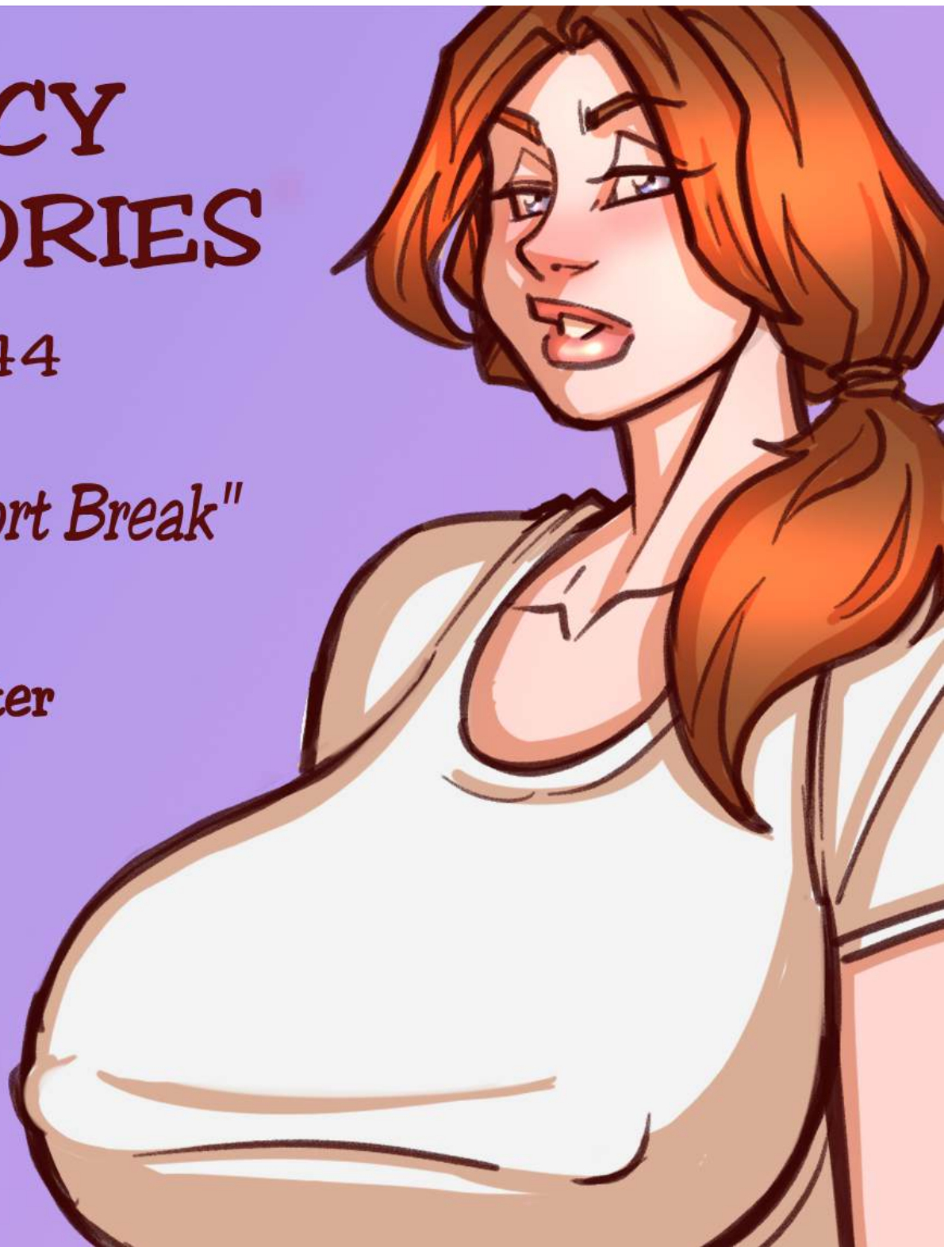


# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

*"A short Break"*

Chapter  
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# **SPICY STORIES VOL. 44: "A short Break"**

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 01

It was already warm out,  
even at five in the morning,  
and I knew the weathergirl on the radio  
was correct in saying it was going  
to be a scorcher.



I was standing with a cup of tea, drinking in the peaceful calm of the earliness, admiring the morning sun.



I had grabbed a clean t-shirt of my son's on the way through the laundry room and pulled it over my naked body before going outside.

