

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 38

*"The Widow"*

Chapter  
02



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# SPICY STORIES VOL. 38: "The Widow"

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!**

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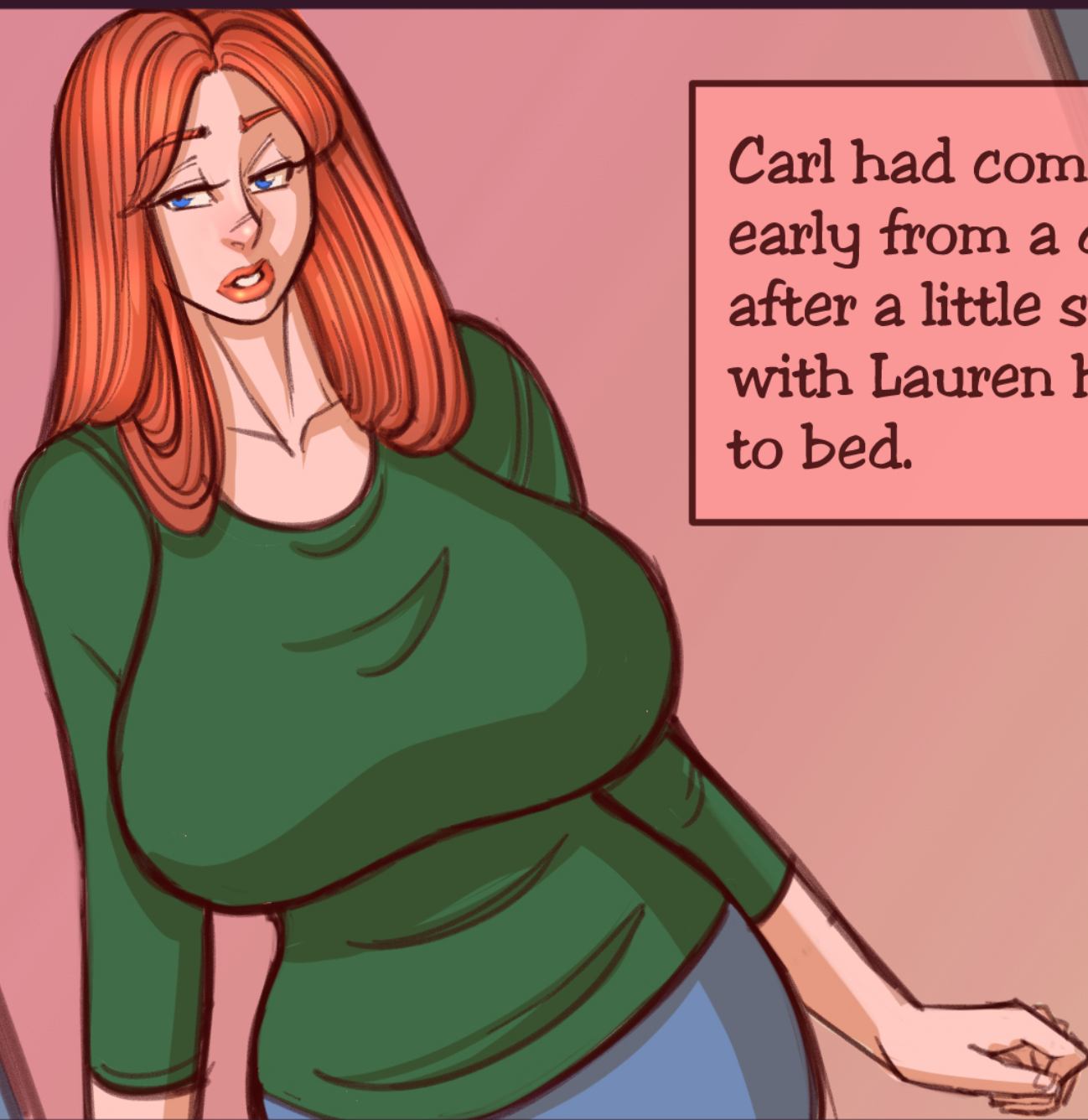
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# CHAPTER 02

