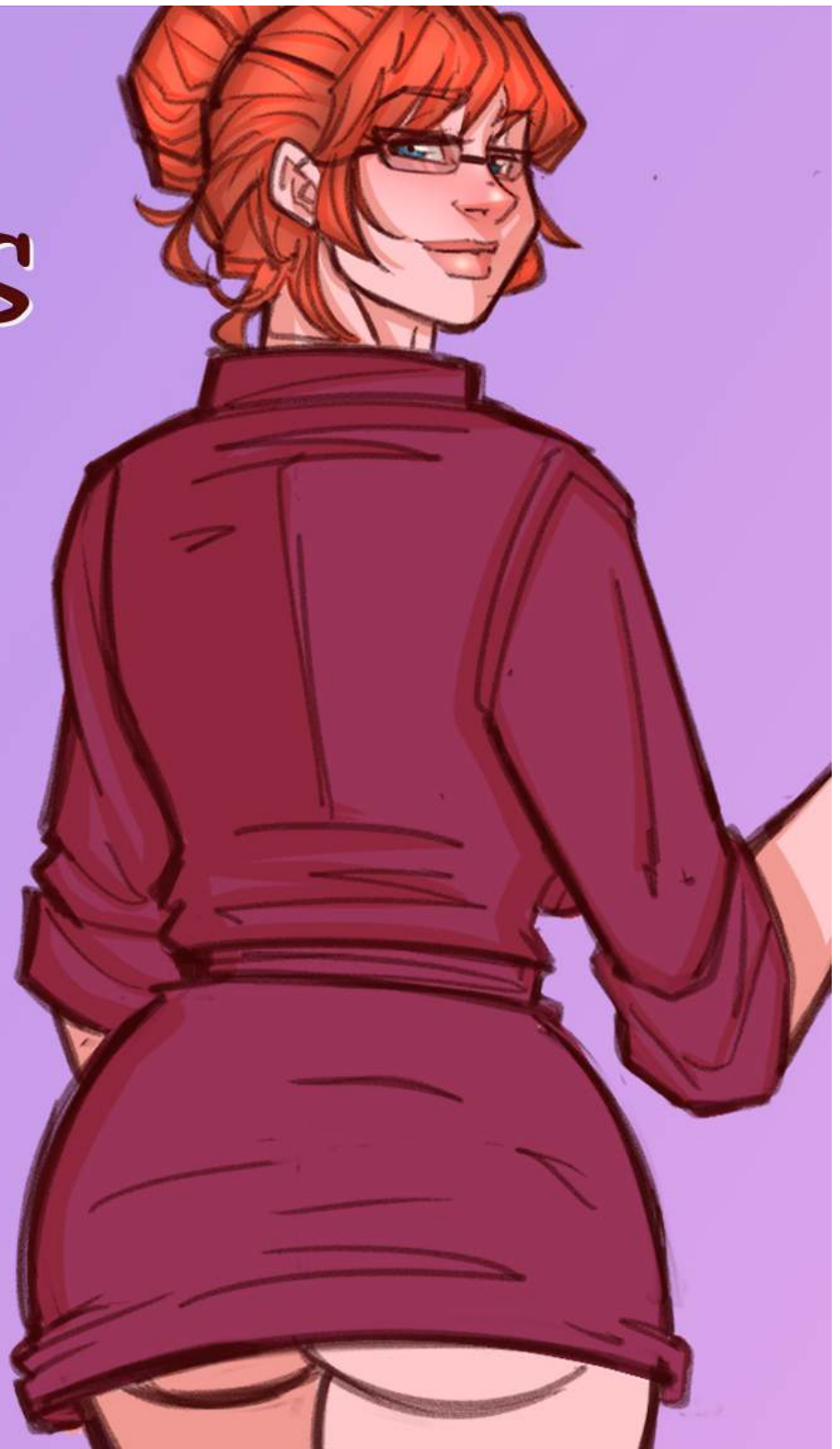


SPICY STORIES

VOL. 42

"The Teacher"

Chapter
02



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 42: "The Teacher"

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 02

"Well?"

Her soft voice suddenly snapped him out
of his reflection.



Bruce awkwardly leaned forward at the waist to hug his teacher. This was how he hugged his Aunts.



She embraced
him fully,
hugging him
tightly with
both arms.



Bruce was immediately aware of the sensation of Ms. Turner's soft, full, big breasts, pressed up against his chest.

