

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

"A short Break"

Chapter
04



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 04

OH MY GOD!
What was I thinking??!!
I shook my head and tried
to regain my senses.

There was no way
I should be thinking anything
but pure and motherly thoughts
about my son's 19 year old
best friend.

I mean,
what would Brad think
if I seduced Cale?
What would his MOTHER think??
I shuddered at the mere
thought.




"You really don't need to walk with me, Cale." I said in a matter of fact voice. "Really, it's sweet, but I'm fine."



"There is no point in both of us getting all wet and you really shouldn't leave your car just sitting there."



"Well, ma'am," he said with chagrin. "My mom raised me to be a gentleman and it would be very poor manners to drive past a lady walking in the pouring rain."

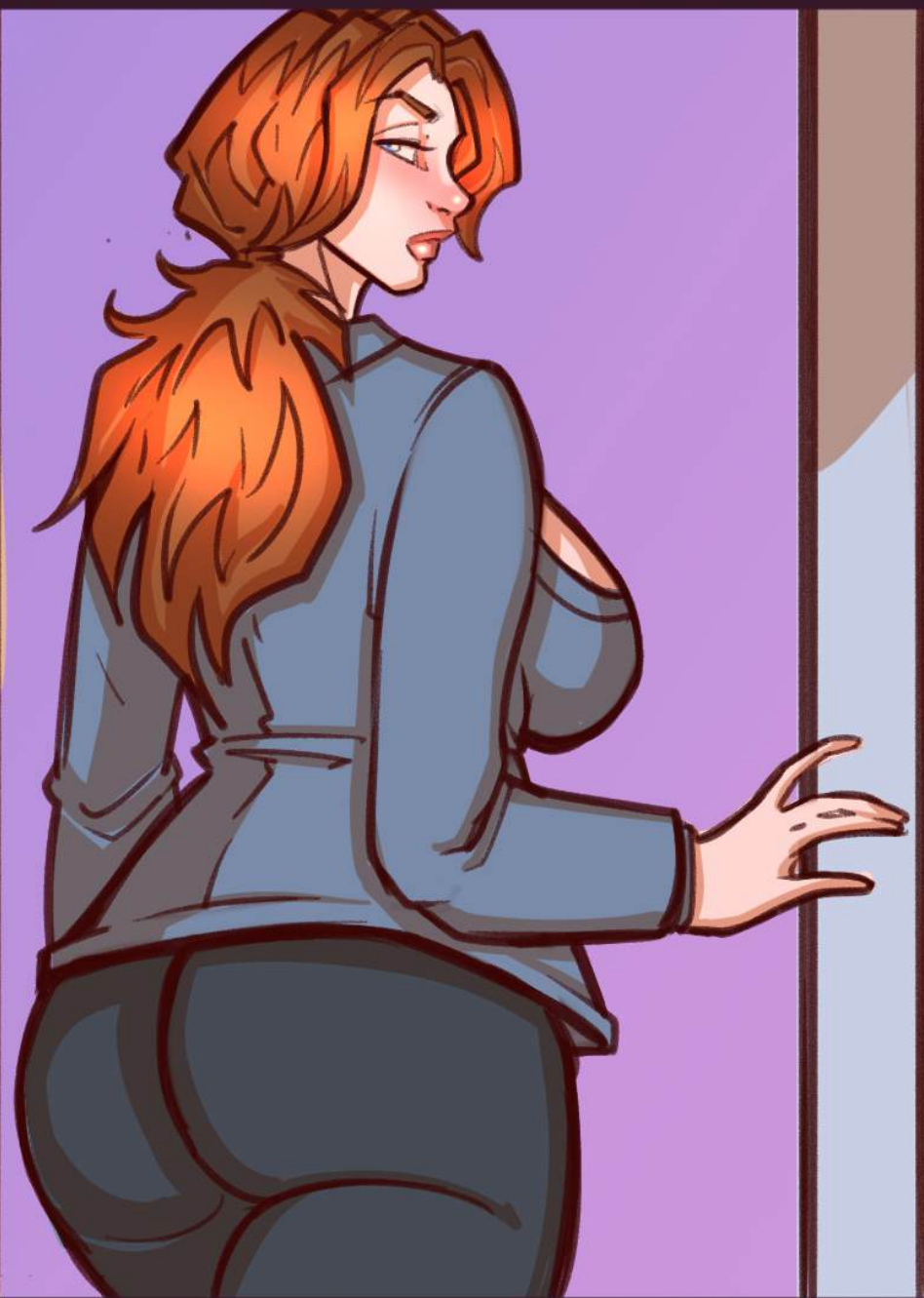
A comic book panel with a purple background and white rain streaks. On the left, a man with short brown hair and a grey shirt is shown in profile, looking towards the right. In the center, a woman with short, wavy brown hair and a blue top is shown from the chest up, looking back at the man. Her top is open, revealing her pregnant belly. A pink speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman, containing text.

"And besides, it's a little late now, since I'm also soaked now. So just stop your protesting and let me walk with you."