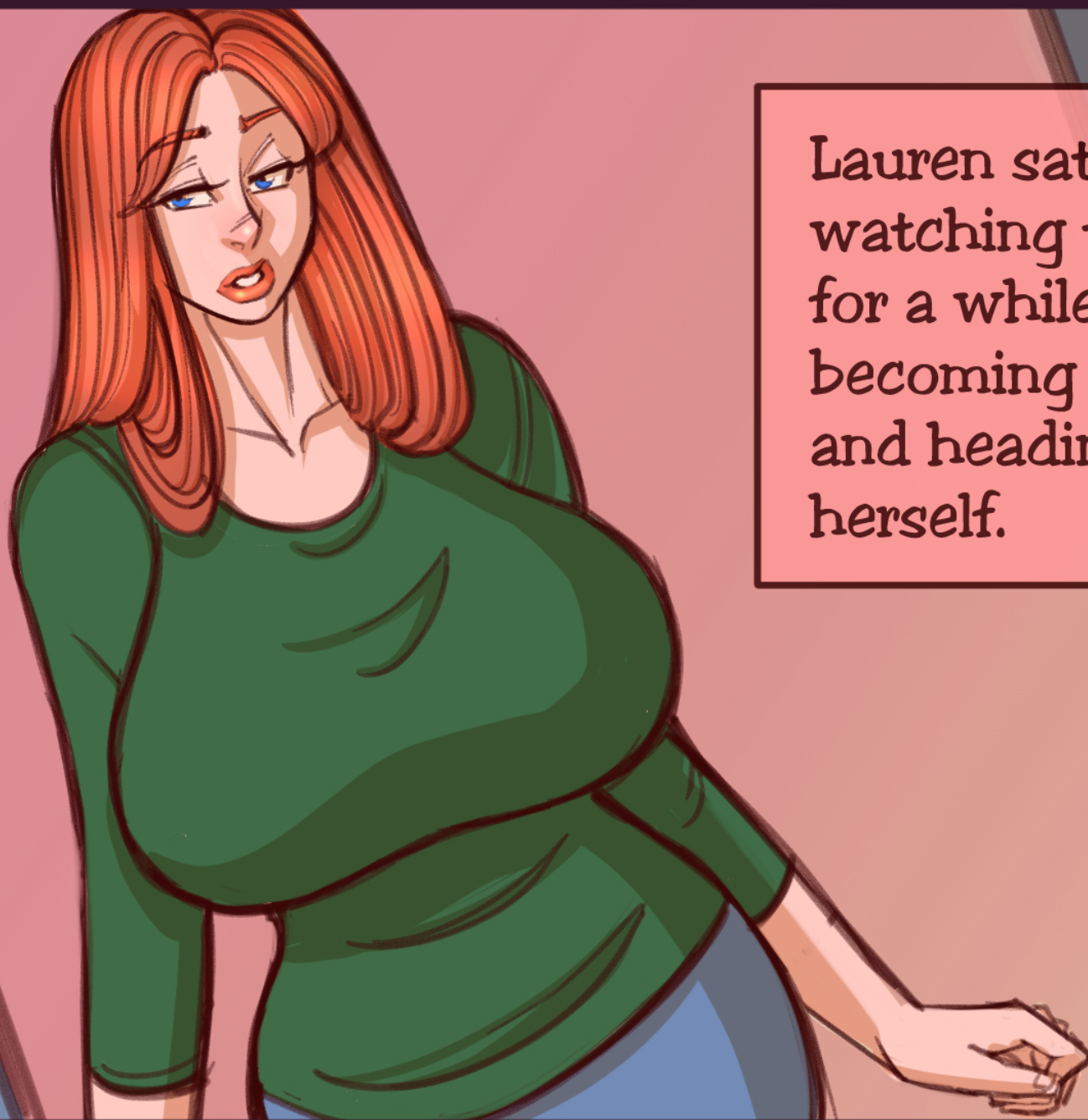
The incident took place  
on a Friday night in July.



Karen was spending the night at a friend's home and Brad was at a church camp for the weekend.



Carl had come home early from a date and, after a little small talk with Lauren had headed to bed.



Lauren sat up watching television for a while before becoming bored and heading to bed herself.

As she walked up the stairs, she saw a dim light coming from Carl's room and as she got closer she noticed that his door was cracked open just a bit.



