

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 36

*"Adopted
Habits"*

Chapter
08



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.
Enjoy it!

CHAPTER 08

Amanda refused to fuck
her adopted son again that day,
as often as he pestered her
for another chance
to slide his seemingly always hard cock
into her pussy.

Refusing him
wasn't easy.



She spent
most of the
evening finger
fucking, locked
in her room.



Feverishly
rubbing her wet
pussy, all to
thoughts of the
joy she'd
experienced with
her adopted son's
huge prick.



The next morning, Wade came to the breakfast table, with an enormous throbbing hard-on that was already leaking tasty looking cum juice.



He made a valiant effort to fuck his mother again, squeezing and fondling her body as she served him breakfast.





Again, Amanda
turned him down.

Again, she
had to spend
the next several
hours finger
fucking. She
knew it was
worth the effort.



Her torrid
fuck session
the day before
had been a
one-time
degenerate
episode that
could never
be repeated.



What kind of mother spread her legs and opened her pussy for her adopted son?



Early that afternoon,
Amanda dressed
and went shopping.



The first thing she heard when she let herself back into the house was the frantic moaning and screaming upstairs.



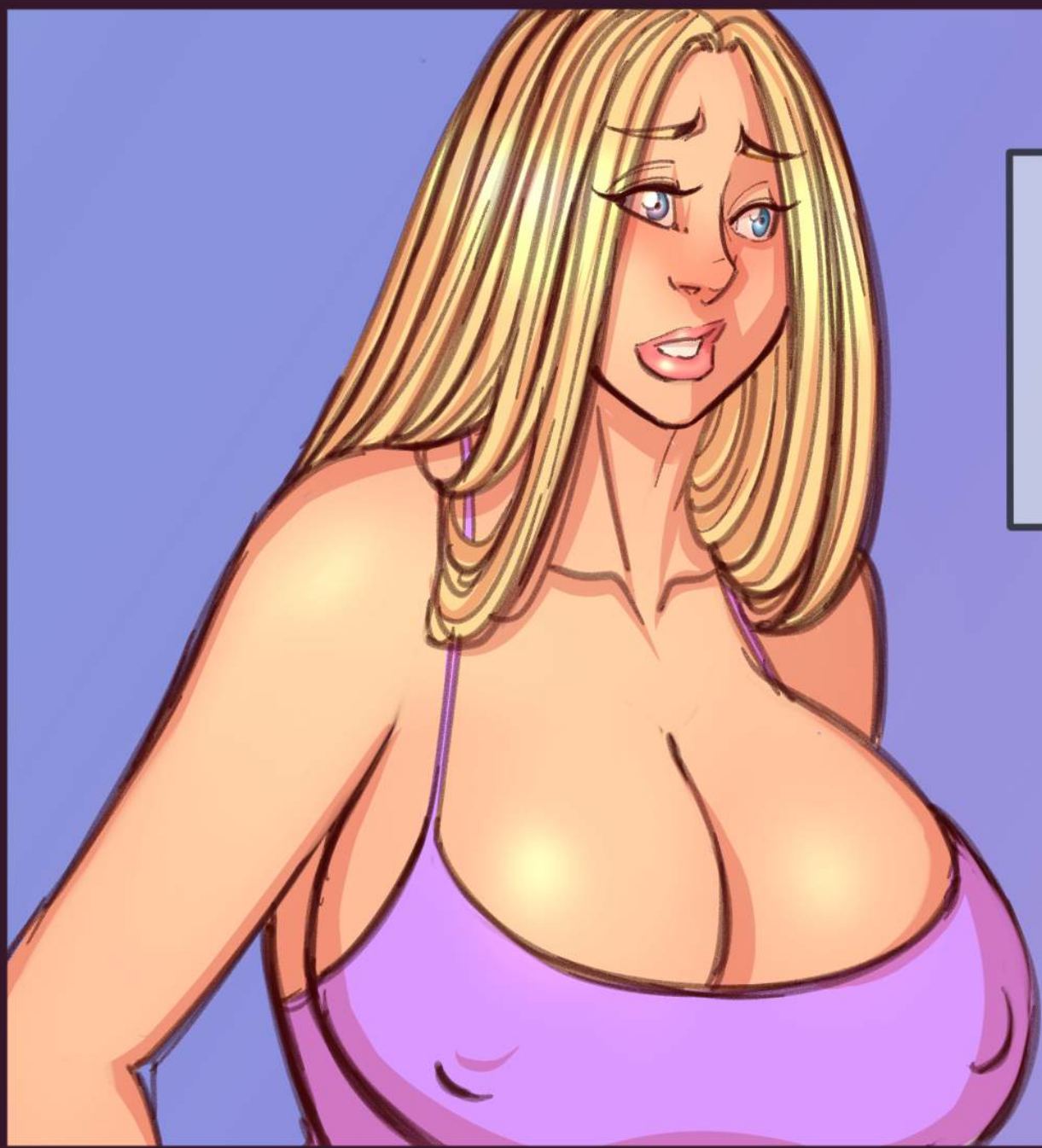
Amanda just stood there, unable to believe her ears, instantly feeling her pussy growing wet, hot and sticky under her panties.

