

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 38

"The Widow"

Chapter
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 38: "The Widow"

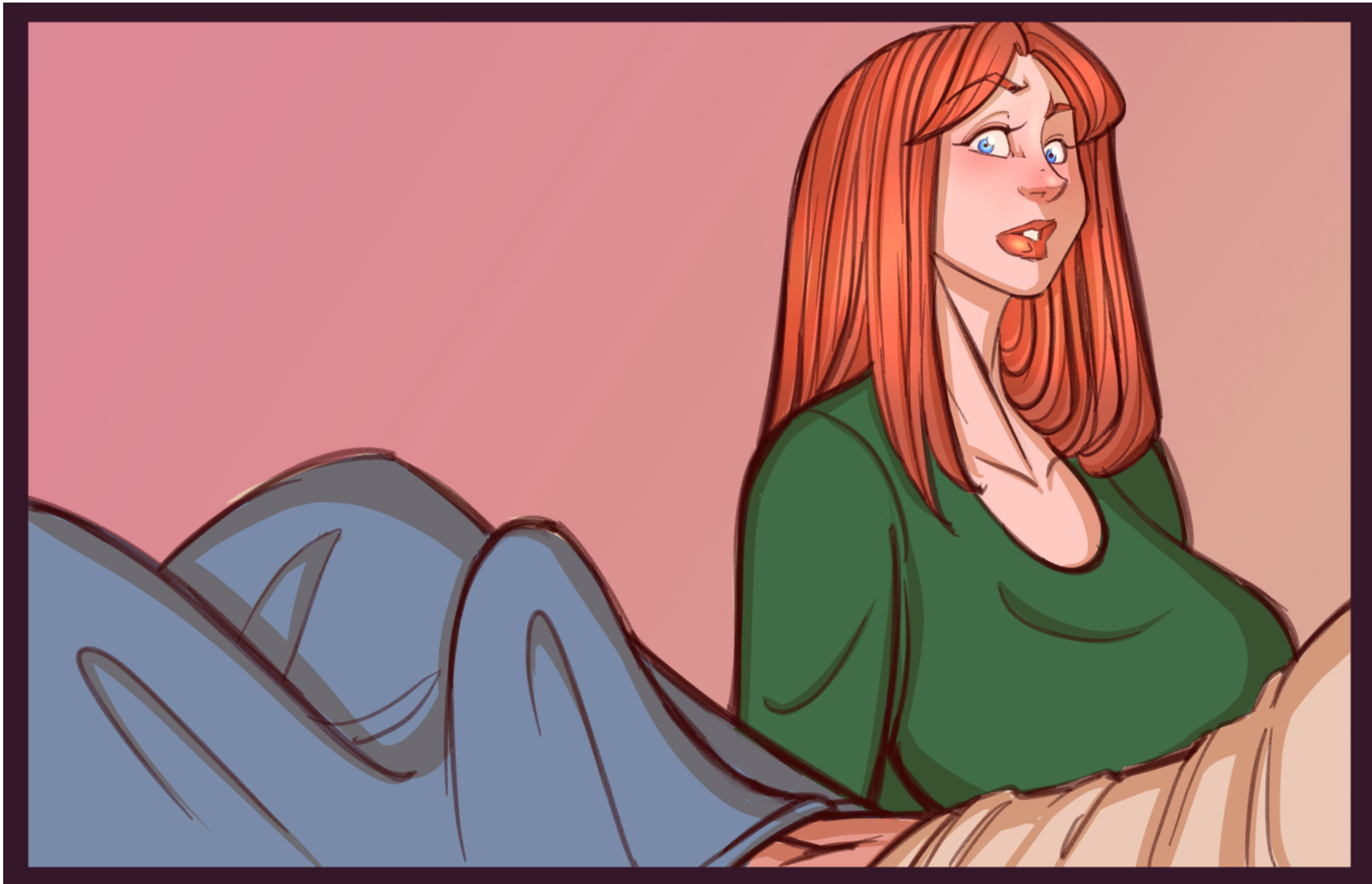
Based on an Original story by Anonymous
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!**

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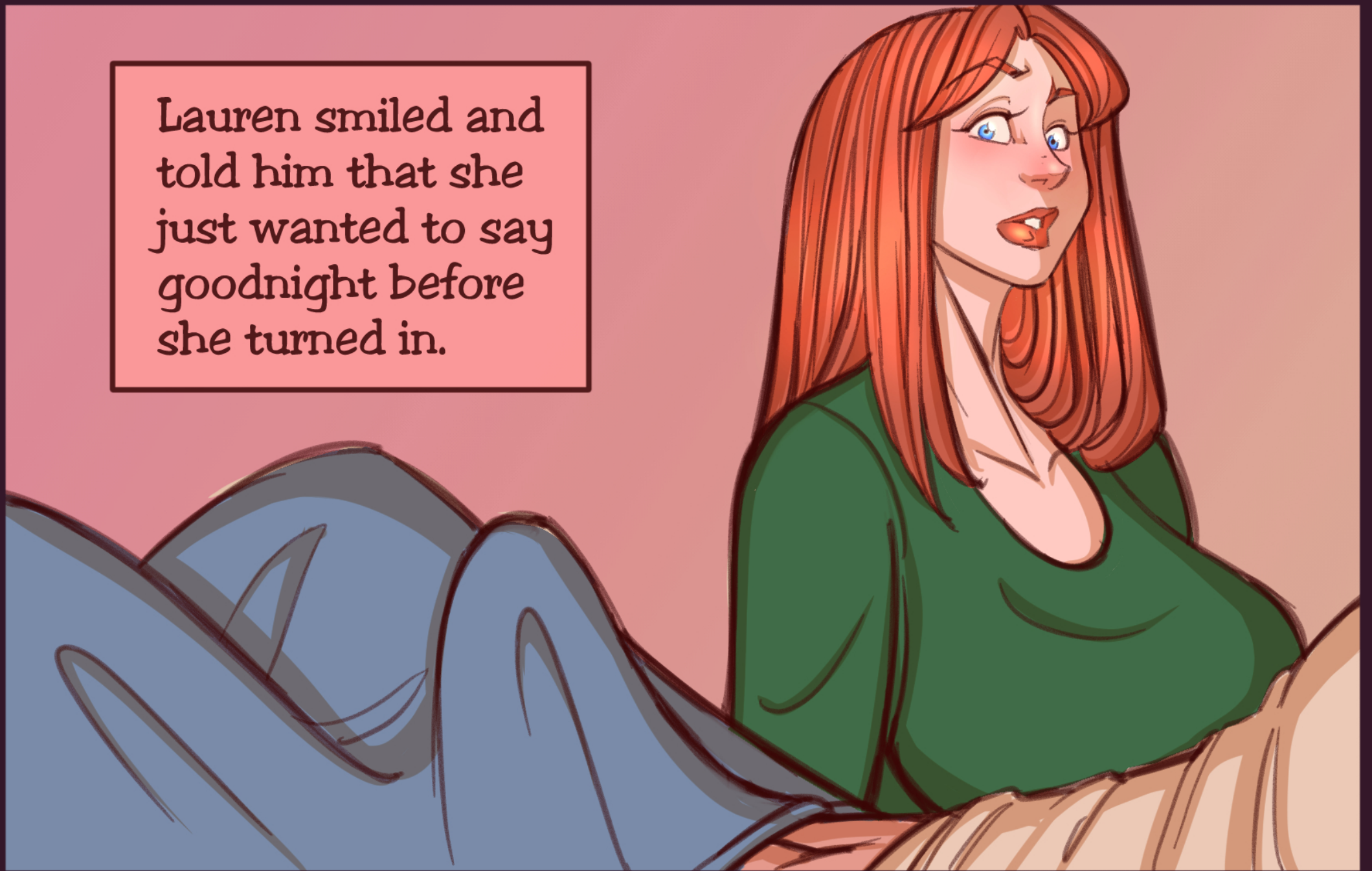
CHAPTER 03



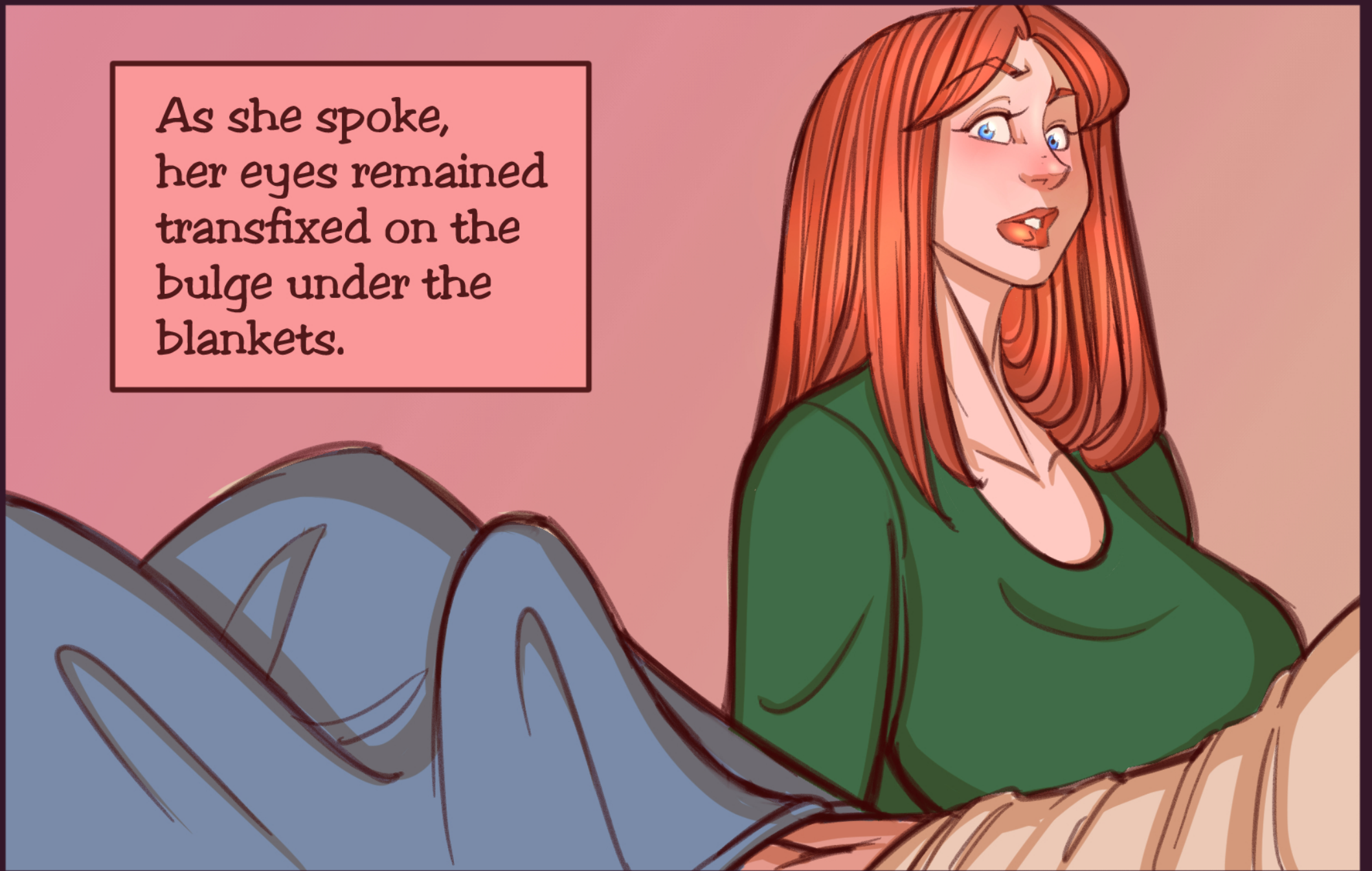
Lying on his back,
Carl attempted to
pull his legs up
to hide his still
raging hard-on.



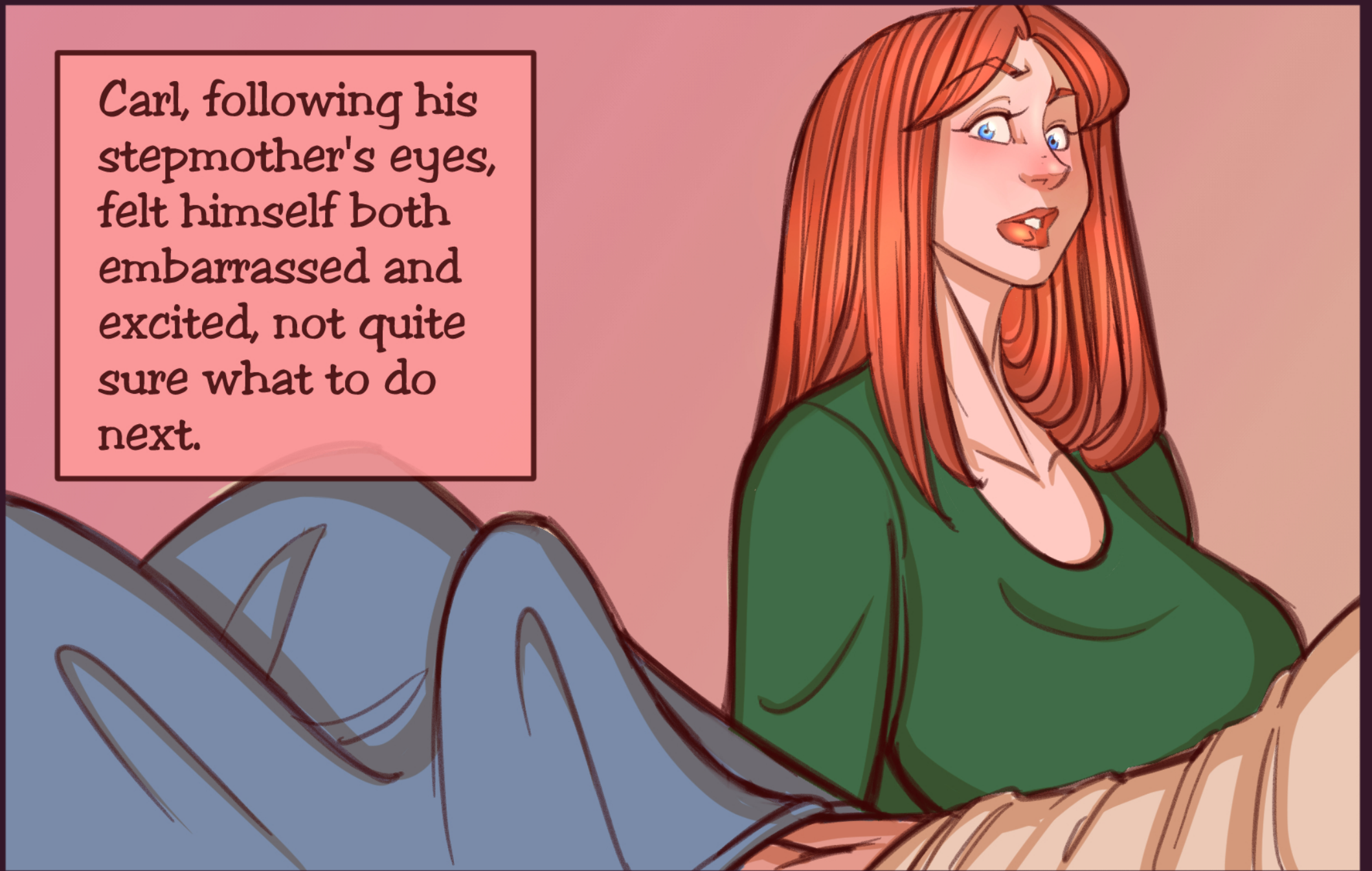
Lauren smiled and told him that she just wanted to say goodnight before she turned in.



