

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 45

*"Moment
of Relief"*

Chapter
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 45: "Moment of Relief"

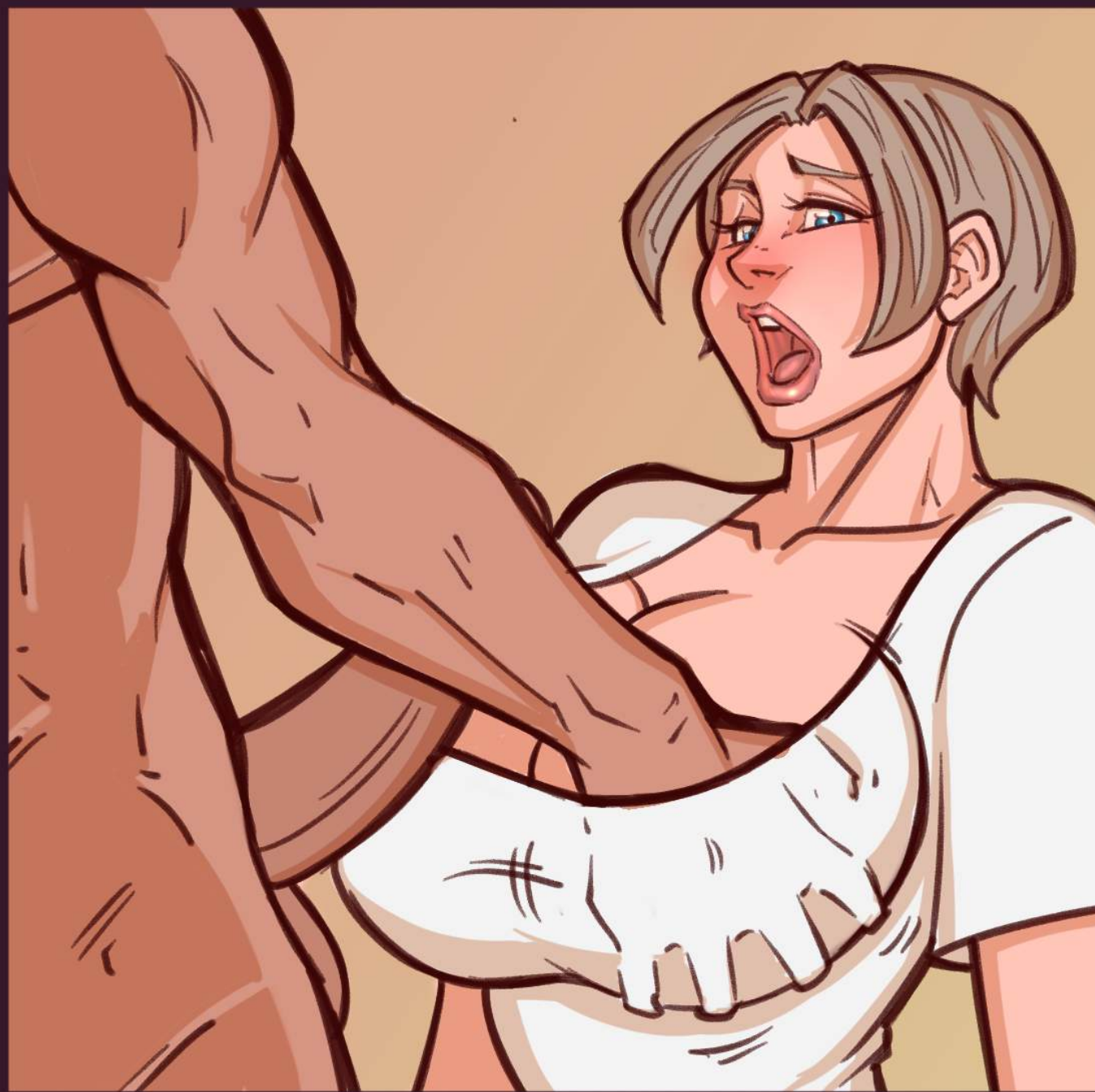
Based on an Original story by Anonymus
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

