

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 36

*"Adopted
Habits"*

Chapter
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 36: "Adopted Habits"

Based on an Original story by Anonymous
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

"Wade!"

Amanda brushed her long,
blonde hair out of her eyes
and glowered angrily at her adopted son's
bedroom door.

"Wade,
I know what you're doing in there!
I am absolutely sick
of listening to you jacking off in your room
every day!
Wade, are you listening?"

Her adopted son didn't answer.
The rhythmic thumping continued
louder than ever,
the sound of the headboard banging
against the wall as Wade
eagerly beat his prick,
flailing his fist up and down his stiff,
aching cock.

"Wade!"



Amanda swore
and rapped
angrily on the
door.

"Wade, pay
attention to
me!"



Wade groaned, and then the headboard started thumping against the wall even more quickly.



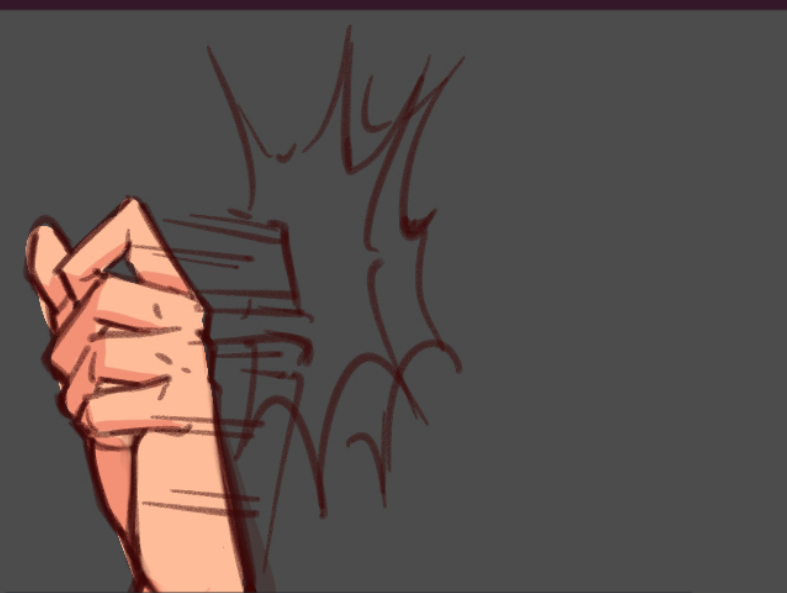
He was probably on the verge of spraying a big load of cum all over his chest.



Amanda turned from the door, blushing fiercely as she retreated down the hall.




She was dressed casually, in jeans and a blue work shirt that gave her large, braless tits plenty of room to jiggle and bounce.