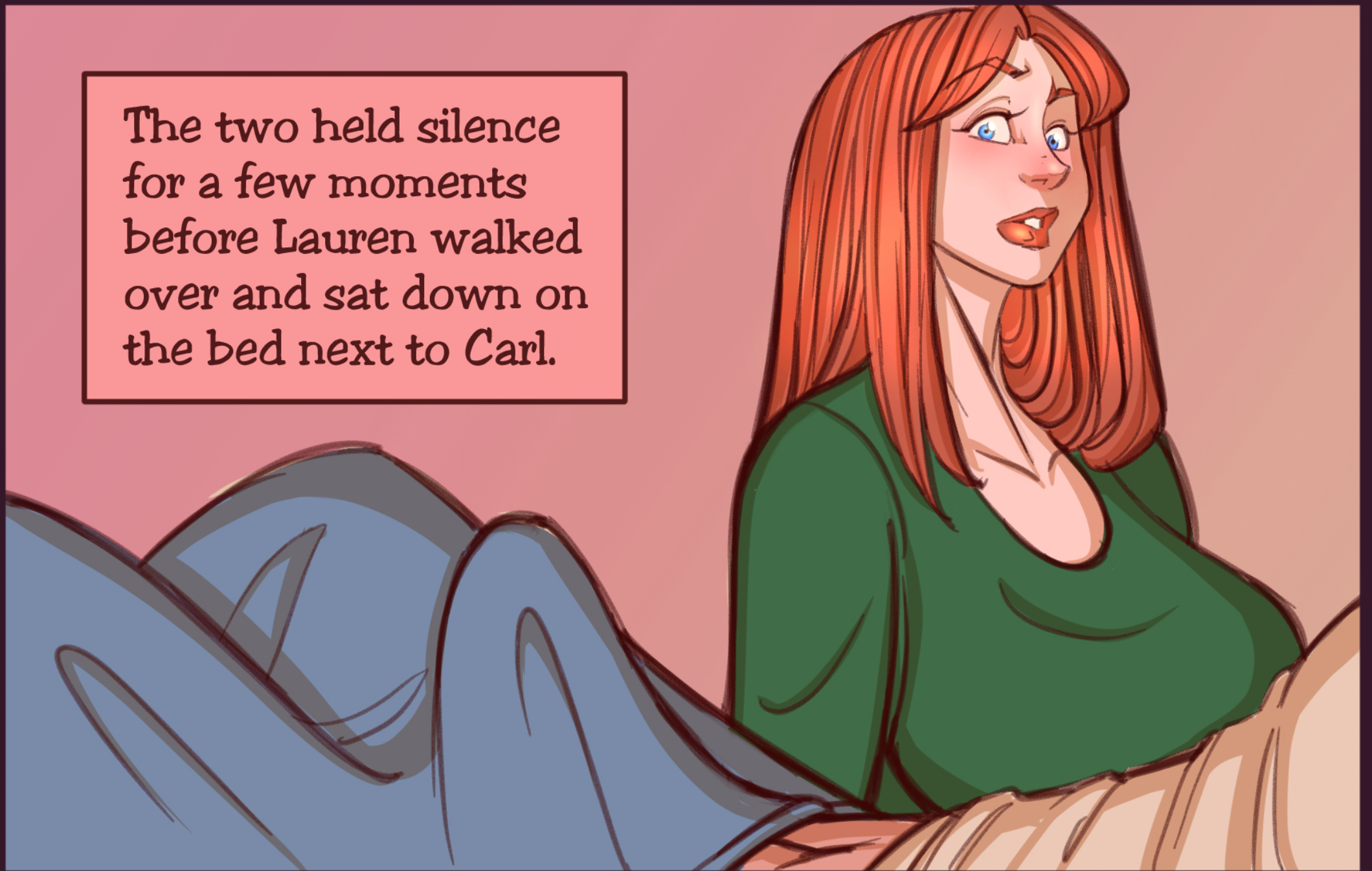
As she spoke,
her eyes remained
transfixed on the
bulge under the
blankets.



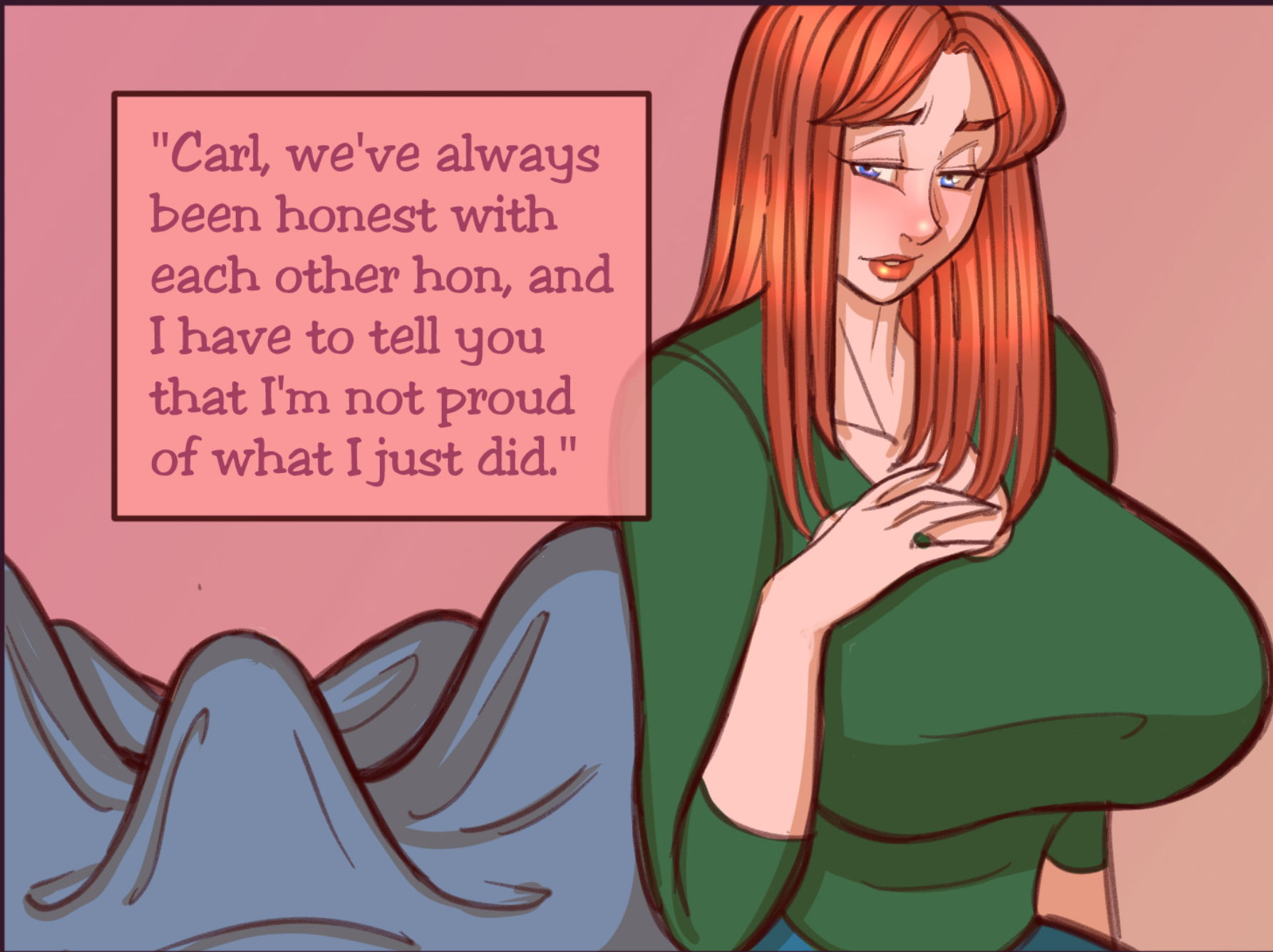
Carl, following his stepmother's eyes, felt himself both embarrassed and excited, not quite sure what to do next.



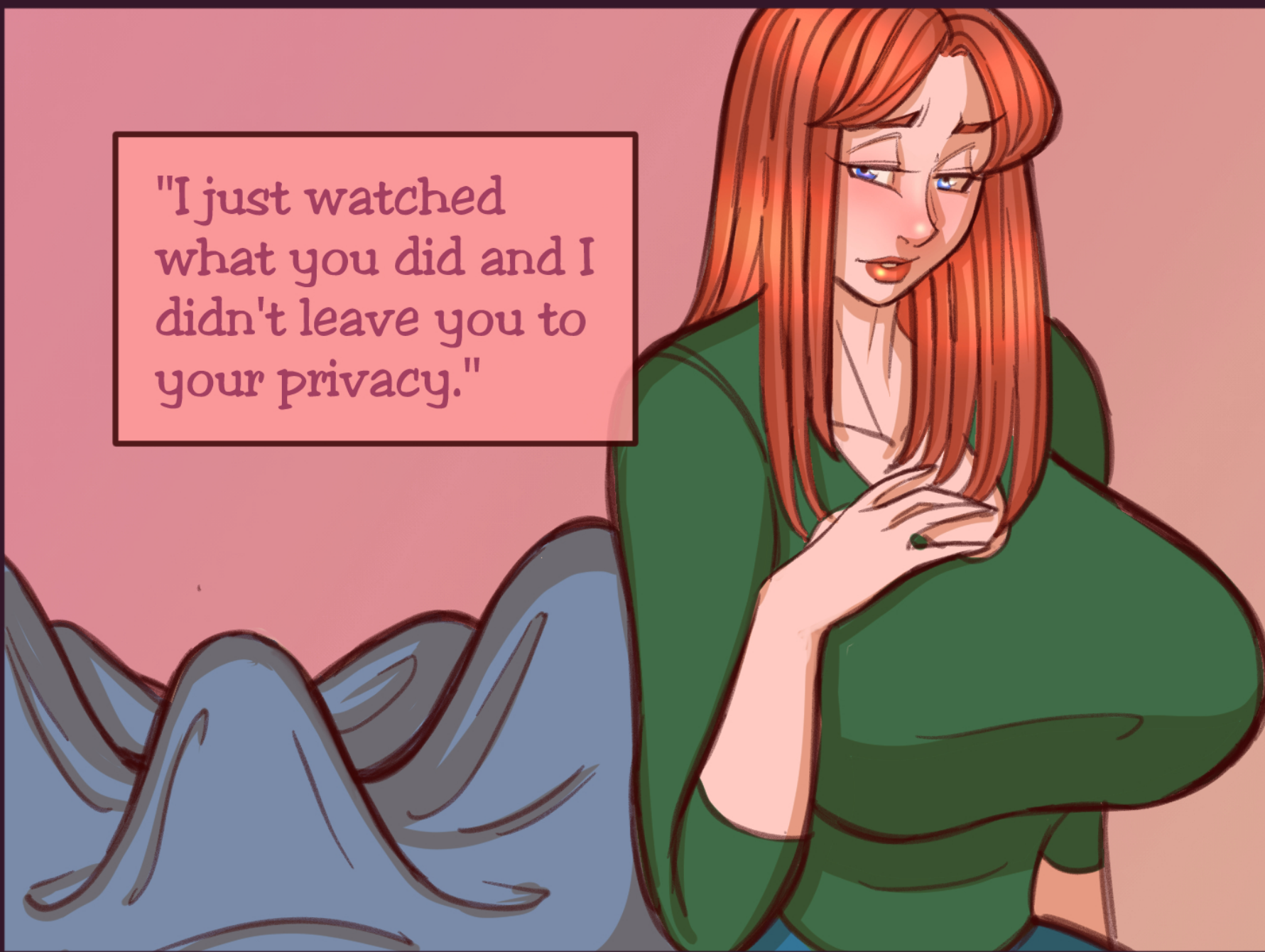
The two held silence
for a few moments
before Lauren walked
over and sat down on
the bed next to Carl.