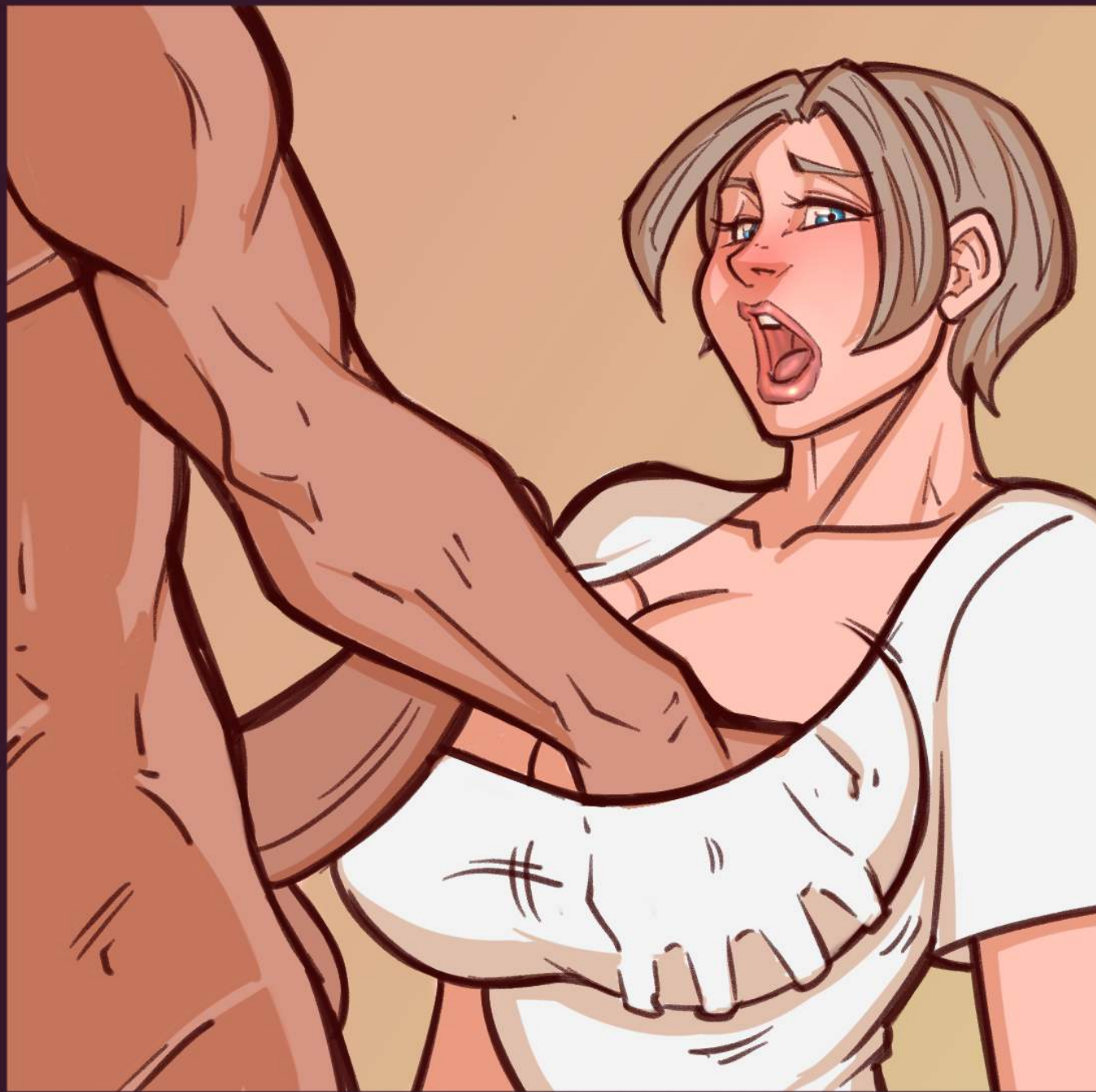
CHAPTER 03

She wasn't hurting anything,
she was just enjoying the feel
of my hard cock.

Now,
if we had just stopped there
and I had blown my load then,
it might not have been so bad.
But...



I couldn't help myself, and I reached down and my hand went inside her blouse and I rubbed her warm fleshy tit.



Rubbed it above the cup, moved my hand so that my fingers were under the strap but I didn't move down towards her nipple.



I just wanted to feel her flesh. I just had to know if they were as soft and sexy as I thought they were.



"Oh, John, that feels so good. Alan hasn't touched me like that in 10 years. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

It felt like heaven.

More buttons,
and it was
finally open
and she slid
it off her
shoulders.



She had still
been stroking
me all this time,
but now she
stopped and
reached behind
her and undid
her bra.



She shrugged her shoulders and the monstrosity fell away from her chest. I saw Wendy's tits for the very first time.



I could see the glory of her chest, her tits moving up and down with her breath, and she was clearly turned on now. As if I didn't already know that.



The truth is
that they
sagged down,
so that her
nipples were
pointing down
instead of out.



They weren't
the tits of a
young girl,
but that
simply didn't
matter.



At that moment
I wanted nothing
more than to
bury my face
into them, and
suck those
nipples for her.

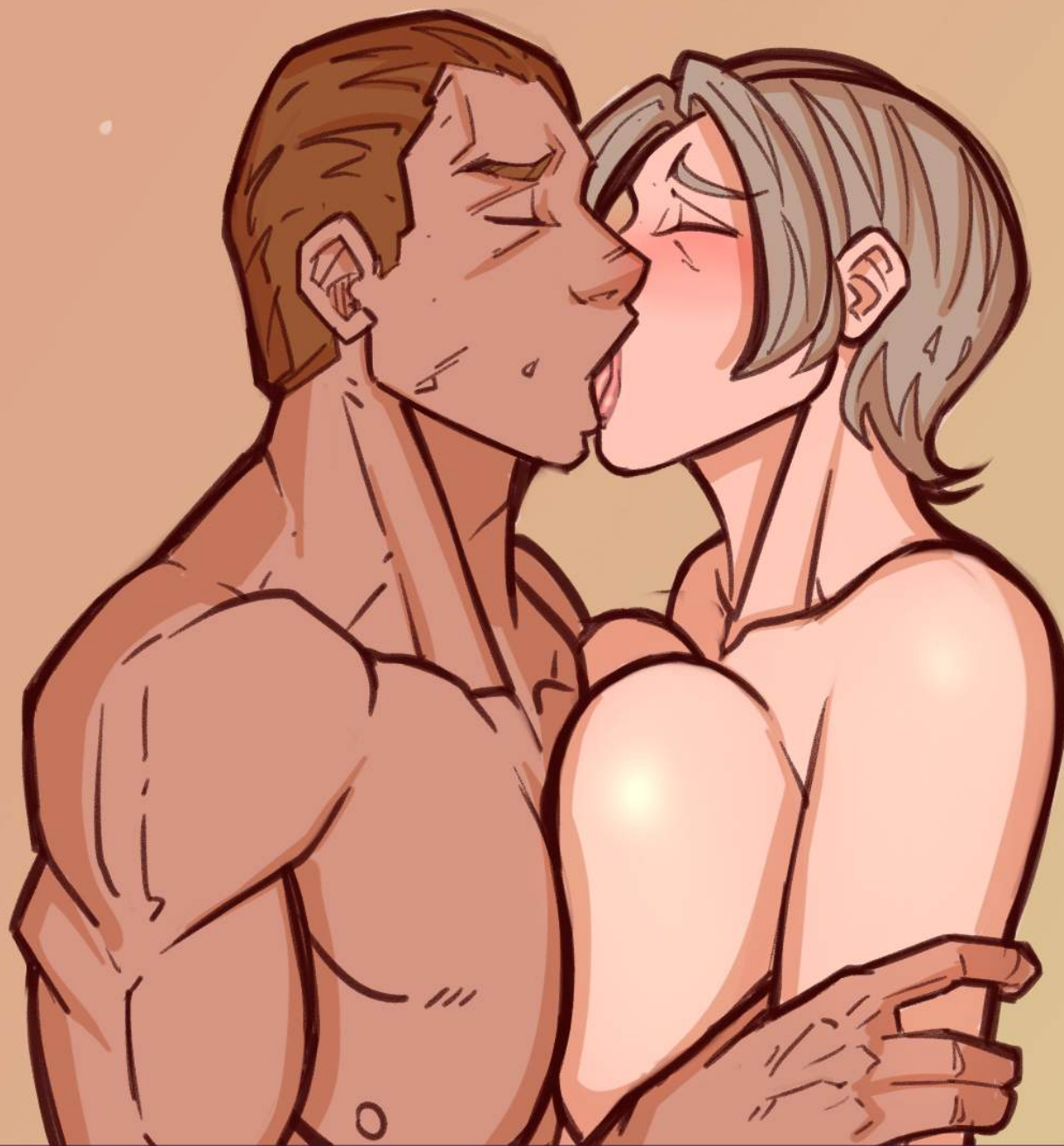


"I'm not a young woman, I know, but are they ok?" She was clearly worried about her body.

