

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 37

"Relax"

Chapter
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 37: "Relax"

Based on an Original story by Anonymus
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 03

Back at the hotel,
I picked up the key to the other room
and unpacked my "work case".

This contained
two small surveillance cameras,
appropriate lengths of wiring
and portable video recording devices.

It may be thought of as a betrayal of trust
filming my wife like this,
but Cassie was use to me doing this
and got off on watching the videos
later.


Also I had to remember that
although Joel sounded very professional,
I still felt it safer to have
a little control.



A few minutes later,
Cassie returned
carrying a few
shopping bags.



It was a little early
for me to "return",
so I watched for
a while.



Knowing that in a few hours time I may be watching something quite different started a stirring in the loins.



Cassie took out the items she'd bought and placed them on the bed.

She then proceeded to undress, obviously to try on her new purchases.



It was obvious
that she had been
busy in the couple
of hours she'd
been out.



Standing naked in front of the mirror, she slowly ran her hand down her belly and over her newly waxed pubic region.



She knows I like
this look and had
obviously done it
for our anniversary.



Even allowing for
my potential bias,
she really does
have a great body.






Standing 5 feet
7 inches tall, with
beautiful skin,
dark hair and dark
eyes, anyone would
be pleased to have
the opportunity to
give her a massage.




Her abdominal muscles stood out in the oblique light and her breasts had to date defied gravity.



Even though she was now mid-30's her physique would put most women 10 years younger than her to shame.



Seeing her standing there now cupping her breasts and tweaking her nipples made me want to rush in there and fuck her brains out.

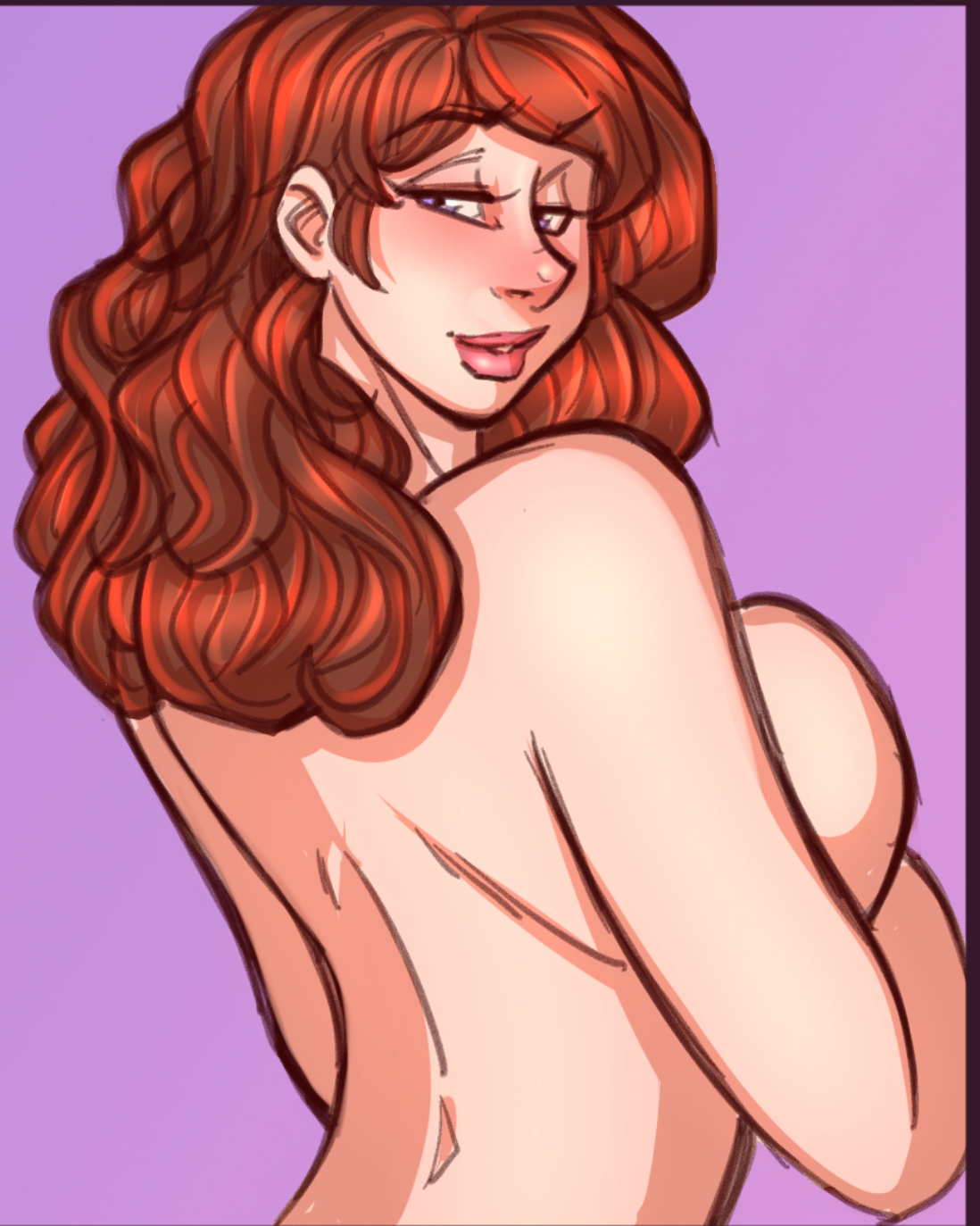


I suspected if I waited a few minutes longer I may be treated to a masturbation show, but unfortunately we had a timetable to stick to.

