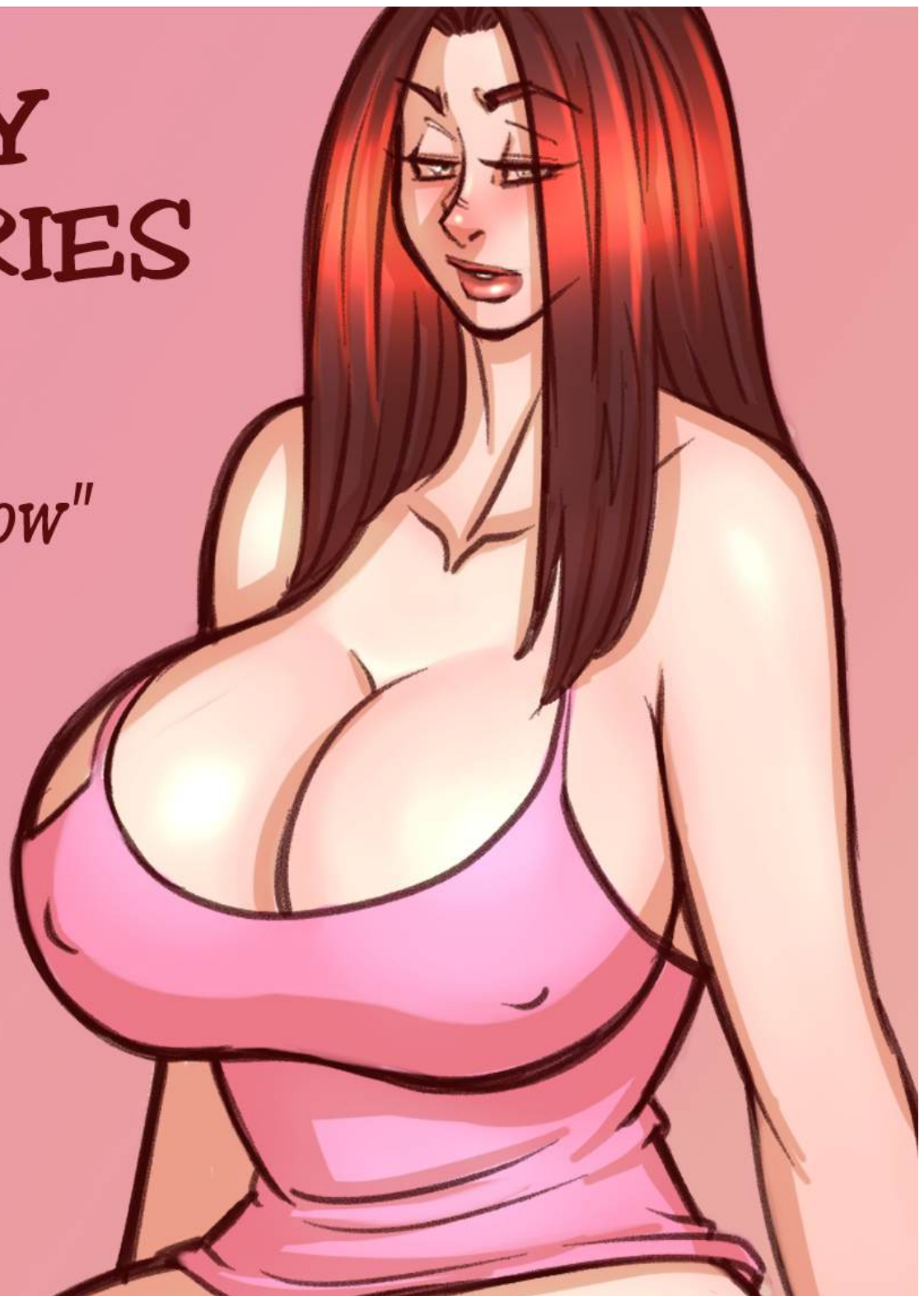


# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 38

*"The Widow"*

Chapter  
11



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# SPICY STORIES VOL. 38: "The Widow"

Based on an Original story by HeyAll  
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 11



After her shower,  
Karen returned to  
her room and got  
into bed.