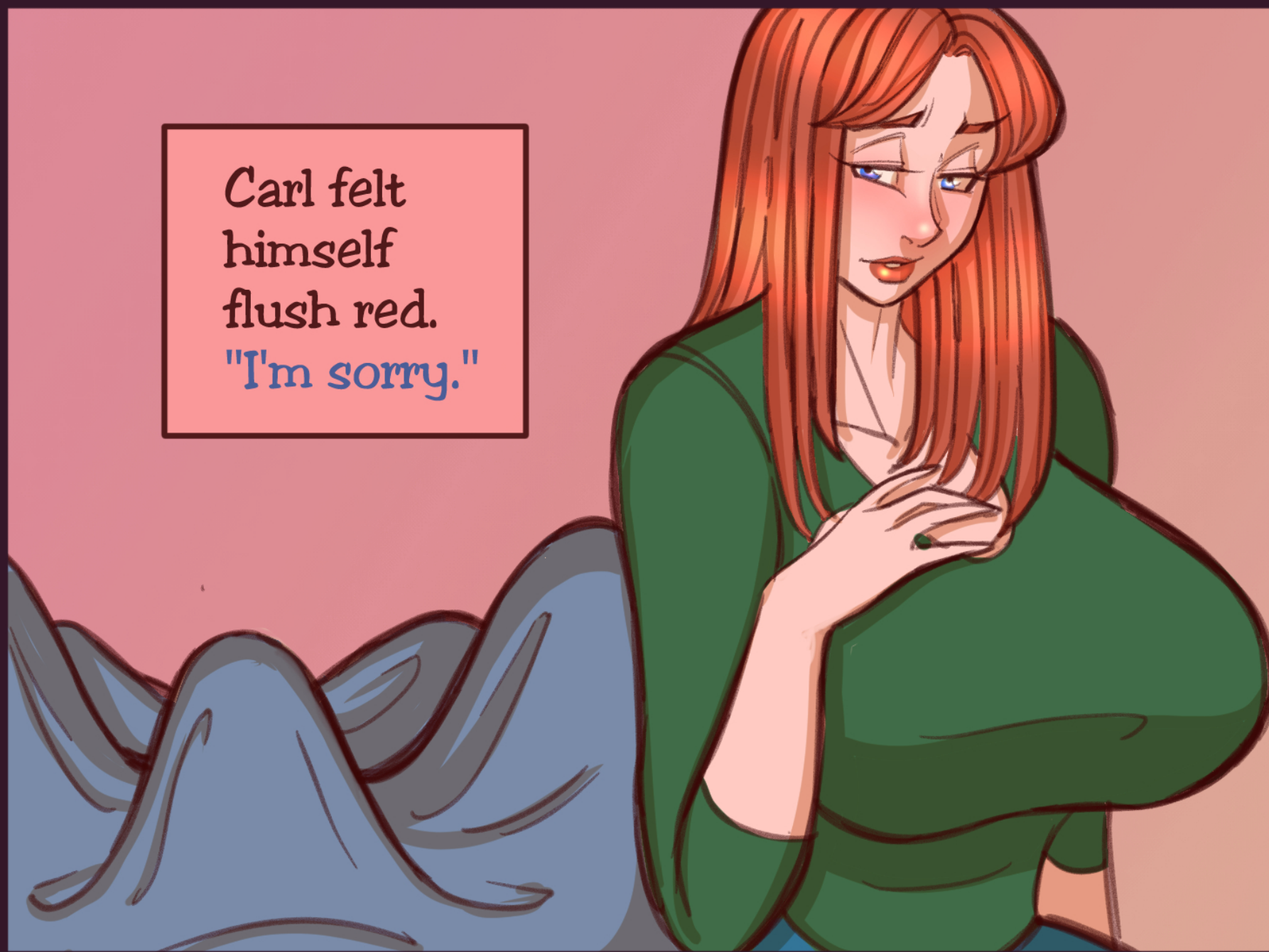
"Carl, we've always been honest with each other hon, and I have to tell you that I'm not proud of what I just did."



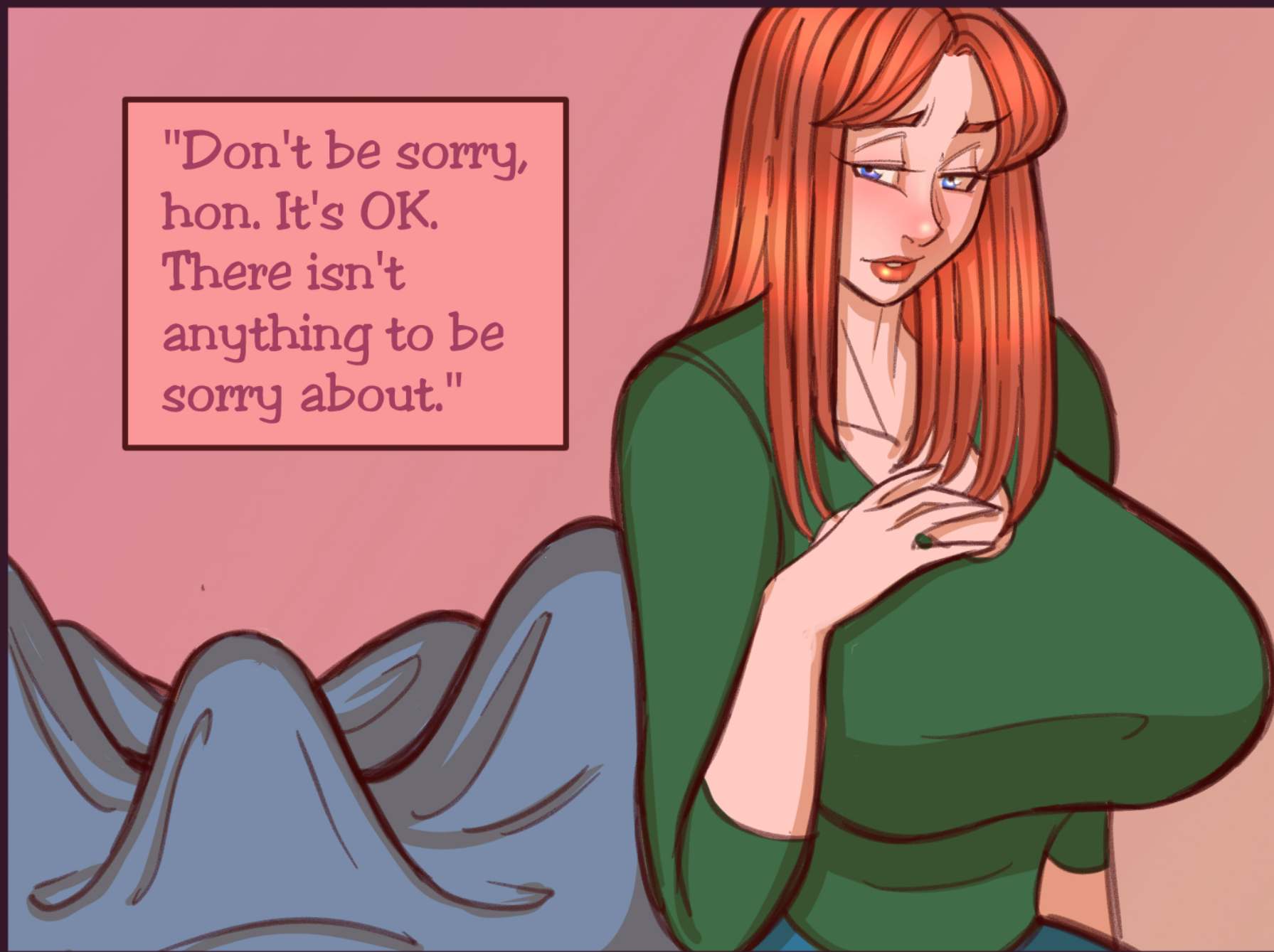
"I just watched
what you did and I
didn't leave you to
your privacy."



Carl felt
himself
flush red.
"I'm sorry."



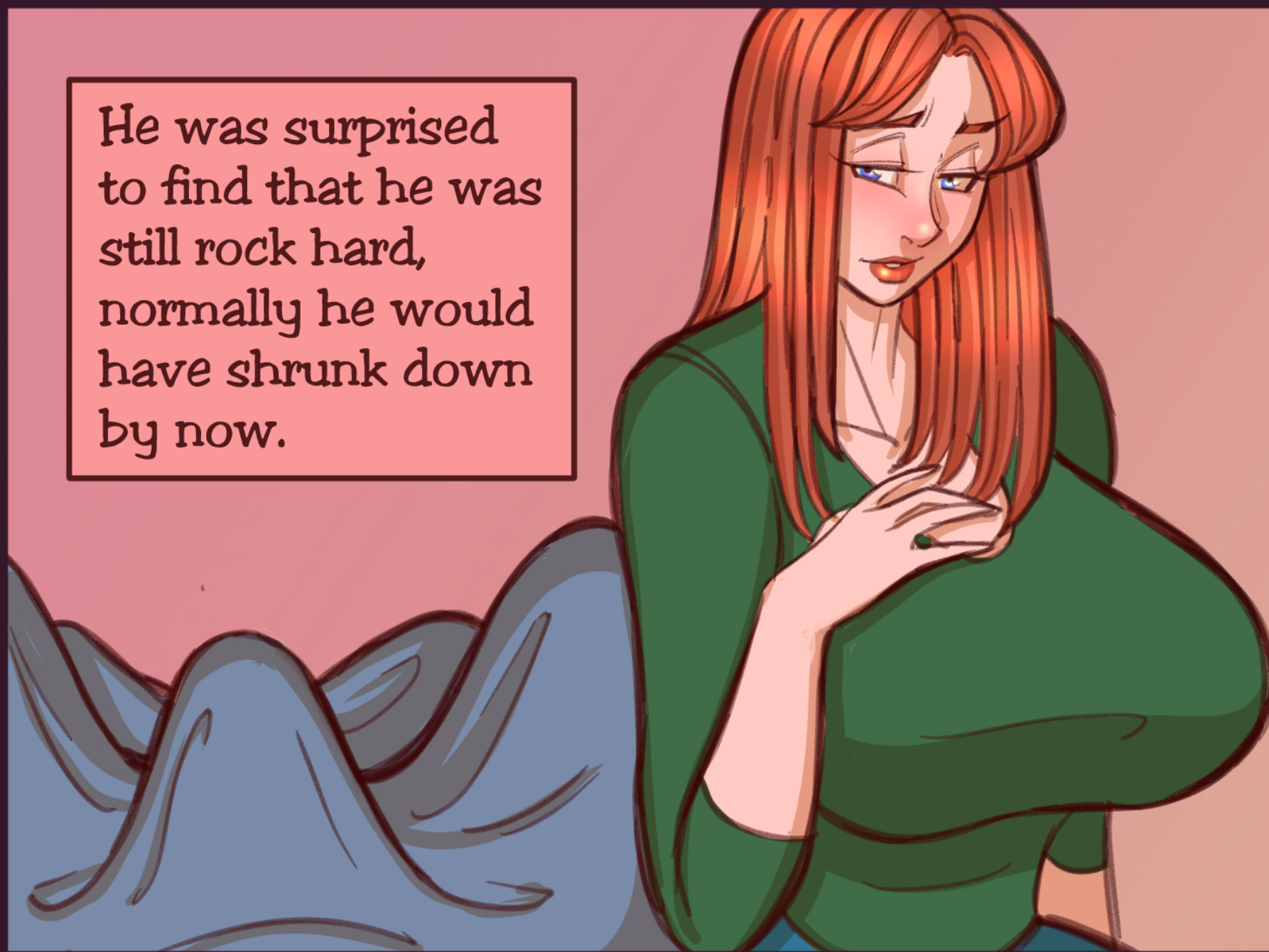
"Don't be sorry,
hon. It's OK.
There isn't
anything to be
sorry about."



Carl just sat there
in silence. Inside
he was burning.



