

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 49

"The Bride"

Chapter
02



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 35:

"The Bride"

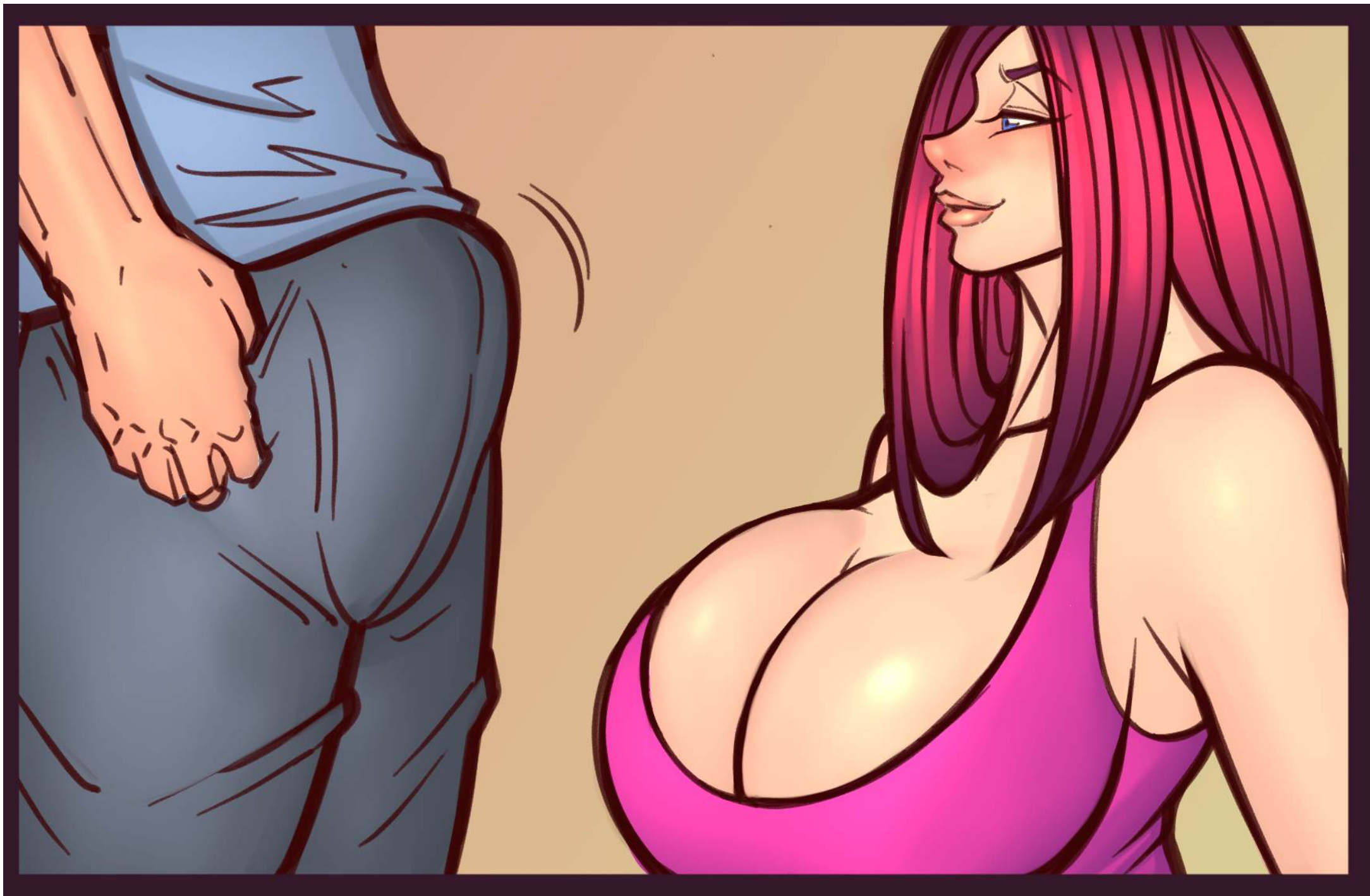
Based on an Original story by Anonymous
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

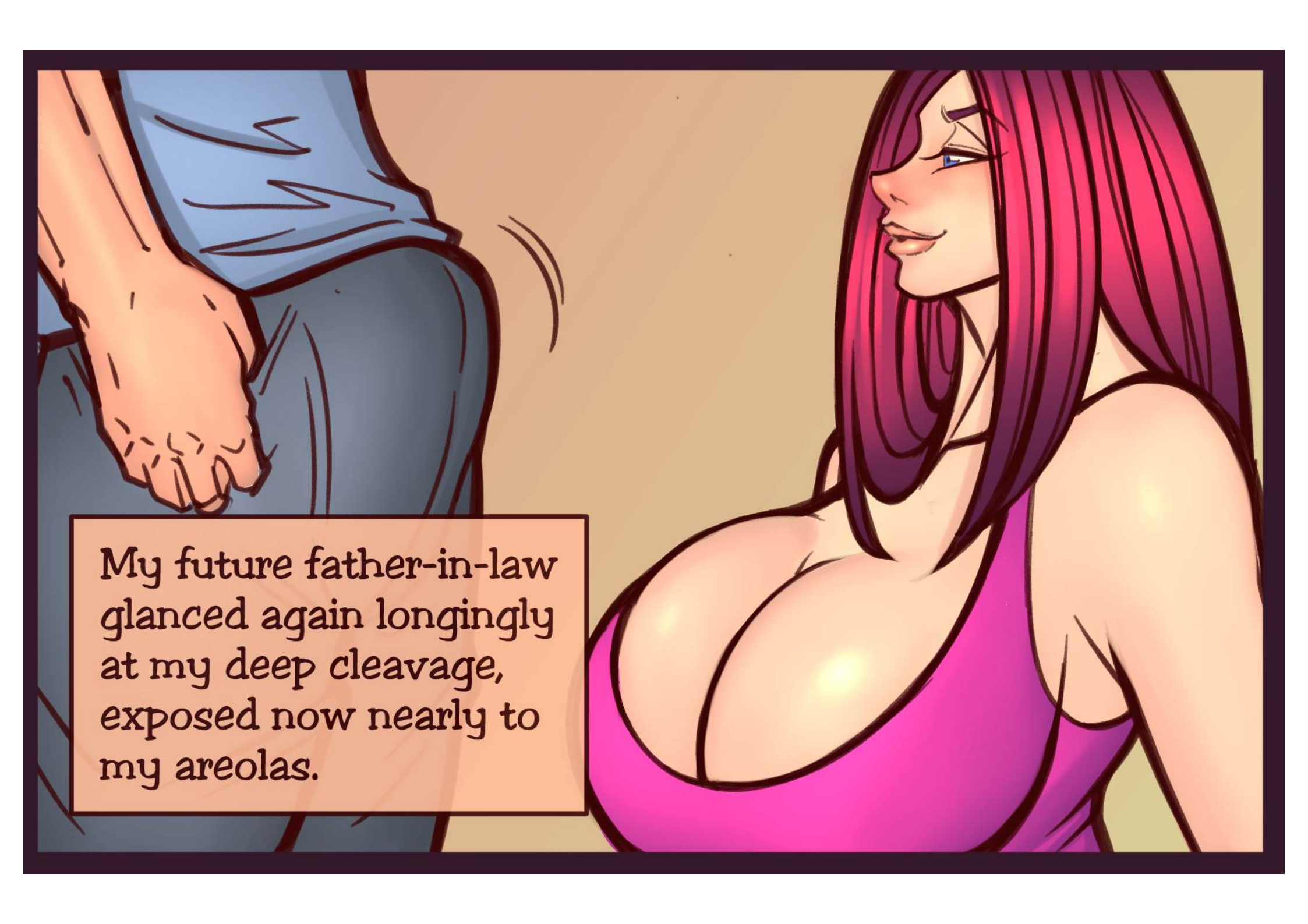
This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

