

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 42

"The Teacher"

Chapter
03



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.
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CHAPTER 03

"Please come in."

Ms. Turner's voice was as quiet as always.

He obediently entered.



It was sparsely furnished but clean. Her apartment generally looked like she had moved in without buying much furniture.



There was the couch pulled up in front of a single TV. The TV image was frozen to an image of a team of people in the jungle.



Bruce said,
"My favorite!"
"Oh? You like
this show too?"
Ms. Turner said
with interest.
"Let's watch
together!"



Bruce sat down
in the couch
automatically,
and Ms. Turner
was seated on
the couch too.



Her robe was still loose, but whatever she was wearing underneath didn't allow him to peek down her chest.



However, her long smooth legs were visible in front of him. Bruce allowed himself to stare at them.

Halfway through
the show, without
any warning, Ms.
Turner stood up.



She unlaced the tie around her waist from the bathrobe and slipped it off her shoulders.



Underneath,
Ms. Turner was
wearing a light
purple camisole
shirt.



It wasn't particularly tight, but her generous breasts, this time without a bra, were clearly outlined.



The camisole was wrinkled along the collar, where it joined with two straps which held the camisole in place, but left her shoulders and arms bare.



Ms. Turner was wearing matching lavender lace panties.



The fringes of her
panties were laced
with a lighter color
of lavender.



The panties weren't particularly skimpy, but they were very tight on her hips.

