

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 43

*"Mrs.
Roberts"*

Chapter
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 43: "Mrs. Roberts"

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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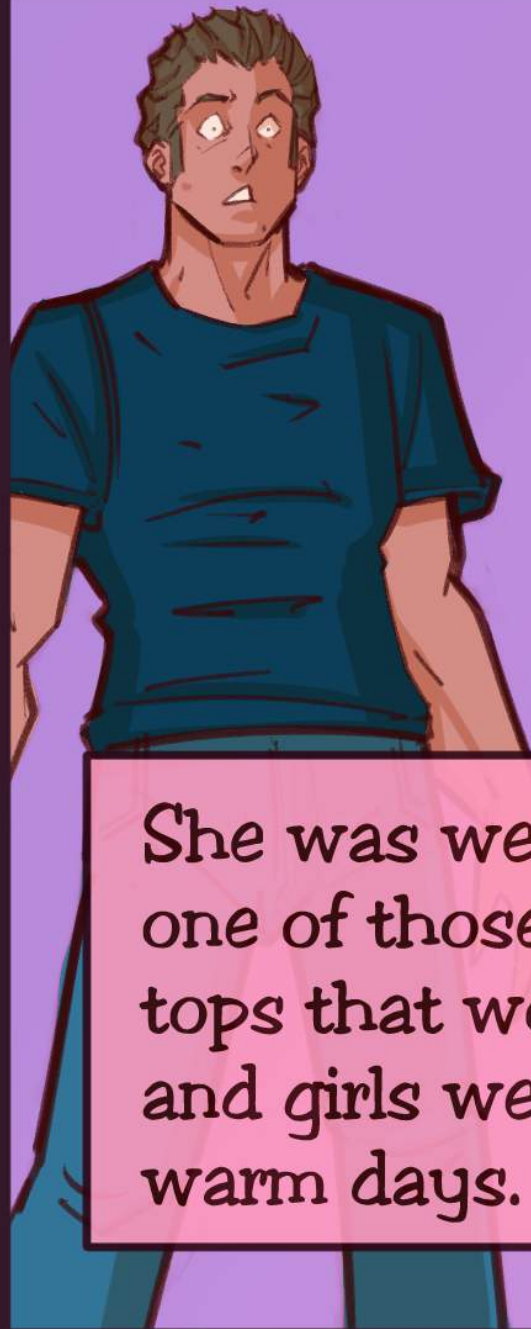
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CHAPTER 01

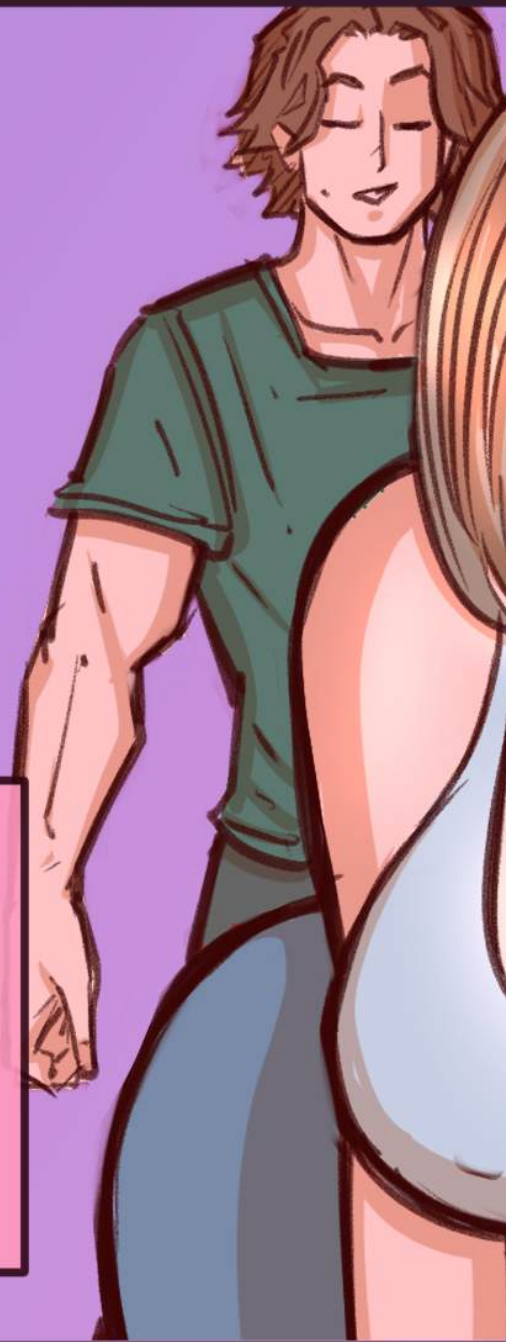
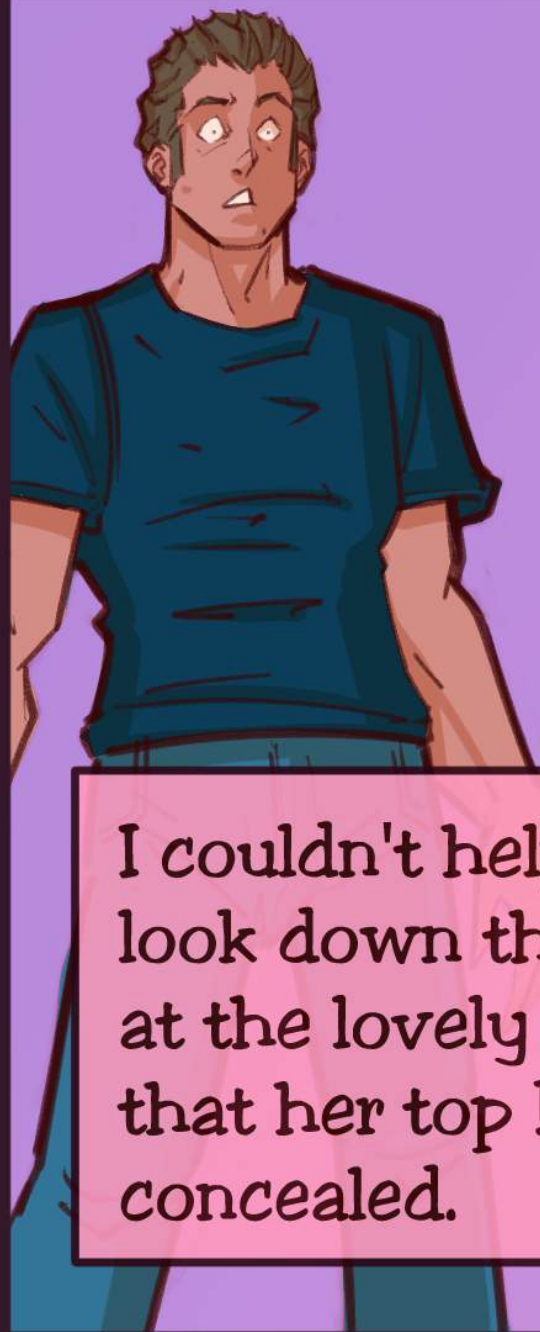
My first sexual encounter
came at 19 years old,
on one of those fabulous spring days
and is what all young men hope for:
initiation into the joys of sex by an
experienced older woman.

My best friend Brett and I
had been shooting some hoops
in the local schoolyard
and had returned to his house
to grab a soda.

When we walked into his kitchen
we were greeted by his mom,
who was down on the floor cleaning a mess
made by the family cat.
"Watch where you're walking, boys.
Giggy just threw up another
hairball!"