A woman with long blonde hair and a shocked expression, wearing a purple halter top and skirt, holding two black shopping bags. She is standing in a room with a light blue background. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

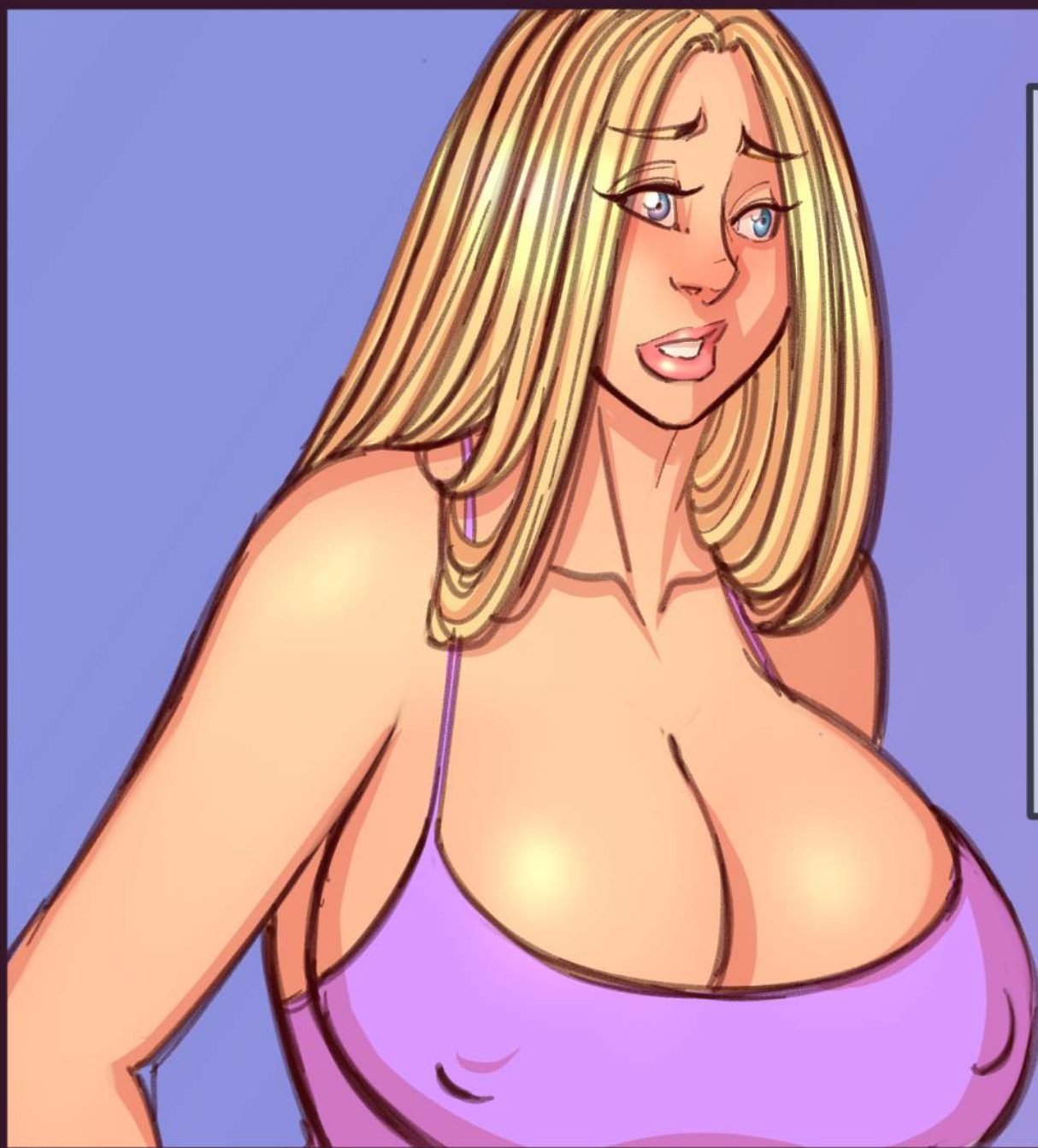
Then she
remembered
what her
adopted son
had said the
day before.