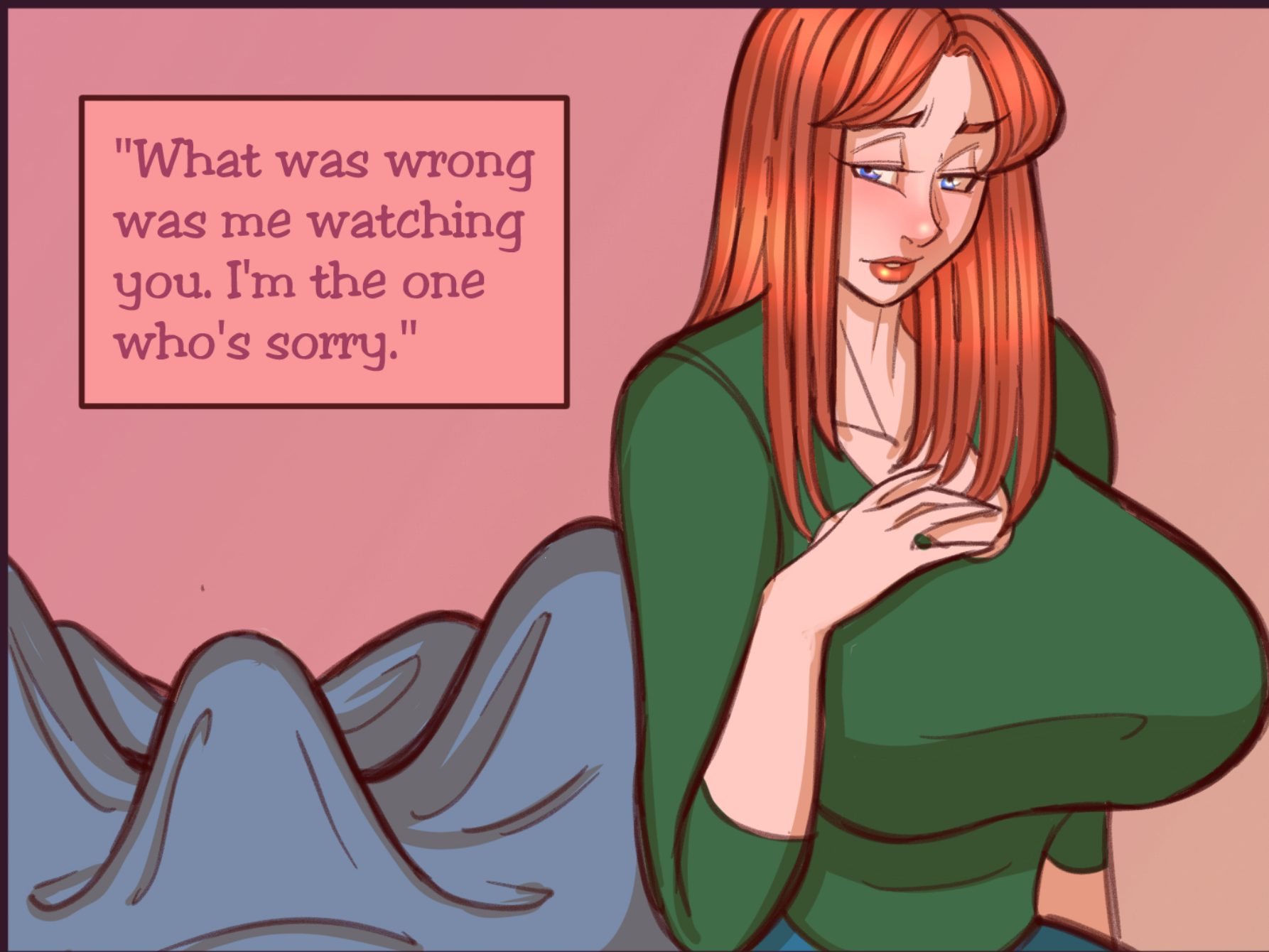
He was surprised to find that he was still rock hard, normally he would have shrunk down by now.

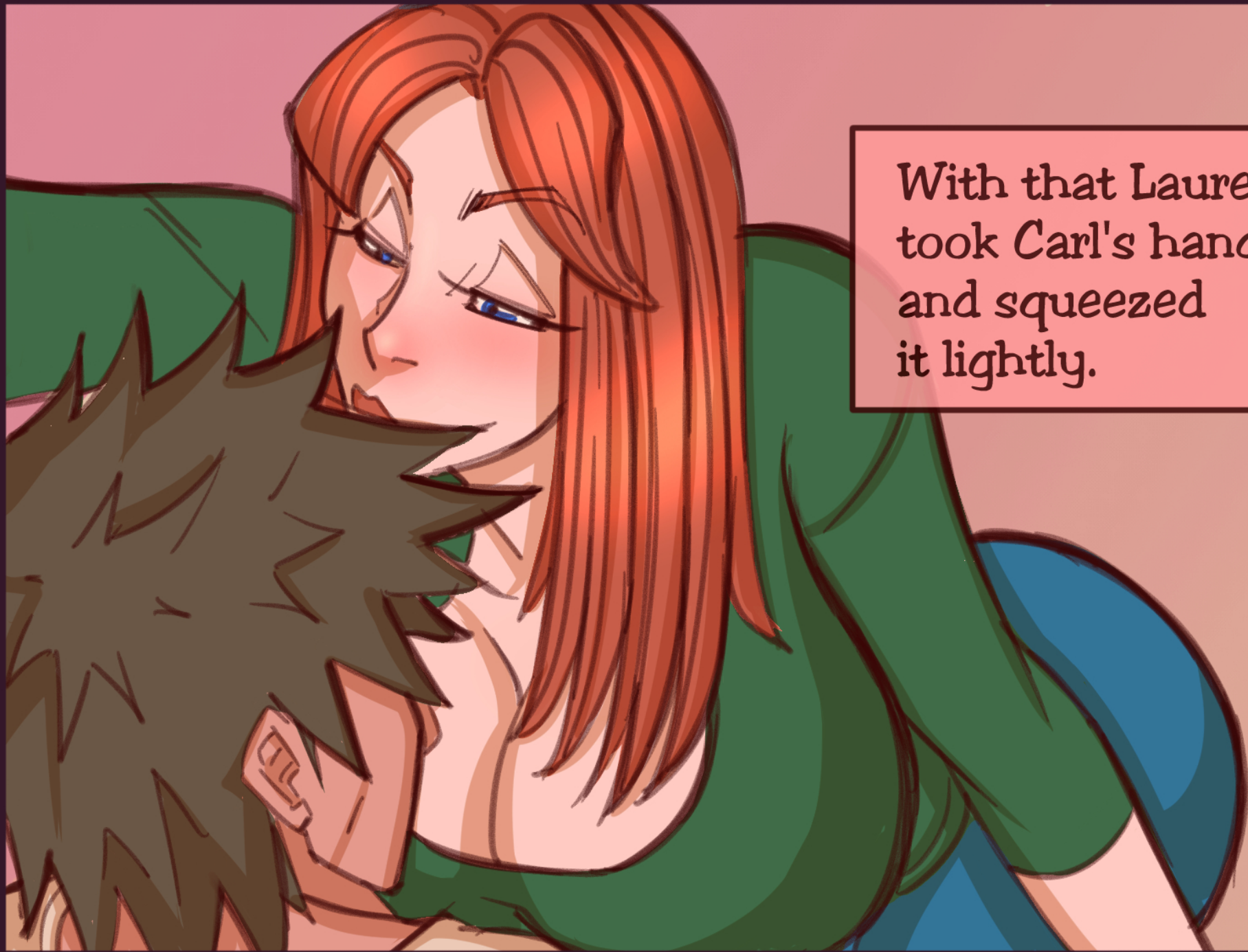


"Hon, what
you were
doing is fine
with me.
It's normal
and natural."

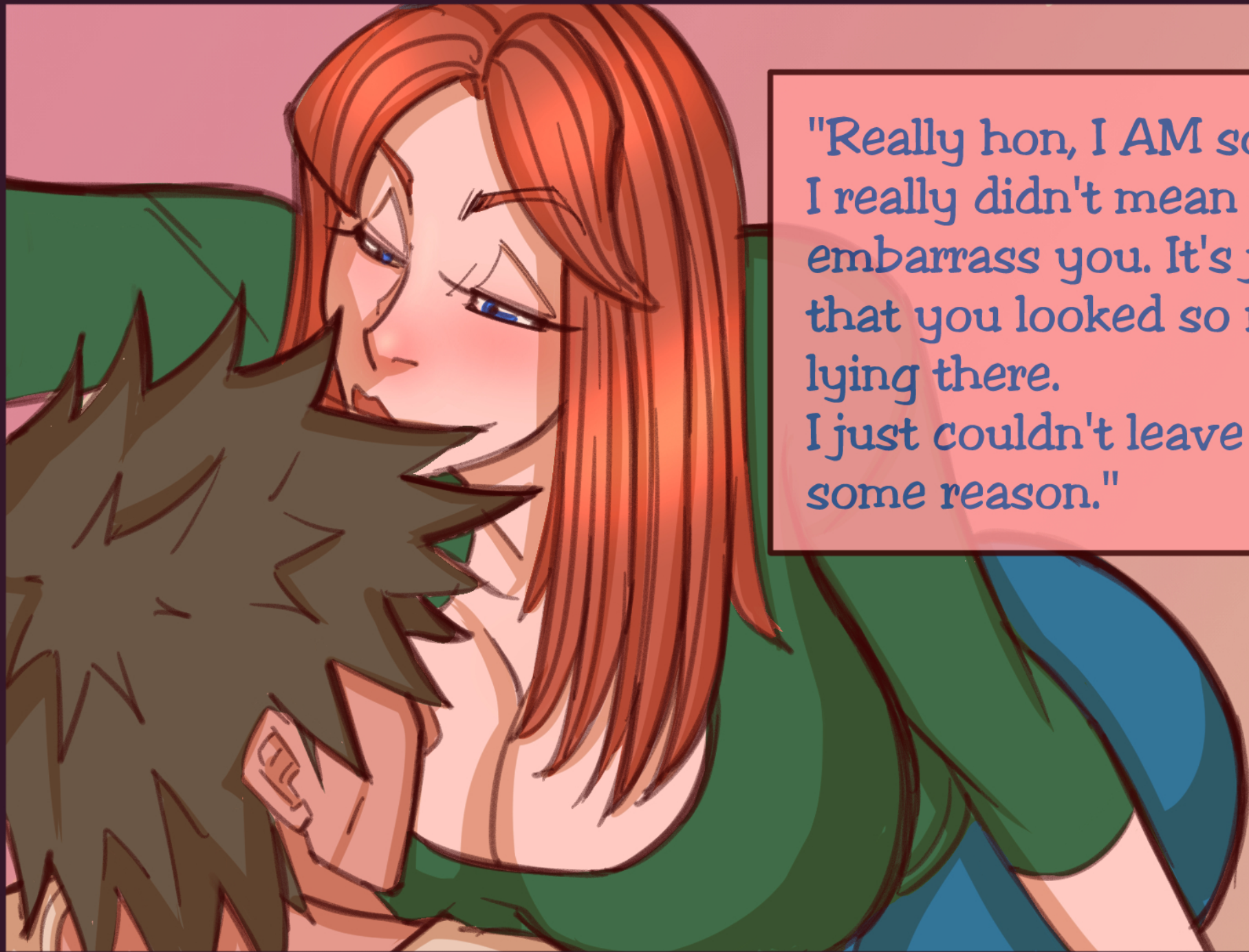


"What was wrong
was me watching
you. I'm the one
who's sorry."

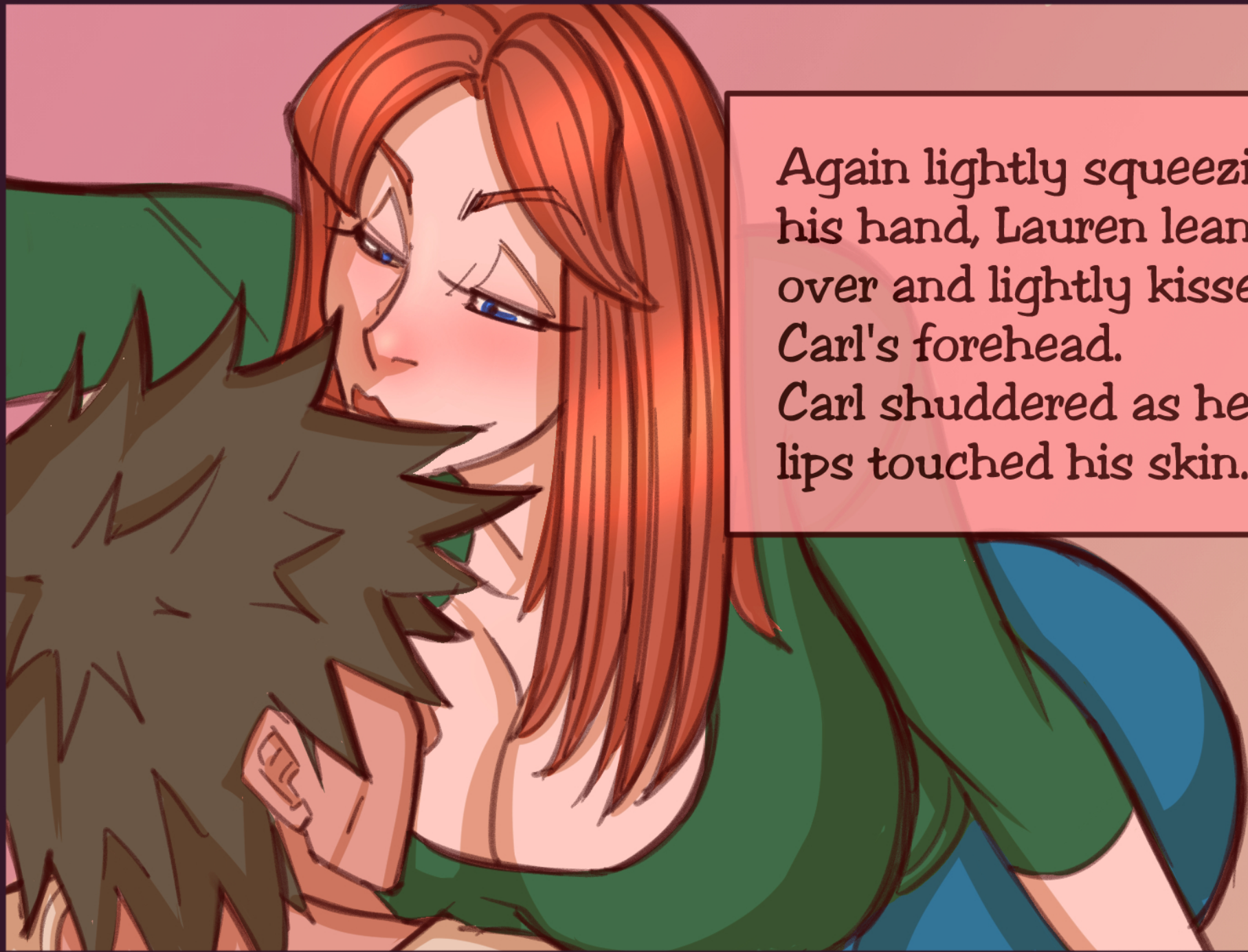




With that Lauren took Carl's hand and squeezed it lightly.