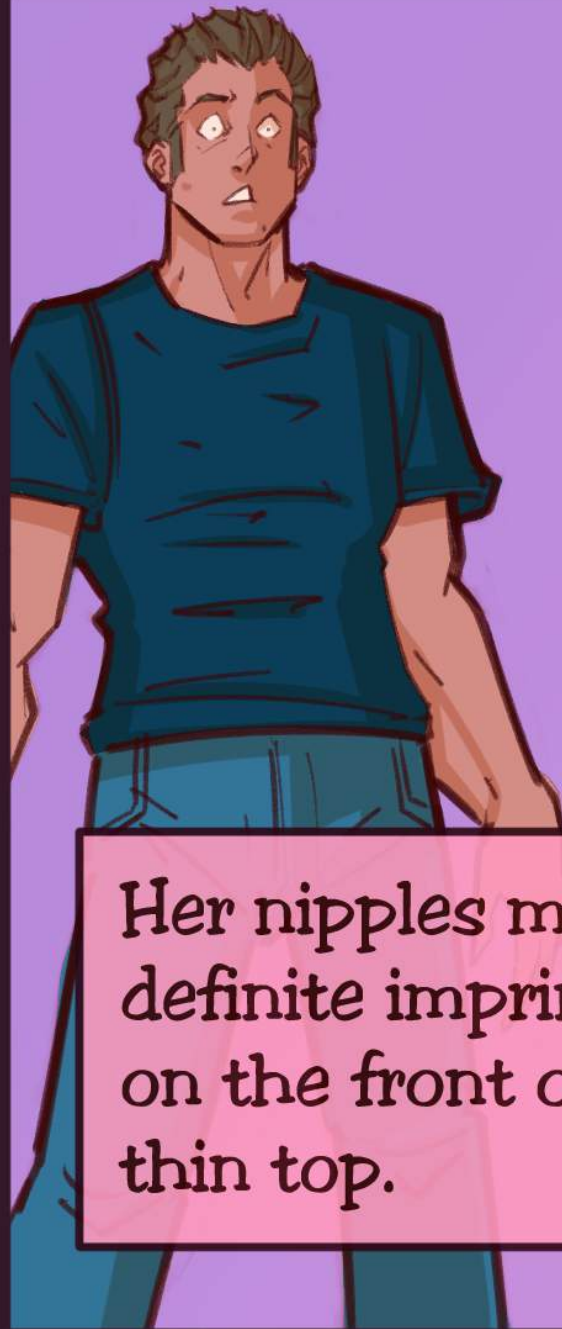
She was wearing one of those tank tops that women and girls wear on warm days.



I couldn't help but look down the front at the lovely mounds that her top barely concealed.



I hadn't really thought of Mrs. Roberts in a sexual way until that moment.

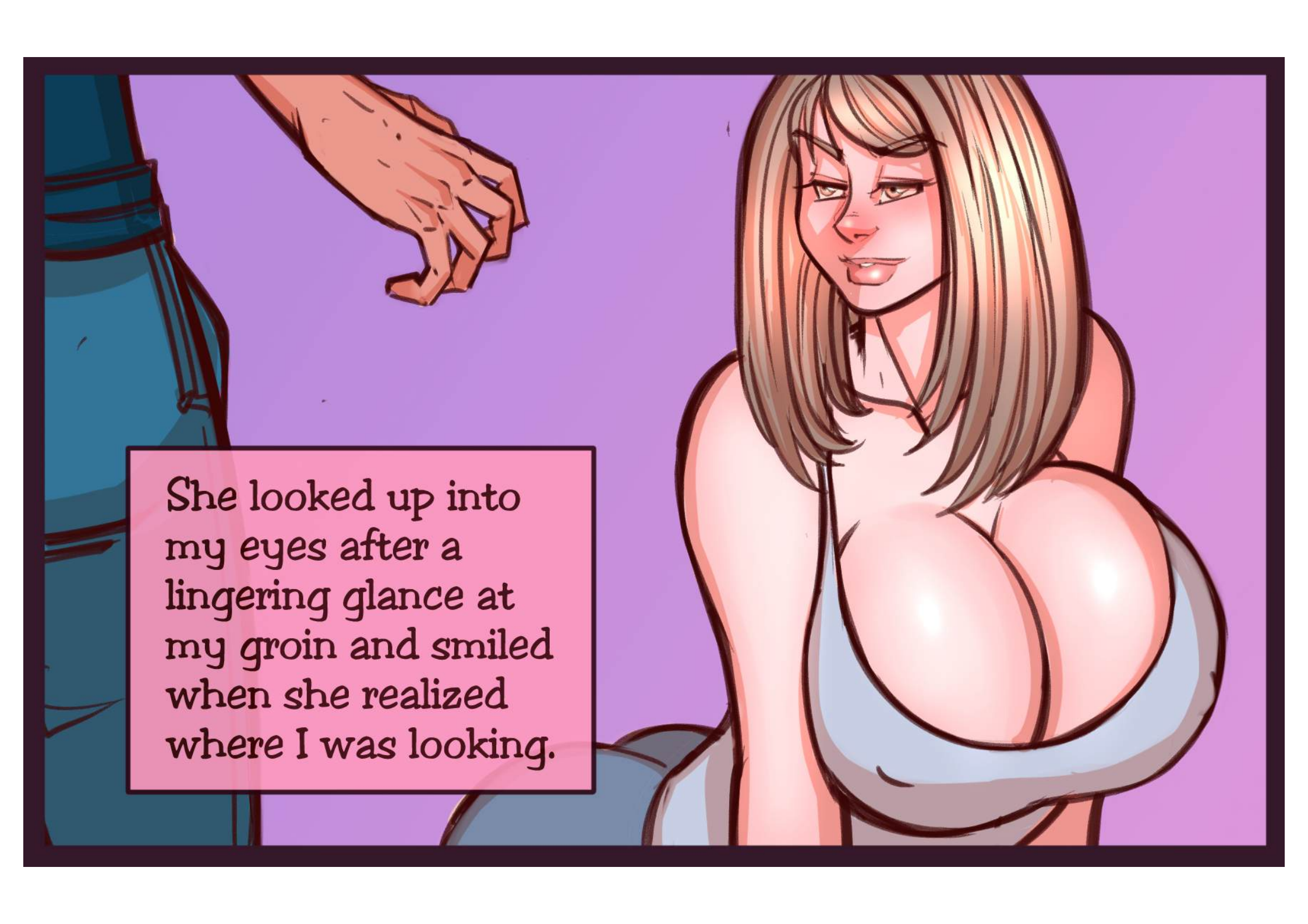


Her nipples made definite imprints on the front of the thin top.