Although it was  
now mid-morning,  
she was dead tired.



She wondered: if it was that good with Carol, how much better would it be for real? With a guy?



The thought had to rest for a while though as she slowly drifted off to sleep.

Downstairs,  
Lauren was standing  
at the kitchen window  
looking out at the backyard.

She was startled  
as she suddenly felt  
two arms embrace her  
from behind.



"Good morning again,"  
Carl whispered in her  
ear as he slid his hands  
from her middle up to  
cover her breasts,  
one with each hand.



Lauren left her head  
fall back a little to  
rest against Carl's  
shoulder.

"Good morning lover  
boy."



With that, Lauren turned to face Carl and gazed into his eyes.



Was she with Carl  
or his father? The  
thought raced  
through her mind.

"What are you two doing!"

Suddenly,  
the silence had been broken  
by another male voice.



Startled, Lauren and Carl released their embrace and turned to face Brad.



"Nothing, nothing at all."

"Sure didn't look that way to me," Brad replied with a slight snicker.



Lauren had never liked Brad. He had always been difficult and had resented her being his father's girlfriend, but since his father's death he had become almost impossible.



"Looked to me like you to were makin' it," Brad said, glaring at Lauren.



"I guess it wasn't enough that you had to steal my dad, now you have to get Carl too."



"Shut up Brad." Carl had a demanding tone in his voice.  
"Shut up before I give you something to be sorry about."



"Yeah, right," Brad responded sarcastically. "You two go ahead and enjoy yourselves."



With that, Brad  
headed up the  
stairs.

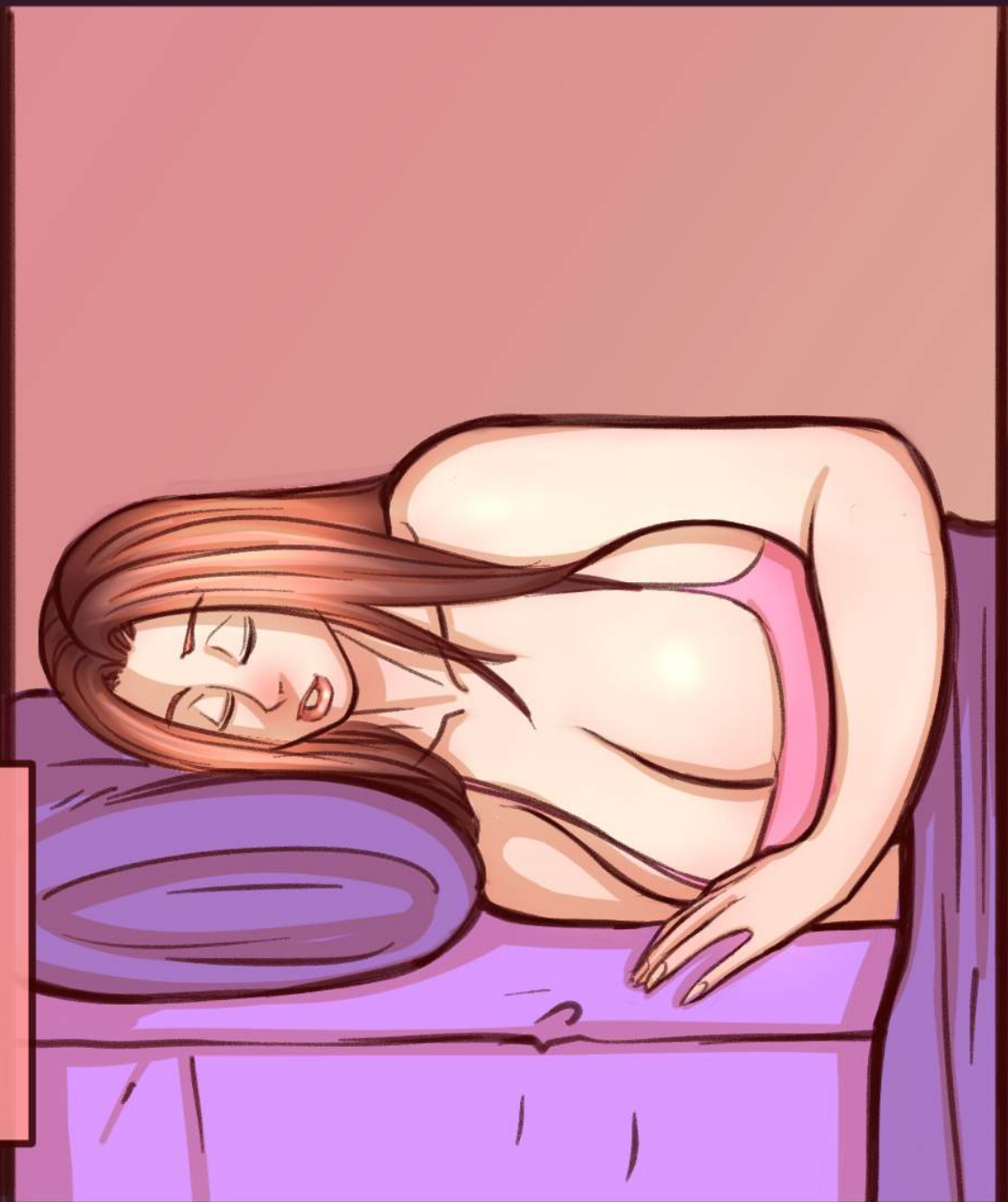
"I was afraid  
something was  
going to happen,"  
Lauren said.