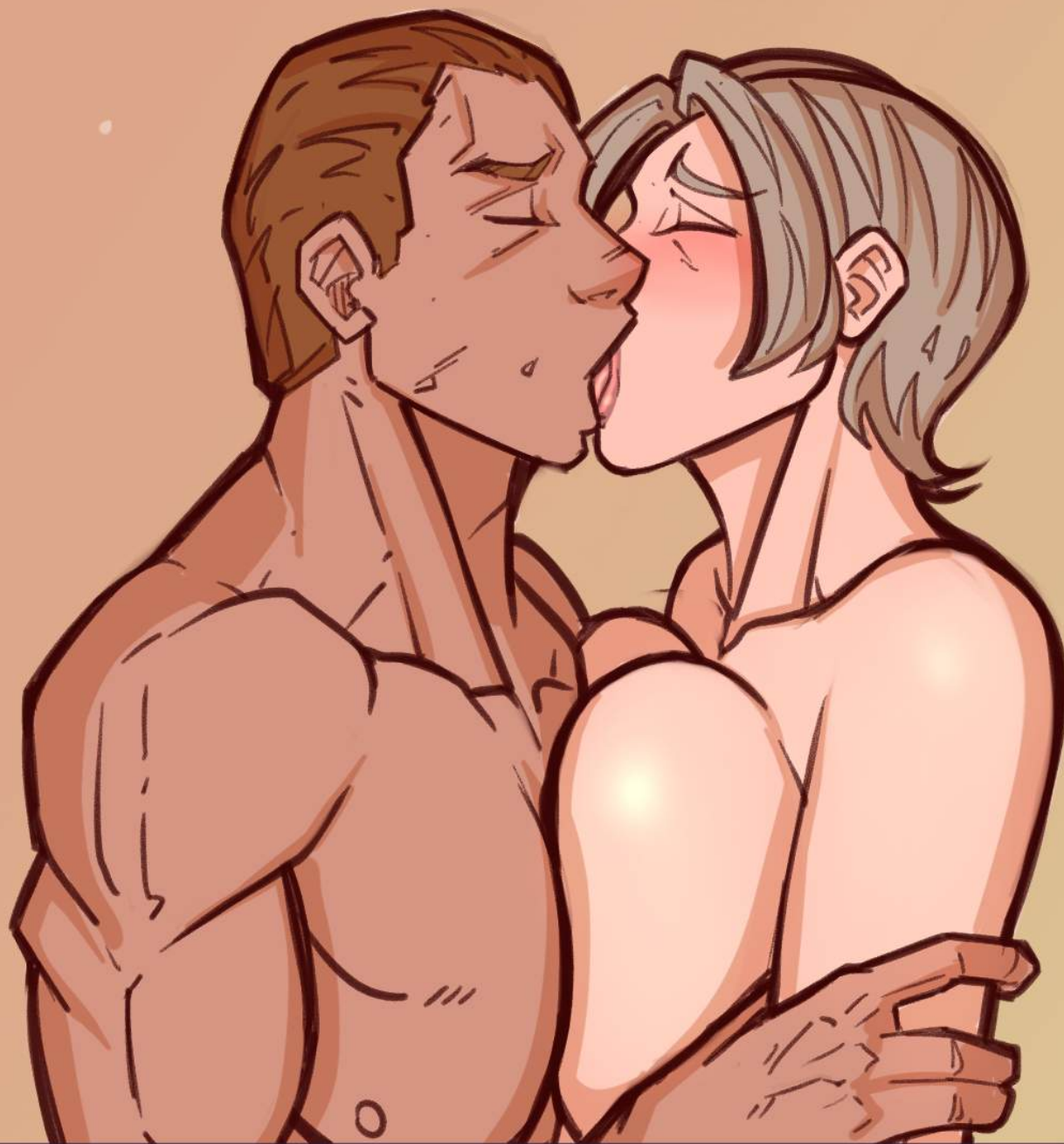


She looked me
in the eyes
then, and I saw
the fear and
the hope and
the desire, all
at once.

