

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 34

*"Photo
Sessions"*

Chapter
06



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 06

The ride home was painfully
awkward,
as anyone could imagine.
I mean, what was there to say?
It stayed that way until mom
finally ended the tension.



"Are you mad at me?"

my mother asked,
breaking the silence
in the car.

"Of course not," I replied.

"It's just...a little weird...
that's all..."



"I know it is, and I apologize for putting you in that position in front of strangers you've just met."



"Obviously what we just did isn't normal and should never be mentioned to anyone."



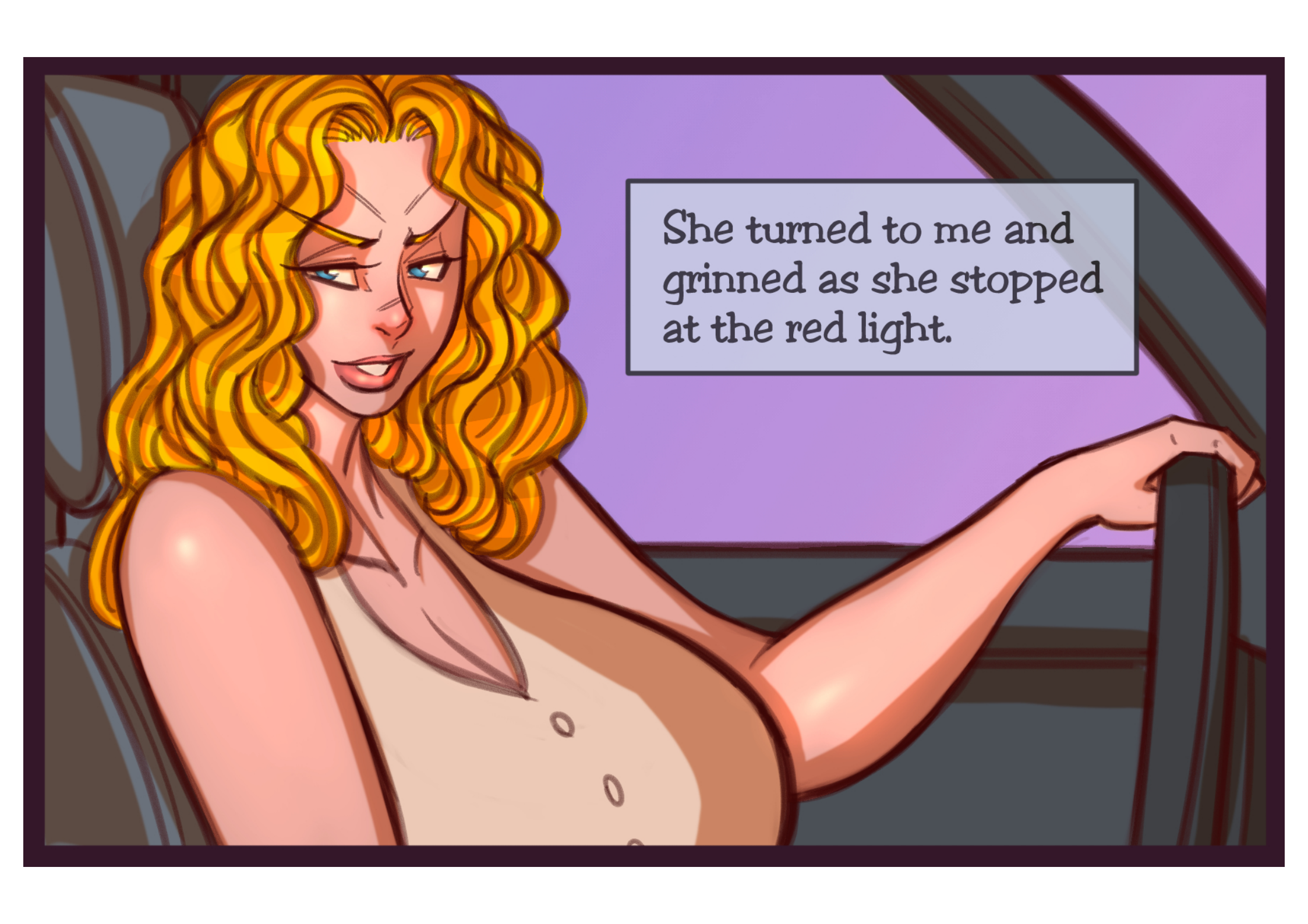
"I'll tell you what, this weekend I'll take you shopping and buy you whatever you want. It's my way of thanking you."




"That sounds great mom. But you can stop with this guilt trip you're having, it wasn't that bad."




"You're acting like you just gave me a root canal or something," I replied.




She turned to me and
grinned as she stopped
at the red light.




"You loved it, didn't you? I should have known. And to think, I felt so awful thinking I've traumatized you while you were sucking my nipple, and afterwards when I gave you that blowjob."




"What male your age
wouldn't have enjoyed
that? Even if that
blowjob was from your
own mother."




"Okay mom, now
you're making me
feel awkward,"
I joked before we
both started
laughing.




"You're right; you know how much I love teasing you sometimes. But in all seriousness, I know that it was highly inappropriate and I hope you don't bring it up again. It was just for that photoshoot, nothing more."



"Sure, I understand. But there's one thing I've been wondering about; what did John mean when he said you've been taking care of him?" I asked.




"Well if you must know, I've been sucking his cock in the dressing area these past few weeks after we finish a shoot."

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, sitting in the driver's seat of a car. She is looking slightly to her left with a thoughtful expression. Her hand is on the steering wheel. The background is a simple purple and blue gradient.

"The photographer too sometimes, if I really like the pictures he's taken."

"Jeez mom, did you really have to put it like that?"



"You asked!" she fired back.
"And I didn't hear you
complaining about what I
do with my mouth when
you blew your load in there."



She was right.

*A few days later,
mom seemed as excited as ever,
walking into the living room
while I watched tv.*

"I just got off the
phone with John,"
my mother beamed.



"He was telling me
how much he enjoyed
our last meeting and
how it's all he thinks
about these days."



"To make a long story short, he's willing to pay us more money for another private meeting. This time it would be at his place."



"Well I can't say
that I'm surprised,
that was one hell
of a show we put
on for him..."





Mom crossed her arms and gave that look, which only she could give.



Usually this would put me in place, but after she had sucked my cock days earlier, it was harder to take her seriously.



All I could think about was how sexy she was, and how much I wanted her.



"Look, I can understand if you don't want to go," she said. "But please remember that he has already paid us a lot of money and is responsible for revitalizing my career in this industry."



"I'm already getting some good job offers because of him. And I'm not getting any younger here either."



"I only have so many years left in this business."

"Mom, I'd love to do it," I told her as I reached out to hold her hand.

She breathed a
sigh of relief.

"Oh thank you so
much for this. You
have no idea how
much this means
to me and how
grateful I am."



"Even though I said those things in the car as a joke, I know how tough this must be for you. So thanks again, I really owe you for this."



There was pure sincerity
in her eyes and voice.
Evidently, she had no
idea how excited I was
to continue, in some
strange incestuous way.



"Don't mention it,
mom. It's the very least
I could do for you, for
everything you've ever
done for me..."



We hugged again,
and she left the room
thinking how much
of a sacrifice I must
have been making
for her, but nothing
could have been
further from the truth.



She had no idea
how much I've been
thinking about her
since the moment
the last photo shoot
ended.



I didn't care if she
was my mother or
not, I wanted her.
But I knew I could
never act on it.



But with this opportunity, I was given permission to possibly go even further with her.



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