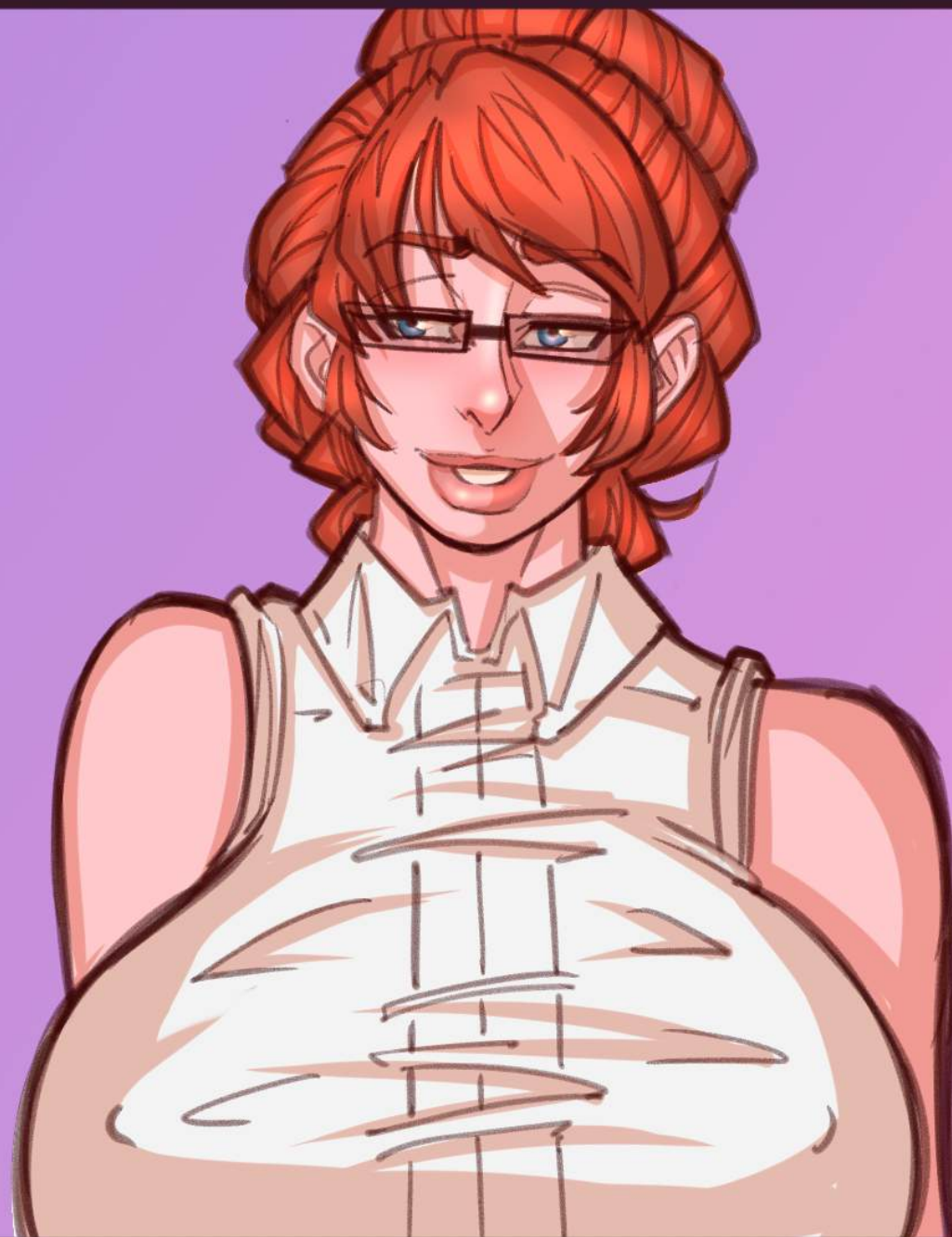


"Hi, Ms. Turner.
Good to see
you this fine
Saturday."