CHAPTER 02

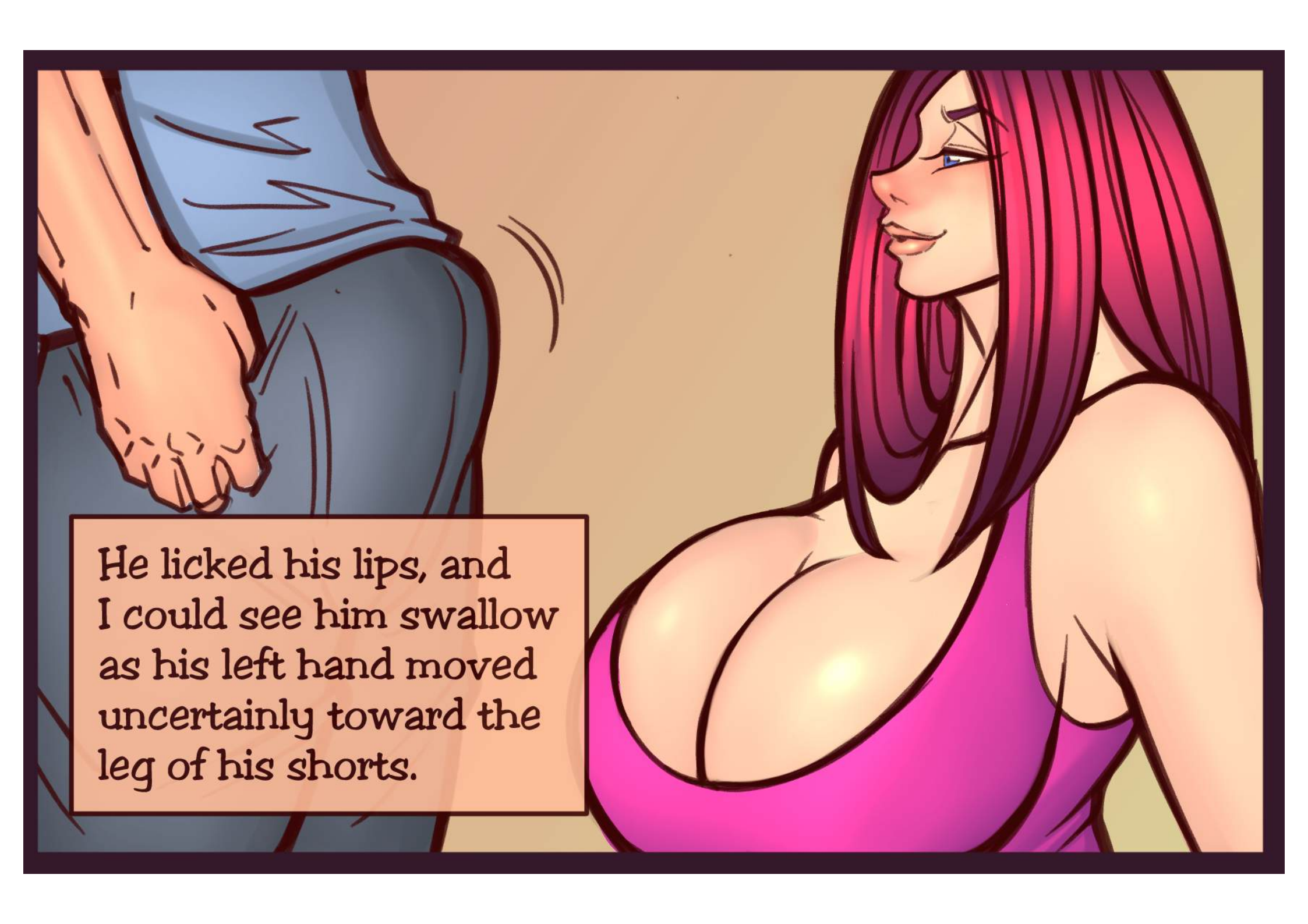
"Go ahead then,
take it out,"

I said as I nodded toward
the now gently throbbing bulge
in the crotch
of his shorts.



A comic book panel with a dark purple border. On the right, a woman with long, straight pink hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up, wearing a purple halter-neck top. She is looking up and to the left with a slight smile. On the left, a man's hand is visible, resting on her hip. He is wearing a blue shirt and dark pants. The background is a plain, light tan color.

My future father-in-law
glanced again longingly
at my deep cleavage,
exposed now nearly to
my areolas.



