

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 41

"Susan"

Chapter
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 41: "Susan"

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!**

If you want to support this stories,
please visit my Patreon

<https://Patreon.com/ngtvisualstudio>

CHAPTER 03

"Do you mind if I... feel the
fabric?"

*"Well, of course you can!
That's why I'm here! I need
your professional help!"*

She was so earnest in her gratitude
that I almost felt awful about
what I was doing.



But that went away
as soon as I reached
out and put my hands
on her chest.



I acted like I was feeling the fabric of the bra, but I was squeezing those incredible tits of hers.



I rubbed my fingers over every inch of those huge breasts of hers and pretended to examine the fit of the bra.



I even put some fingers inside her bra as though I was testing how tight the fit was against her amazing chest.





And she stood there the entire time with this appreciative smile on her face, grateful that I was being so meticulous in my examination.



I would have pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming, but my hands were already filled with huge mounds of flesh.



It was so
exquisite...

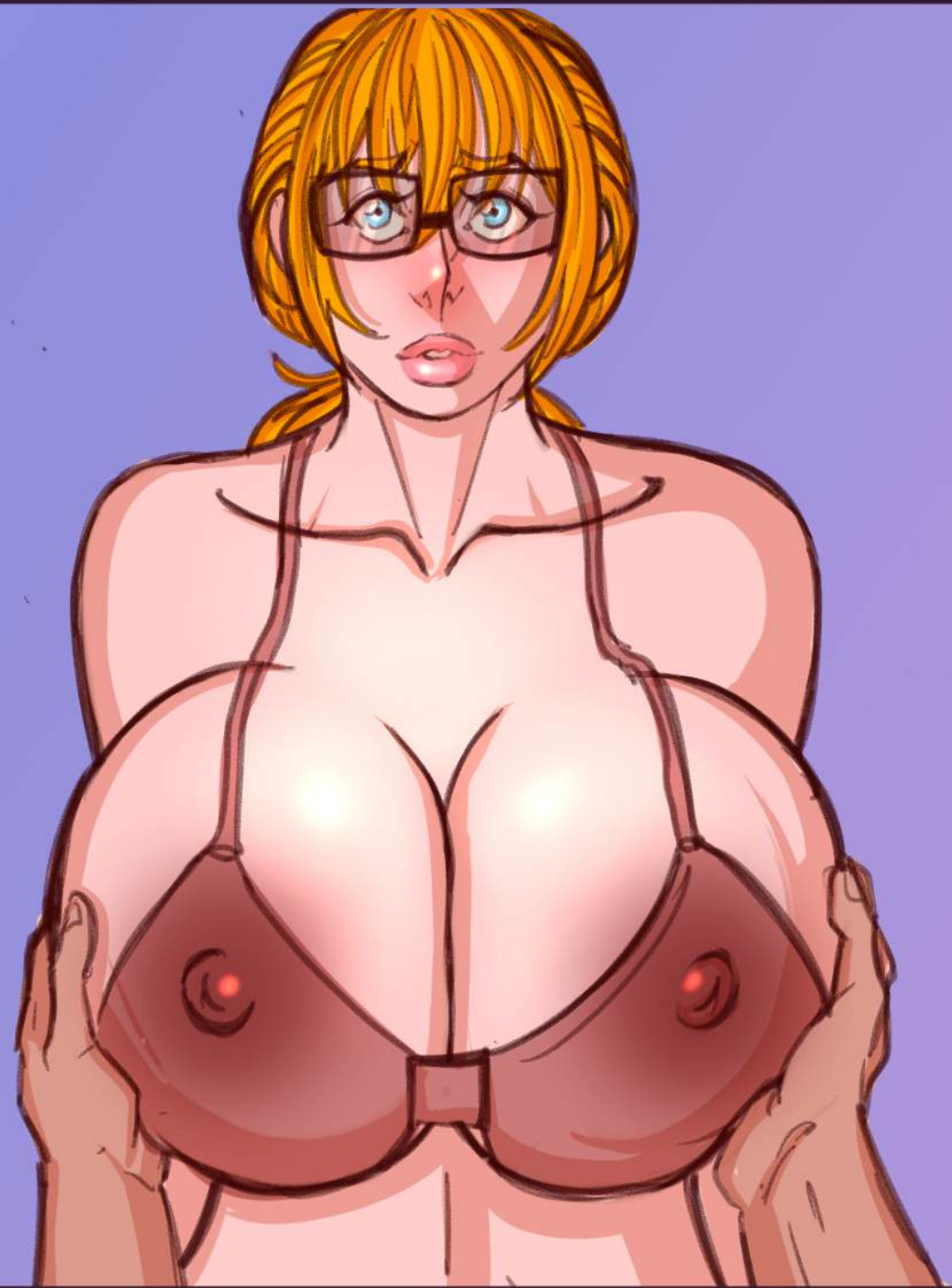
After a few minutes,
I finally told her, "I'm
not sure this is the
right size for you.
What size bra do
you normally wear?"



"I think I wear an F,
but it's been years
since I was measured
so I don't really know."



She half-grinned as though she were self-conscious about not knowing her size.