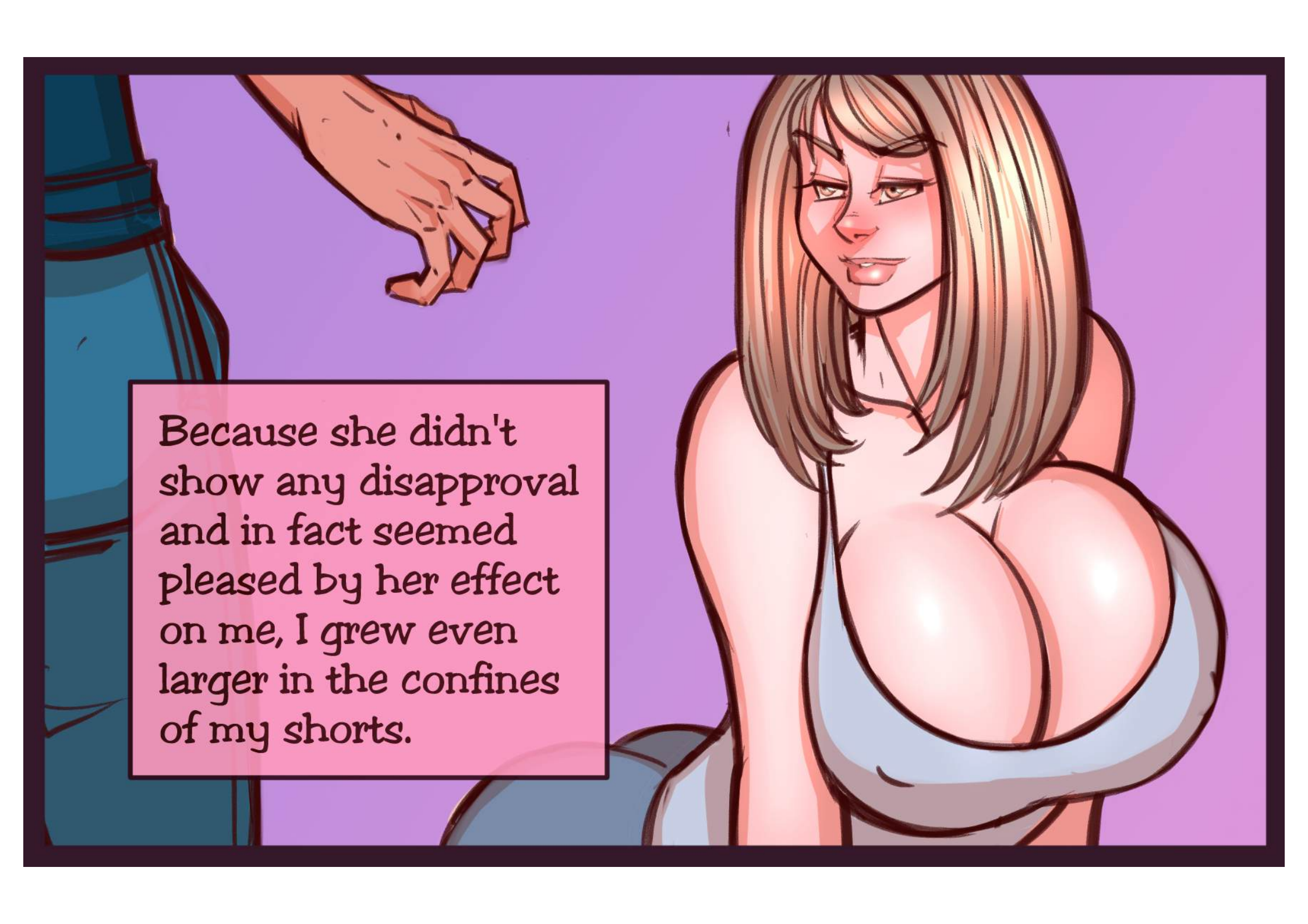


Being young
(and horny),
my cock began
to stir.

