

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

"A short Break"

Chapter
06



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 06

I was frozen in place,
on my knees,
staring at a very wet, very naked young man
who was now staring incredulously
at his best friend's mom.

I opened my mouth
to speak but nothing came out.
Much to my chagrin, my eyes kept
involuntarily dropping from his face
to other parts of his body.

It was at that point that
I regained my senses,
leaping to my feet,
assuming my role again of morally
upright role model.

I grabbed a towel and
shoved it against his chest.

"For goodness
sakes cover up!"
I said in an tone
of forced
exasperation.



He raised an eyebrow at me and smiled slightly, as he dutifully wrapped the towel around his waist.



"It's not like
I'M the one
who walked
in on someone
when they
were
showering..."



I could feel my cheeks burning, my body feeling hot and coated with a slick layer of perspiration under my robe from the steam in the room and the awkwardness of the whole scenario.



I felt myself
struggling
once again
to maintain
control of
the situation.



I was wondering how on earth my morning tea on the back step had evolved into the predicament I was in.



"Don't be sassy with me, Cale."
I was trying for stern but knew it was probably coming across as forced bravado.

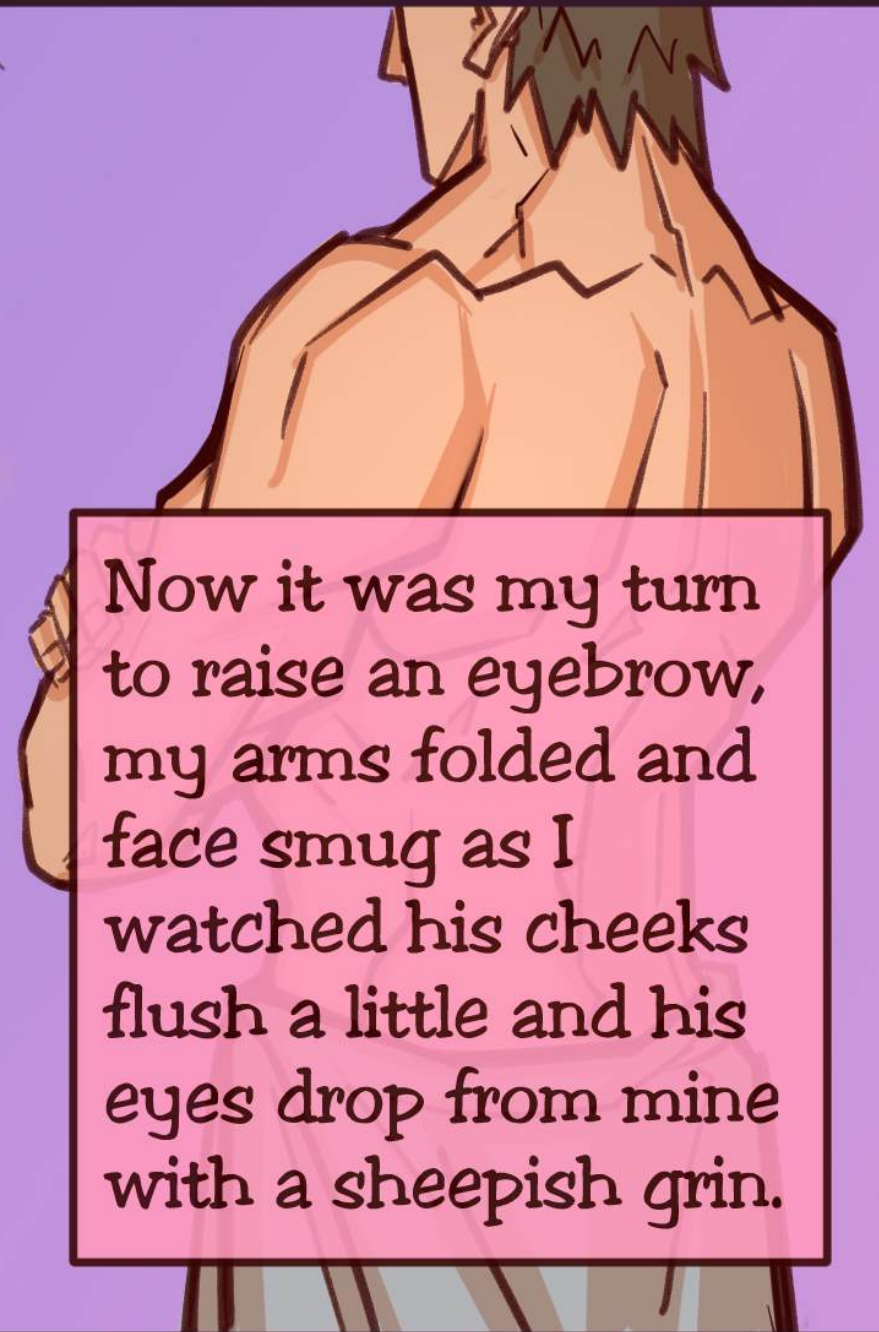


"I wouldn't have had to be in here if I didn't have to retrieve...these!!"



I shook the still damp panties out from where they'd been balled up in my fist and waved them in his face.





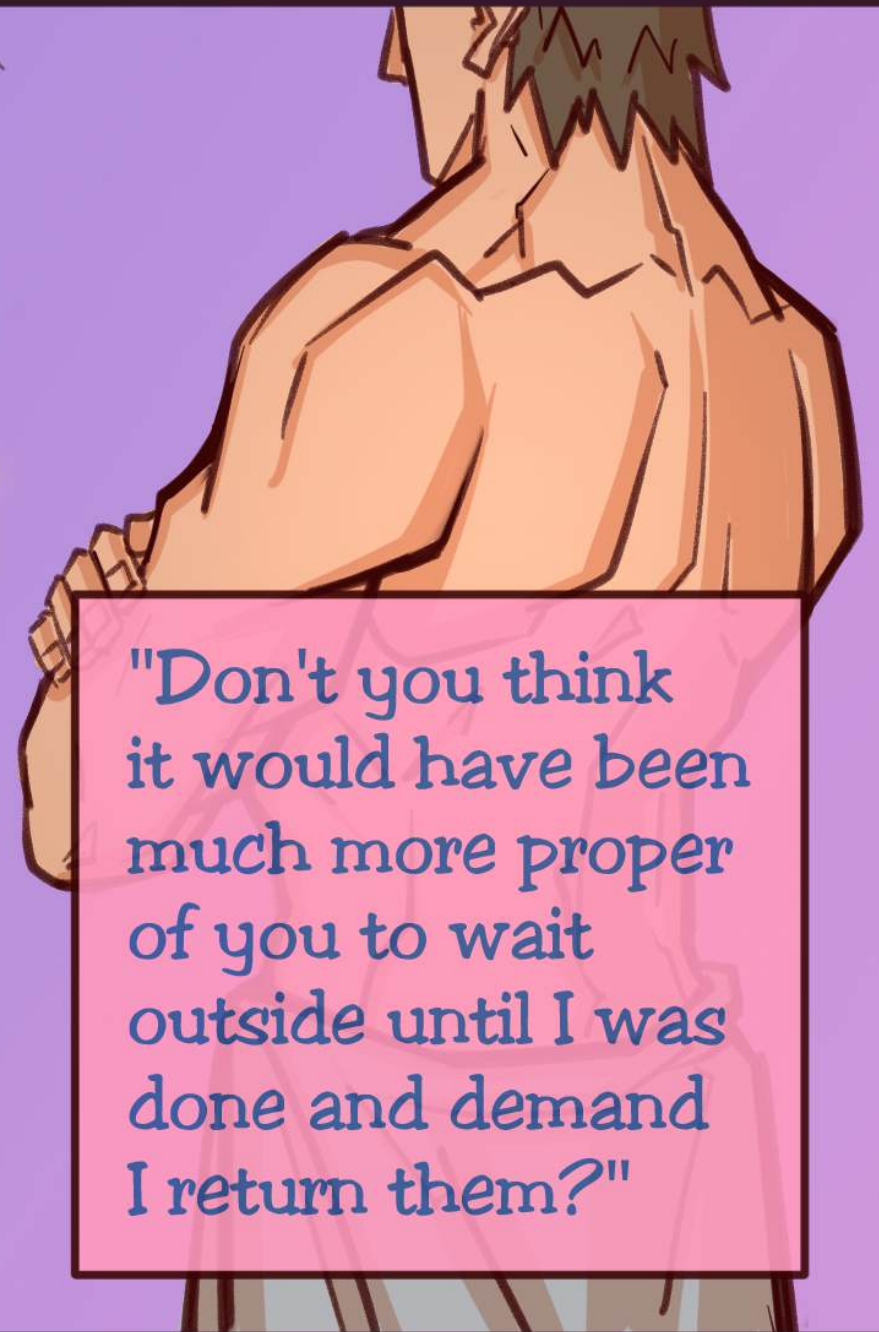
Now it was my turn to raise an eyebrow, my arms folded and face smug as I watched his cheeks flush a little and his eyes drop from mine with a sheepish grin.



