

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 47

"Christina"

Chapter
02



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 47:

"Christina"

Based on an Original story by Anonymous
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

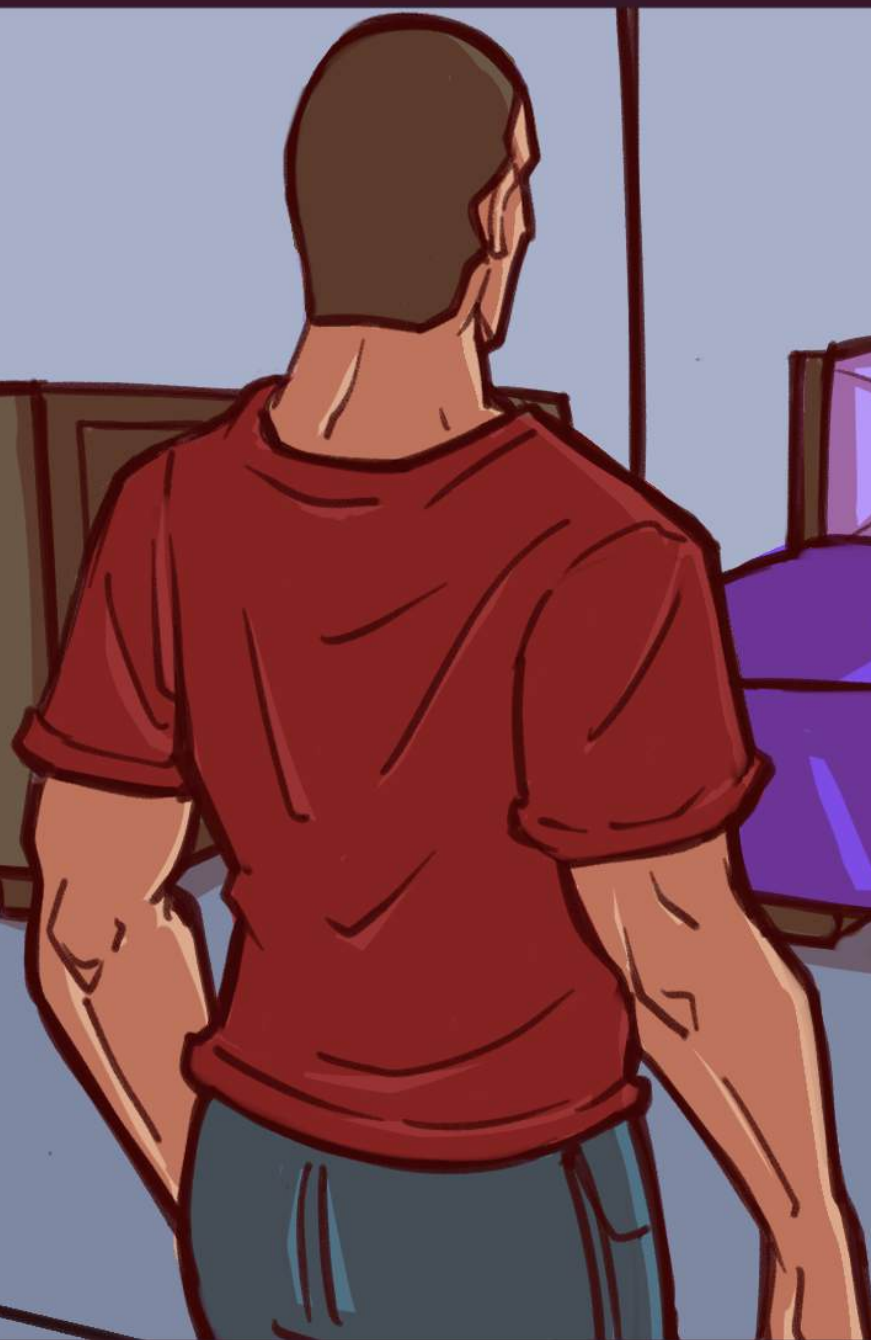
This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

