

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 42

"The Teacher"

Chapter
04



NGT Visual Studio presents:

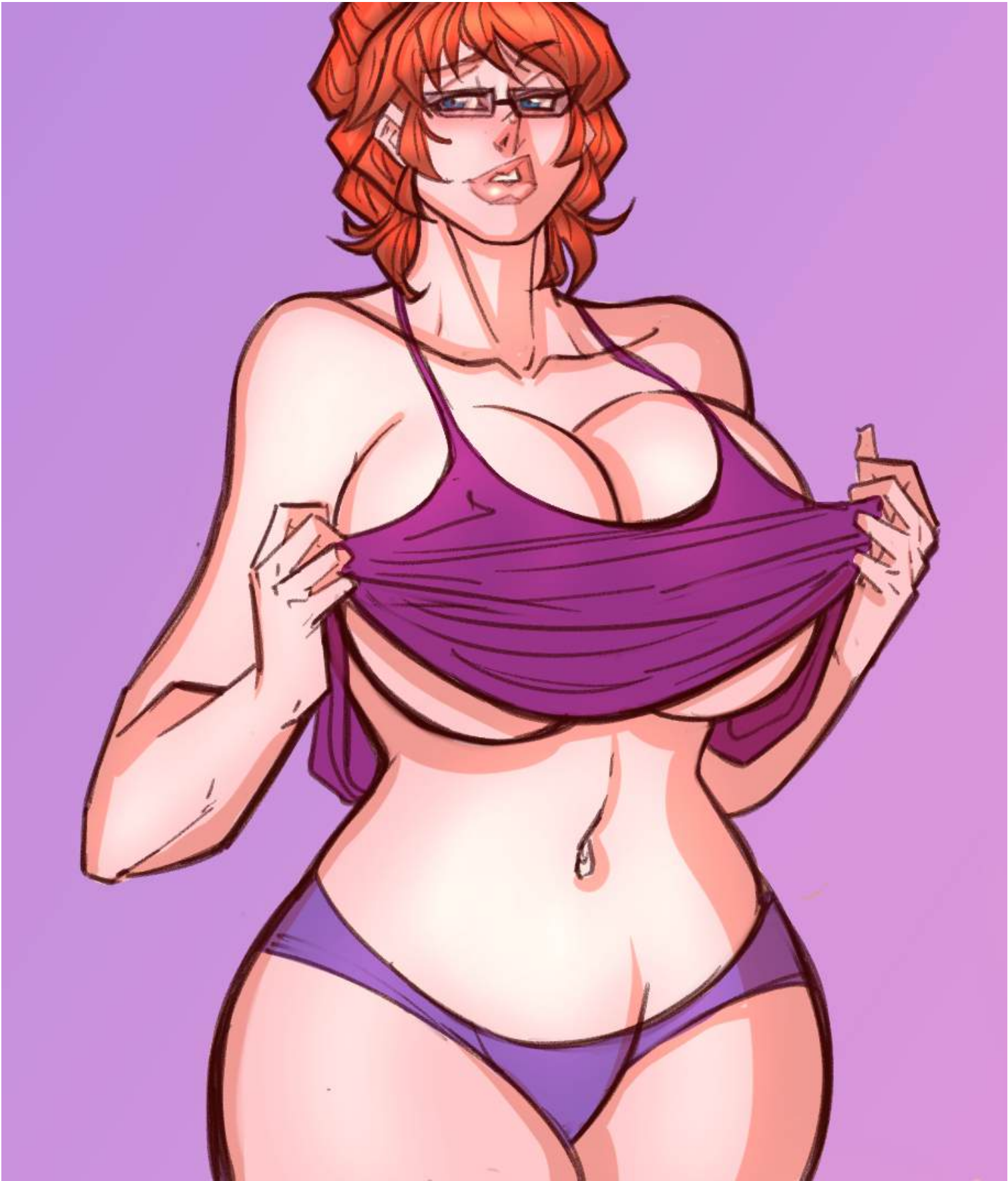
SPICY STORIES VOL. 42: "The Teacher"

Based on an Original story by Anonymus
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

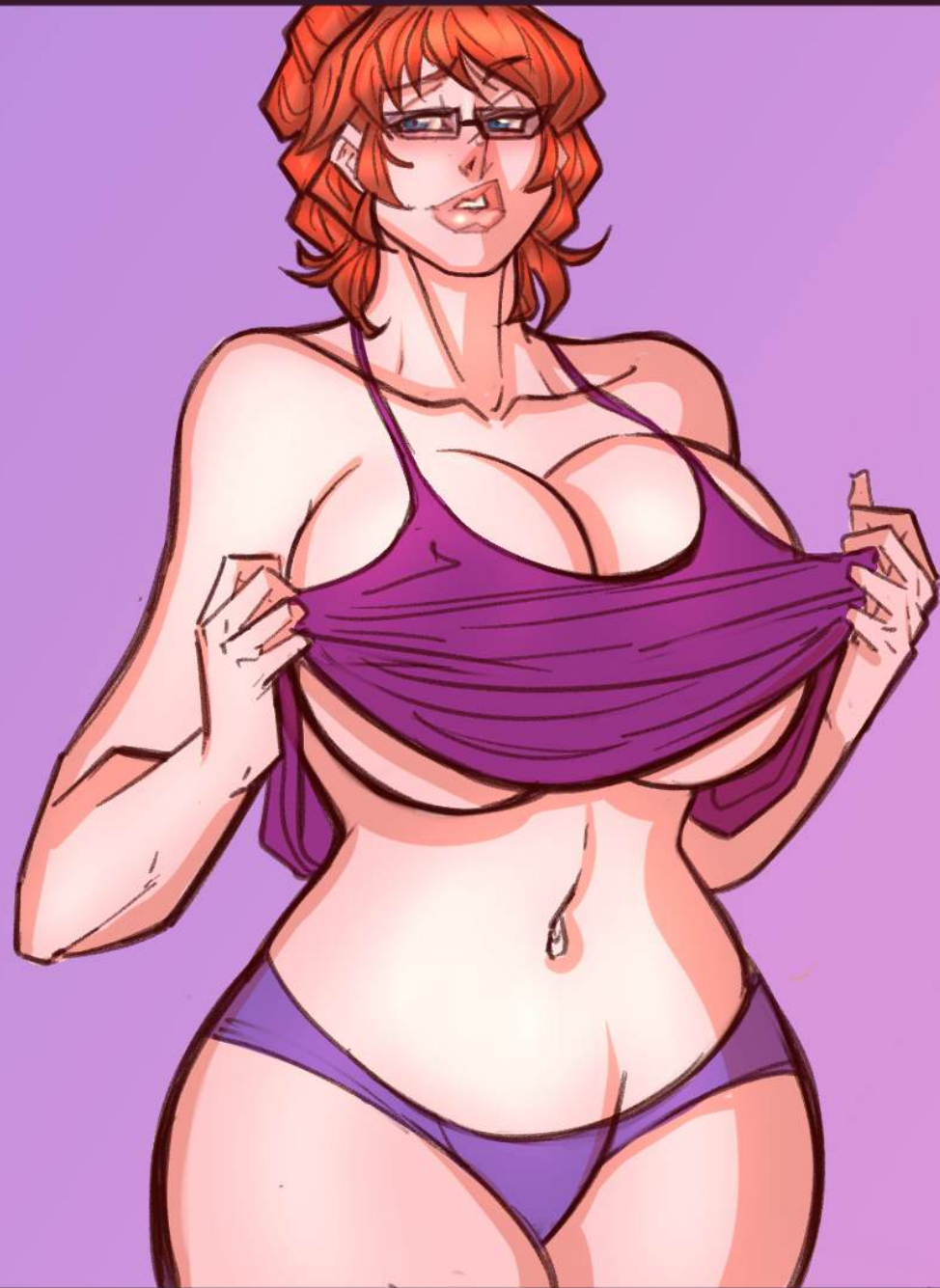
This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

CHAPTER 04

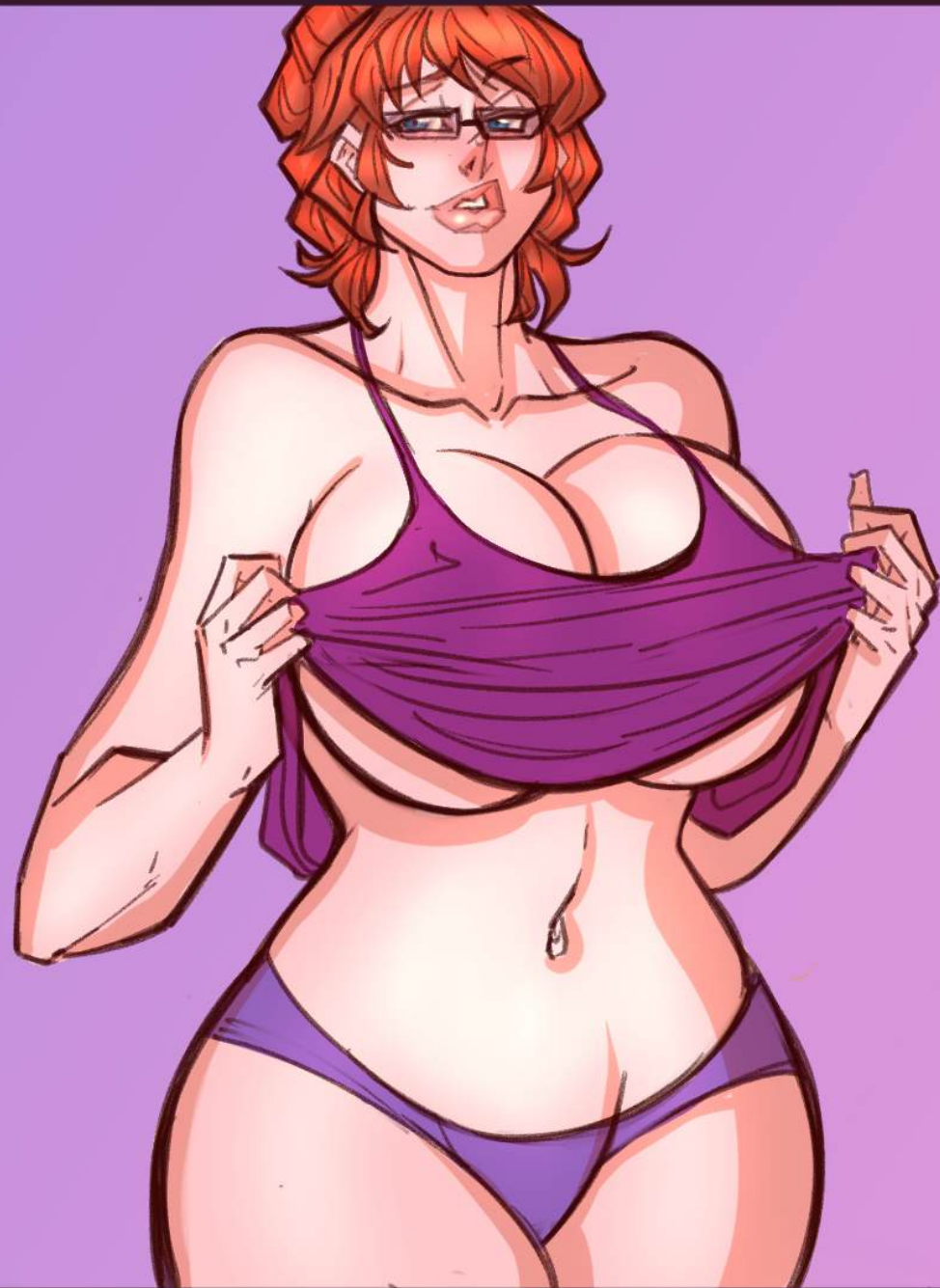
"Could you feel my body?
If you feel it...
and then tell me I'm not fat,
I'll believe you."