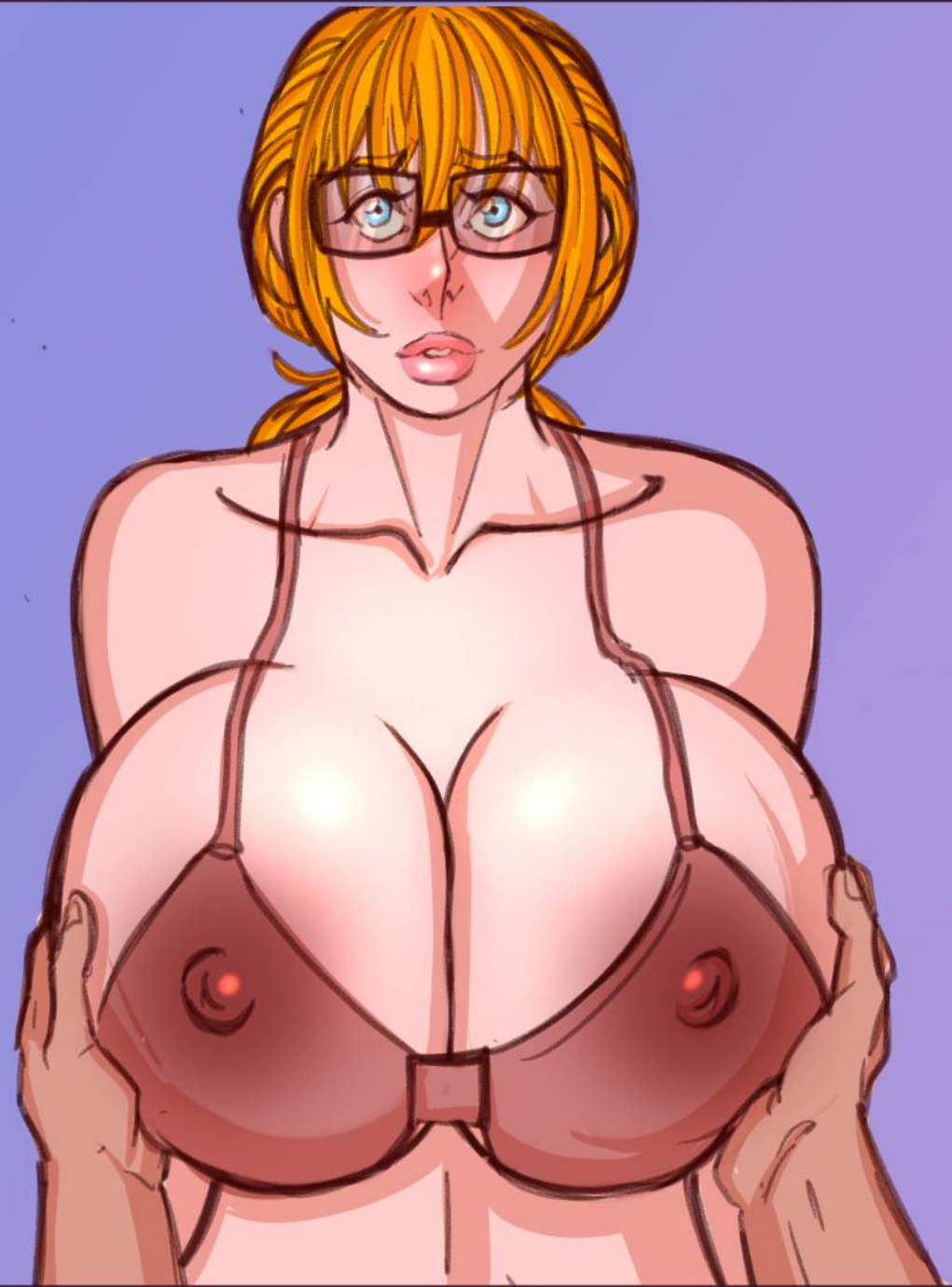


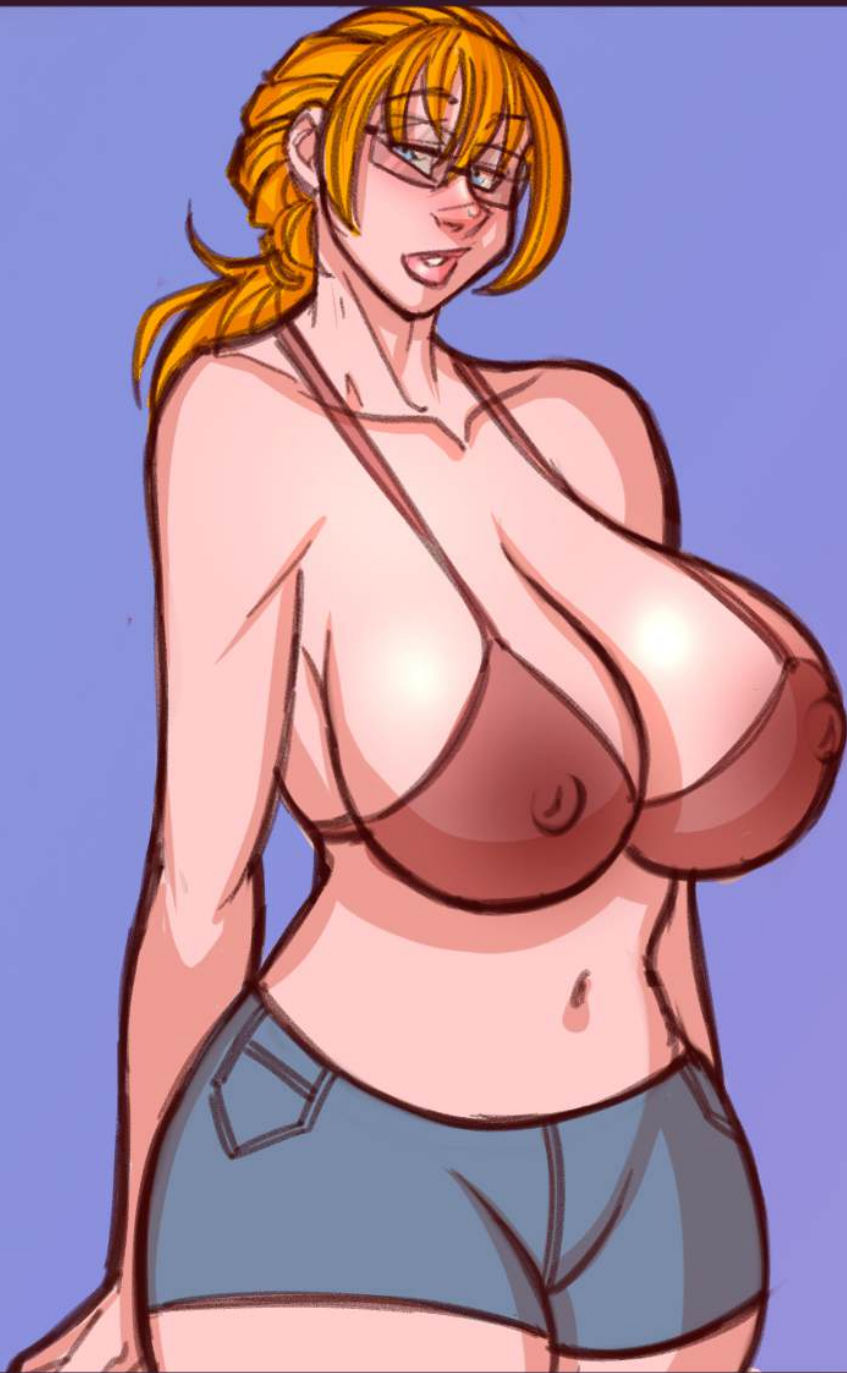
"Uh...," I stammered,
sensing an opportunity,
"Would it help if I..., er...
measured you?"

"That would be SO great,
thank you!"