CHAPTER 02

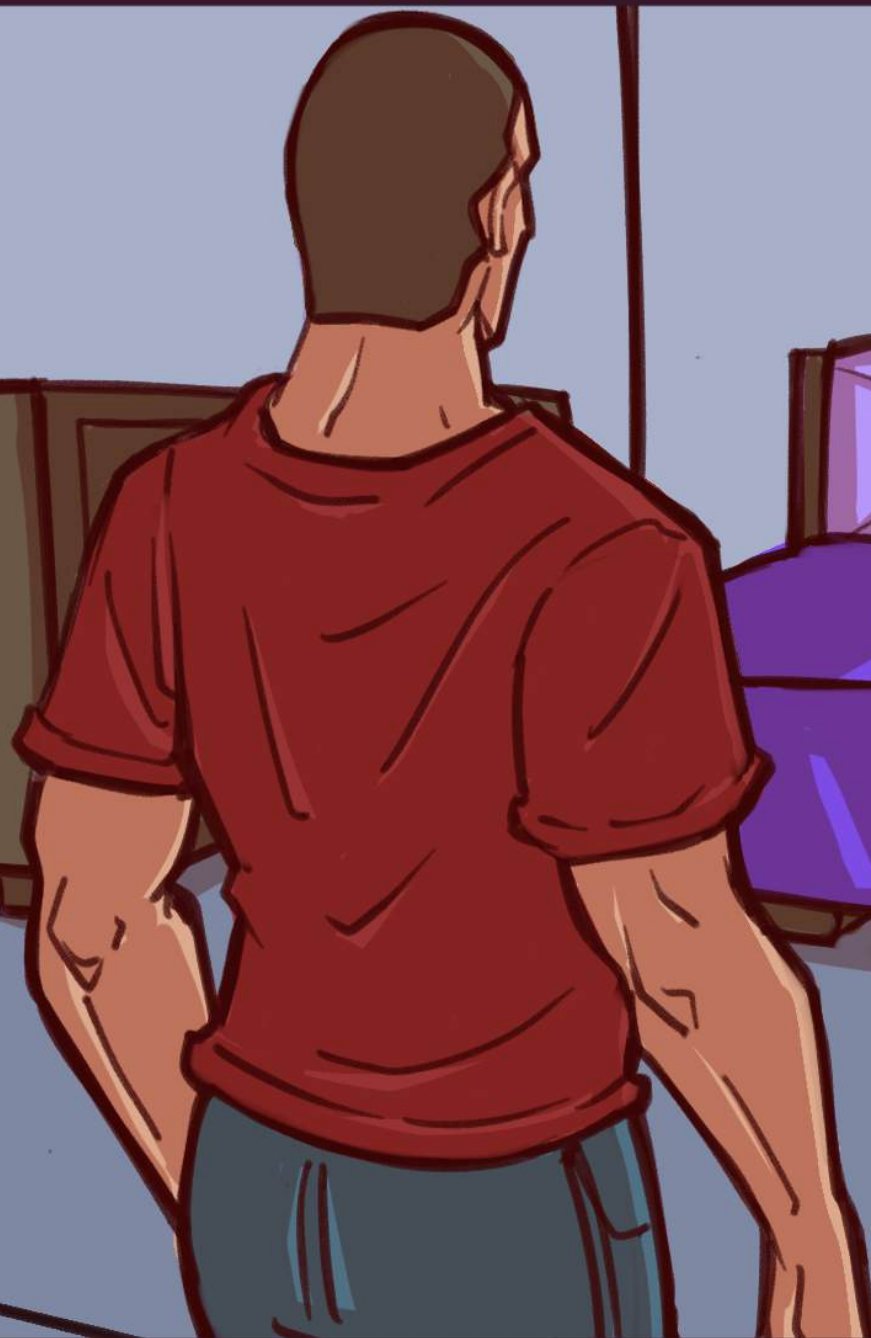
The work day
went by agonizingly slow,
and Christina's house was
on the other side
of the city.

I drove
extra careful down the freeways,
watching everybody very closely,
because I was NOT going
to allow anything to ruin my plans
this afternoon,
especially with lunch time traffic.

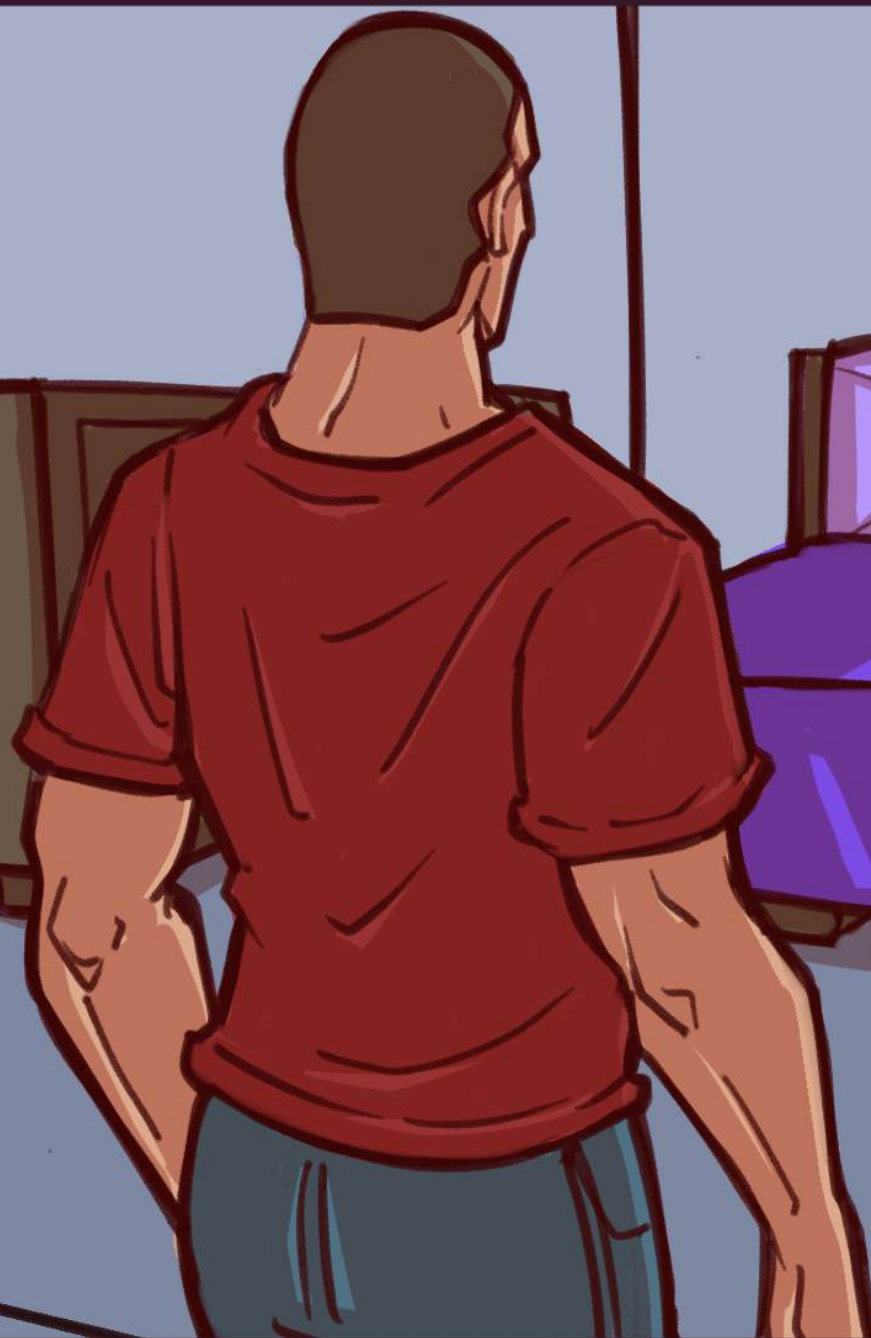
After about 25 minutes,
I arrived at Christina's home.
Here we go, my friend.
Your long wait is over.