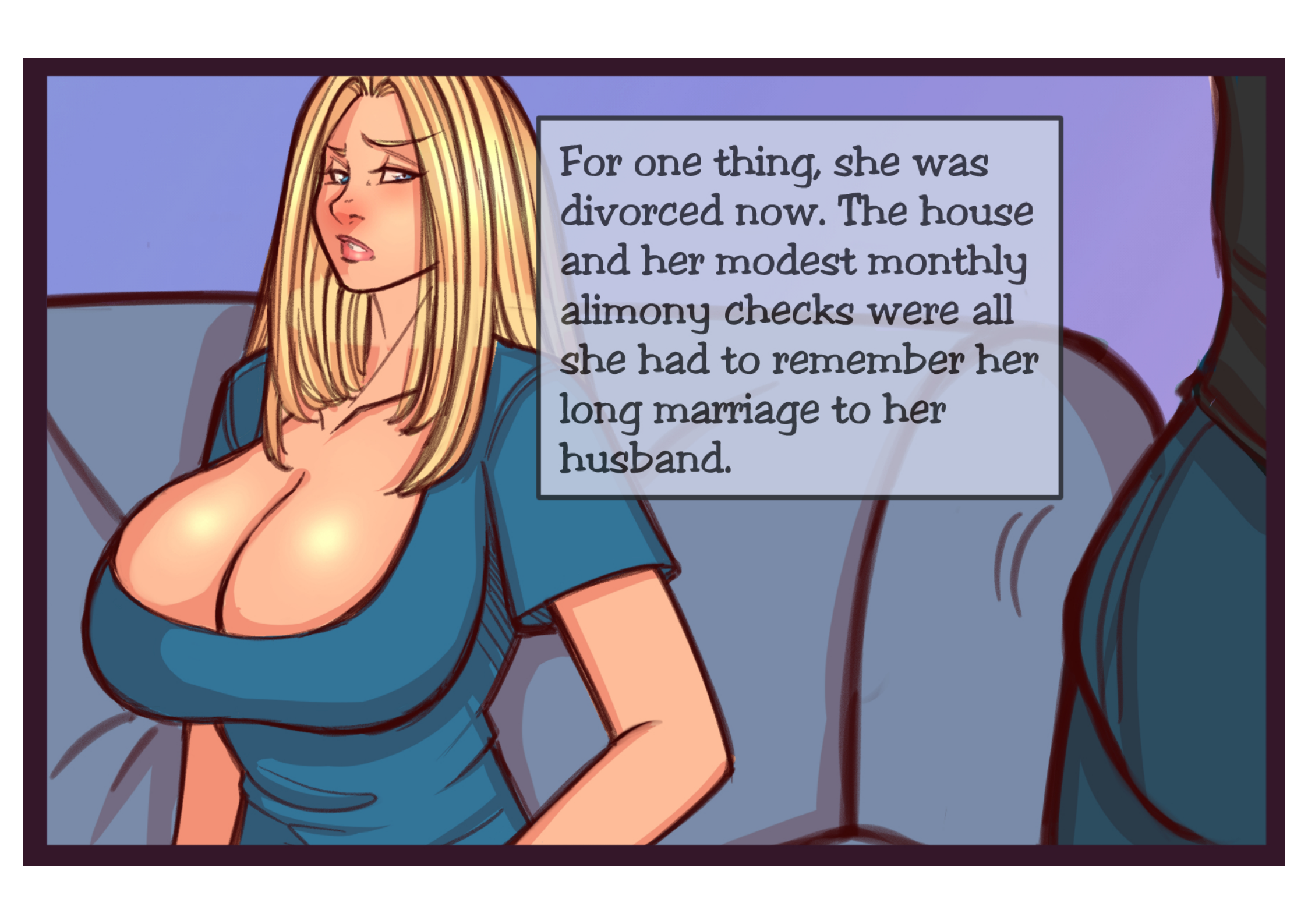


It was the sort of outfit that any normal housewife would have worn around the home, but she didn't feel normal.

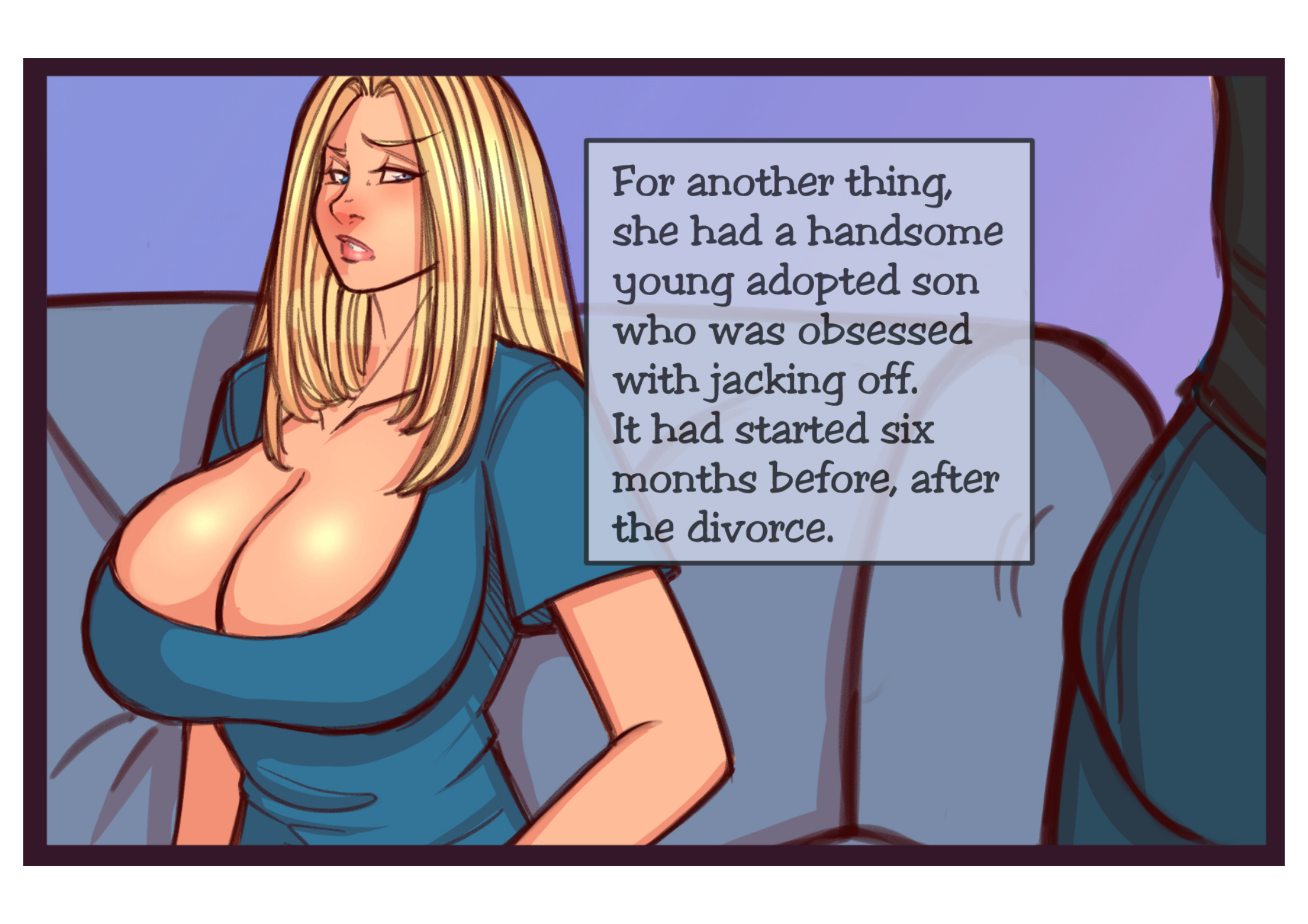
(Some minutes before)