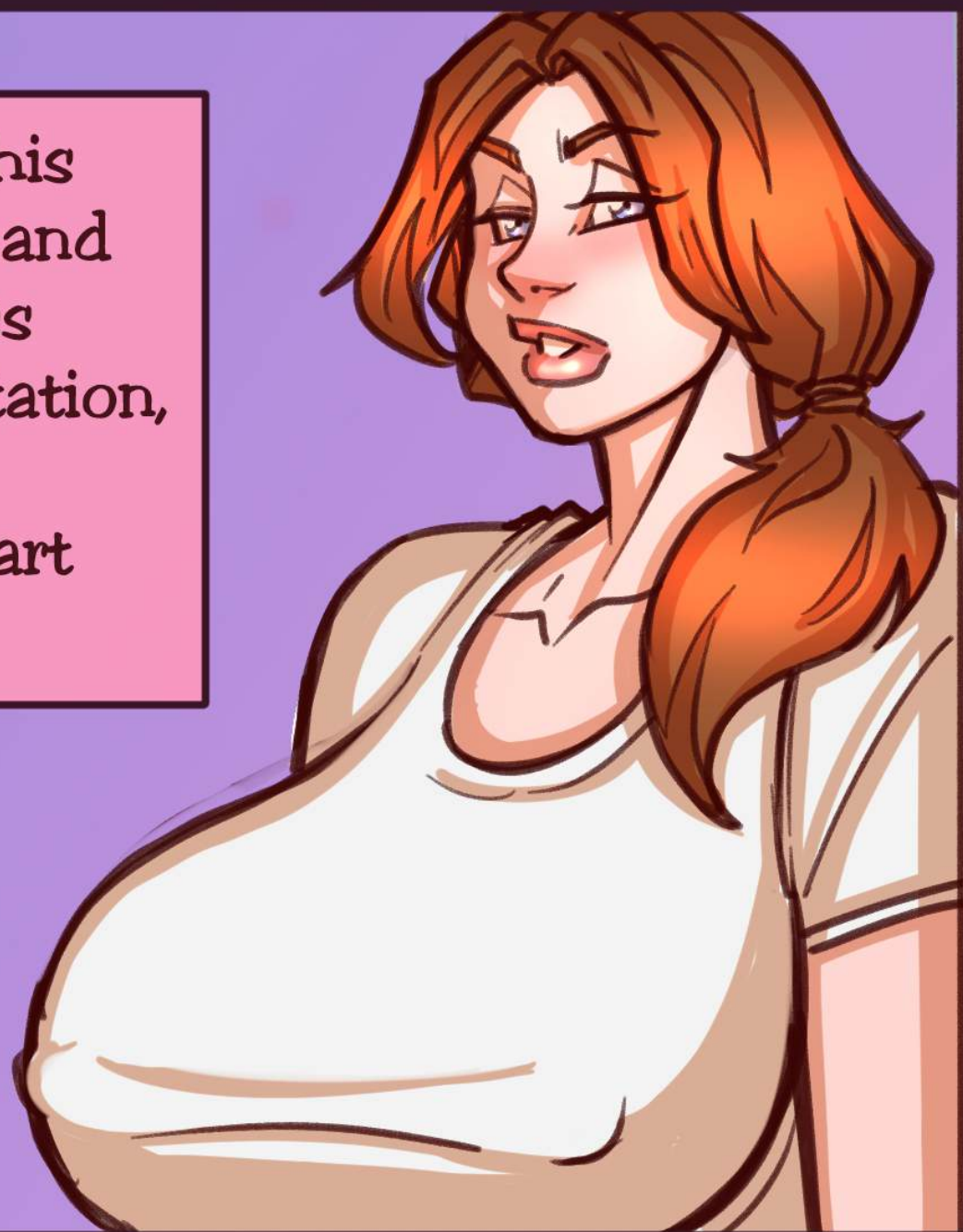


You never know who might wander by for an early morning stroll or jog.

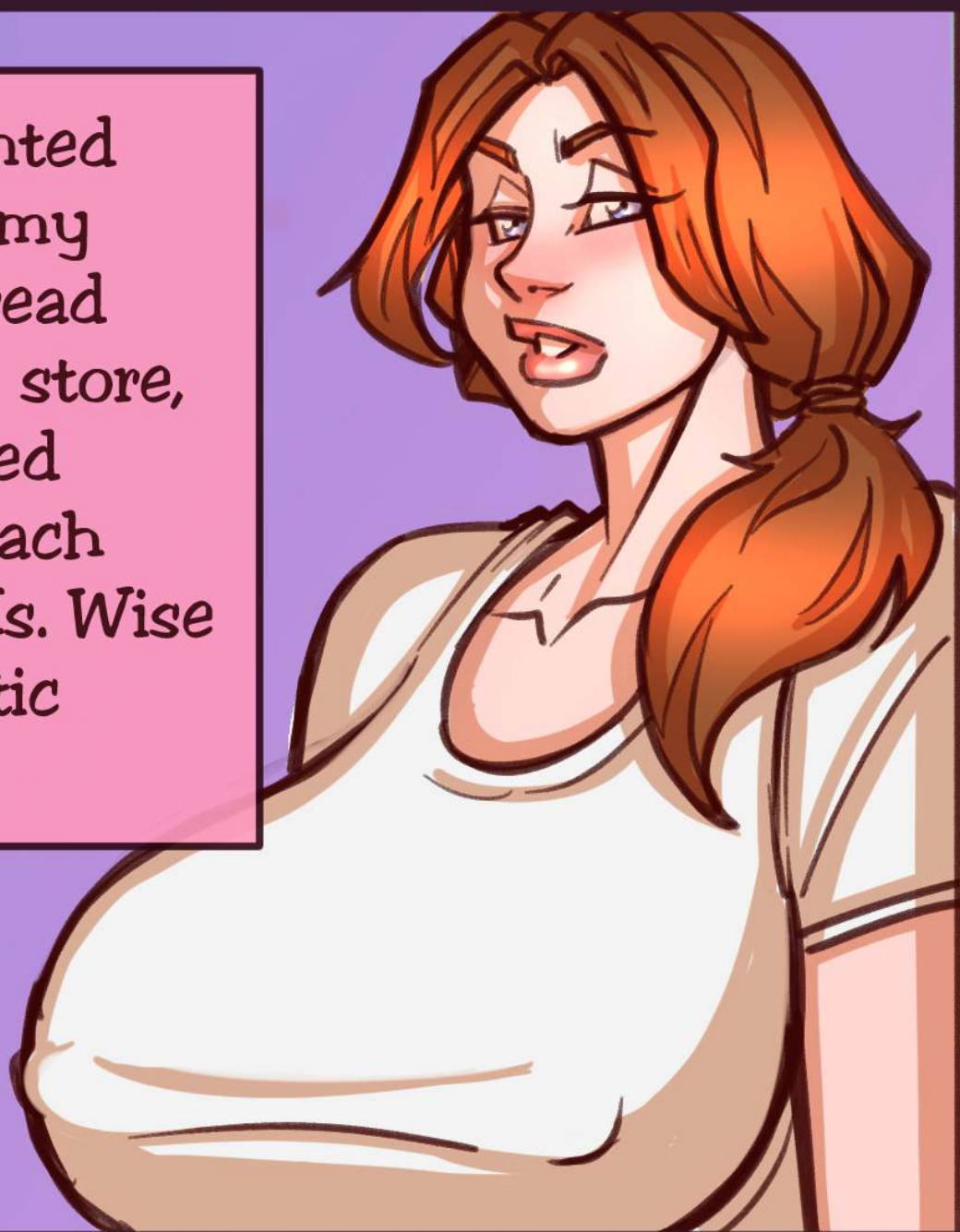


I lived in a more secluded part of town, and had a good hedge built up around my yard, but it was not entirely private.

