

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

"A short Break"

Chapter
08



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 08

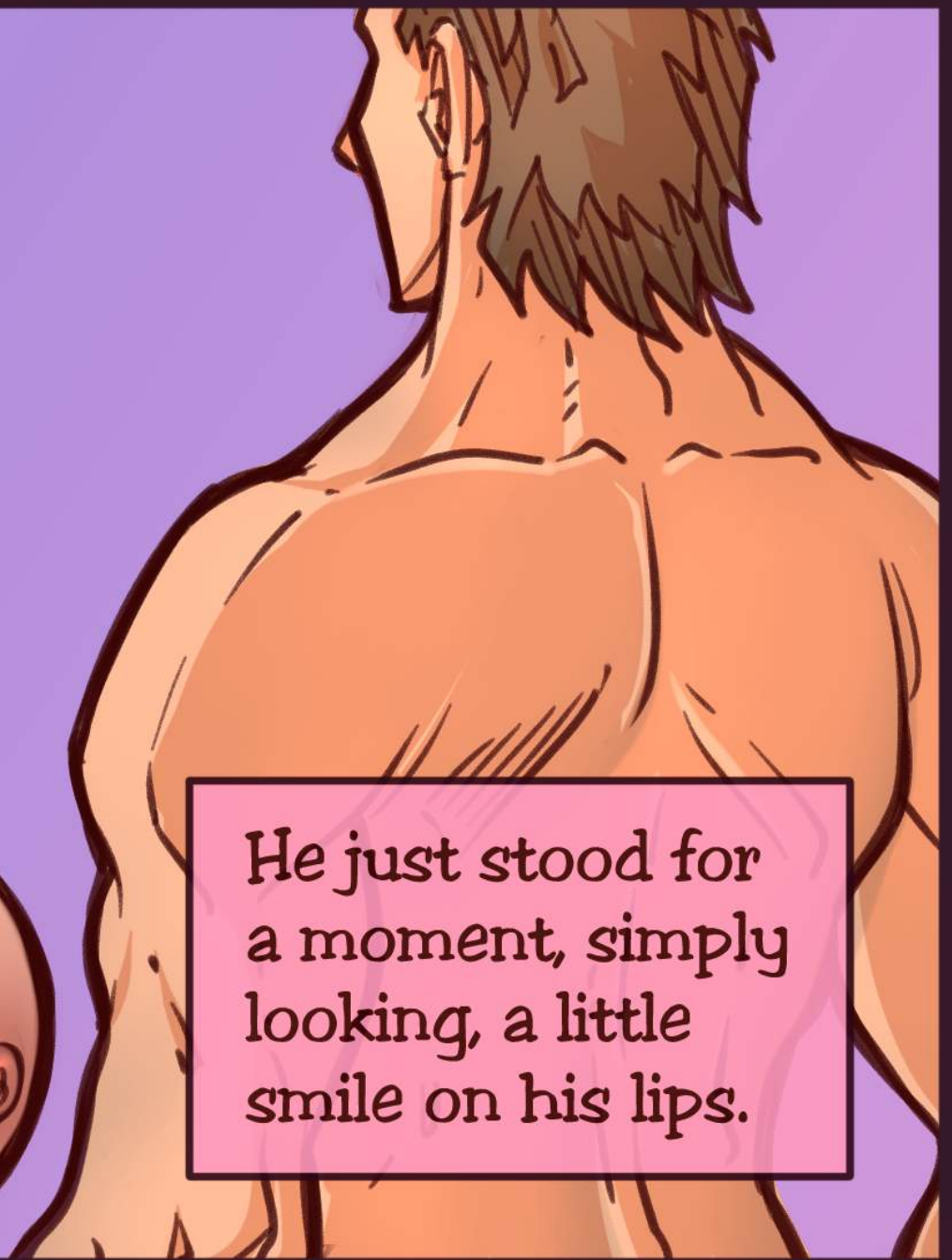




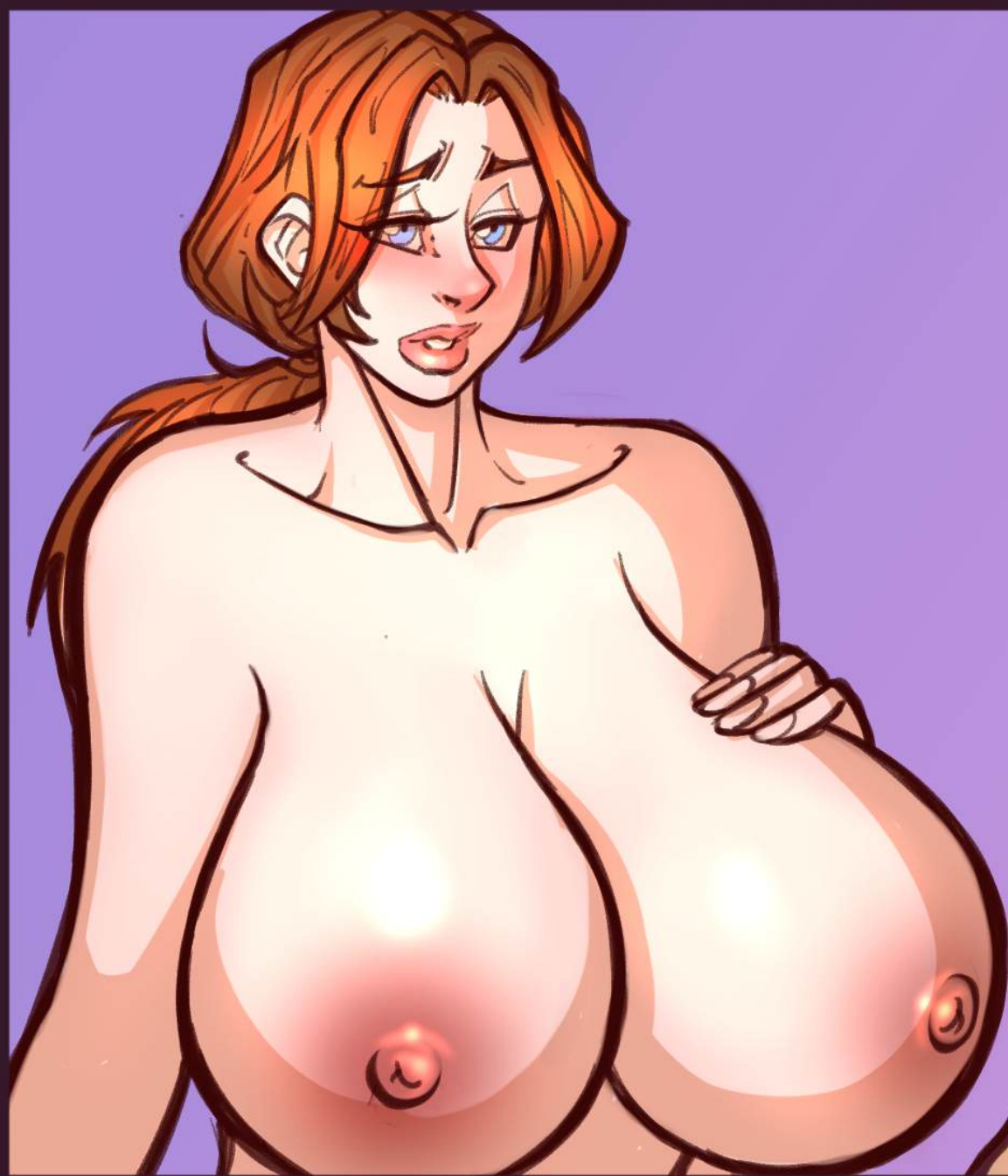
He let out a soft guttural sound, and closed his eyes for a moment.