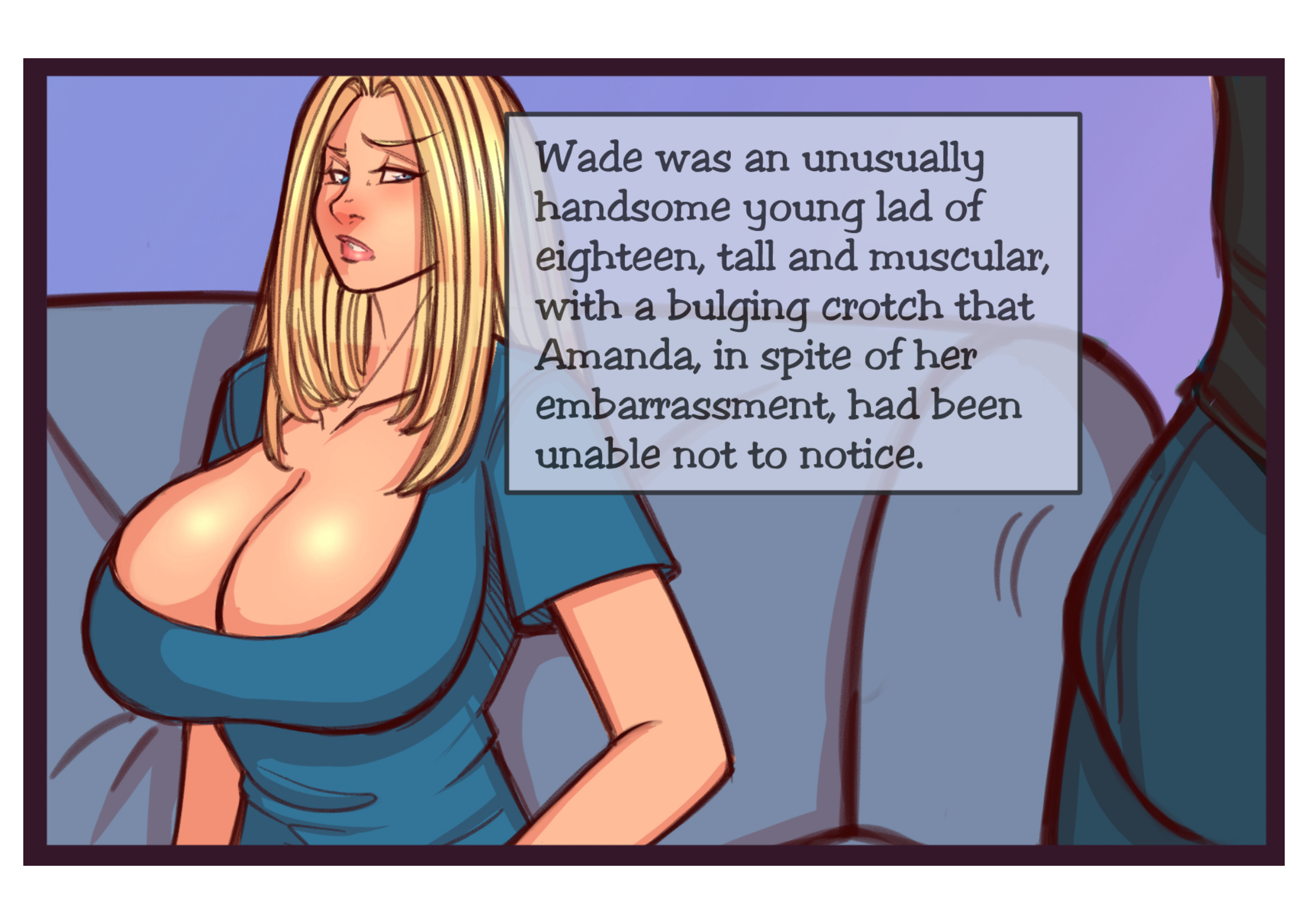
She was thirty-four and gorgeous, with wide blue eyes complementing her blonde hair, and a slim, stacked, big-titted body.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a blonde woman with long hair and a blue top looks down with a sad expression. A speech bubble on the right contains text. On the far right, the shoulder and arm of another person in a blue shirt are visible.