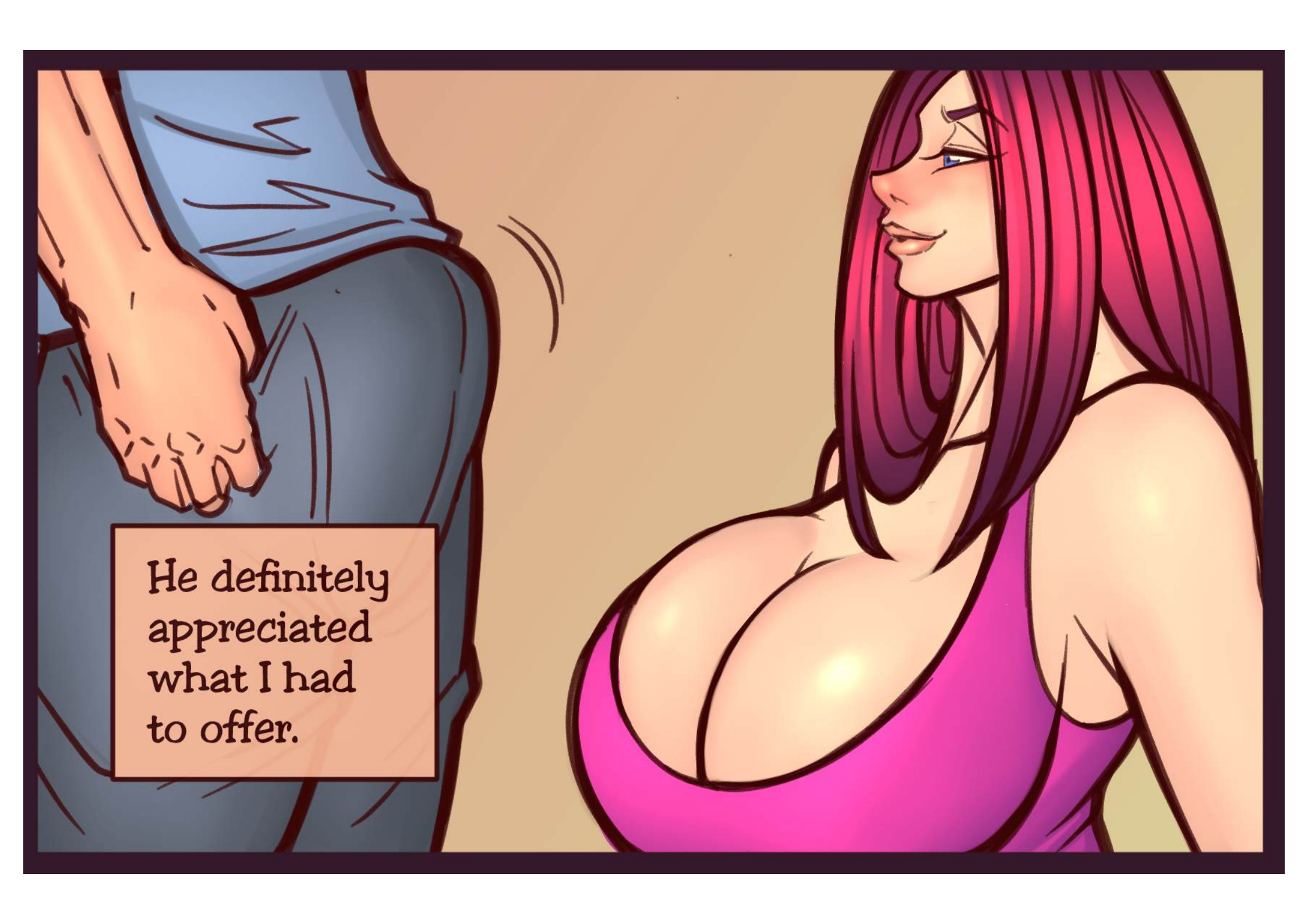
He licked his lips, and I could see him swallow as his left hand moved uncertainly toward the leg of his shorts.

A comic book panel with a dark purple border. On the left, a man's lower body is visible, wearing blue pants and a blue shirt. His right hand is clutching a large bulge in his pants. On the right, a woman with long, straight pink hair and a purple halter-neck top is shown from the chest up, looking towards the man with a slight smile. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left area of the panel.