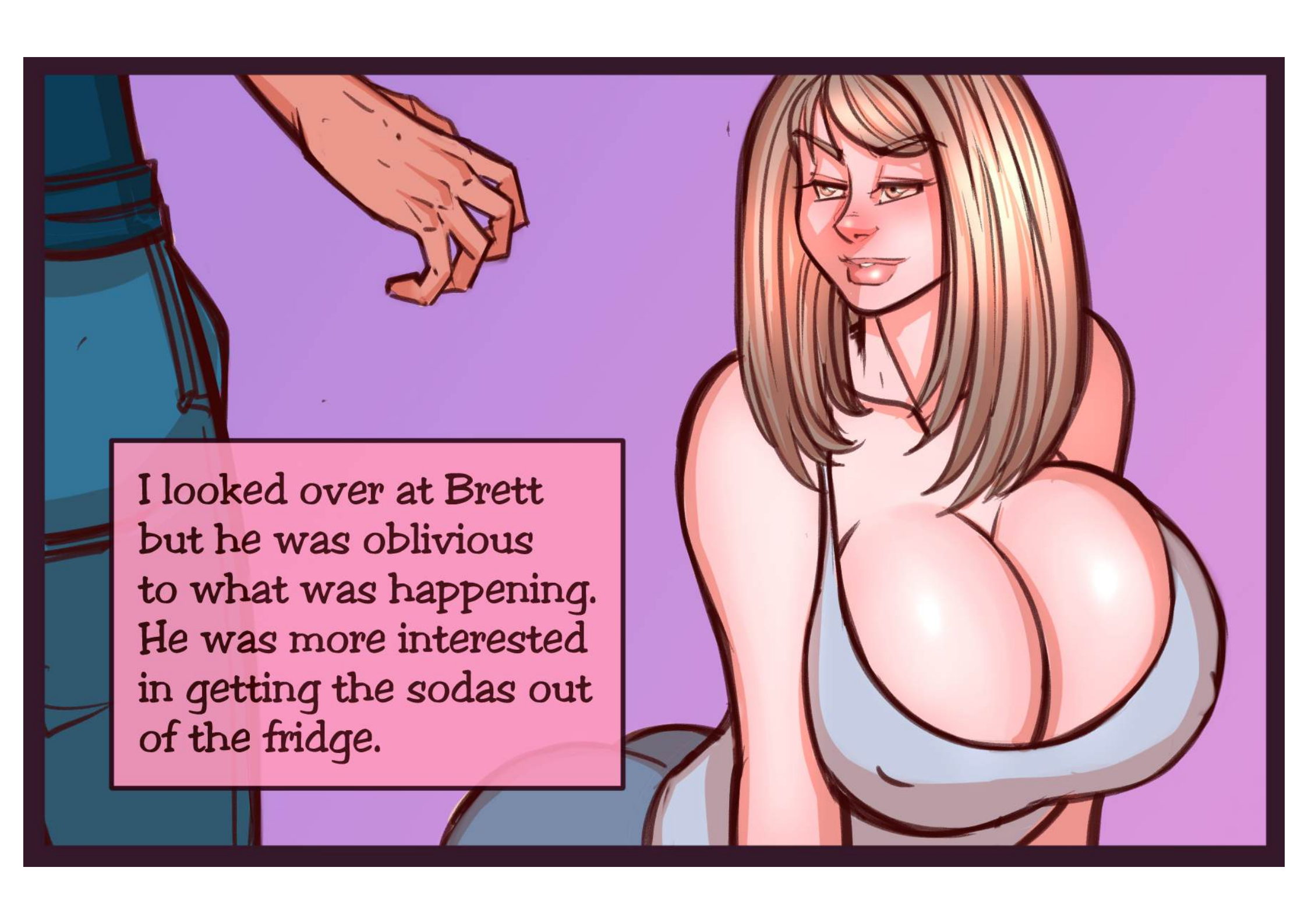




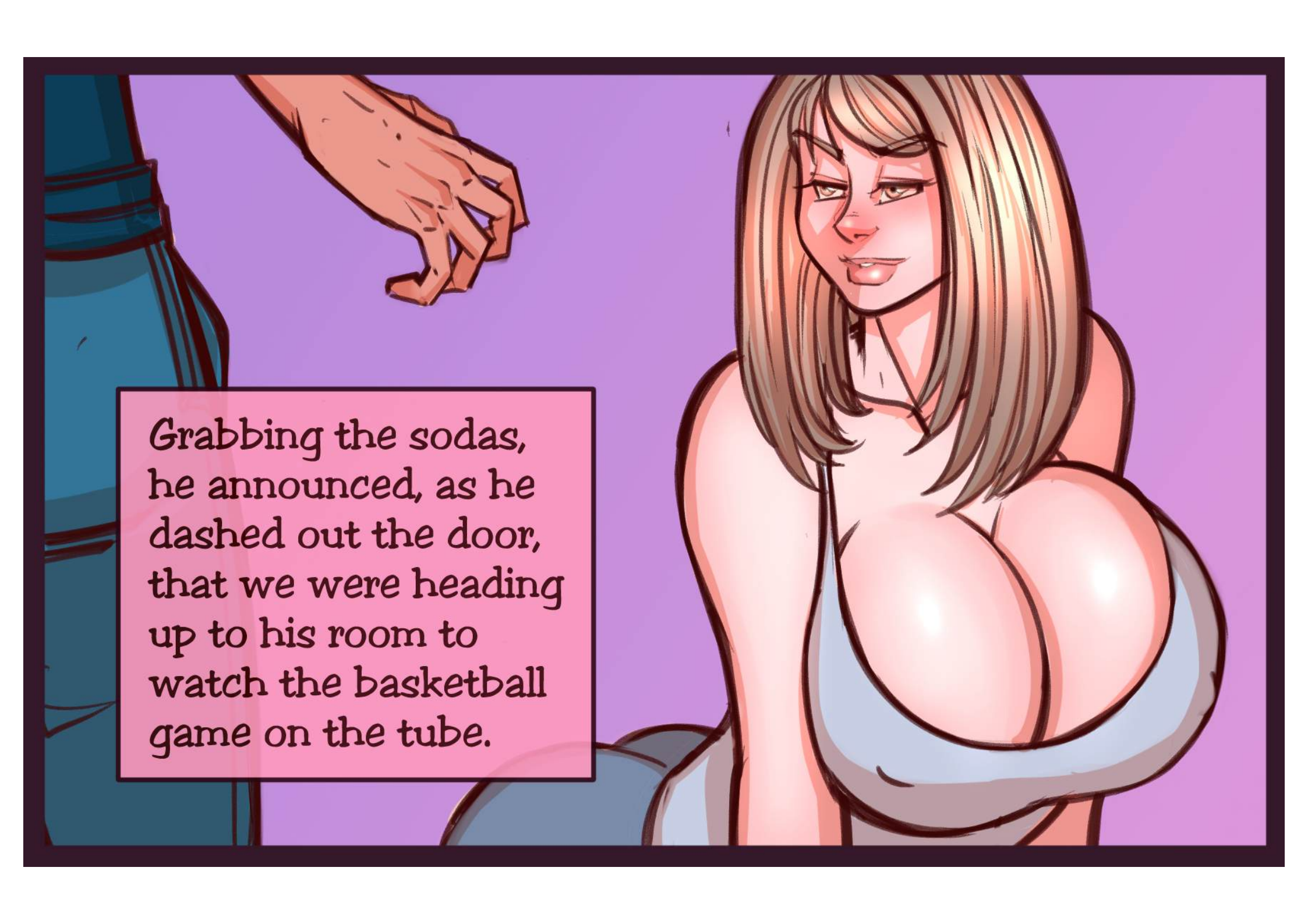
She looked up into my eyes after a lingering glance at my groin and smiled when she realized where I was looking.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the right, a woman with long, straight blonde hair and a confident, slightly smug expression is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a light blue, strapless top that emphasizes her large, prominent breasts. On the left, a hand with a light skin tone is reaching towards her, with fingers slightly curled. The hand appears to be adjusting or touching her top. A pink speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

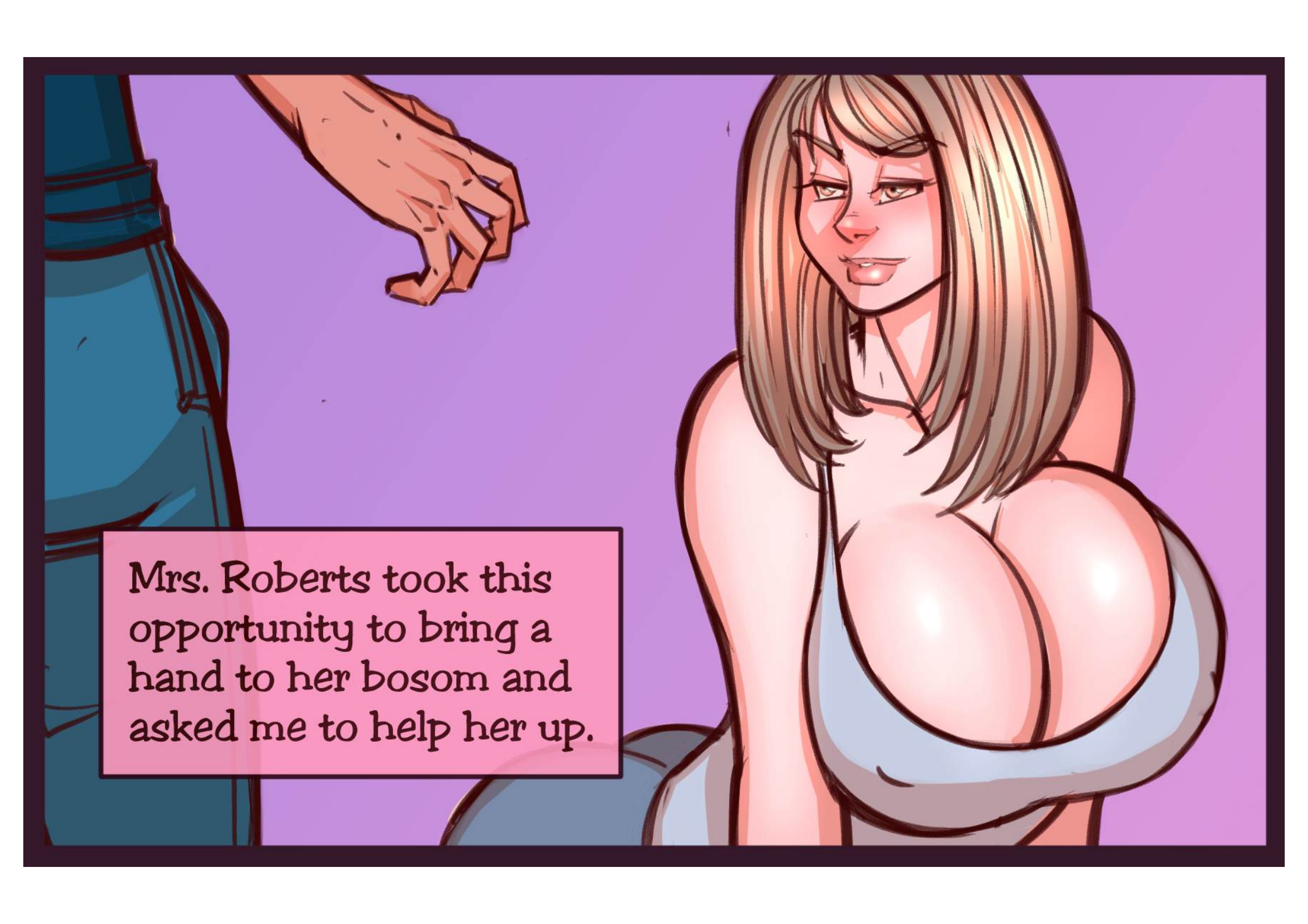
Because she didn't show any disapproval and in fact seemed pleased by her effect on me, I grew even larger in the confines of my shorts.