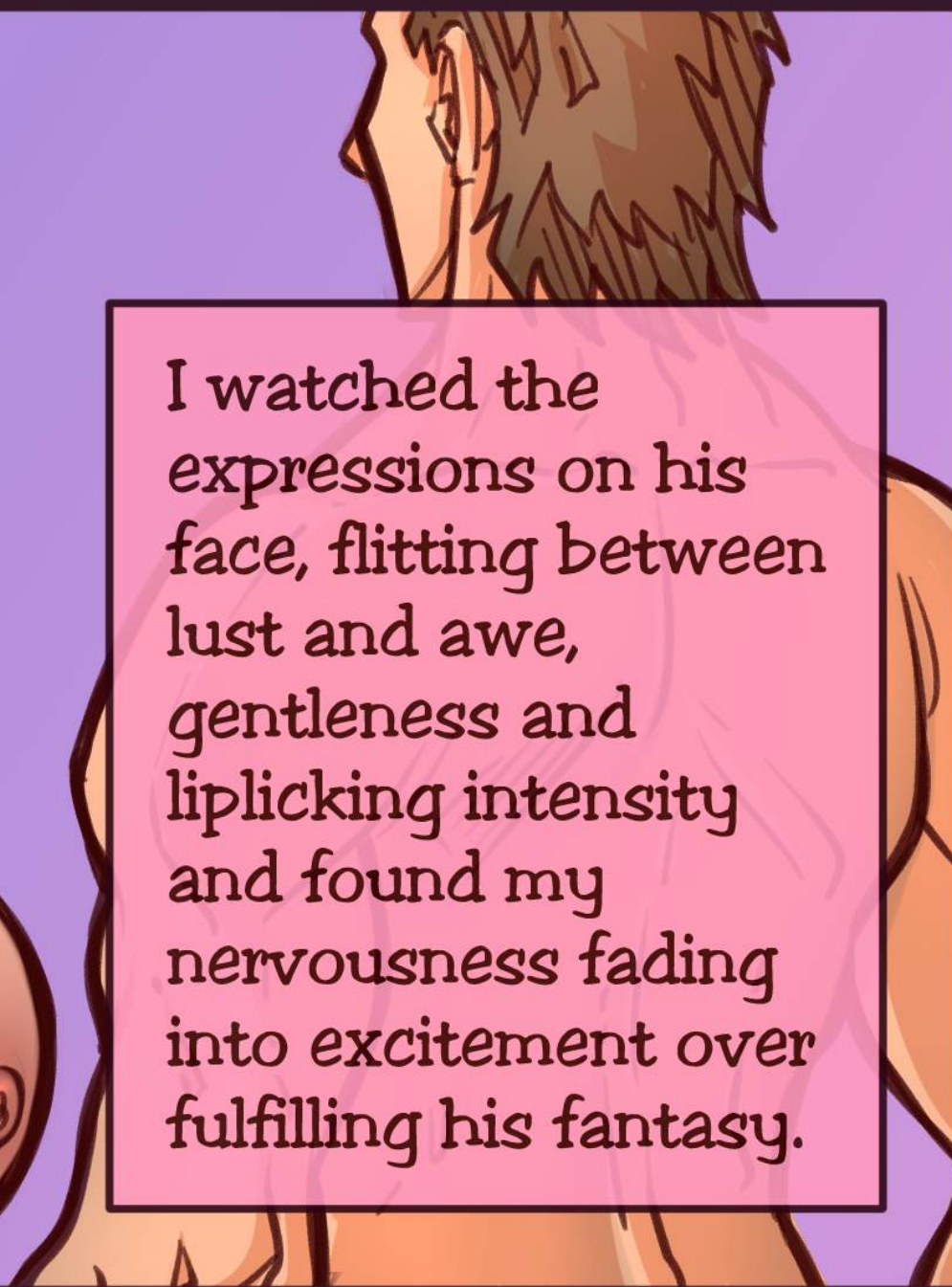
When he opened them, they were bright and intense, his face hungry and I got a fleeting sensation of how the prey must feel just before being ravished by a wild cat.