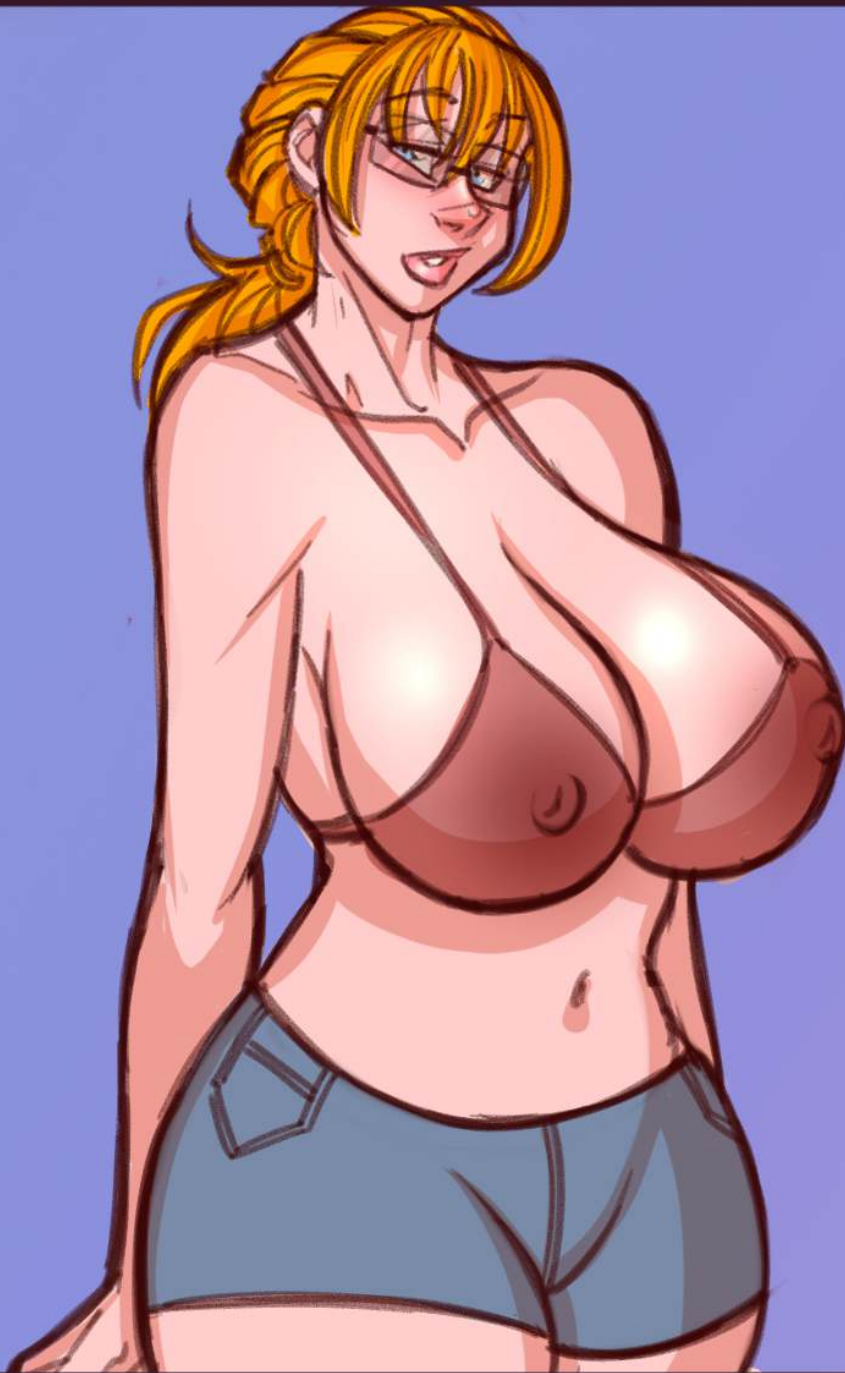


I think she was about to say something else, but I was too busy grabbing the door knob and hustling out of the room.