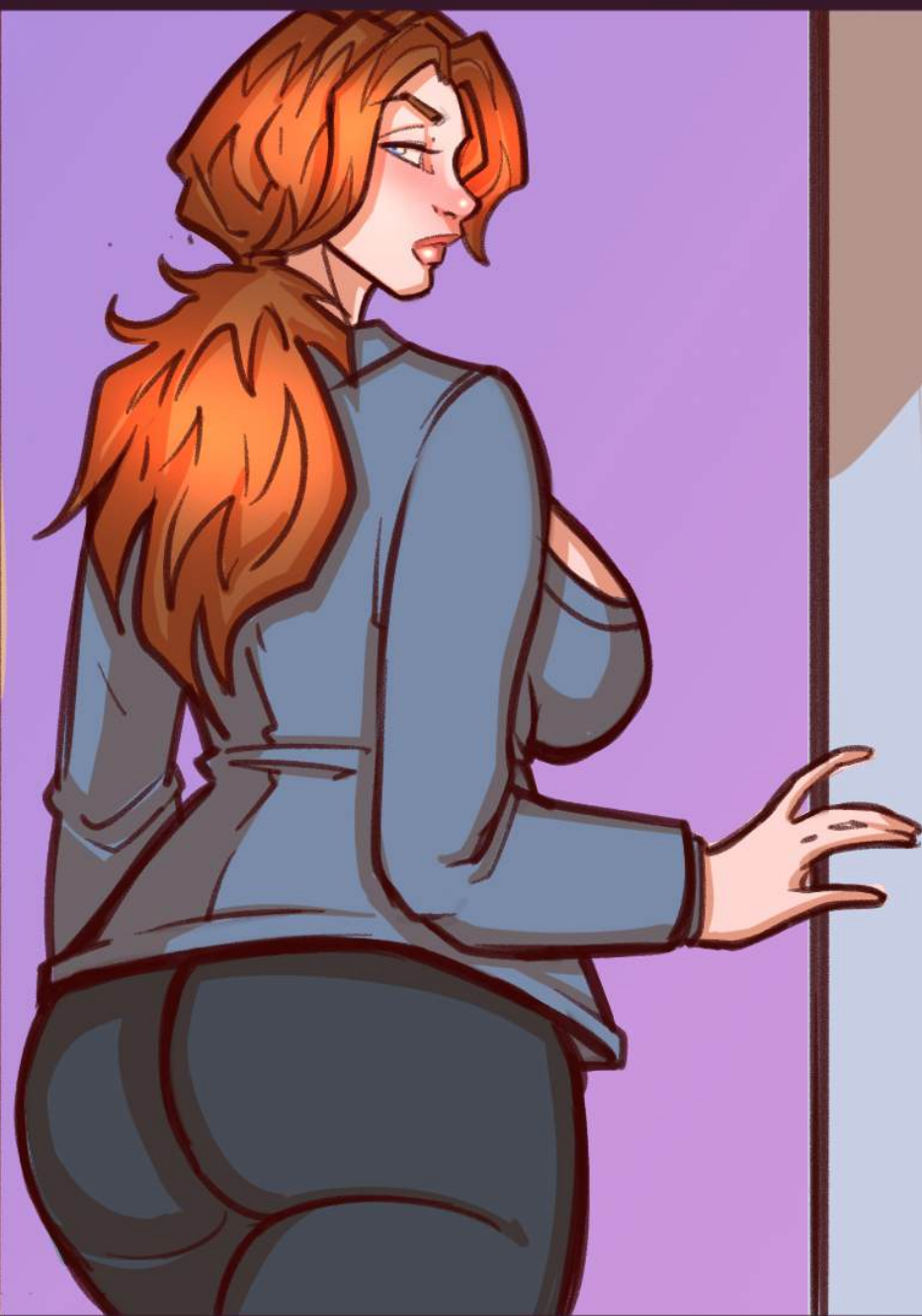
Finally we reached the house, wet and slightly chilly as the temperature had started to suddenly drop.



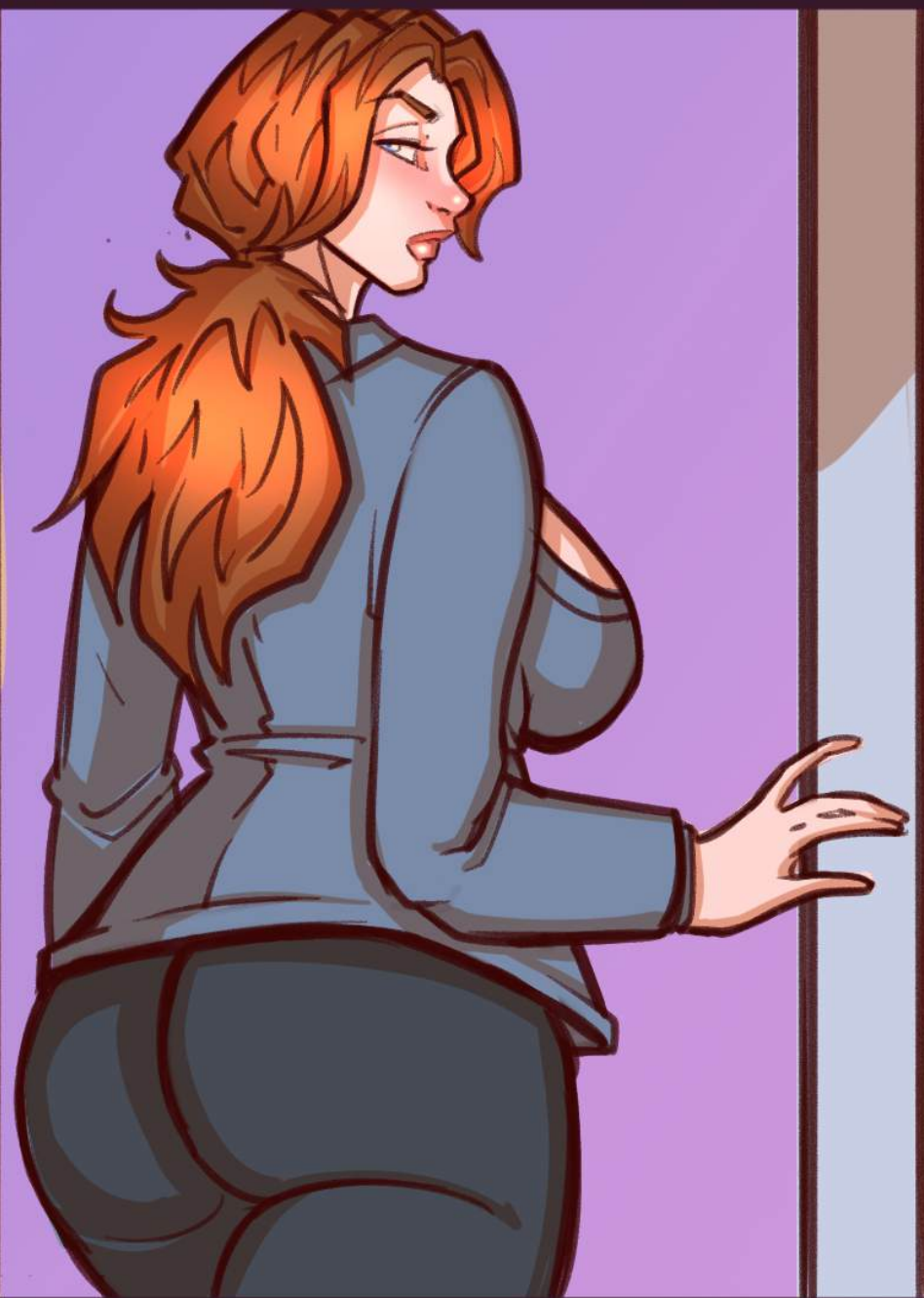
I unlocked the door, letting us in, and we stood inside the laundry room, dripping and staring at each other for a moment before bursting into laughter.