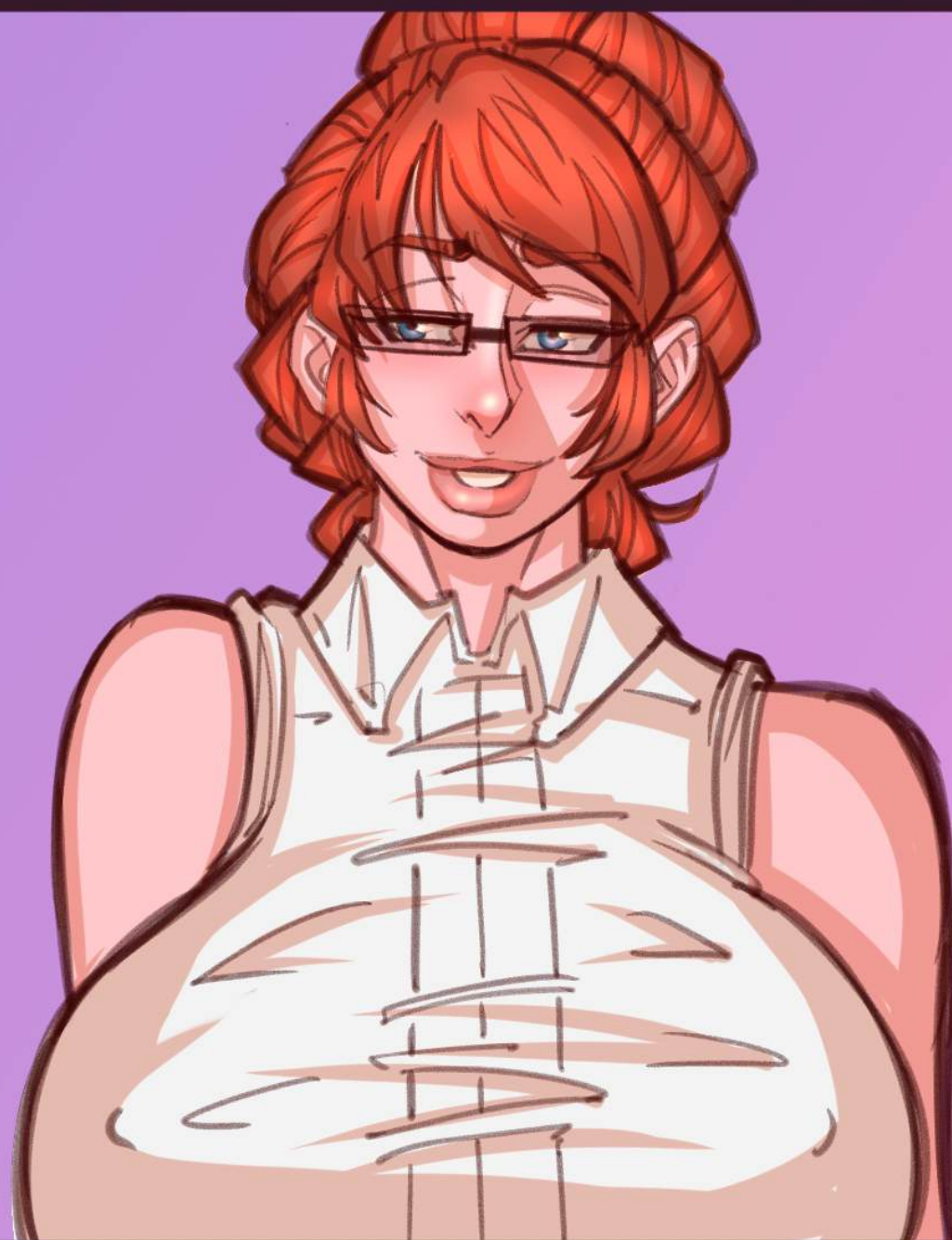


They talked for a few minutes. Bruce had no idea what she was saying, and just nodded occasionally.