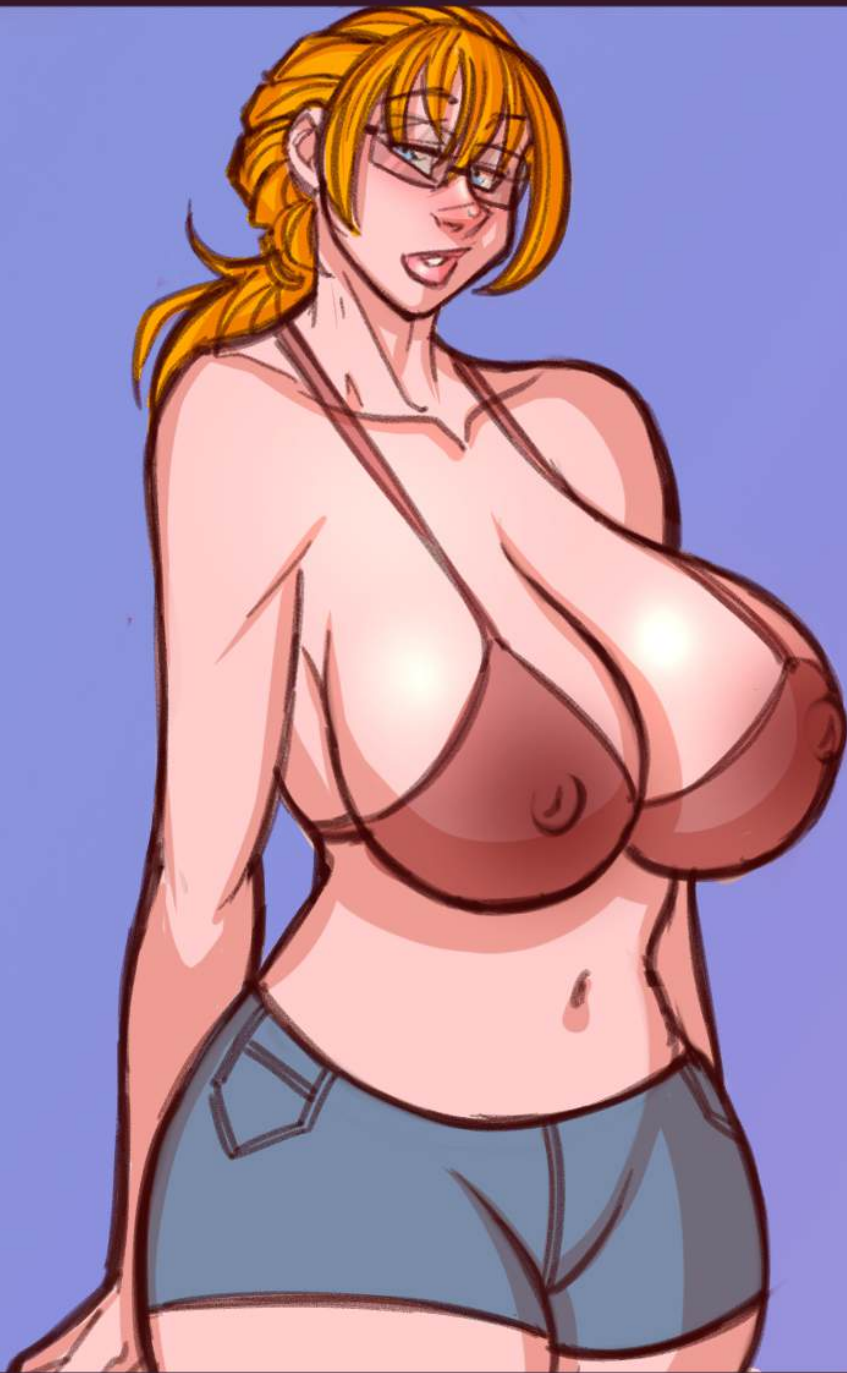




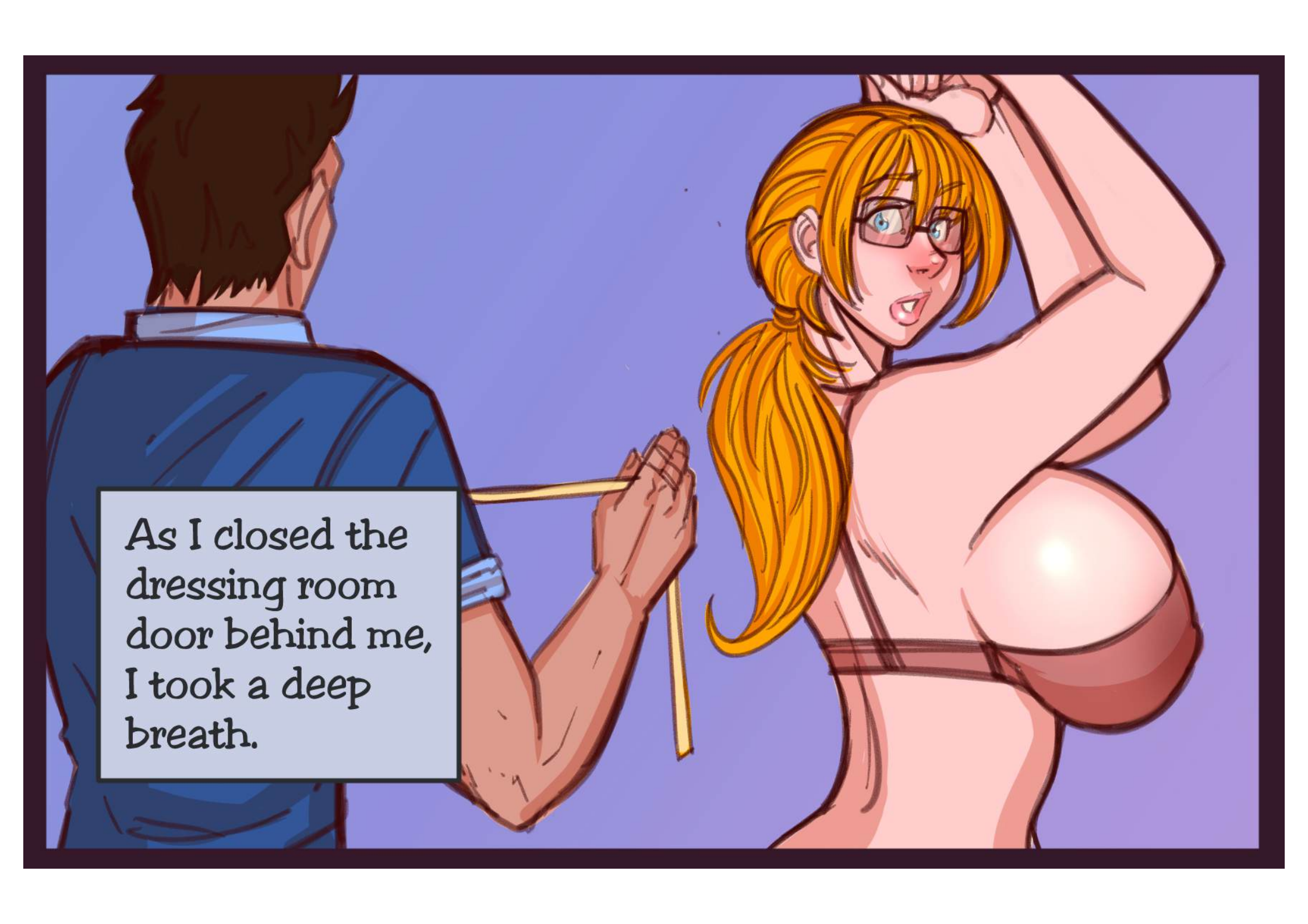
I walked out
dumbfounded
and found the
nearest empty
counter.