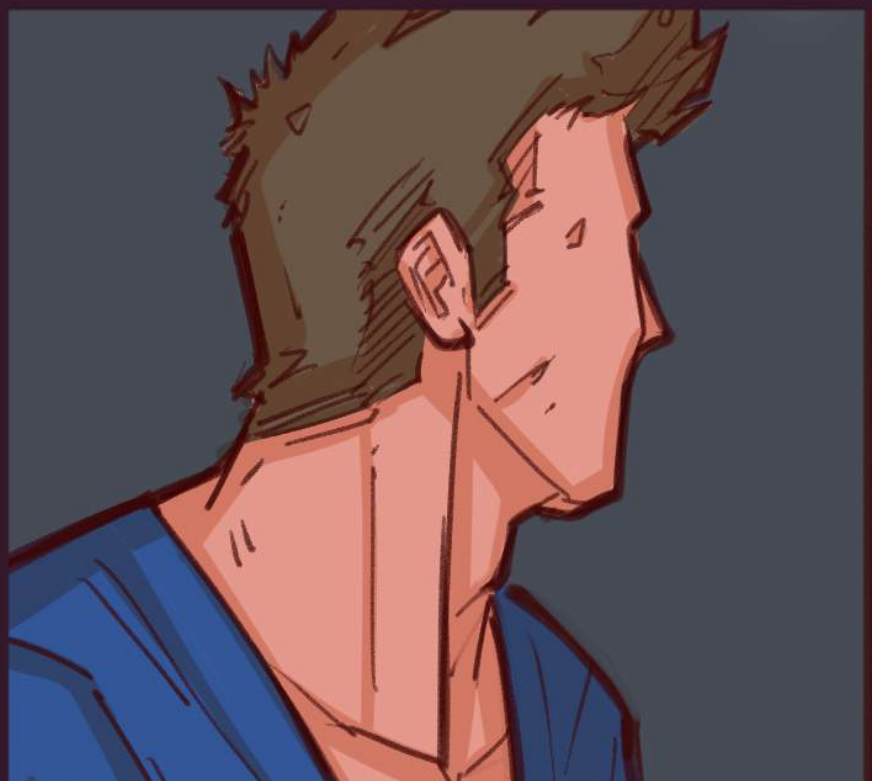


"Nah, he's ok. He's just mad at the world. He'll be fine."  
Lauren turned back to the window and gazed out.