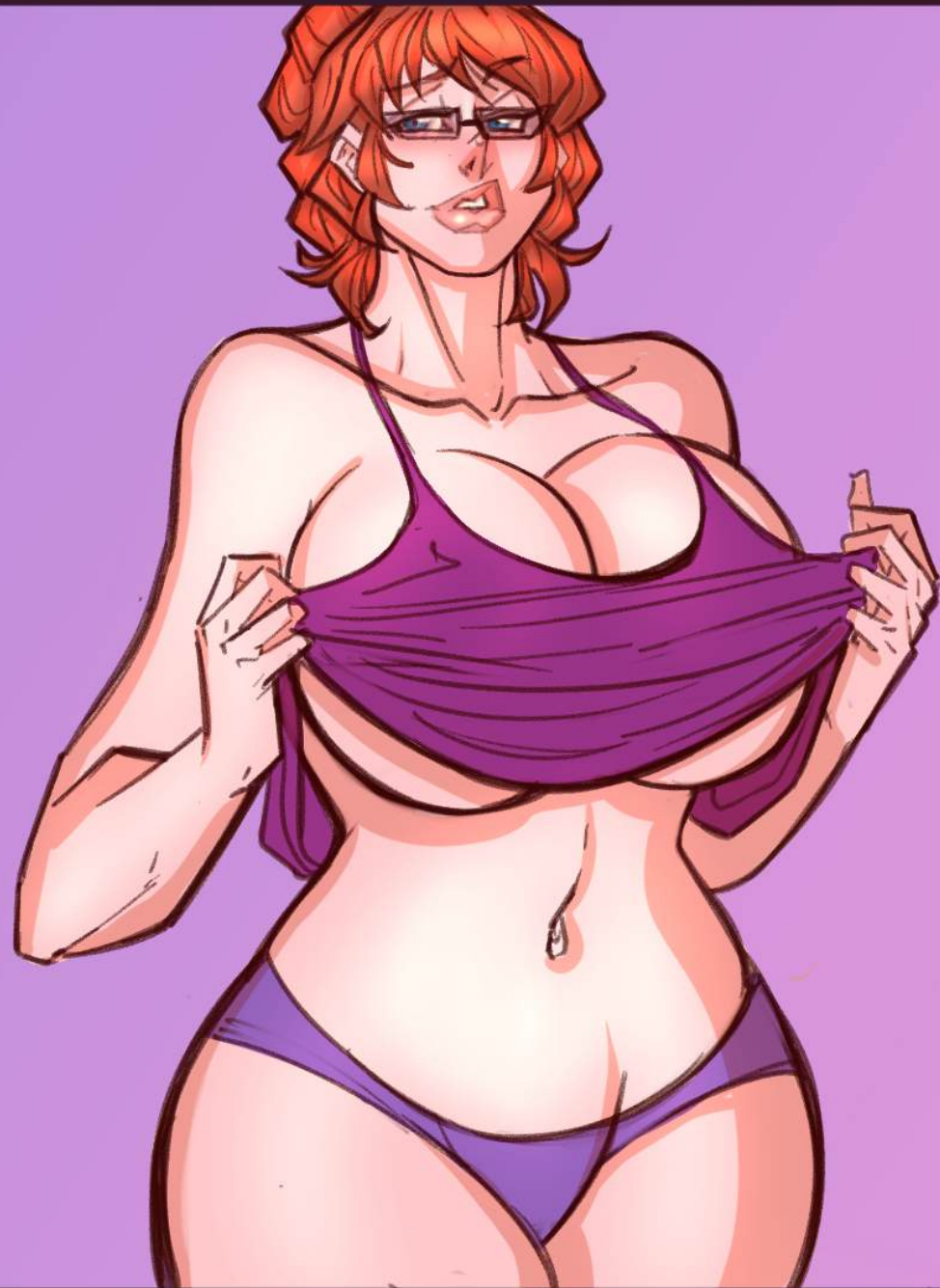
Bruce couldn't believe what he was hearing. His calculus teacher was not just cute and not just attractive. She was gorgeous.



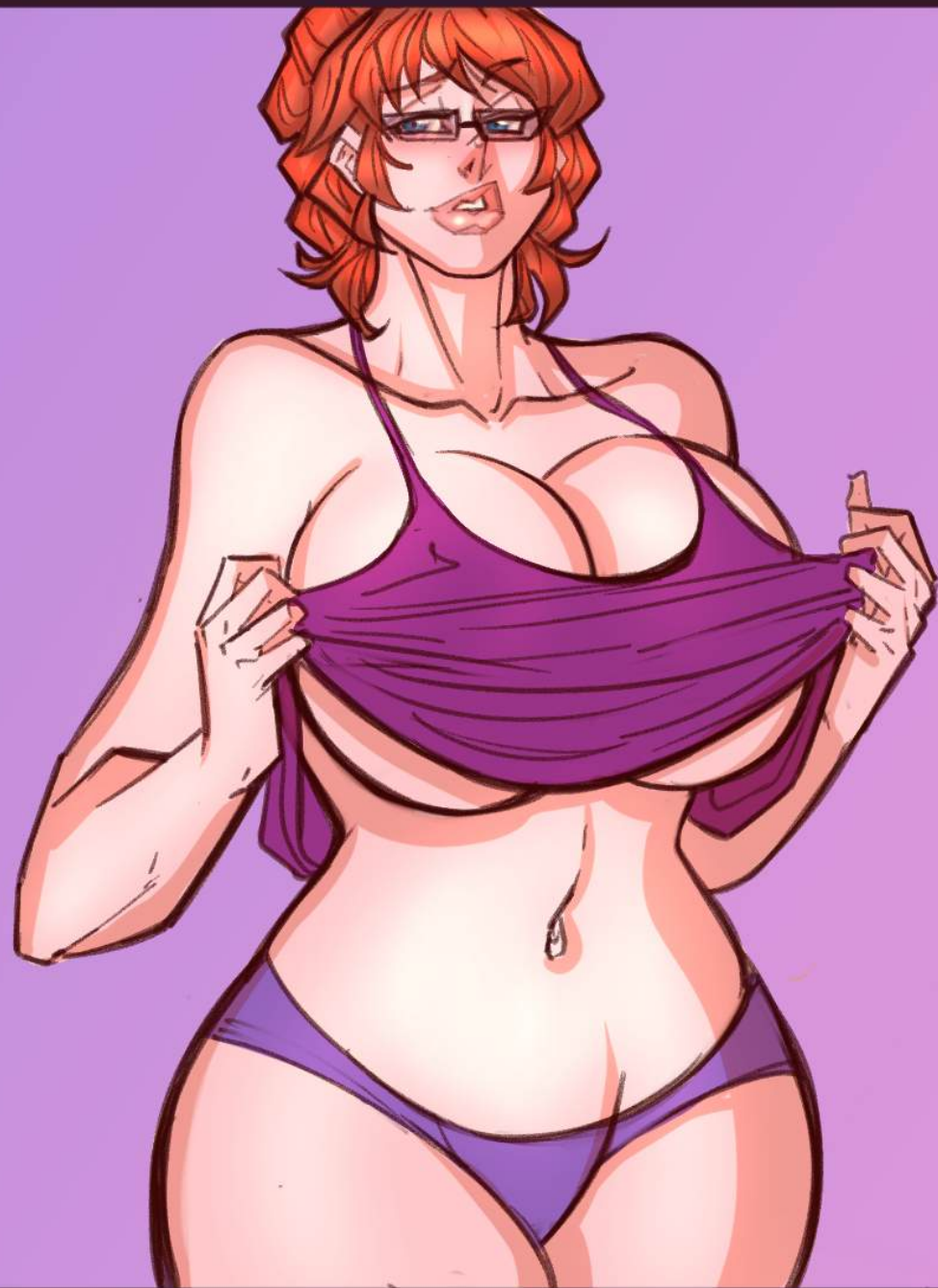
"Okay," Bruce
croaked out.
"I'll do it."



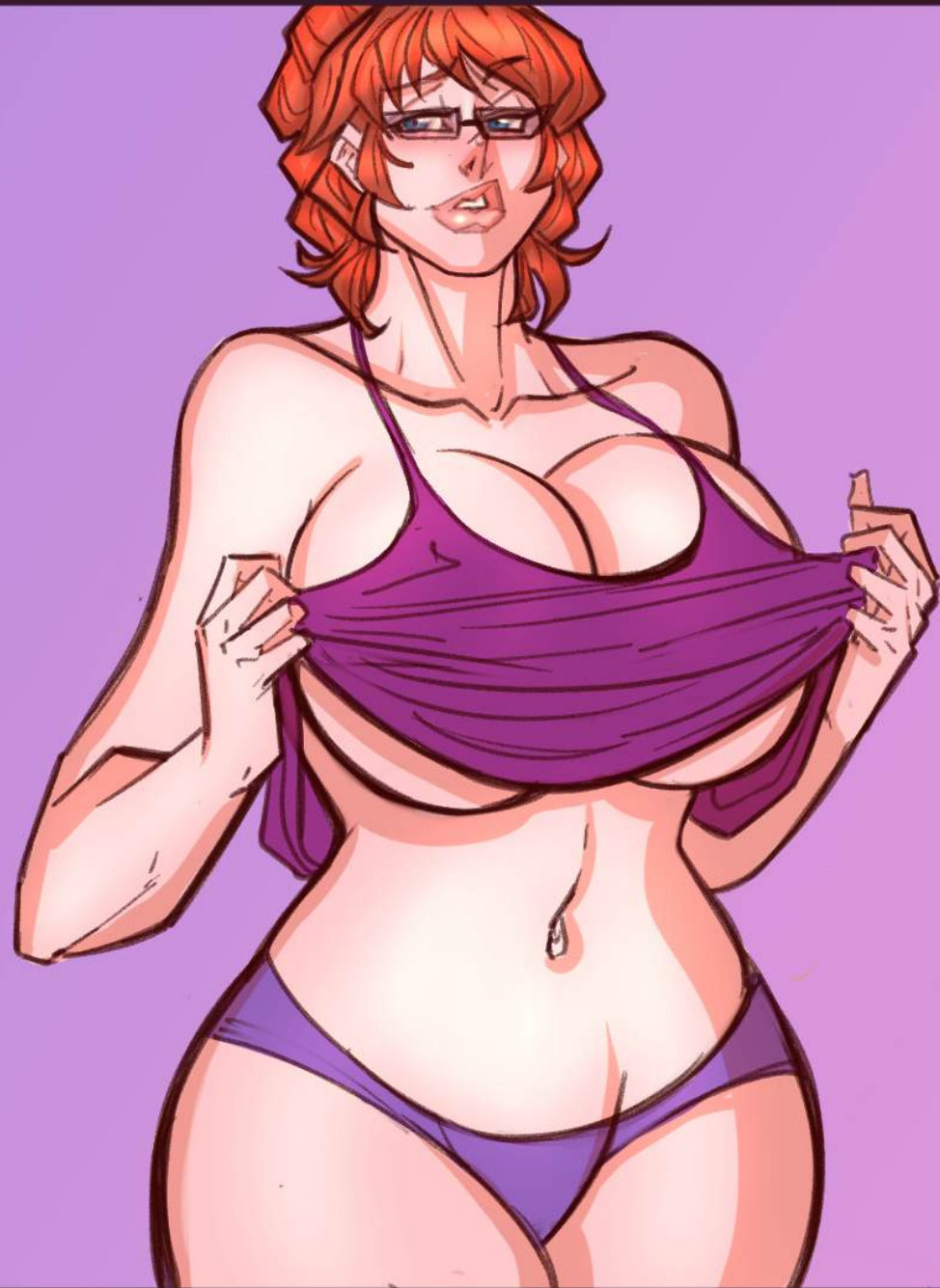
Ms. Turner stood up. The bottom half of her camisole was still bunched over her breasts, exposing her stomach.