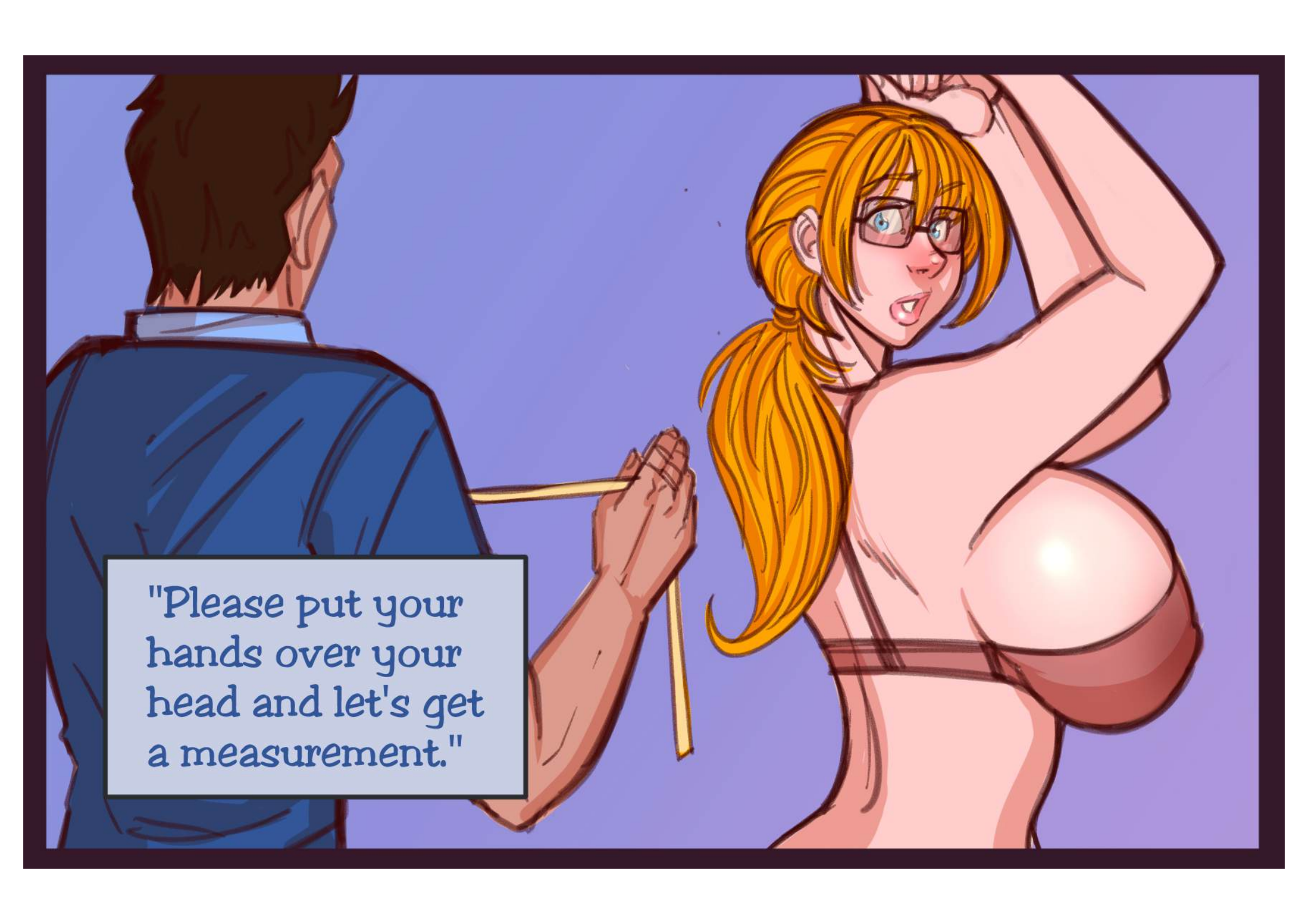
I frantically looked around for a measuring tape, ducking behind the cash register so no actual employee would see me rummaging through their stuff.