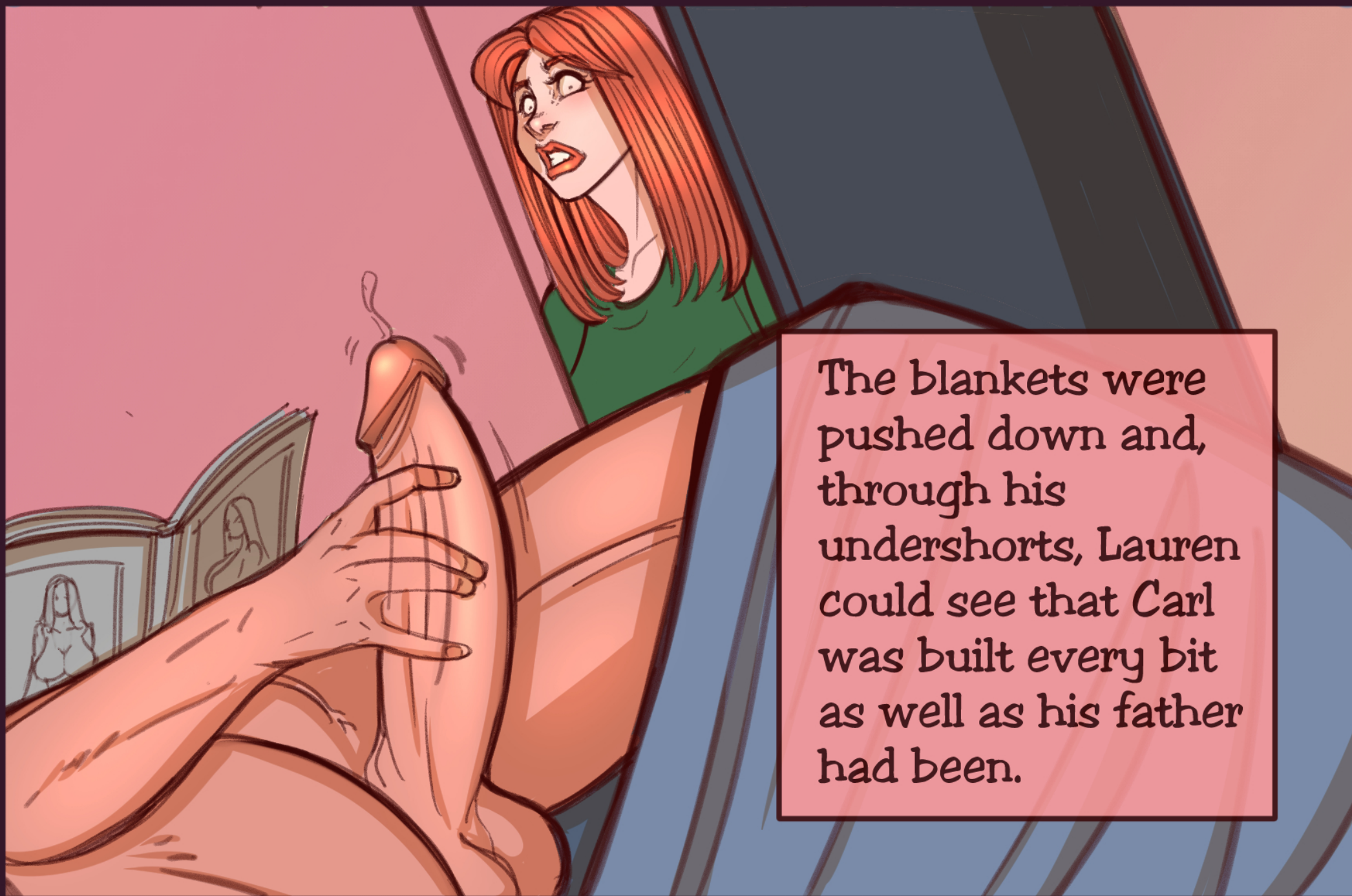
Not one to break in on her stepson's privacy, Lauren couldn't help but glance through the space between the door and the wall.



