is a solid light purple color.


She always used to complain, 'There isn't much modeling work for women my age,' when looking for a new job.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting at a desk. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top. She has a thoughtful or slightly frustrated expression, with her hand near her chin. To her right is a laptop computer. The background is a solid purple color.

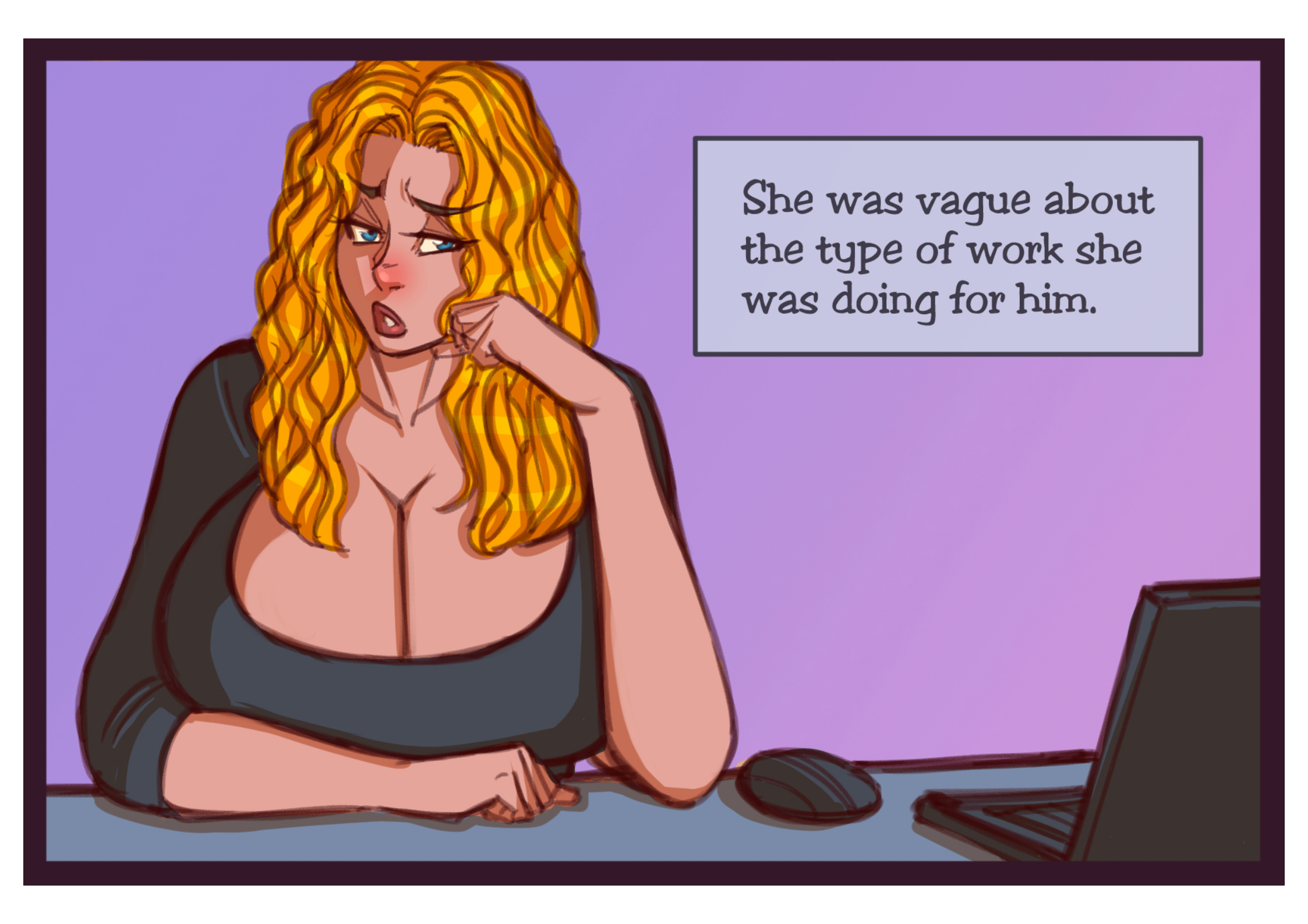
But sure, there were a few gigs, here and there, mostly modeling for clothing ads, for women her age.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting at a desk. She is wearing a dark blue, long-sleeved top. She has a thoughtful expression, with her hand resting on her chin. To her right is a laptop and a mouse. The background is a solid purple color.