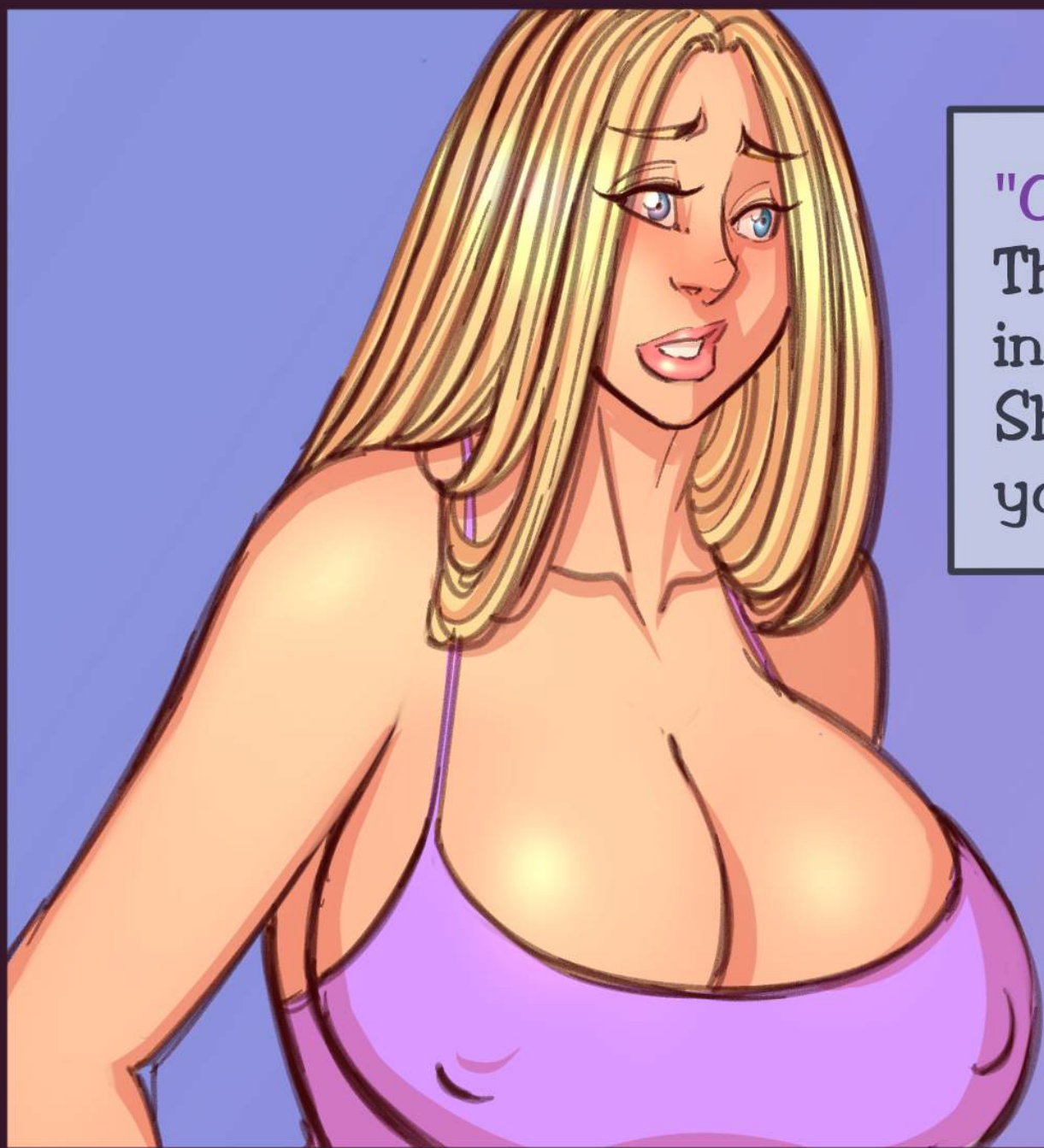
He'd decided to
keep his promise.
He'd brought home
some young girl
to fuck.



Amanda put the
groceries on the
kitchen counter.
She was trembling.