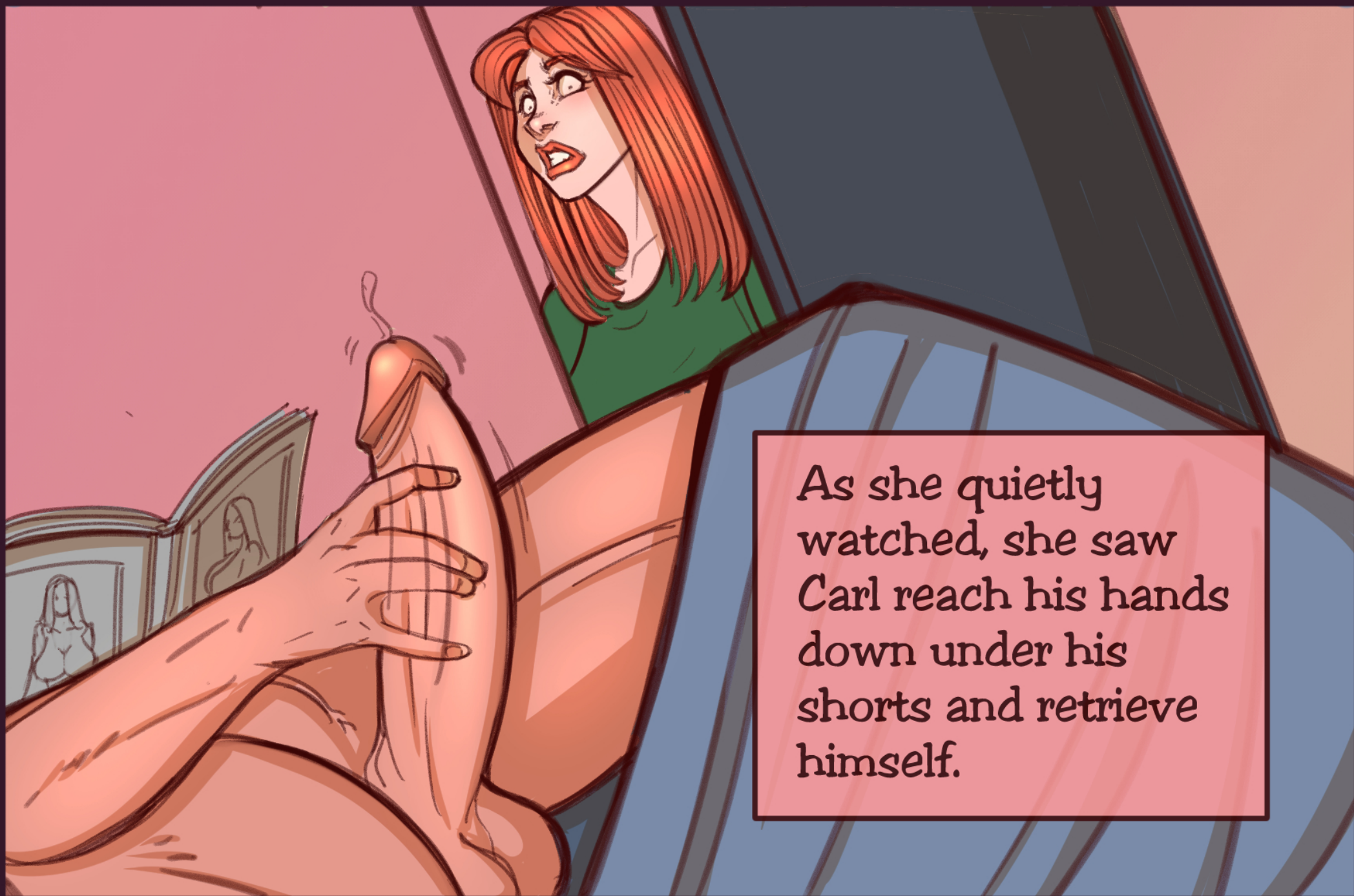




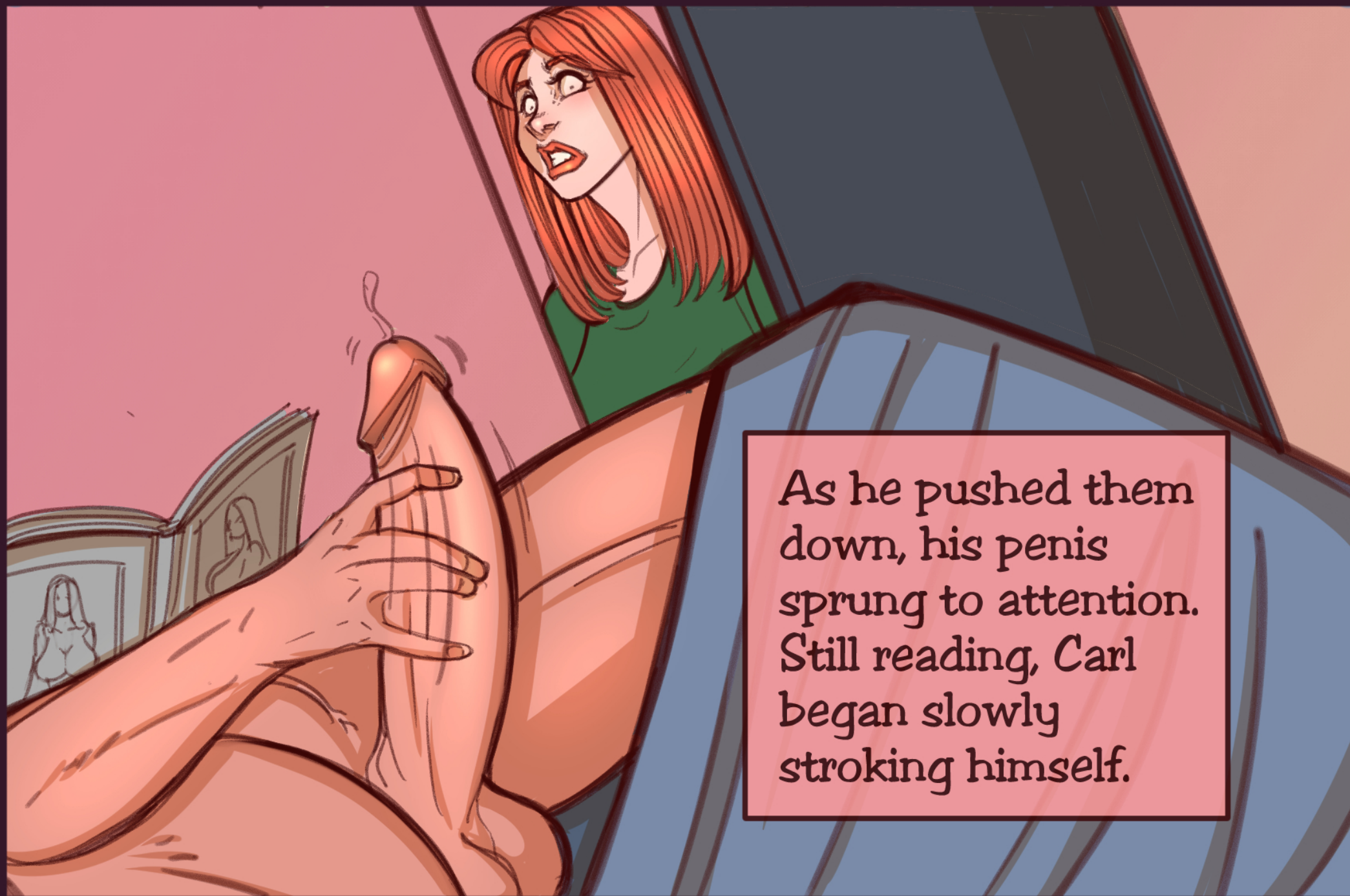
Carl was lying on the bed, on his back, with a magazine held up in front of his face.



The blankets were pushed down and, through his undershorts, Lauren could see that Carl was built every bit as well as his father had been.



As she quietly watched, she saw Carl reach his hands down under his shorts and retrieve himself.