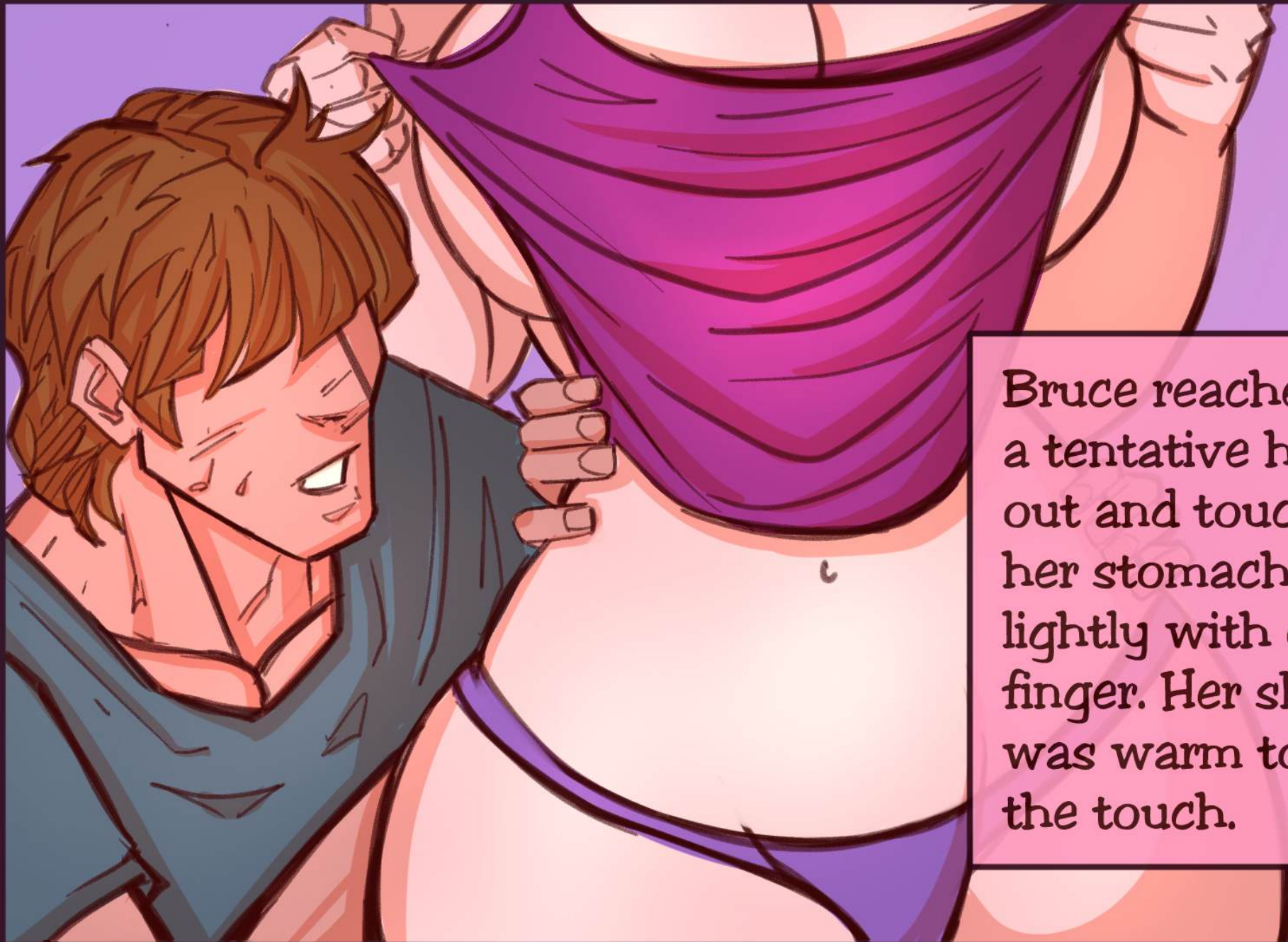


She looked at him expectantly. Bruce was sitting, so he got up.

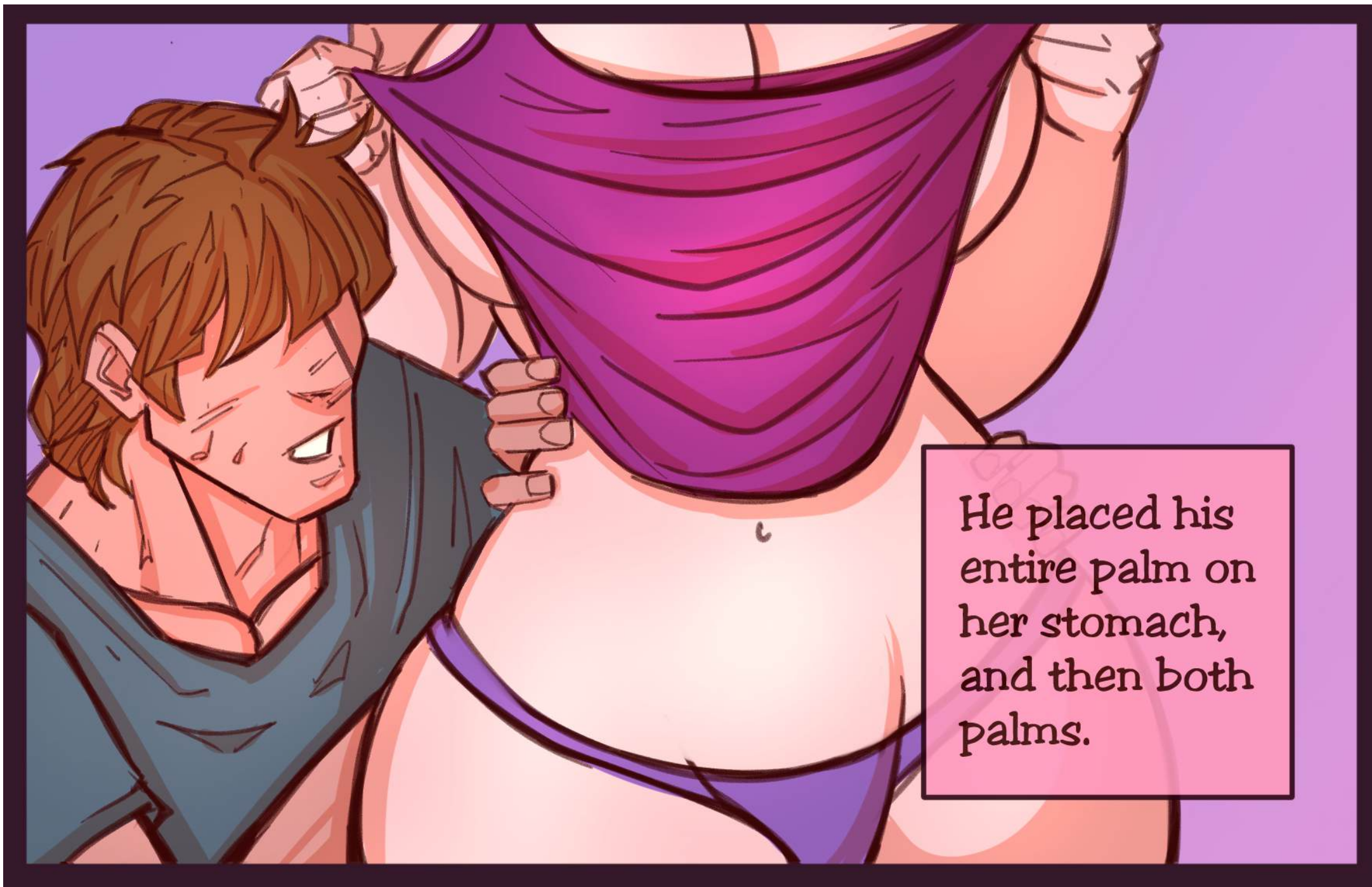


He realized that he should take this seriously, so he dropped to his knees right in front of her so that his head was level with her stomach.





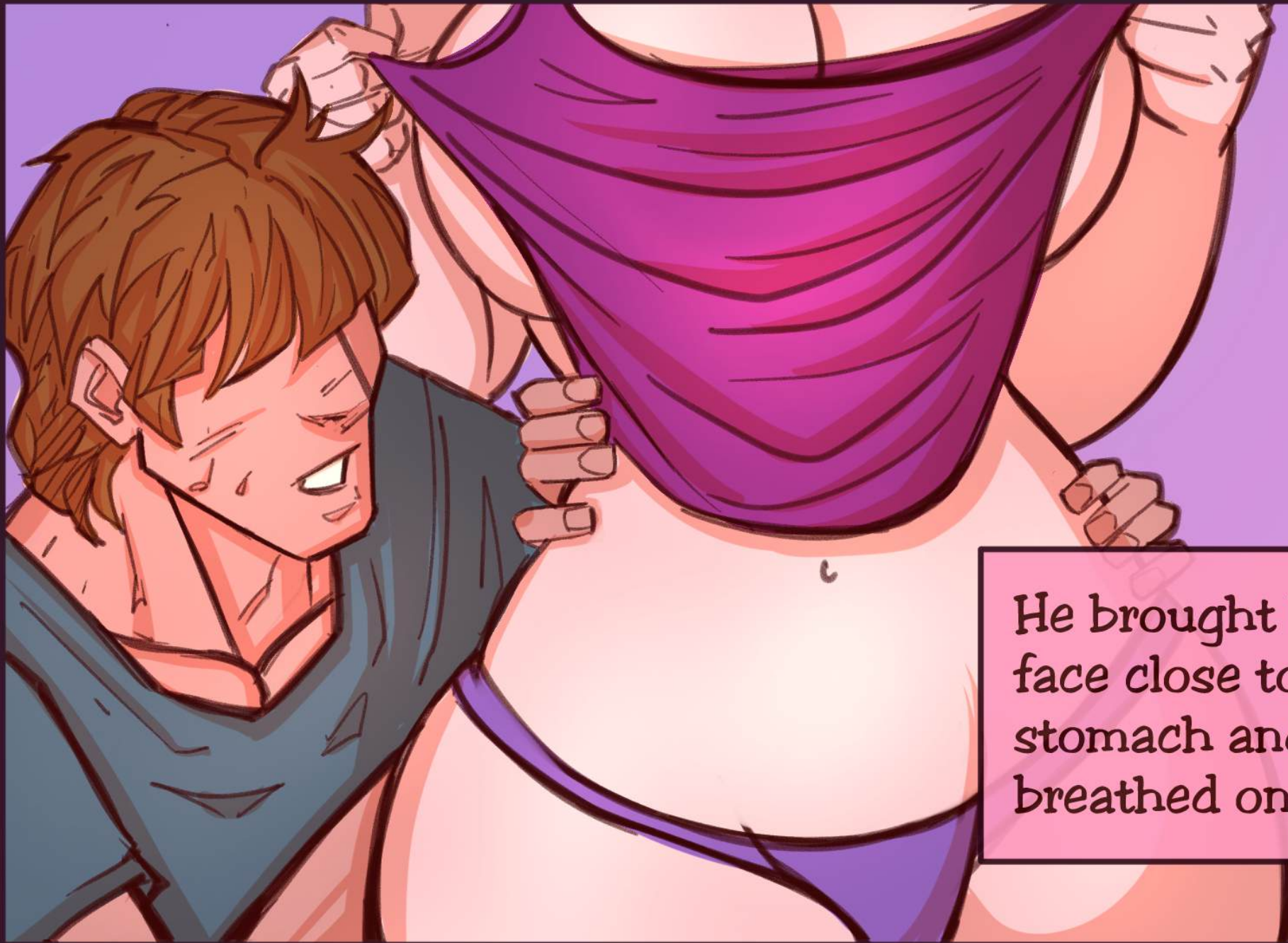
Bruce reached a tentative hand out and touched her stomach lightly with one finger. Her skin was warm to the touch.