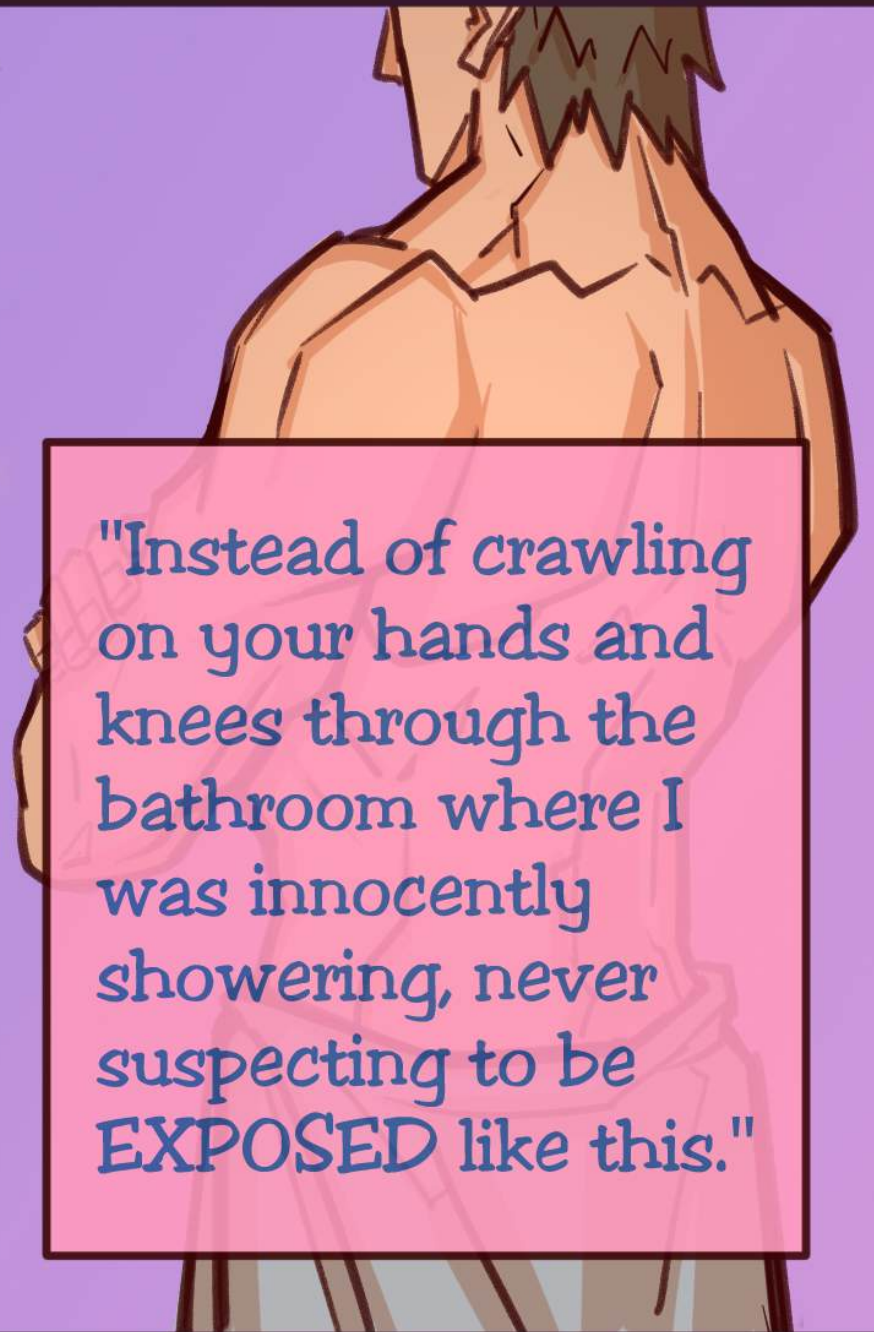
But our years of bantering and sharpening wits against each other had prepared him well for this situation.



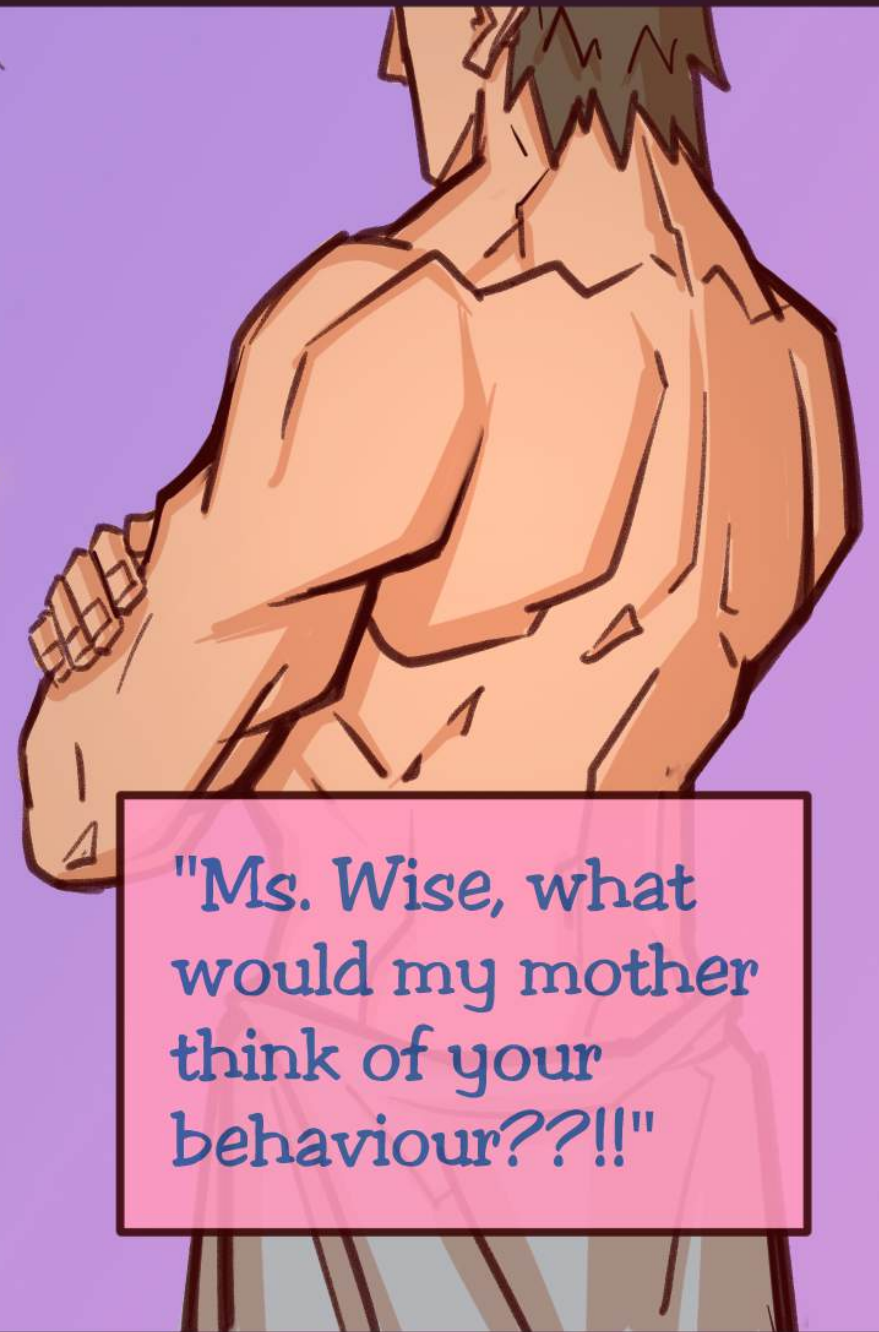
He raised his face to mine, his eyes shining and I knew I was in trouble.