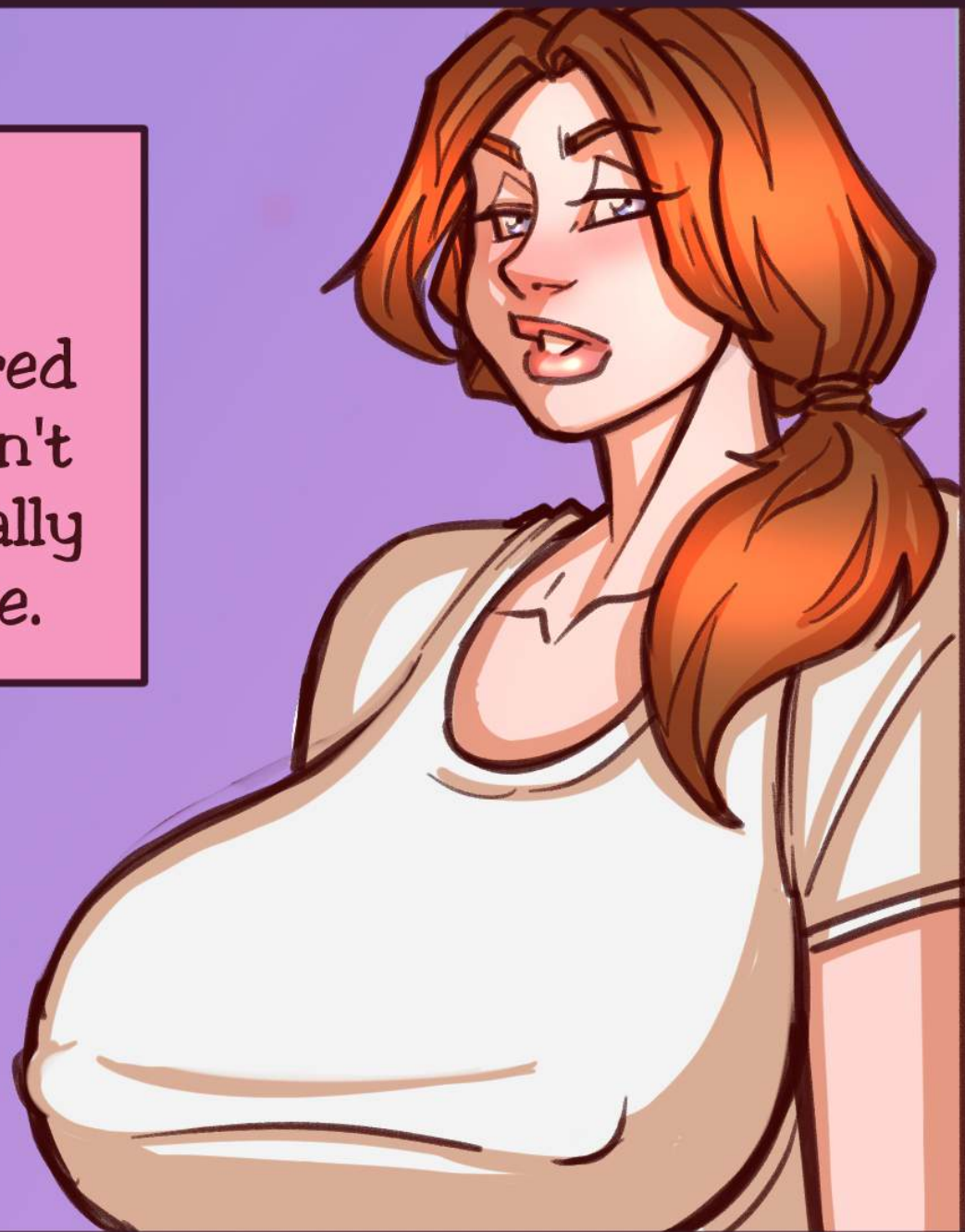
Considering that this was a small town, and many opportunities are based on reputation, causing a scandal wasn't a really smart idea.



The last thing I wanted was to be pushing my cart through the bread aisle of the grocery store, while people stopped and whispered to each other about how Ms. Wise has an exhibitionistic streak in her.



DID I have an exhibitionist streak? I wondered to myself. It wasn't something I'd really considered before.

