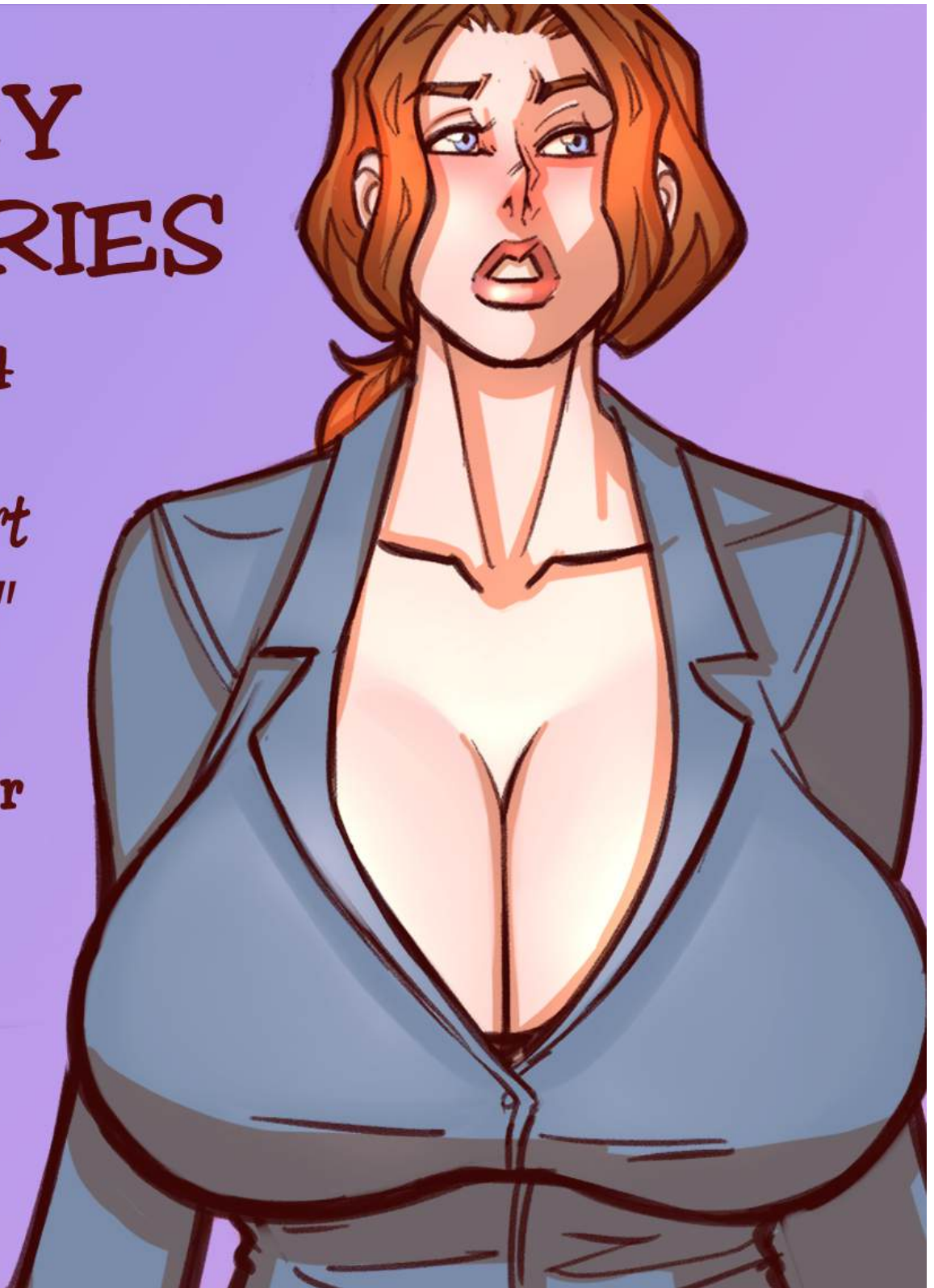


SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

*"A short
Break"*

Chapter
02



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 02

The water was cool and refreshing, and I savoured the feeling of it streaming down my body, my nipples hardening and my abdominal muscles tightening.



It ran in rippling streams down my back and over my ass, curving into my crotch and down my inner thighs to my feet.

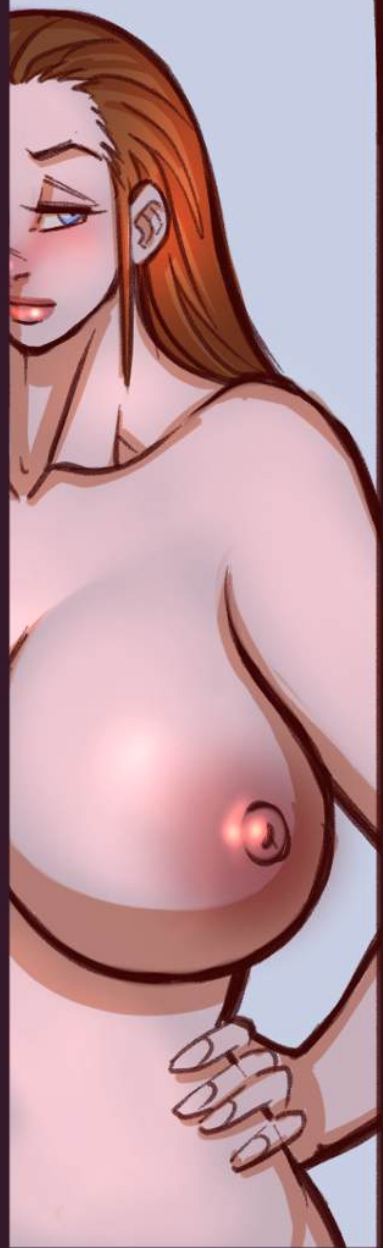


I shivered a little as I put my head under the water, closing my eyes and opening my mouth, letting it flow over my cheekbones and upper lip until I had a good mouthful.

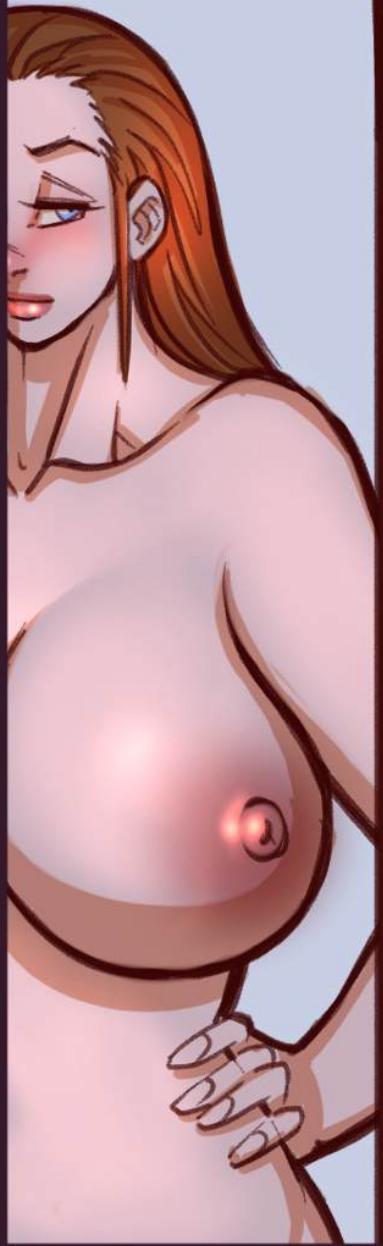


I swallowed slowly,
then reached down
to shut off the taps.