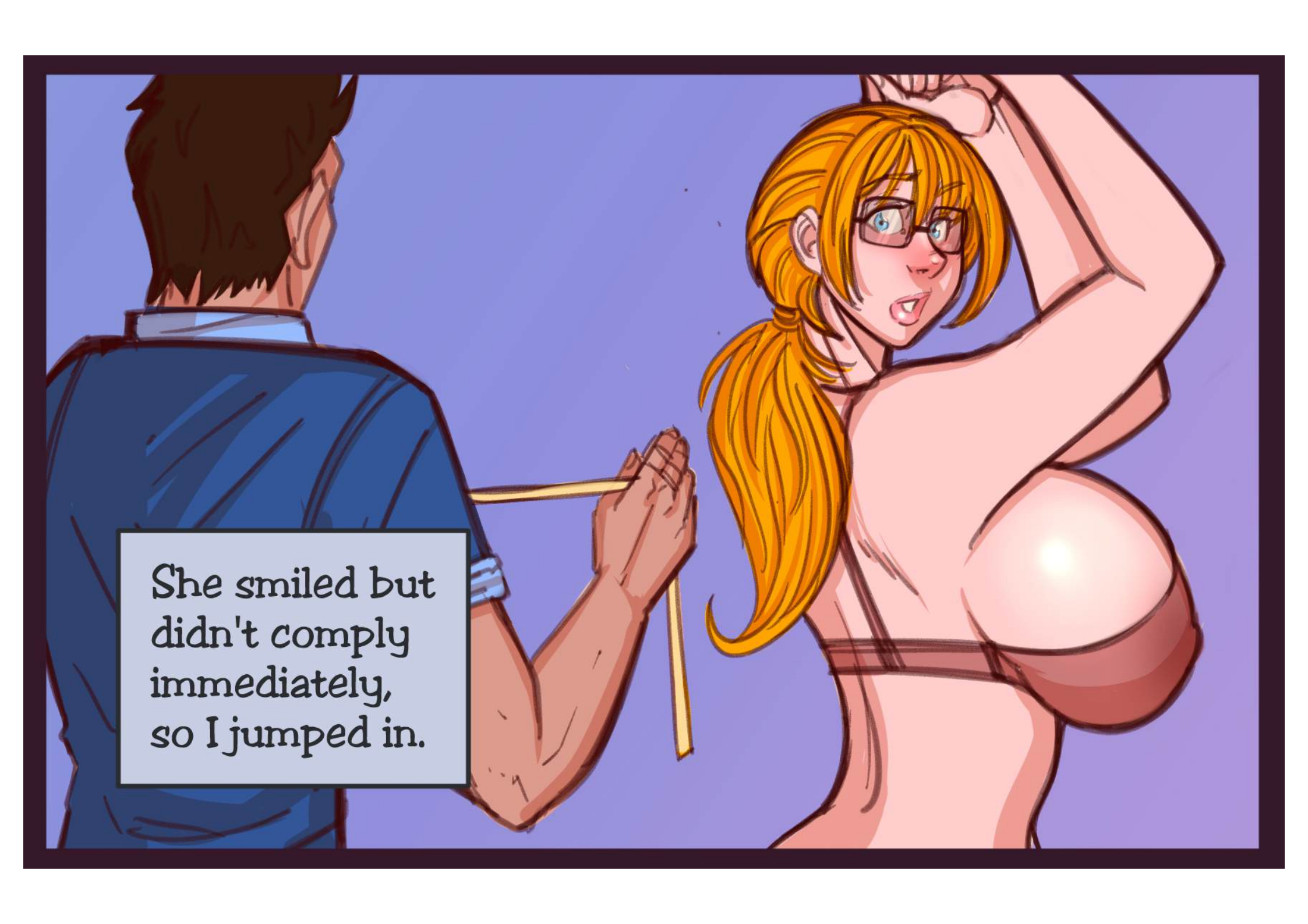
Luckily, I immediately found exactly what I needed, so I grabbed the measuring tape and trotted back over to the dressing room area.