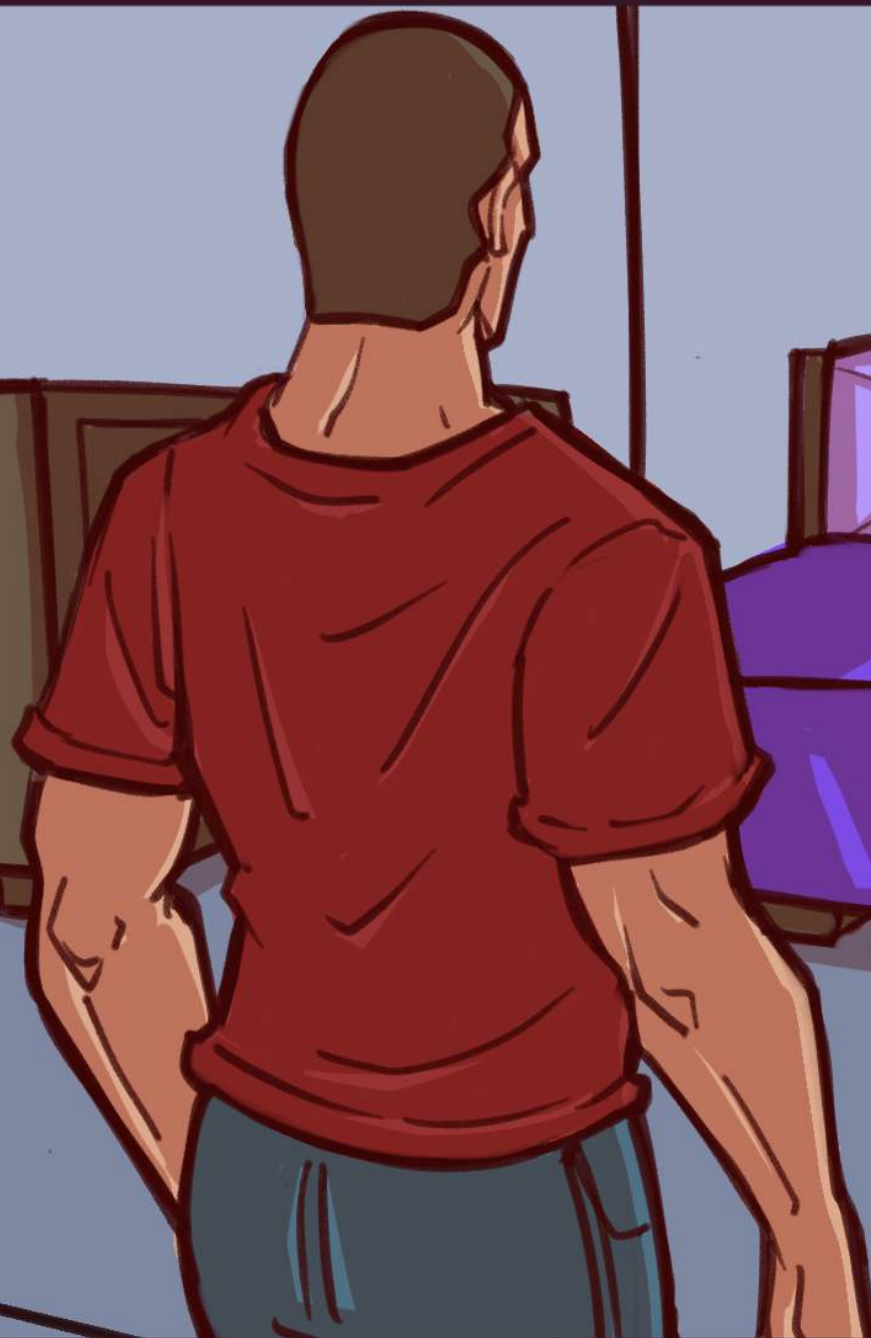
I took off my shoes
and looked around.
Even as a divorcee
she's living a clean
single life.