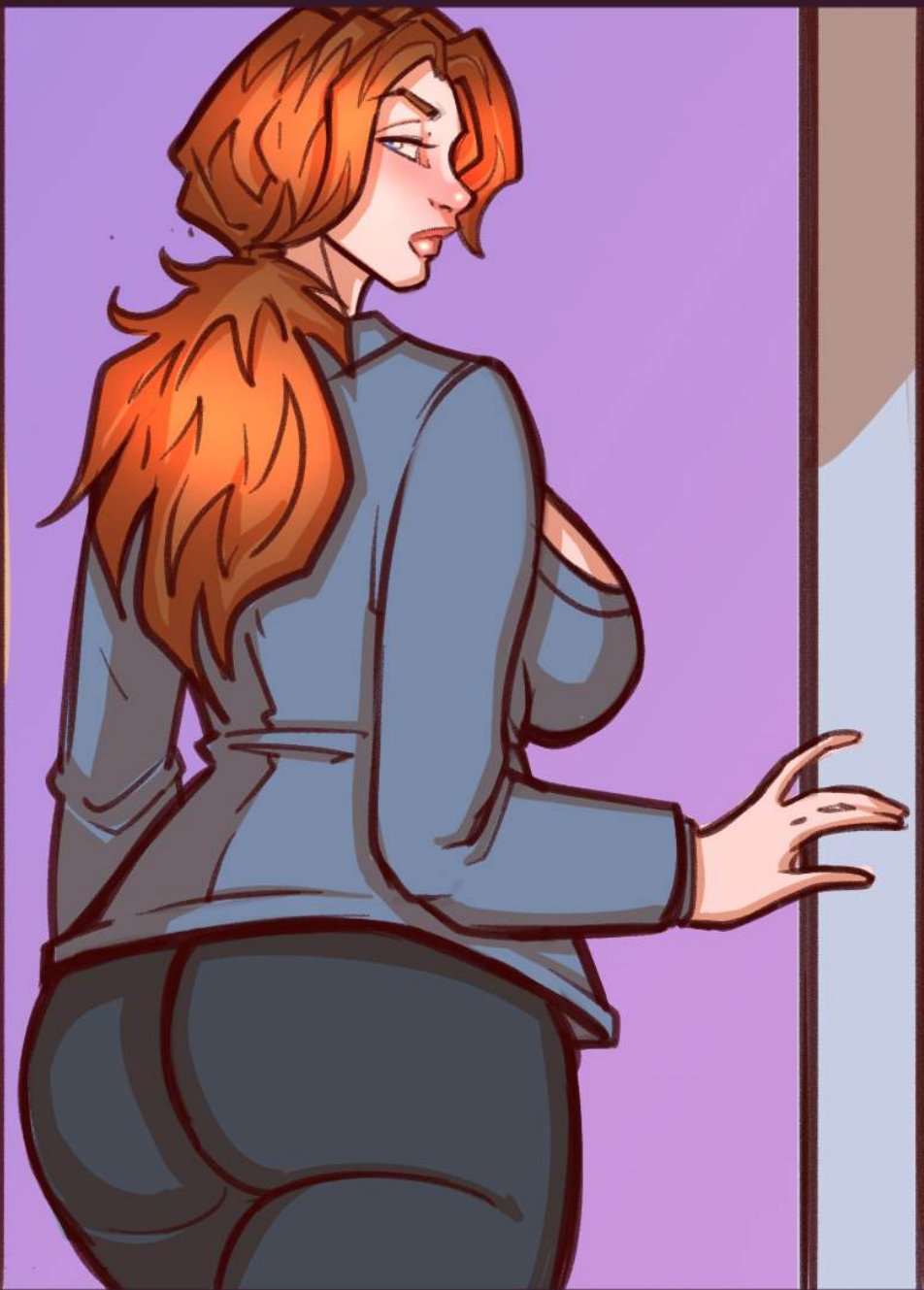
"What a rather pathetic sight we must be!" I exclaimed. "Let me find some clothes of Brad's for you. Would you like to shower first to warm up?"