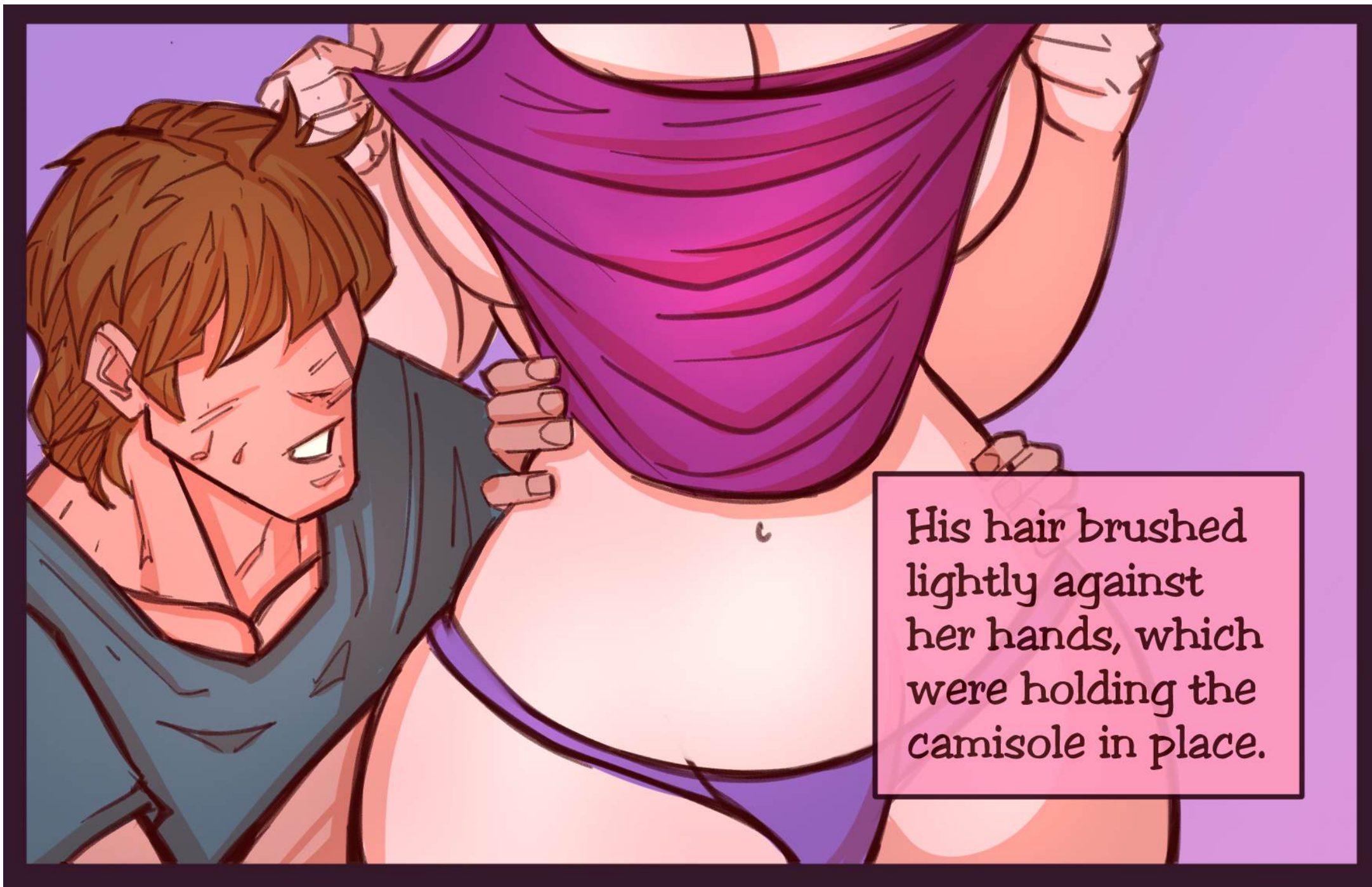
He placed his entire palm on her stomach, and then both palms.



Her body felt as good as it looked. Her abs were firm and unyielding.



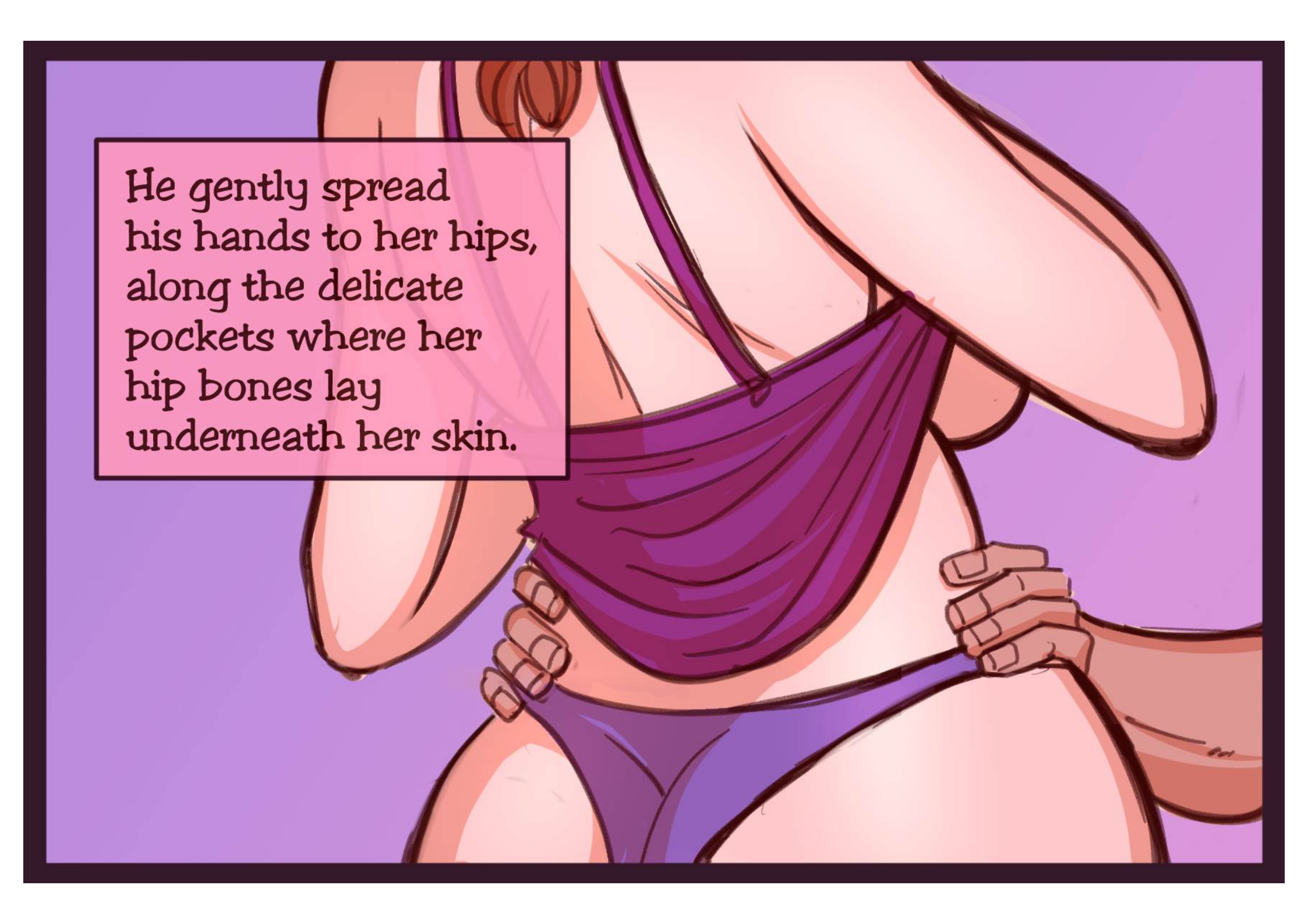
He brought his face close to her stomach and breathed on it.



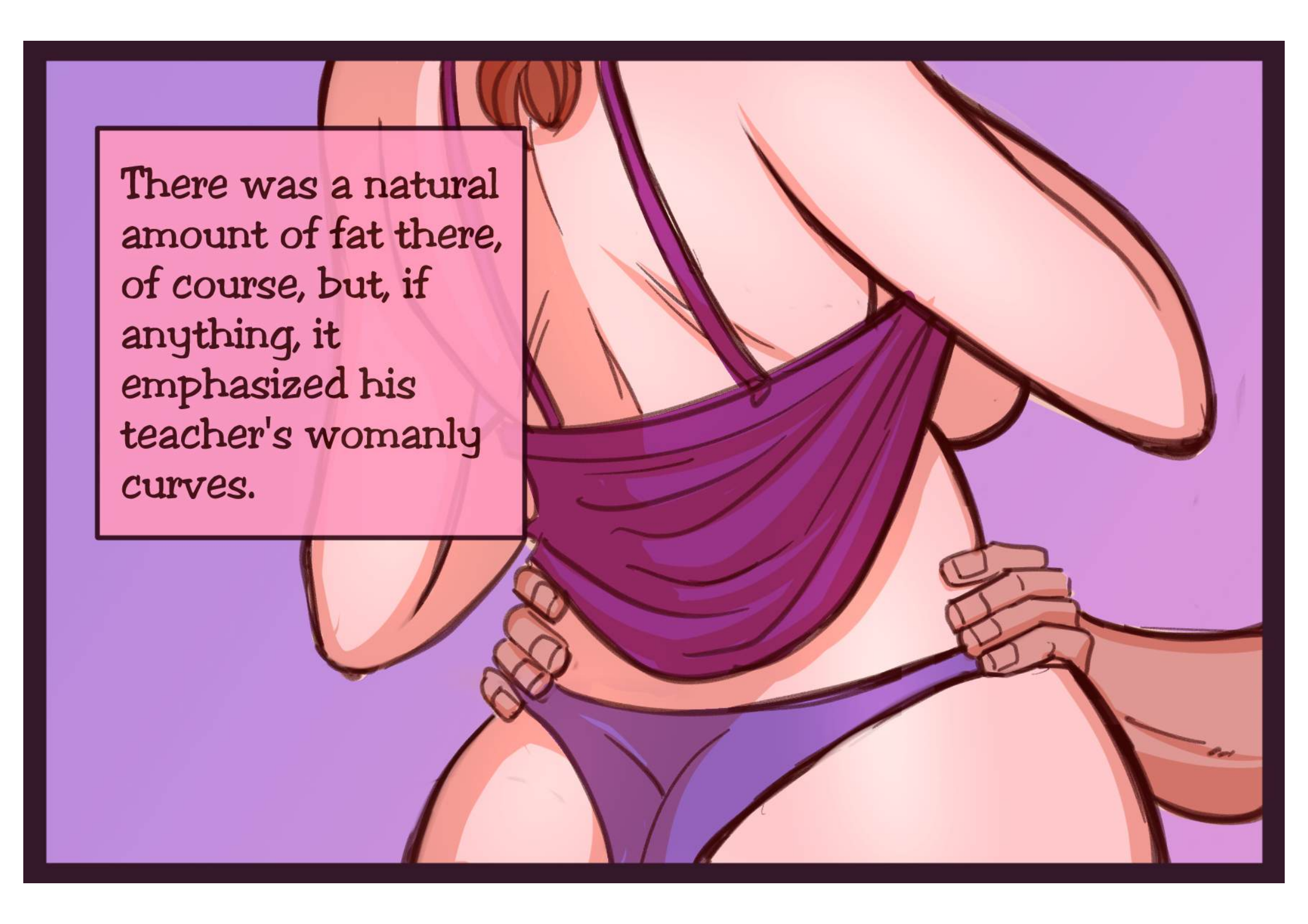
His hair brushed lightly against her hands, which were holding the camisole in place.