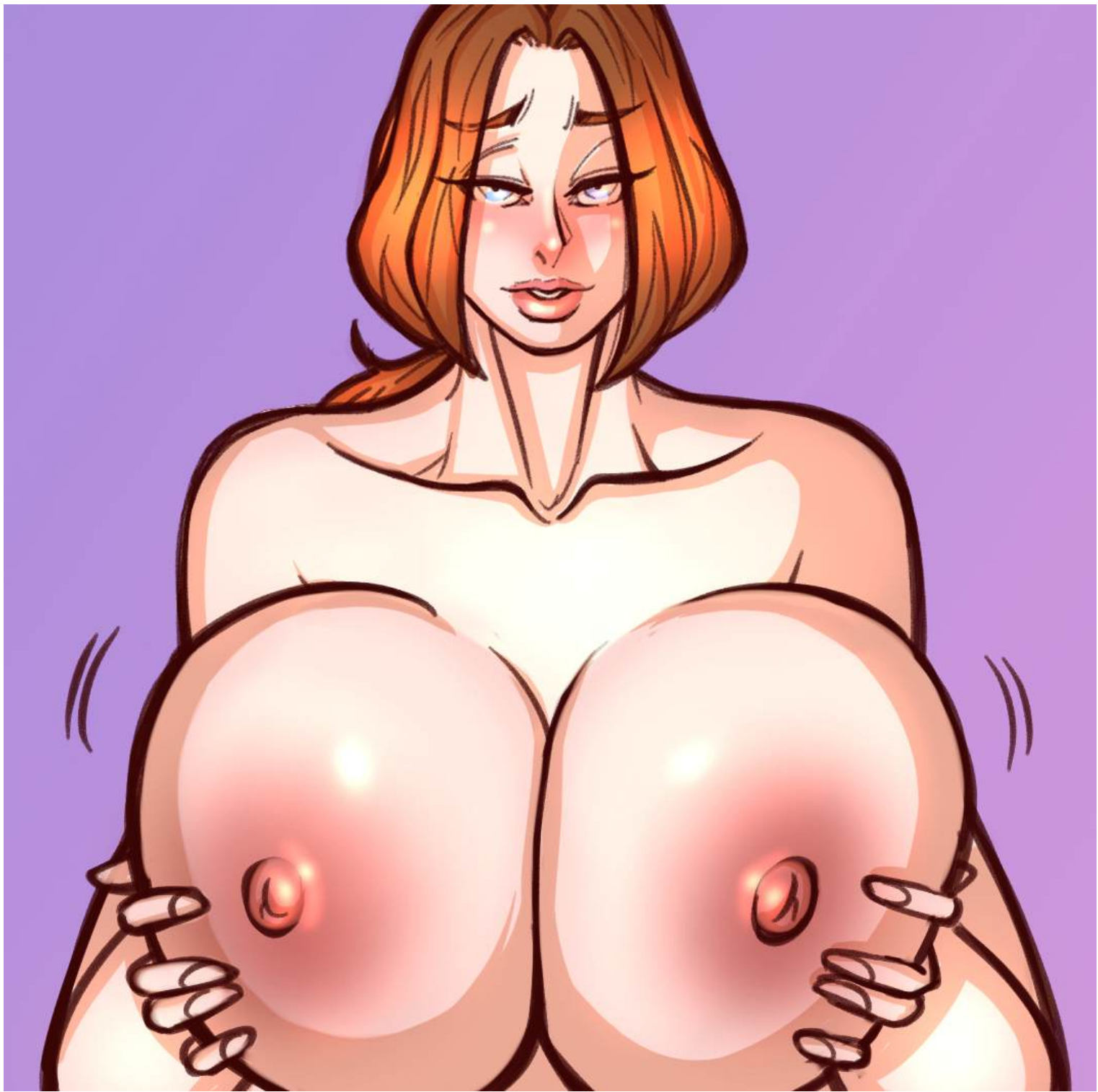


He just stood for a moment, simply looking, a little smile on his lips.



I watched the expressions on his face, flitting between lust and awe, gentleness and liplicking intensity and found my nervousness fading into excitement over fulfilling his fantasy.





That thin glass wall between years of imagining, wishing, hoping and the reality of it all had yet to be unbroken, his hands still at his sides.