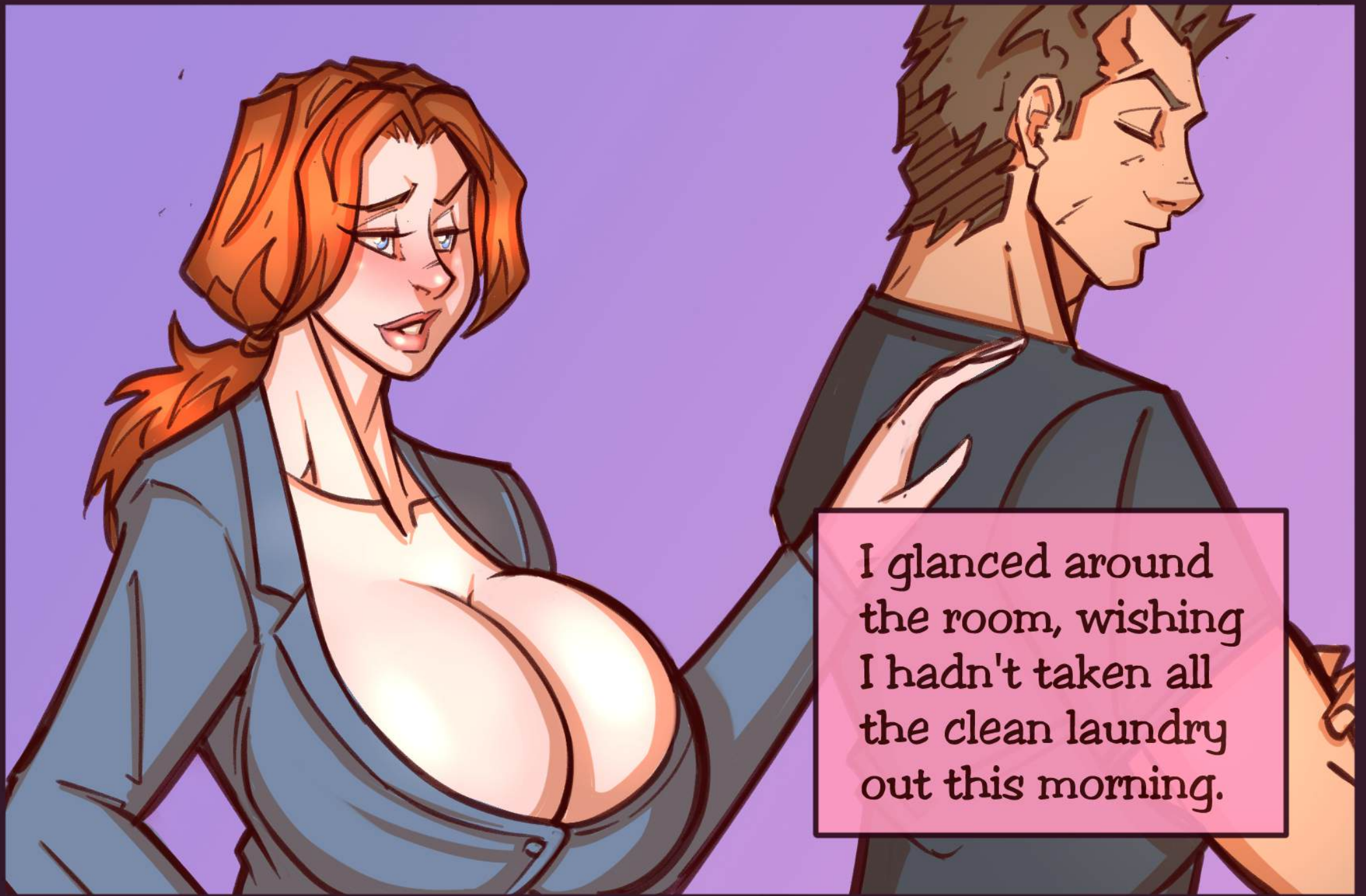


He looked down at his soggy clothes.
"Yeah, a shower would be nice, but I don't want to drip on your carpet."



I looked down at my dress, clinging to me, sending little rivulets of water down my legs.
"Good point."