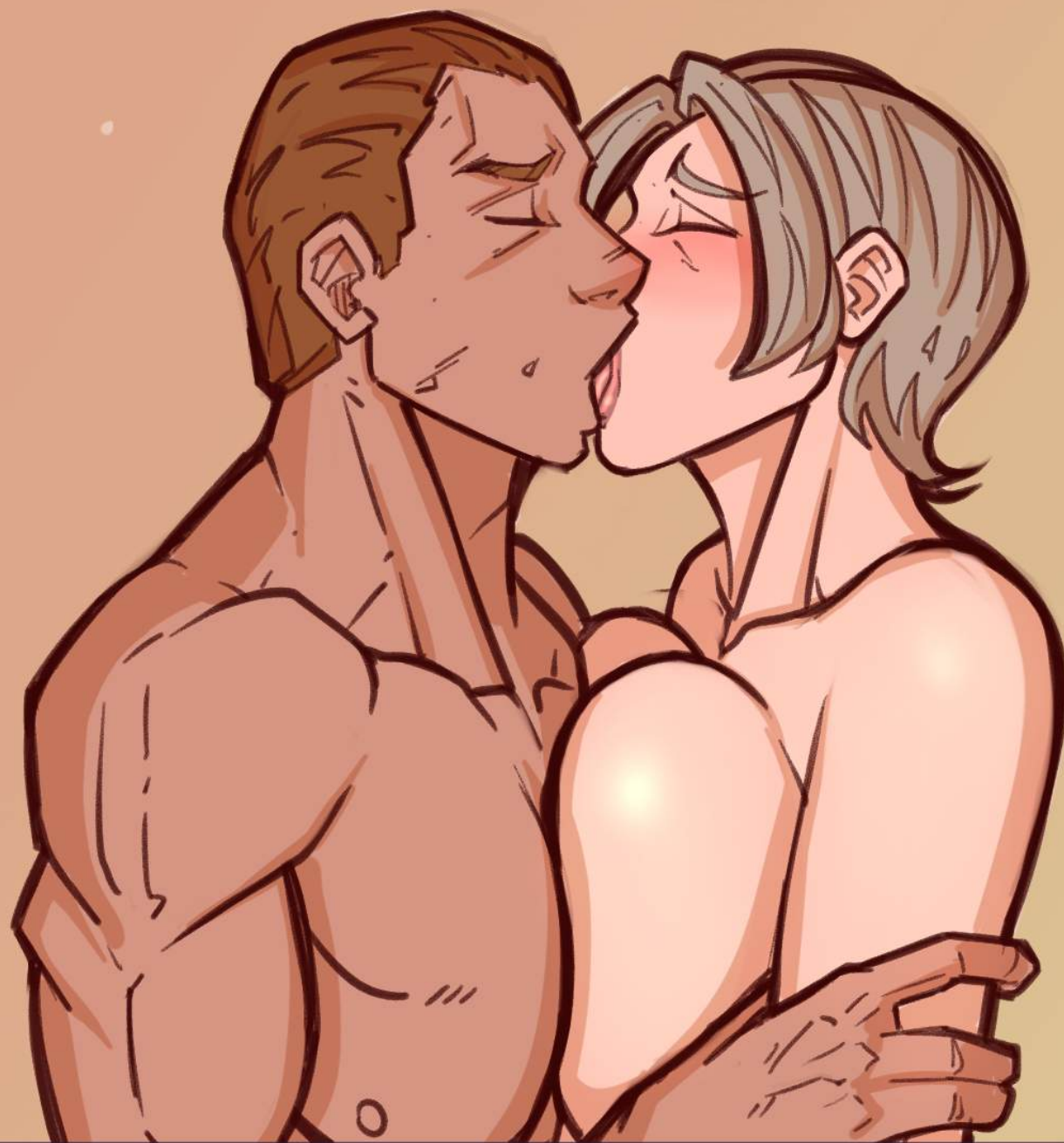




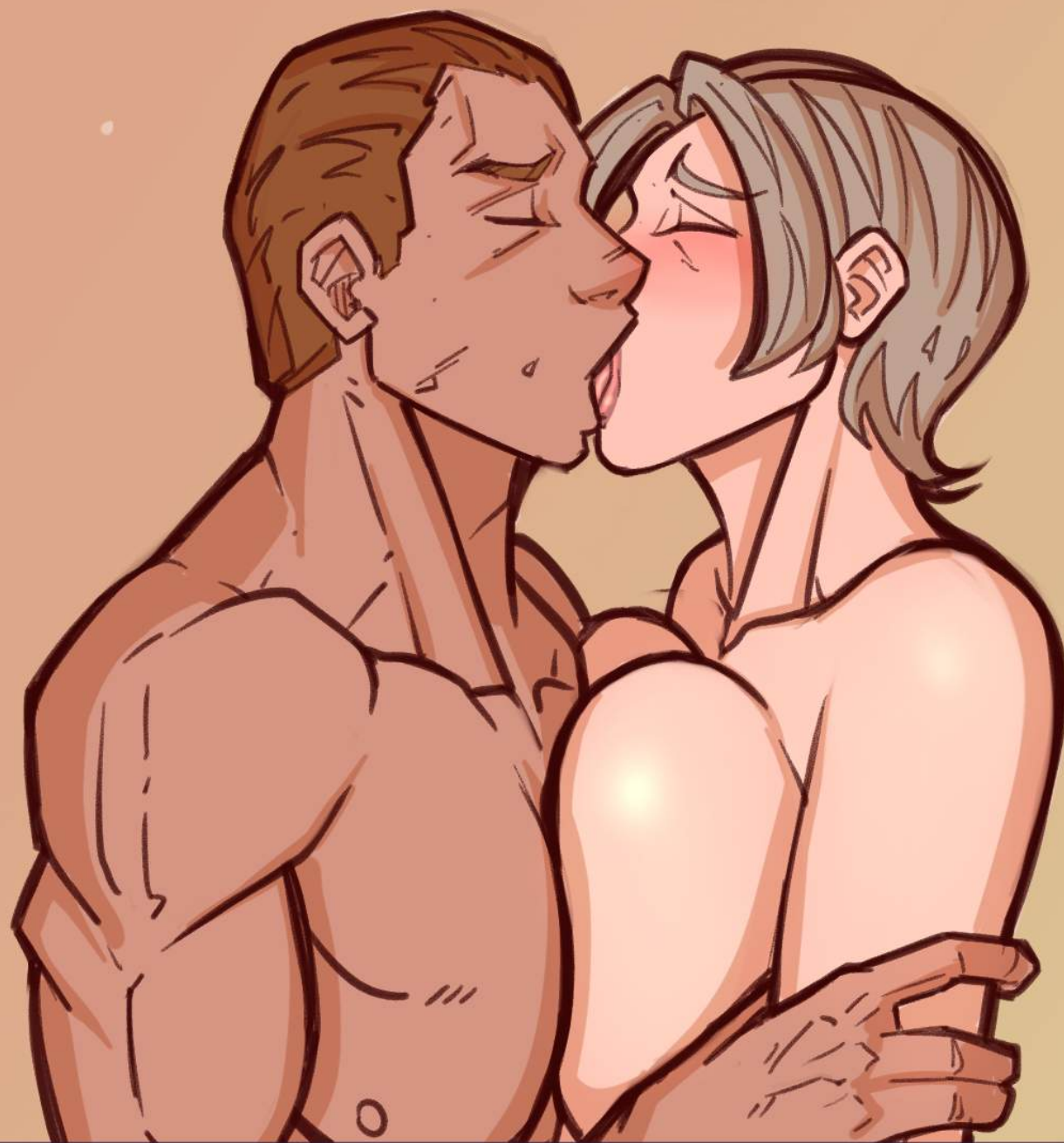
I responded by pulling her against me and kissed her deeply, passionately, like a man who is desperate to please his woman.