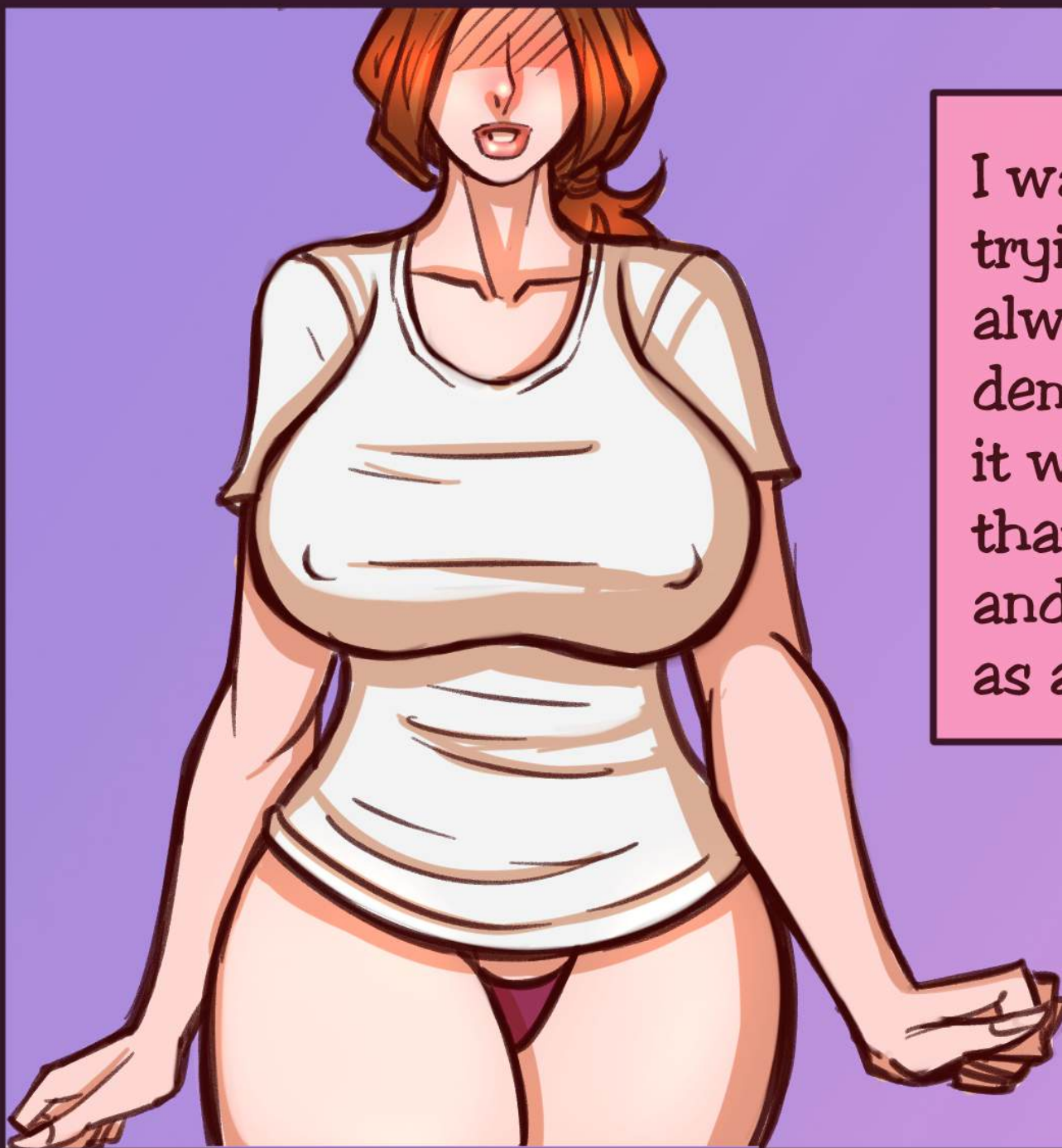


I'd always been a discreet person, shying away from public sex, drawing my blinds when entertaining gentlemen callers, keeping my sexual activities far away from my 19 year old son's eyes and ears.



I turned to go into the house, tugging the shirt down to my mid-thigh again as it rode up a little, threatening to expose my ass.