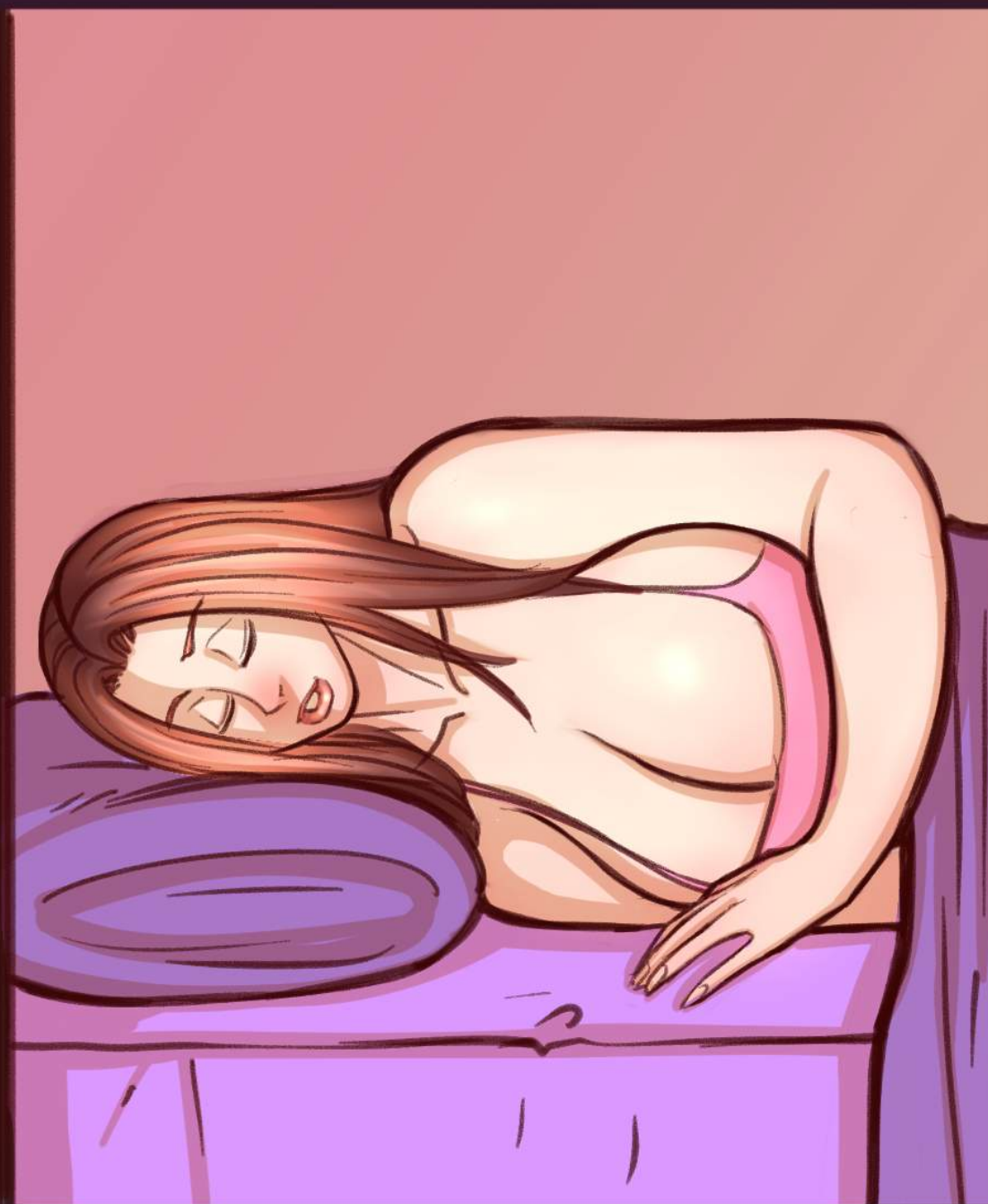


Upstairs, as Brad walked down the hall towards his room he glanced at Karen lying in her bed.





"Not bad," he thought  
as he stopped for a  
second to survey the  
sleeping figure.  
"Not bad at all."





Brad headed to his room and locked his door behind him.





Selecting an issue of Hustler from the stack he lay back on the bed.



Opening the magazine to a picture  
of blonde spread-eagle before the camera,  
Brad undid his pants and pushed them  
halfway down his thighs.

As he turned the pages  
to see the blonde opening herself  
he felt his cock grow hard.

And, mysteriously,  
almost without  
being aware of it,  
he found himself  
thinking of Karen.