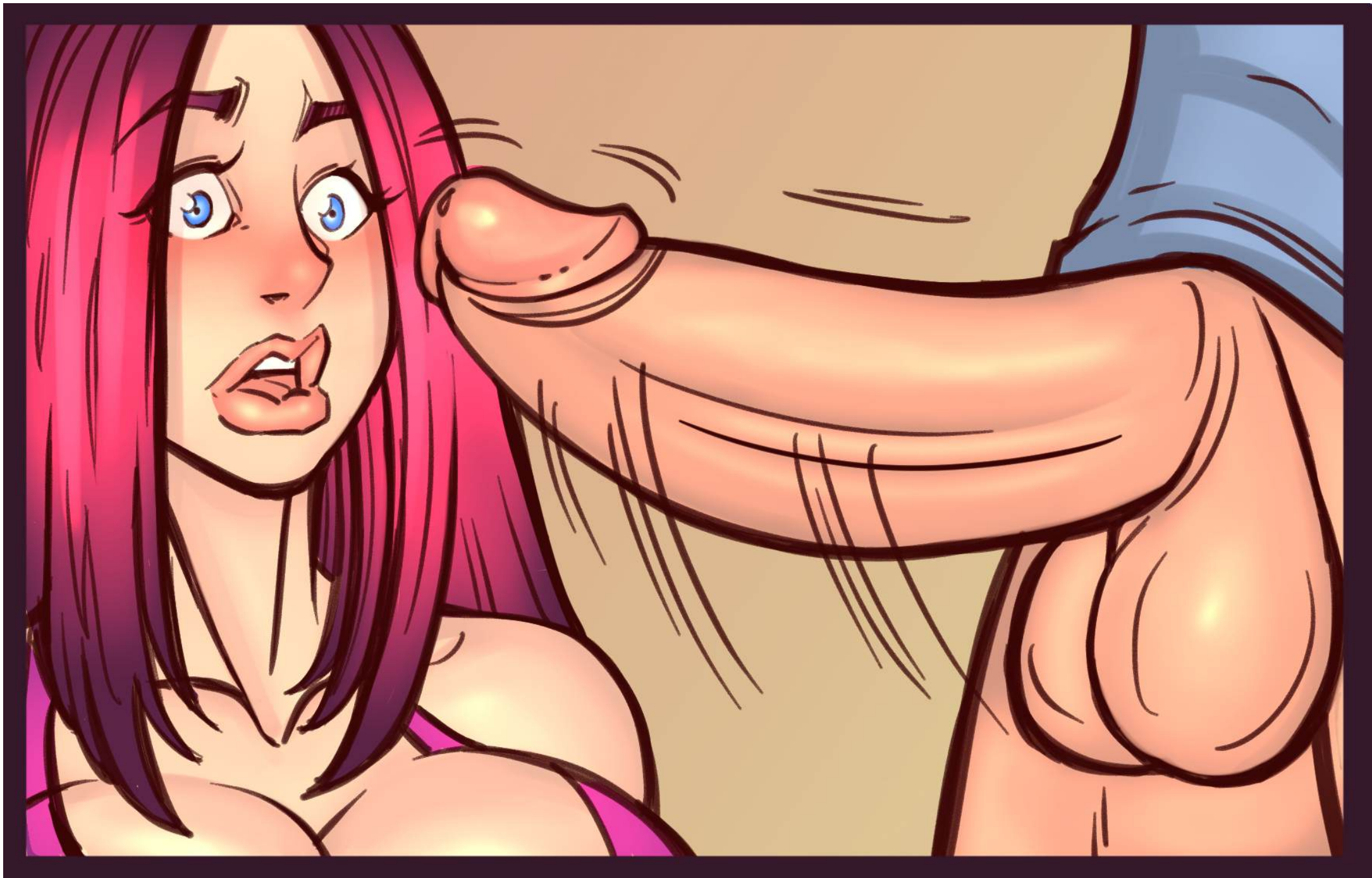
The bulge directly
in front of me grew
and throbbed even
more.

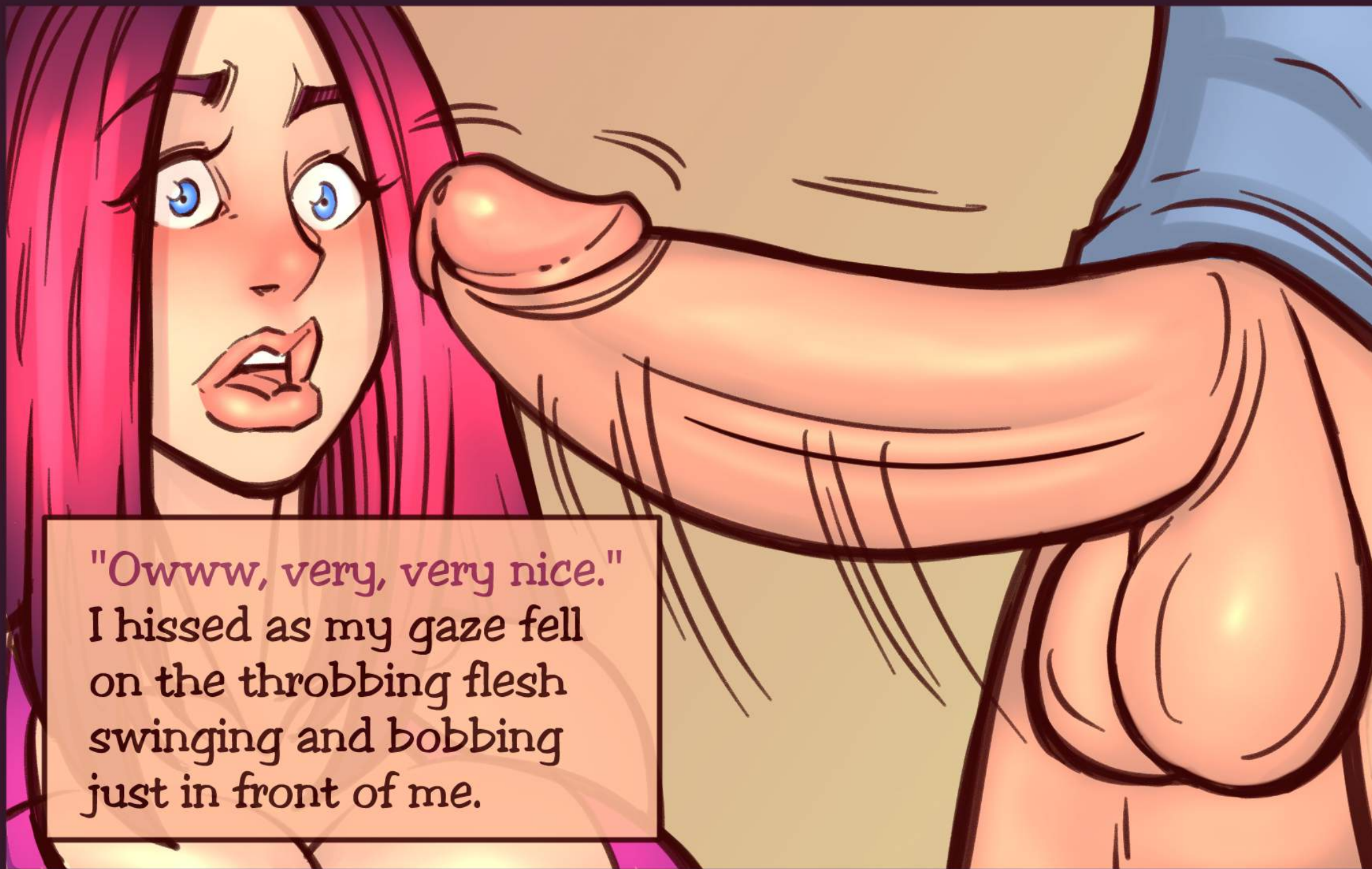


Slowly he pulled
the silky fabric out
and over to the
right. slowly
exposing himself
to my gaze.