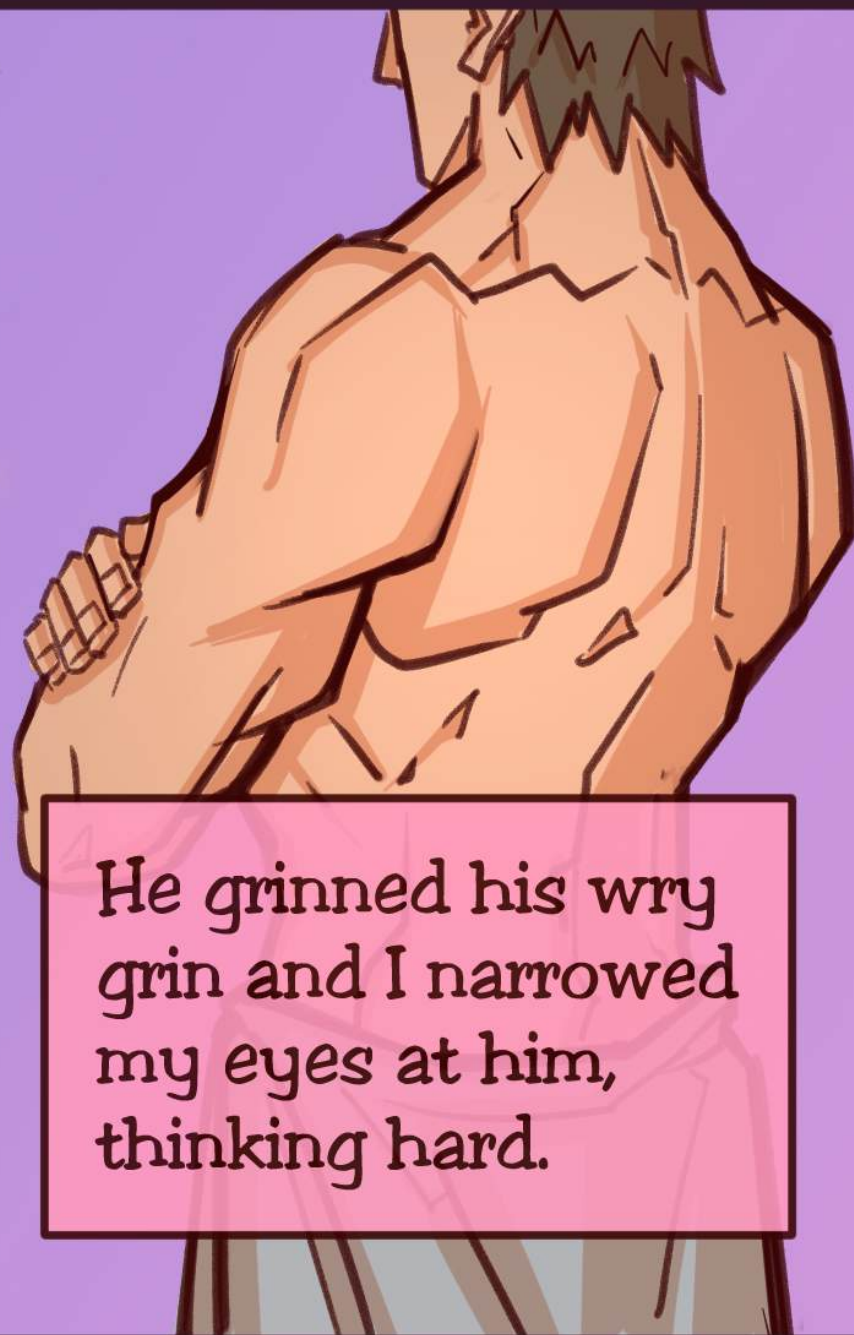
"Don't you think it would have been much more proper of you to wait outside until I was done and demand I return them?"



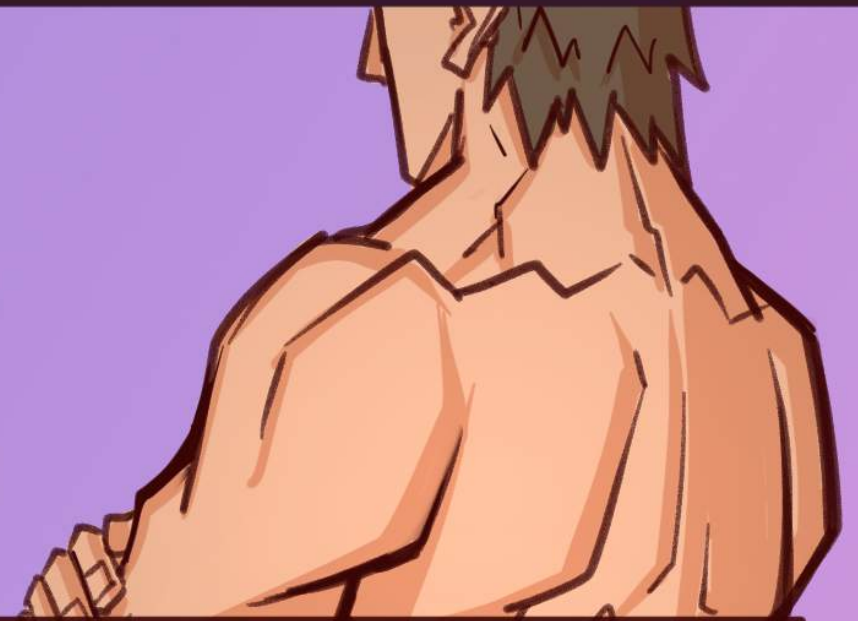
"Instead of crawling on your hands and knees through the bathroom where I was innocently showering, never suspecting to be EXPOSED like this."