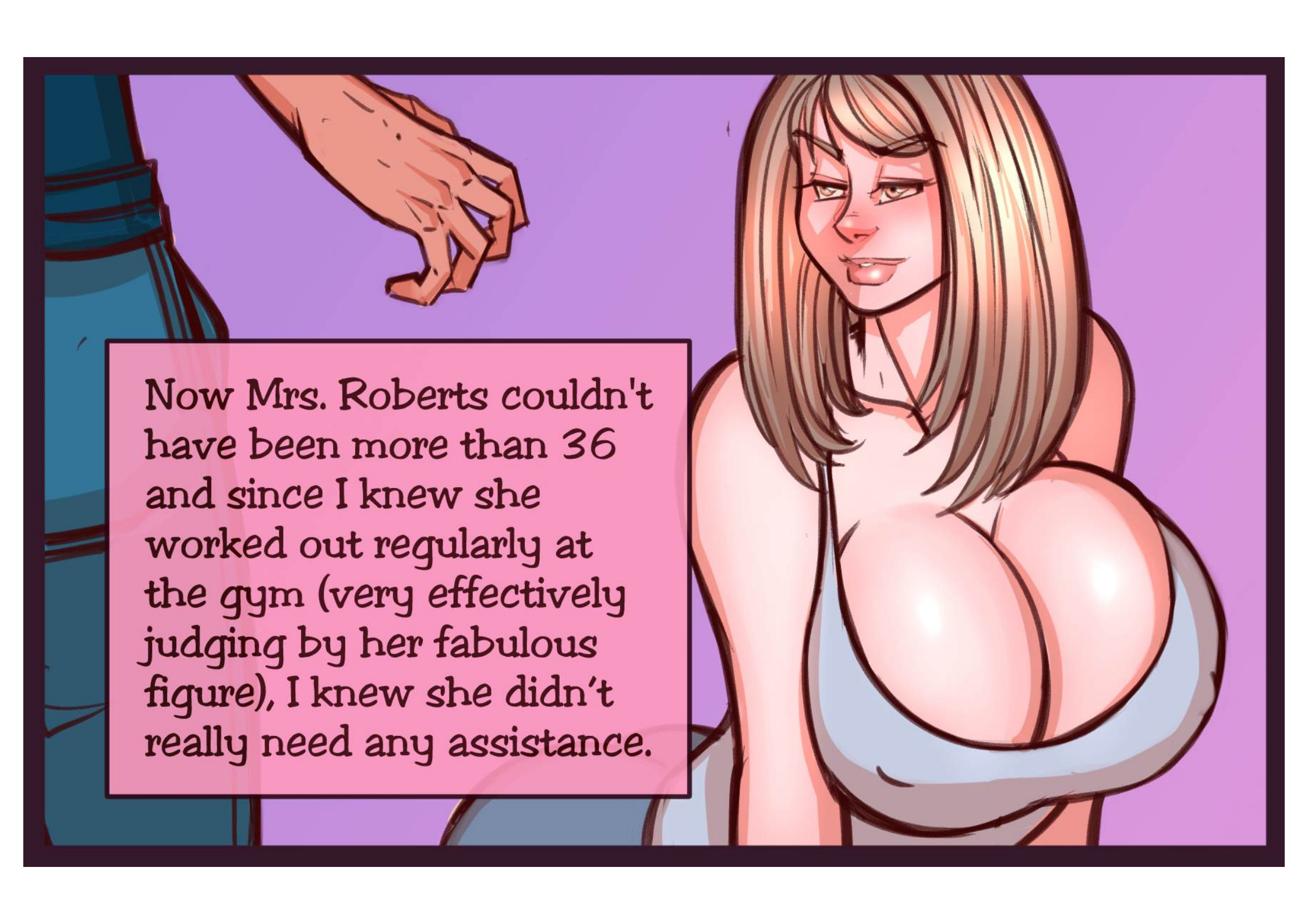
I looked over at Brett but he was oblivious to what was happening. He was more interested in getting the sodas out of the fridge.



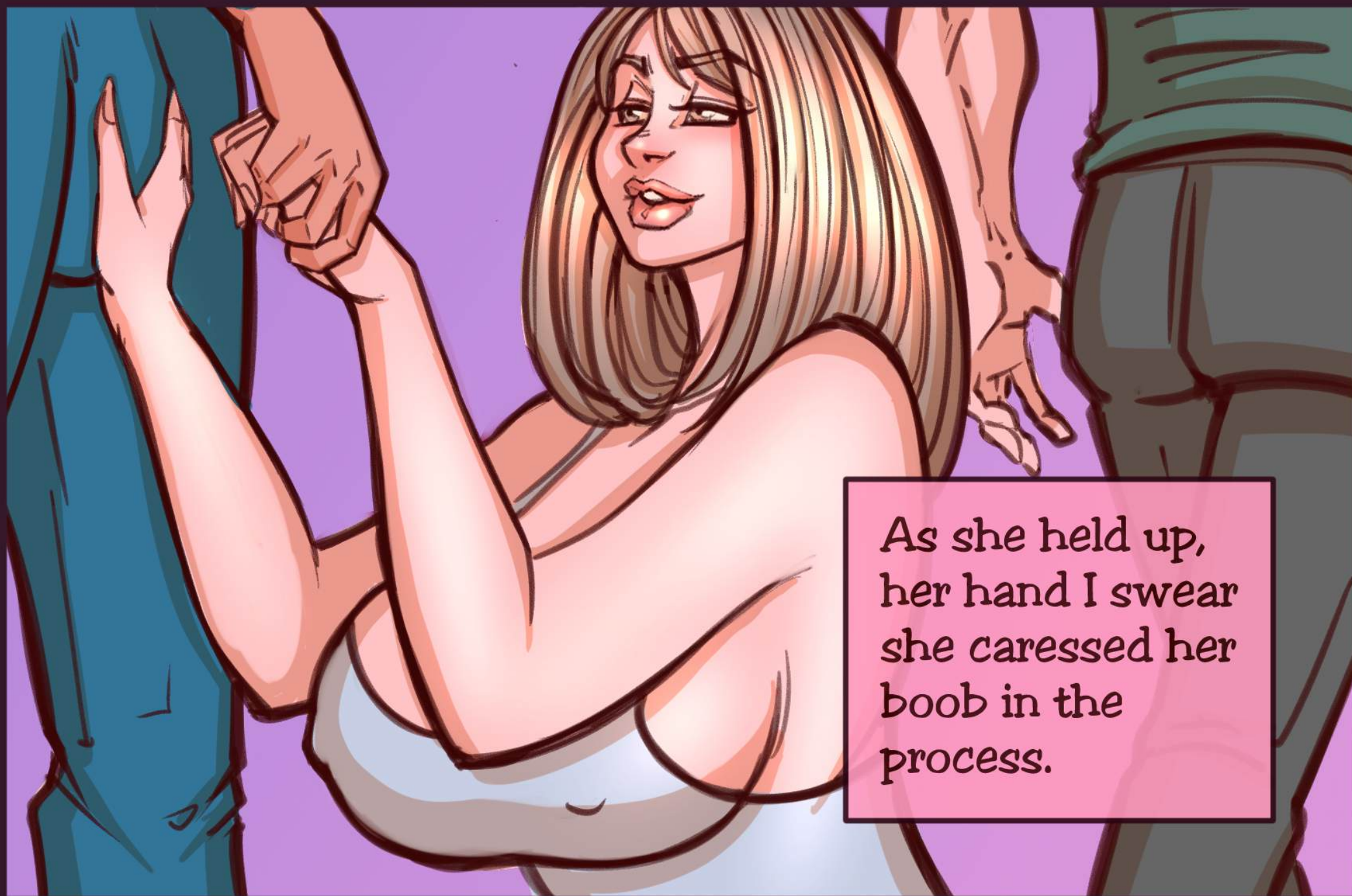
Grabbing the sodas,
he announced, as he
dashed out the door,
that we were heading
up to his room to
watch the basketball
game on the tube.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the right, a woman with long, straight blonde hair and a light blue bra is shown from the chest up. She has a slight, knowing smile. On the left, a hand with a blue sleeve reaches towards her chest. A pink speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left area of the panel.