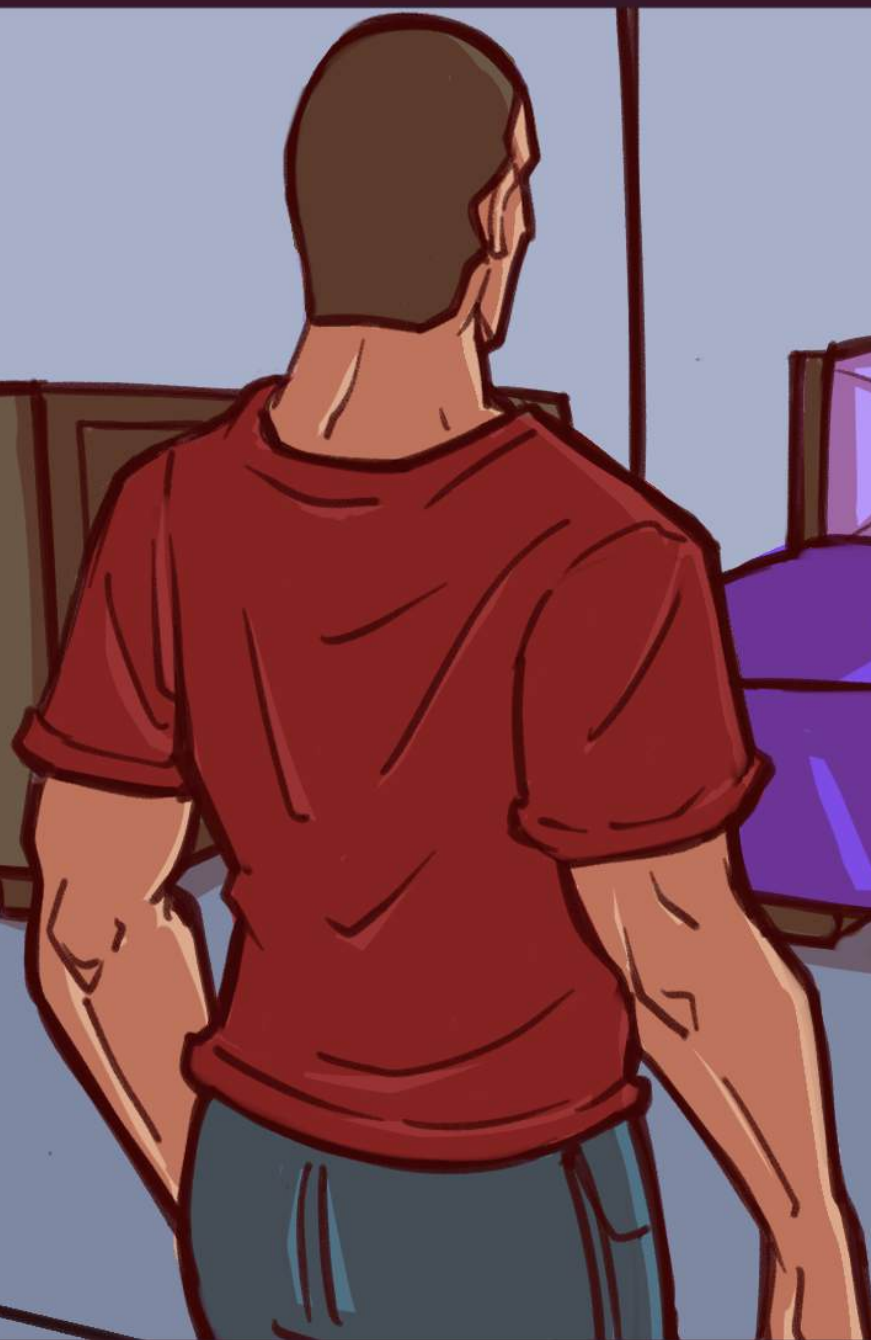
I nervously stepped
into her bedroom
and turned on the
light.



Directly in front of me was a neatly made queen sized bed with a pink floral print quilt on top.



Beside the bed was a black nightstand with a single drawer and an old lamp on top.



Along the left wall was a fancy white dresser, and a small closet beside it.



Oh my god... Just as I had expected, laying there in the drawer was a single purple vibrator.



I picked it up, brought it up to my nose and gave it a sniff, but it only smelled like plastic.



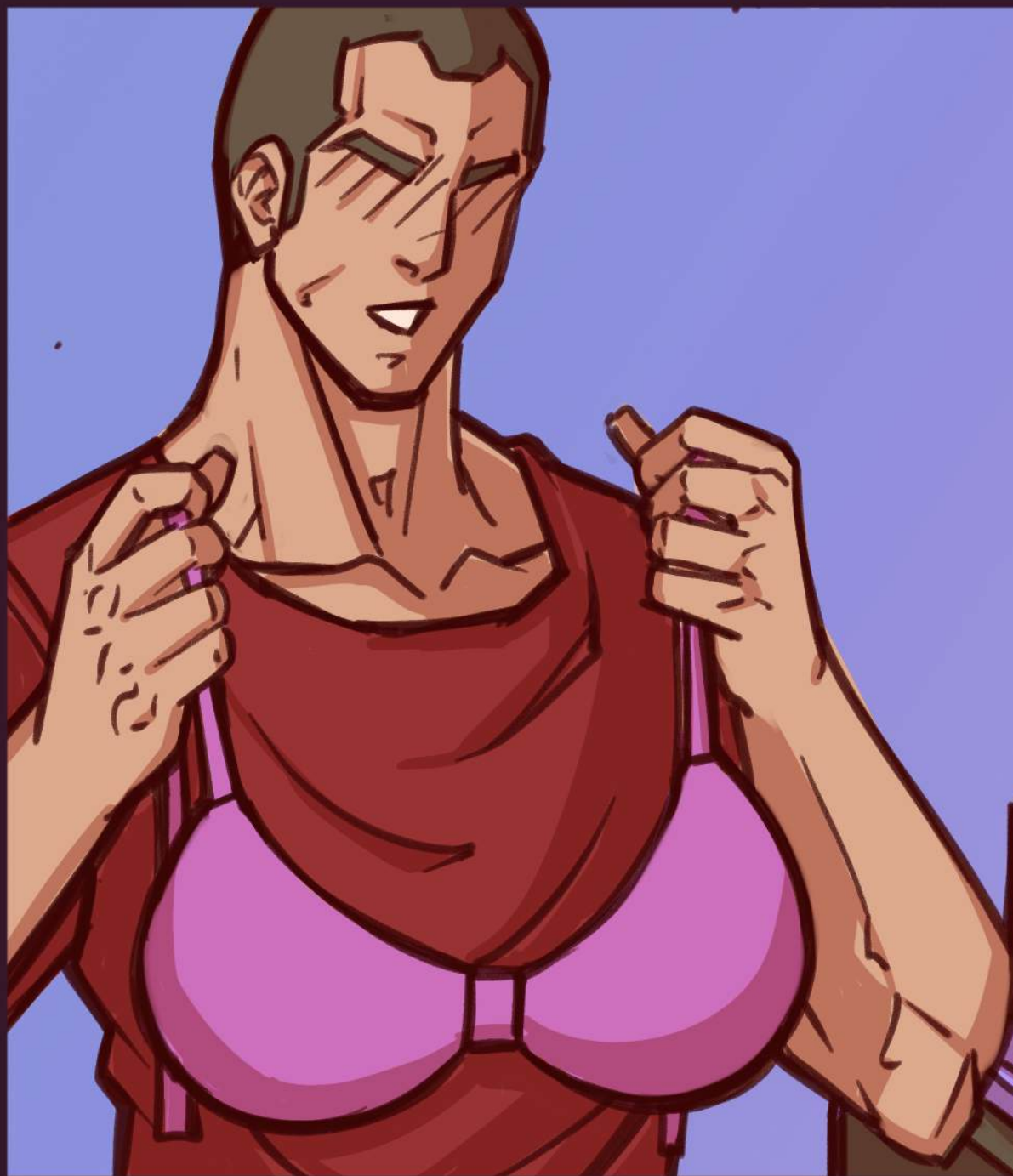
While I have no interest in her pussy, it was still a very arousing sight to behold, seeing how she pleasures herself, knowing her to be a very sexual person.