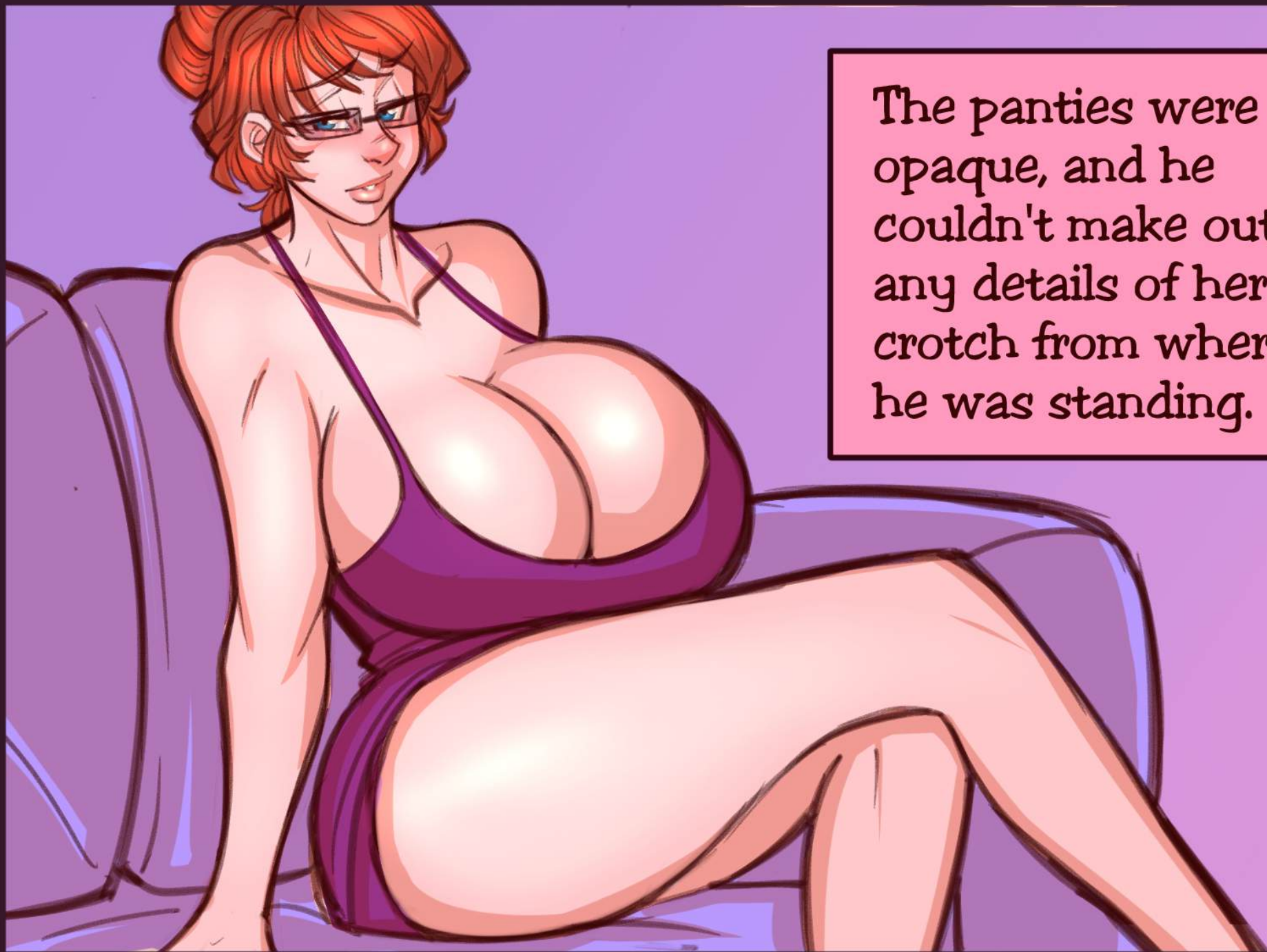




Bruce could see easily see the entire outline of her hips because her panties were so tight.



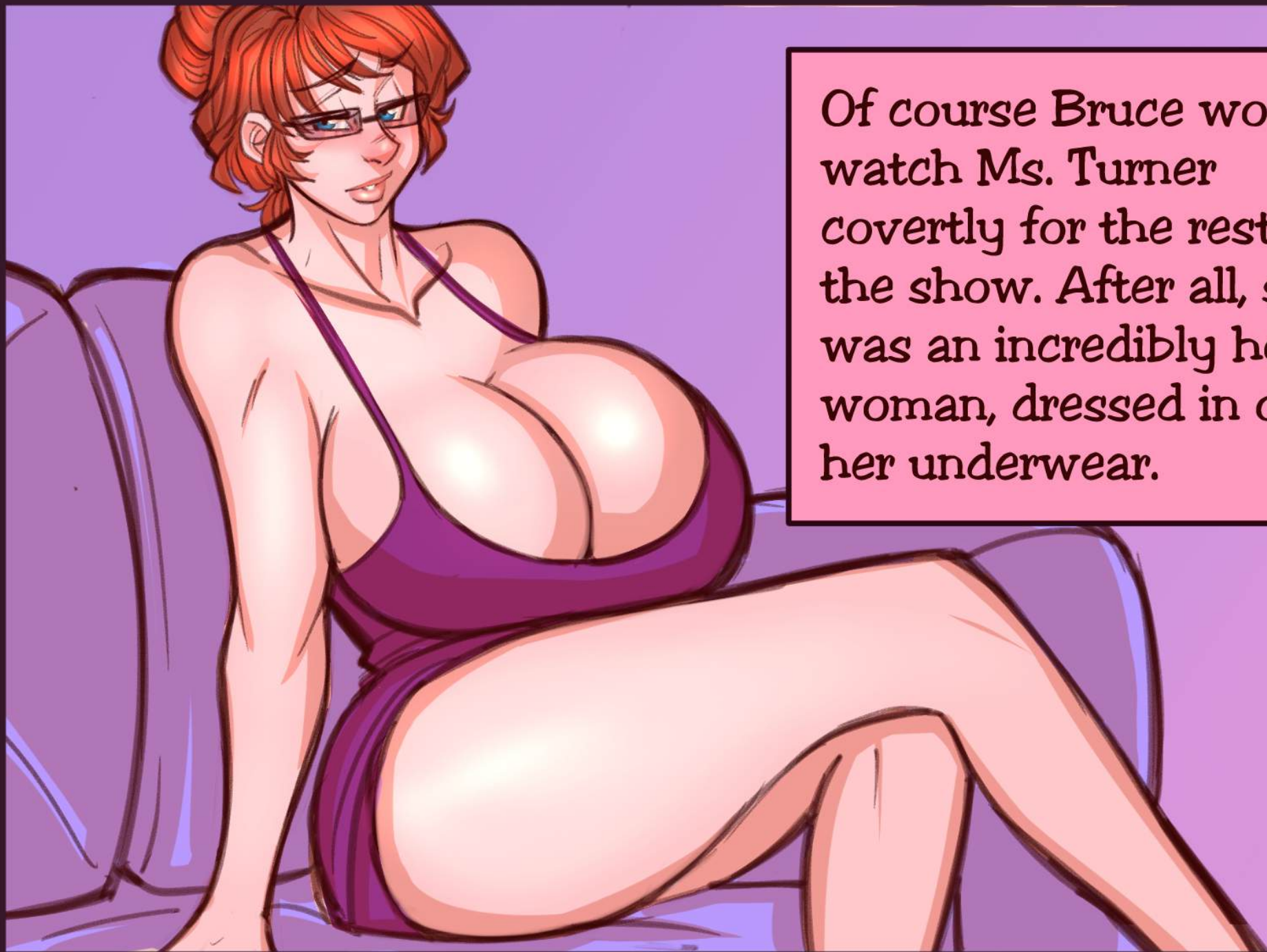
They were an ideal curve, flaring out from her narrow waist into long smooth legs that seemed to just keep stretching downwards.