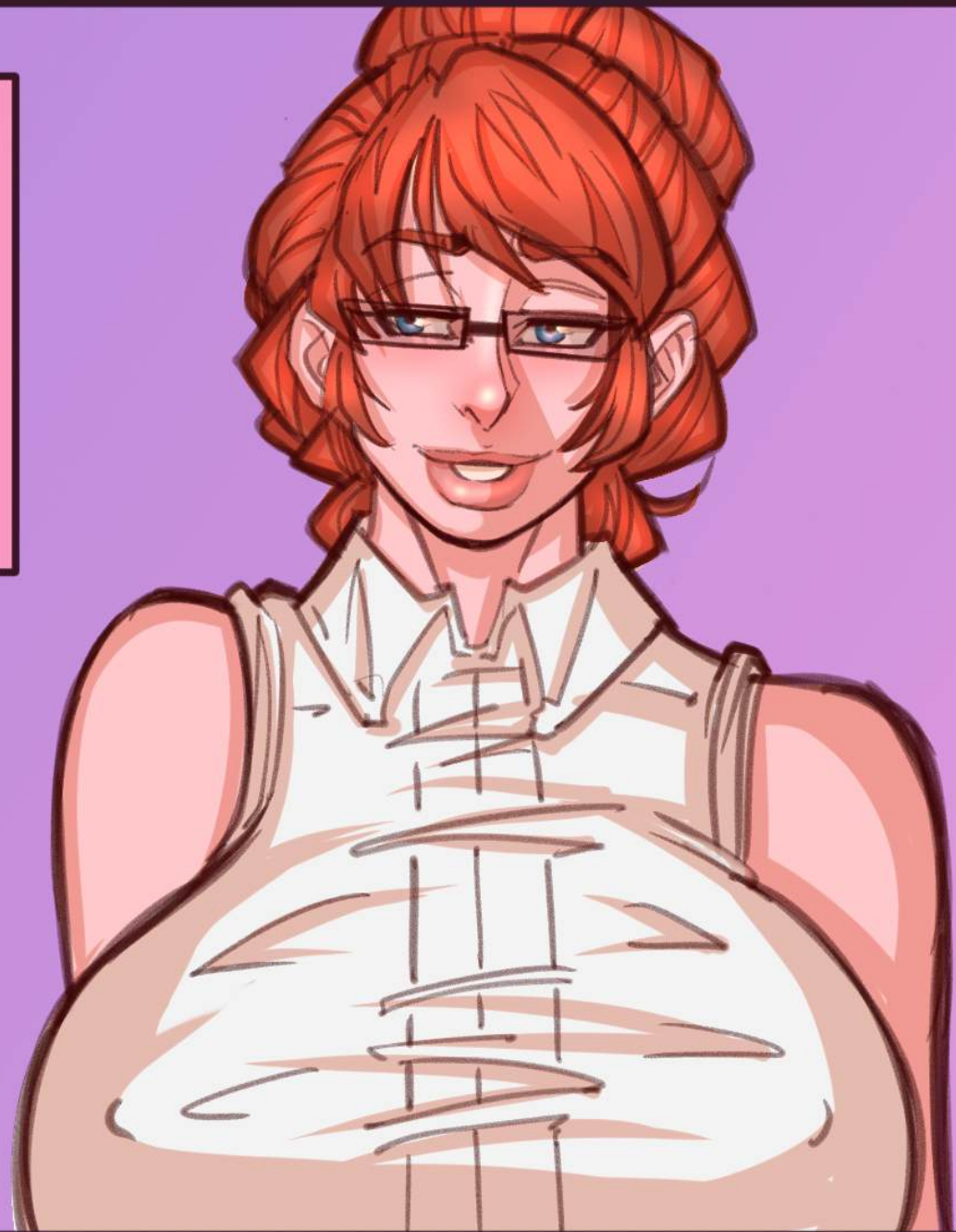
He had use all his concentration just to lock his eyes on her nose to keep himself from obviously staring at her chest.