I left my (second)
room and inserted
my entry card into
the lock of our room.



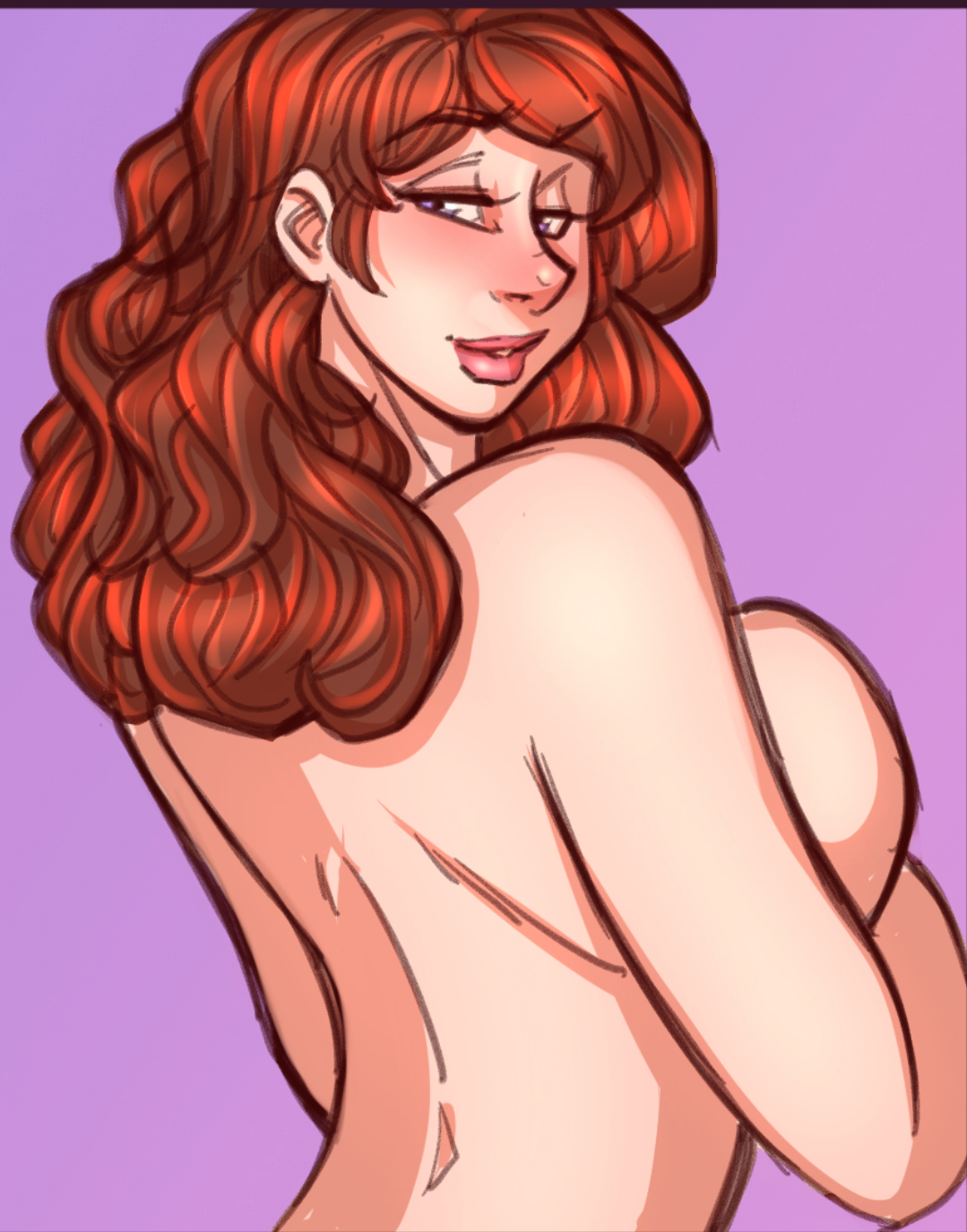
As I entered Cassie was hurriedly putting on her underwear, with her back to me, obviously wanting to leave her little waxing surprise till later.