The panties were opaque, and he couldn't make out any details of her crotch from where he was standing.



Then Ms. Turner returned back to her spot, leaning against the couch.



Of course Bruce would watch Ms. Turner covertly for the rest of the show. After all, she was an incredibly hot woman, dressed in only her underwear.



During the next commercial break, Ms. Turner asked, "Who's your favorite character?"
"Amanda, I think."



"Mine too. She's the hottest." Ms. Turner said this in a matter-of-fact way.



"She's not only hot,
she also seems like
a good person."
He paused, sensing
he was walking on
sensitive ground.



"Yeah, she seems okay. But I just like her because she's hot." Ms. Turner told him.

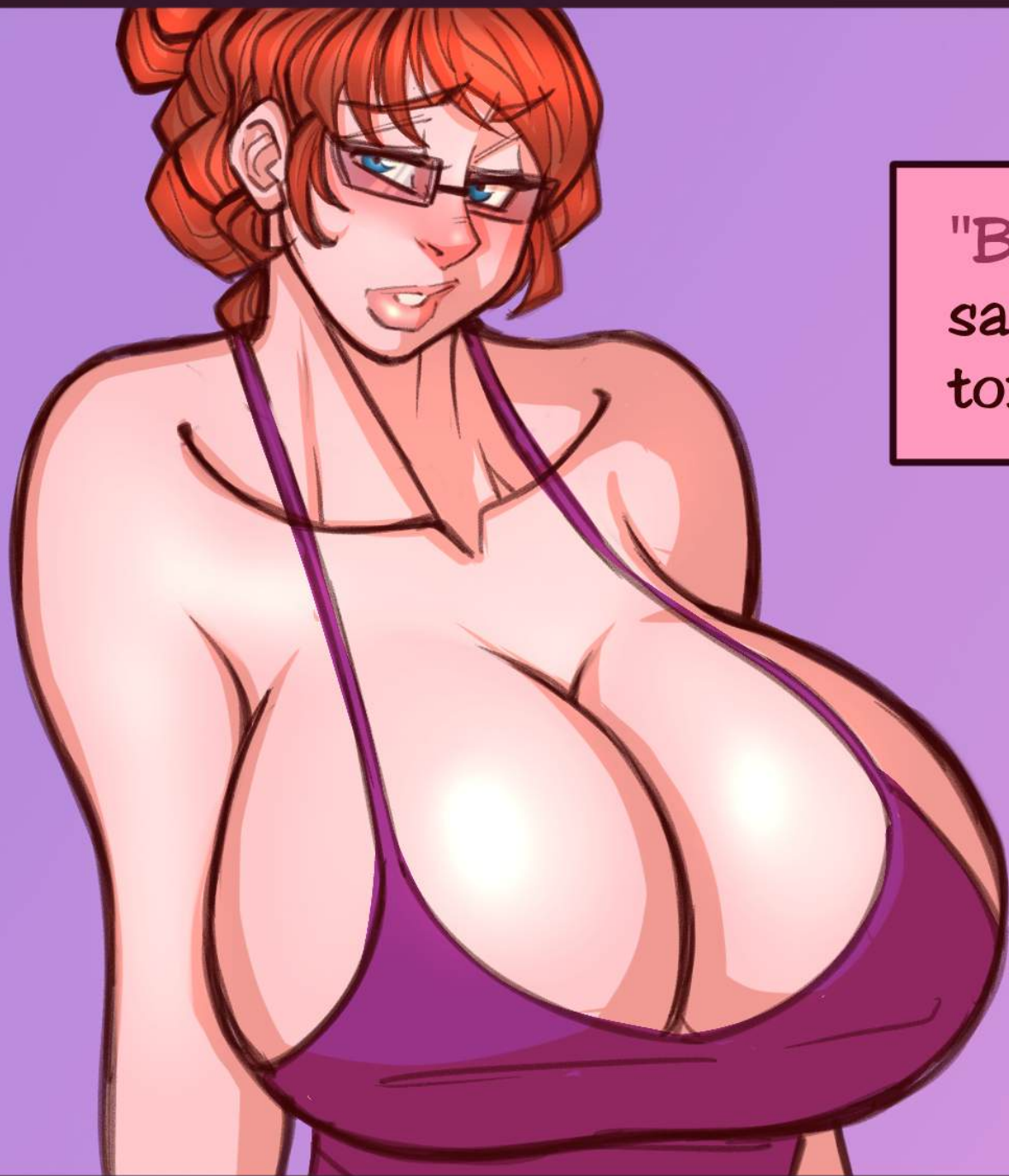
"Not as hot as you."