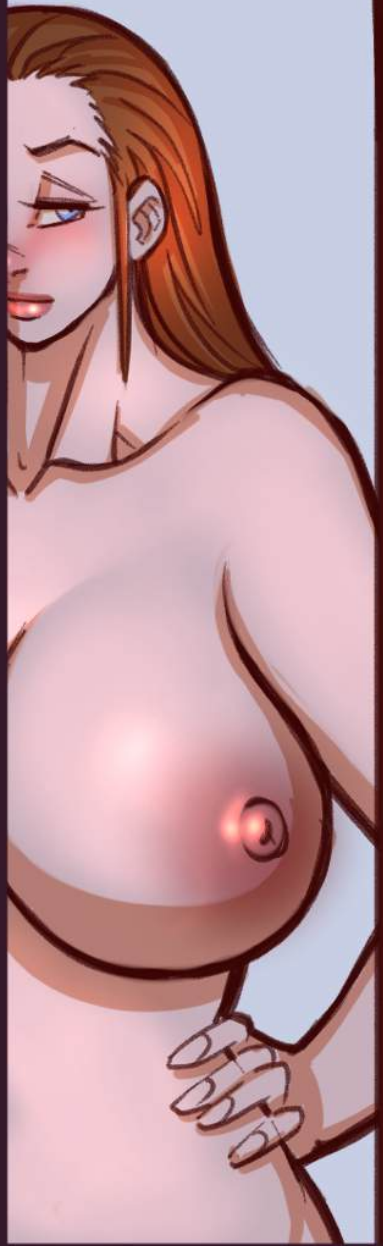




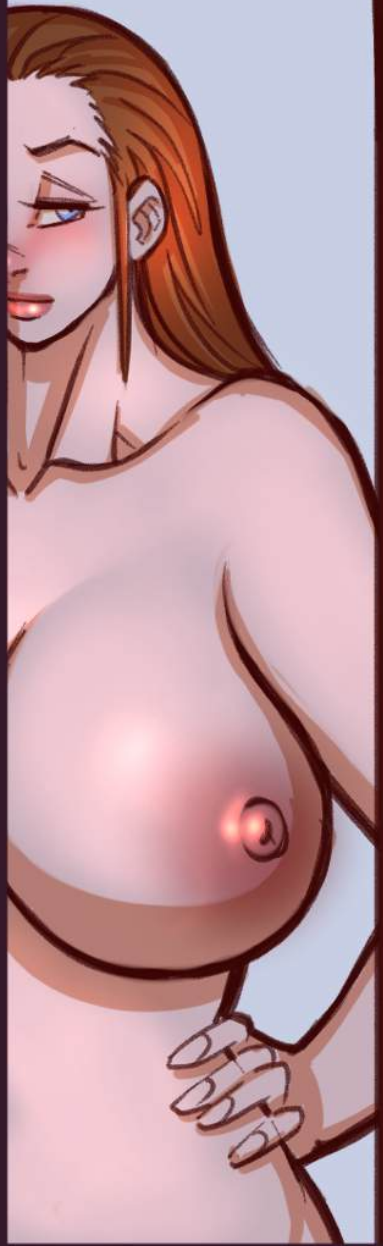
I stepped out
of the shower
and into the
warmth of
the bathroom.



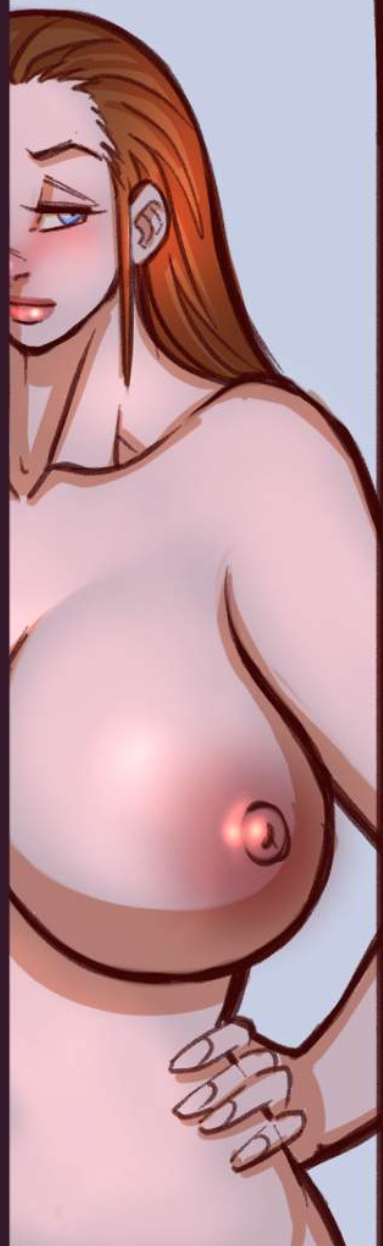
As I stood in front of the mirror, drying off with a luxuriantly thick towel, I gave myself a close examination.




I check my breasts that miraculously had managed to retain most of their perkiness.



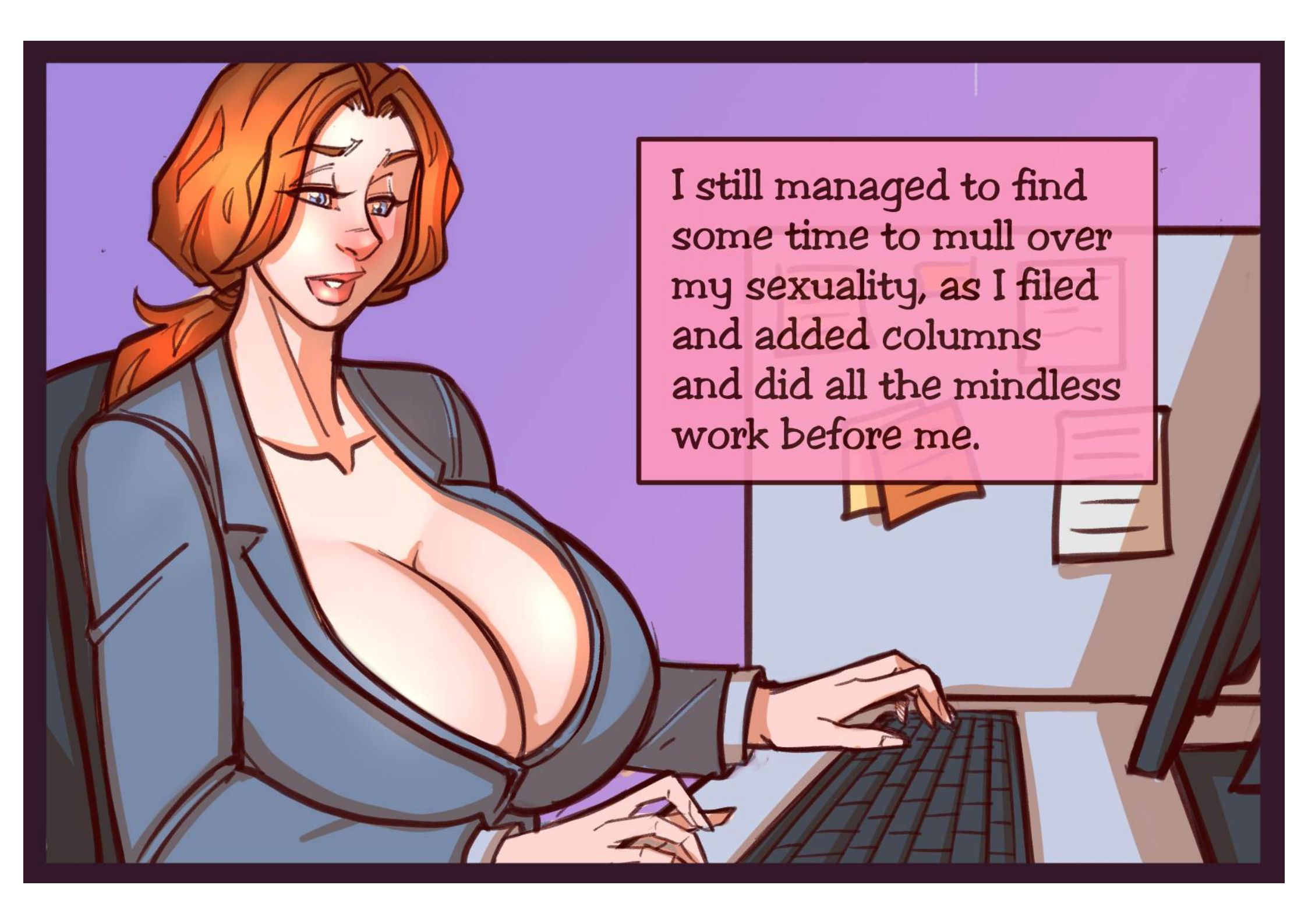
Also, a fairly flat stomach, and curvy hips leading to smooth thighs.