As I closed the dressing room door behind me, I took a deep breath.



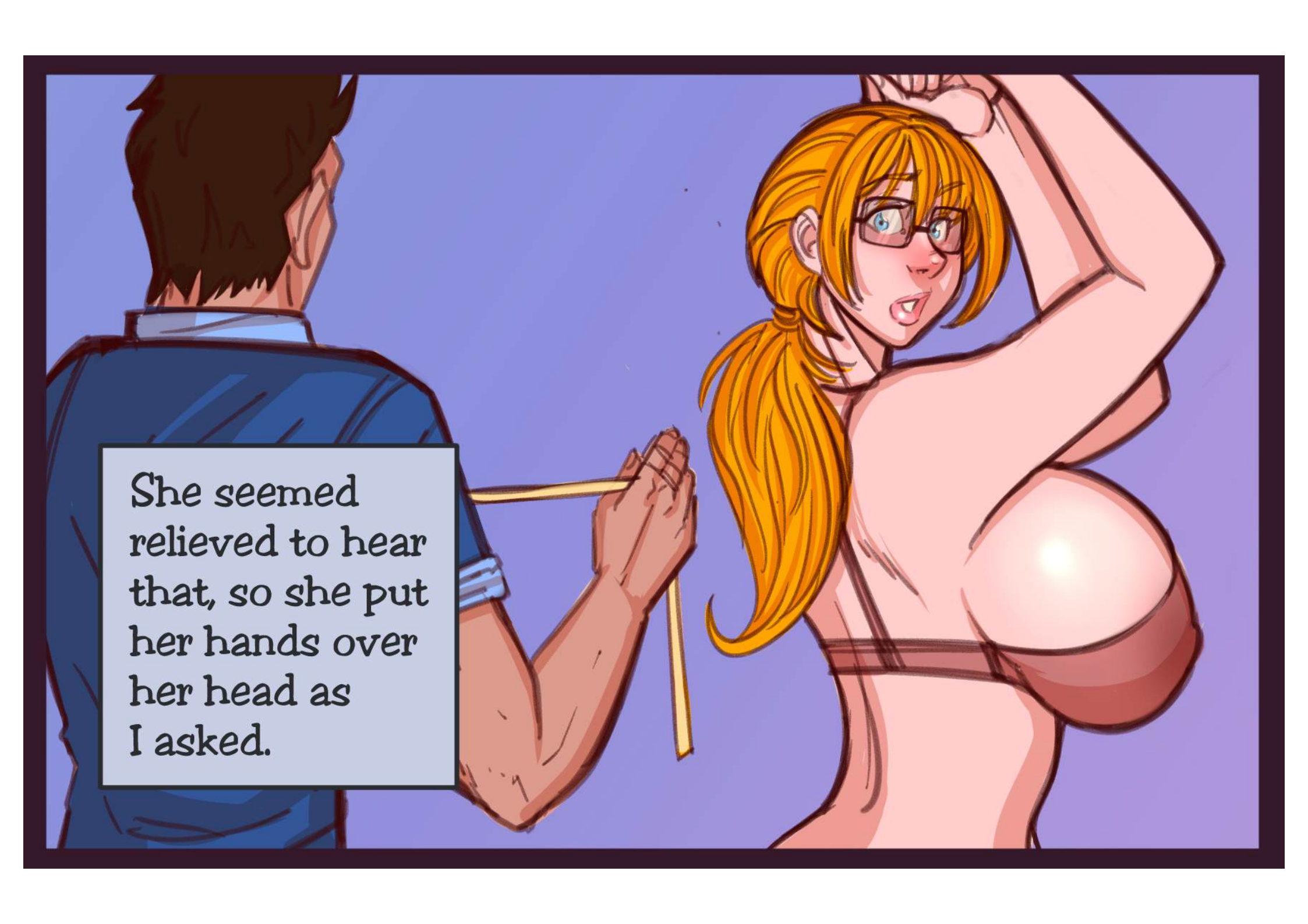
"Please put your hands over your head and let's get a measurement."