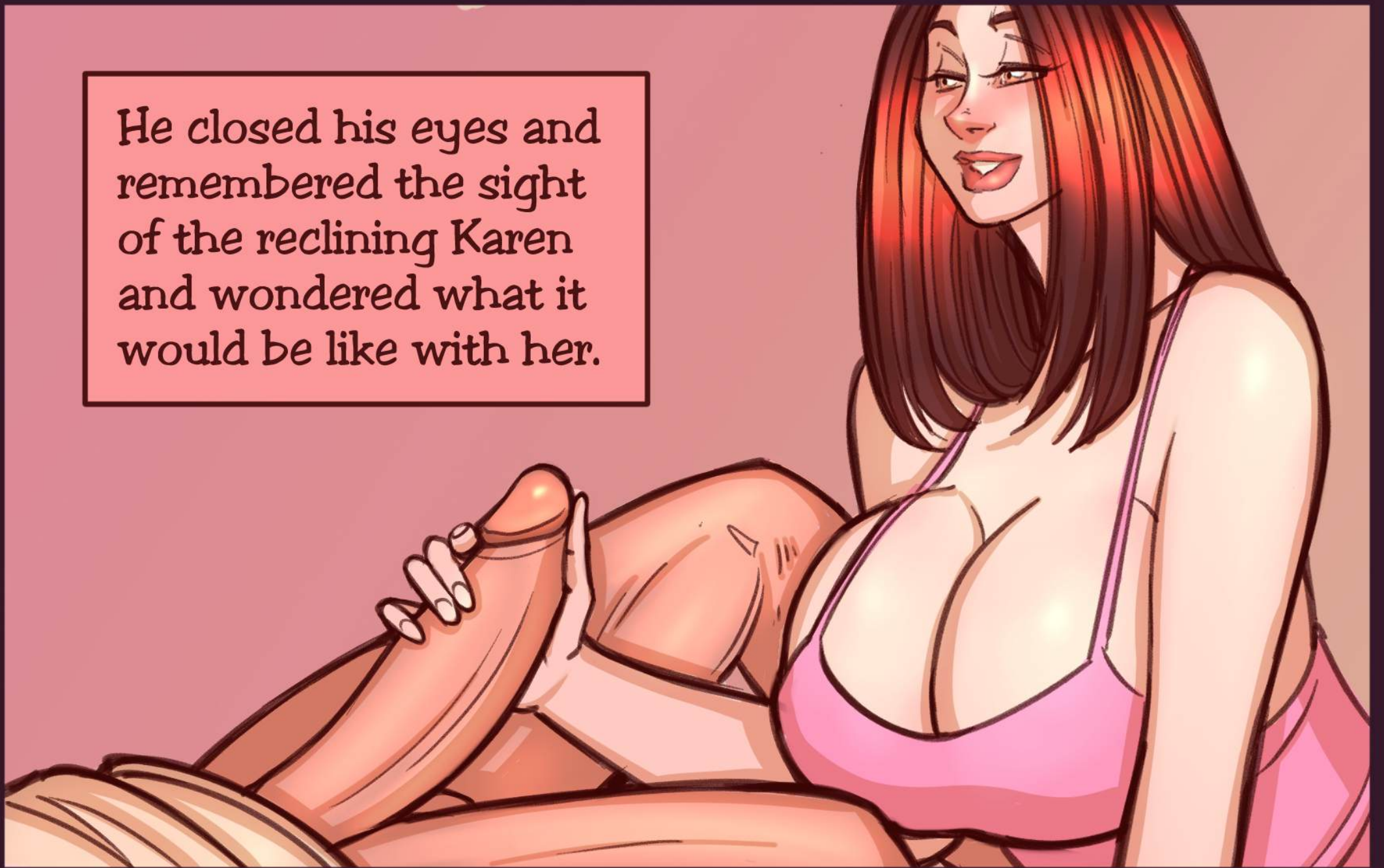
He imagined her  
standing over him  
doing with her  
hand what he was  
doing with his own.



In a few short minutes he felt himself coming so he slid over to the side of the bed and rolled on his side to come on the floor next to the bed.