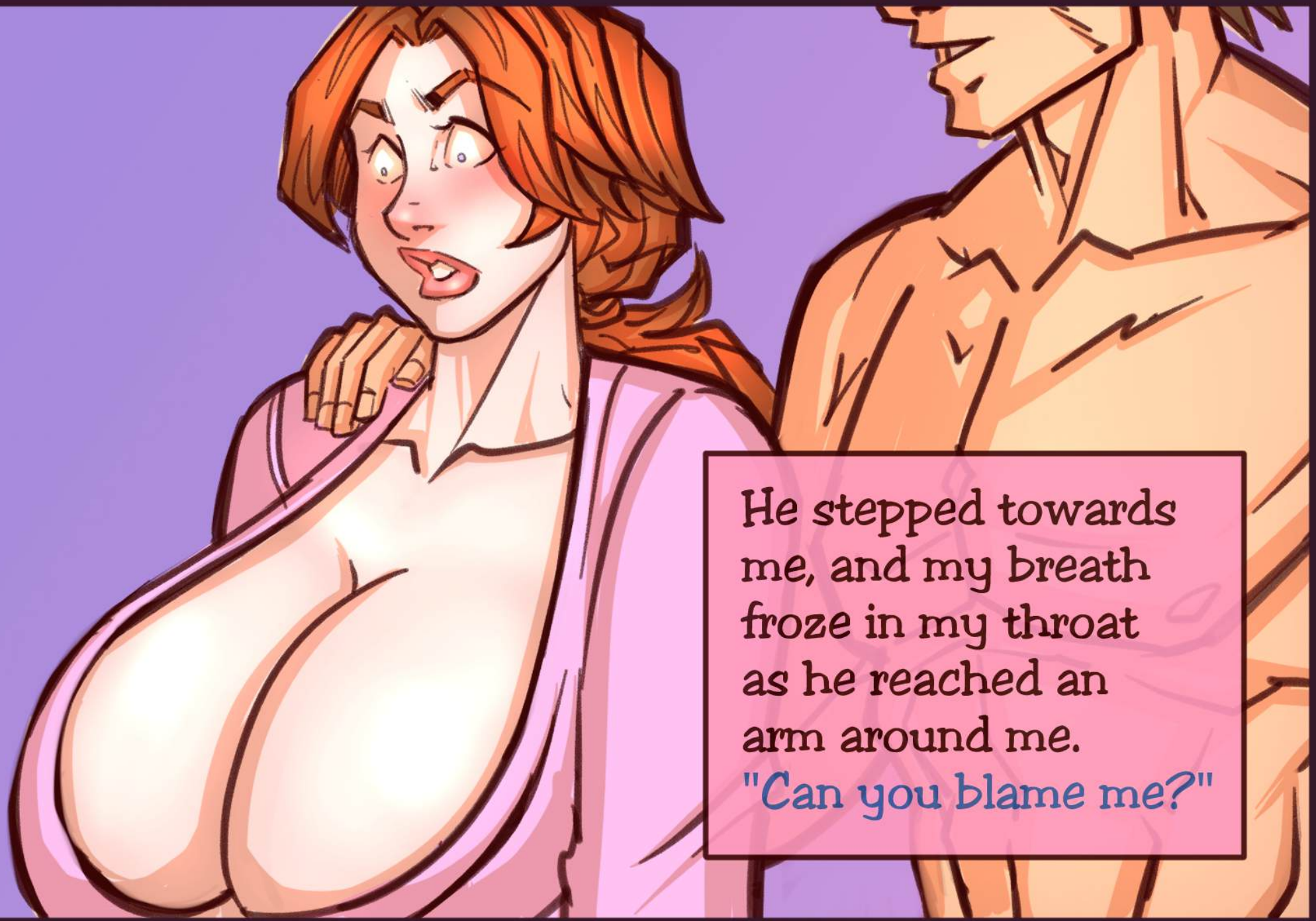
"Ms. Wise, what would my mother think of your behaviour??!!"



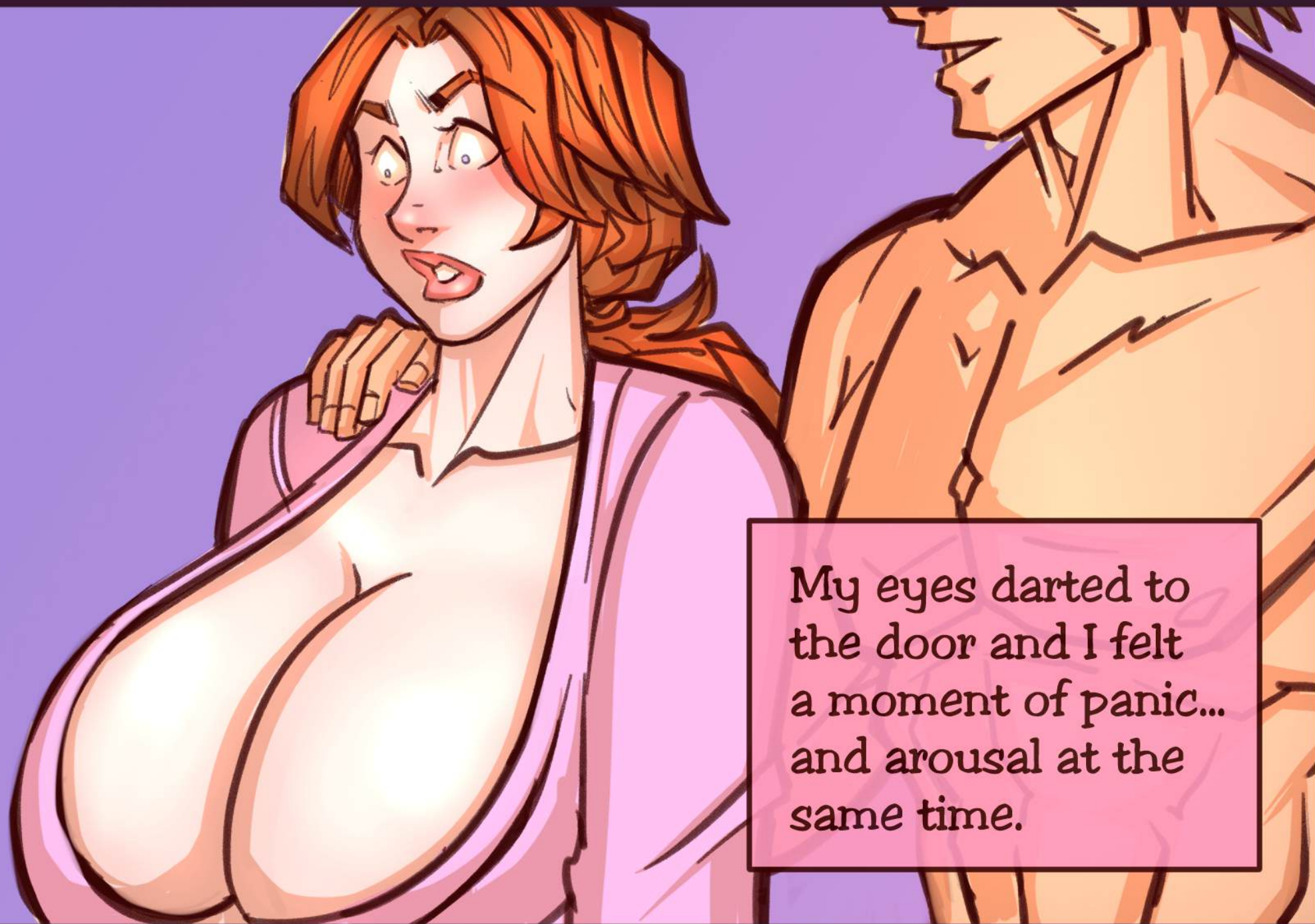
He grinned his wry grin and I narrowed my eyes at him, thinking hard.