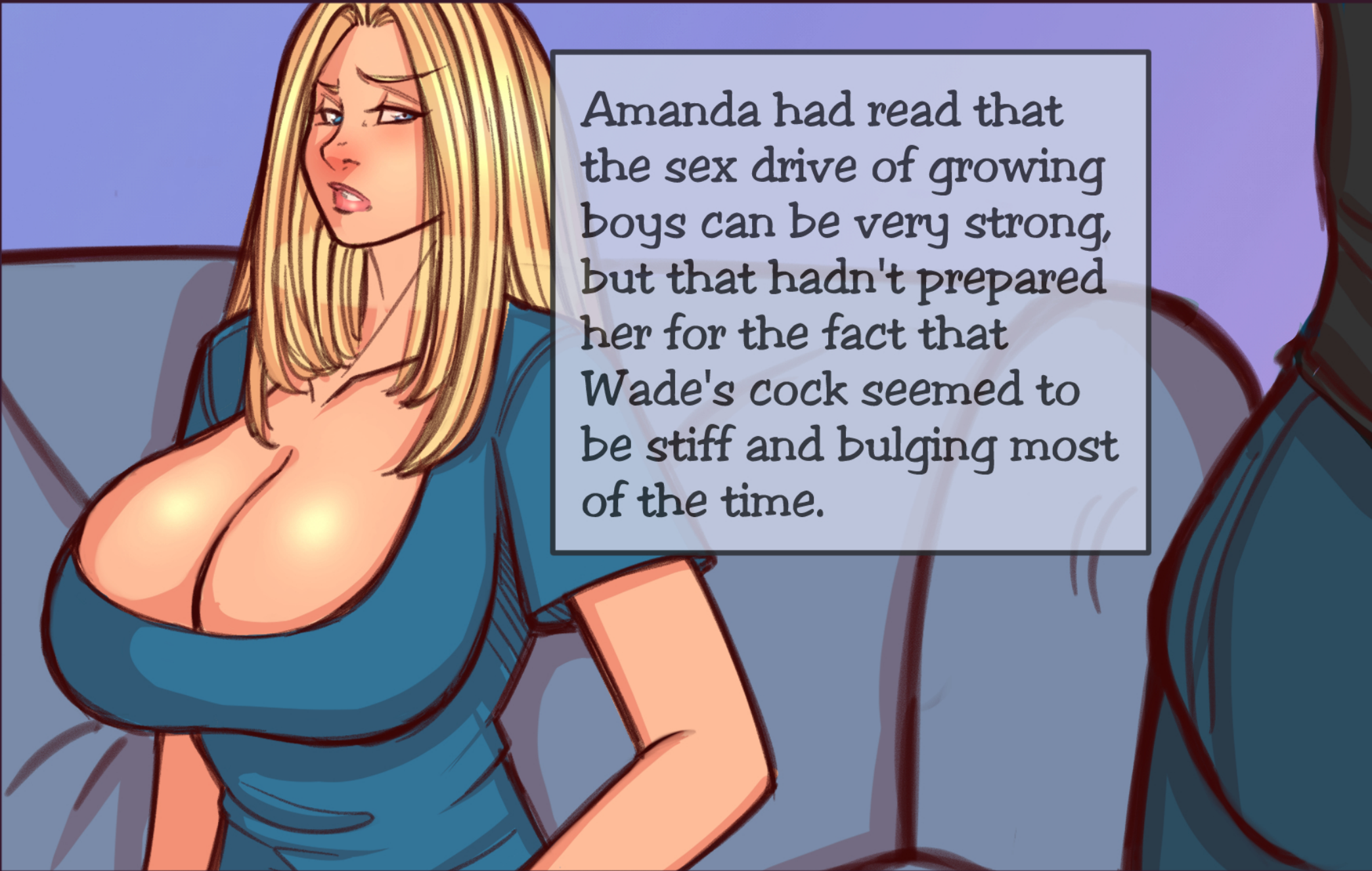
For one thing, she was divorced now. The house and her modest monthly alimony checks were all she had to remember her long marriage to her husband.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a blonde woman with long hair and a blue top looks down with a sad expression. On the right, a speech bubble contains text. The style is a simple, bold line drawing with flat colors.

For another thing,
she had a handsome
young adopted son
who was obsessed
with jacking off.
It had started six
months before, after
the divorce.



Wade was an unusually handsome young lad of eighteen, tall and muscular, with a bulging crotch that Amanda, in spite of her embarrassment, had been unable not to notice.