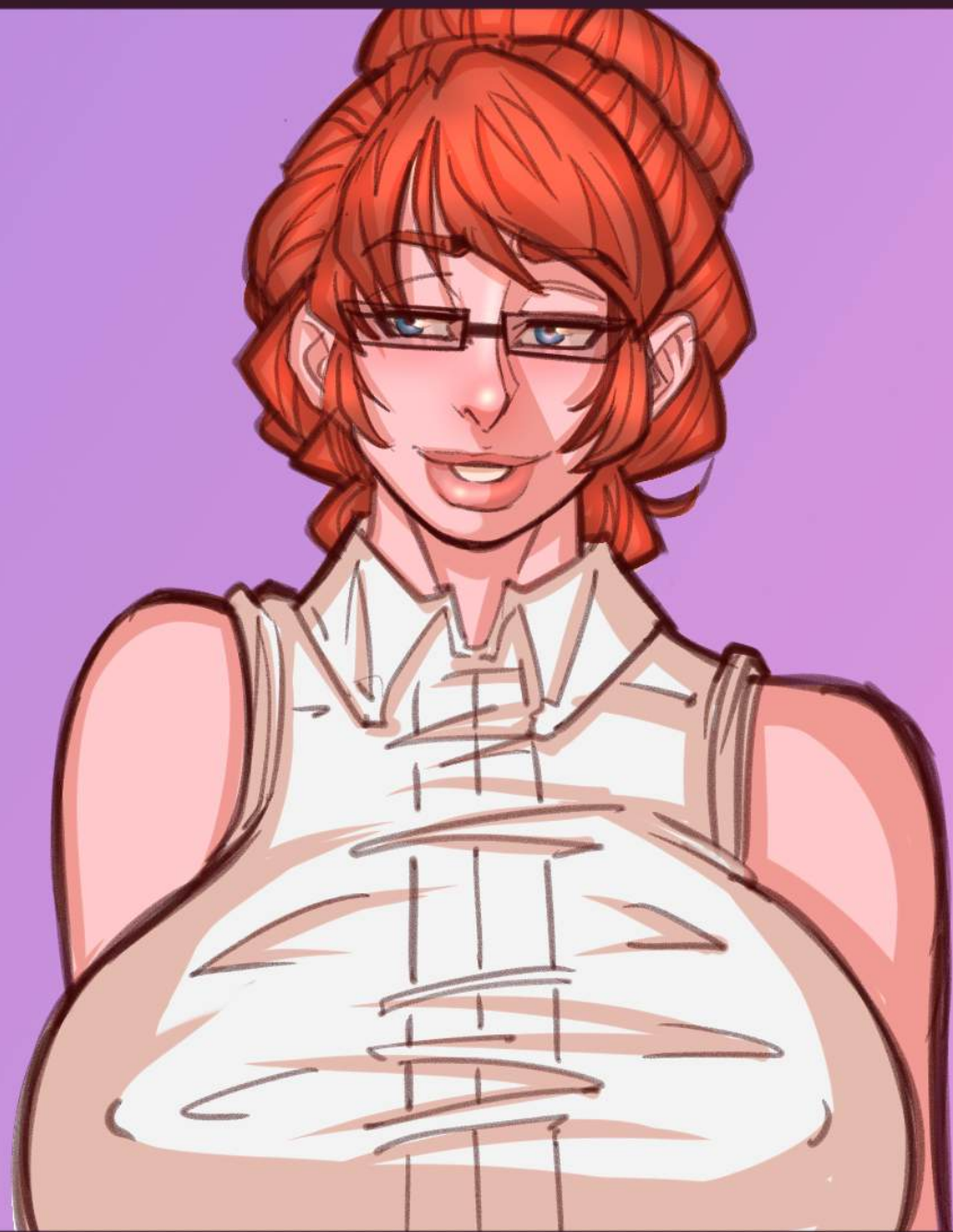
Bruce put his hand over his eyes automatically, wanting to avoid unintentionally seeing Ms. Turner's breasts.