I turned sideways
to check out my ass.
Still decent looking.
All in all, not bad for
a woman of my age.

A pregnant woman with reddish-brown hair, wearing a blue suit jacket, is sitting at a desk. She is looking towards the right of the frame. Her hands are on a computer keyboard. The background is a simple purple wall. A pink speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman, containing text.

1 hour later, I was at my desk, surrounded by paperwork and answering calls in what would turn out to be an incredibly busy day.

A pregnant woman with reddish-brown hair, wearing a blue suit jacket, is sitting at a desk. She is looking towards the right of the frame. Her hands are on a computer keyboard. The background is a simple office setting with a purple wall and a desk with a computer monitor and keyboard. A pink speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman, containing text.

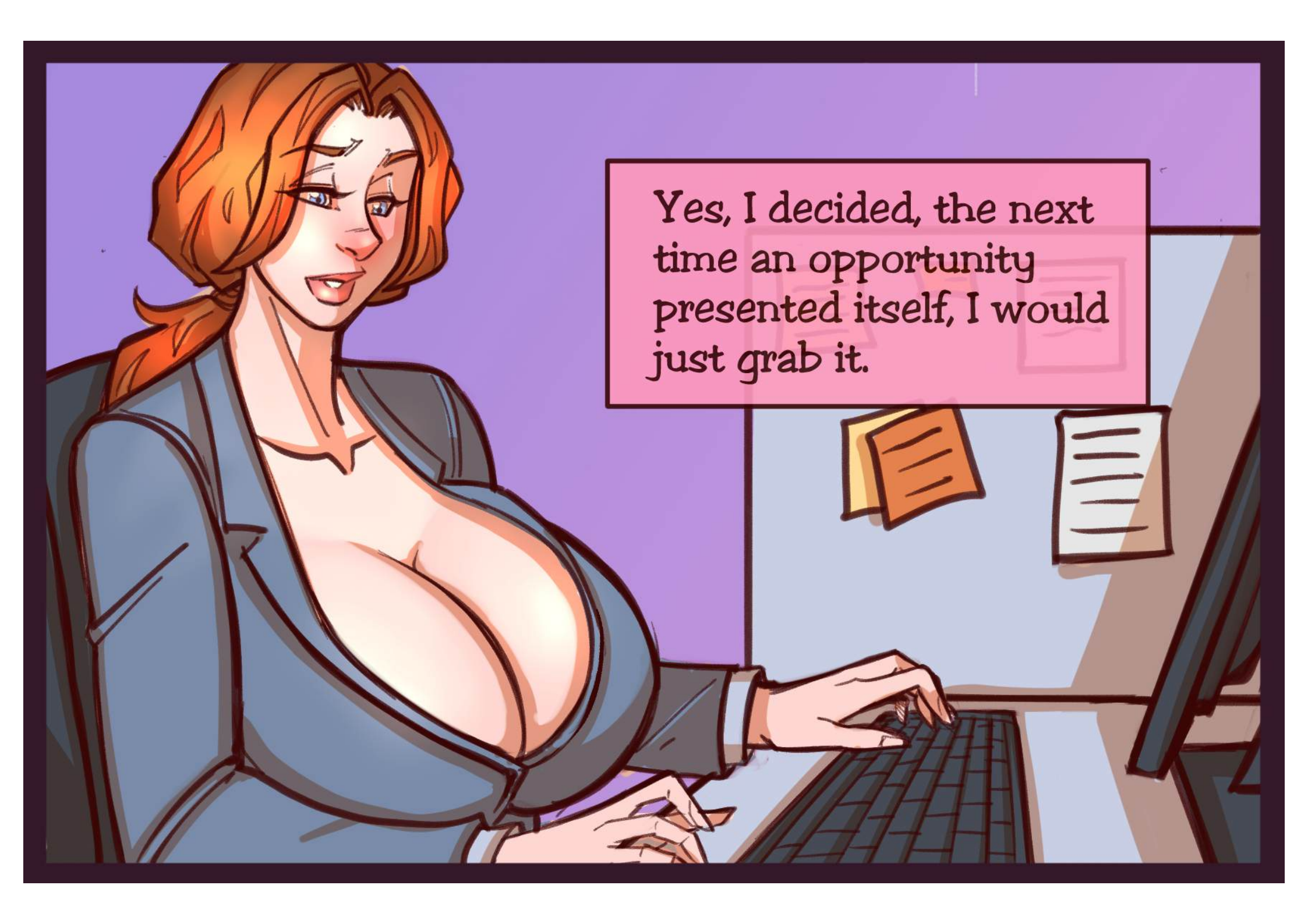
I still managed to find some time to mull over my sexuality, as I filed and added columns and did all the mindless work before me.