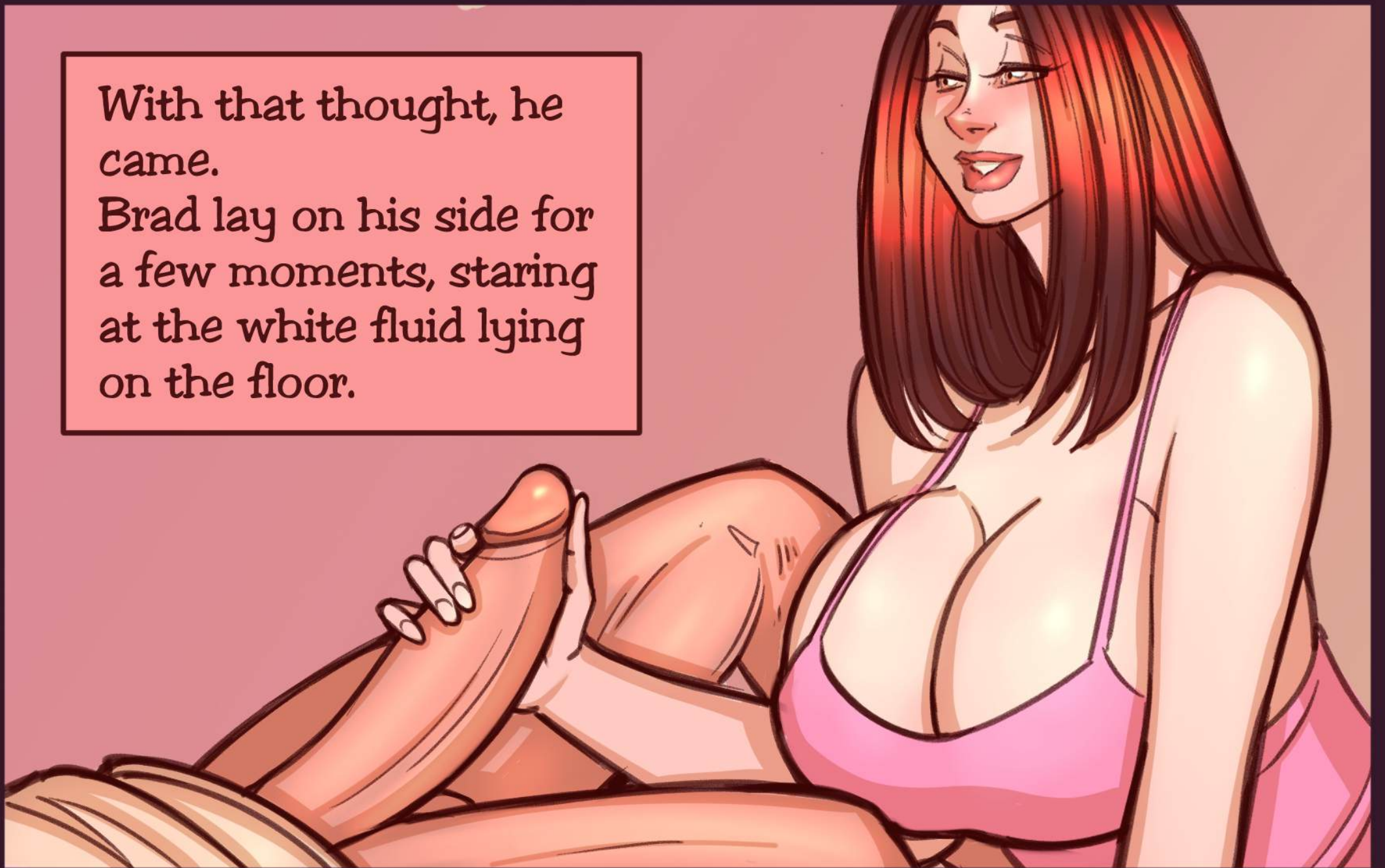


He closed his eyes and remembered the sight of the reclining Karen and wondered what it would be like with her.



With that thought, he came.

Brad lay on his side for a few moments, staring at the white fluid lying on the floor.



He thought back to Karen and wondered what would happen if he were to just walk into her room.



He lay back over  
and wiped off his  
cock with the sheet.  
Then he fell asleep.



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