He could smell
the clean lavender
scent of soap on
her skin.



He gently spread
his hands to her hips,
along the delicate
pockets where her
hip bones lay
underneath her skin.

A stylized illustration of a woman's midsection, focusing on her waist and hips. She is wearing a purple, low-cut, ribbed bodysuit or corset. Her hands are placed on her hips, with fingers slightly curled. The background is a solid light purple color. On the left side, there is a pink rectangular text box with a black border containing the text.

There was a natural amount of fat there, of course, but, if anything, it emphasized his teacher's womanly curves.

Bruce gently caressed the sides of her hips: that hourglass shape that was so evident from her thin waist but relatively wide hips. It felt incredible.





*'This is the best
moment of my life,'
Bruce realized.*

Bruce heard a breath above him and realized that Ms. Turner was looking down at him as he touched her.

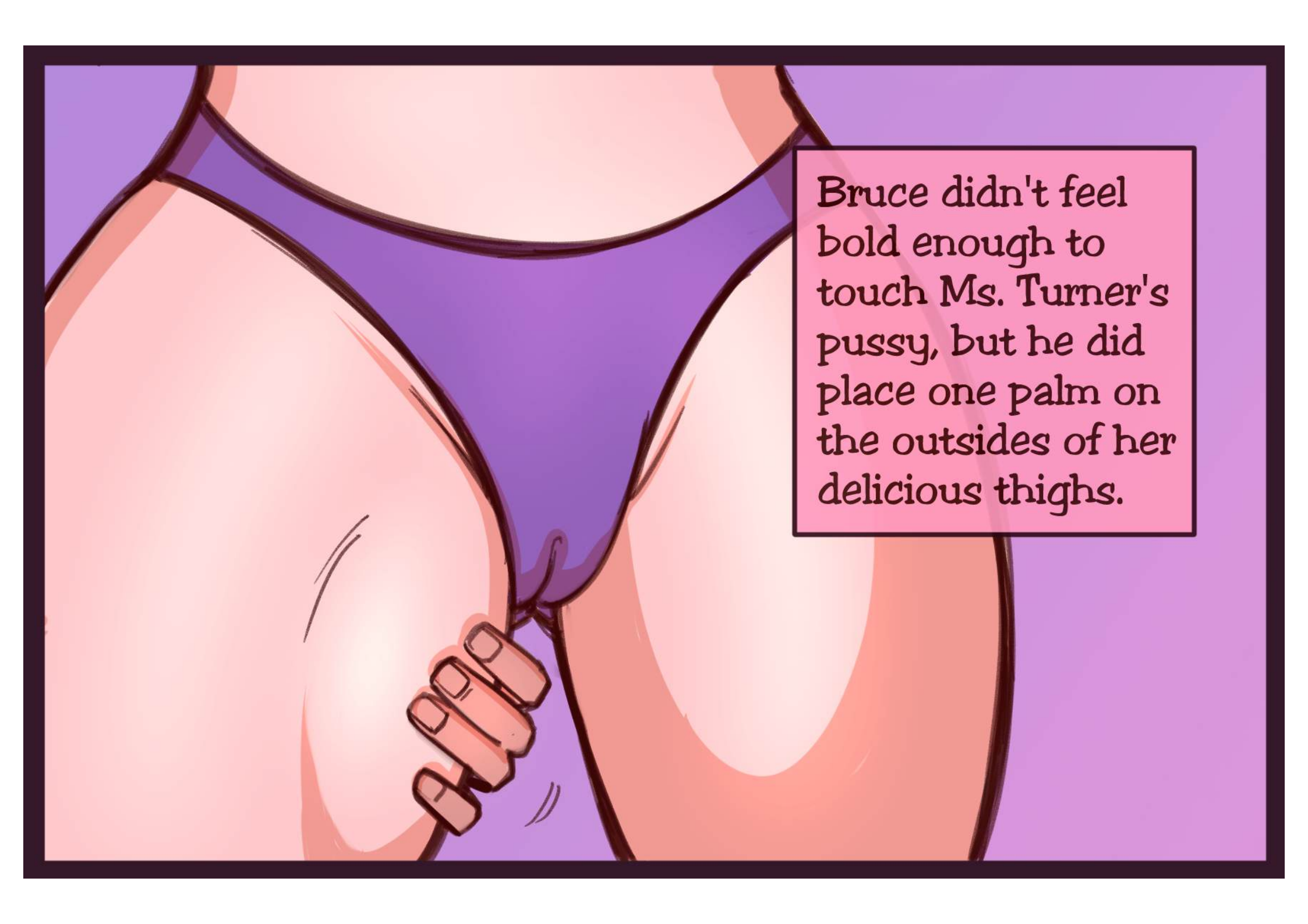


Her own eyes
were closed,
and she seemed
to be breathing
more and more
heavily.

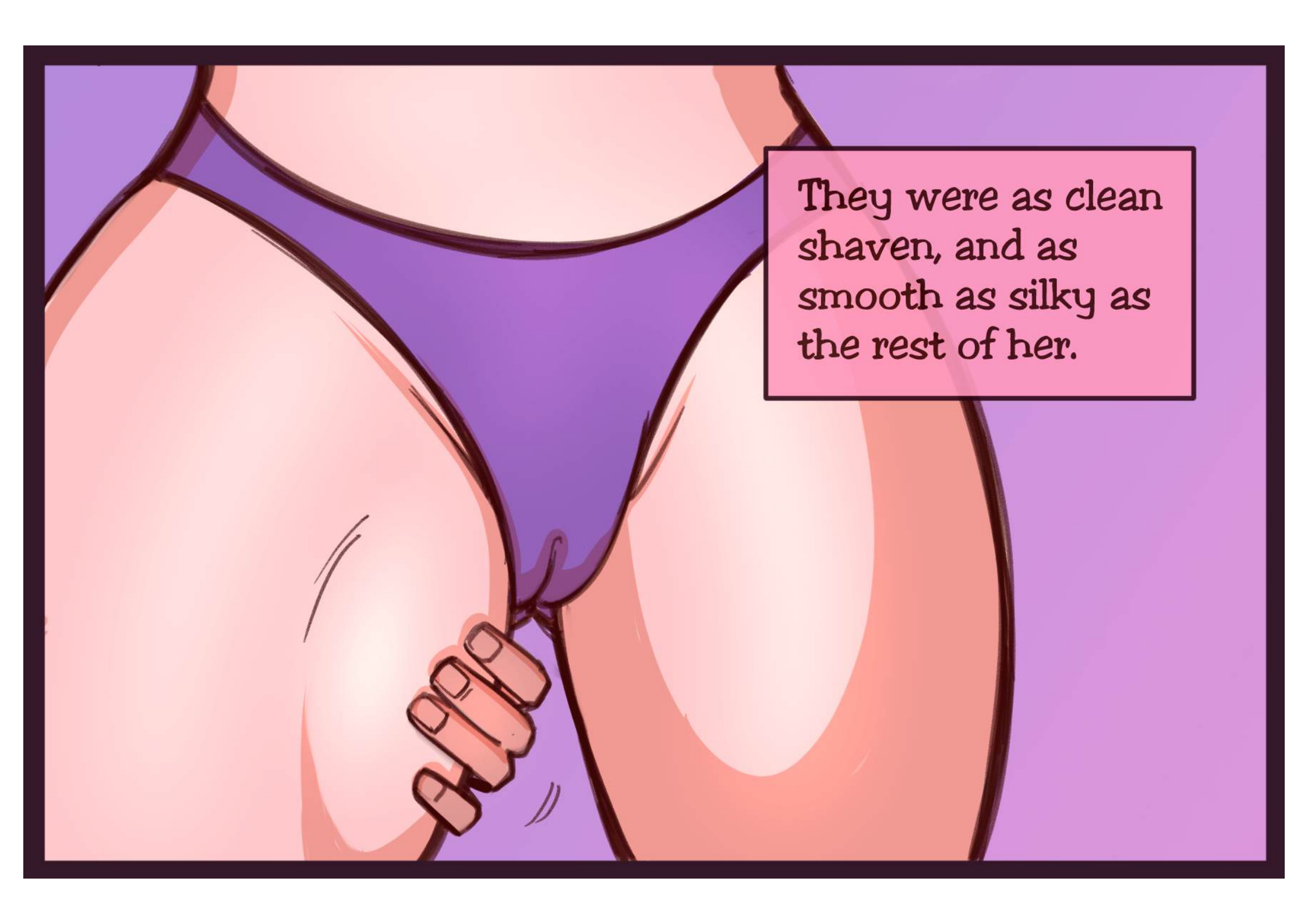


She seemed almost hypnotized by his slow actions.