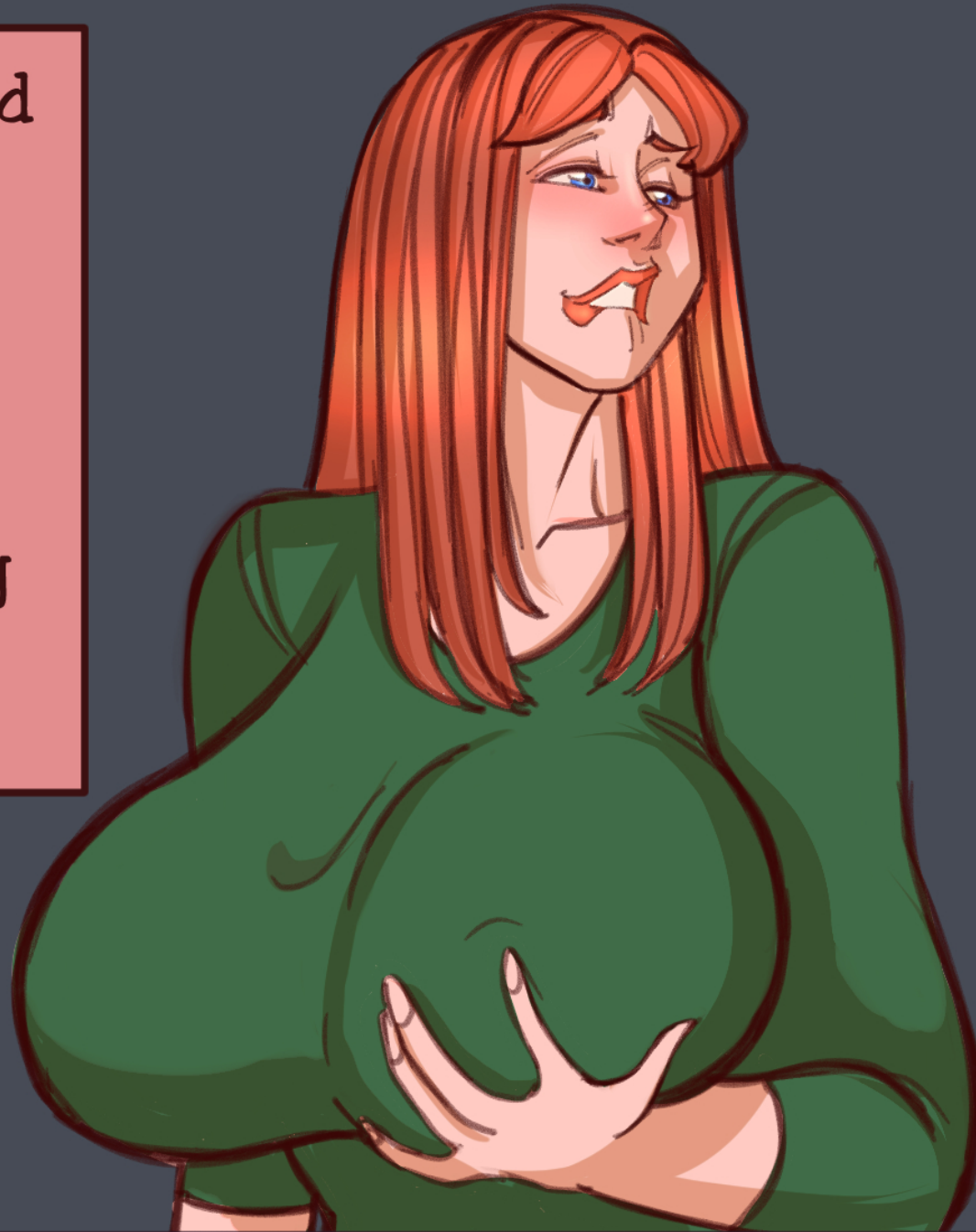


As he pushed them down, his penis sprung to attention. Still reading, Carl began slowly stroking himself.

Lauren  
unconsciously  
found herself  
running her left  
hand over her  
breasts and felt  
her right hand  
slip to her crotch.



As she watched Carl she felt a burning inside and memories came flashing back to her of her lovemaking sessions with Carl's father.




She felt guilty about standing there watching her stepson but could not pull herself away.