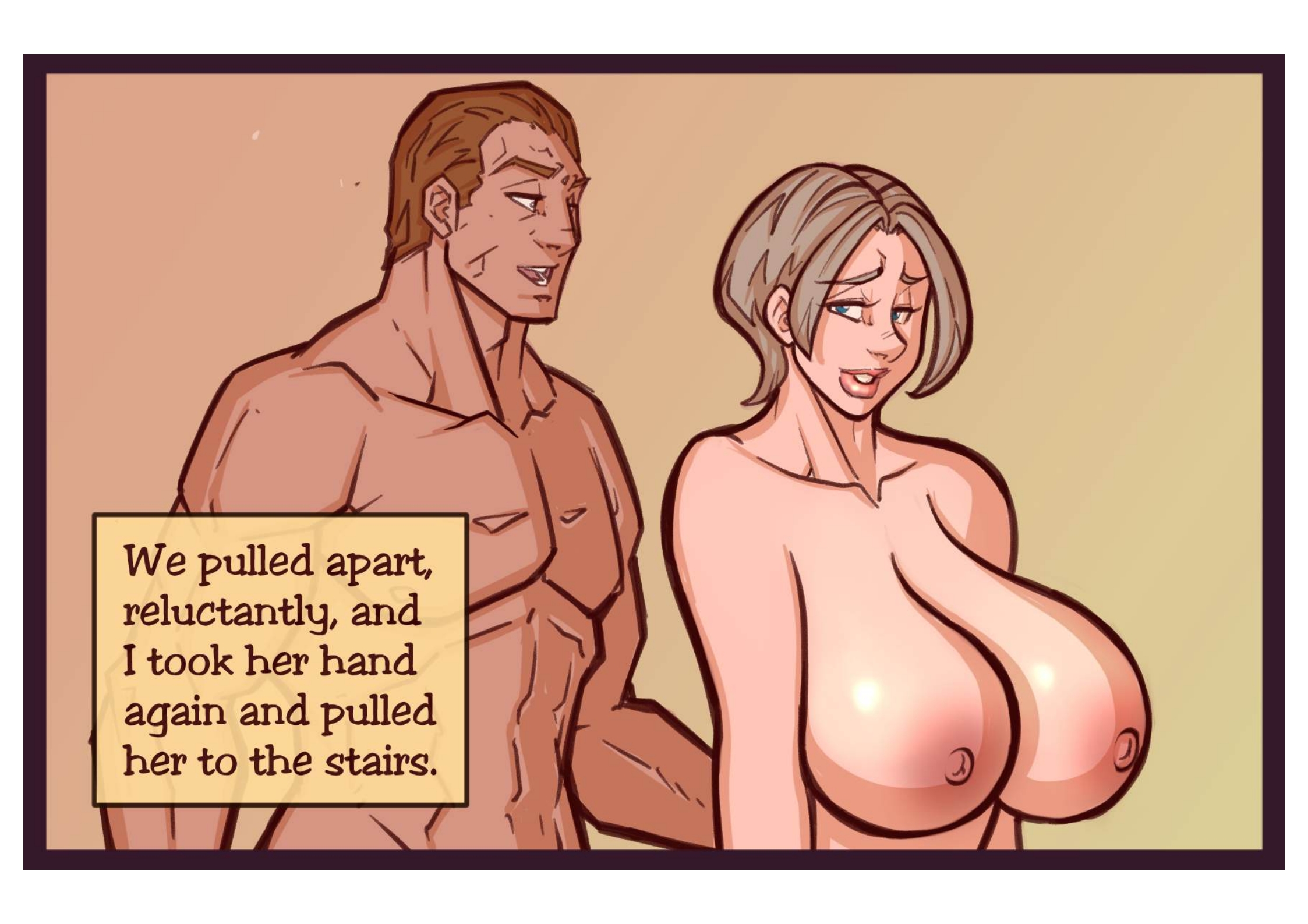
She responded, greedily kissing me, sucking my tongue into her mouth, sucking on my lips, nibbling them a little.



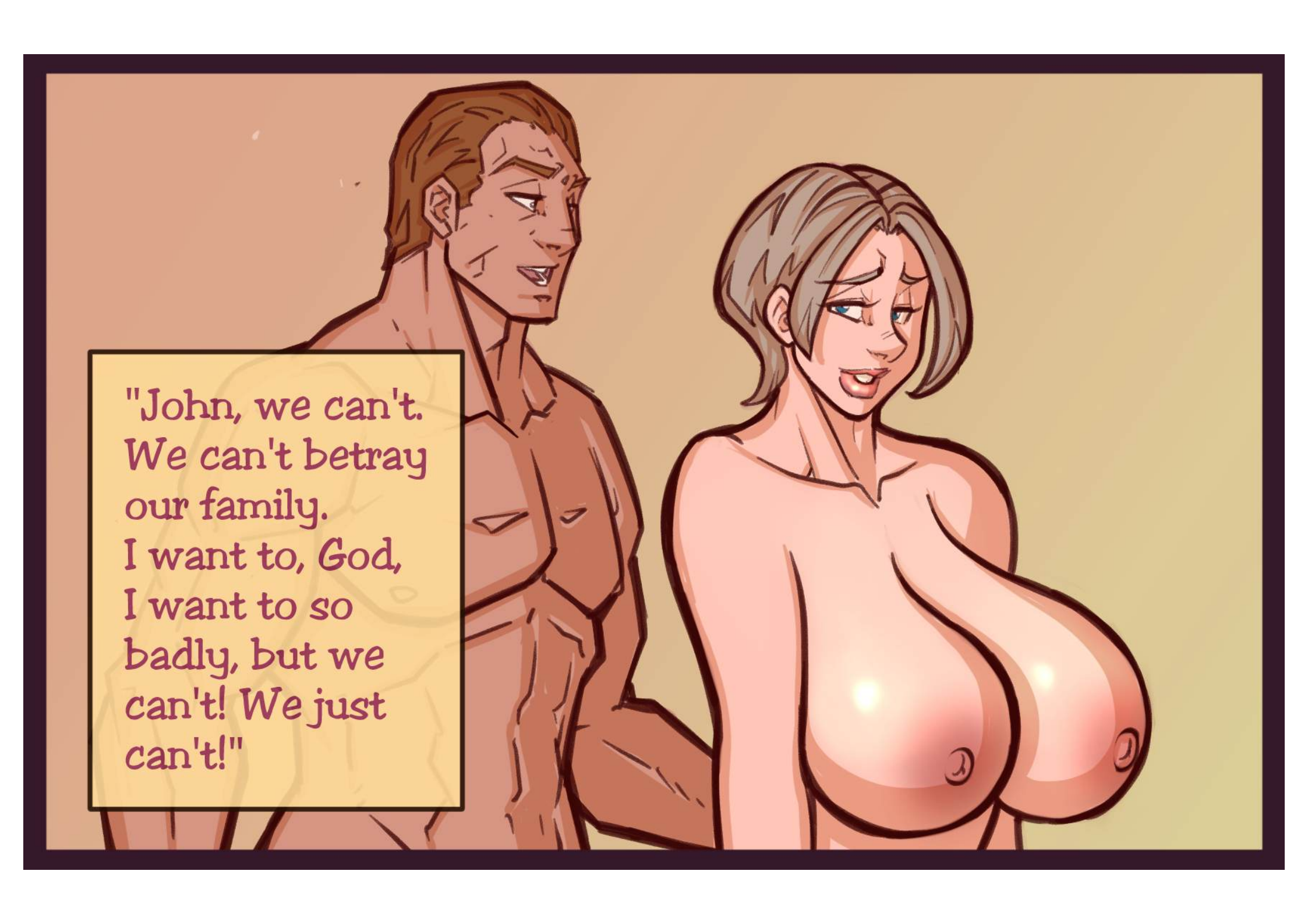
Her tits were
smashed
against my
chest and
they felt
wonderful.