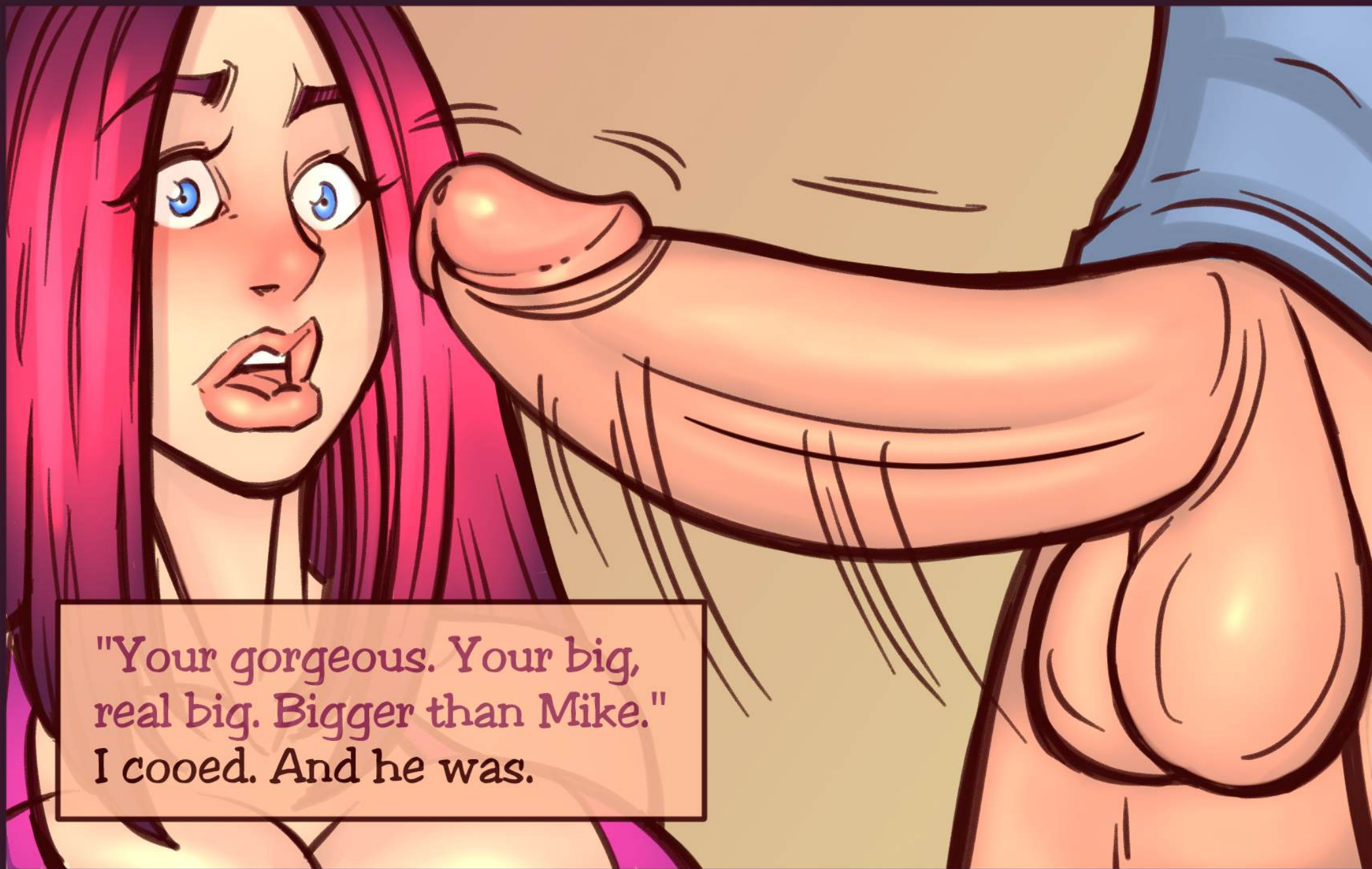
A comic book panel with a dark purple border. On the left, a man's hand is shown resting on his own hip, which is clad in blue pants. The hand is clenched into a fist. On the right, a woman with long, straight pink hair and a pink top is shown from the chest up, looking towards the man with a slight smile. A speech bubble is positioned between them, containing the text: "He definitely appreciated what I had to offer." The background is a plain, light tan color.

He definitely appreciated what I had to offer.