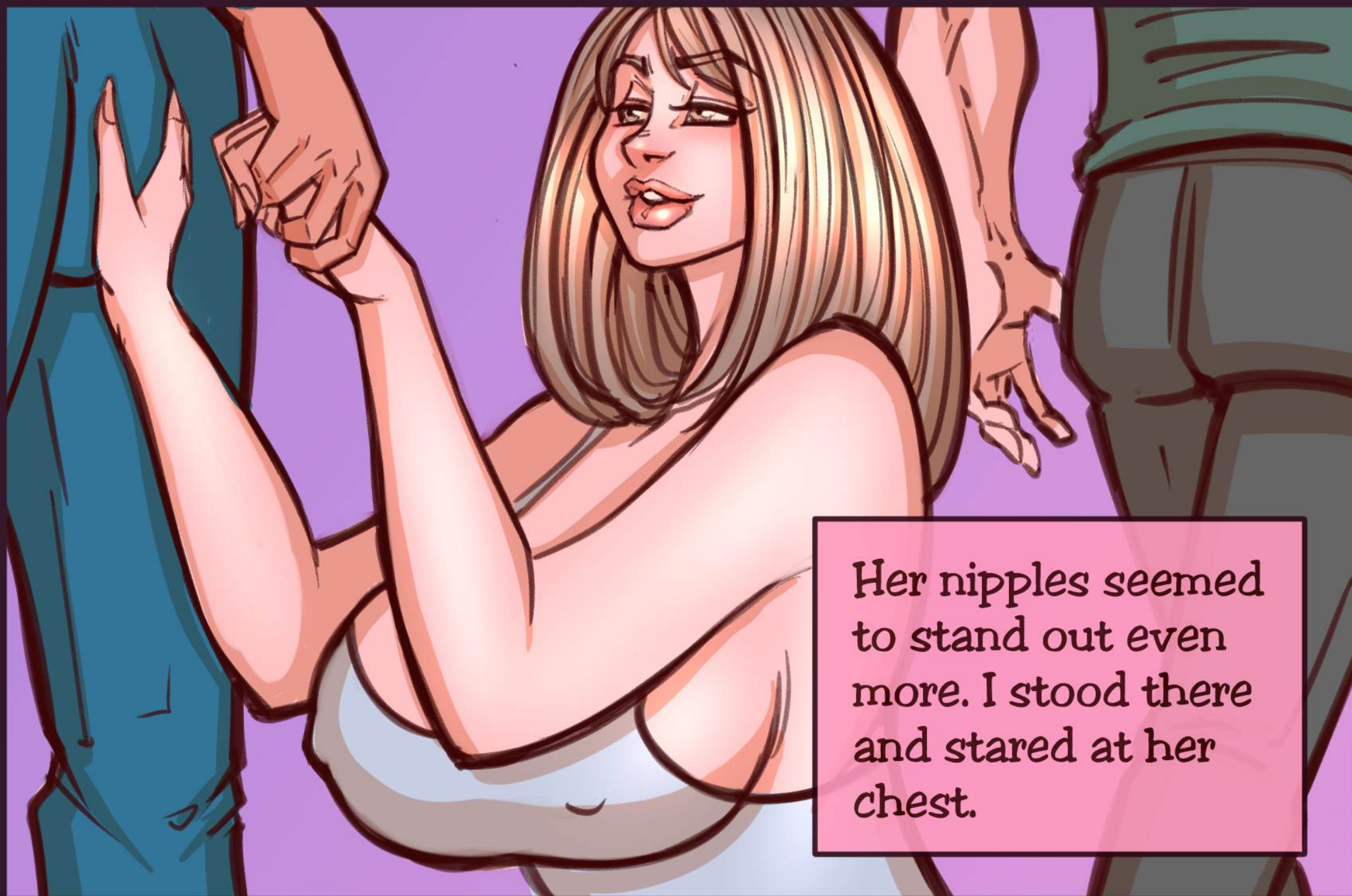
Mrs. Roberts took this opportunity to bring a hand to her bosom and asked me to help her up.



Now Mrs. Roberts couldn't have been more than 36 and since I knew she worked out regularly at the gym (very effectively judging by her fabulous figure), I knew she didn't really need any assistance.



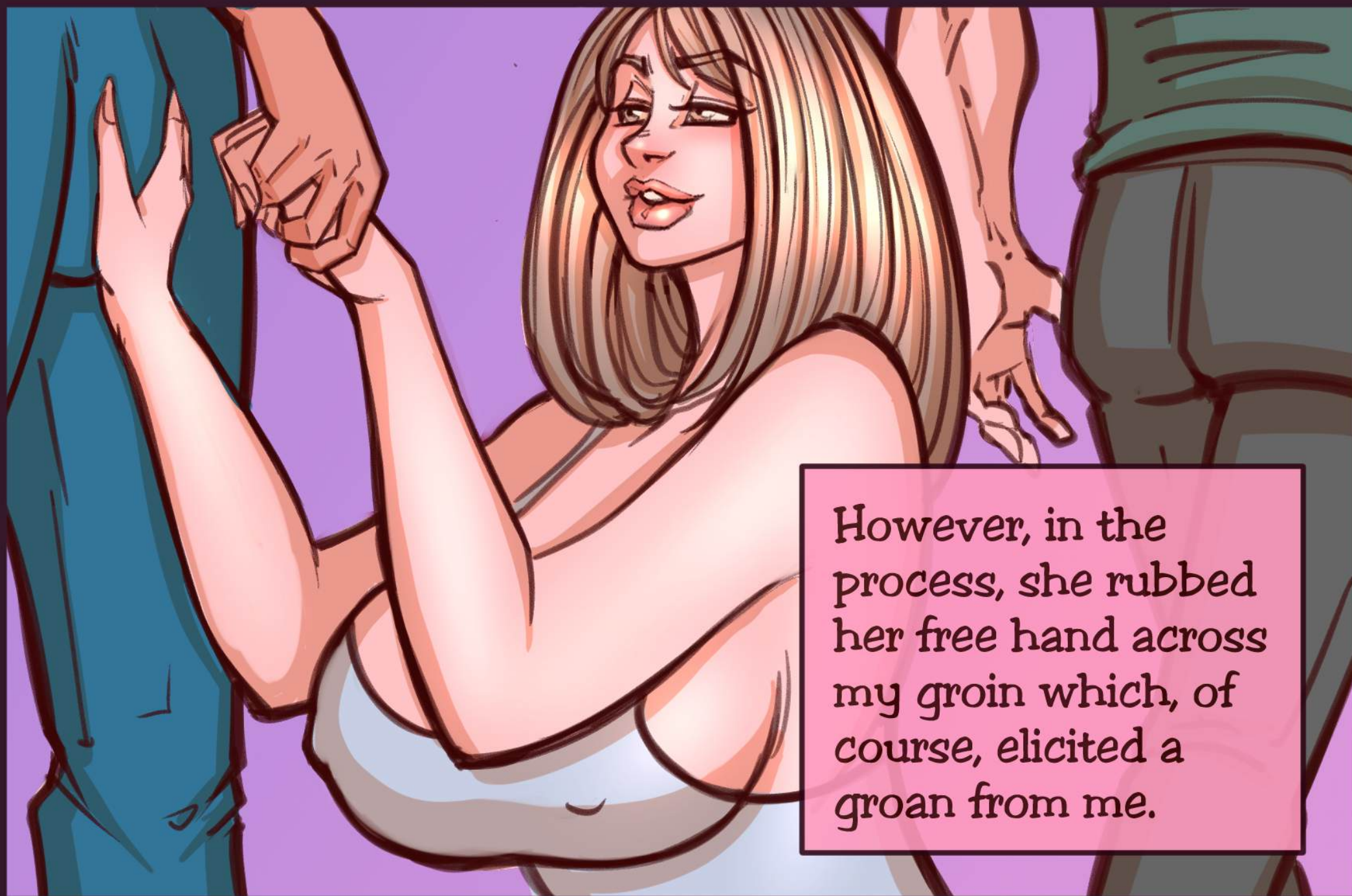
As she held up,
her hand I swear
she caressed her
boob in the
process.



Her nipples seemed to stand out even more. I stood there and stared at her chest.



Not waiting for me she reached out, grabbed my hand and started to pull herself to her feet.