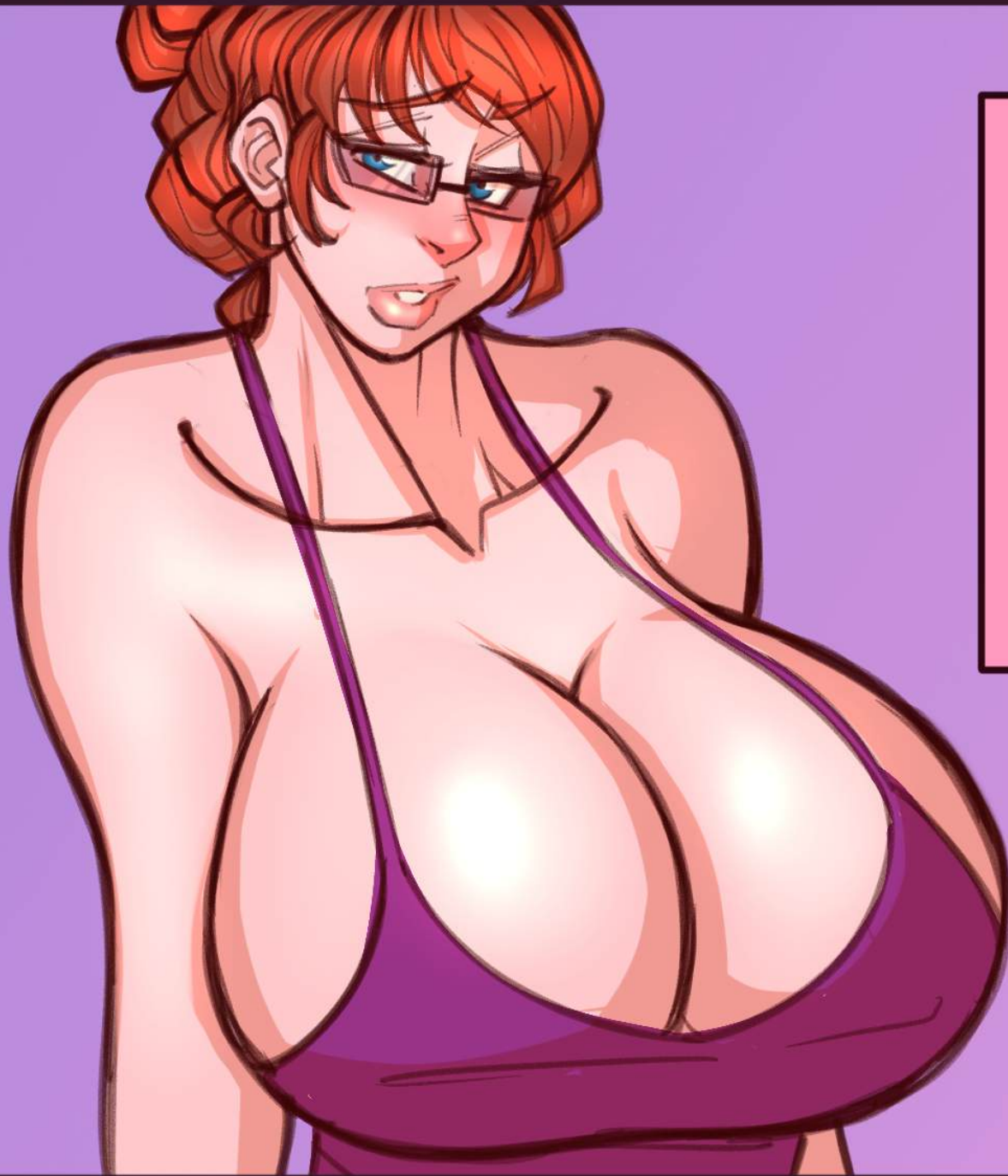
Ms. Turner paused
the TV show again
and sat up.