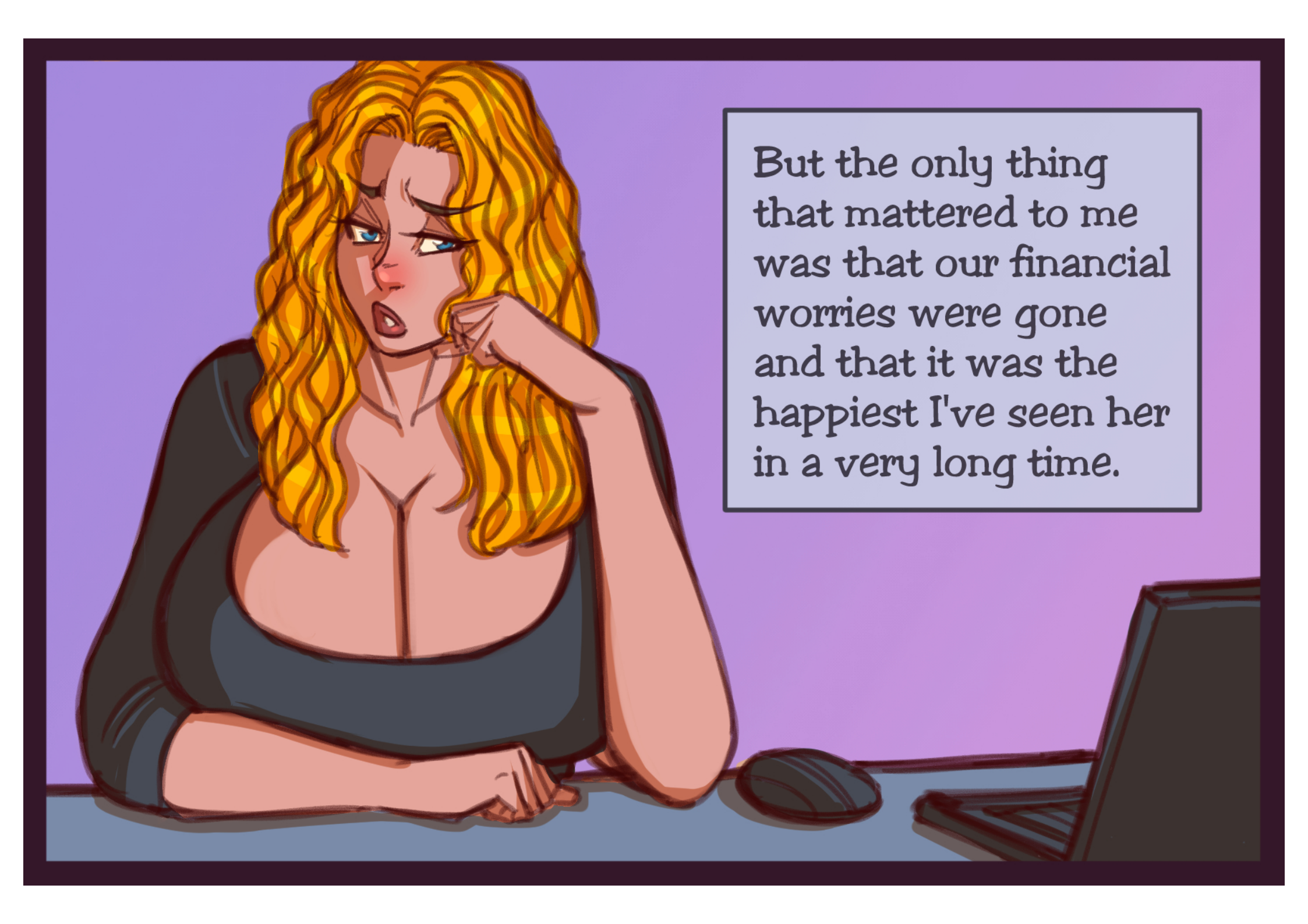
All of that changed
when she met a
man named John.



She never said much about him, other than he was a very wealthy businessman, and that he was paying her a lot of money for small jobs.



She was vague about
the type of work she
was doing for him.



But the only thing that mattered to me was that our financial worries were gone and that it was the happiest I've seen her in a very long time.



It was another typical night for us, having a quiet dinner and just being relaxed.



She seemed upbeat lately, and tonight was no different. There was even an air of excitement about her.



"Mark, there's something I've been meaning to ask you," my mother said as we finished dinner.
"Sure, what's up?"



Mom sat upright and smiled, "I know this sounds a little odd, but remember that person I've told you about who's been hiring me lately?"



"Well, we've been chatting, and when I told him I have a 19 year old son, he expressed a lot of interest in having you participate in some of our shoots."

It came as a total shock, naturally. Me? Of all people, me? And why?



Mom looked at me with wide eyes and anticipation, that smile still lingering on her face. She clearly wanted this to happen.



"Really? I don't know about that, mom. And even if I was interested, you know I'm not a natural in front of the camera like you are."
She nodded, expecting my reluctance.



"I understand how you may feel about this and how you don't always enjoy being in front of the camera."



"But he has a lot of connections with local modeling agencies and he's willing to put in a good word for me if we do this."



"Plus he'll be paying a lot of money. \$10,000 dollars for about an hours work."

Holy shit. I nearly jumped out of my seat.



"\$10,000 dollars for an hour of modeling? Jeez, that's a lot of money he's throwing around. What does he want me to do anyway? And why does he even want me there at all?"





"Absolutely that's a lot of money, which is why I intend to keep him happy," she said, sounding defensive in her response.



"He's interested in adding family photos to his collection. It's difficult to explain, in fact."



"I'm not fully sure
if I understand it
completely myself...
but...well...he's got
an odd fetish, I think."



"When he brought this up, I was under the impression that he has a liking for this type of thing."



Mom's lips pursed and her body tensed a little. She suddenly looked a little shy and embarrassed, while forcing that smile to remain on her face.



The innuendo was
clear.
I understood what
she was implying.

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