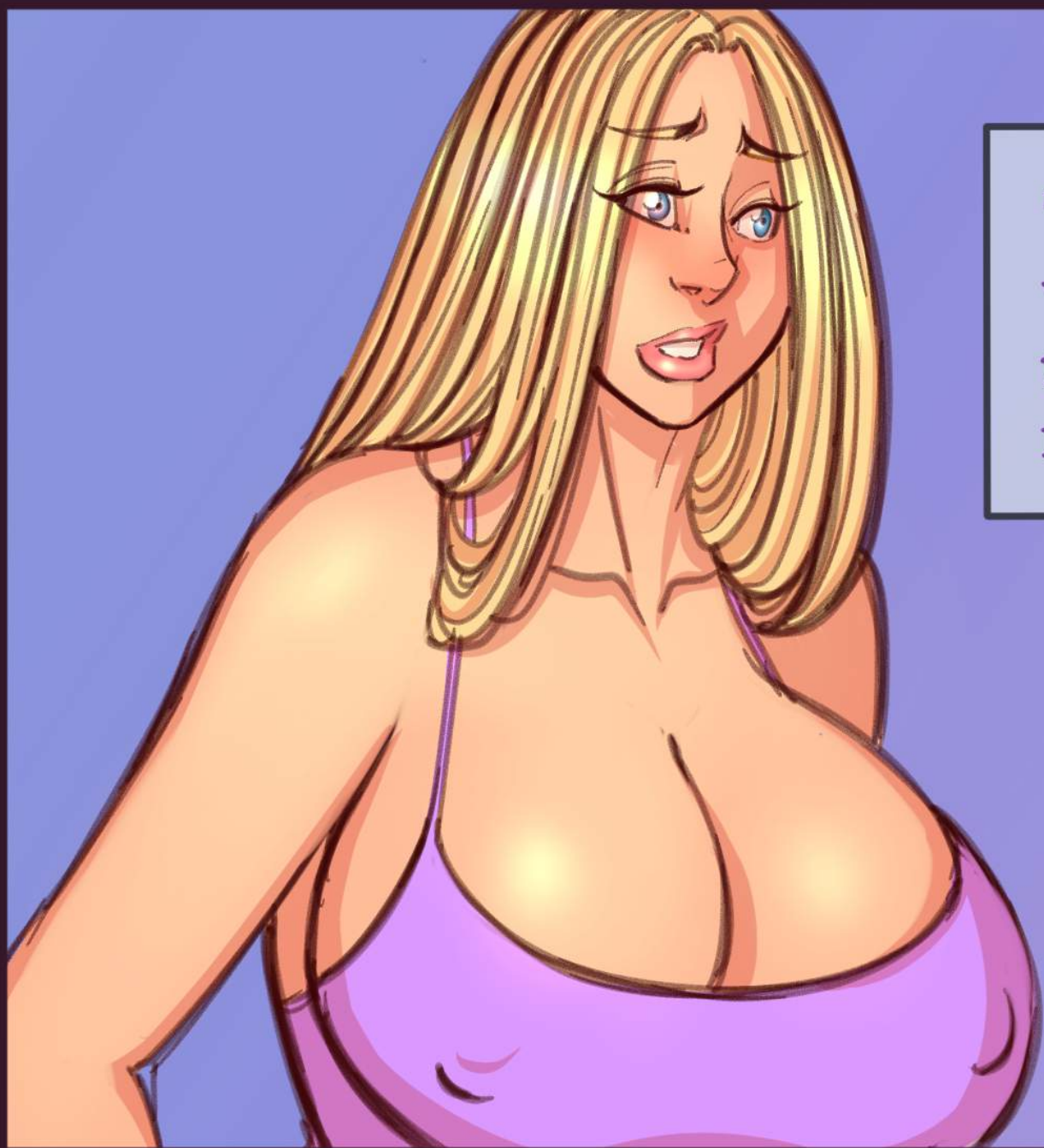


She went upstairs,
her mind already
filing with obscene
images, of her hung
adopted son
slamming his
dripping prick into
some lucky little
slut's gooey cunt.



"Oh, fuck me, Wade!"

The girl was obviously
in the throes of ecstasy.
She sounded very
young.



"Unngh! Oh, fuck me
with your big cock,
fuck me hard! Make
me cum, Wade!"

The voices grew louder. And her adopted son's bedroom door was open.



Amanda told herself not to look, told herself that the sight of her adopted son fucking another girl would again put her lust for him over the edge.



Amanda couldn't
help herself.
She stood in the
open door, staring
in.



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