"What?"

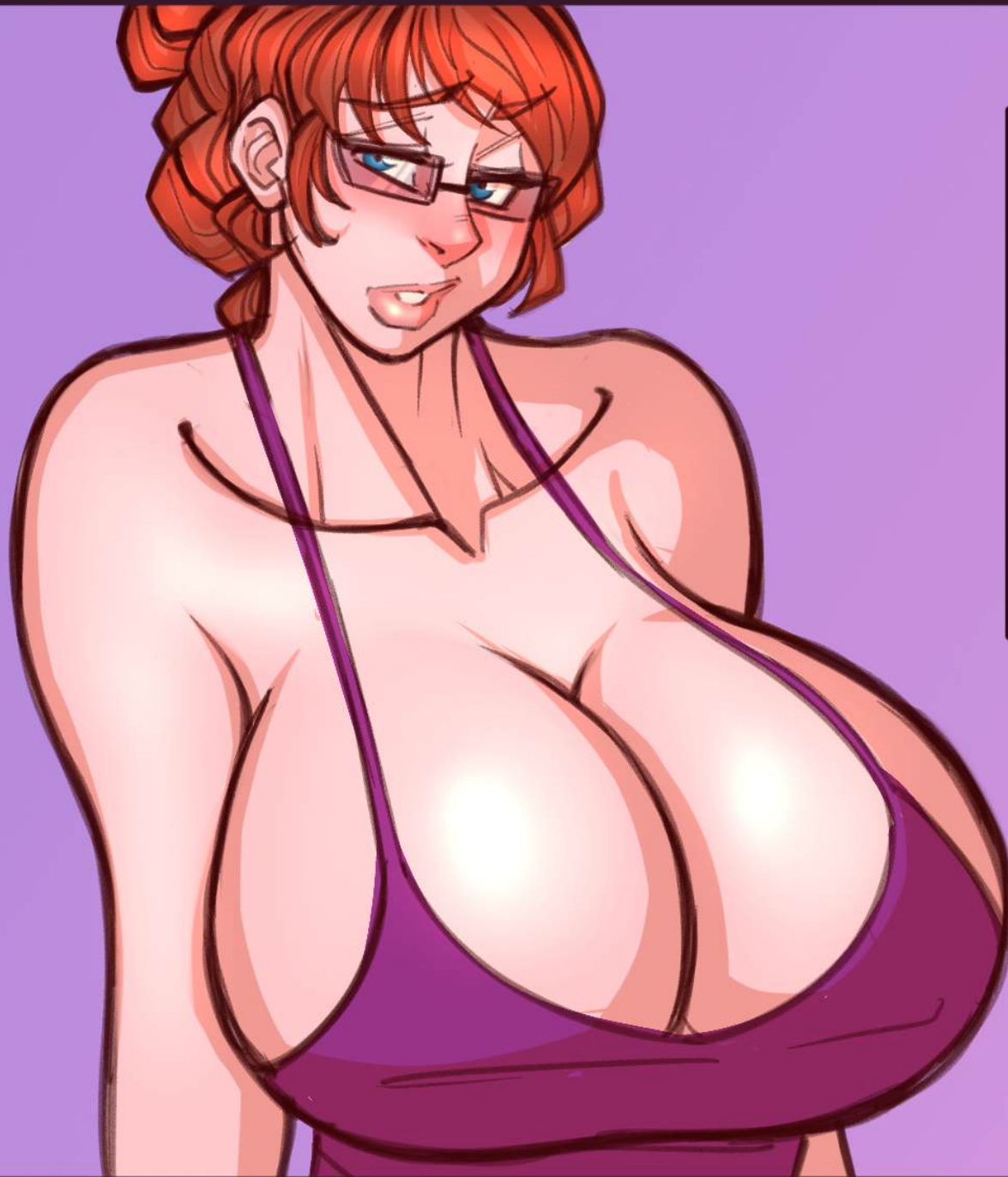
"N-nothing!! I-I'm
sorry... I don't..."