She laughed lightly and said, "That is so cute!", and she pulled his hand away and he looked down.



"Anyways, Bruce.
Would you like to
come over to my
apartment?"





"What?" Bruce blurted out, totally confused. Why was his teacher inviting him over?



"Well, I wanted to ask you about that thing we were talking about. I thought it would be better in private?"



If Bruce didn't know better, he would guess that his teacher was asking him for a date.



"Sure, Ms. Turner. I'd be happy to help."
She beamed at him.
They exchanged cell phone numbers and separated.

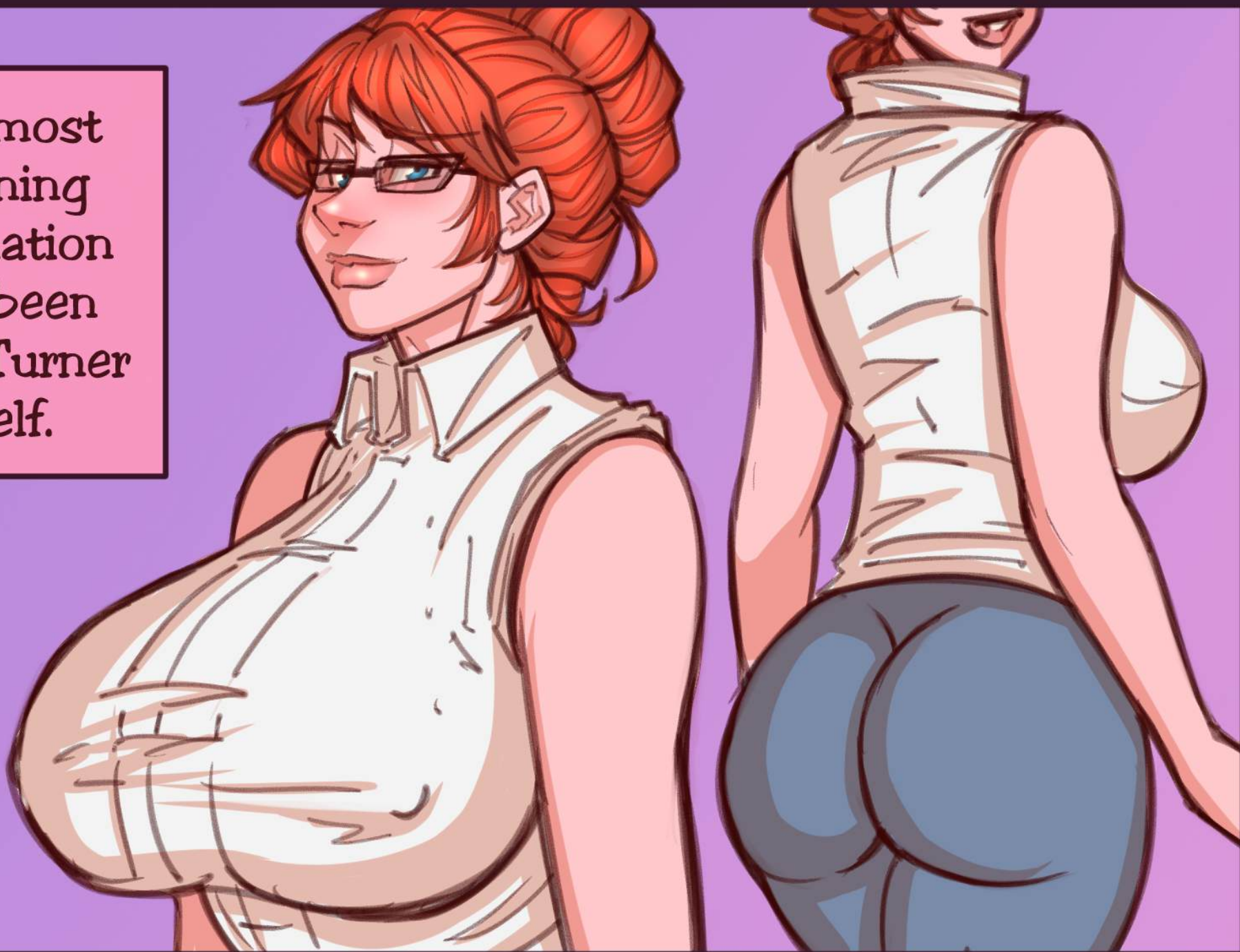


Bruce was left wondering the rest of the afternoon with a lot to think about.

He had no idea
what they had
talked about.
He had no idea
why Ms. Turner
had invited him
over.



The most
stunning
revelation
had been
Ms. Turner
herself.