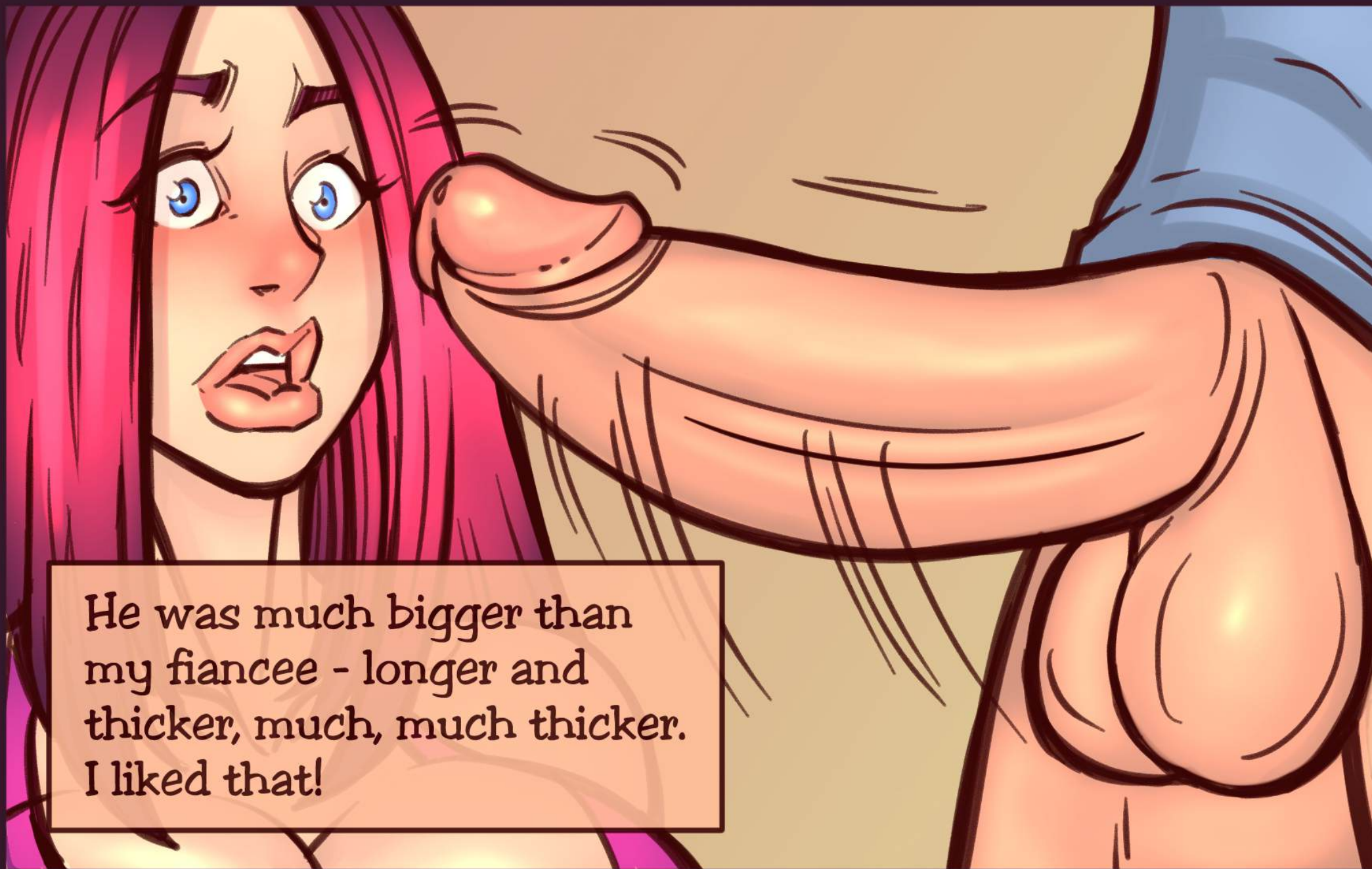




"Owww, very, very nice."
I hissed as my gaze fell
on the throbbing flesh
swinging and bobbing
just in front of me.



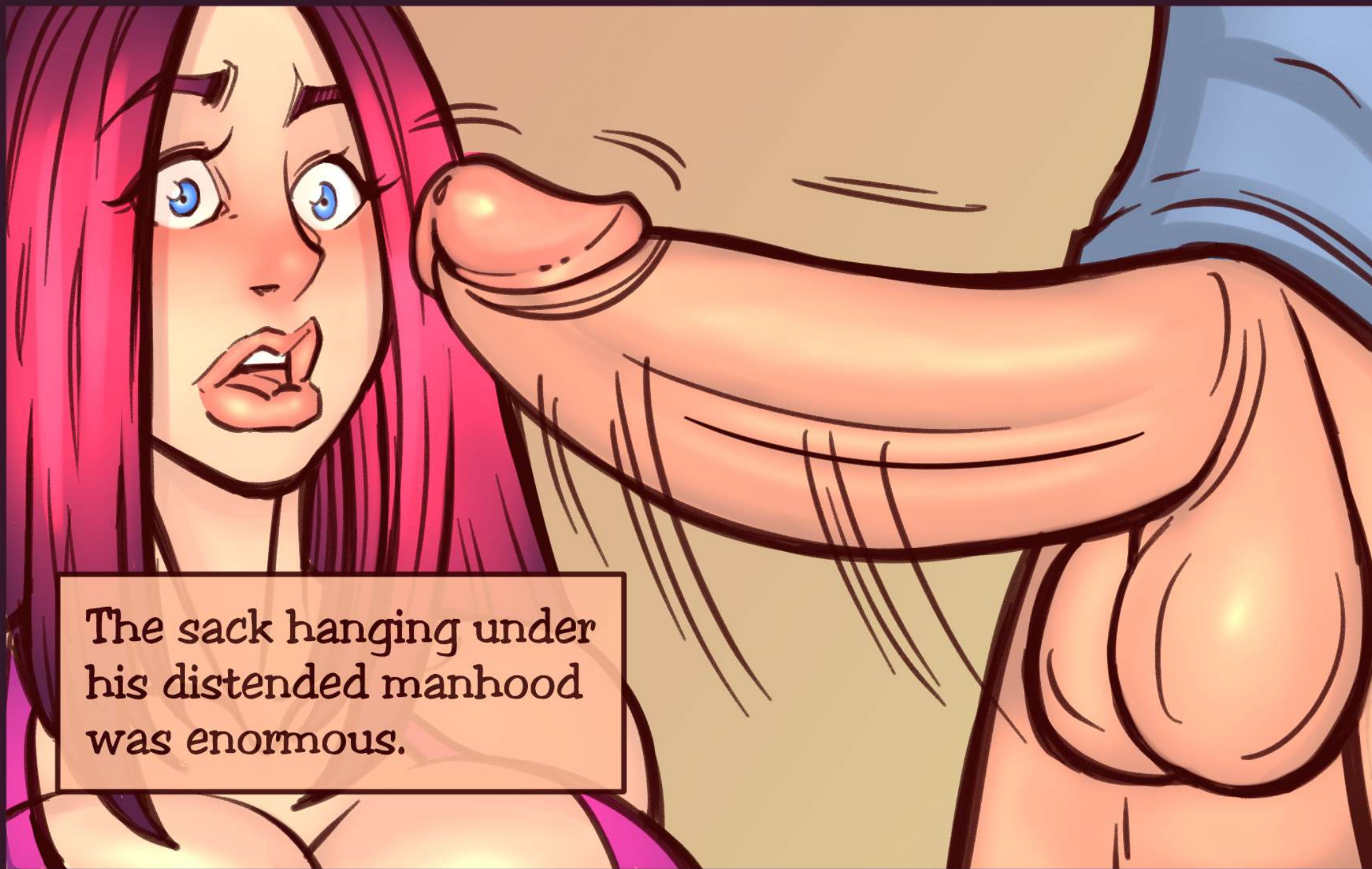
"Your gorgeous. Your big,
real big. Bigger than Mike."
I cooed. And he was.