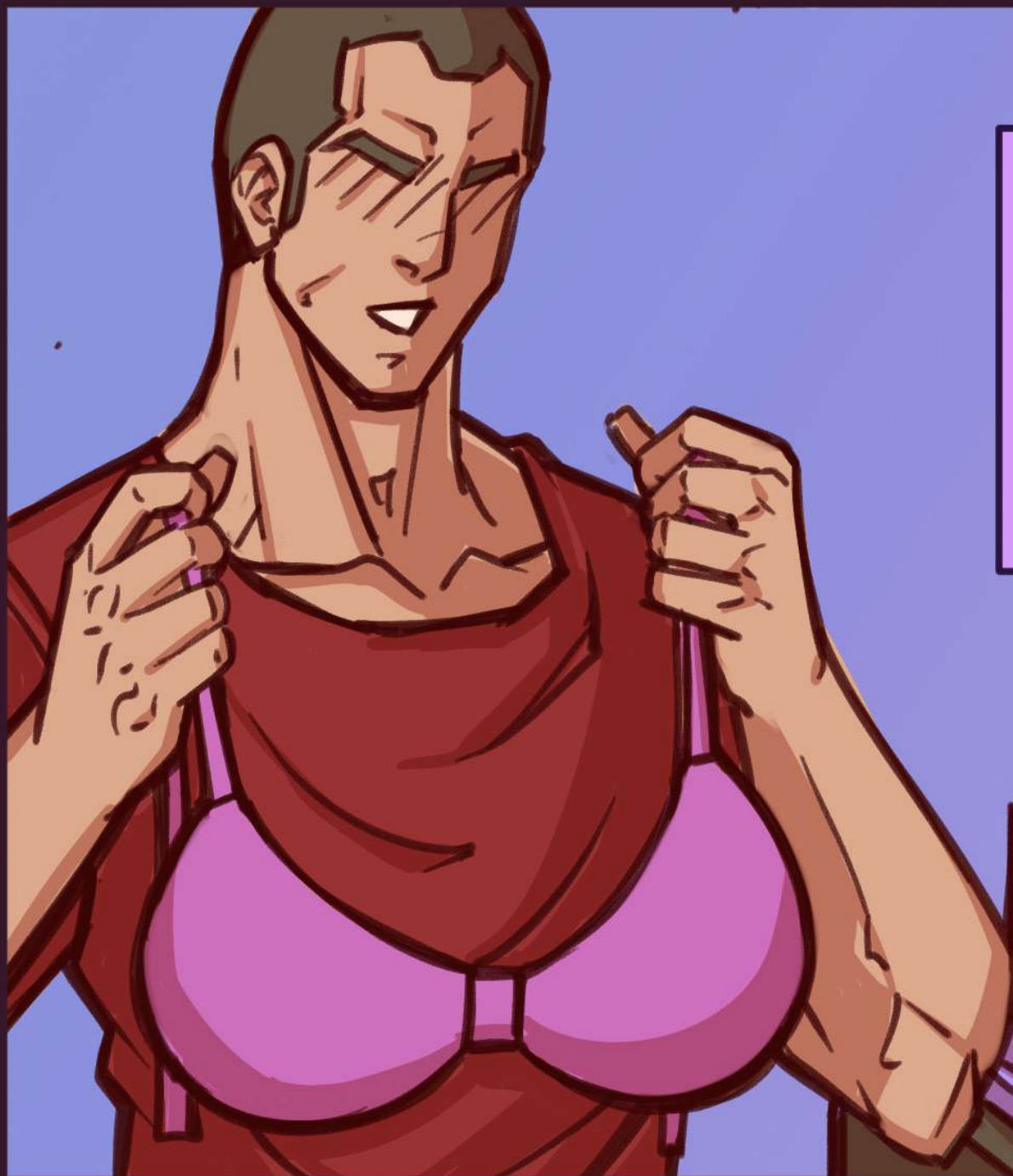
I placed the toy back into the drawer, because that's not what I was here for.

I walked over to the dresser, and opened the top left drawer.