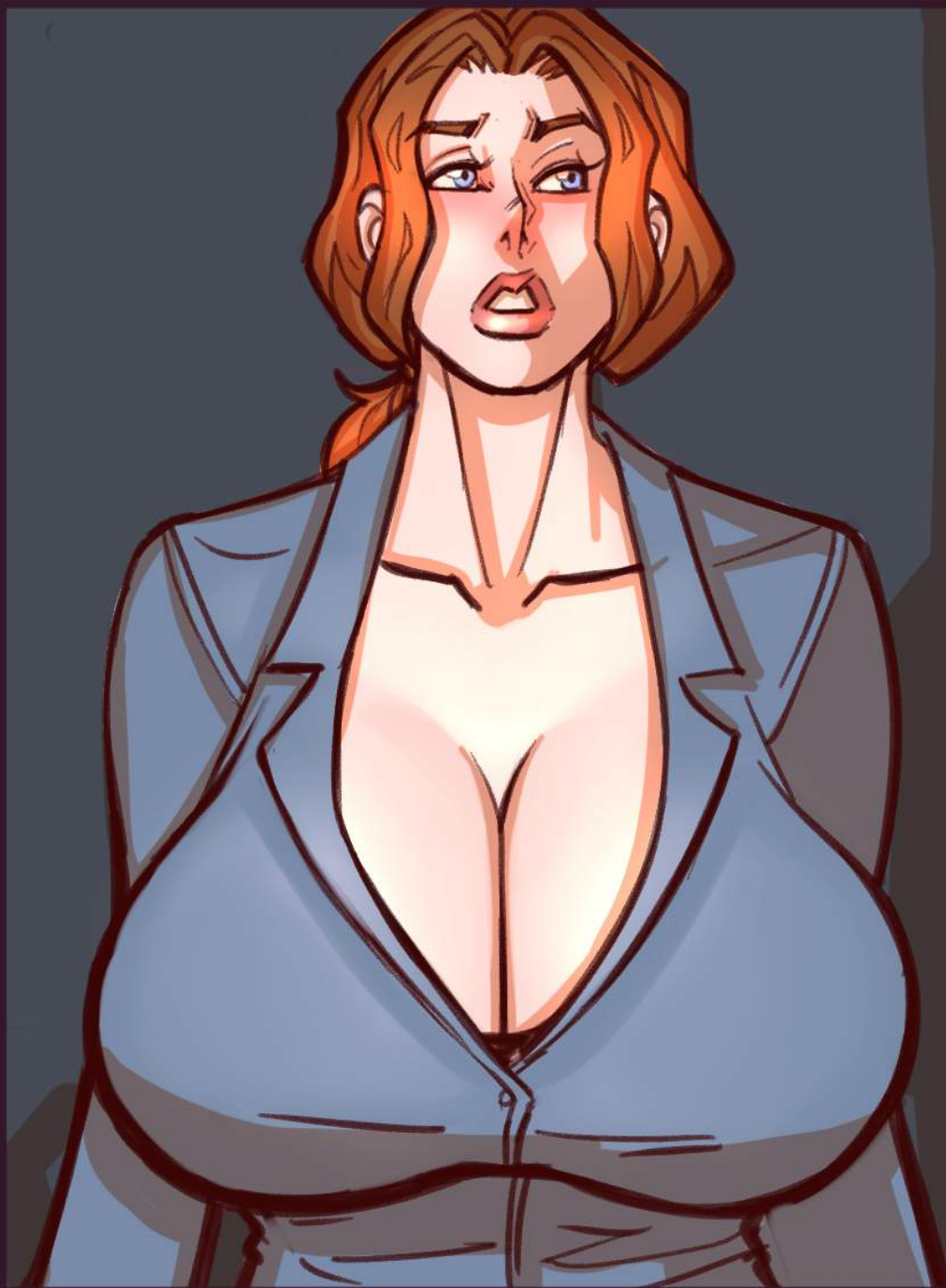
Maybe I just need to be more spontaneous. Less worried about hiding the fact that I was not just a mother, but also a woman with needs.



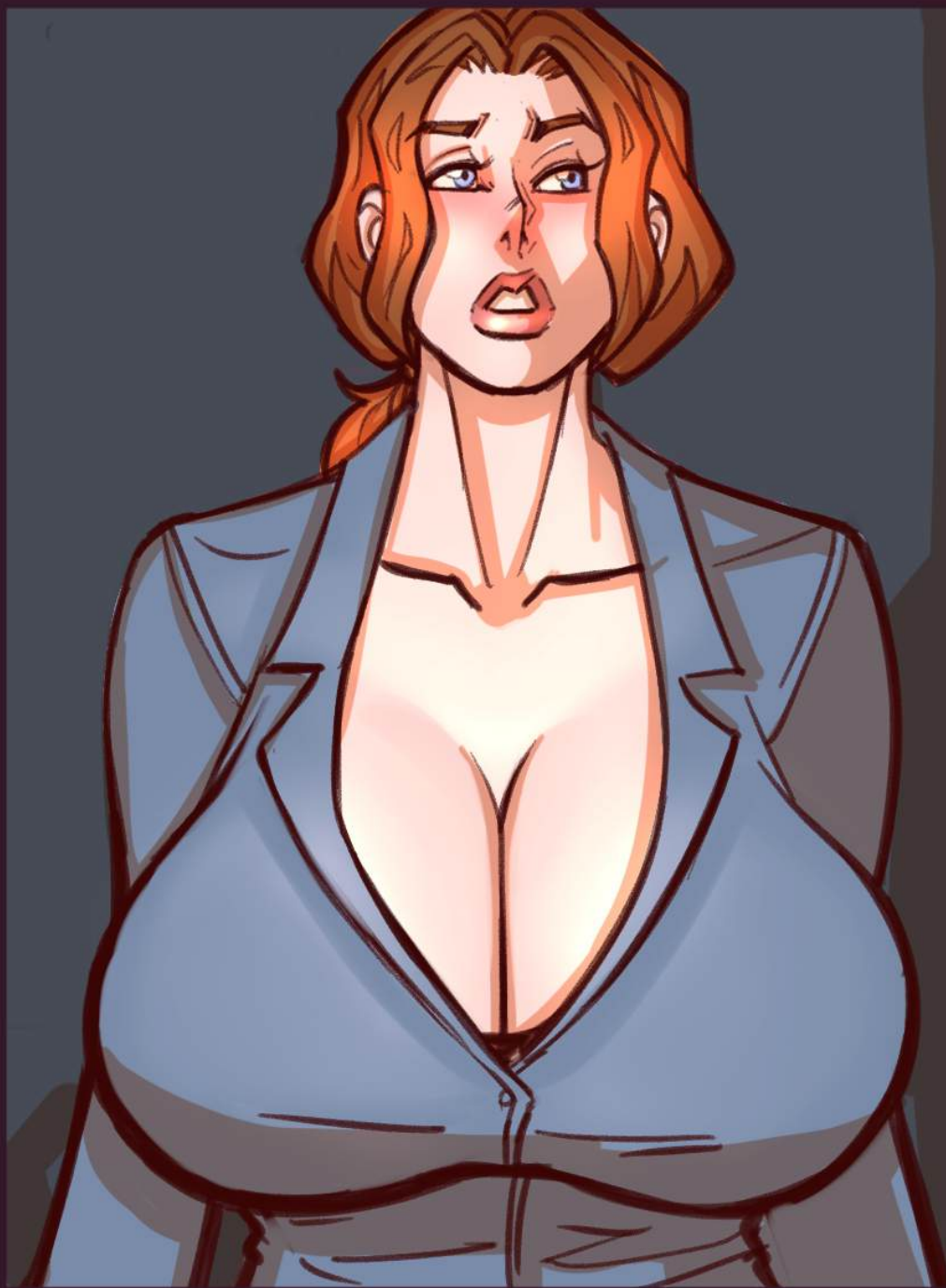
Needs that had not been met for a couple months now and were bubbling beneath the surface constantly lately.