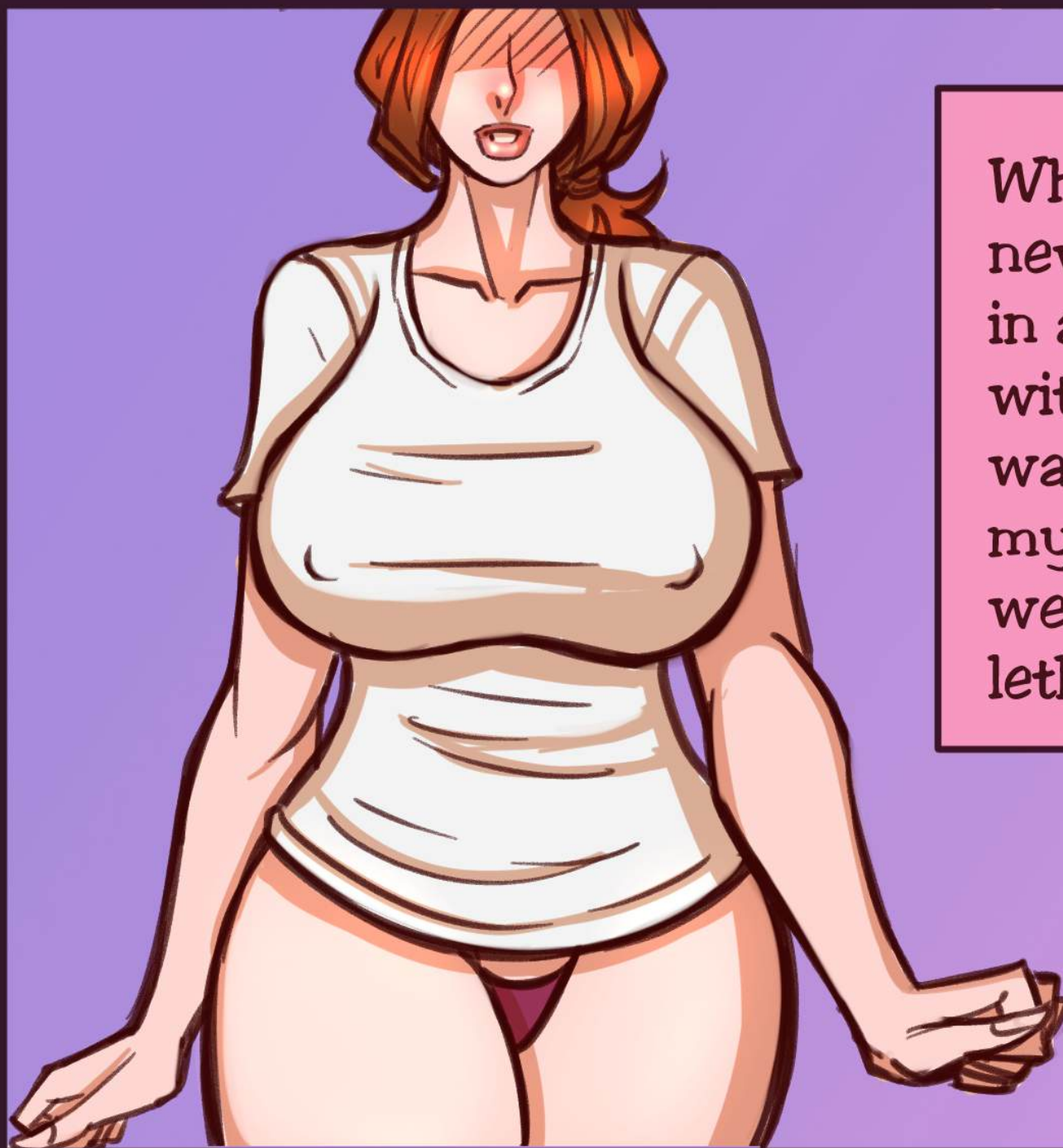




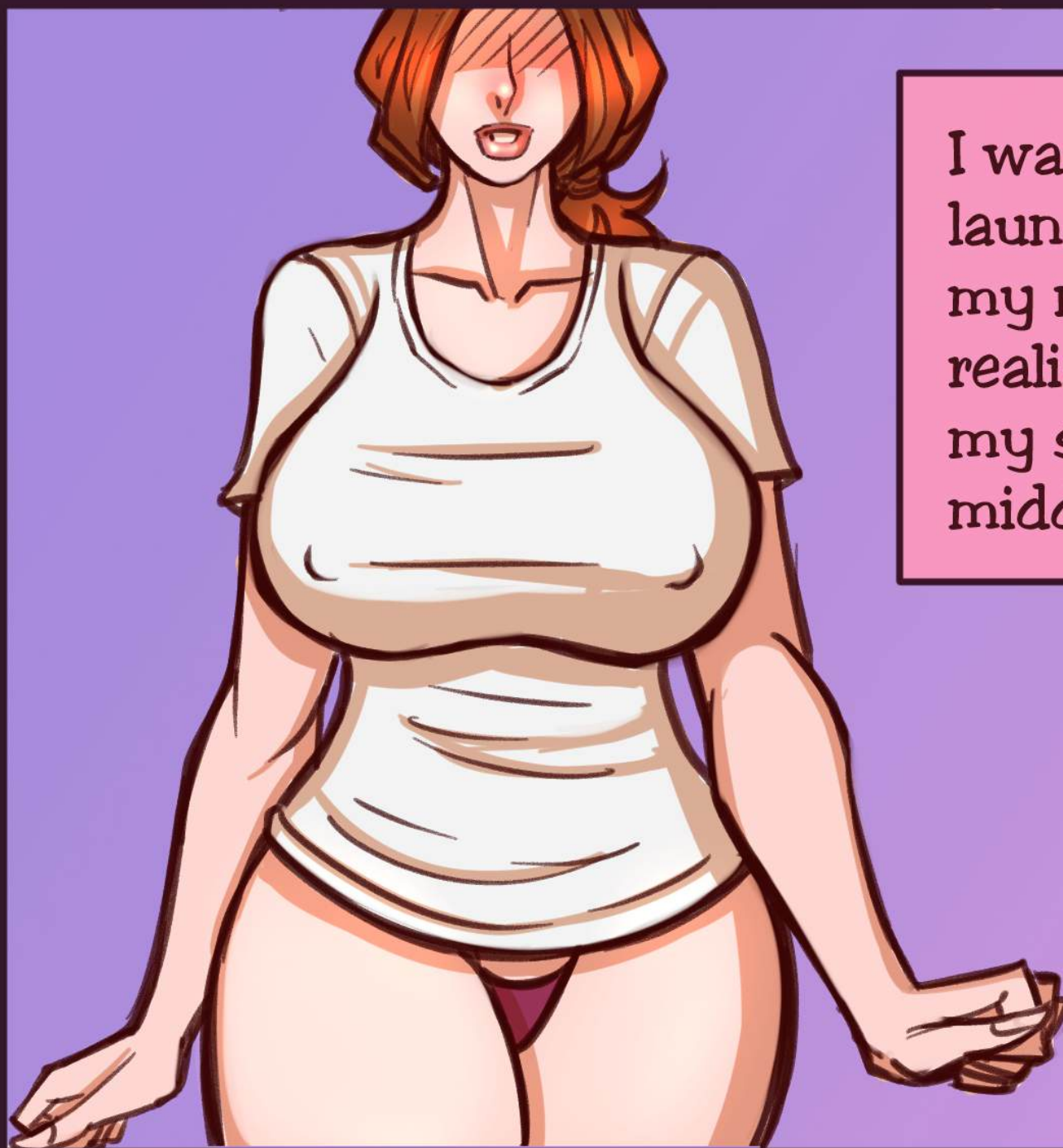
I was deep in thought, trying to recall if I'd always been this demure with sex or if it was just something that seemed prudent and had been adopted as a good policy.