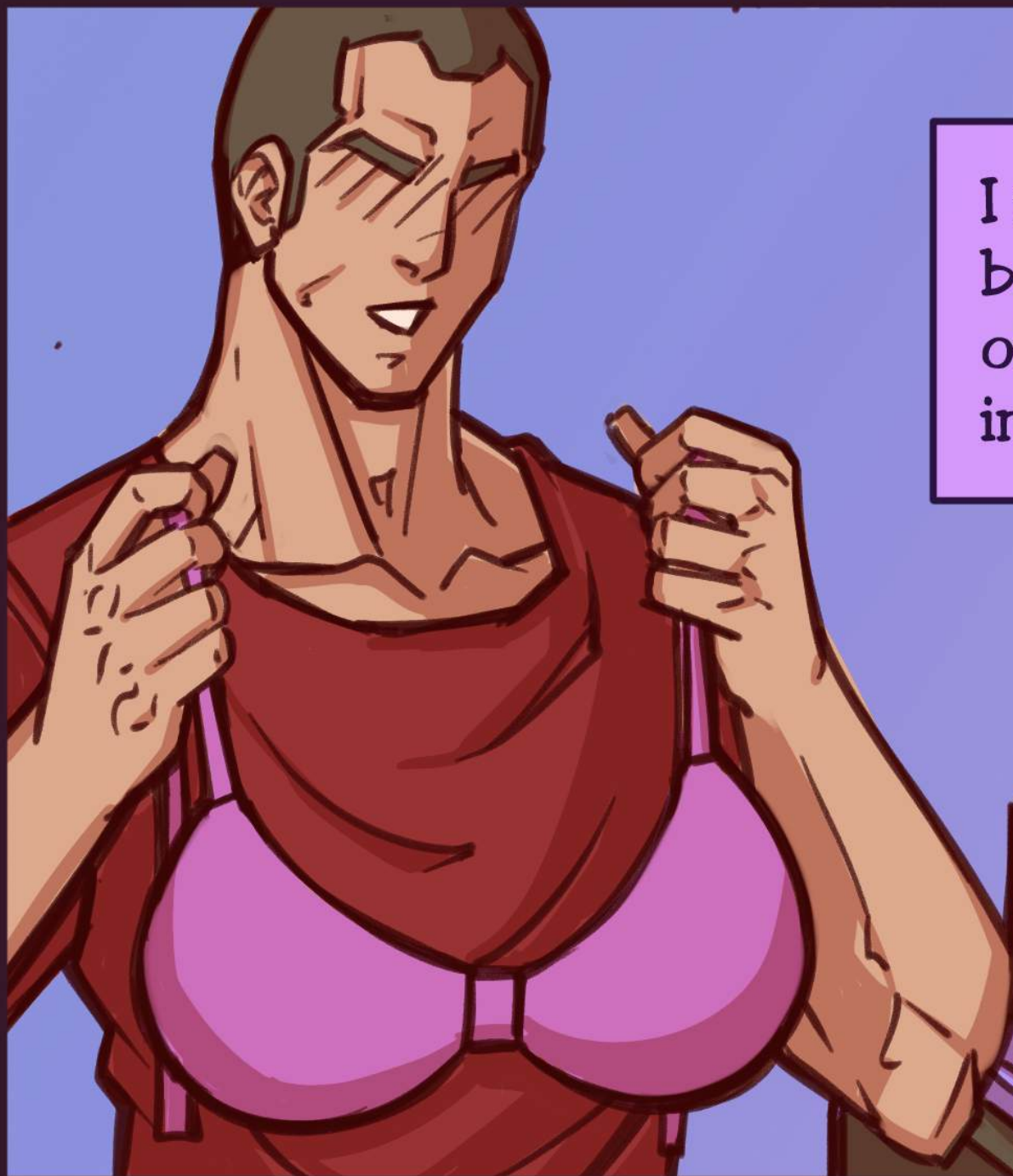




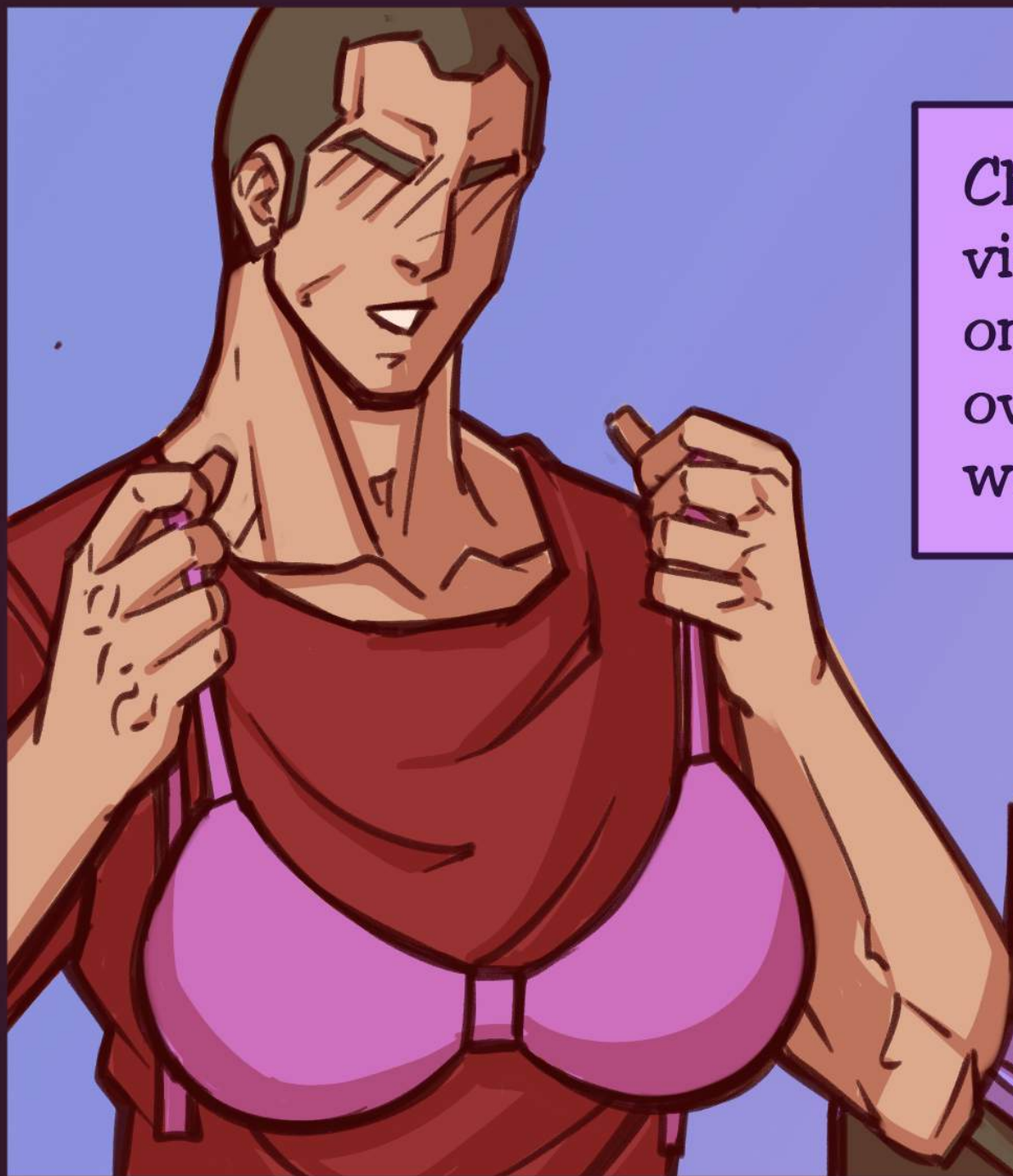
I gazed upon the
precious treasure
I had waited so
long to acquire:
Christina's bras.