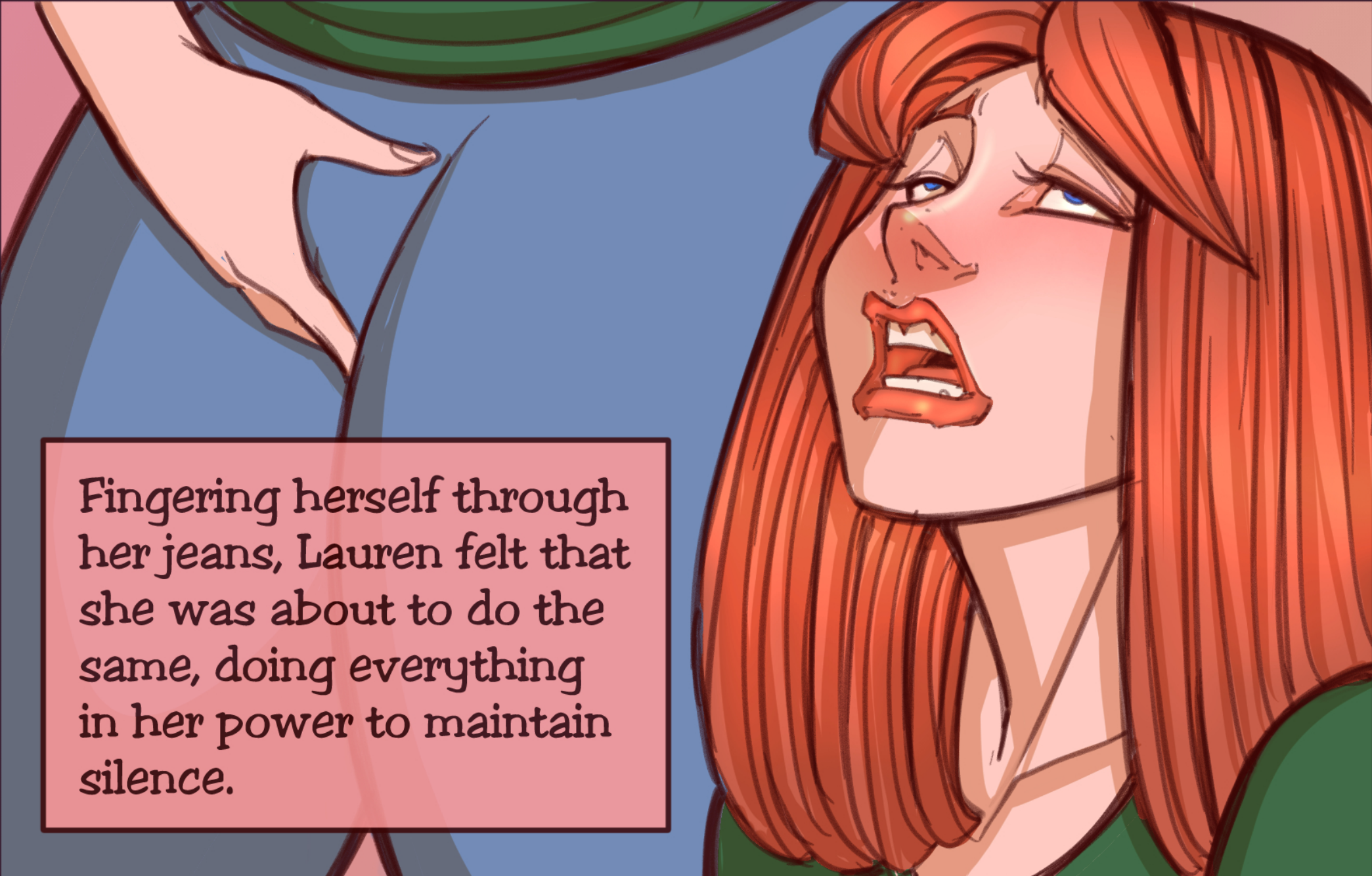


Carl continued  
to rub himself  
and Lauren  
continued to  
watch.







Only a few minutes  
went by before it  
became obvious  
that Carl was about  
to explode.



Fingering herself through her jeans, Lauren felt that she was about to do the same, doing everything in her power to maintain silence.



Suddenly Carl  
lay on his side  
and moaned  
lowly.



He rubbed himself  
hard and began to  
come, spurting  
across the sheets.



Lauren found herself unable to maintain her composure any longer and shuddered with the first wave of orgasm.



The silence broken, Carl jumped and pulled the covers over himself.



Realizing what she had done, Lauren quickly regained her posture and lightly knocked on the door.

The light pressure of her knock  
caused it to swing open.

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