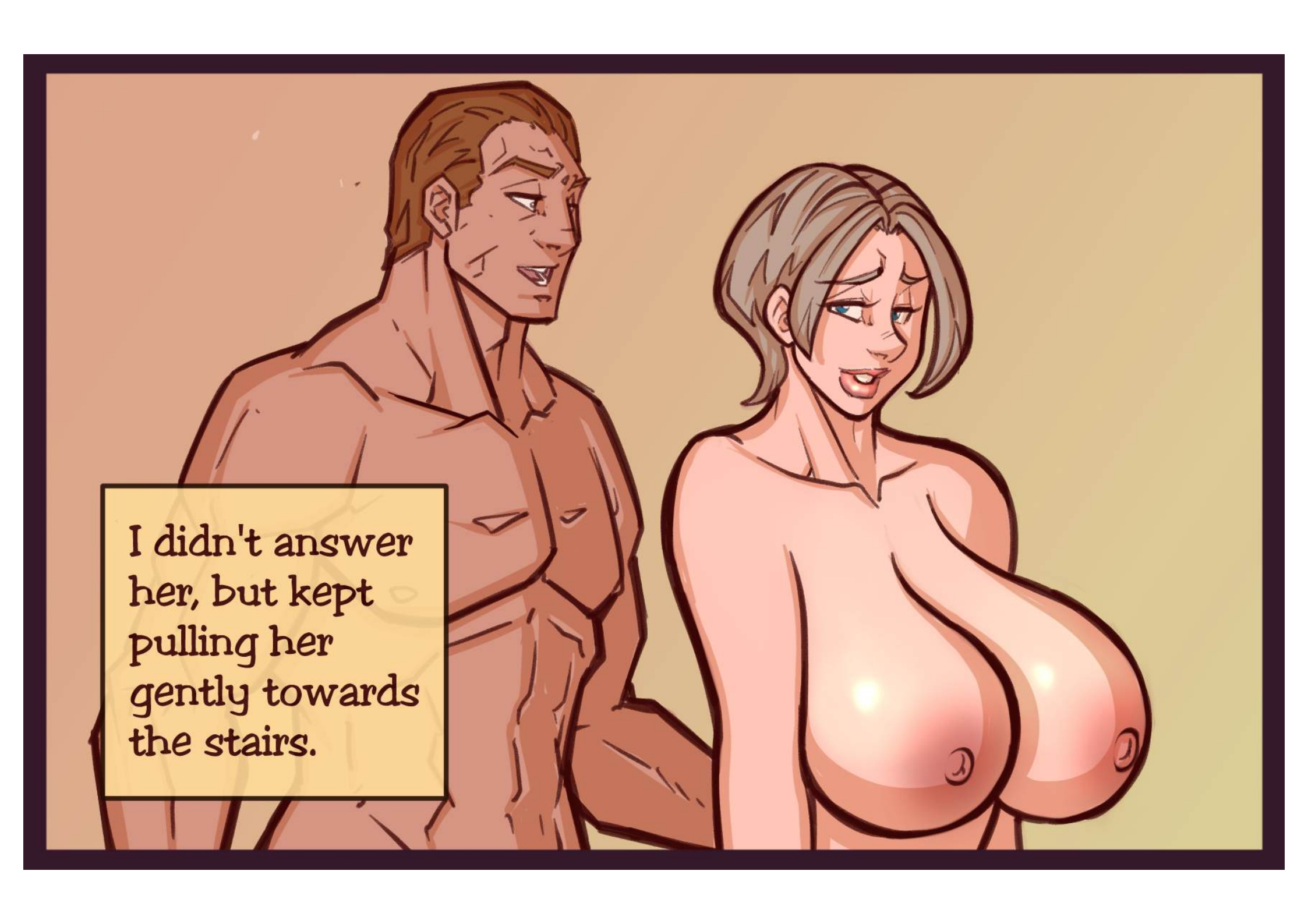
My cock was jammed between our hips and I was grinding it against her, letting her feel my desire.



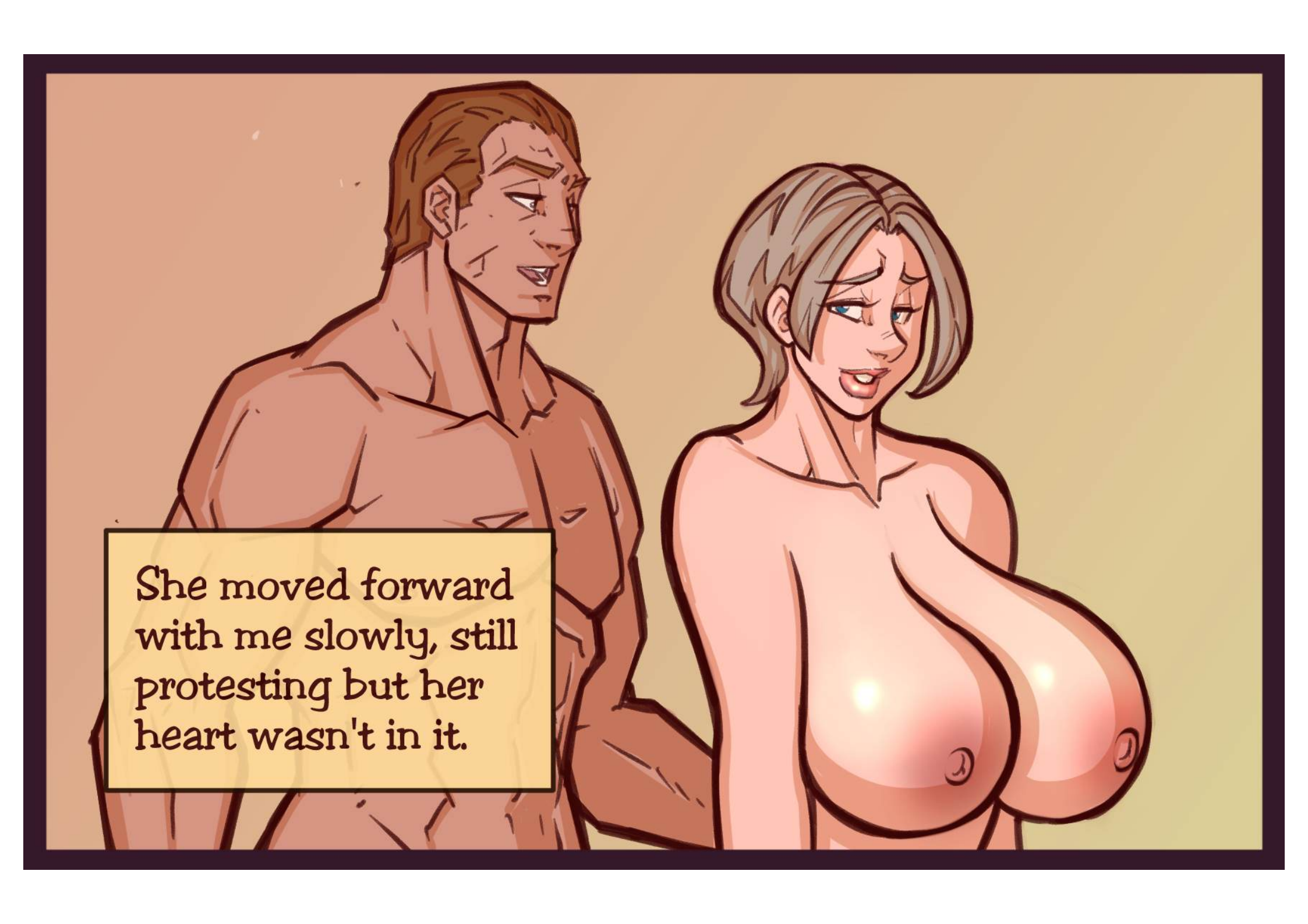
We pulled apart, reluctantly, and I took her hand again and pulled her to the stairs.