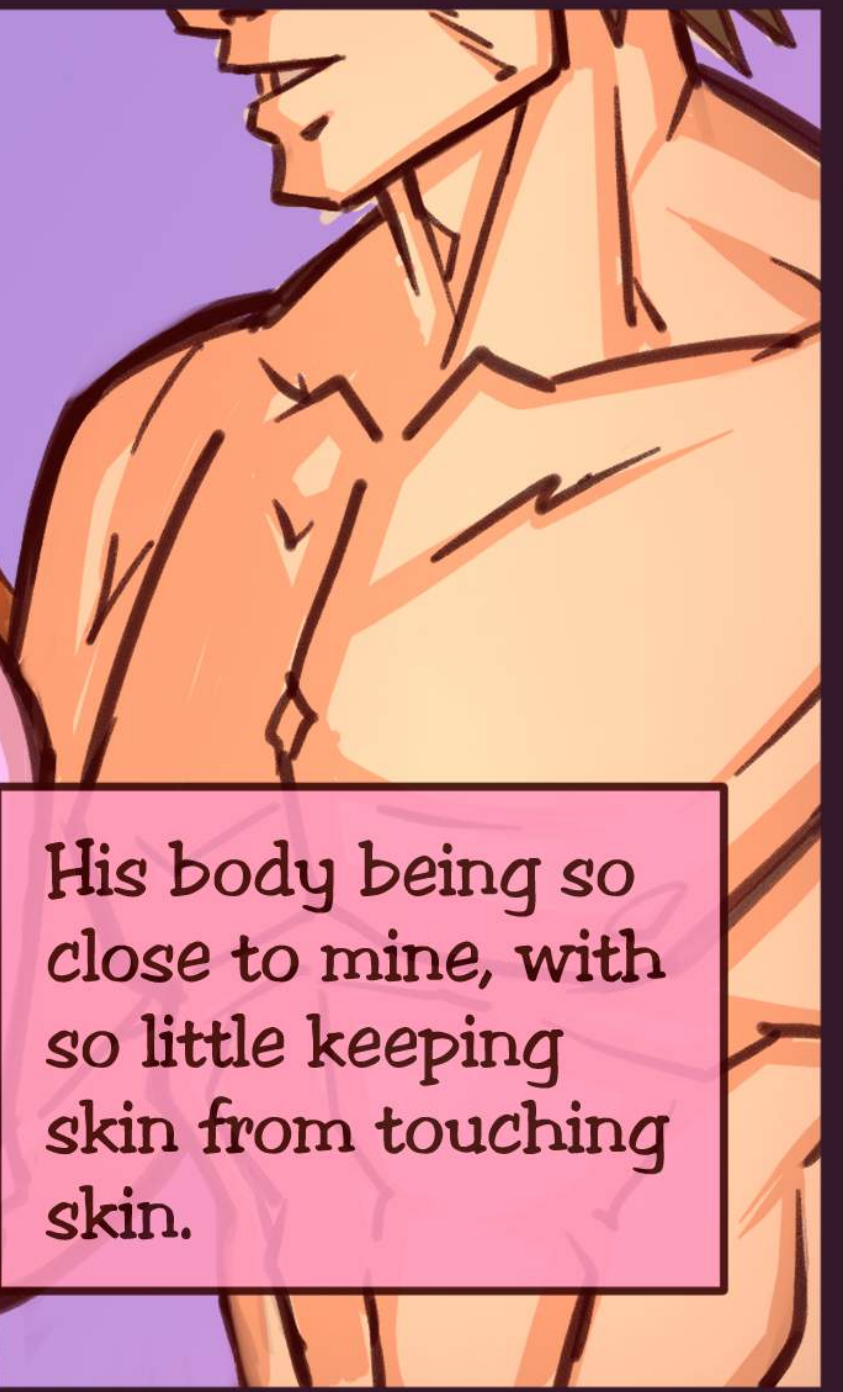
"I, well, yes...I suppose I could have...but HEY! If YOU hadn't stolen them in the first place, you little brat, I never would have had to retrieve them at all!"



He stepped towards me, and my breath froze in my throat as he reached an arm around me.
"Can you blame me?"



My eyes darted to the door and I felt a moment of panic... and arousal at the same time.



His body being so close to mine, with so little keeping skin from touching skin.

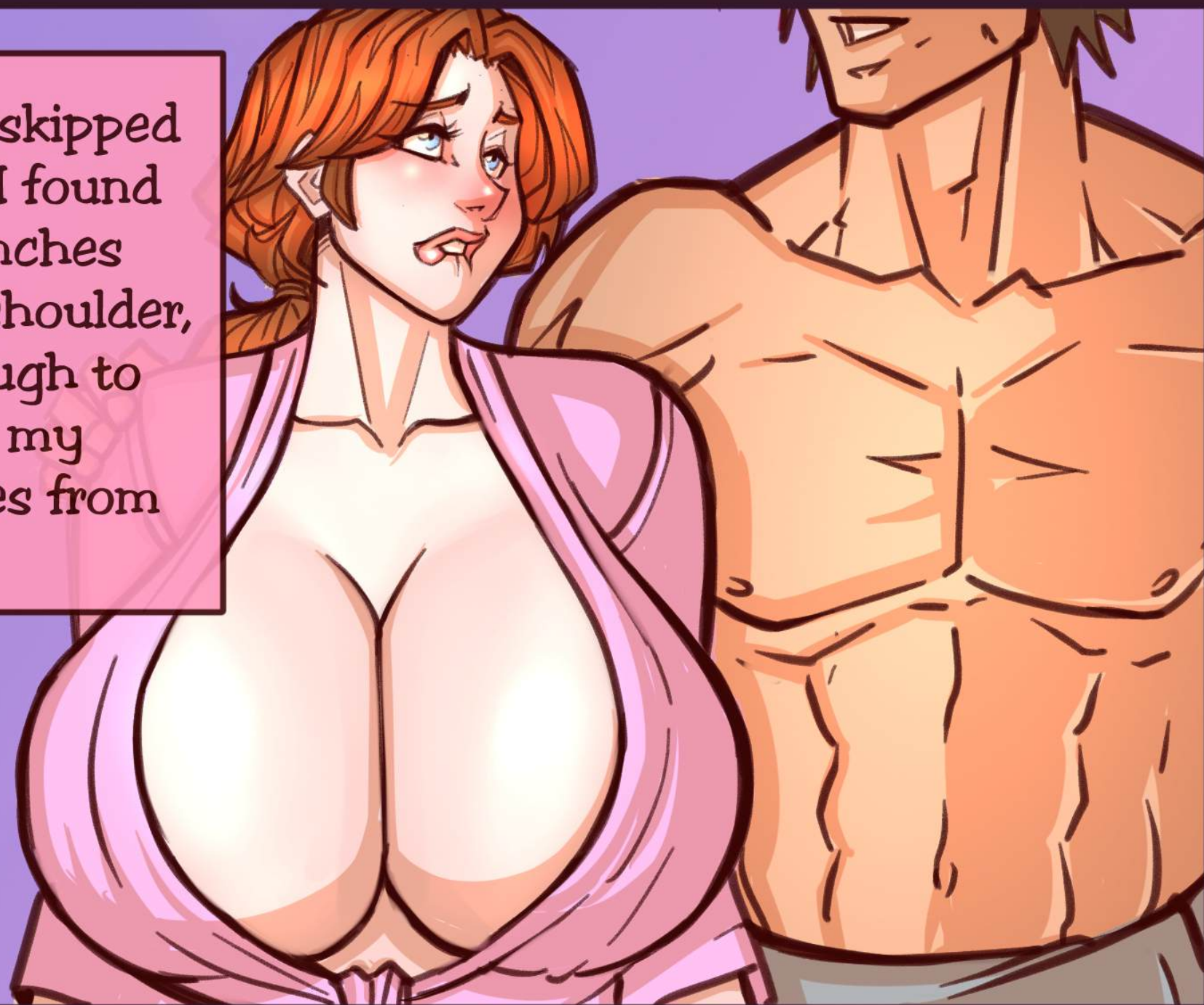


I could smell the sharp fragrance of his freshly shampooed hair in my nostrils, could feel his breath on my cheek as he leaned forward.