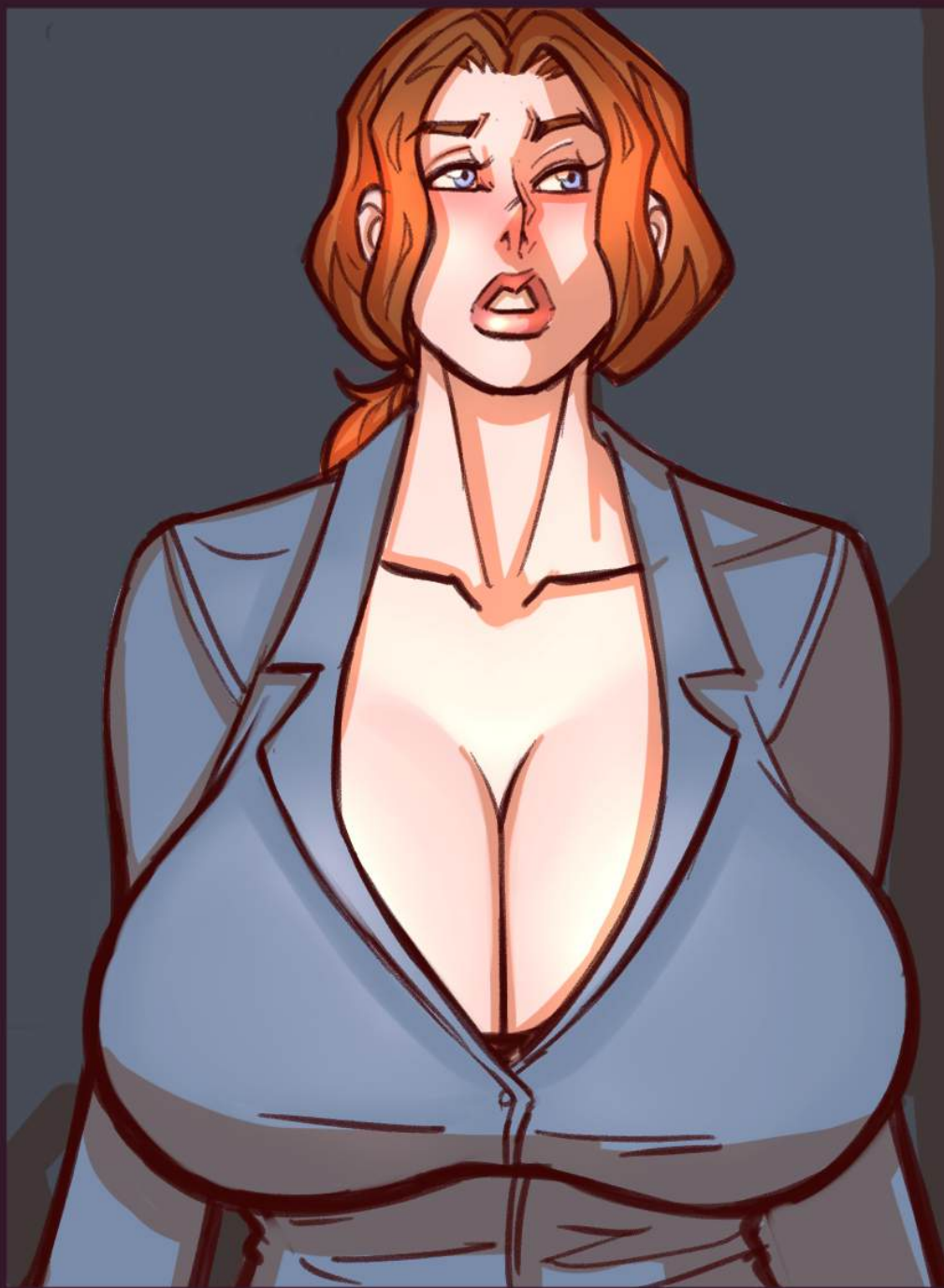
Yes, I decided, the next time an opportunity presented itself, I would just grab it.



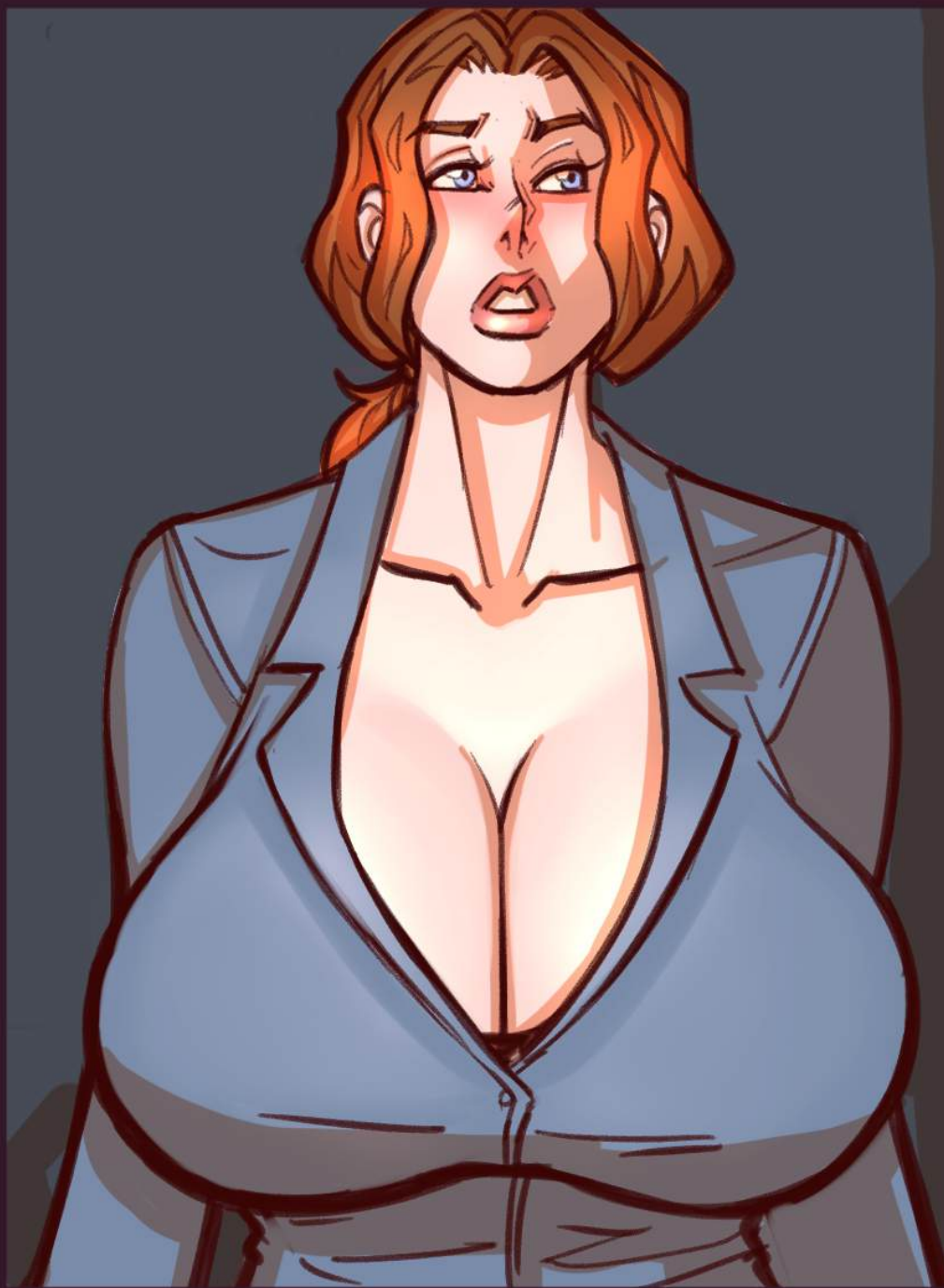
Before I knew it,
the receptionist
was flipping
the sign to *Closed*
and it was time to
head home.