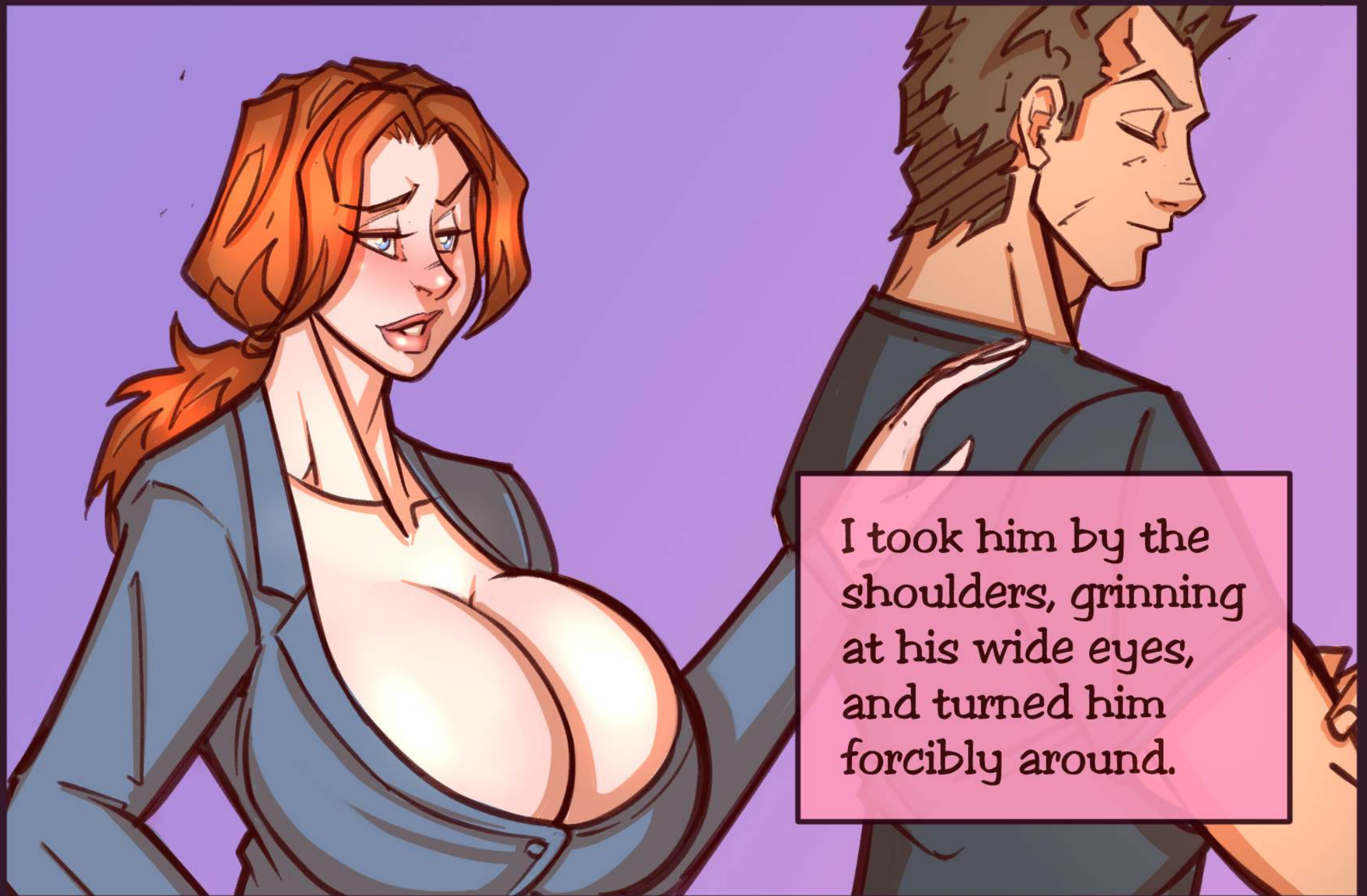




I glanced around the room, wishing I hadn't taken all the clean laundry out this morning.



"Okay, here's the plan. You are going to be a **VERY** good boy and look the other way while I peel these clothes off and run to grab you a robe."




I took him by the shoulders, grinning at his wide eyes, and turned him forcibly around.



"No peeking. I mean it." He promised not to but I waited a few seconds anyway to see if he showed any signs of turning around.



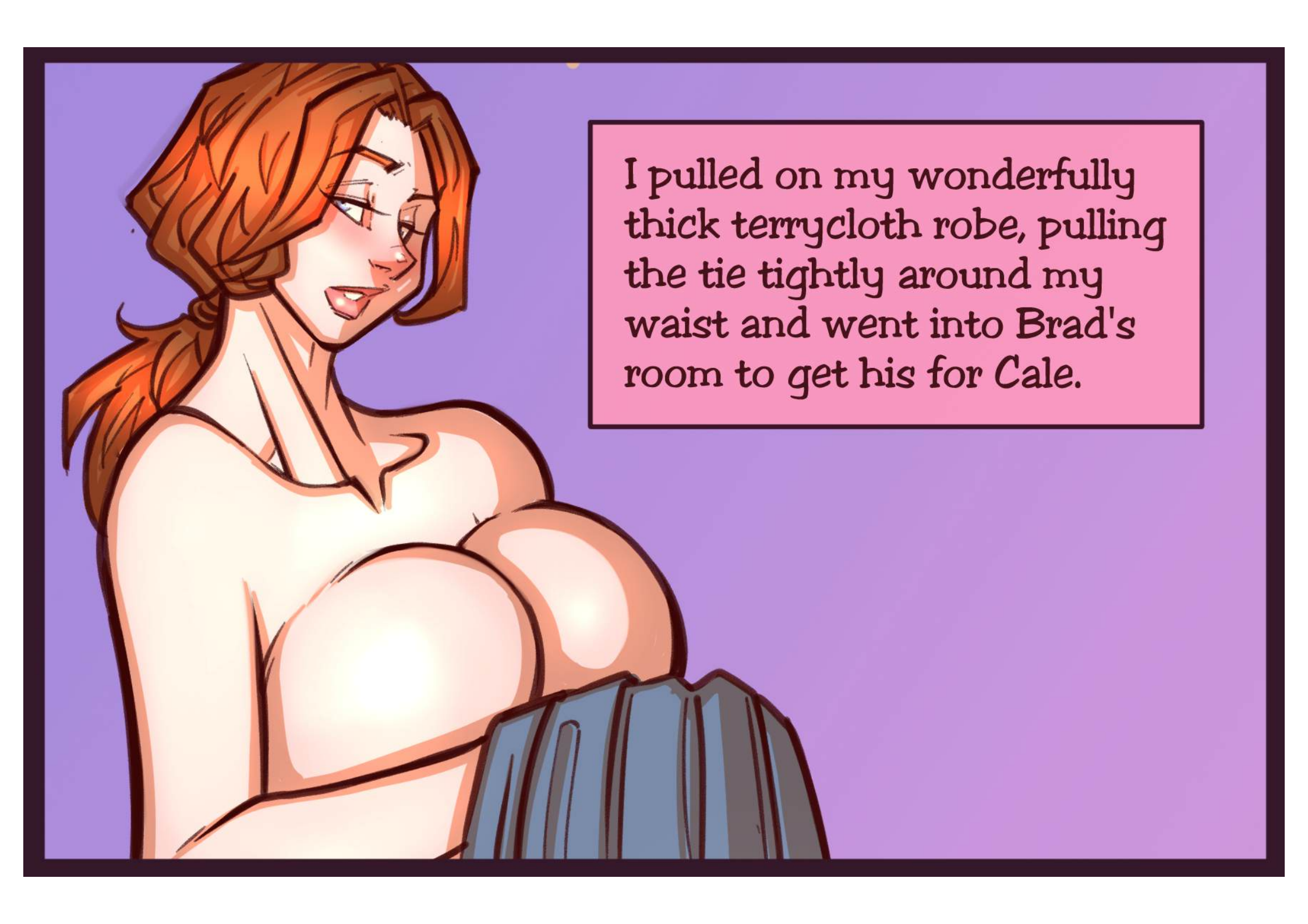
Satisfied, I peeled off my dress and clingy silk panties, letting them fall to the floor.