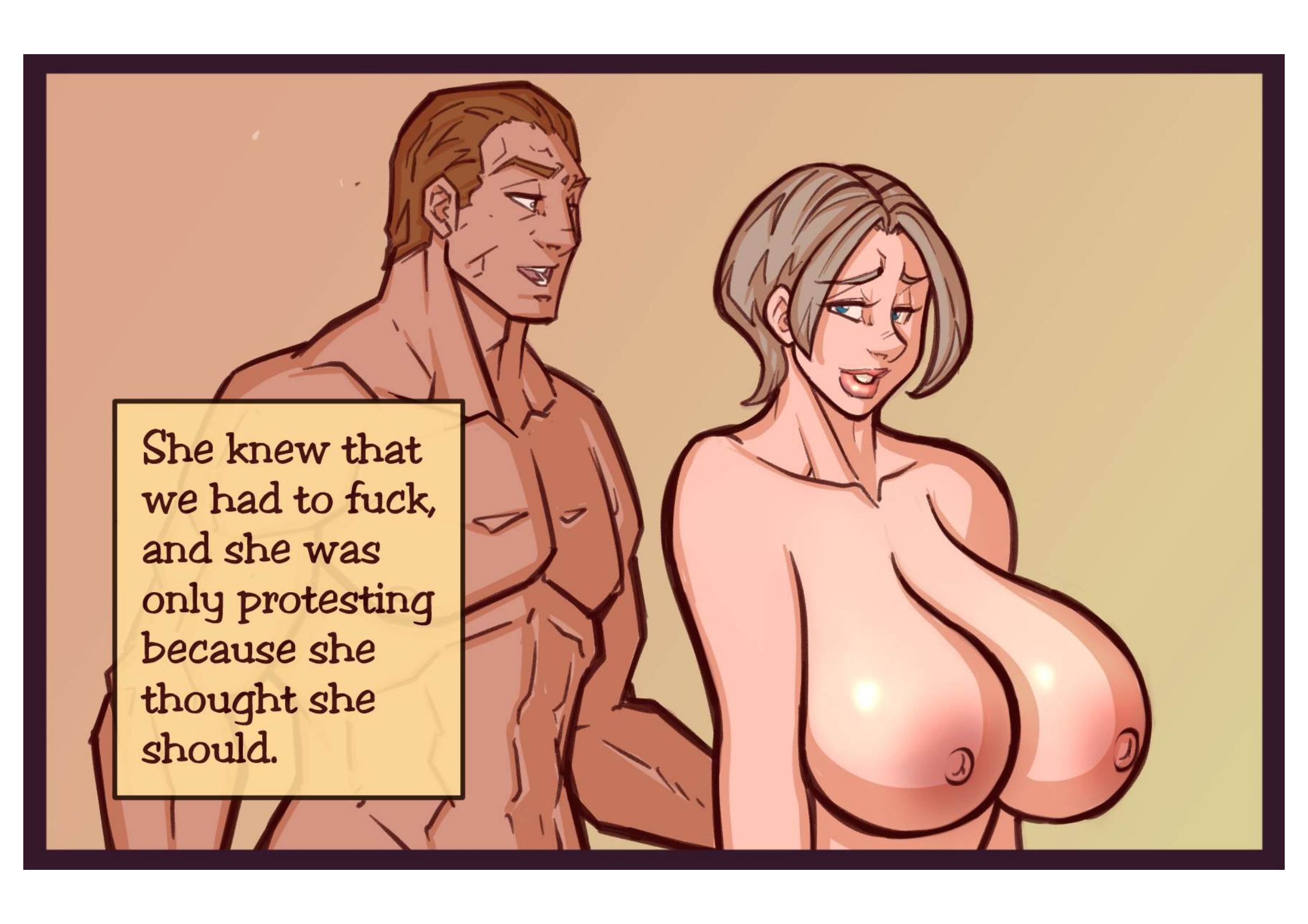
"John, we can't.
We can't betray
our family.
I want to, God,
I want to so
badly, but we
can't! We just
can't!"



I didn't answer her, but kept pulling her gently towards the stairs.