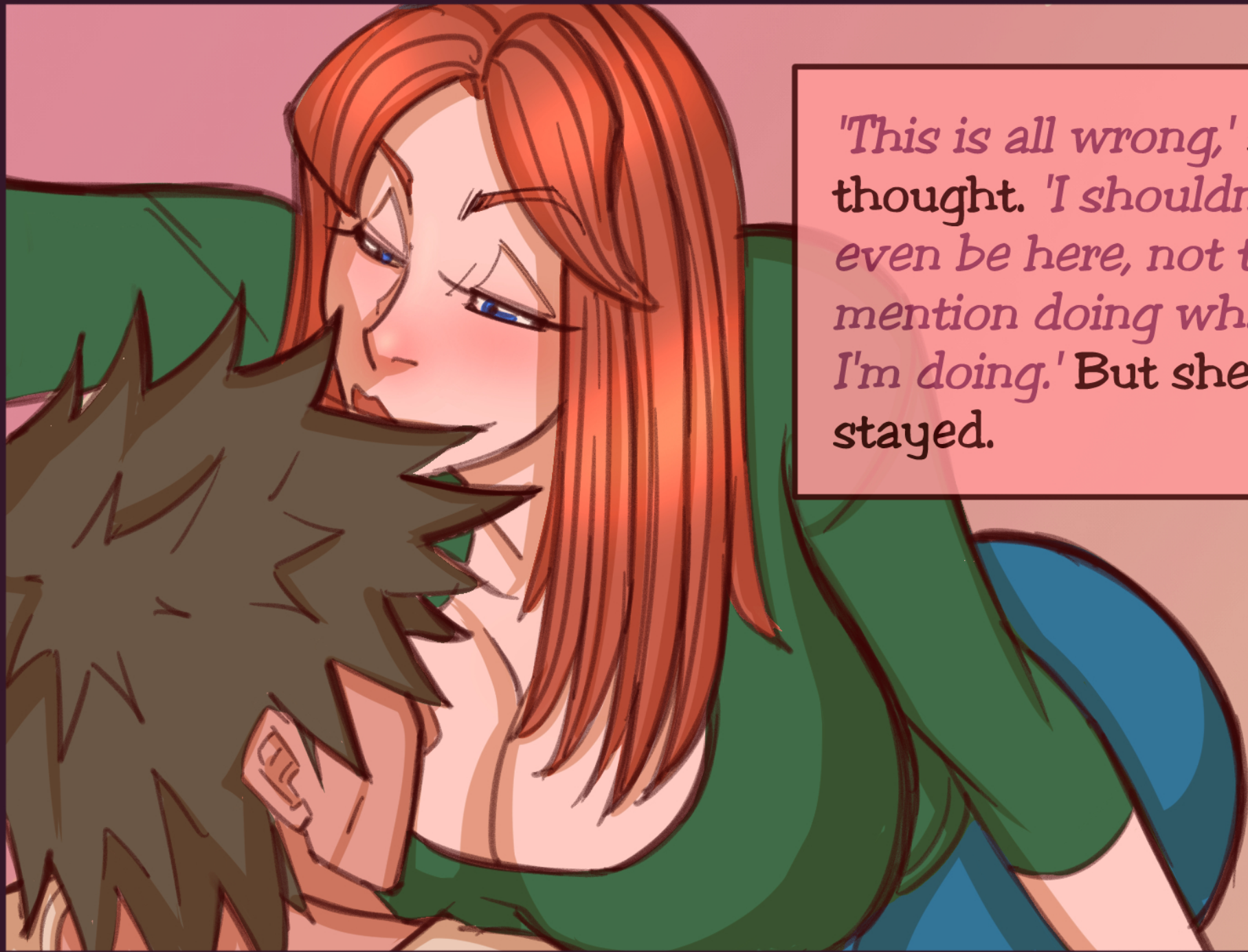
"Really hon, I AM sorry. I really didn't mean to embarrass you. It's just that you looked so nice lying there. I just couldn't leave for some reason."



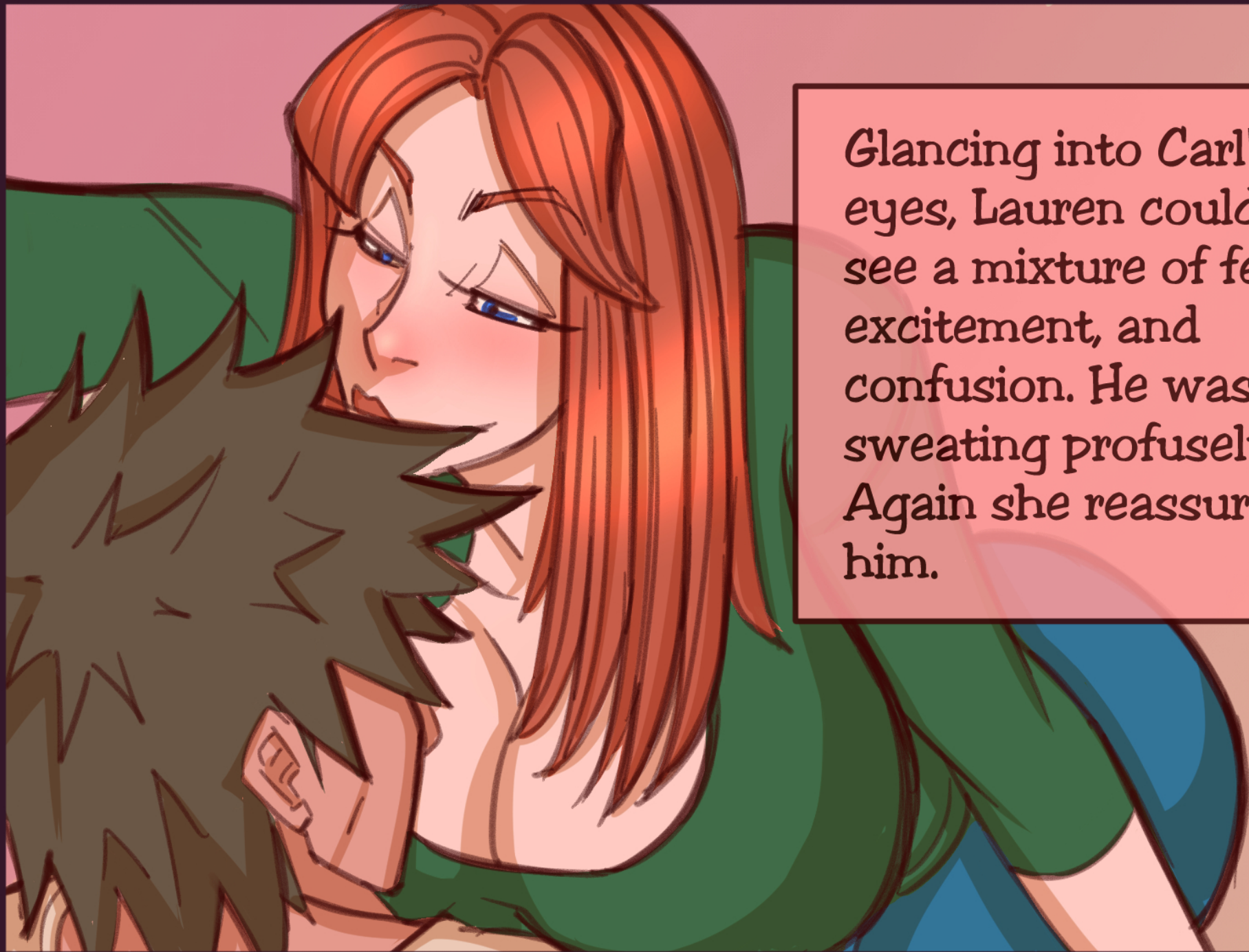
Again lightly squeezing his hand, Lauren leaned over and lightly kissed Carl's forehead. Carl shuddered as her lips touched his skin.



"It's OK," Lauren
whispered. Her
mind was racing.



'This is all wrong,' she thought. 'I shouldn't even be here, not to mention doing what I'm doing.' But she stayed.



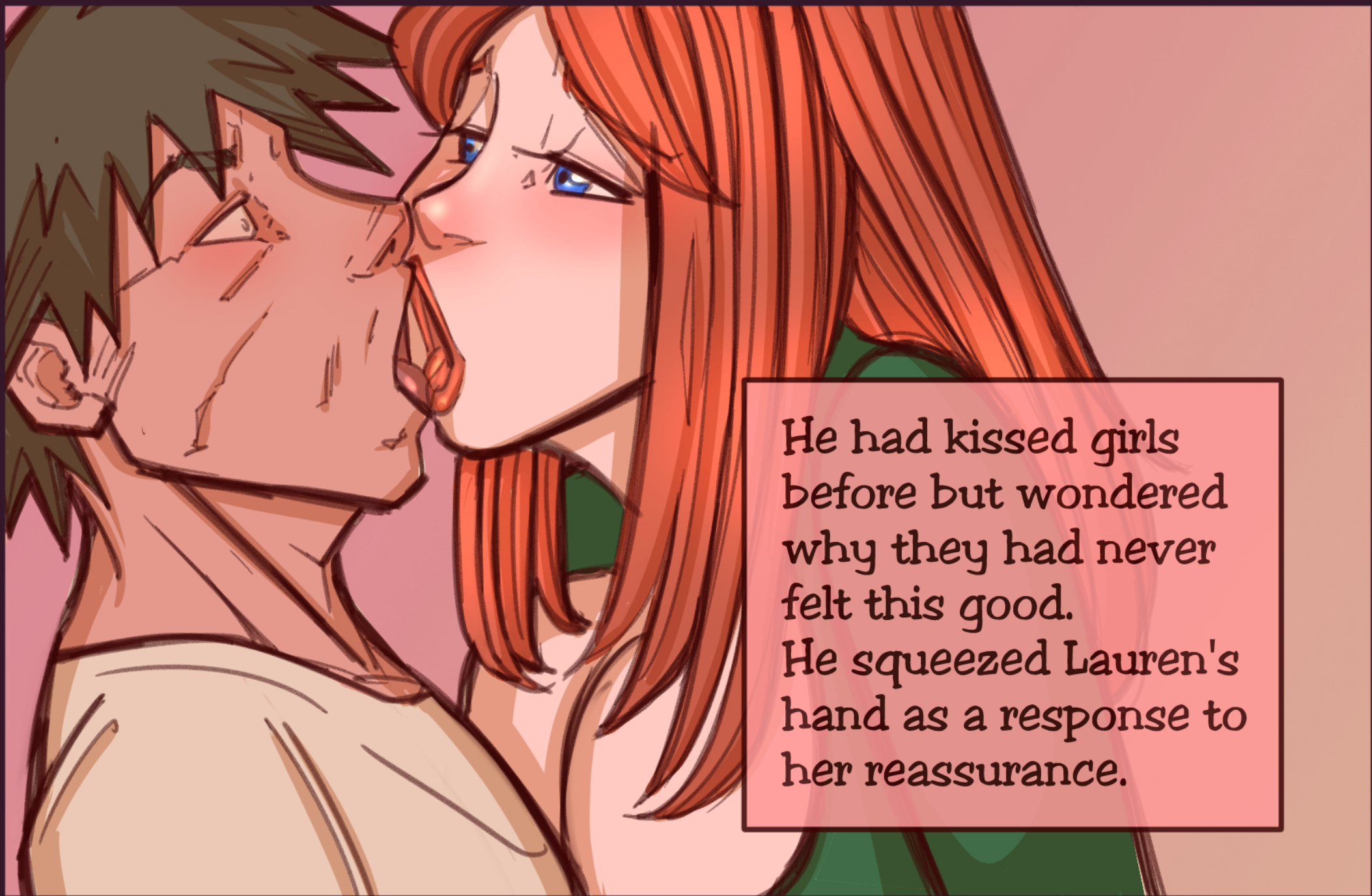
Glancing into Carl's eyes, Lauren could see a mixture of fear, excitement, and confusion. He was sweating profusely. Again she reassured him.



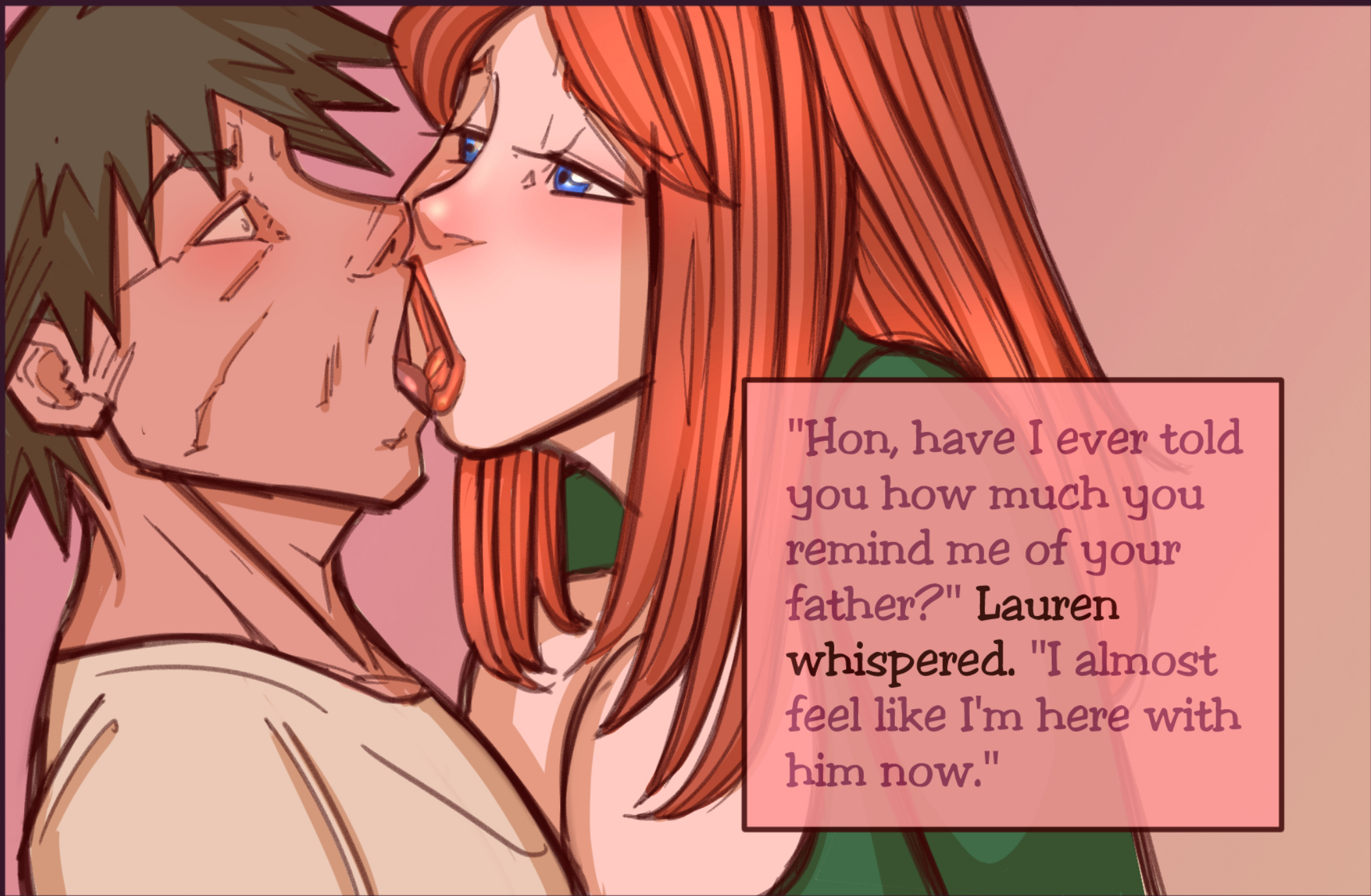
"It's OK, hon,"
Lauren whispered
as she moved her
kiss to his lips.