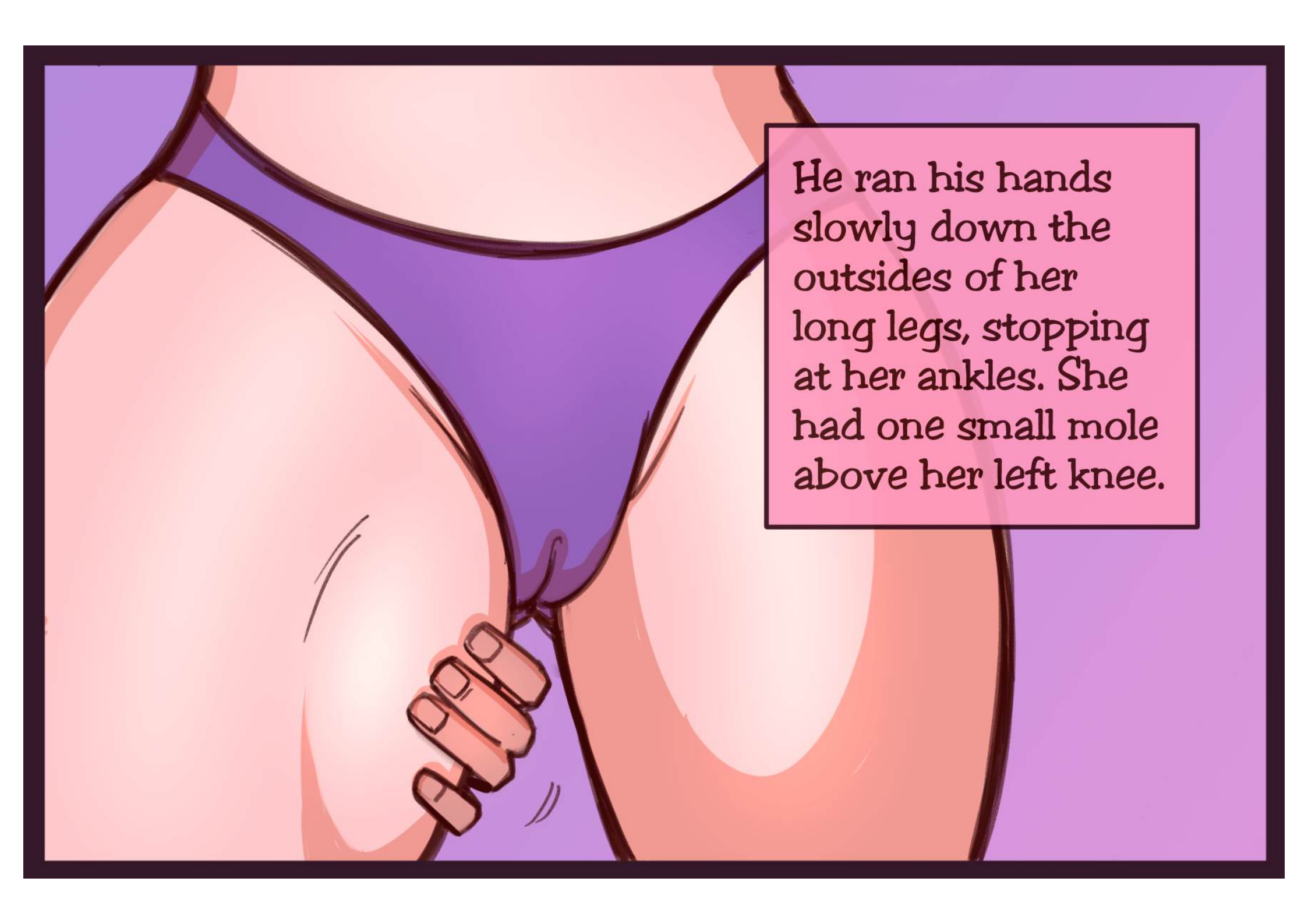




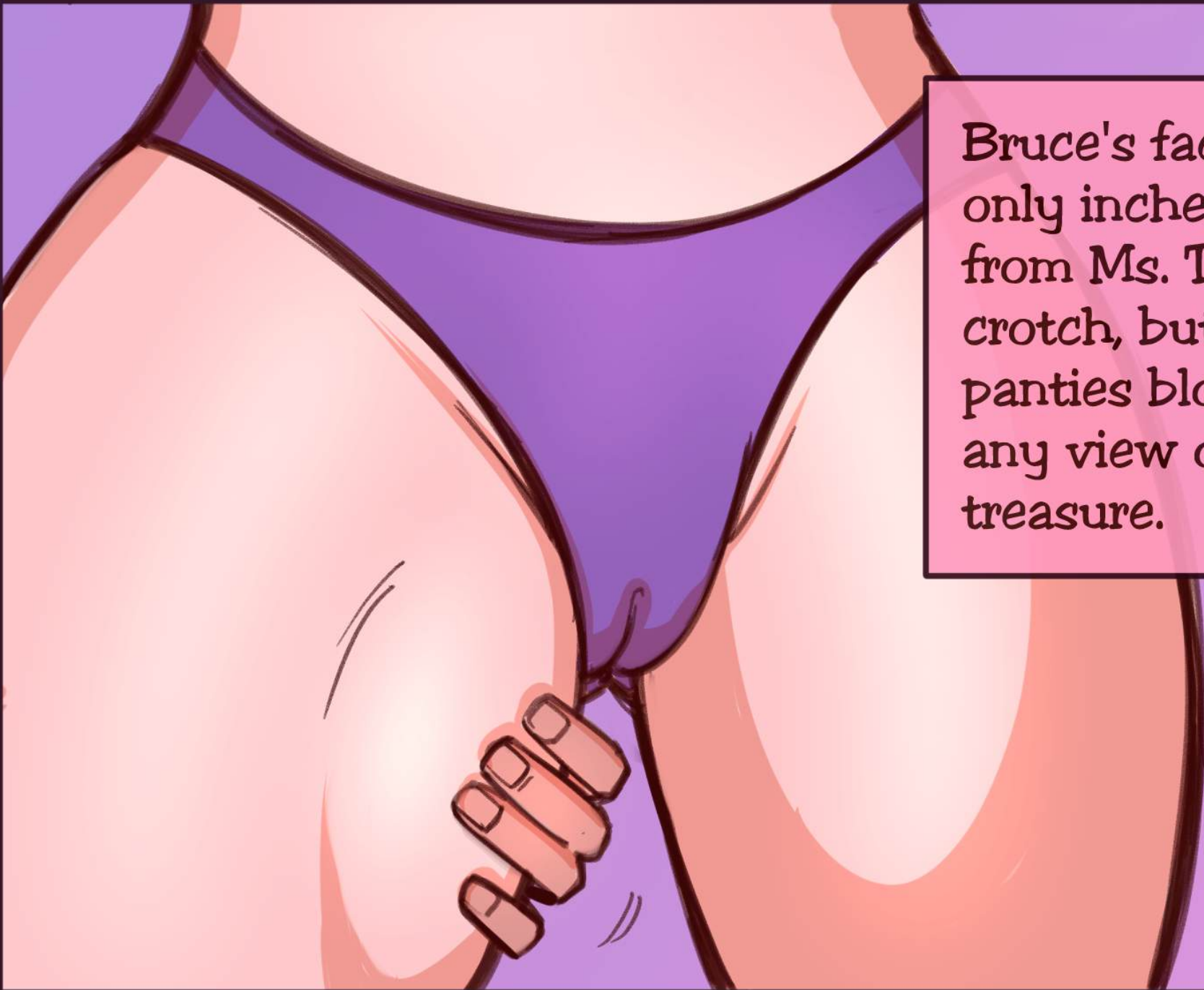
Bruce didn't feel bold enough to touch Ms. Turner's pussy, but he did place one palm on the outsides of her delicious thighs.



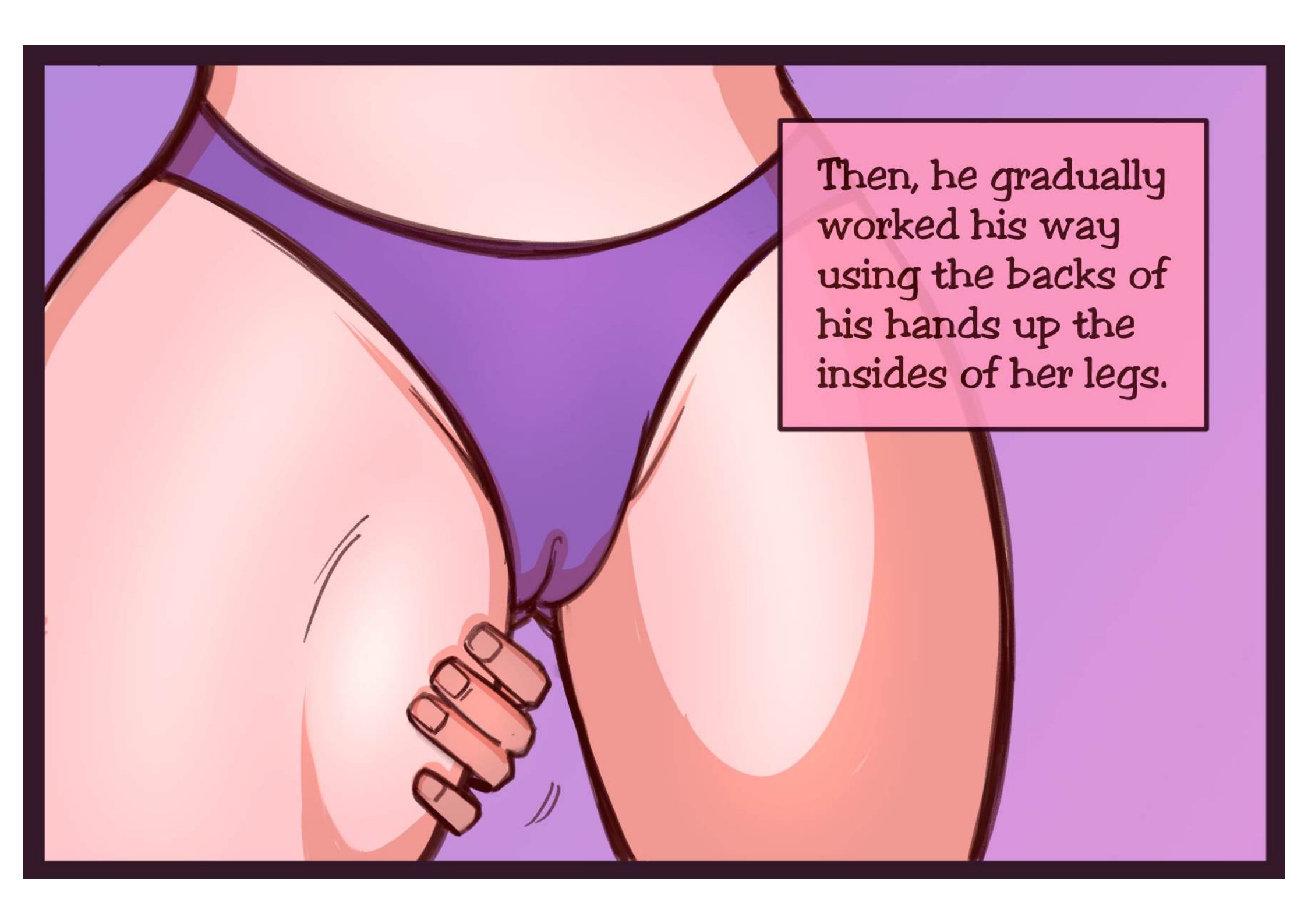
They were as clean shaven, and as smooth as silky as the rest of her.

A close-up illustration of a person's legs from the waist down to the ankles. The person is wearing purple, form-fitting underwear. The skin is a light peach color with soft shading to indicate curves. A hand is shown at the bottom left, with fingers gently touching the inner thigh. The background is a solid light purple color.