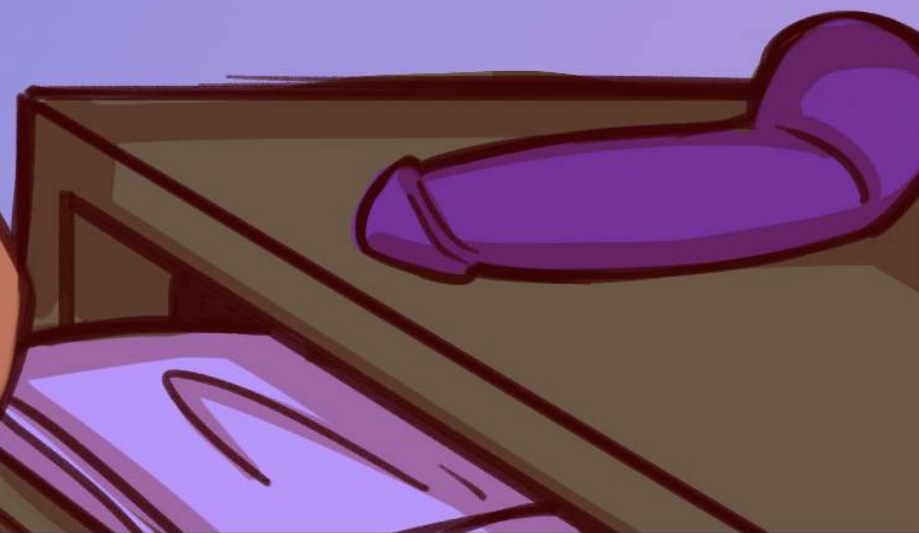
I reached inside,
grabbed a strap,
and pulled out
a large, faded
pink laced bra.

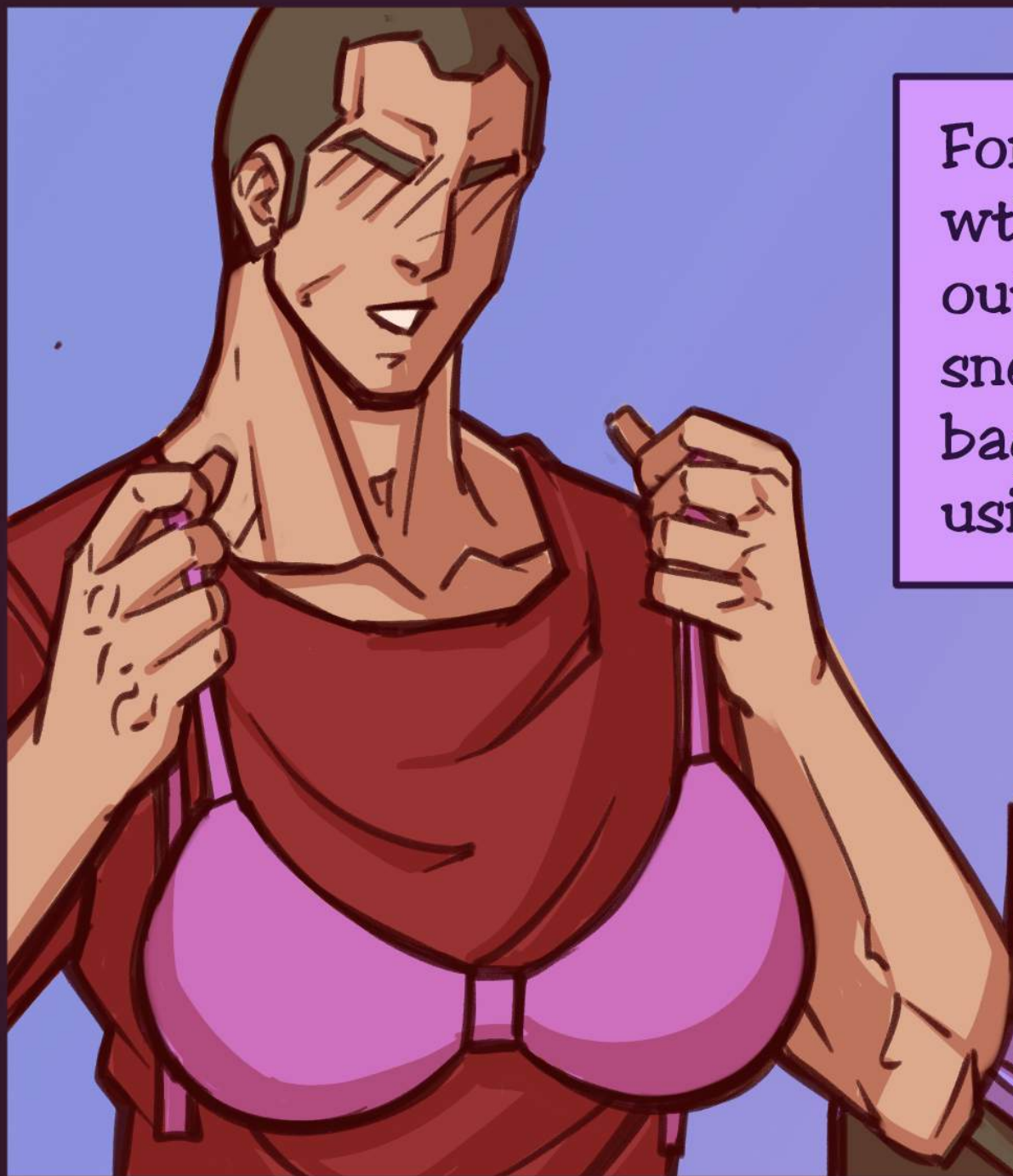


I recognized this bra,
because I had jacked
off with it many times
in the past.