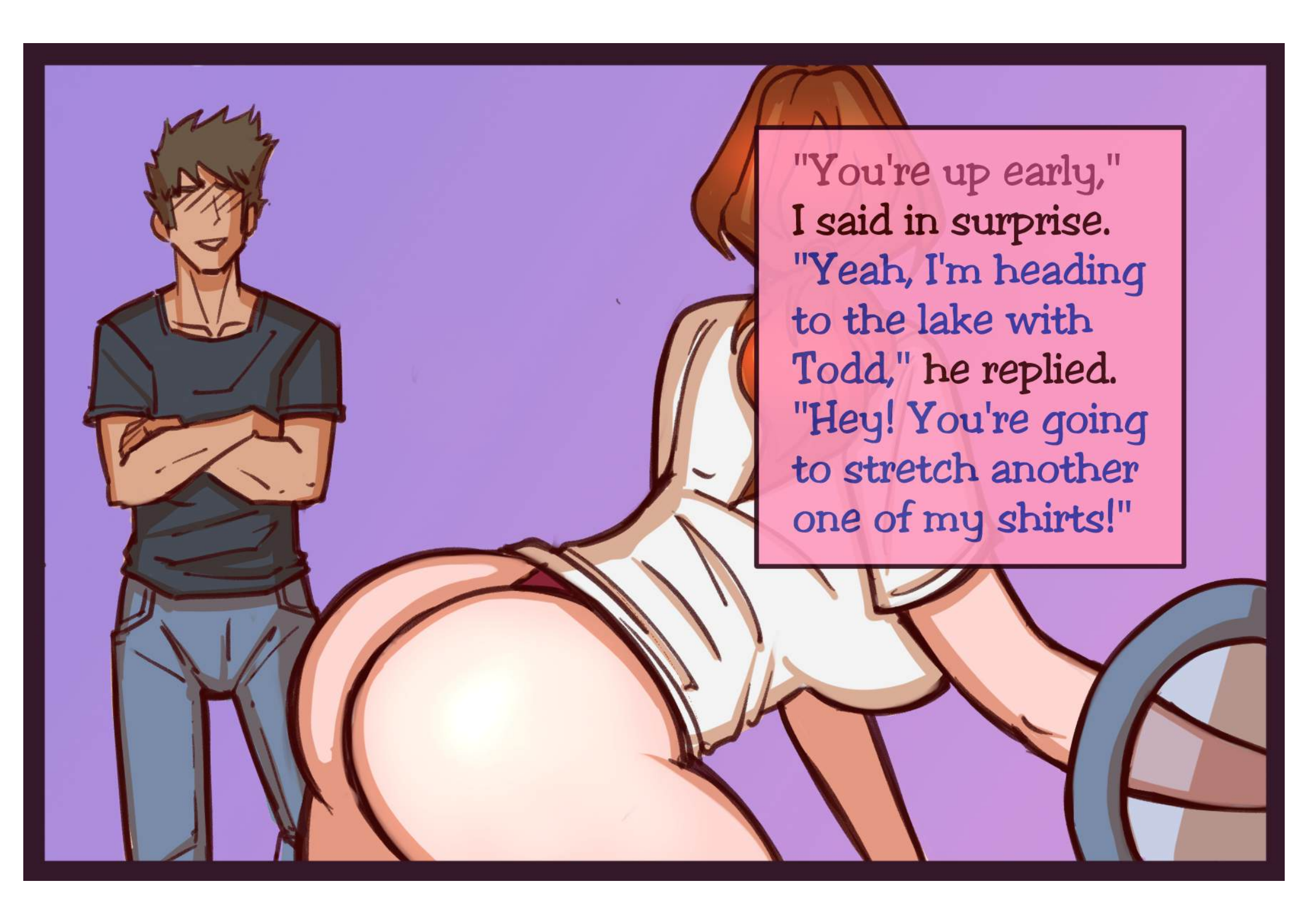
I'd never had done more than kiss outside of a bedroom, and had certainly never had sex in a public place like an elevator or department store dressing room!