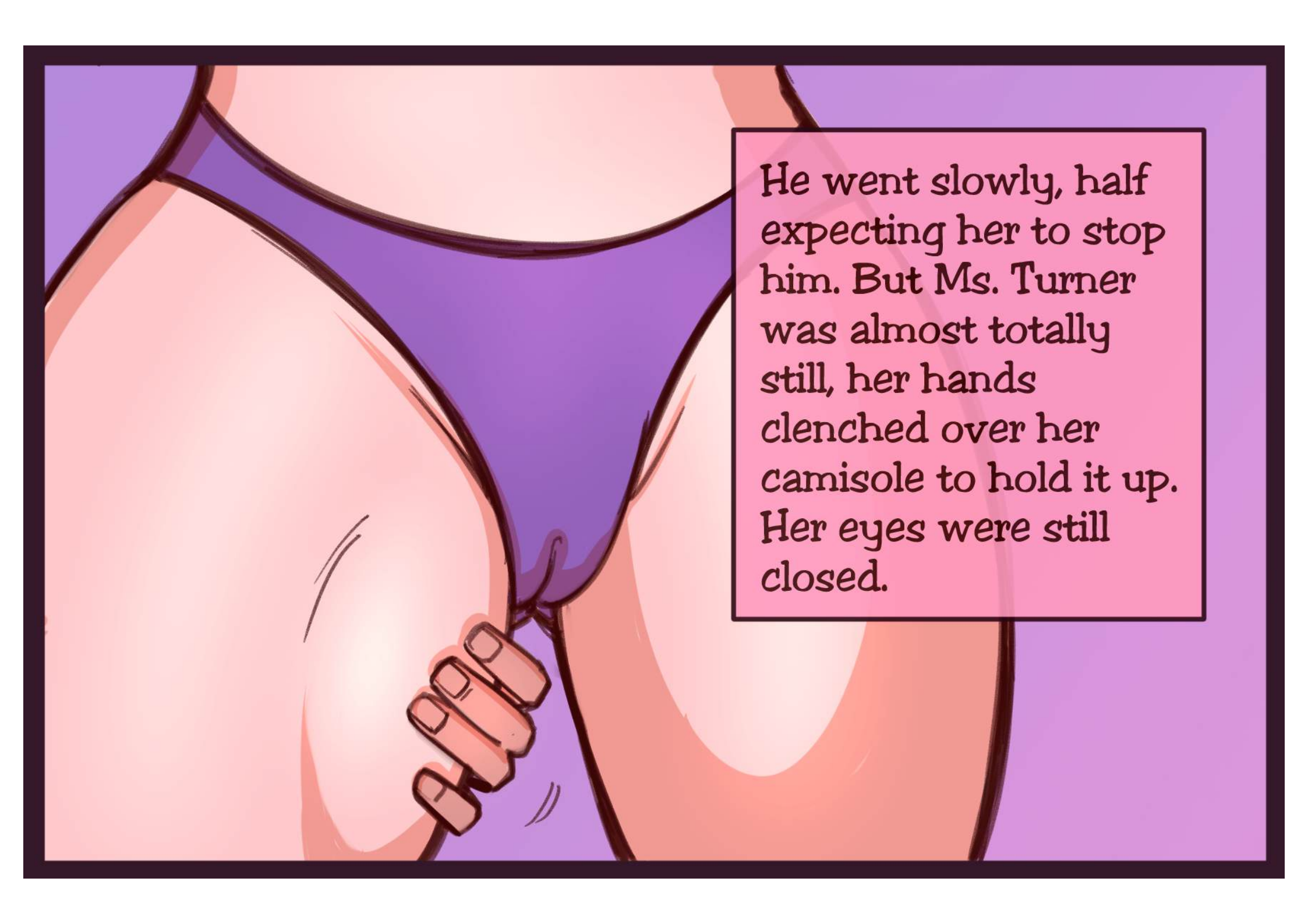
He ran his hands slowly down the outsides of her long legs, stopping at her ankles. She had one small mole above her left knee.



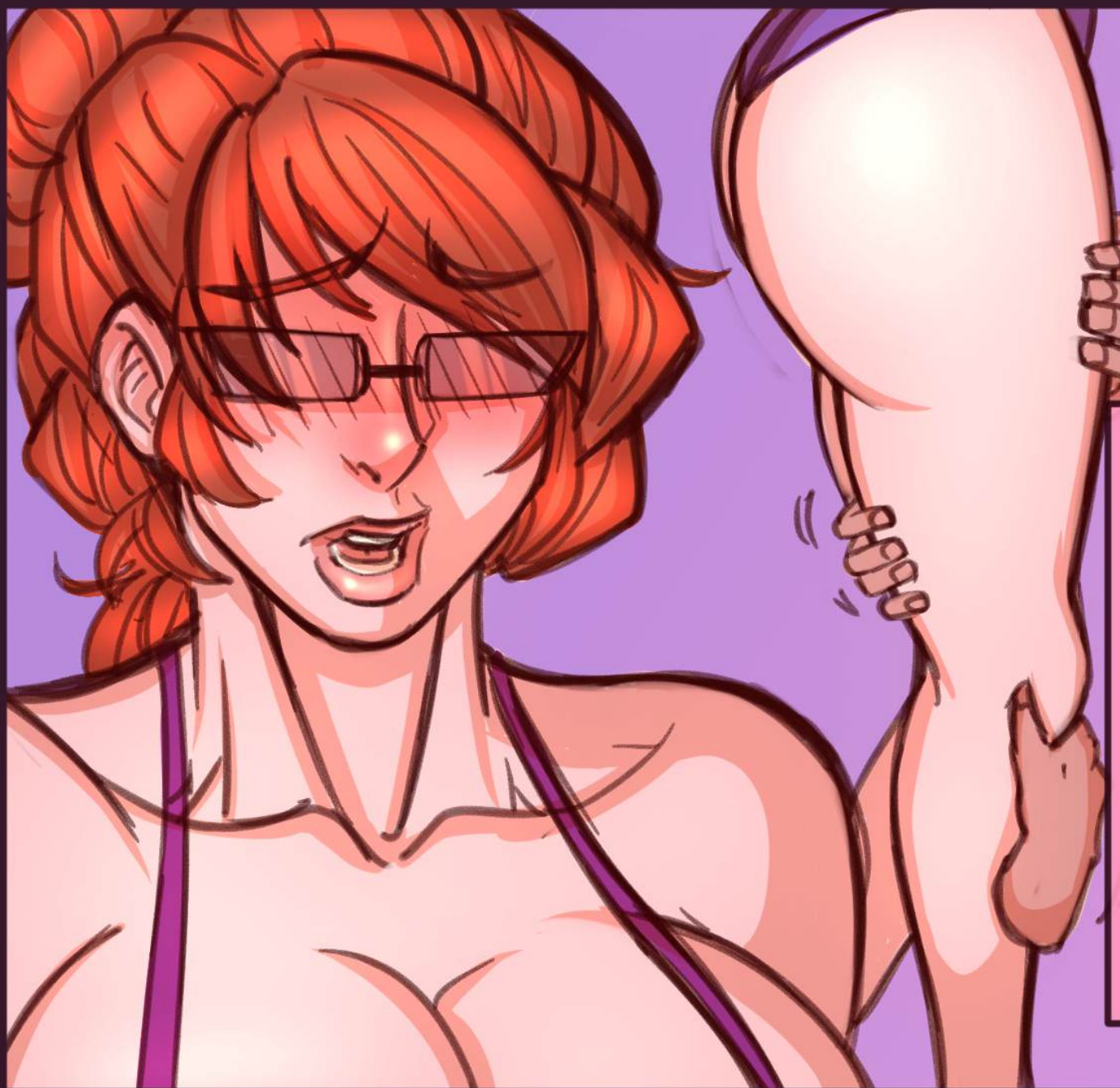
Bruce's face was only inches away from Ms. Turner's crotch, but her panties blocked any view of that treasure.

A close-up illustration of a person's legs, wearing purple underwear. A hand is shown reaching up to touch the inner thigh. The background is a light purple gradient.

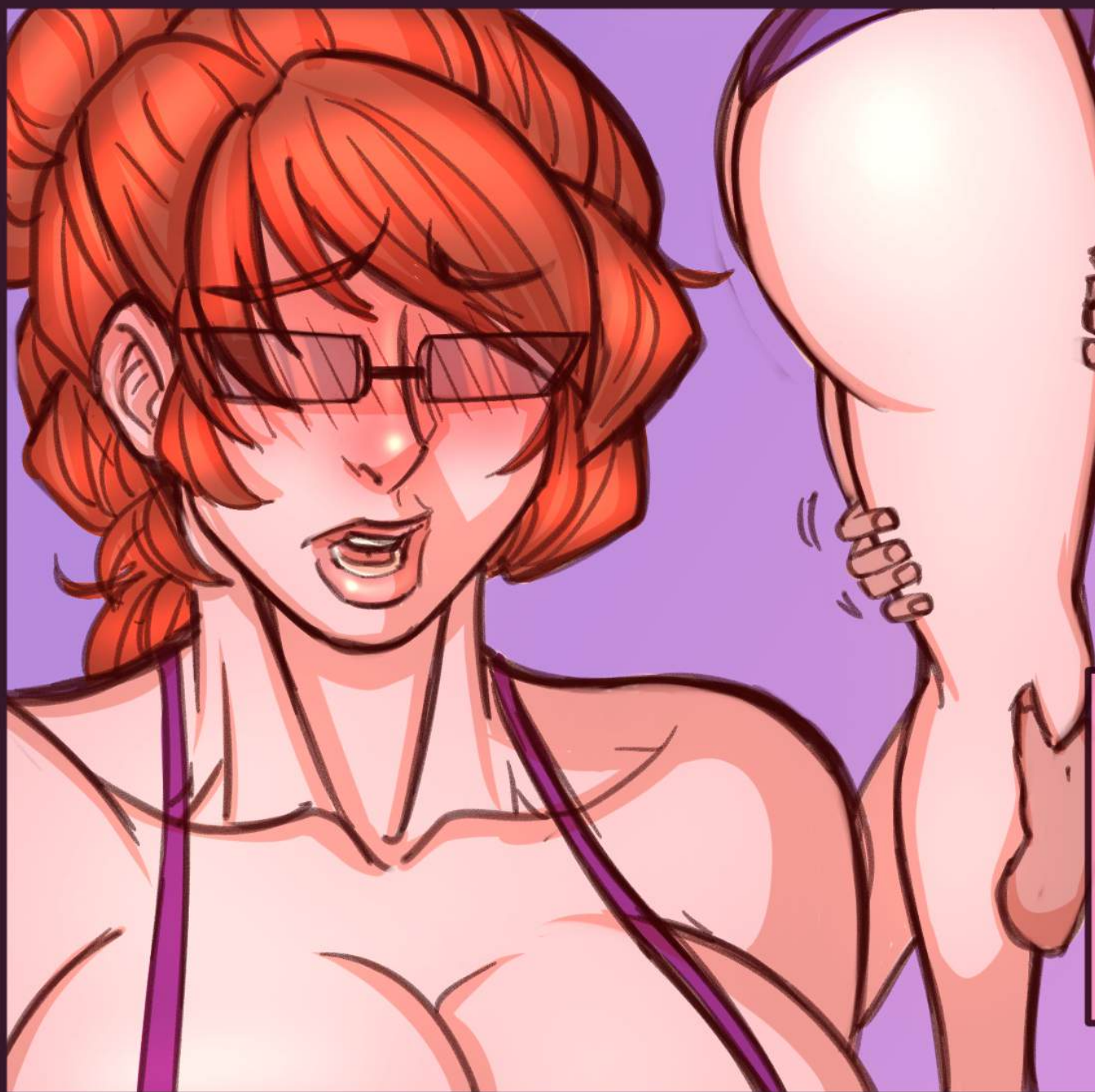
Then, he gradually worked his way using the backs of his hands up the insides of her legs.