I slowly backed my way to the kitchen, then turned and ran wildly through the house, crossing my fingers that my son and any of his other friends didn't walk in the front door as I was streaking through the living room to the stairs.



I couldn't imagine even trying to explain the situation. My cheeks burned at the very thought.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a blue, thick, textured robe. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail. She has a slight smile and is looking down and to the right. On the right side of the panel, there is a pink speech bubble with a black border containing text.

I pulled on my wonderfully thick terrycloth robe, pulling the tie tightly around my waist and went into Brad's room to get his for Cale.



When I came back to the laundry room, he was still standing with his back to the doorway.



I took a moment to
admire his broad
shoulders and the way
I could see the curve
of his biceps under his
shirt.



My eyes skimmed down over his shoulder blades following the indent of his spine to the waistband of his shorts. I cleared my throat. "You can turn around now."

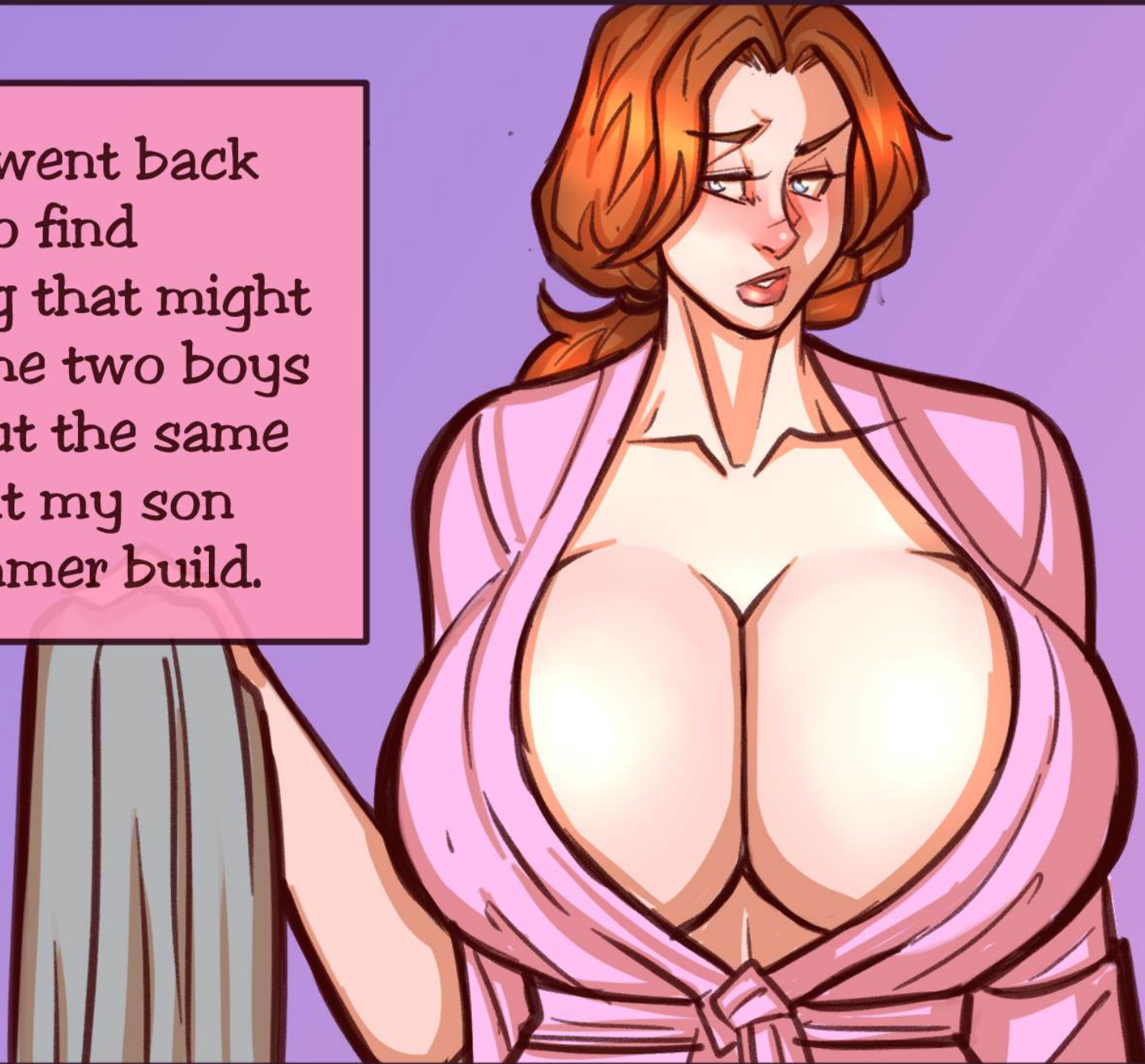
He turned and I held out the robe for him, still feeling a flush in my cheeks and feeling too embarrassed to meet his eyes.