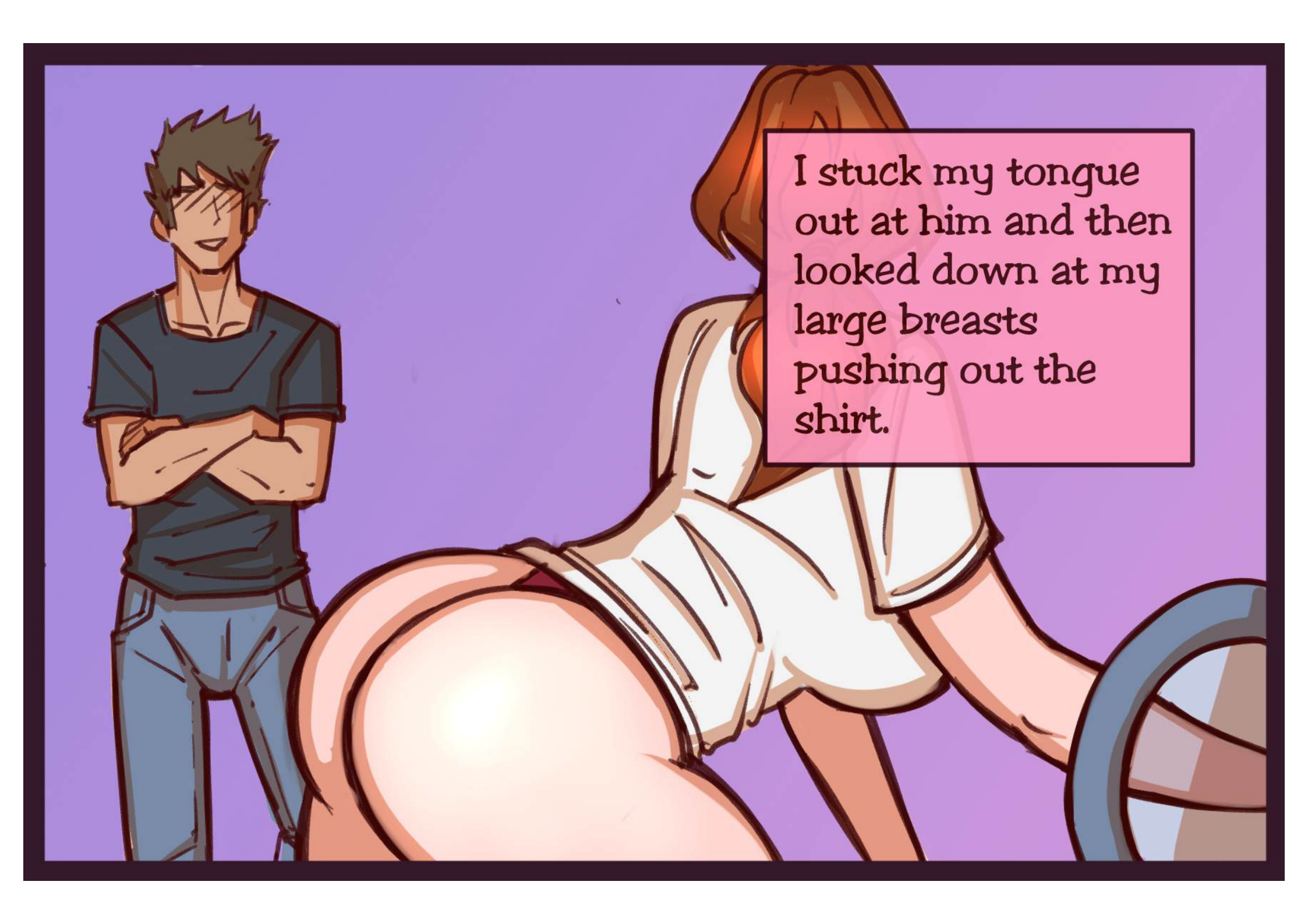
Why, I realized, I'd never even had sex in a car. I realized with dismay that I was more than tame: my sexual encounters were practically lethargic.



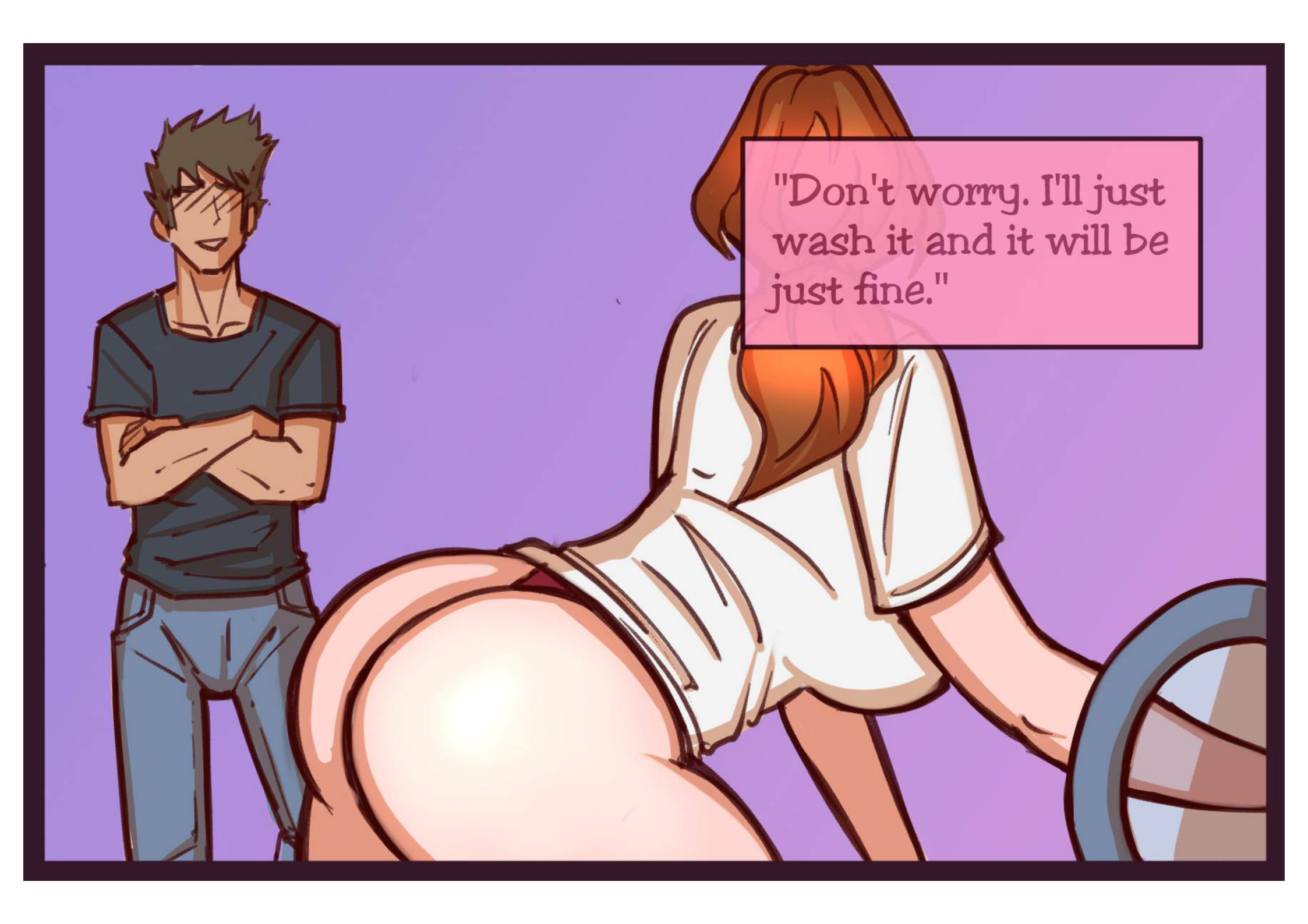
I was doing the laundry and mourning my newfound realization when Brad, my son, entered in the middle of the kitchen.