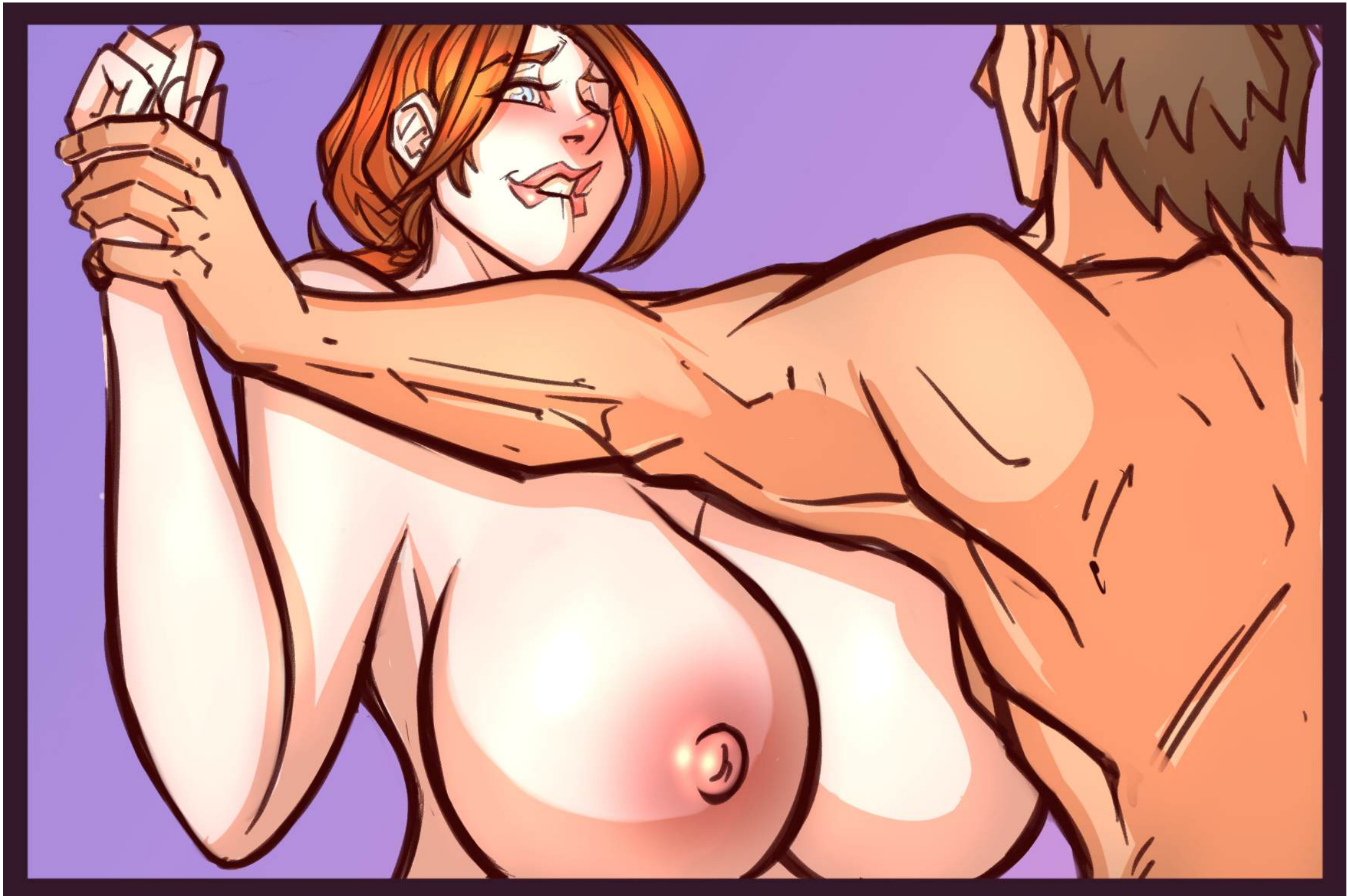


"Touch them, Cale,"
I urged, cupping
them in my hands,
the erect nipples
between my fingers.



"Today they are
yours."