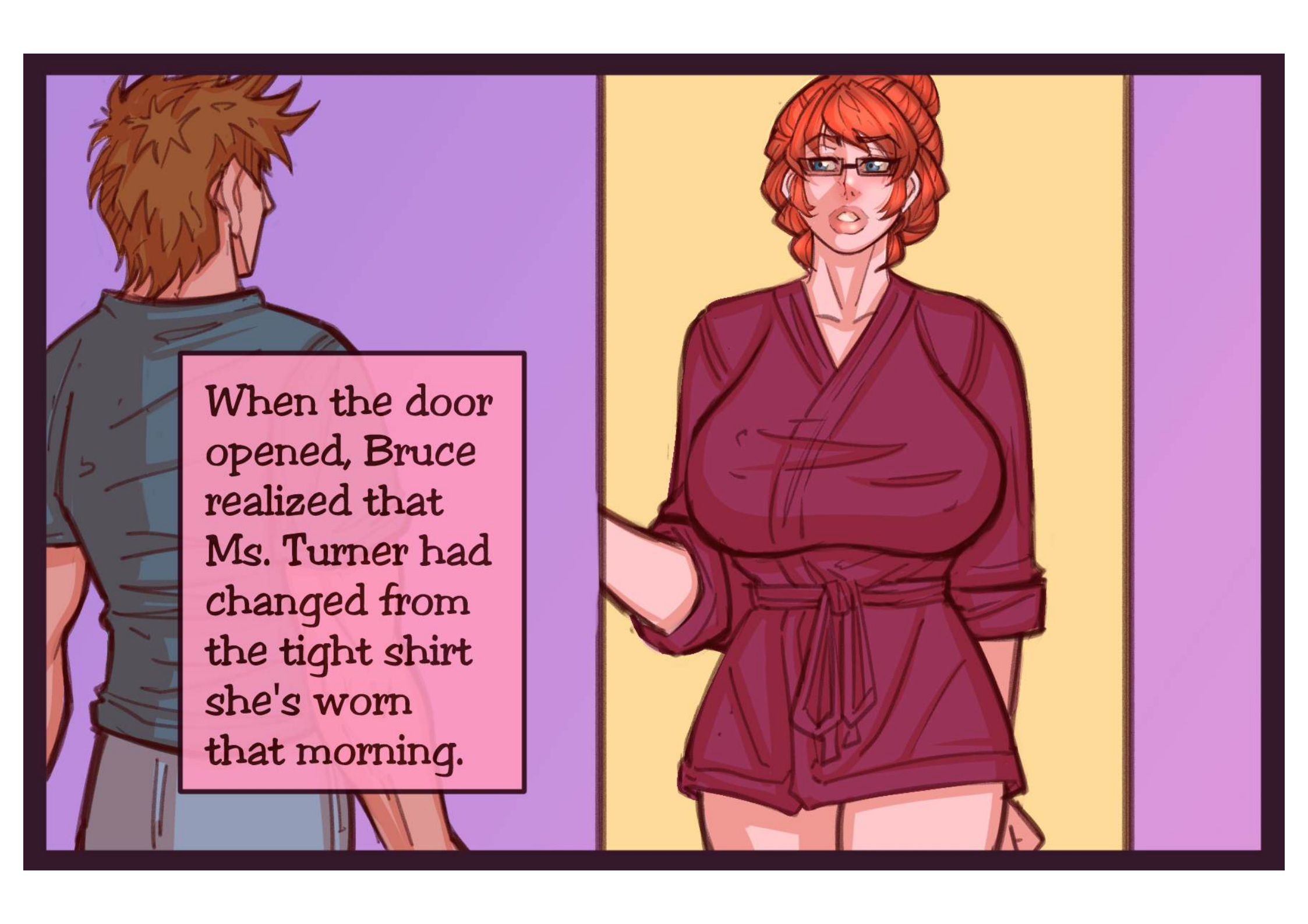


He had, of course, spent time watching her during class, and once in a while had let his mind slip to guess at what his teacher looked like under the shapeless layers she always wore to school.



'Why did she hide her amazing body when she went to school every day?' he thought as he rang the doorbell of her apartment.





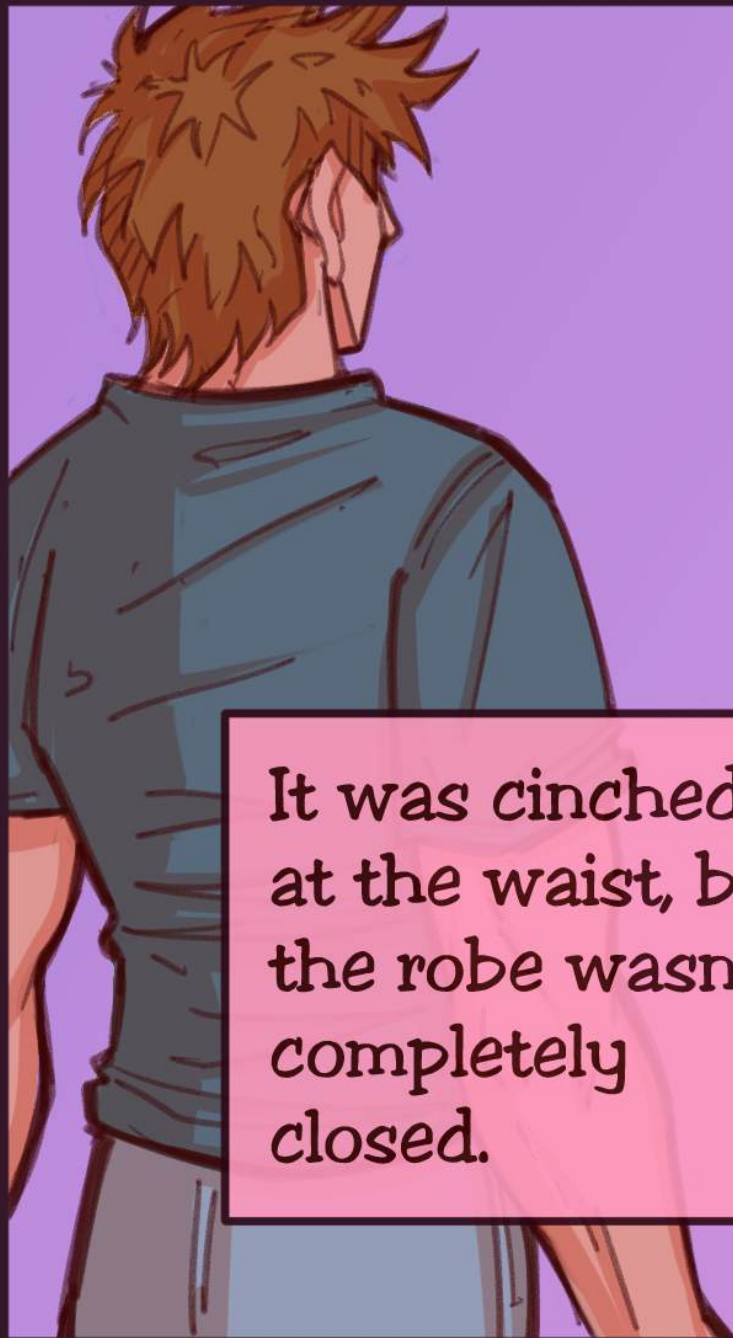
When the door opened, Bruce realized that Ms. Turner had changed from the tight shirt she's worn that morning.