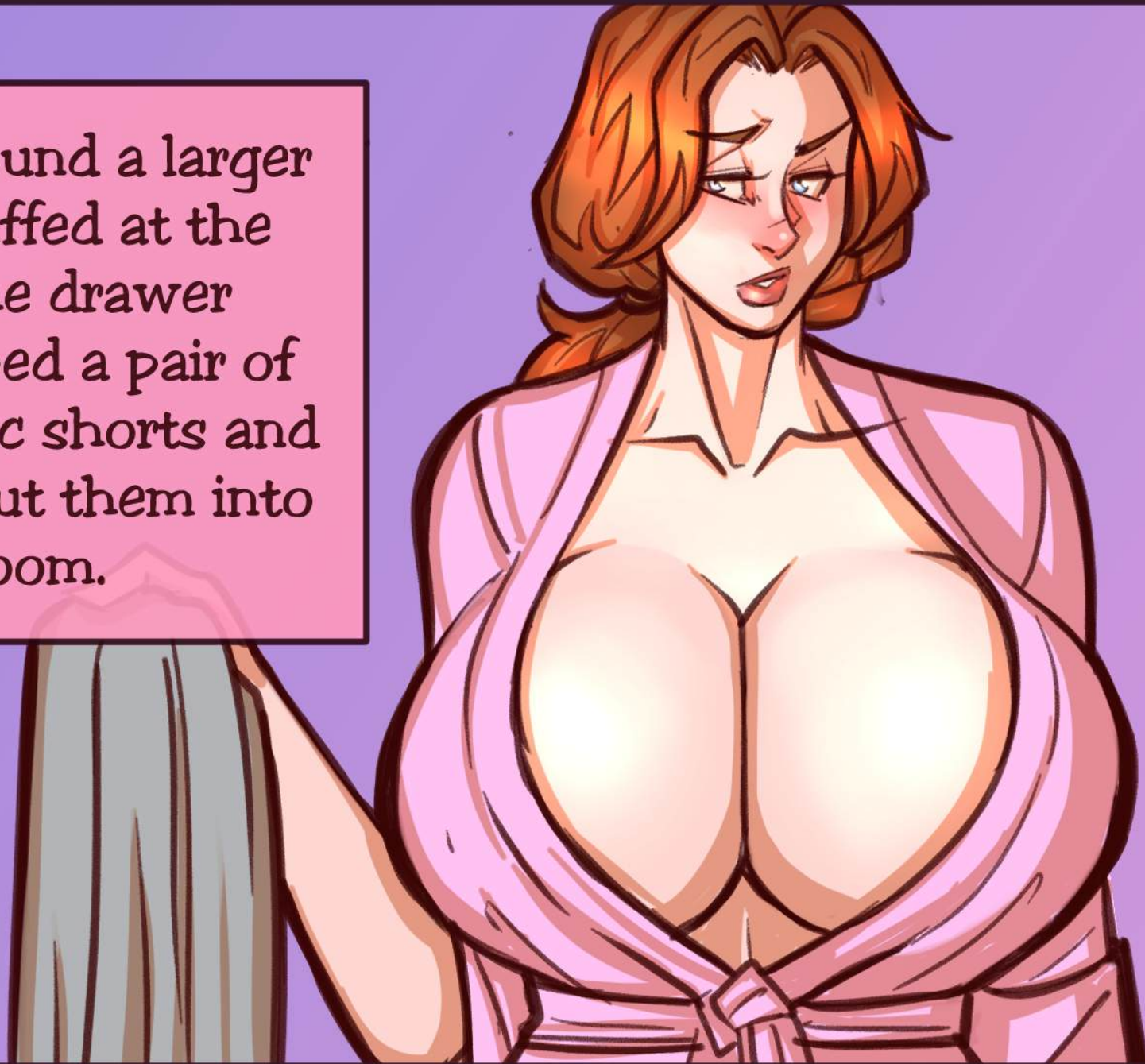
"I'll just go put some of Brad's clothes in the bathroom upstairs while you get out of your wet ones."



I left and went back upstairs to find something that might fit Cale. The two boys were about the same height, but my son had a slimmer build.



I finally found a larger t-shirt stuffed at the back of the drawer and grabbed a pair of his athletic shorts and went to put them into the bathroom.



I had just set them on the counter when I heard movement behind me and turned to see him standing in the doorway.