Carl lay frozen in place. He had never felt so excited and turned on and couldn't believe what was taking place.



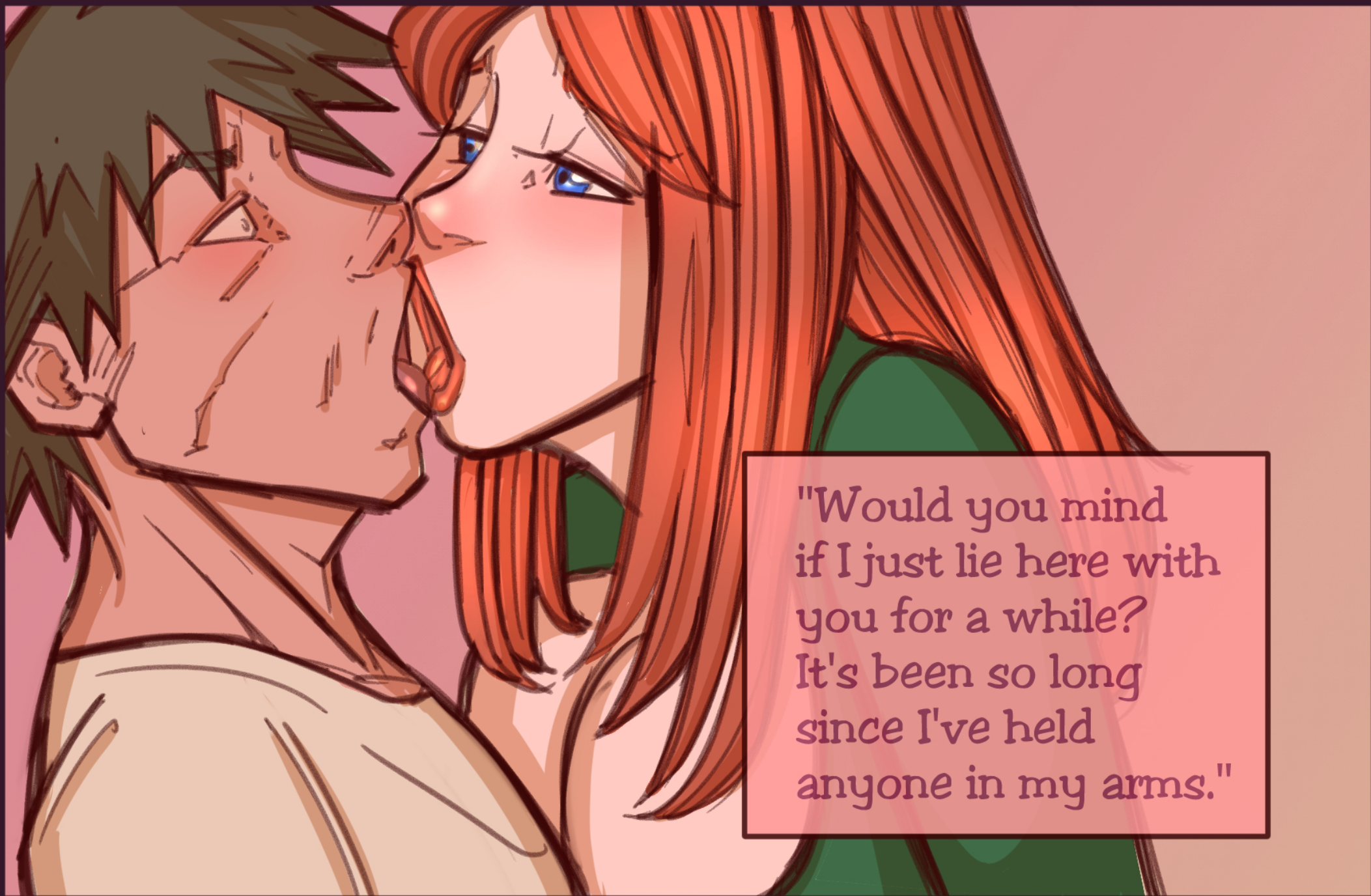
He had kissed girls before but wondered why they had never felt this good. He squeezed Lauren's hand as a response to her reassurance.



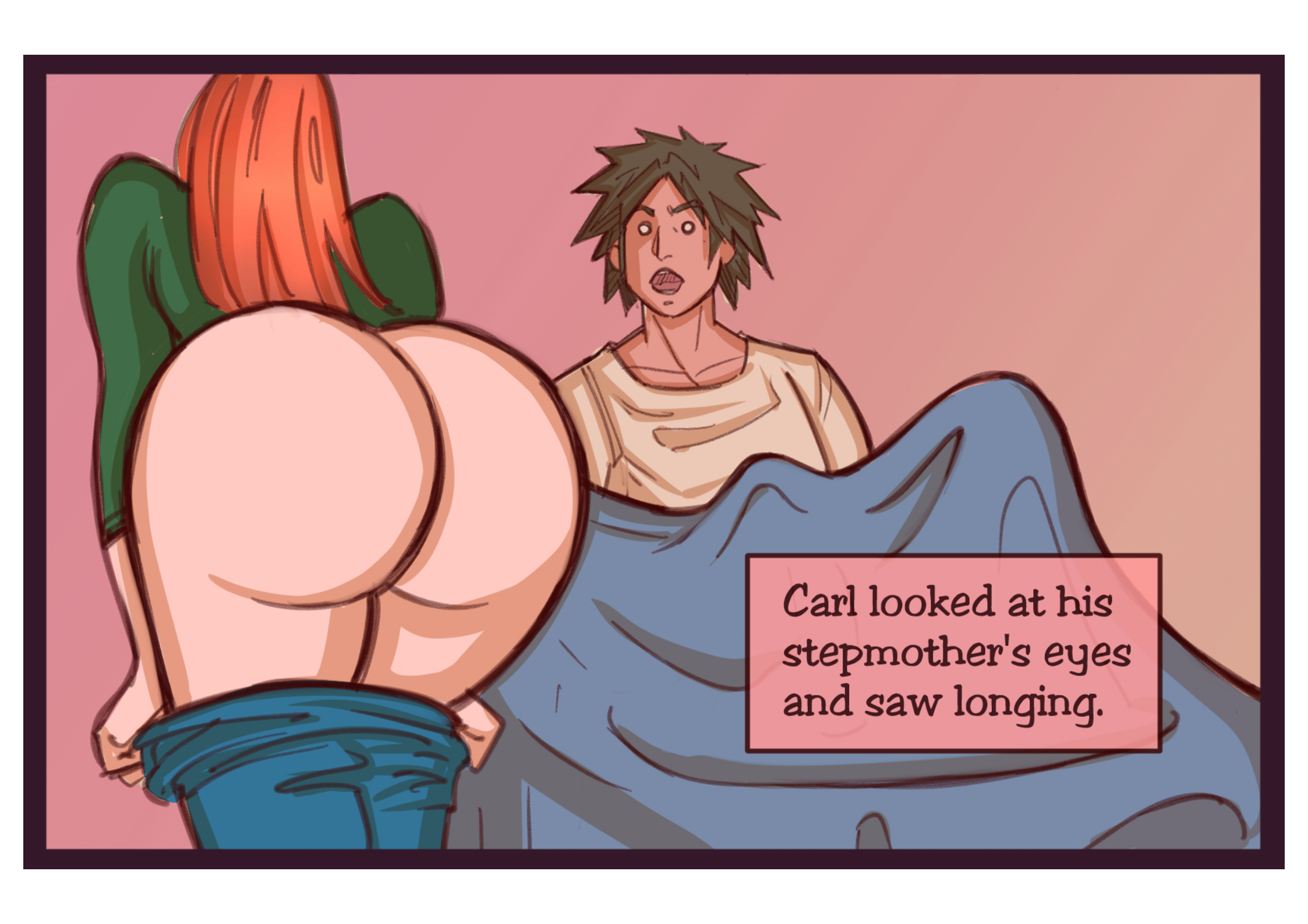
"Hon, have I ever told you how much you remind me of your father?" Lauren whispered. "I almost feel like I'm here with him now."



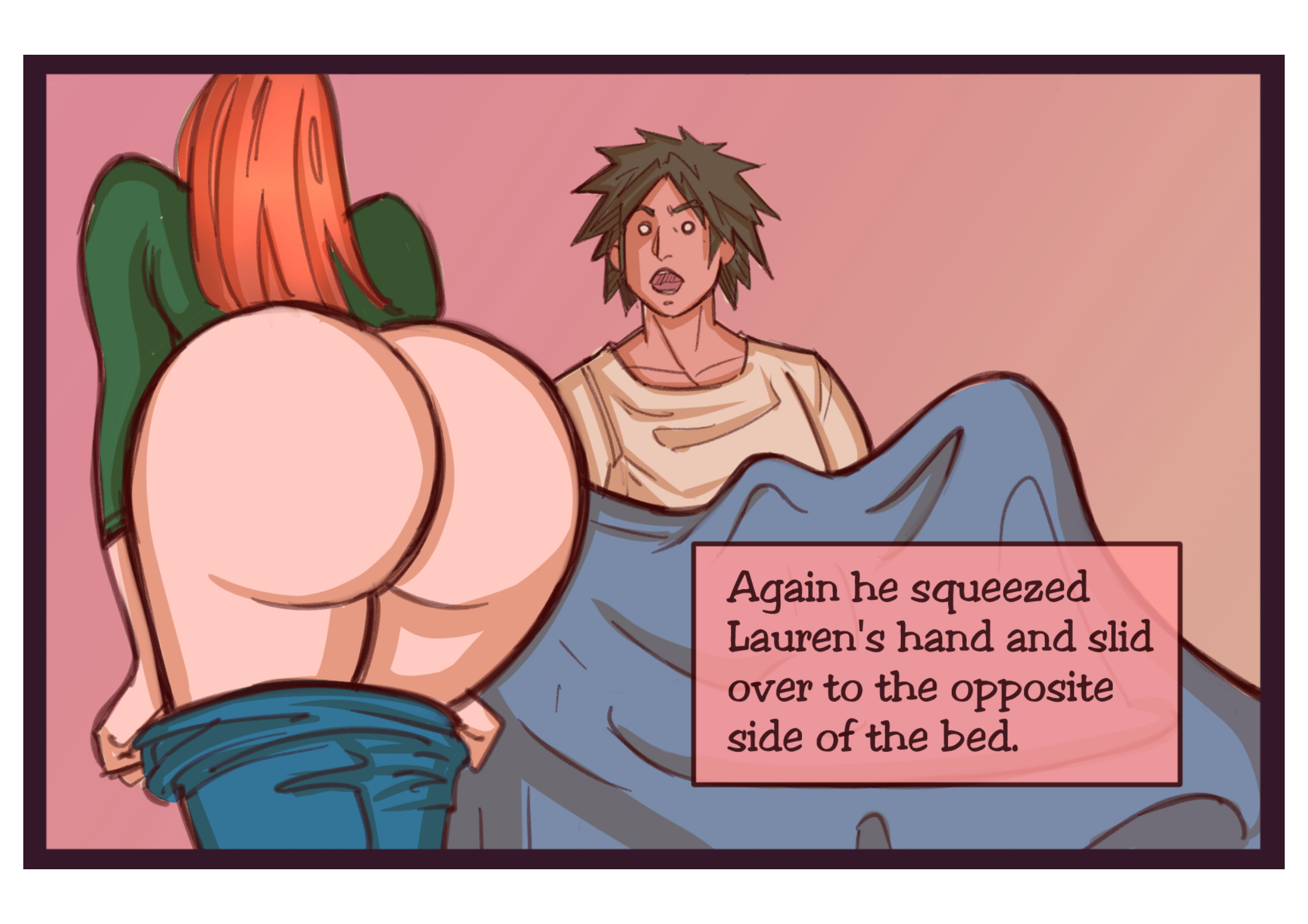
"We used to lie together for hours at a time and just hold each other."