Christina would come visit our family about once a month and stay overnight for the weekend.





For the past ten years,
when the women went
out shopping, I would
sneak into her overnight
bag and masturbate
using her spare bra.



I had done this over a hundred times, but today I was actually in her bedroom, and because of the pandemic, it had been nearly a year since I'd seen one of her bras, but today, I got to see all of them.



I brought the bra up to my face and gave it a huge whiff.



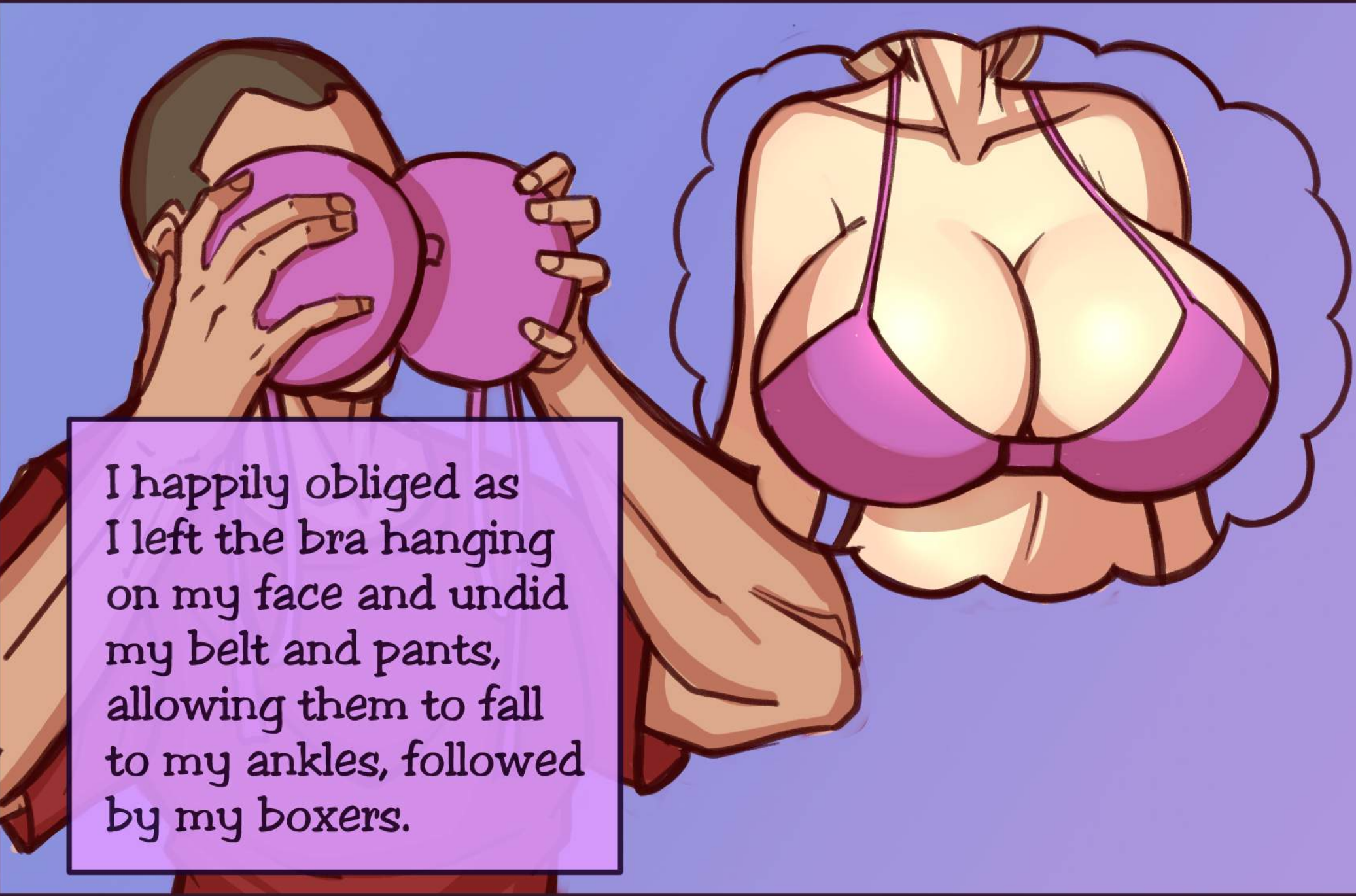
It smelled more like
her laundry detergent
than anything else,
but that didn't bother
me.



Those cups I held within my hands are used to hold up the biggest, heaviest tits I had ever seen in my life.



My dick started squirming and begged to be released from the confines of my work pants.

A cartoon illustration with a purple background. On the left, a man with short brown hair is shown from the chest up, holding a large, round, pink bra cup against his face with both hands. On the right, a woman's chest is visible, wearing a pink bra with thin straps. The man's hands are positioned as if he is about to place the bra on the woman's chest. A purple rectangular text box is overlaid on the lower left of the image.

I happily obliged as I left the bra hanging on my face and undid my belt and pants, allowing them to fall to my ankles, followed by my boxers.



My dick could now breathe and it began to stand up excitedly.

Alright,
my good friend,
your wish is about
to come true.

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