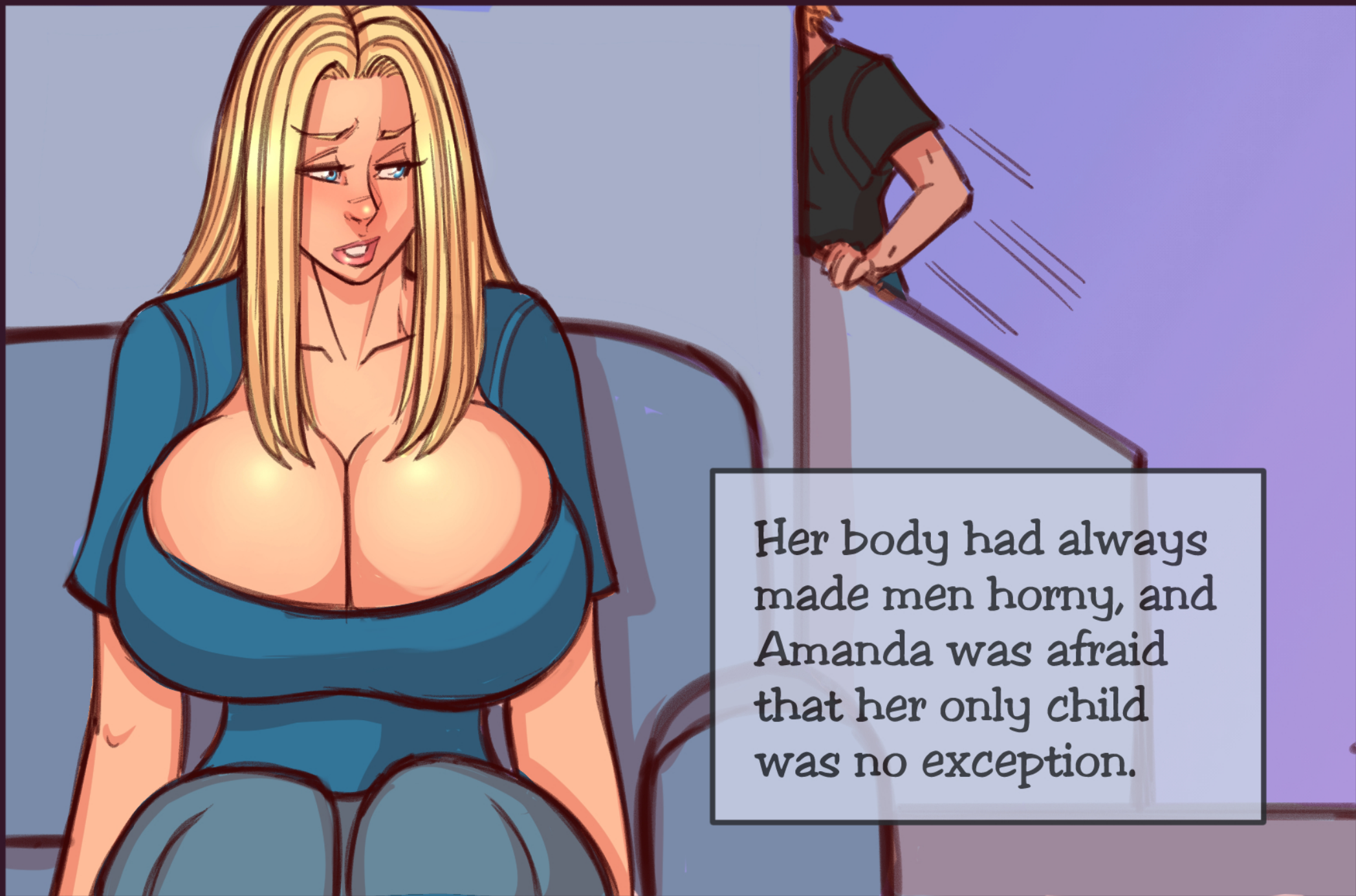
Amanda had read that the sex drive of growing boys can be very strong, but that hadn't prepared her for the fact that Wade's cock seemed to be stiff and bulging most of the time.



She supposed her appearance had something to do with it.



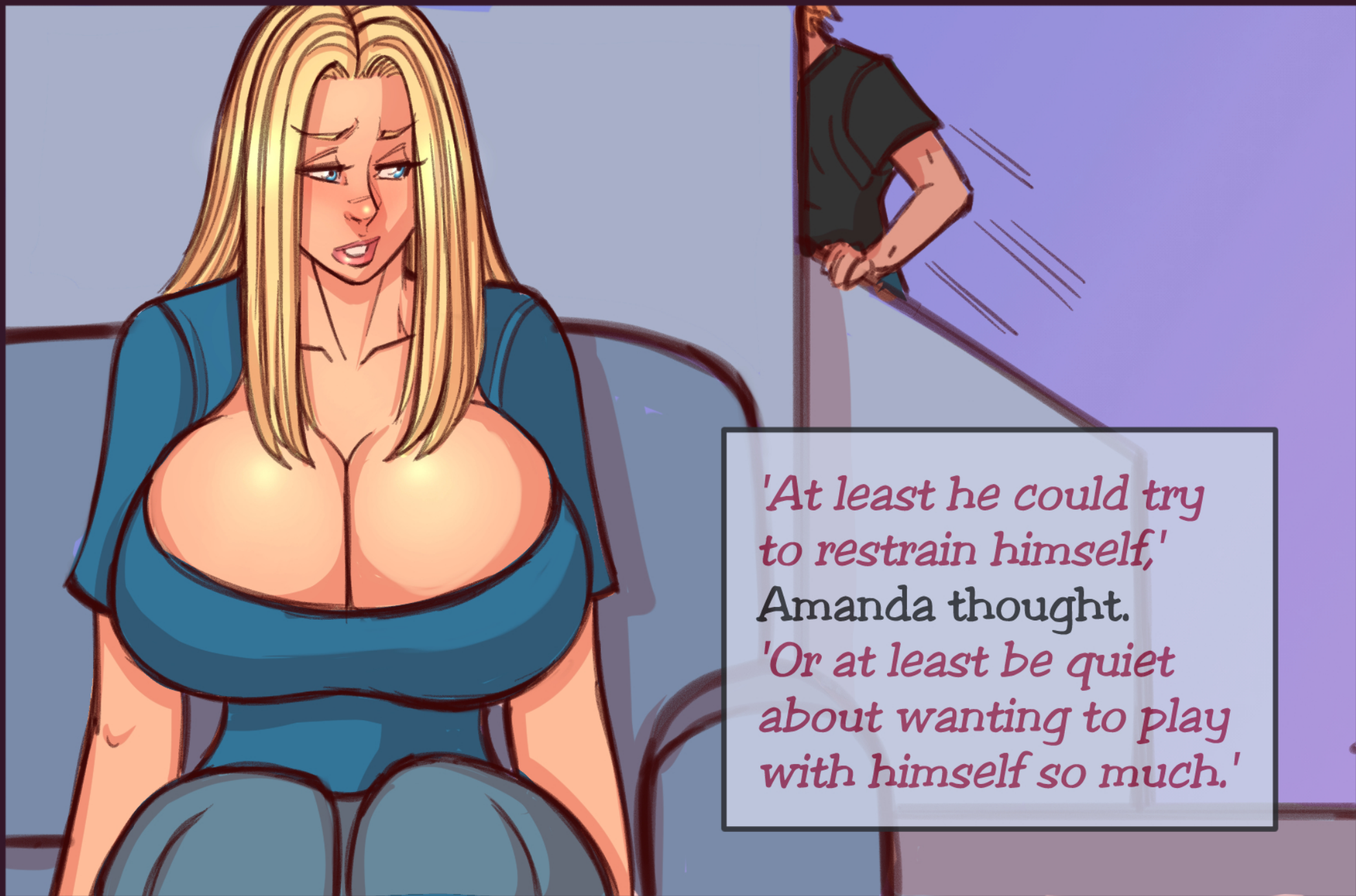
Amanda was slimmer than average, with long legs and a cute, girlishly round ass. But her tits were so big that most of her bras had to be custom-made.