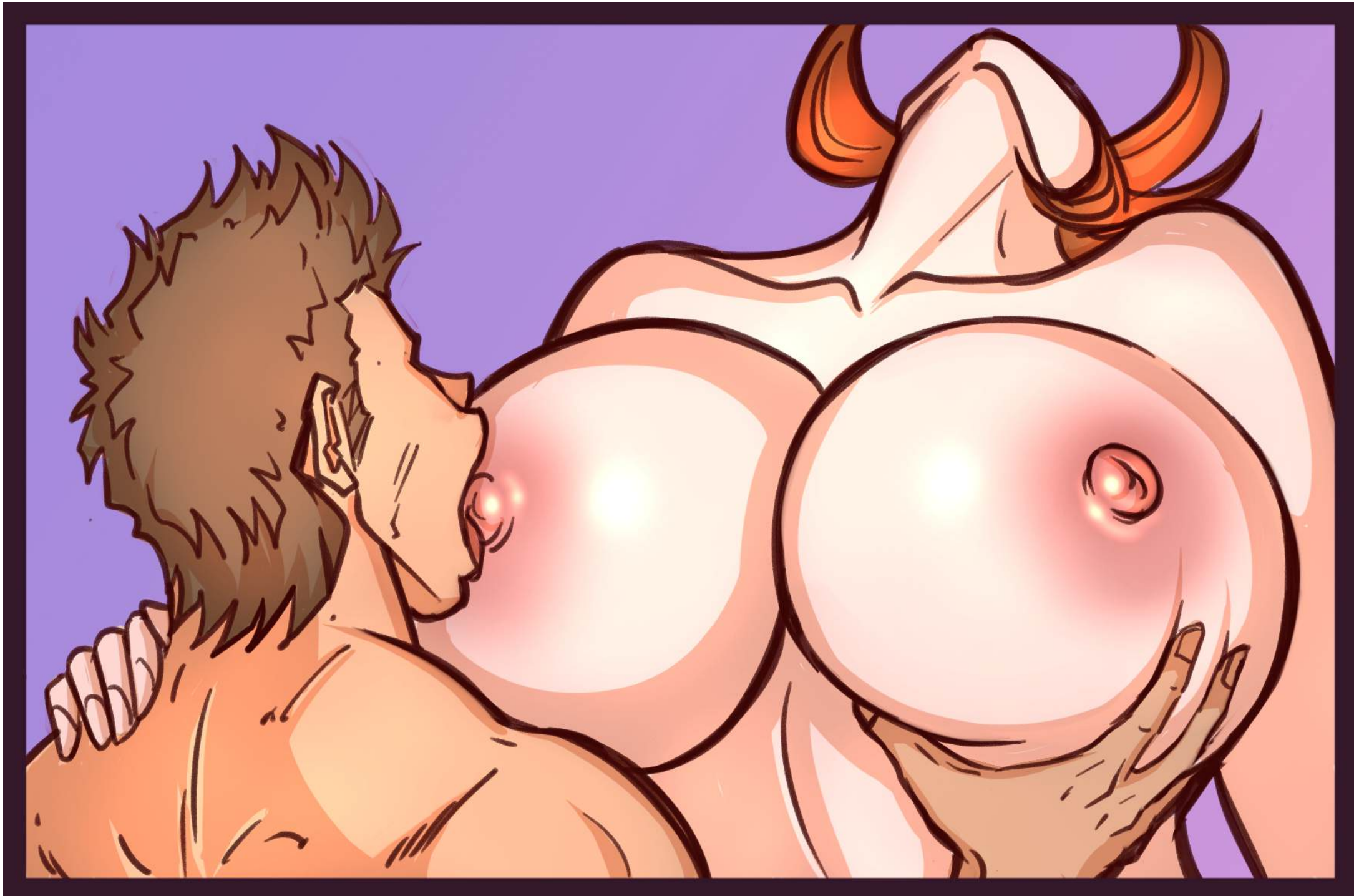
I closed my eyes as he reached out, placing his hands over mine, encouraging me to squeeze and knead them.



I exhaled in a sigh of pleasure and he moved my hands so that they were behind my head.



His hands slid from my wrists to my bent elbows and over my upper arms and down my sides to my waist.



His hands were now flat on my stomach, moving upwards until my breasts rested in the curves between his thumbs and index fingers.