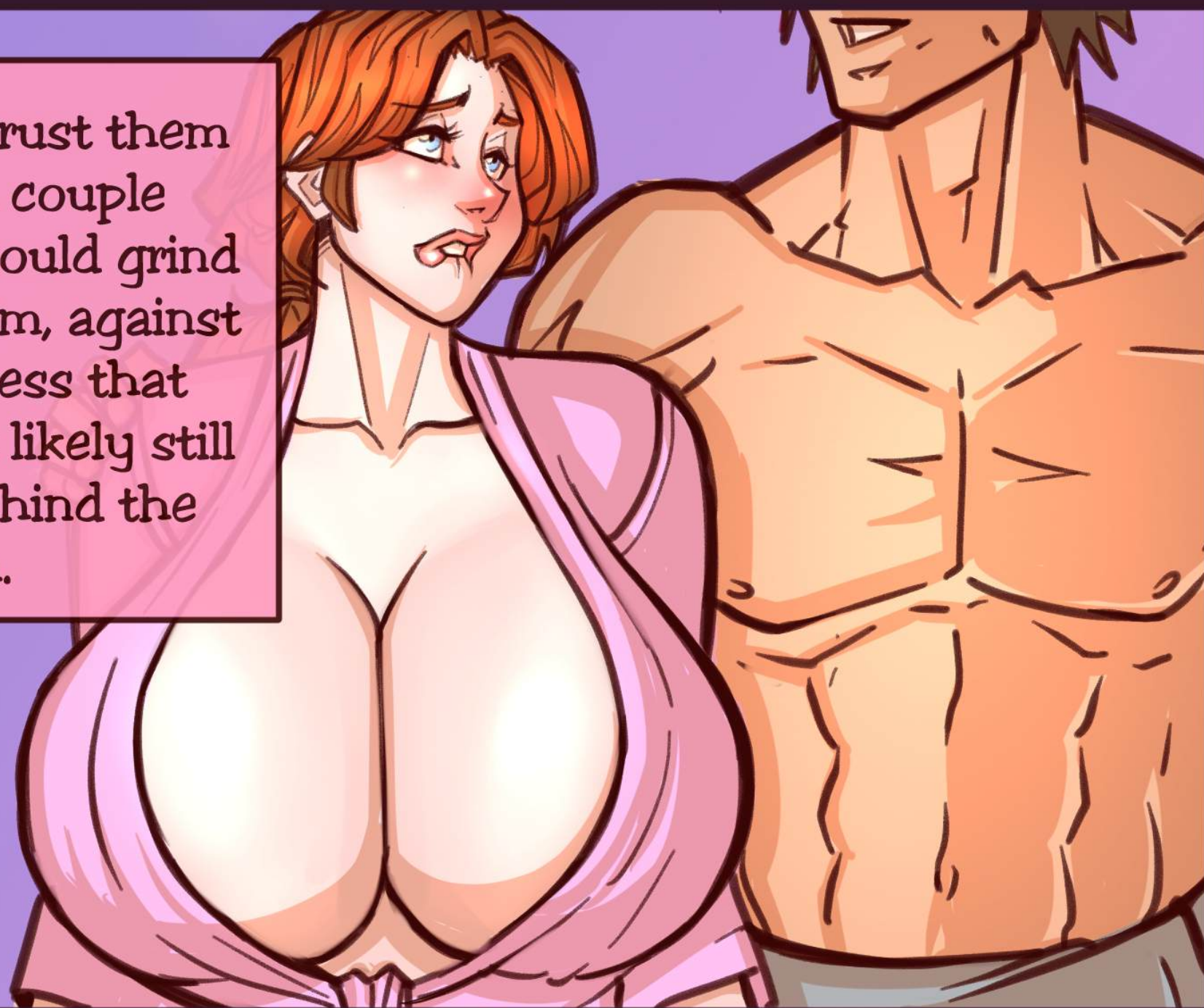


"Just getting the clothes you brought for me, Ms. Wise," he growled in a low tone near my ear, reaching behind me for the pile.

My heart skipped a beat as I found my face inches from his shoulder, close enough to nibble on, my hips inches from his.



If I just thrust them forward a couple inches, I could grind against him, against the hardness that was most likely still hidden behind the terrycloth.



Just one tug of my belt and my robe would open and I could press my breasts against him.



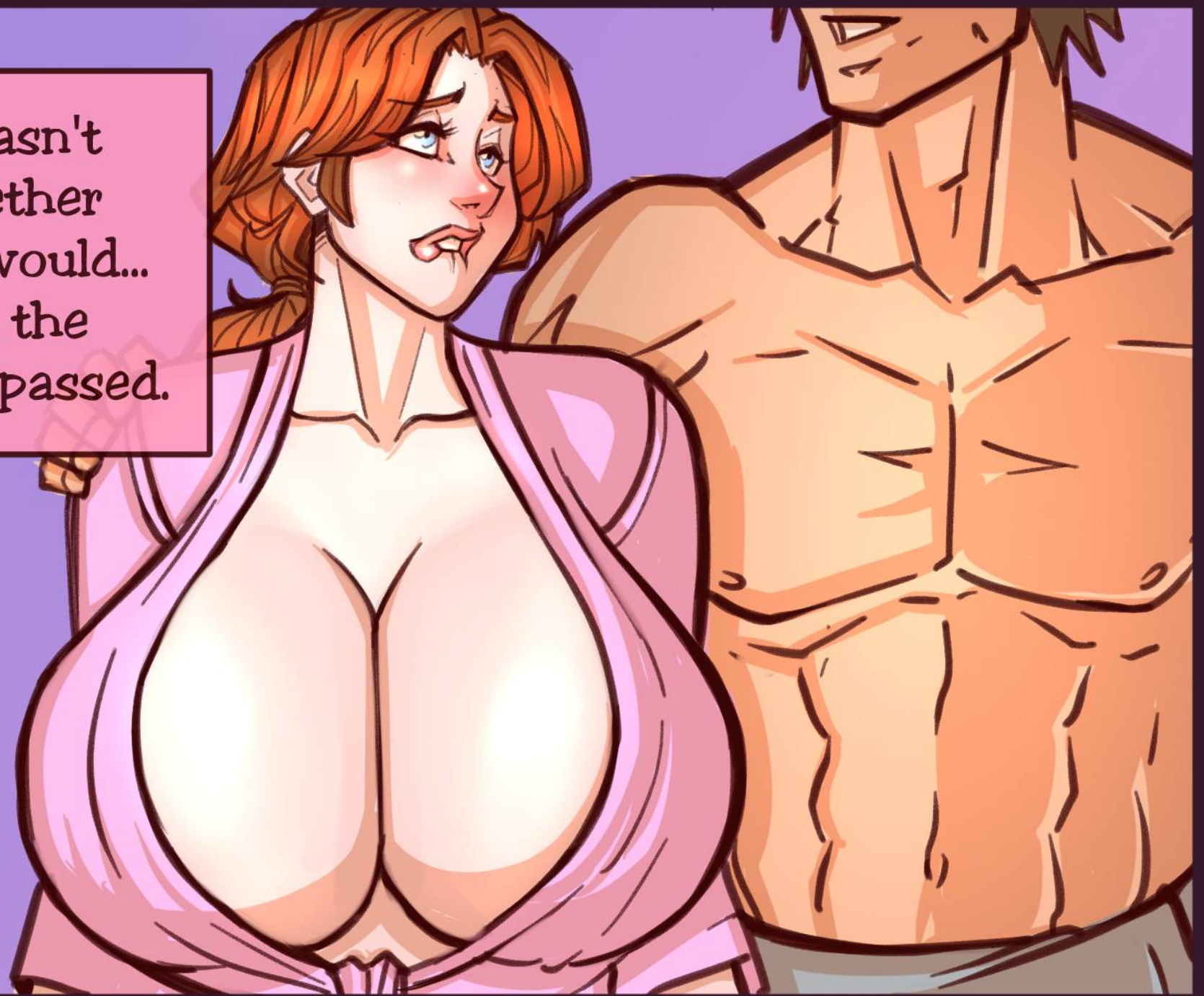
I could get my erect nipples rubbing against the drops of water trapped between the gentle curls of his chest hair.



For a moment,
I wavered on
the edge, heart
pounding, my
stomach churning,
my hand lifting
a little off the
counter.



I truly wasn't
sure whether
or not I would...
and then the
moment passed.