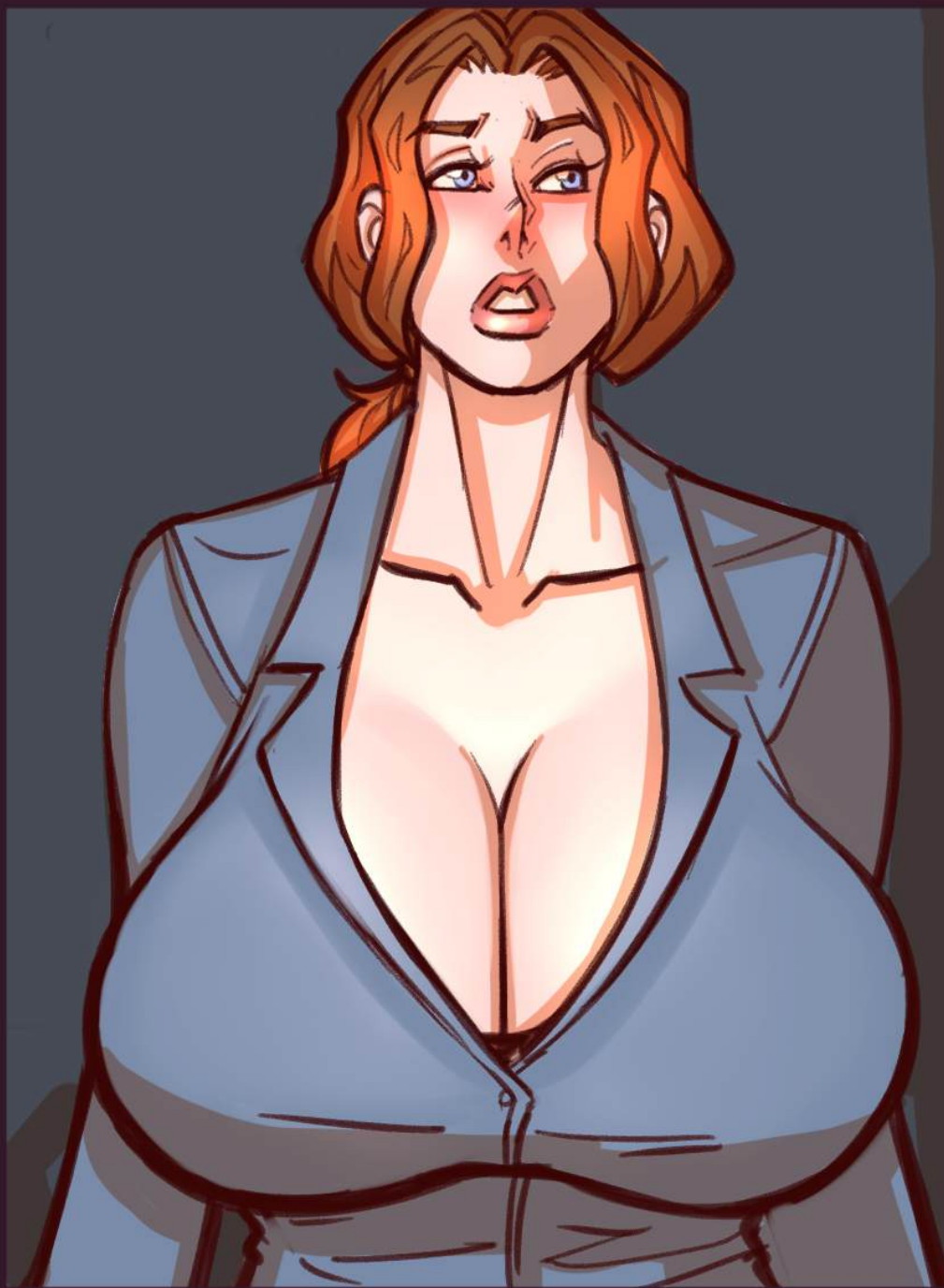
I opened the door to find the blue sky had surrendered to a mass of thunderclouds and the sun was nowhere to be seen.



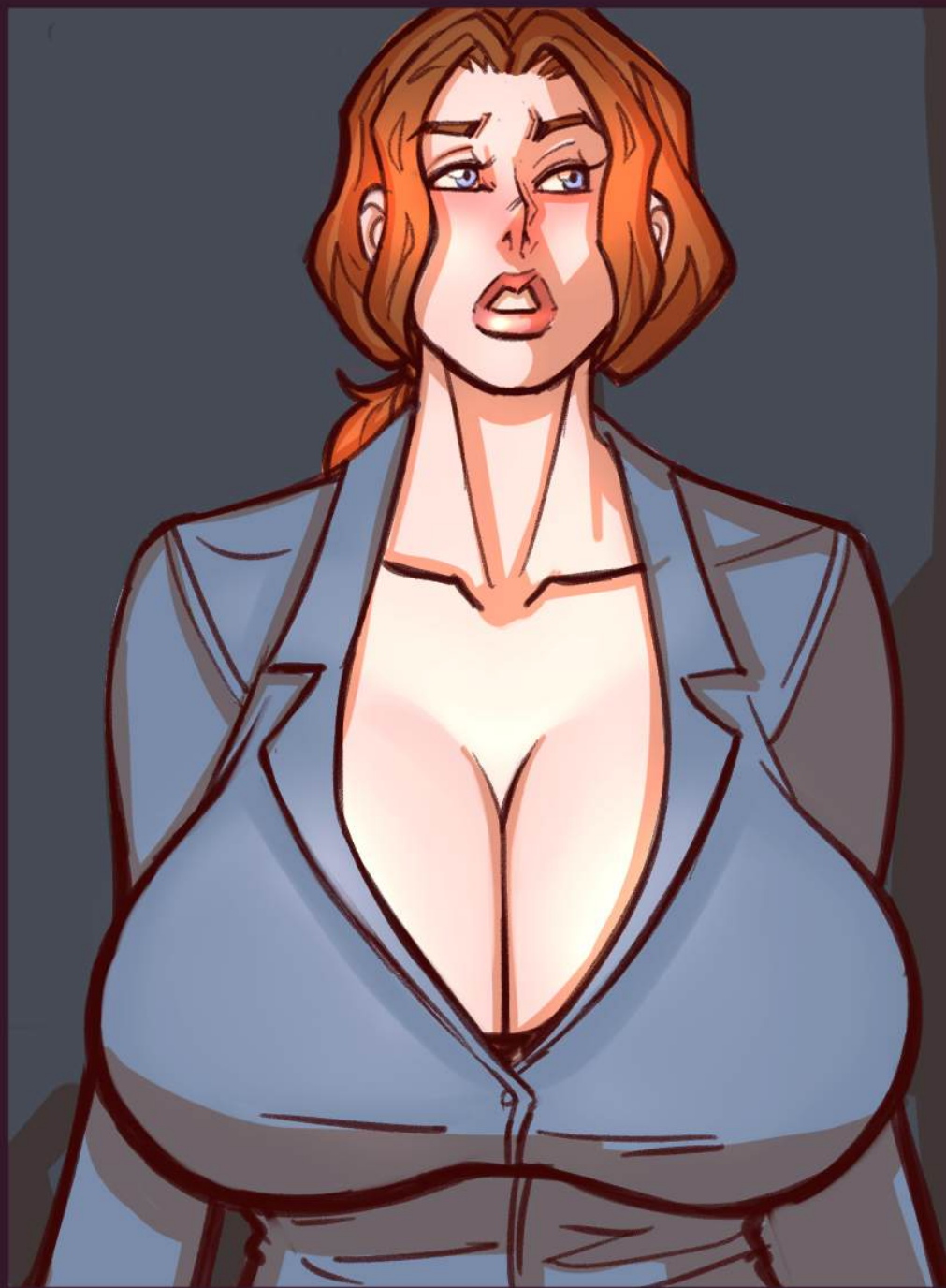
It was still as hot
as ever and I could
feel the electricity
crackling in the air.