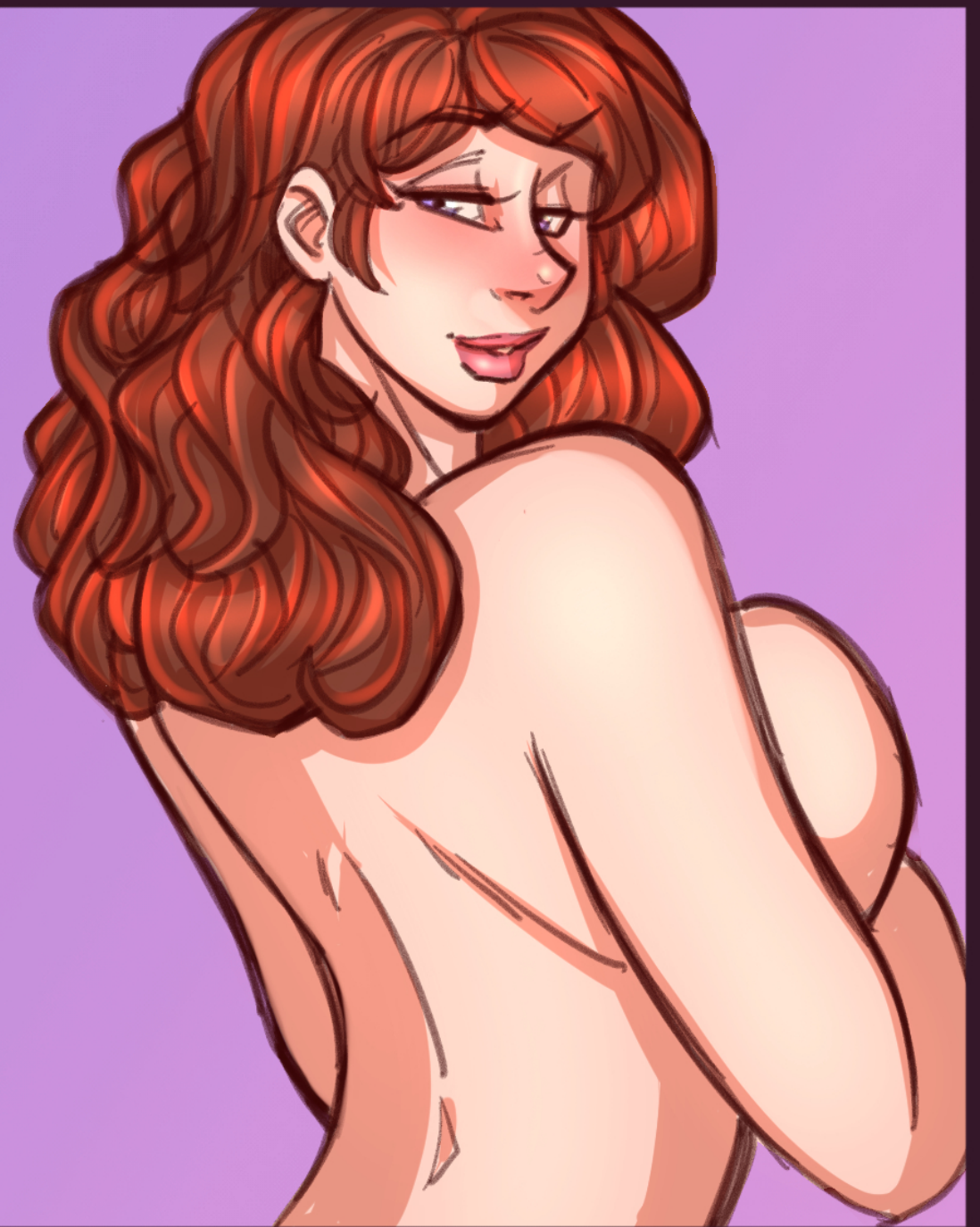
"How was the meeting?"
she asked.

"O.K." I replied, "I'm
hoping this afternoon's
will be more interesting.
Spend much?"

"You didn't give me time!"
she replied.



Having pushed a few glasses of French champagne through Cassie and with time marching on I suggested we head back to the room so that she could get ready for her massage and I could get my last meeting over and done with.





"I hope they send
a hunky man for
my massage'.



Knowing that this was indeed the case, and picking up on her obvious innuendo, I casually said that was fine as long as she wasn't worn out by the time I got back.



With a giggle and a glass of champagne she stumbled off to the bathroom, and I made to leave for my meeting.

By the time she emerged from the bathroom, wearing a white luxurious hotel bathrobe, it was five minutes to two, and I was well ensconced in my control (or lack of control) room next door.



Cassie finished the last few sips of her wine and admired her wax job in the mirror until there was a quiet knock at the door.



Answering the door,
I heard Cassie say
"Hi", followed by a
slightly muffled
reply:



"Hello, I'm Joel, I'm here to give you
your message"

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