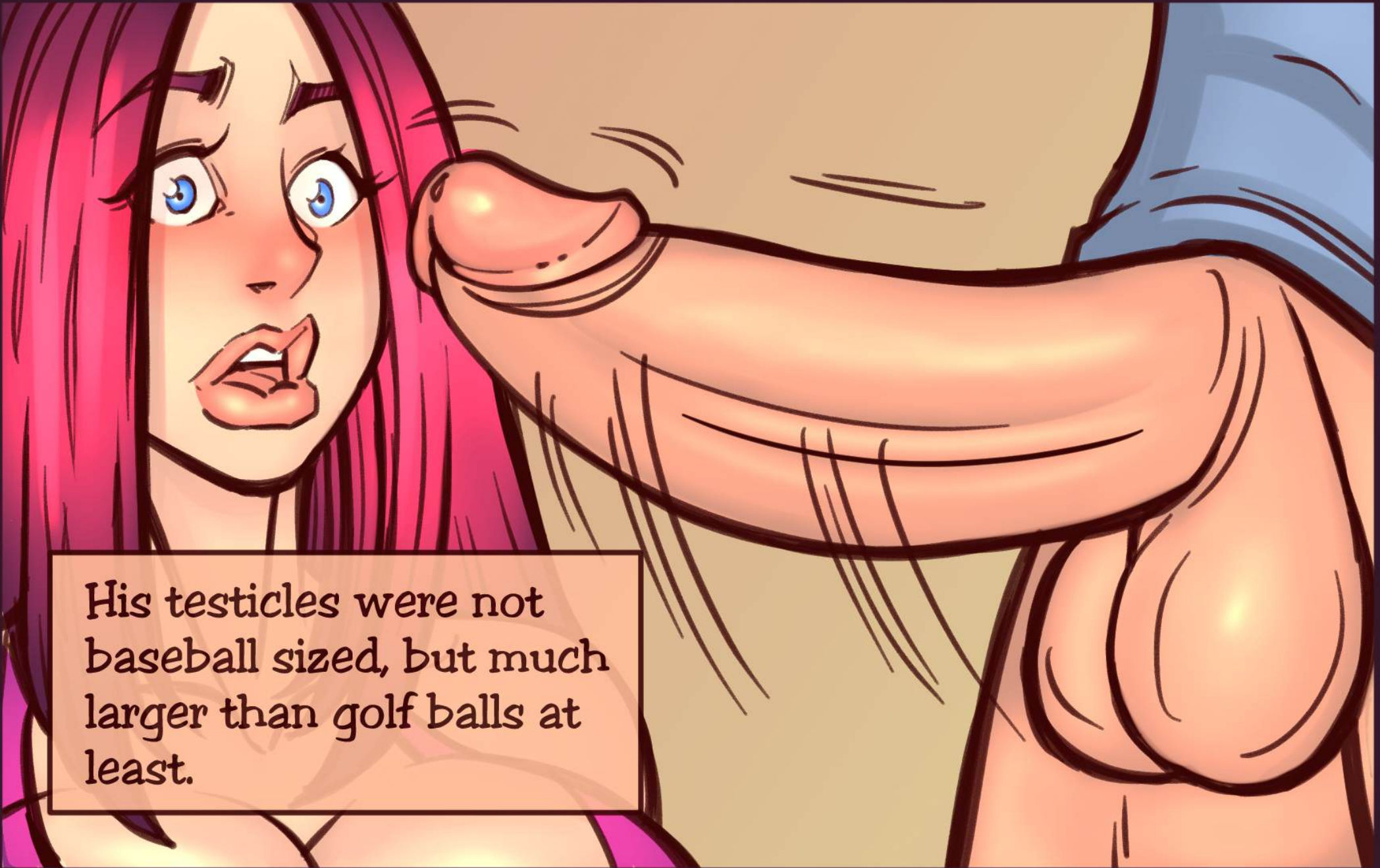
He was much bigger than
my fiancée - longer and
thicker, much, much thicker.
I liked that!

A comic book panel featuring a woman with long, vibrant pink hair and wide, blue eyes. She has a shocked expression, with her mouth slightly open. A large, muscular hand with a prominent thumb is reaching towards her face. The hand is rendered with thick black outlines and a warm, orange-toned skin. A speech bubble with a black border is positioned in the lower-left corner of the panel. The background is a simple, light brown color.