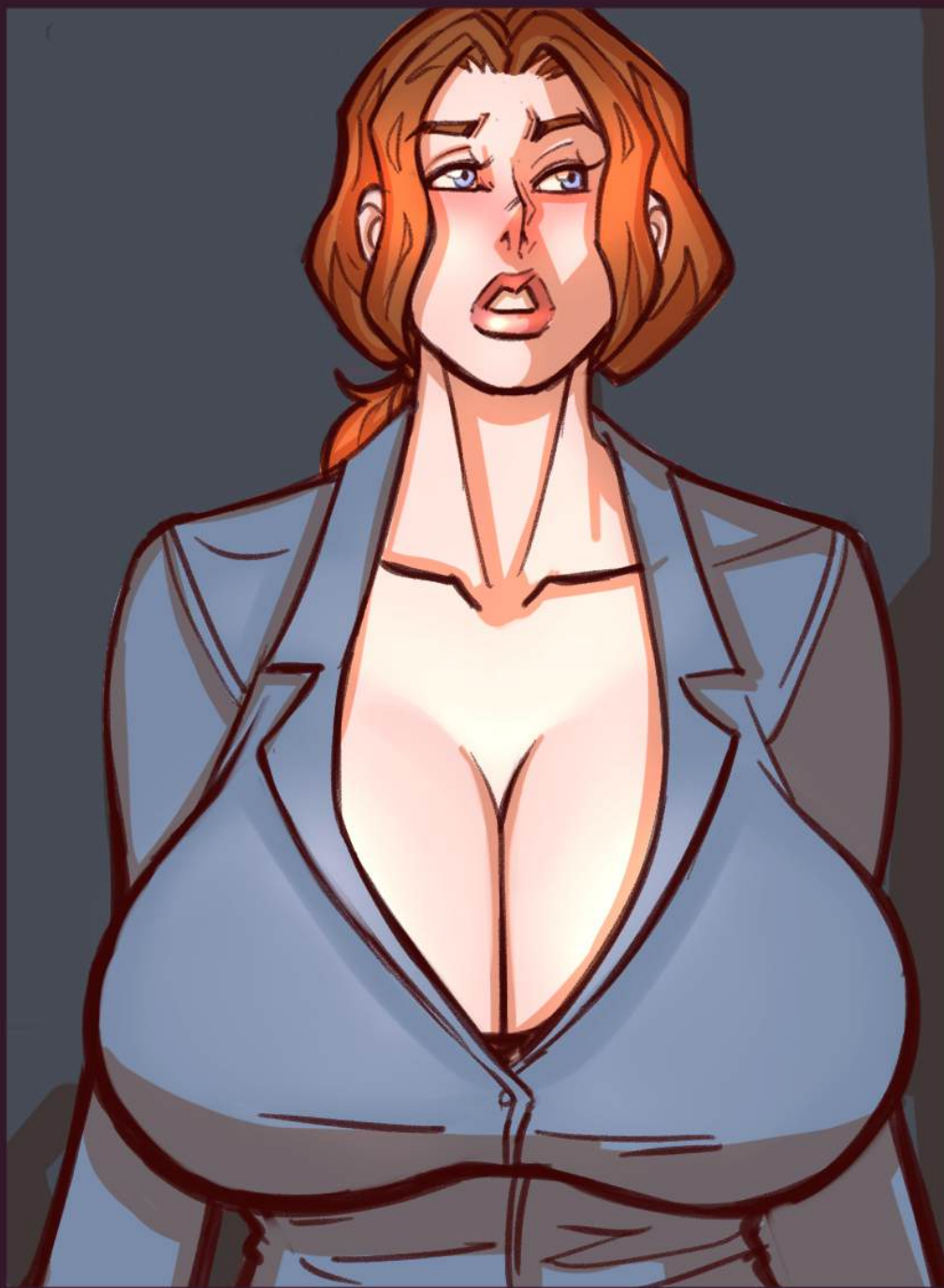
"Looks like we're going to get quite a storm," my coworker commented. "Yeah, and I walked today," I said ruefully.



I dialed my house to see
if Brad was home yet to
come pick me up.
There was no answer.




I looked over at the woman standing beside me. "You wouldn't be able to give me a ride home, would you?" "I wish I could," she replied apologetically, "but my car is in the shop getting an oil change."




"Oh well. Maybe if I hurry I can beat the rain." I waved goodbye and with one more apprehensive glance at the sky, I briskly strode down the street towards home.