Her body had always made men horny, and Amanda was afraid that her only child was no exception.



She had been mortified to see his cock swelling many times in the past six months, when she caught him ogling her figure.



'At least he could try to restrain himself,'
Amanda thought.
'Or at least be quiet about wanting to play with himself so much.'



It was three-thirty
in the afternoon now,
and Wade had been
home for a half hour.



He'd literally run upstairs as soon as he'd walked through the door with an obscene-looking bulge tenting through his slacks.



Two minutes later,
the thumping had
started.
She heard it at least
four times a day
now.



She'd tried to talk to him about it, both gently and sternly, but he just wouldn't listen. All he said was that he couldn't keep from rubbing his big prick as soon as it started to get stiff.



'Well, he was just going to have to learn to ignore it,' Amanda thought suddenly.



Impulsively she went to the hall closet, finding the key to Wade's bedroom door hanging on a nail.

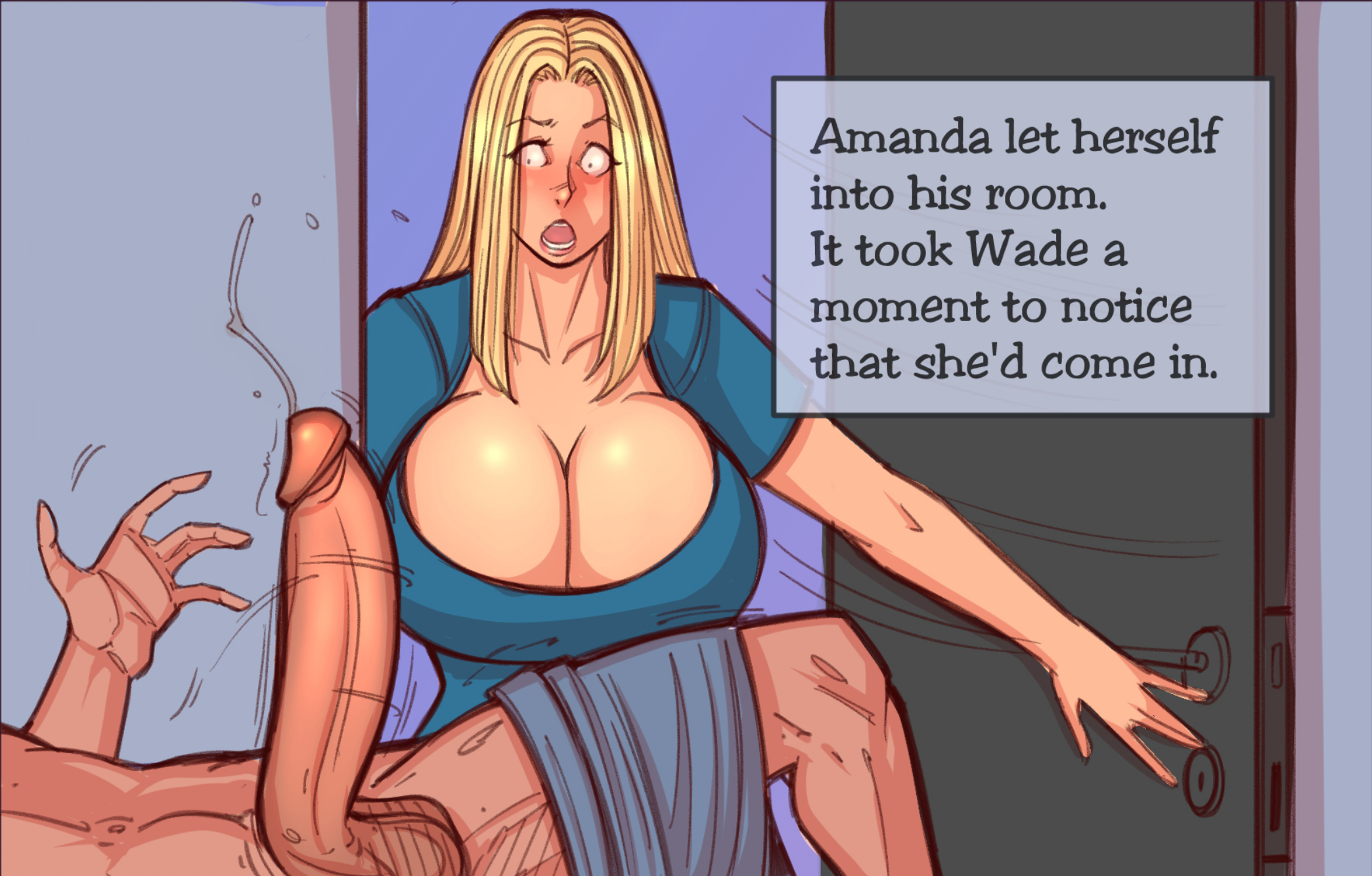


Determinedly she went back to his room, knowing full well that she was about to catch her boy in the act.

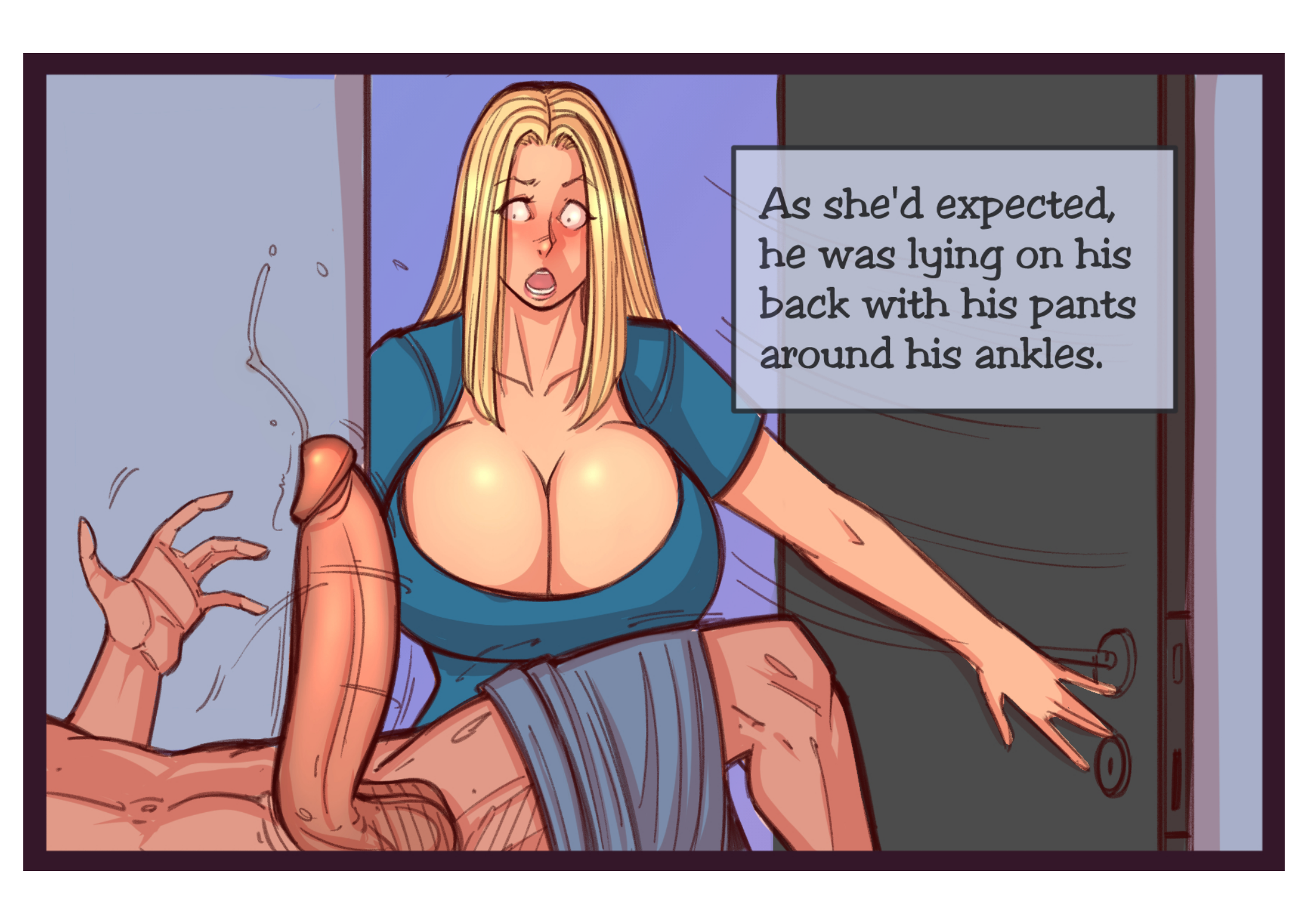


It wasn't normal for a lad to play with himself so much. Wade simply had to learn to control his sexual desires.