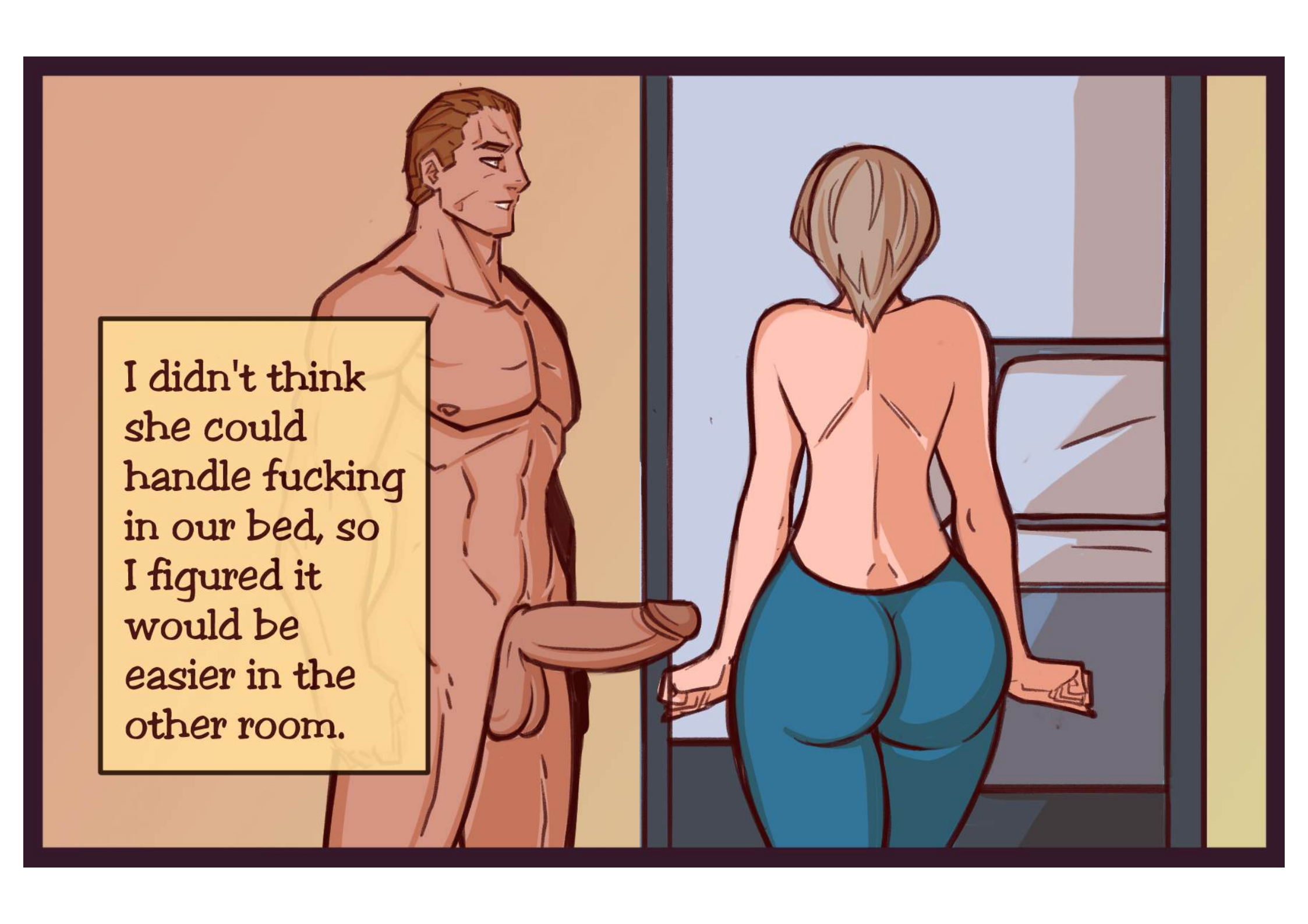
She moved forward with me slowly, still protesting but her heart wasn't in it.



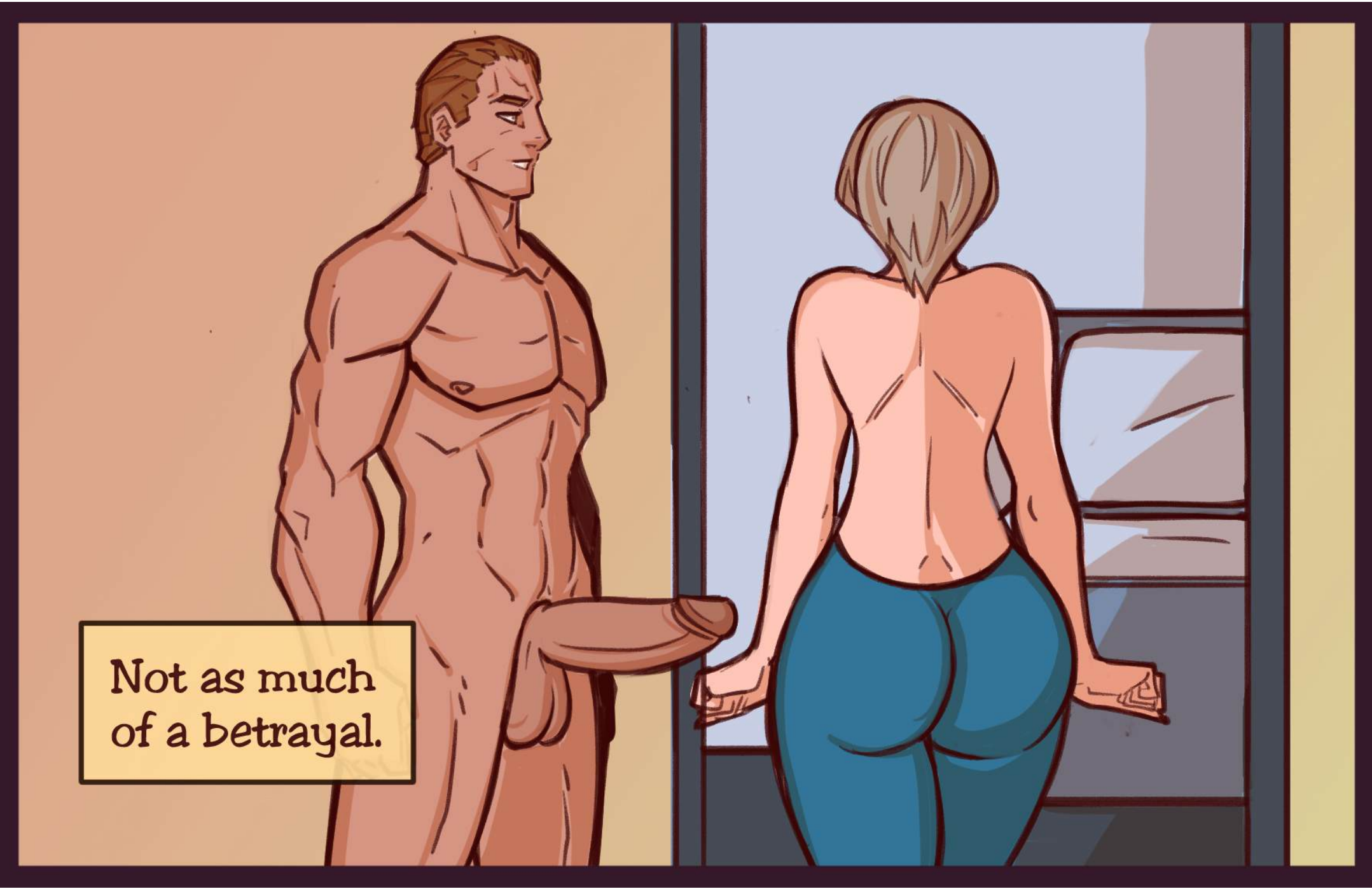
She knew that we had to fuck, and she was only protesting because she thought she should.



Finally, we slowly made our way upstairs and I led her to the guest room.



I didn't think she could handle fucking in our bed, so I figured it would be easier in the other room.



Not as much
of a betrayal.

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