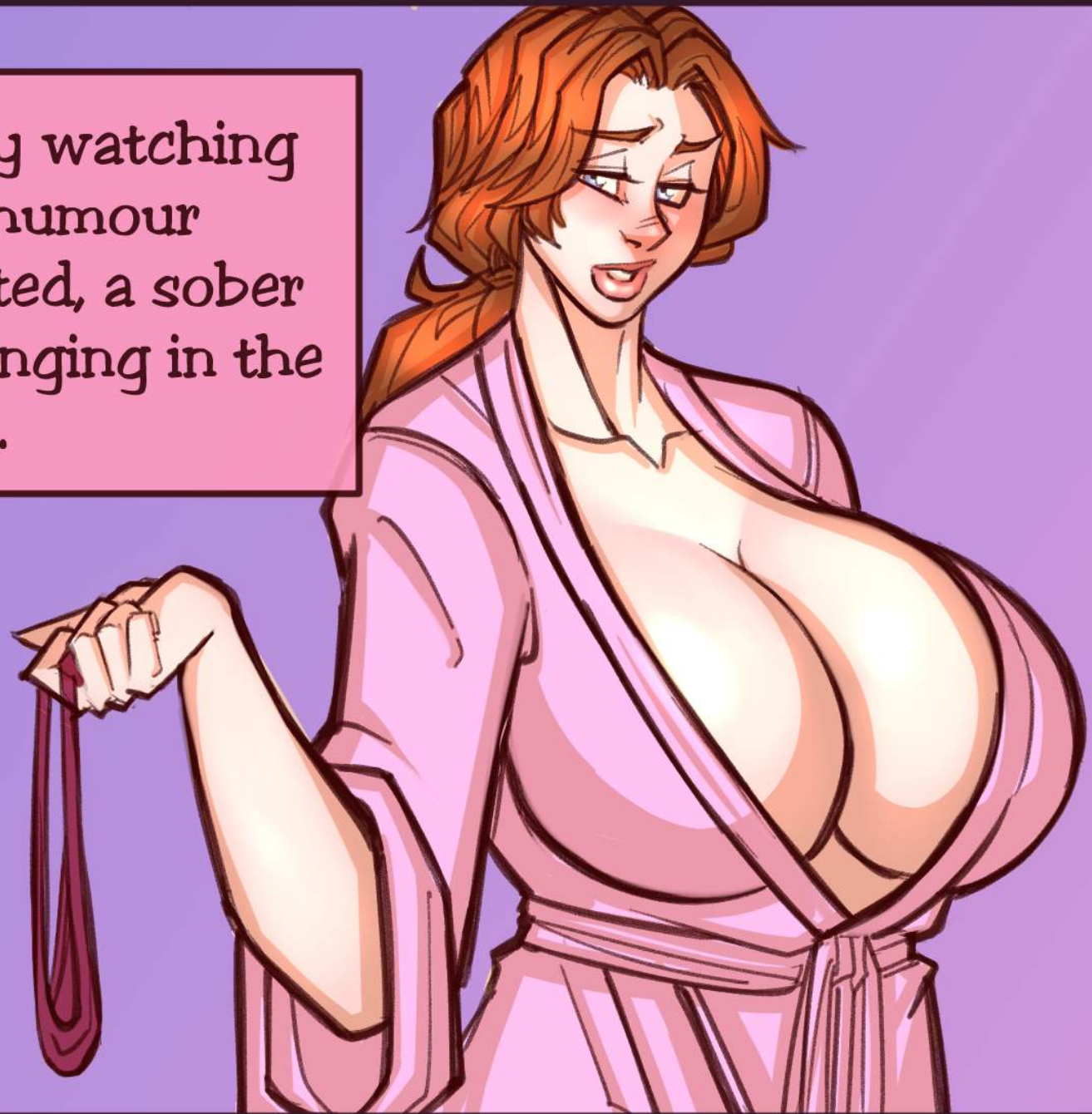
He pulled back with a handful of clothes and I finally exhaled, once again not sure if I was relieved or disappointed.



"Well, I'll leave so
you can get dressed,"
I finally said, finding
myself moving rather
slowly for the door,
lingering.



He was intently watching me, the sharp humour having dissipated, a sober uncertainty hanging in the air between us.

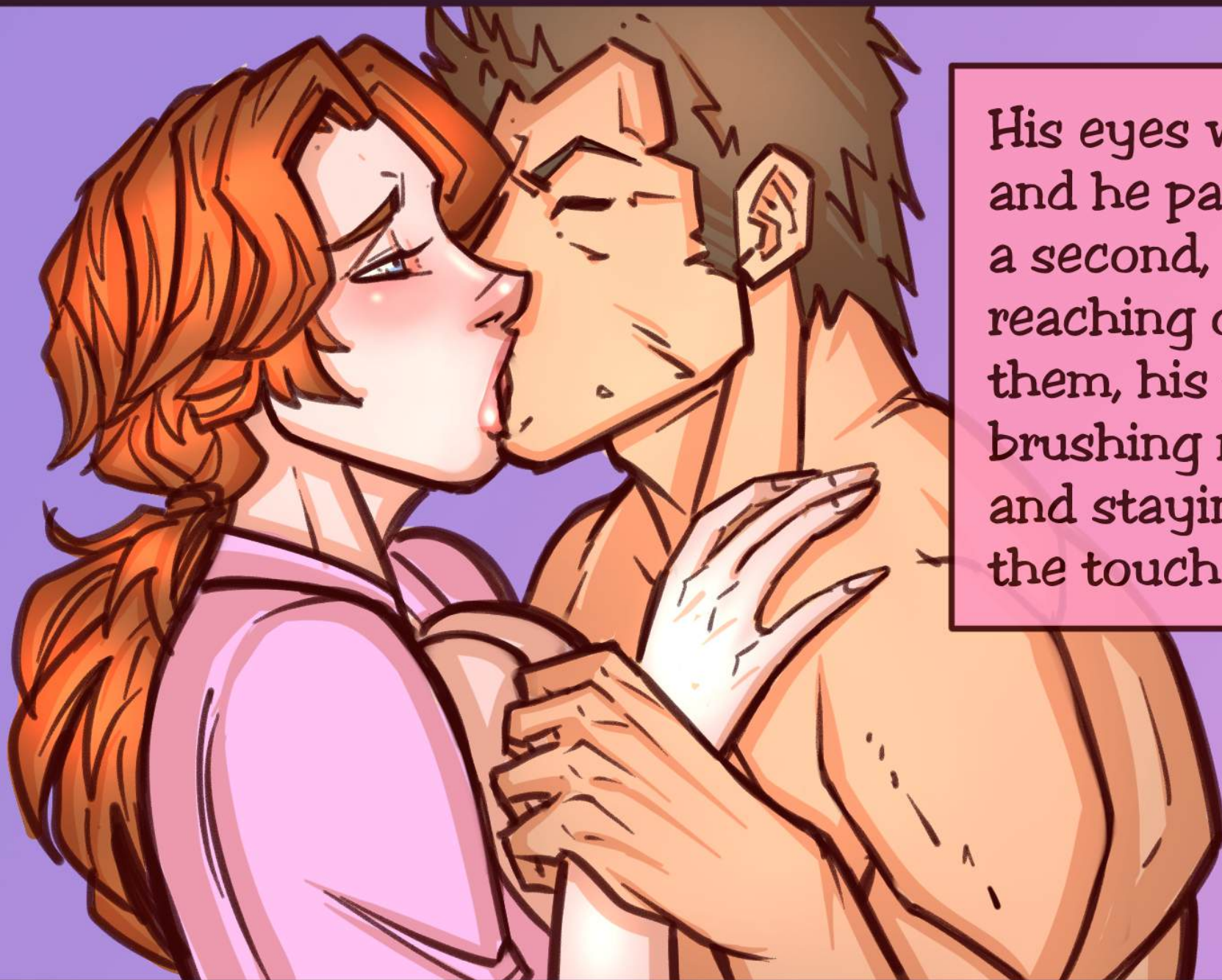


I stopped at the door,
one hand on the handle
and impulsively stretched
out my other arm, the
panties dangling from
one finger.