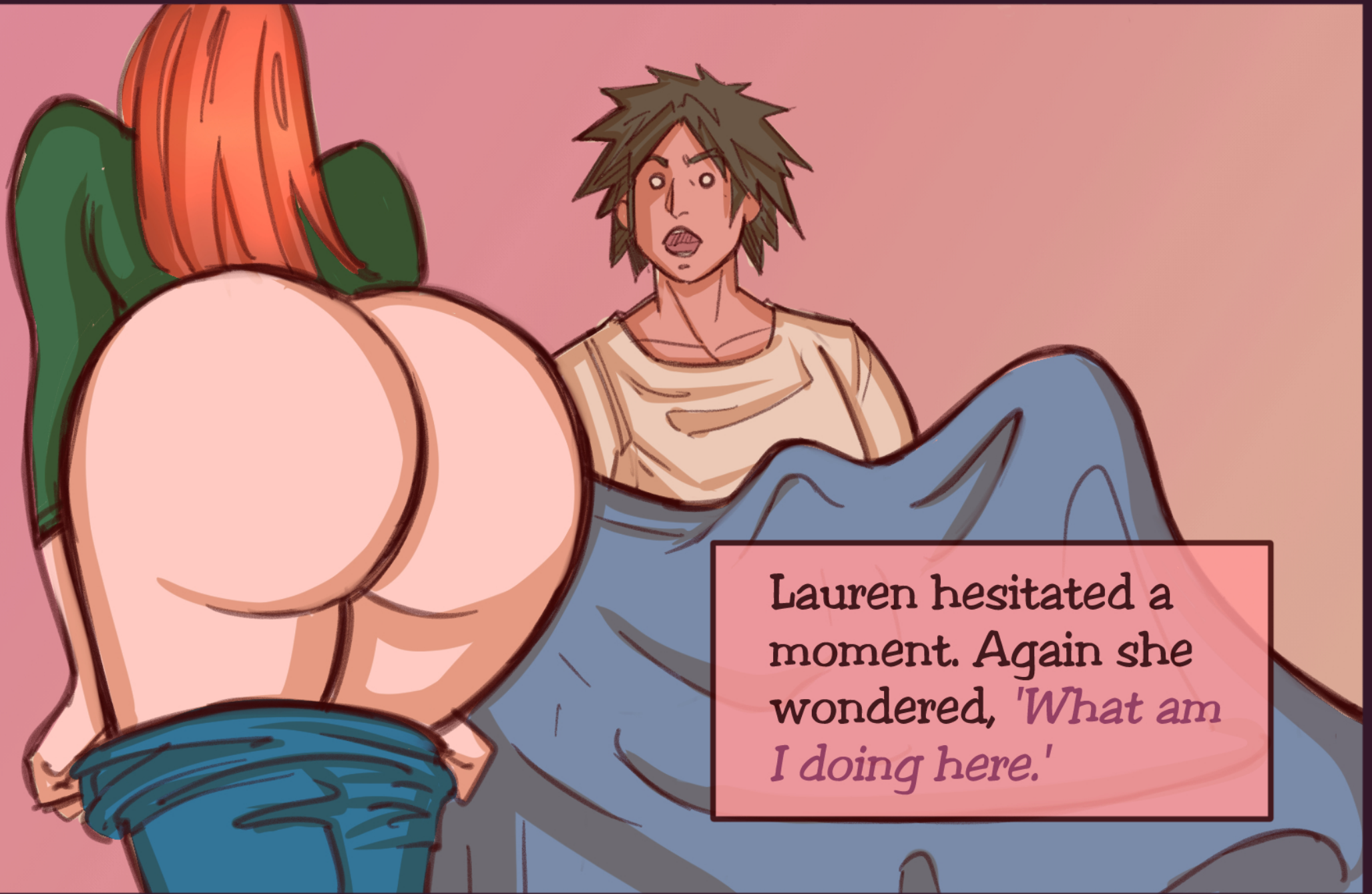
"Would you mind if I just lie here with you for a while? It's been so long since I've held anyone in my arms."



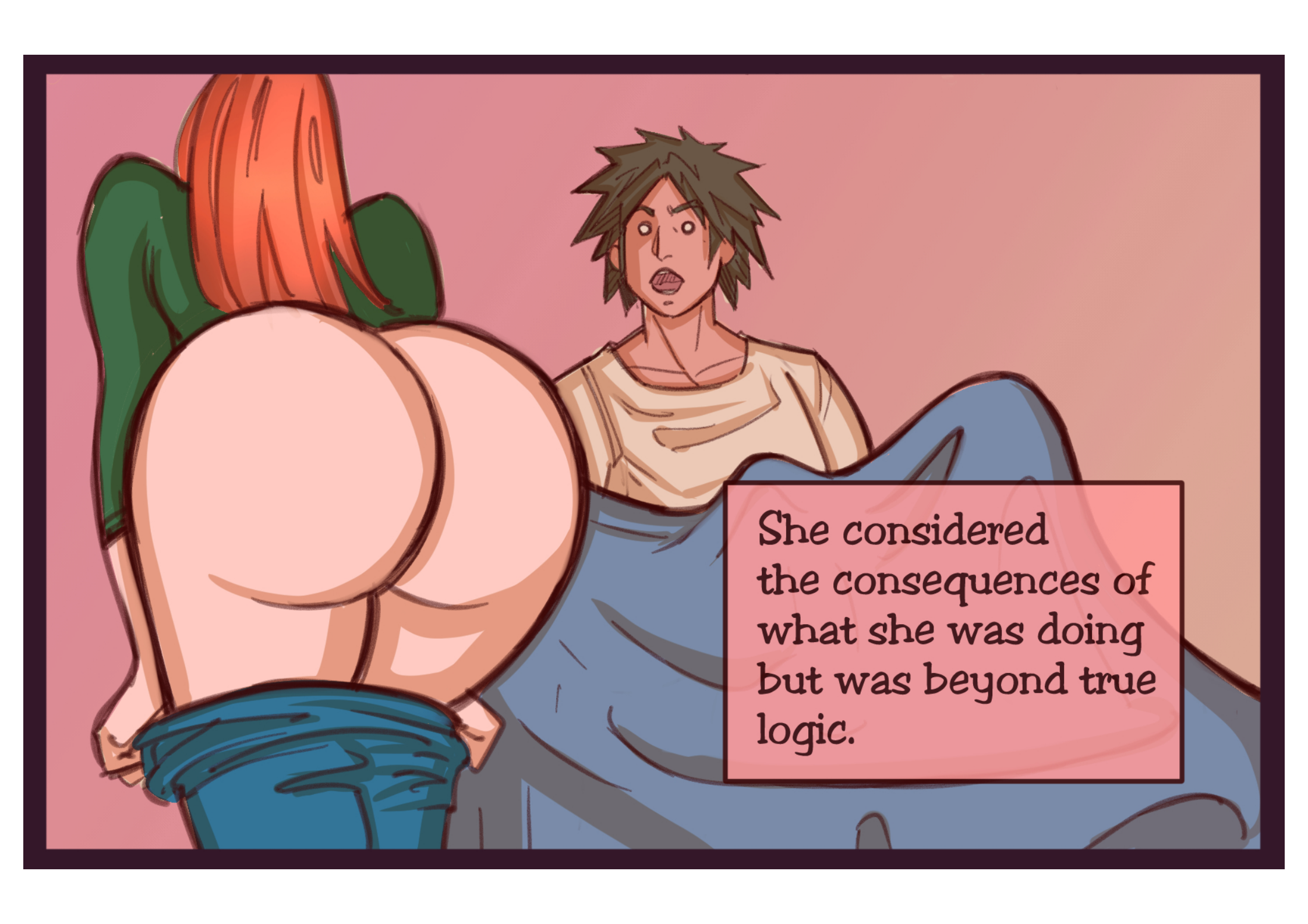
Carl looked at his
stepmother's eyes
and saw longing.



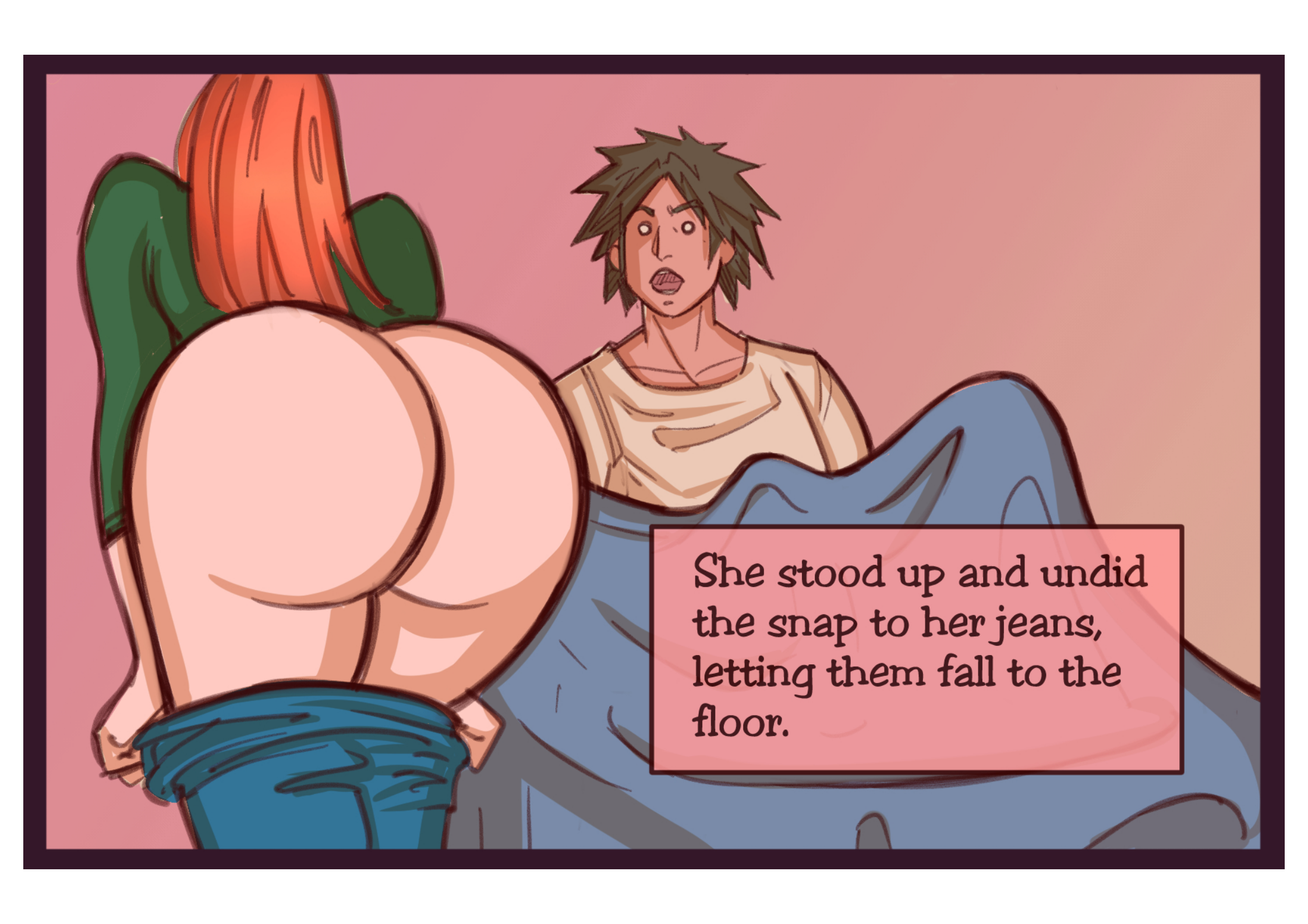
Again he squeezed
Lauren's hand and slid
over to the opposite
side of the bed.



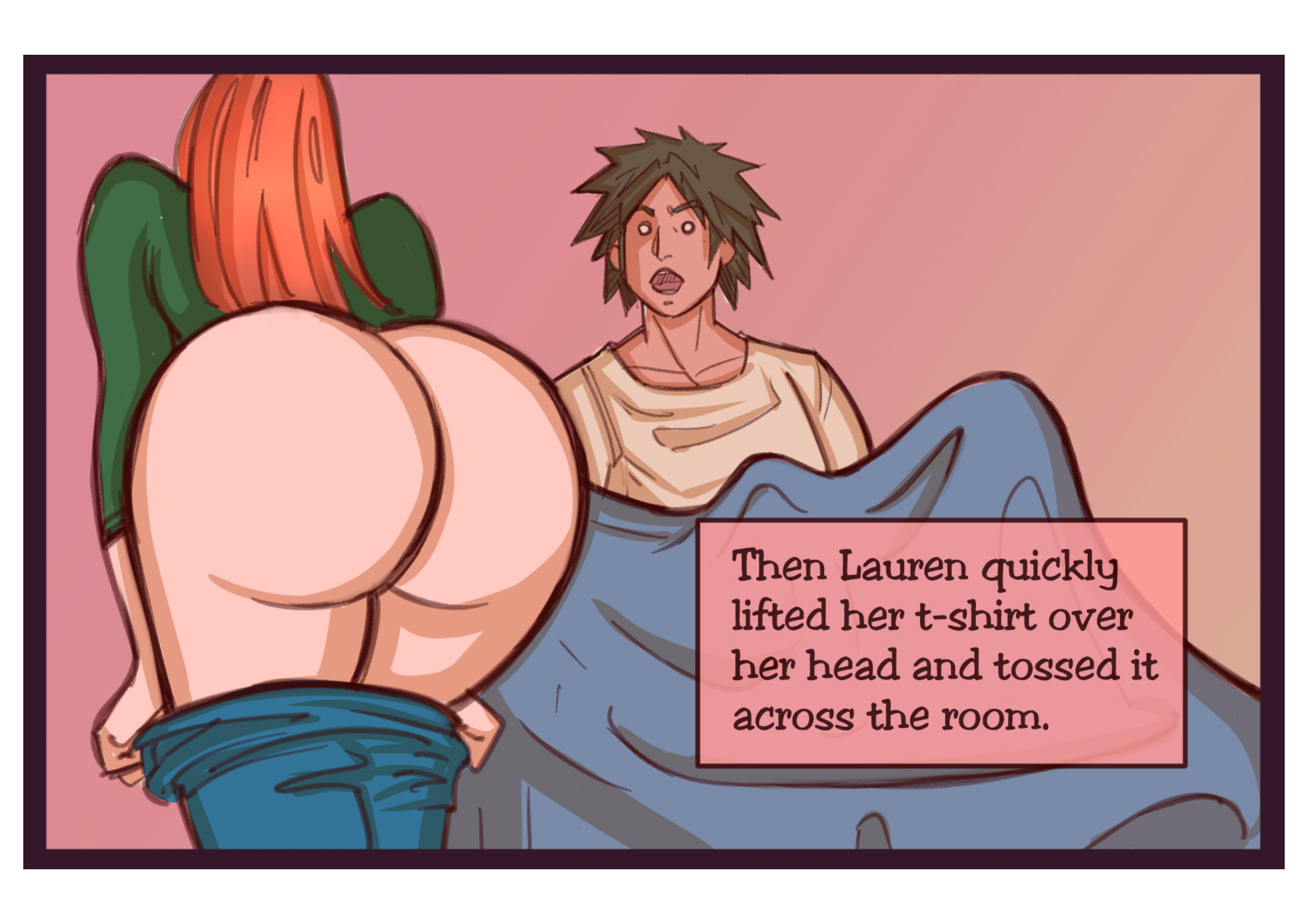
Lauren hesitated a moment. Again she wondered, *'What am I doing here.'*



She considered
the consequences of
what she was doing
but was beyond true
logic.