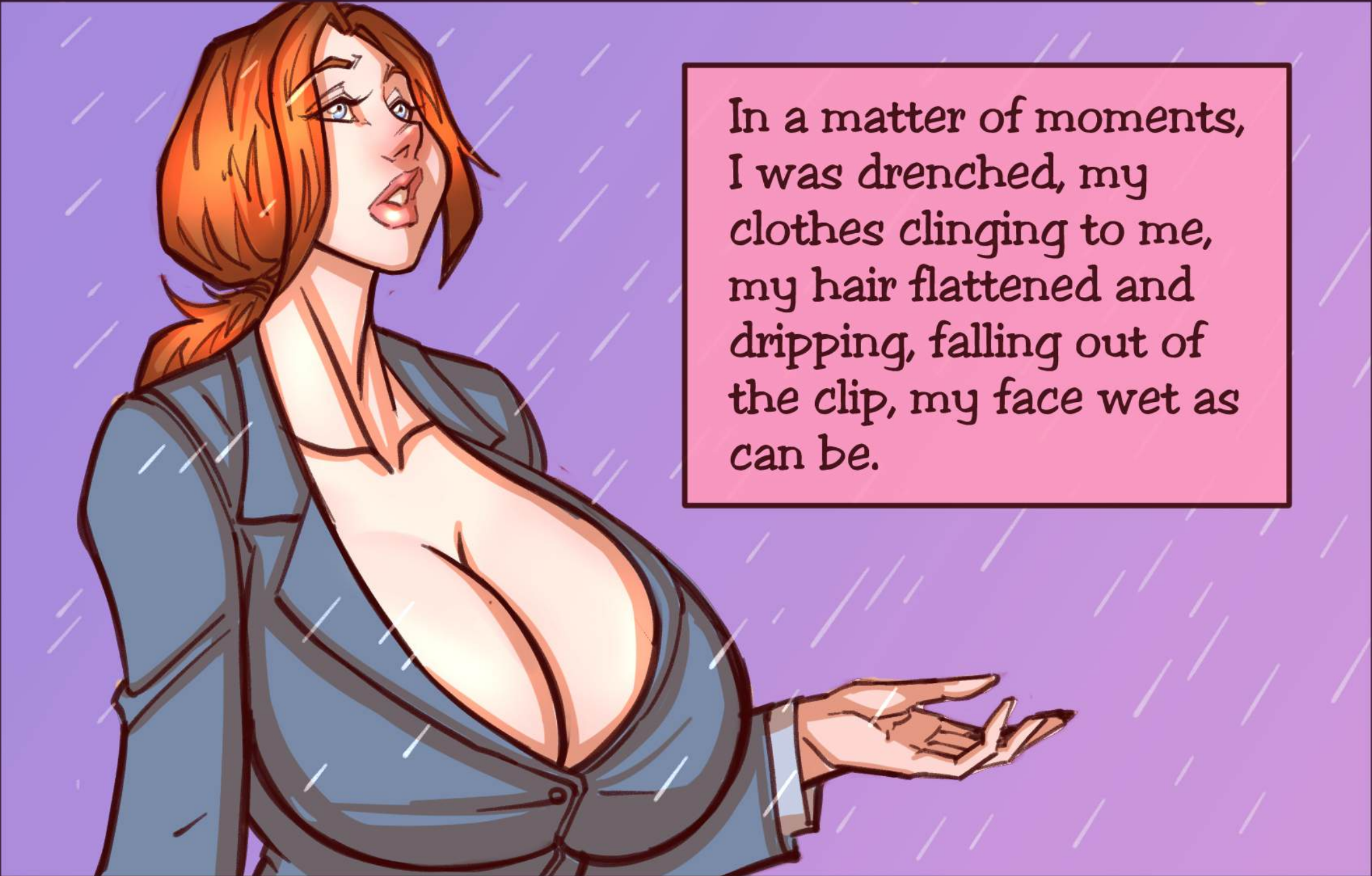
I was about halfway home when the occasional drop started falling on my face and I was happy to note that it was surprisingly not as cold as I'd expected.

A pregnant woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a blue, button-up jacket that is open, revealing her bare chest and pregnant belly. She is looking upwards and to the right with a concerned expression. Her right hand is held out, palm up, as if feeling the rain. The background is a light purple color with white diagonal lines representing rain falling. A pink speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman.

Hopefully I can make it home before it starts to pour, I thought as I quickened my pace.

A pregnant woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a blue, open-front jacket that reveals her bare midriff. She is looking upwards and to the right with a slightly open mouth, as if in awe or surprise. Her right hand is held out flat, palm up, in the rain. The background is a light purple color with white diagonal lines representing falling rain. A pink speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman.

I hoped wrong, and as I turned off the main road and onto the long windy gravel road to my house, the heavens opened up and let loose.



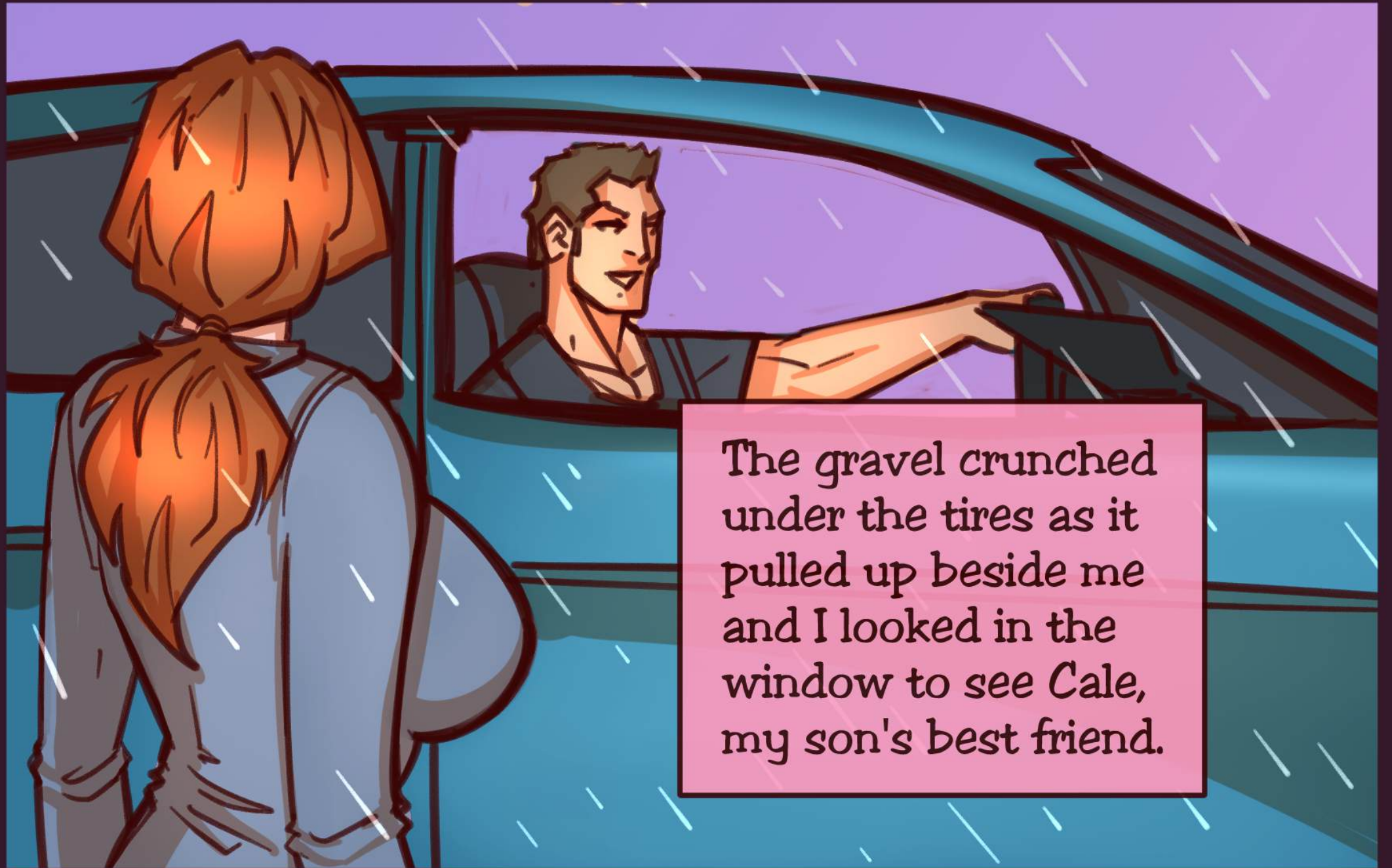
In a matter of moments,
I was drenched, my
clothes clinging to me,
my hair flattened and
dripping, falling out of
the clip, my face wet as
can be.



It was going to be at least another ten minutes until I reached my front door and for the first time I cursed our out of the way home, set by itself far away from neighbours.



It was absolutely pouring and I barely heard the car coming up the road behind me.



The gravel crunched under the tires as it pulled up beside me and I looked in the window to see Cale, my son's best friend.

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