She smiled but
didn't comply
immediately,
so I jumped in.



"It's ok, ma'am. Remember, I'm a professional. I have years of experience as a bra salesman, so there's not much that can surprise me."



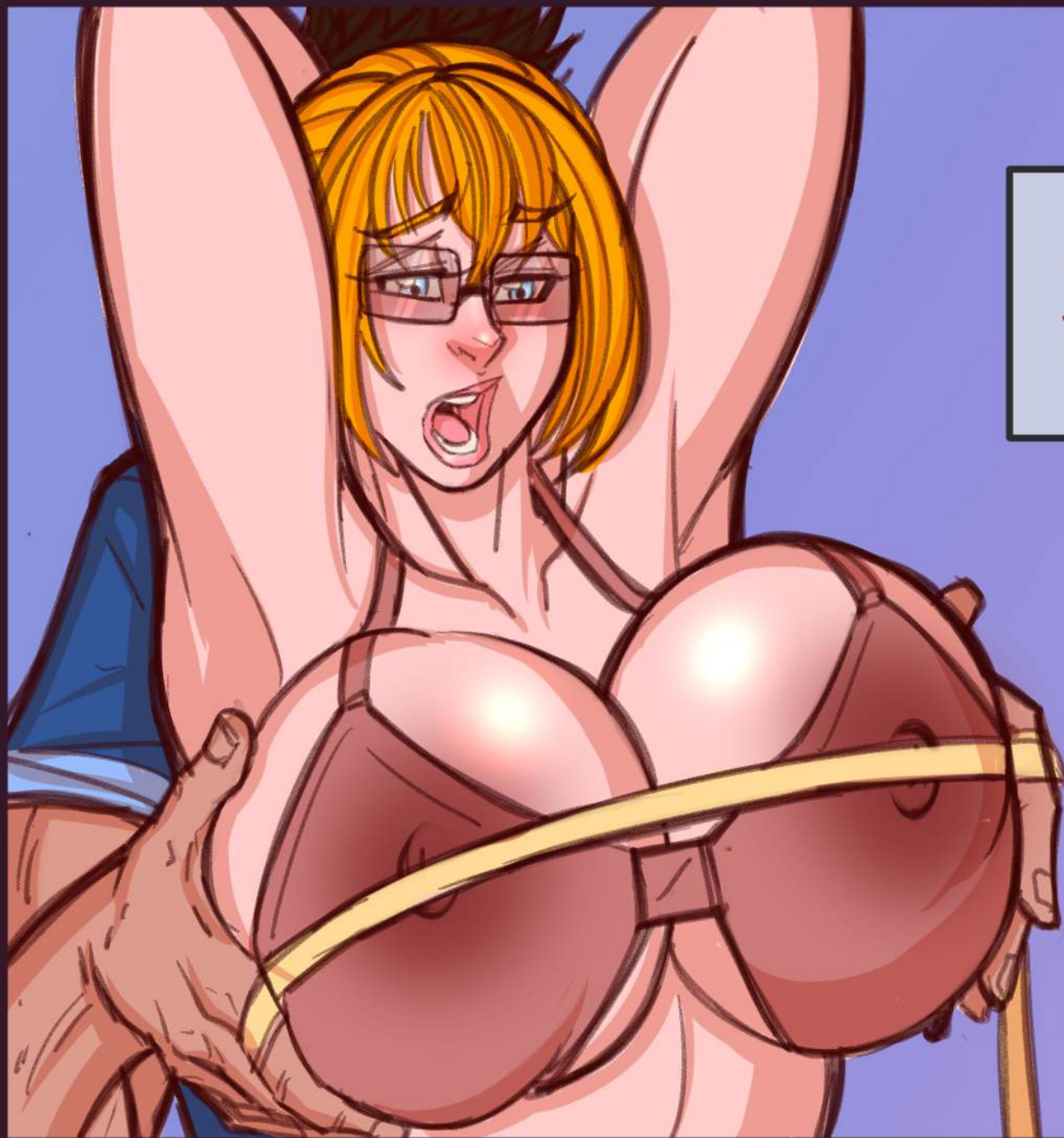
She seemed relieved to hear that, so she put her hands over her head as I asked.



I pulled the measuring tape around her and put my hands together in front of her impressive cleavage in order to get a reading.



And, of course,
I pressed my hands
into her breasts as
I did so.



Should I continue?
Yes, please...

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 41

"Susan"

Chapter
03