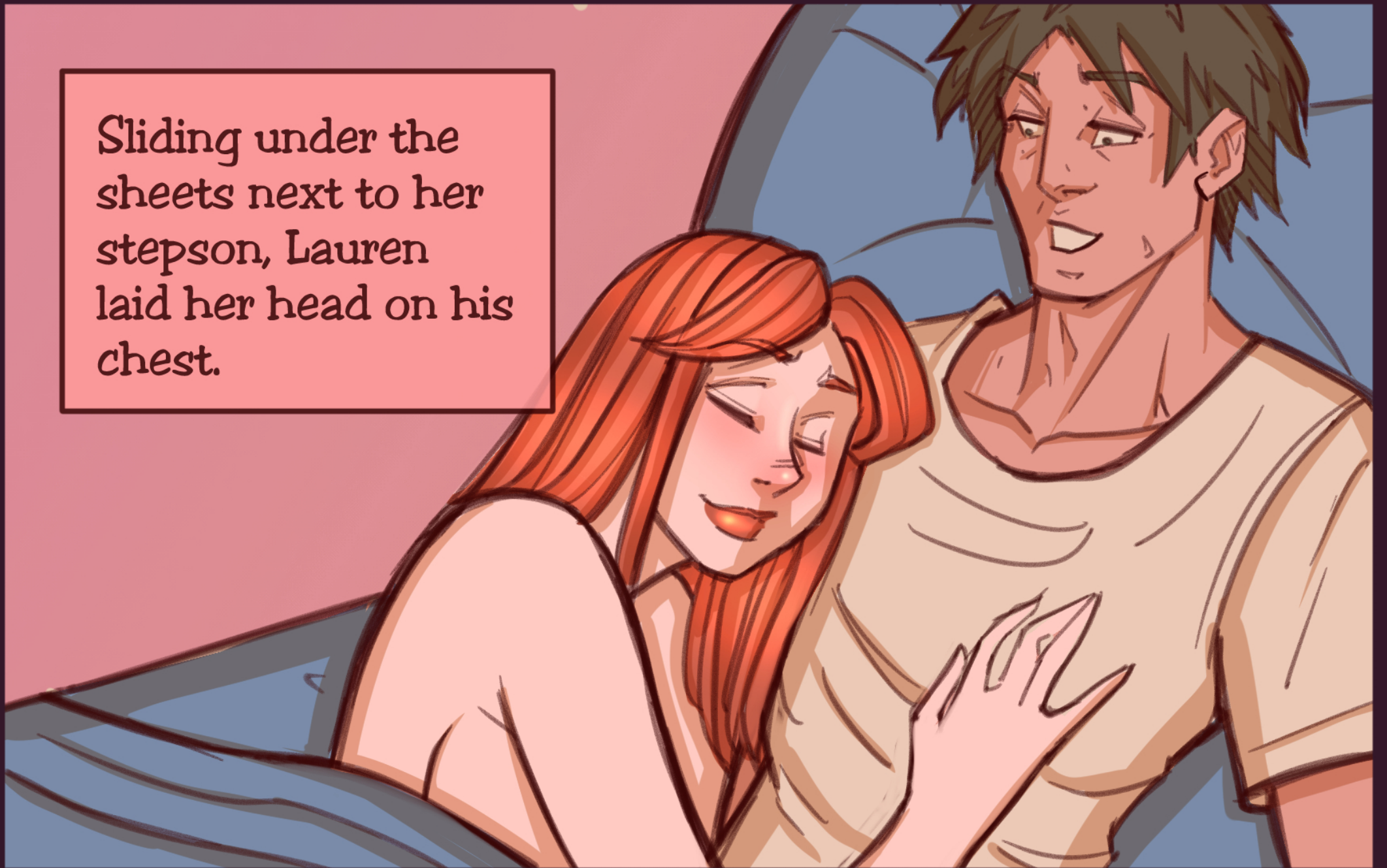


She stood up and undid the snap to her jeans, letting them fall to the floor.

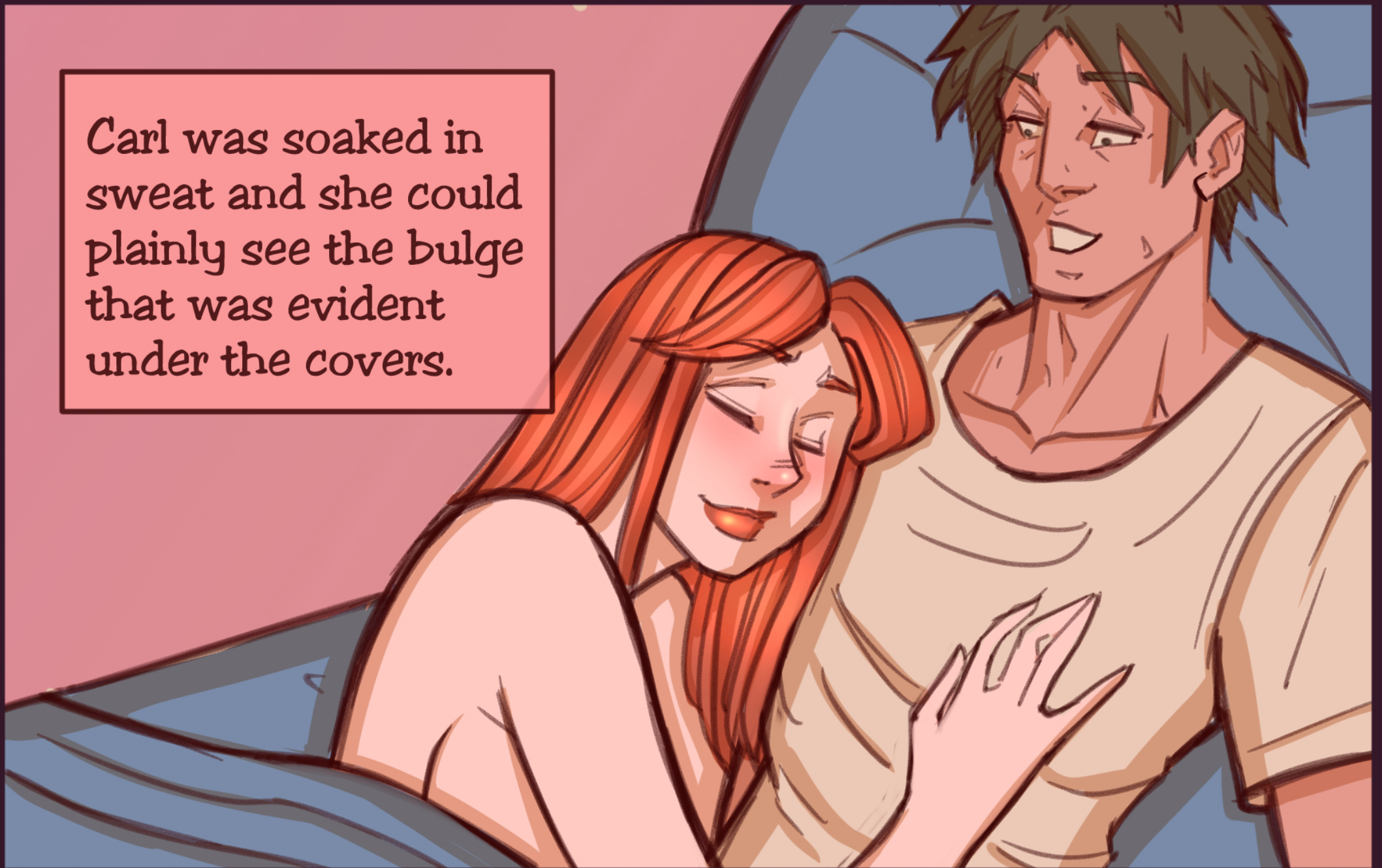


Then Lauren quickly lifted her t-shirt over her head and tossed it across the room.

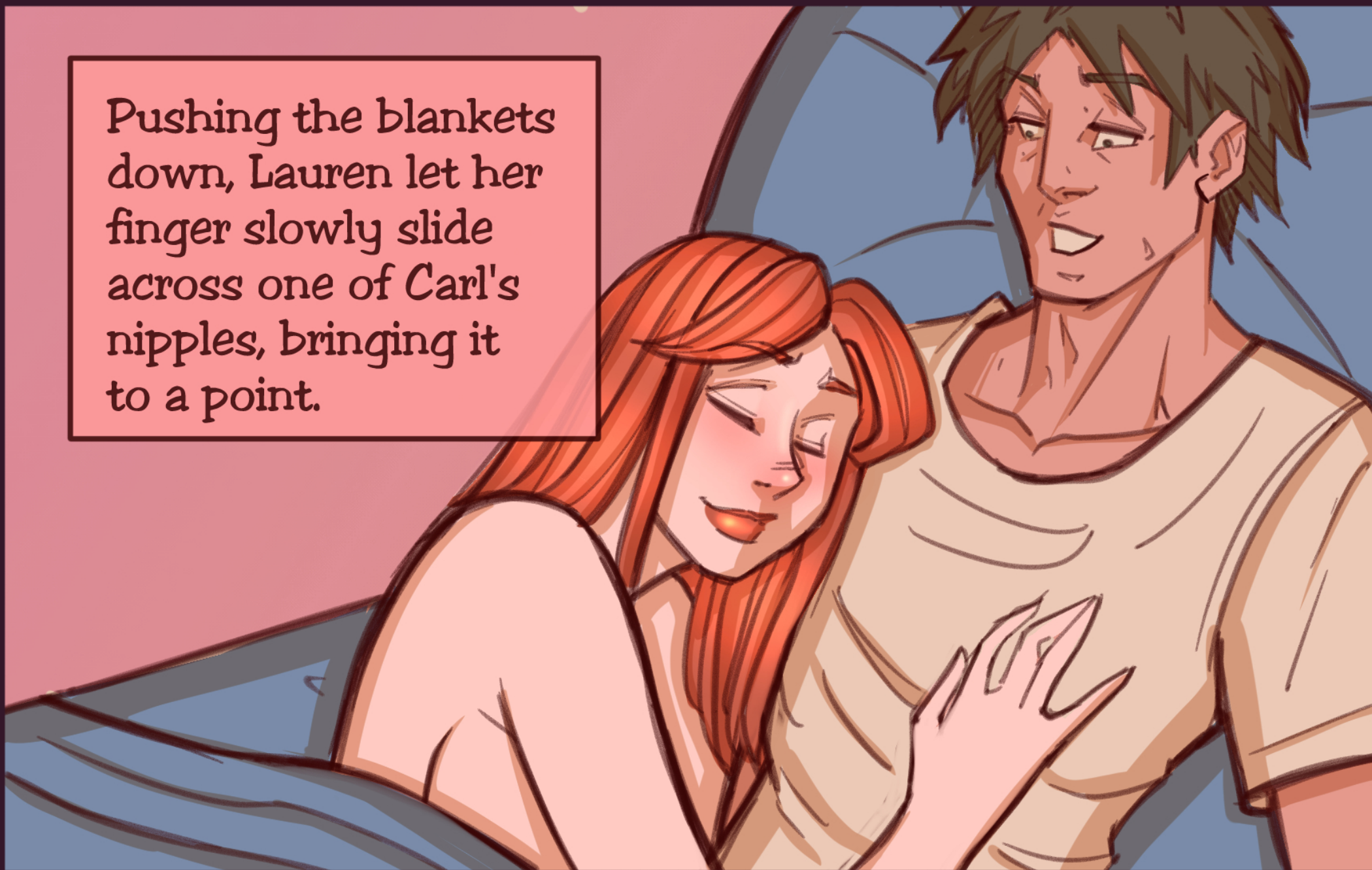
Sliding under the sheets next to her stepson, Lauren laid her head on his chest.



Carl was soaked in sweat and she could plainly see the bulge that was evident under the covers.



Pushing the blankets down, Lauren let her finger slowly slide across one of Carl's nipples, bringing it to a point.



Carl couldn't believe
what it felt like.
Again reassuring him,
Lauren whispered,
"It's OK. Its all OK."



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