"Bruce," Ms. Turner said in a very serious tone. "Do I look fat?"

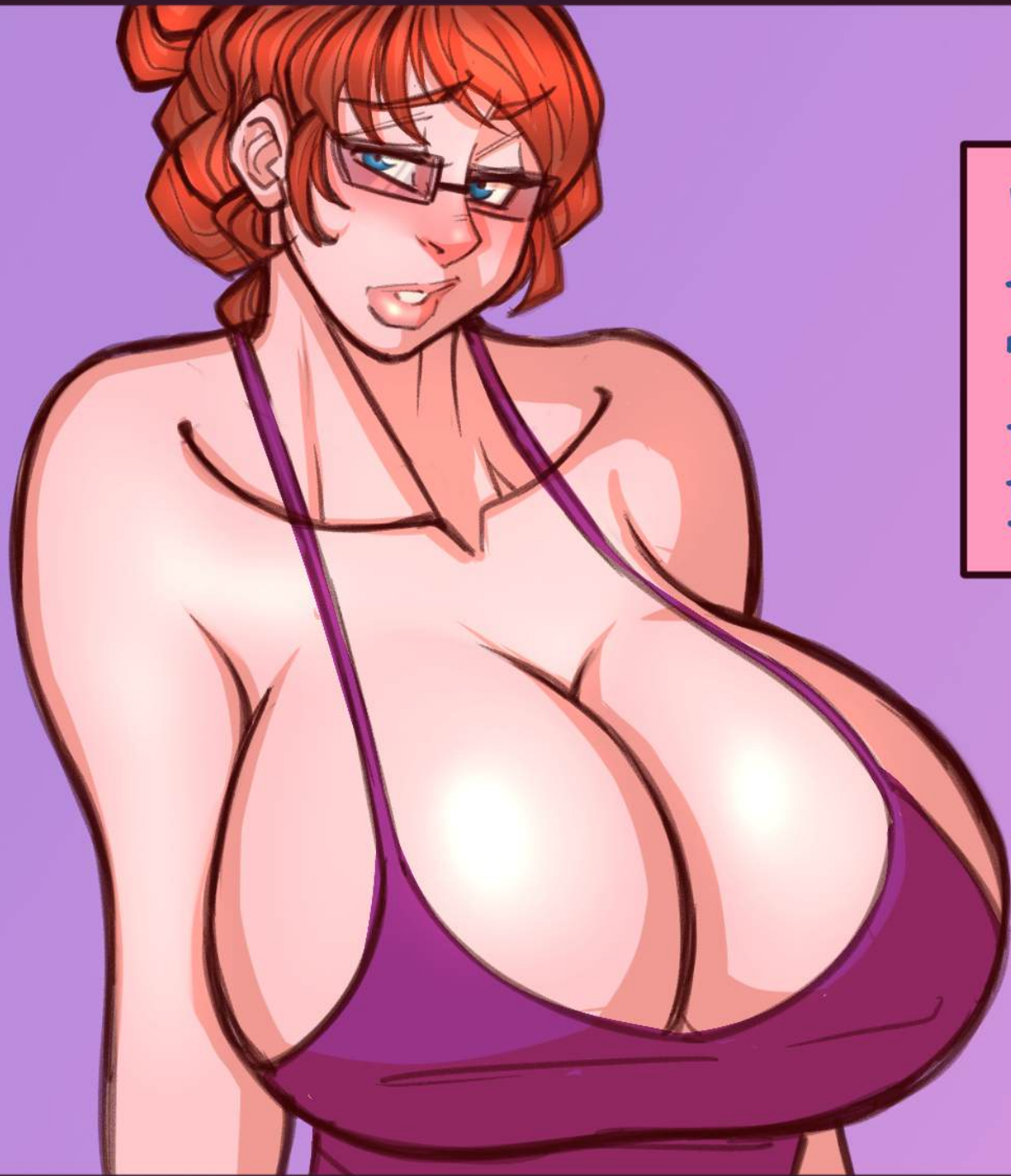


Bruce was stunned. He had never seen Ms. Turner's body before today, but he thought that her body was spectacular.