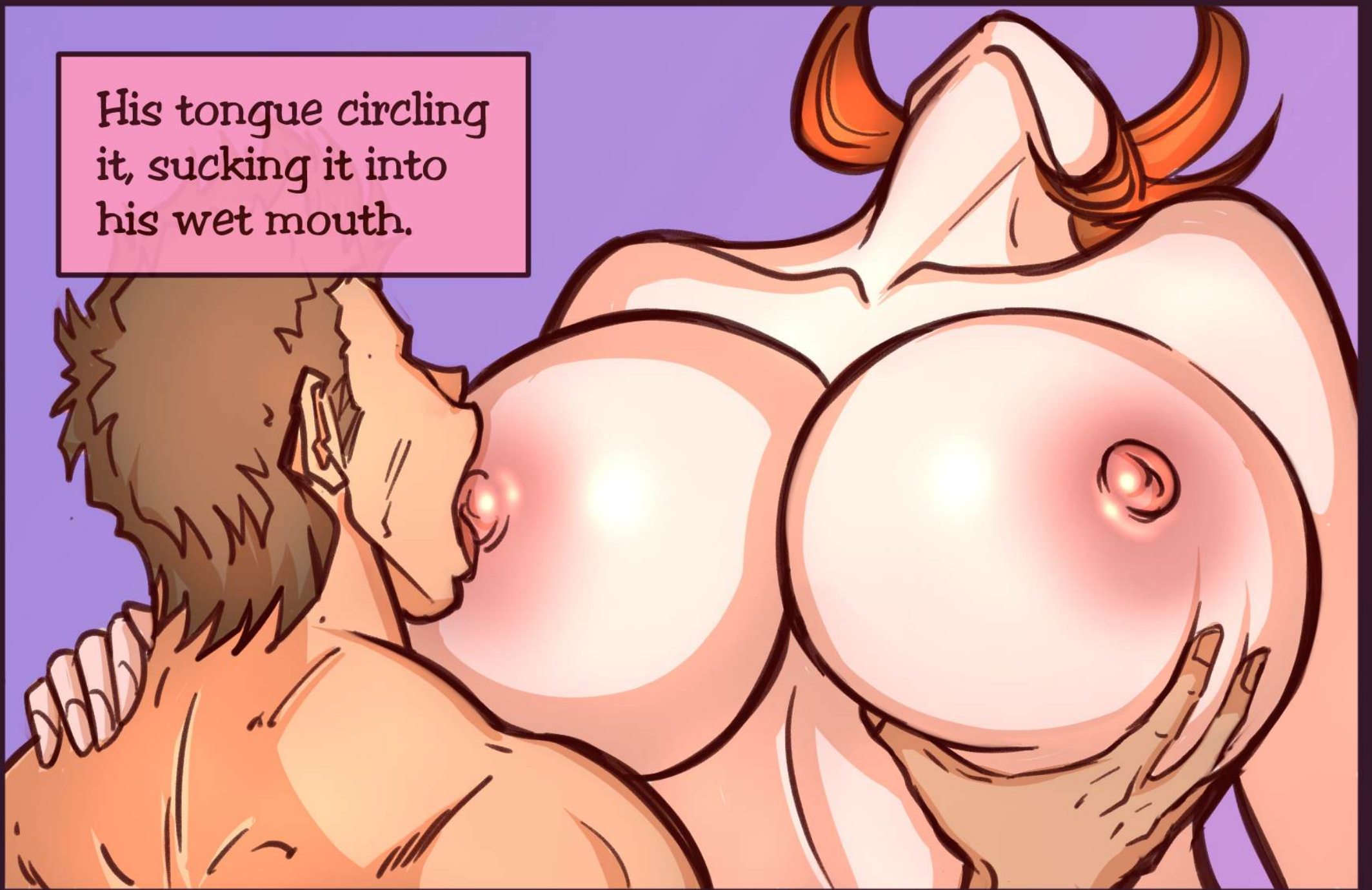
I could hear his
breath shallow
and shaky.



Then his warm lips
were gently on one
of my nipples.



His tongue circling
it, sucking it into
his wet mouth.



He moved to the other breast, giving it equal time, caressing the one he had finished with, cupping it, squeezing it, not so slowly and gently anymore.



I felt his teeth
scrape my
nipple as he
pulled back,
letting it slide
out.



I opened my eyes and looked down at him, taking my hands and running them through his hair, pulling his head back into my chest, urging him on.





He squeezed them together,
burying his face between
them for a moment.



His movements became
a blur of licking and
sucking and biting and
squeezing.



My voice was a symphony
of whimpers and moans
and gasps and cries.



My body slowly slid down the door until we were both on our knees on the bathroom floor.



"I want to fuck your tits
with my hard cock,
Ms. Wise."

His voice was strained,
urgent.

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