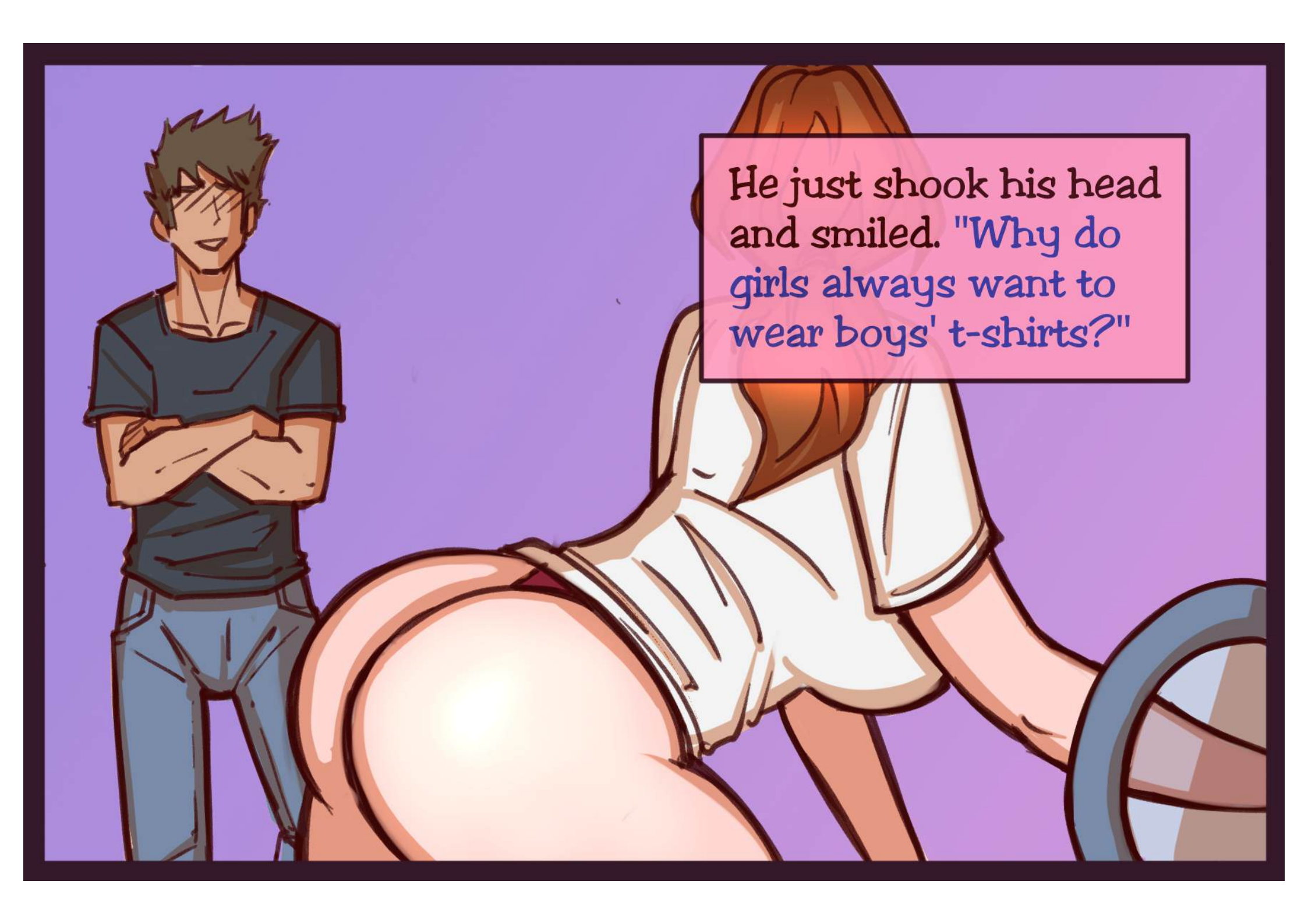
"You're up early,"  
I said in surprise.  
"Yeah, I'm heading  
to the lake with  
Todd," he replied.  
"Hey! You're going  
to stretch another  
one of my shirts!"




I stuck my tongue out at him and then looked down at my large breasts pushing out the shirt.



"Don't worry. I'll just wash it and it will be just fine."



He just shook his head and smiled. "Why do girls always want to wear boys' t-shirts?"




We had had a very open  
and honest relationship  
while he was growing up.



But all communication on the sex topic pretty much ceased once he had gotten his first real girlfriend.



He grinned. "This year at college has been a good one."



Oh well. Prepare them well and let them live their lives.

"You're awfully open and talkative this morning, Brad. I think I ought to drag you out of bed bright and early to chat on a regular basis."



He walked over  
and kissed my  
cheek. "I'd love  
to spill more of  
my secrets, mom,  
but I have to go."



He grinned and  
tussled my hair  
playfully before  
striding away.



I listened to the door slam and wondered if my son was leading a more exciting sex life than I ever did.



With a sigh,  
I hopped off  
the counter to  
go shower and  
get dressed  
for work.



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