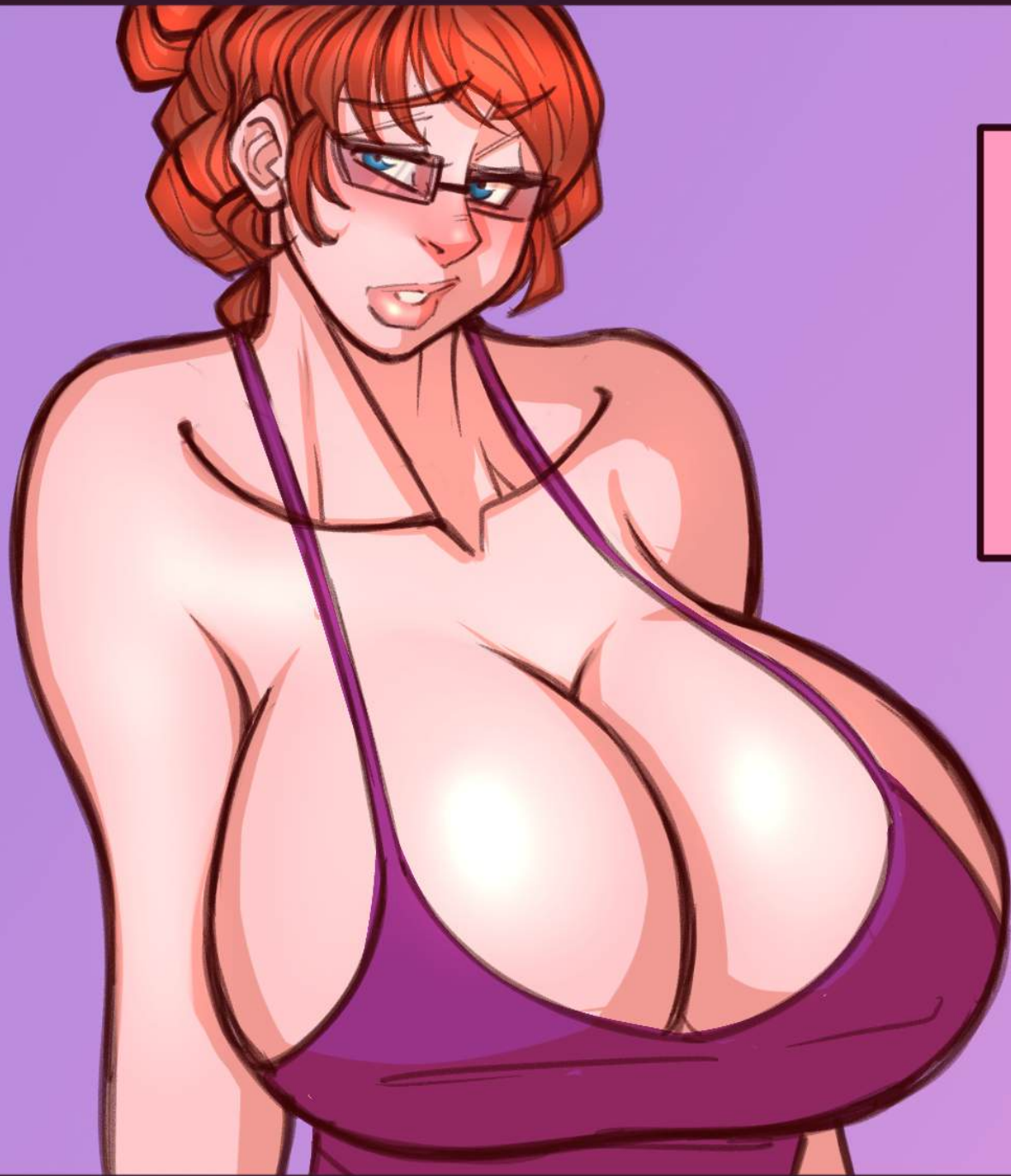


"You are not fat at all," He replied honestly.