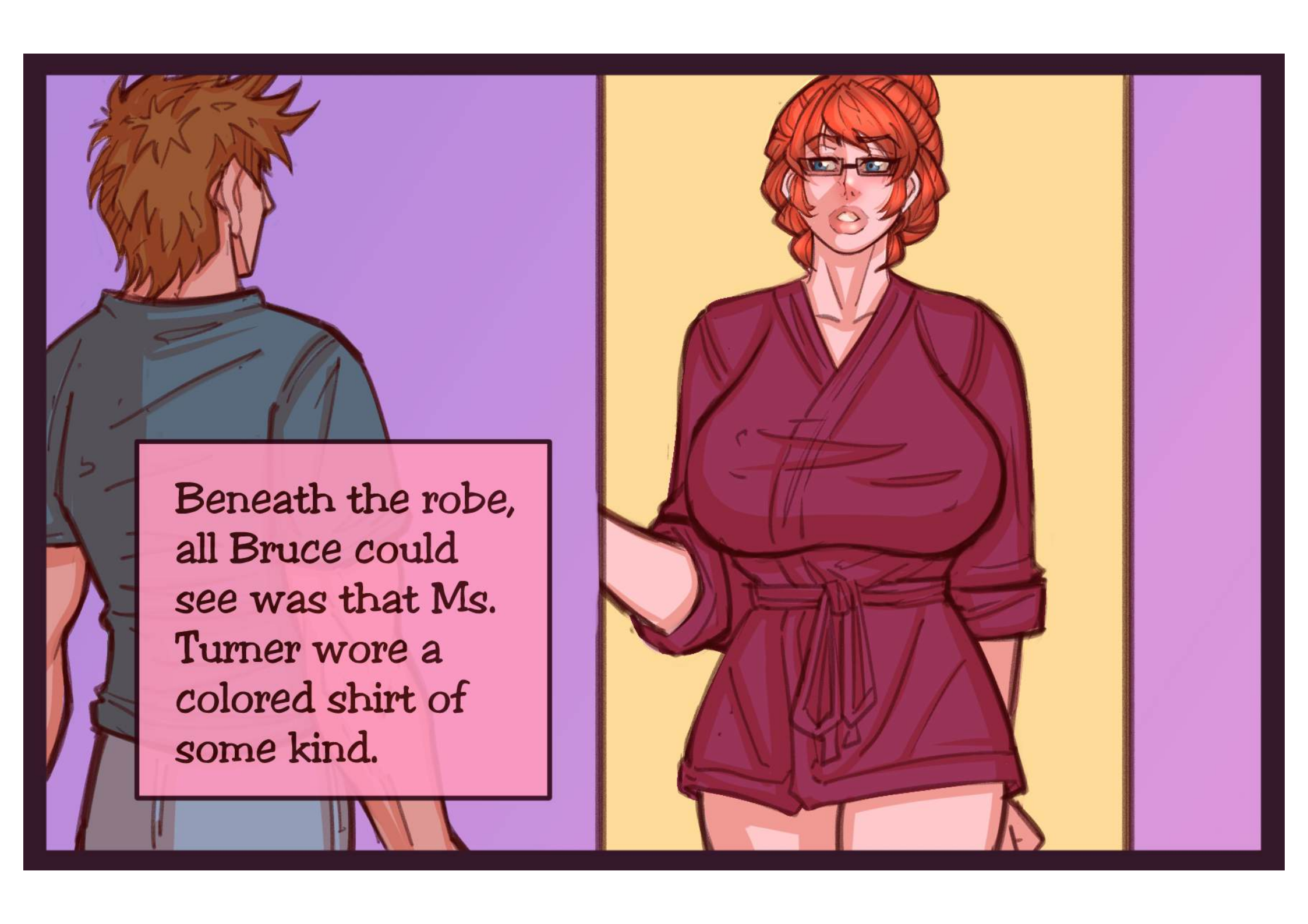
Instead, Ms. Turner appeared to be dressed in a thin, tan robe.





It was cinched at the waist, but the robe wasn't completely closed.





Beneath the robe,
all Bruce could
see was that Ms.
Turner wore a
colored shirt of
some kind.



It was tight
enough to
not reveal
any cleavage.



The robe
was closed
enough so
that he
couldn't see
what she
wore on the
lower half
of her body.



However, the robe ended at about thigh level, and Bruce could see that Ms. Turner's legs were completely bare. She wore no shoes.



"Please come
in."

She smiled at
him again,
with those
bright teeth.



Ms. Turner's voice was as quiet as always. And he obediently entered her living room.



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