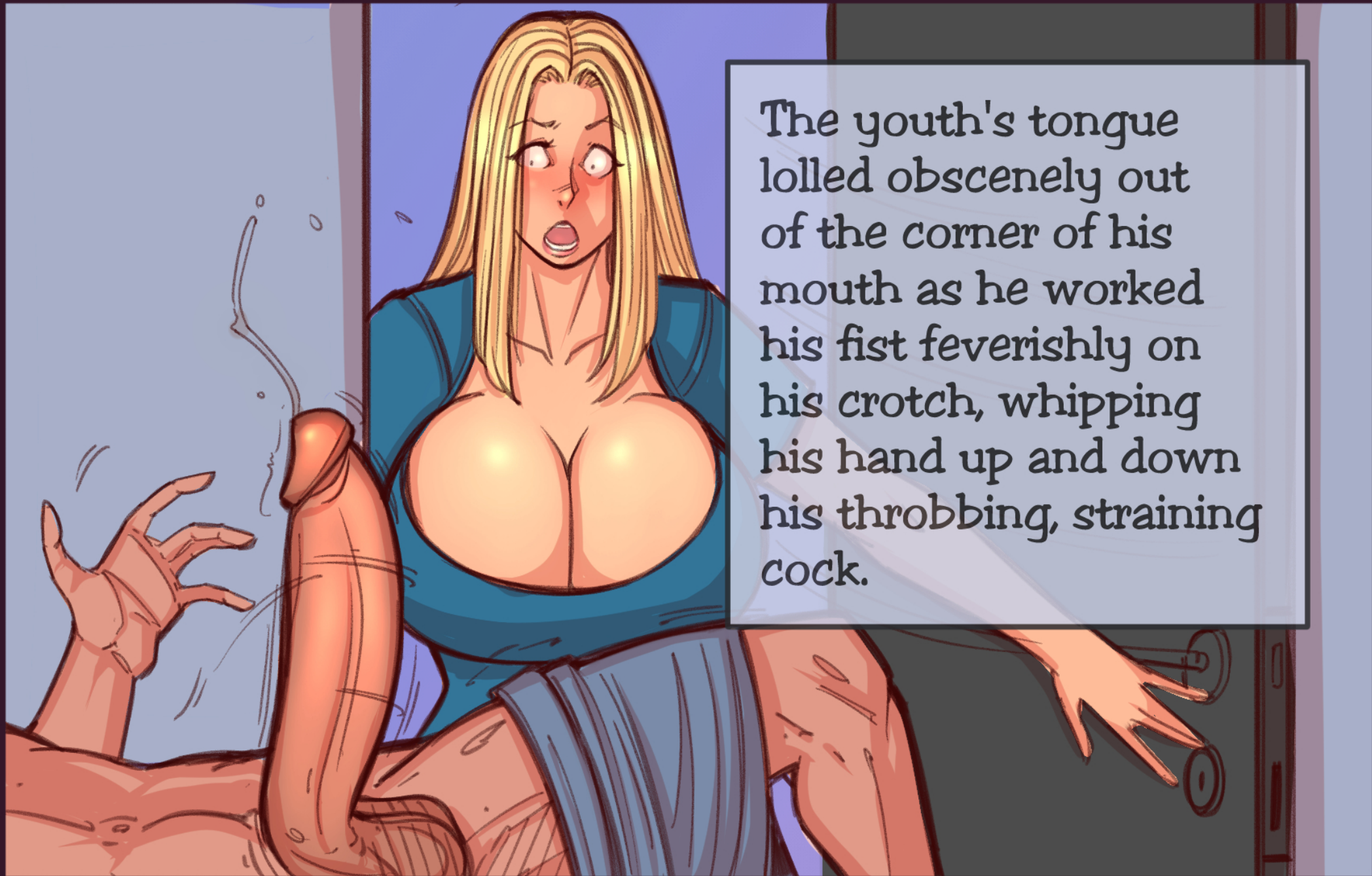
Amanda let herself
into his room.
It took Wade a
moment to notice
that she'd come in.



As she'd expected,
he was lying on his
back with his pants
around his ankles.



A jar of baby oil
stood prominently
on the nightstand
beside his bed.



The youth's tongue lolled obscenely out of the corner of his mouth as he worked his fist feverishly on his crotch, whipping his hand up and down his throbbing, straining cock.



Amanda looked at it. It was the first time she'd ever seen her adopted son's naked, stiff prick; in spite of herself, she couldn't help being curious.



She'd imagined that he'd have a relatively small prick, even though he was almost full-grown.



Amanda instantly saw that she was wrong. Wade's prick was huge.



Stiffly the long, fat cock meat shaft rose out of his cock curls, at least nine inches long and as thick around as her wrist.



The cock knob was as big as a small apple, bloated deep red and glistening with oozing cock cream.



Instantly
the divorce,
sexually-
frustrated
mother felt
a shameful
new craving
throbbing
in her cunt.

She had never imagined
that seeing her own adopted son's
stiff prick would make
her pussy feel so...

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