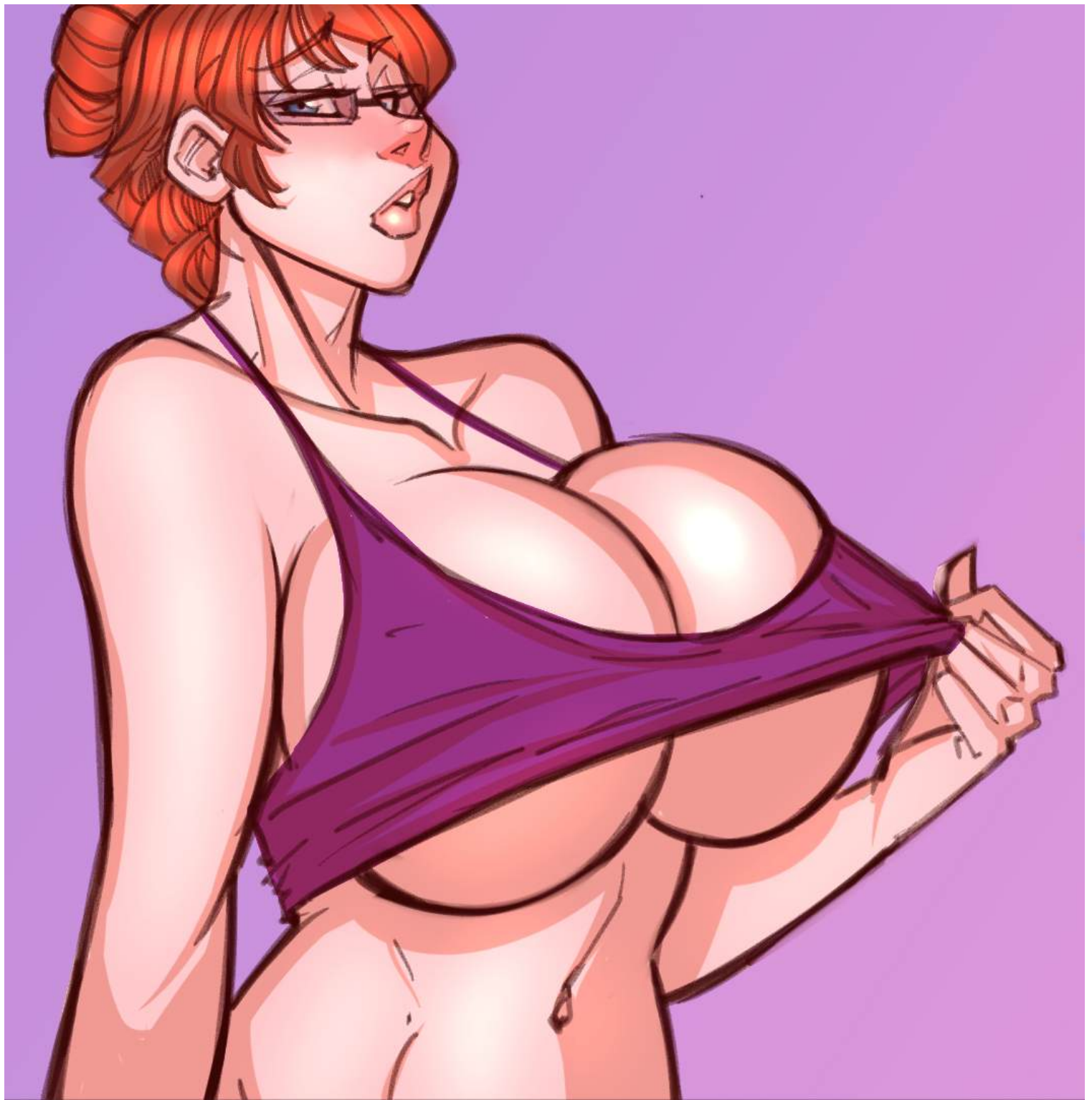
"I think I am fat."
She looked down as she said it.



"Why would you think that, Ms. Turner? I think you have a rockin' bod!"



"Thanks Bruce,"
Ms. Turner said
with a slight
smile, "but here's
the issue."



From where she was sitting, Ms. Turner drew the bottom of her camisole up.



For a breathless moment, Bruce thought she would take it off, but she only drew up the lower half to reveal her stomach.



It was taut and
toned.
She obviously
worked out and
he knew that.



"Here's the issue,"
Ms. Turner
continued. "You
say I don't look
fat. But I can feel
my own body.
And I can feel all
the fat."





Bruce didn't know how to respond. Ms. Turner was the most beautiful woman he had ever met in person.



She looked incredibly fit, with well-toned arms and legs.



Yes, technically her breasts and ass were composed of fat. But it was a good fat, and made her amazing figure what it was.



"So what would
convince you?"
Bruce asked
uncertainly.



Ms. Turner paused
a moment and then
looked up at him
in the eyes.

"Could you feel my body?"

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