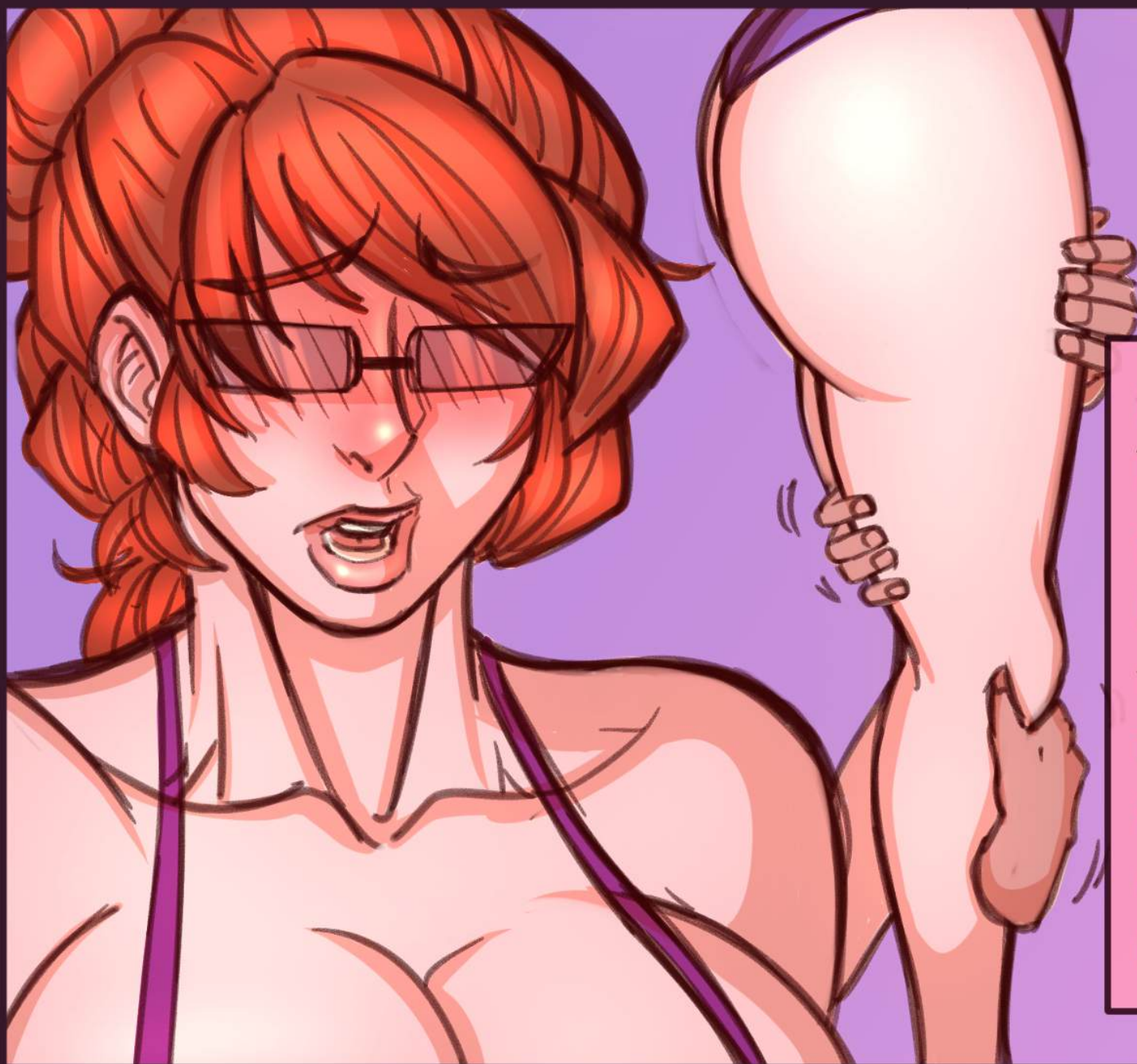
He went slowly, half expecting her to stop him. But Ms. Turner was almost totally still, her hands clenched over her camisole to hold it up. Her eyes were still closed.



He slid his way slowly up her rounded calves and inner thighs. Her calves were large, probably because she was so tall.



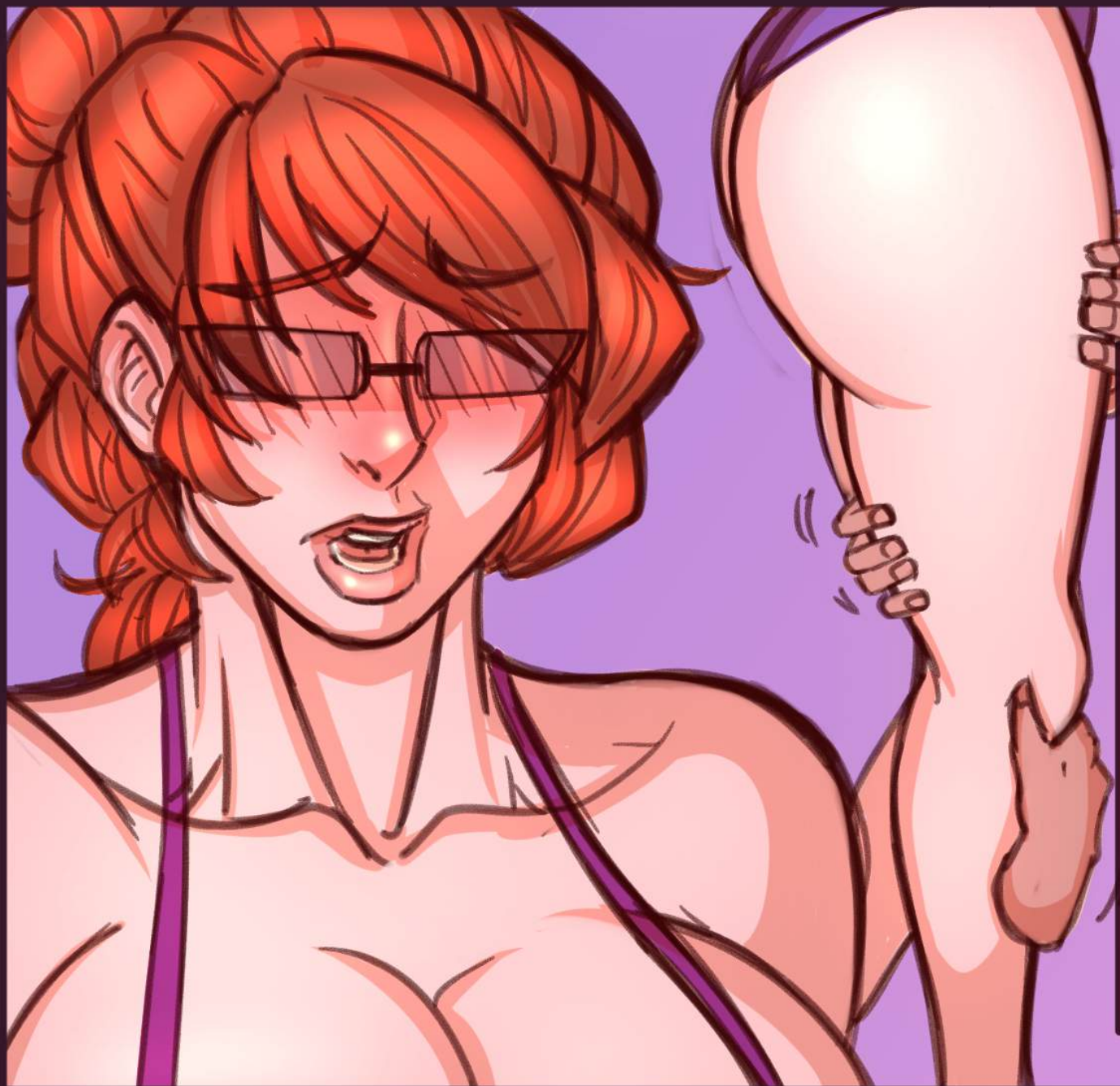
Her thighs sloped in gently and then out again as he continued up.



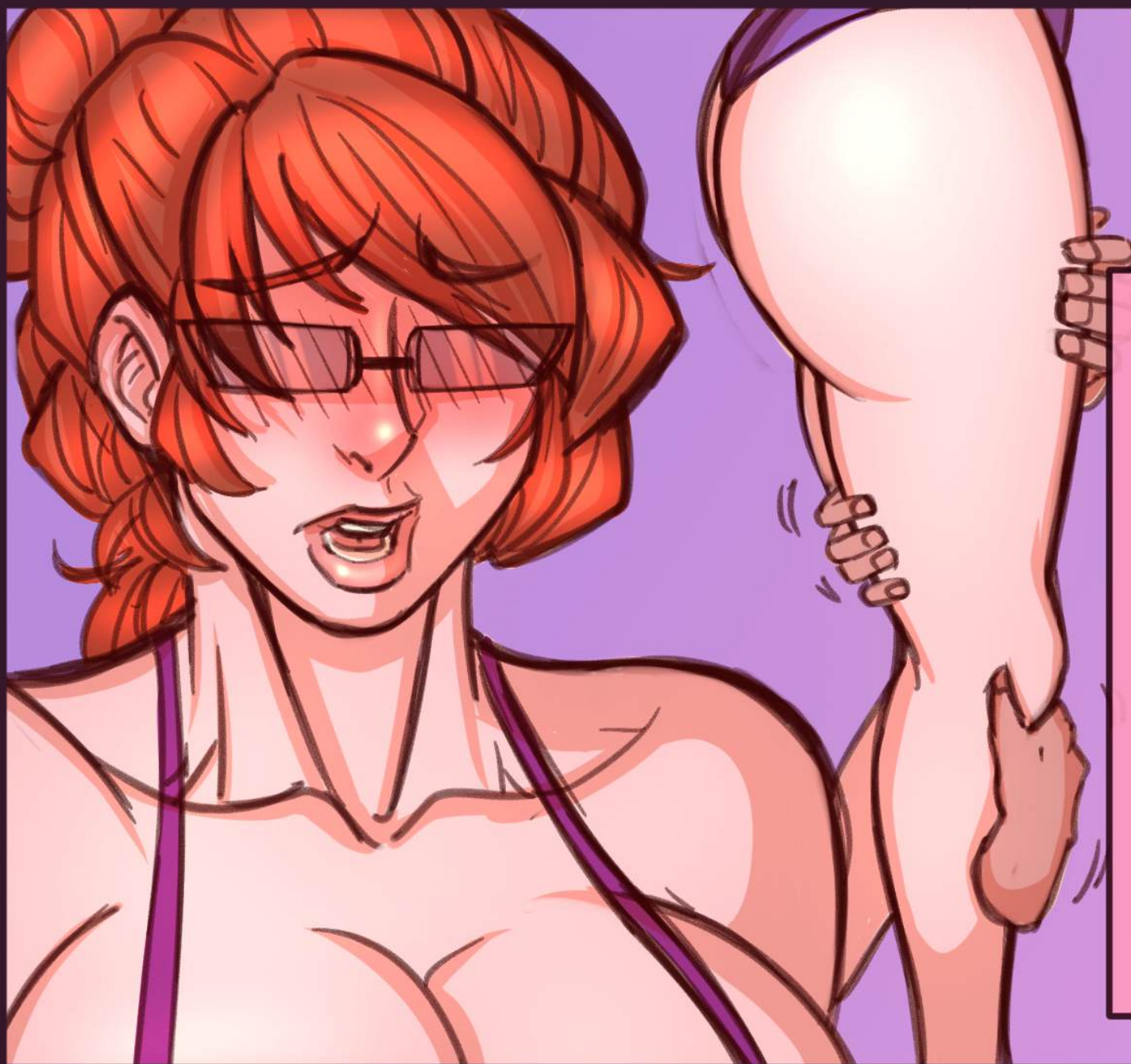
Ms. Turner did have a good amount of flesh, Bruce thought to himself, but it really served to make her curvy and feminine rather than fat.



He had a full erection in his jeans, and Bruce would occasionally shift his knees to adjust the feel of it on his boxers.



He maintained full contact with her legs though. He didn't want to break the slightly hypnotized state his teacher seemed to be in.



Bruce's hands slid up his teacher's thighs, inch by inch, millimeter by millimeter, until he was just a fraction away from her panties and crotch.

But then, Ms. Turner stopped him
suddenly,
taking a step back.

Her eyes looked at him a bit unsteadily.
Bruce was afraid he'd gone too far.

"Well?"
Ms. Turner
whispered.
"Am I fat?"



Bruce knew that
he would never
answer that she
was fat.



Some demonic
spark in him made
him pause, and
Bruce said:
"It's hard to tell
without touching
your ass."



Ms. Turner
paused briefly.



A long moment
passed where
Bruce's thoughts
flew like lightning
and he knew he'd
upset her.



Just as he was
about to apologize,
Ms. Turner broke
the silence.



"These panties
aren't good for
that. Let me
change."



She turned abruptly and left
the living room.

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