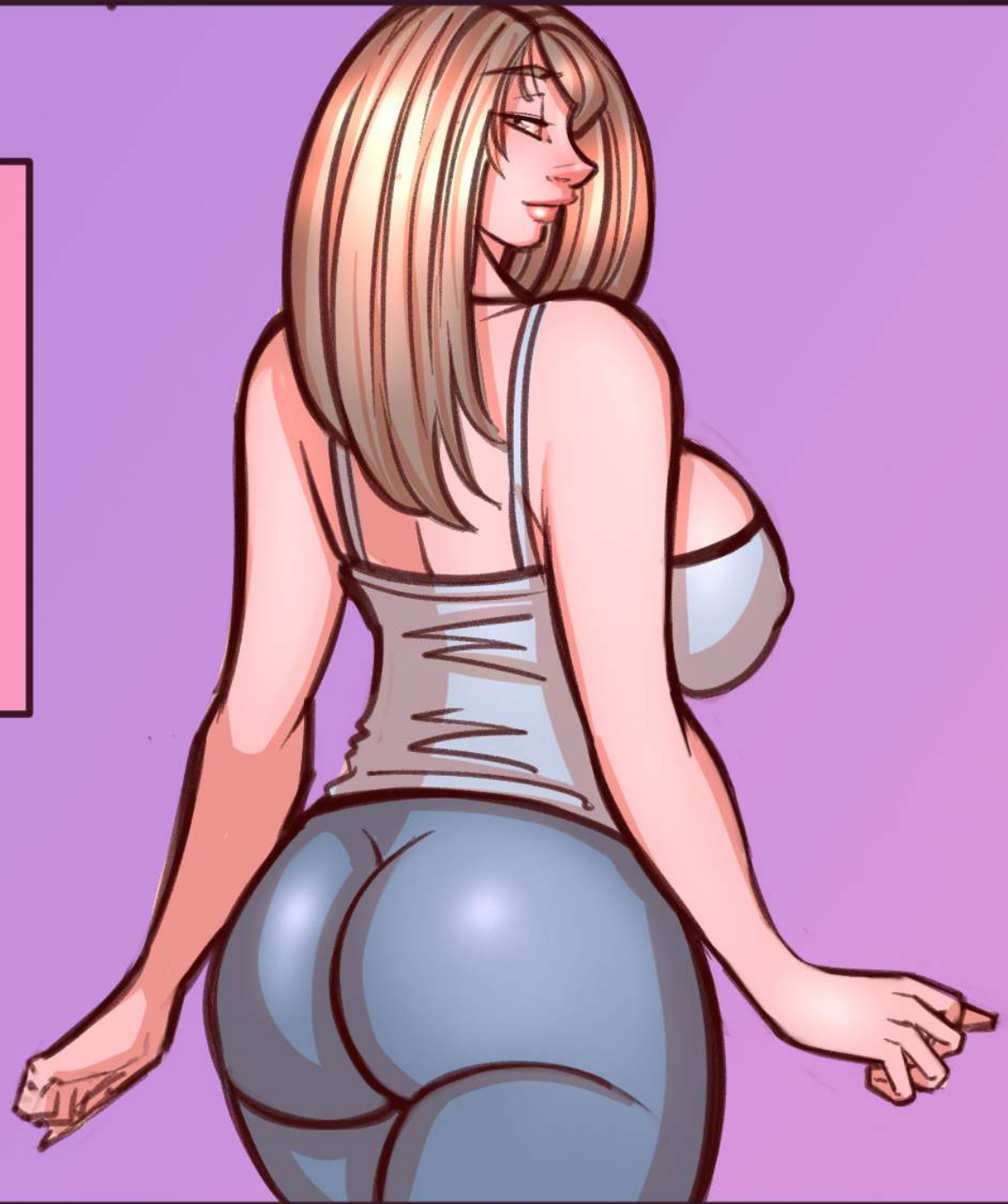


However, in the process, she rubbed her free hand across my groin which, of course, elicited a groan from me.

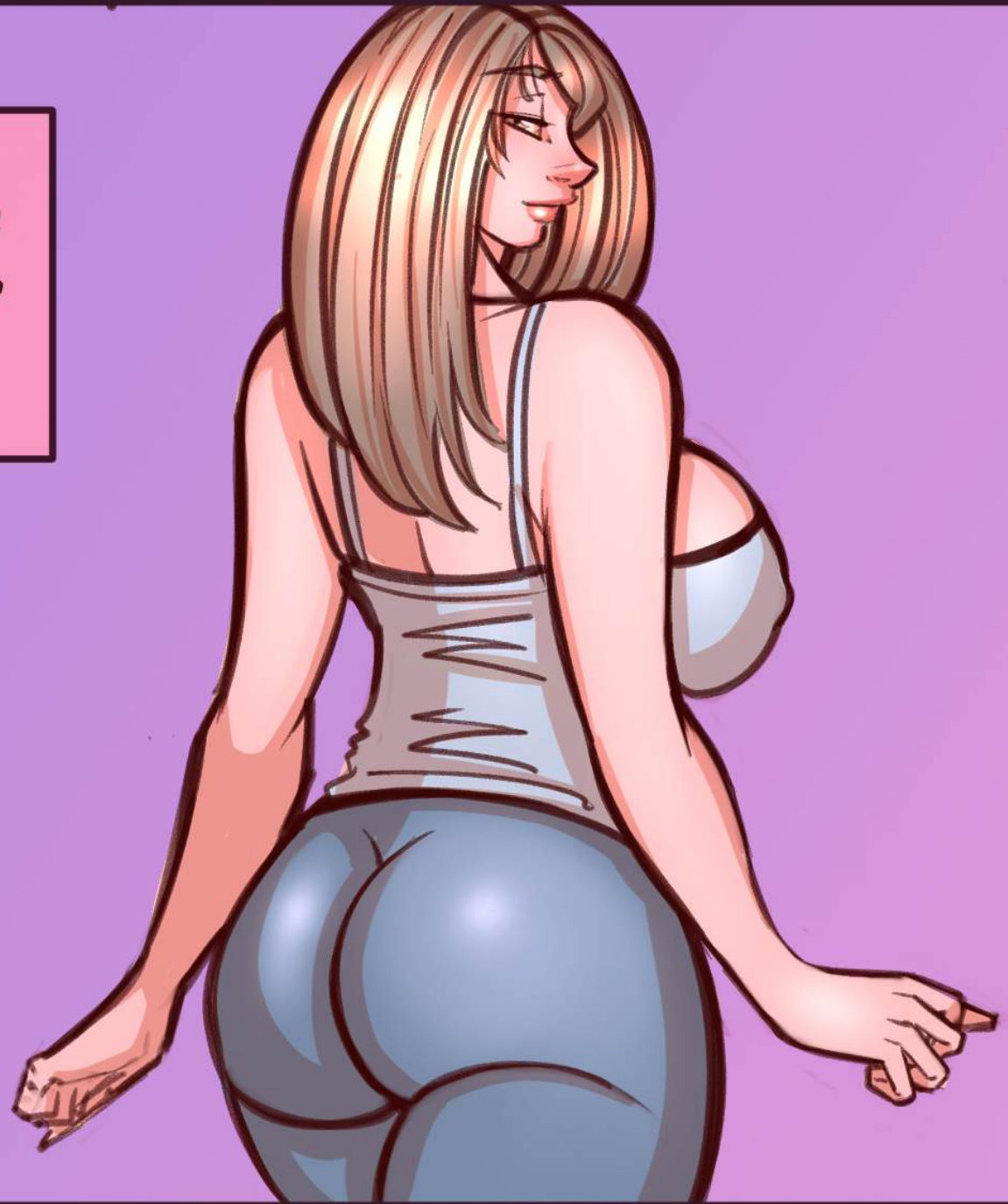
"Thanks, you're quite the gentleman, Daniel"