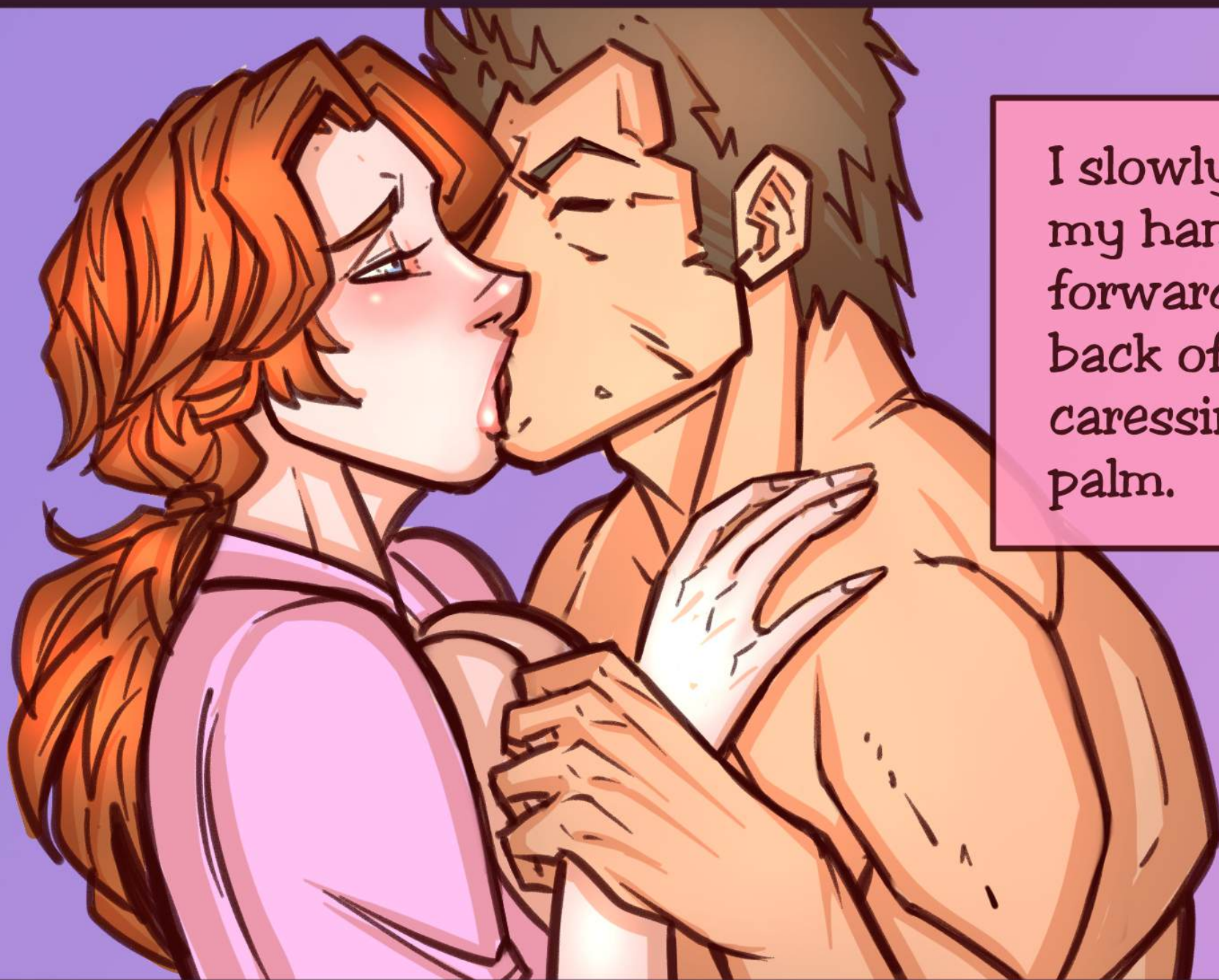


"Here," I said in a throaty whisper, trying to hide my shakiness.
"You can keep them."

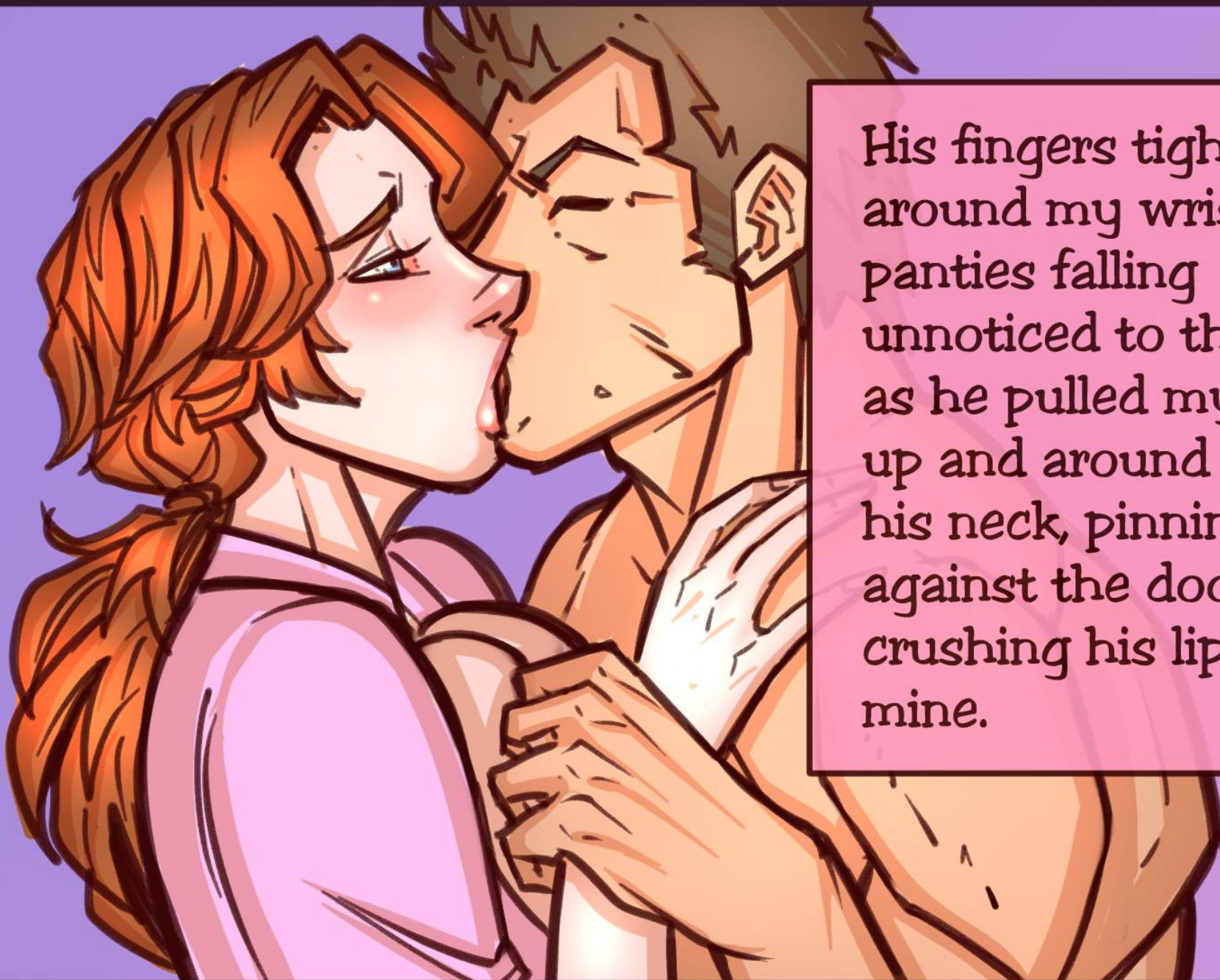




His eyes widened and he paused for a second, before reaching out for them, his finger brushing mine and staying there, the touch electric.



I slowly slid
my hand
forward, the
back of it
caressing his
palm.



His fingers tightened around my wrist, the panties falling unnoticed to the floor as he pulled my arm up and around his neck, pinning me against the door, crushing his lips to mine.

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