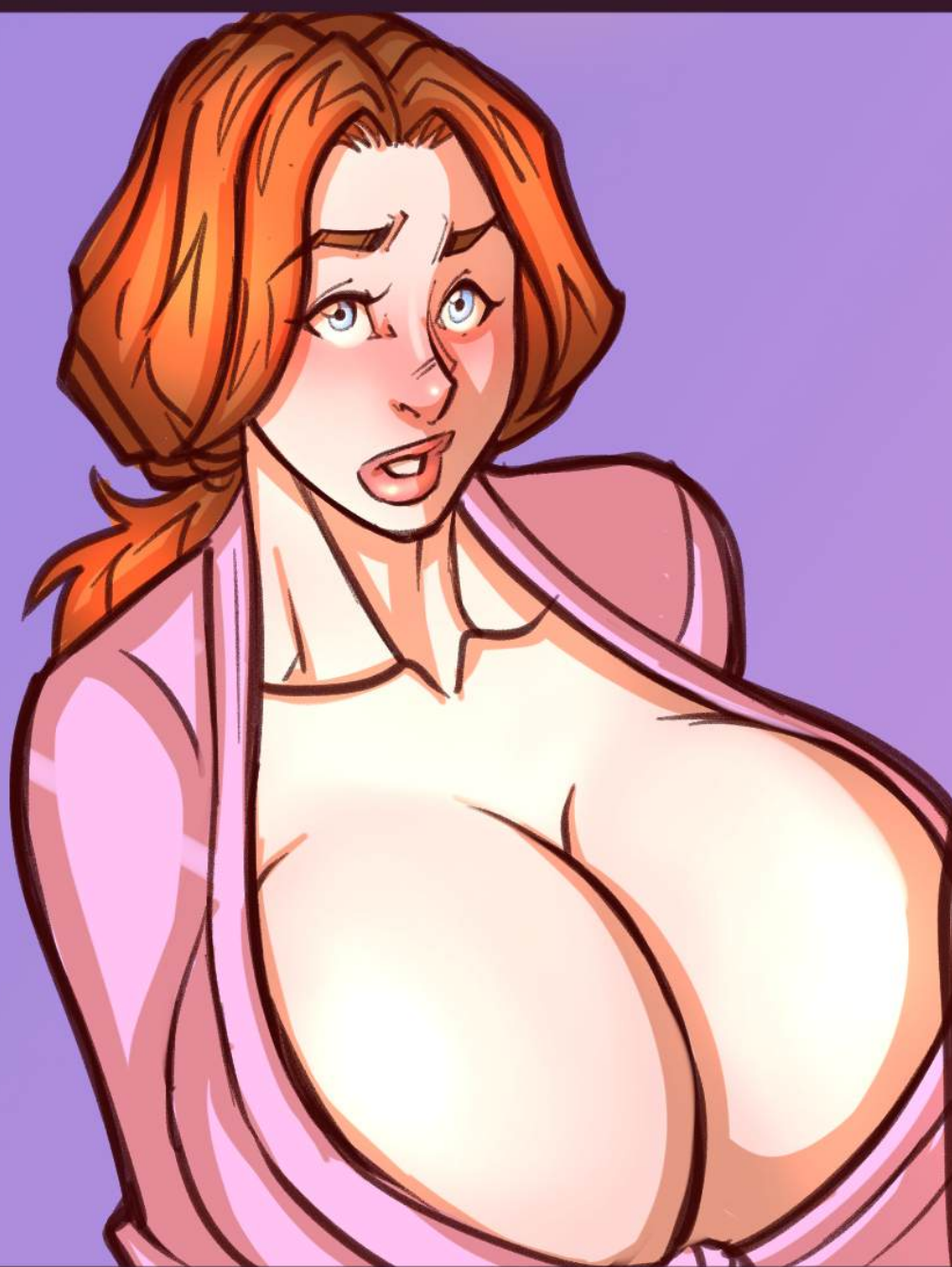


His dark hair all tousled
and still damp, his one
hand swinging the tie
of the robe, his other
on the doorframe.

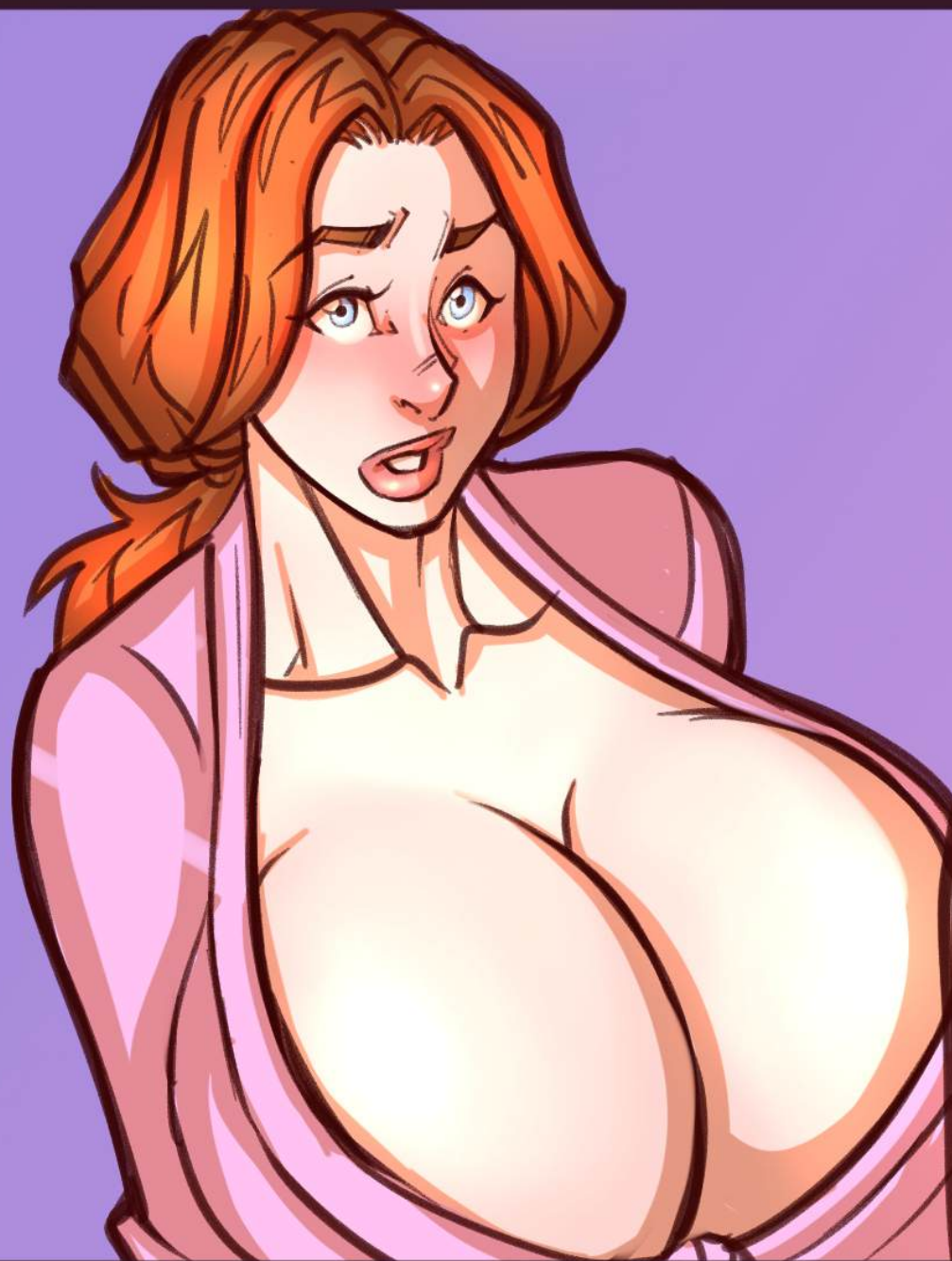




I looked up at him
and found myself
unable to tear my
eyes from his.



We stood in an
awkward silence
for a moment.



I swallowed hard, trying not to look at the way he was staring at my robe, which wasn't fully closed, exposing my big cleavage.



I finally succeeded in muttering something about Brad's shampoo being in the shower and some clothes being on the countertop and then ducked under his arm and started down the hallway to my room.

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