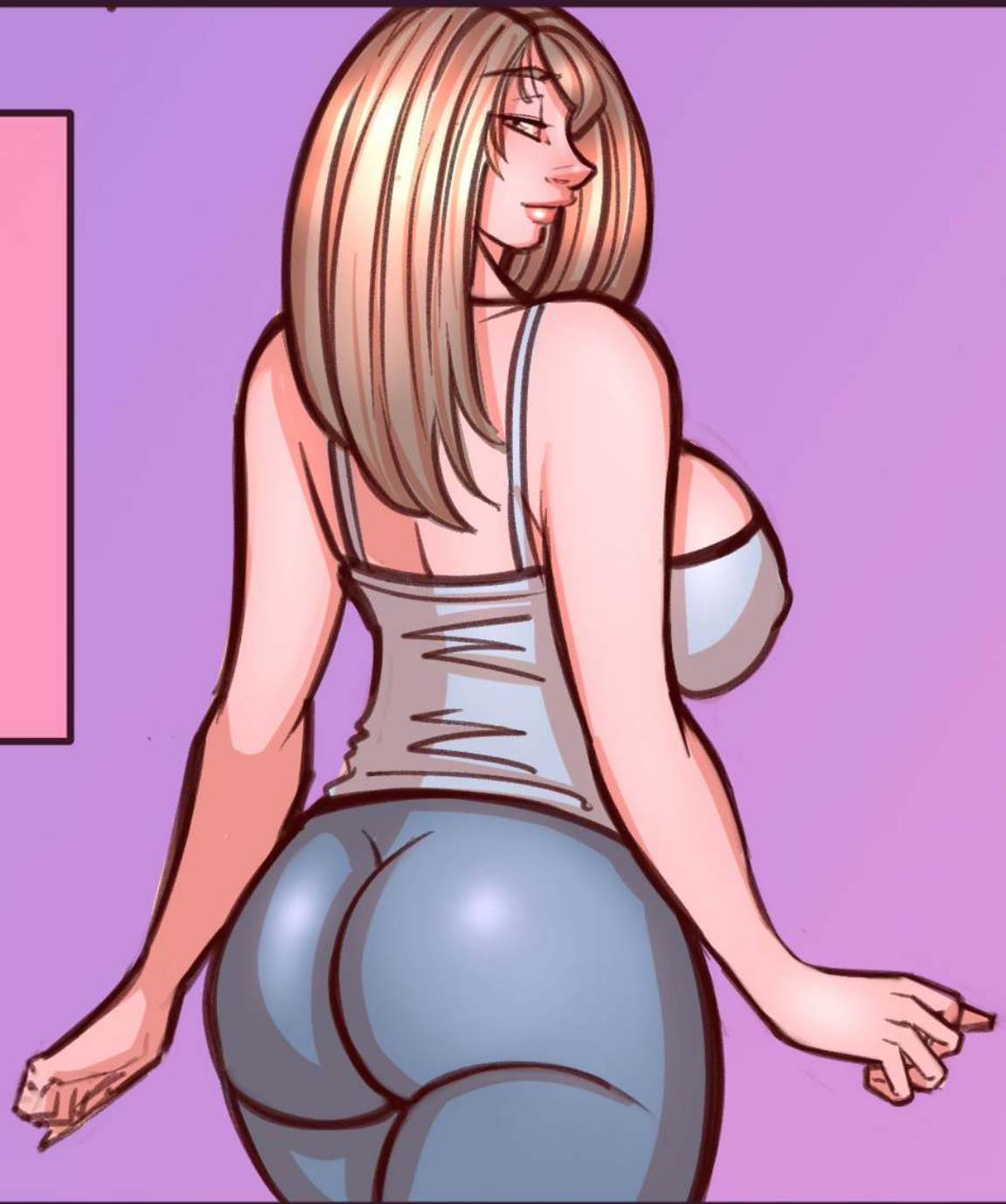
With that, she turned her back on me and bent over to pick up her cleaning utensils.



This presented me
with a view of her
incredible butt.



She was wearing skin-tight short-shorts with no sign of a panty line. Her long legs were tanned and muscular.



It was obvious she was giving me this erotic view intentionally because she paused, turned her head, shook her long hair out of her face and looked back up at me.





Once again, she
looked at the effect
she was having on
me.



Even embarrassed as I was that she had caught me staring, I couldn't conceal my raging erection.



This brought another bemused smile. She licked her lips as she said, "Daniel, you naughty boy. Are you staring at me?"



My response was a weak, "Geez, I'm sorry, Mrs. Roberts. I didn't mean to... but.. but.. you're... just so... so... gorgeous!"



Boy talk about sounding like an embarrassed kid when I really wanted to sound like a man, sweep her in my arms and make love to her.

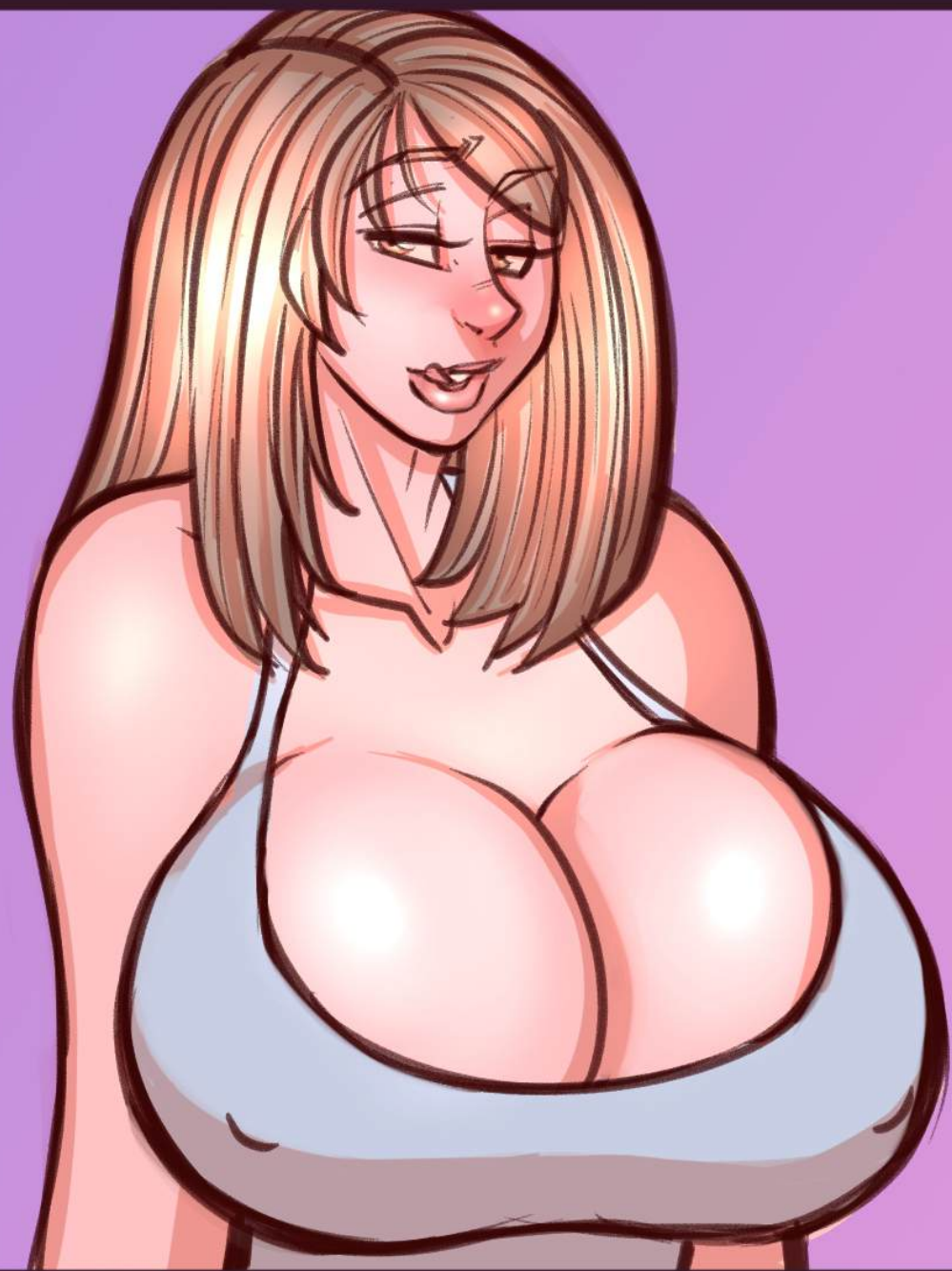
"Don't be sorry,
Daniel. You don't
look like a boy!"



And with that
she looked at
my raging
hard-on and
licked her lips.



At that moment,
Brett shouted
from his room,
"Daniel, what the
hell's taking you
so long? Get up
here. The game's
started!"



Mrs. Roberts
smiled and
said "See you
later Daniel"
and headed
down to the
basement.



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