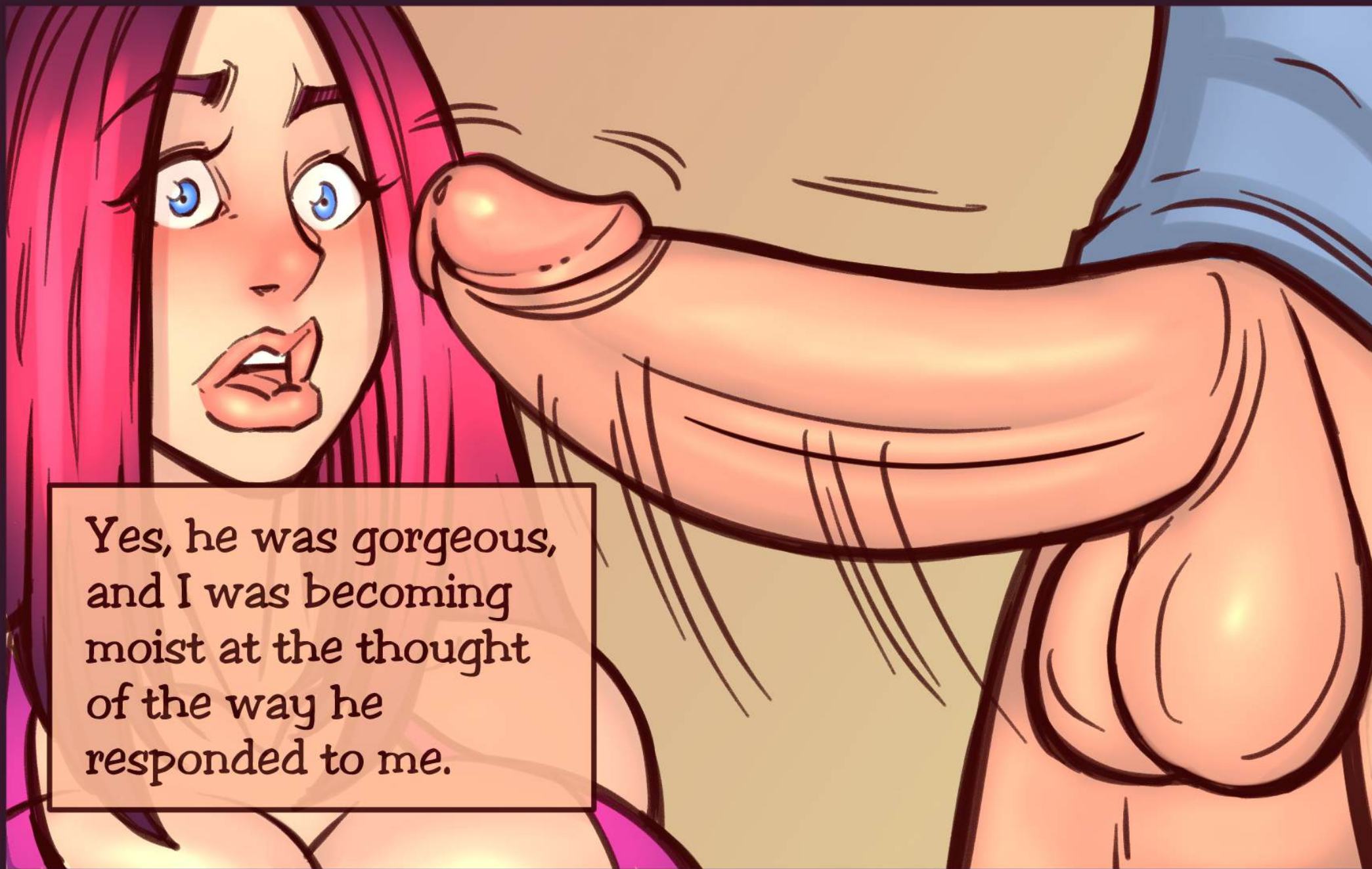
The rest of his package
was equally impressive
and inspiring.



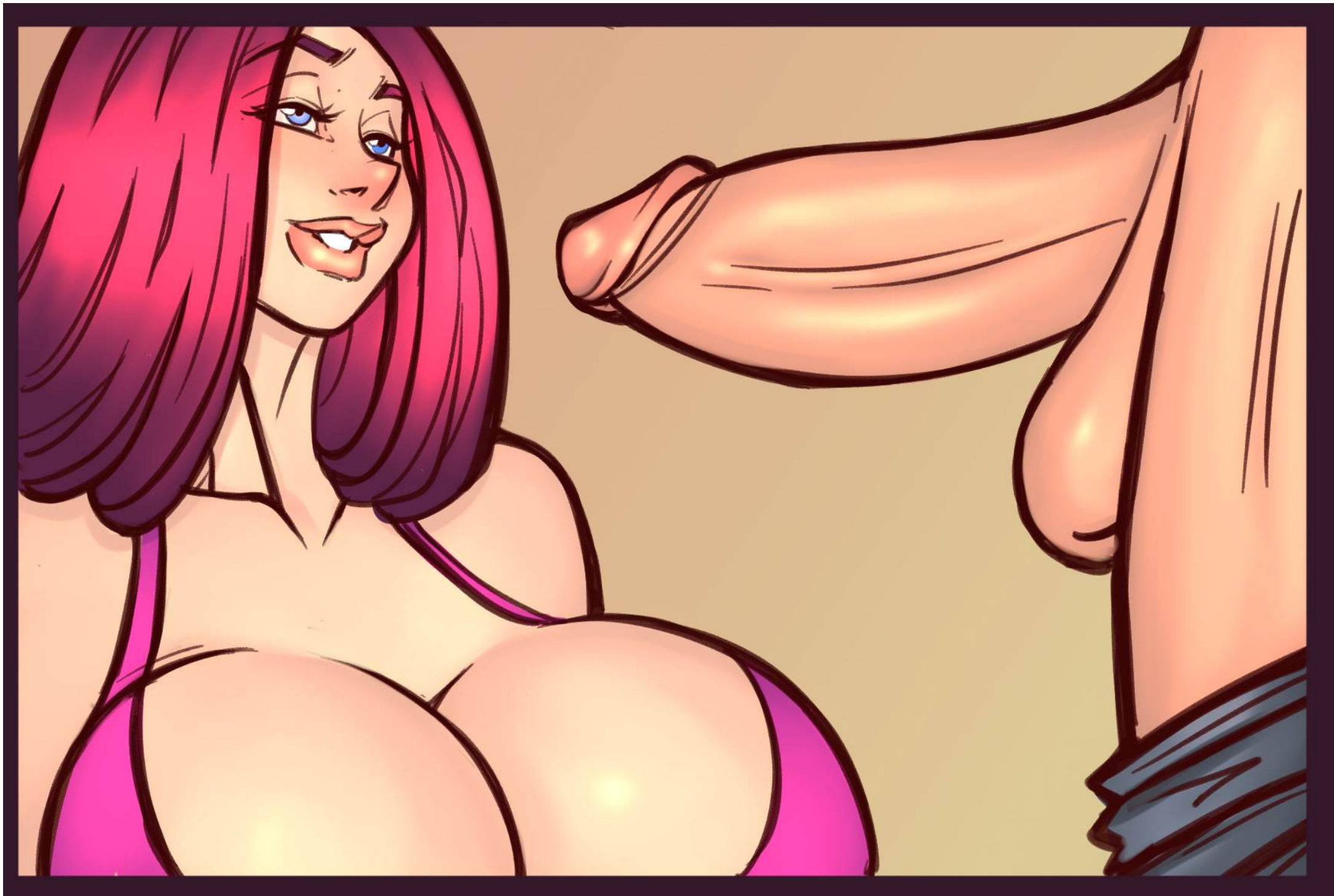
The sack hanging under his distended manhood was enormous.

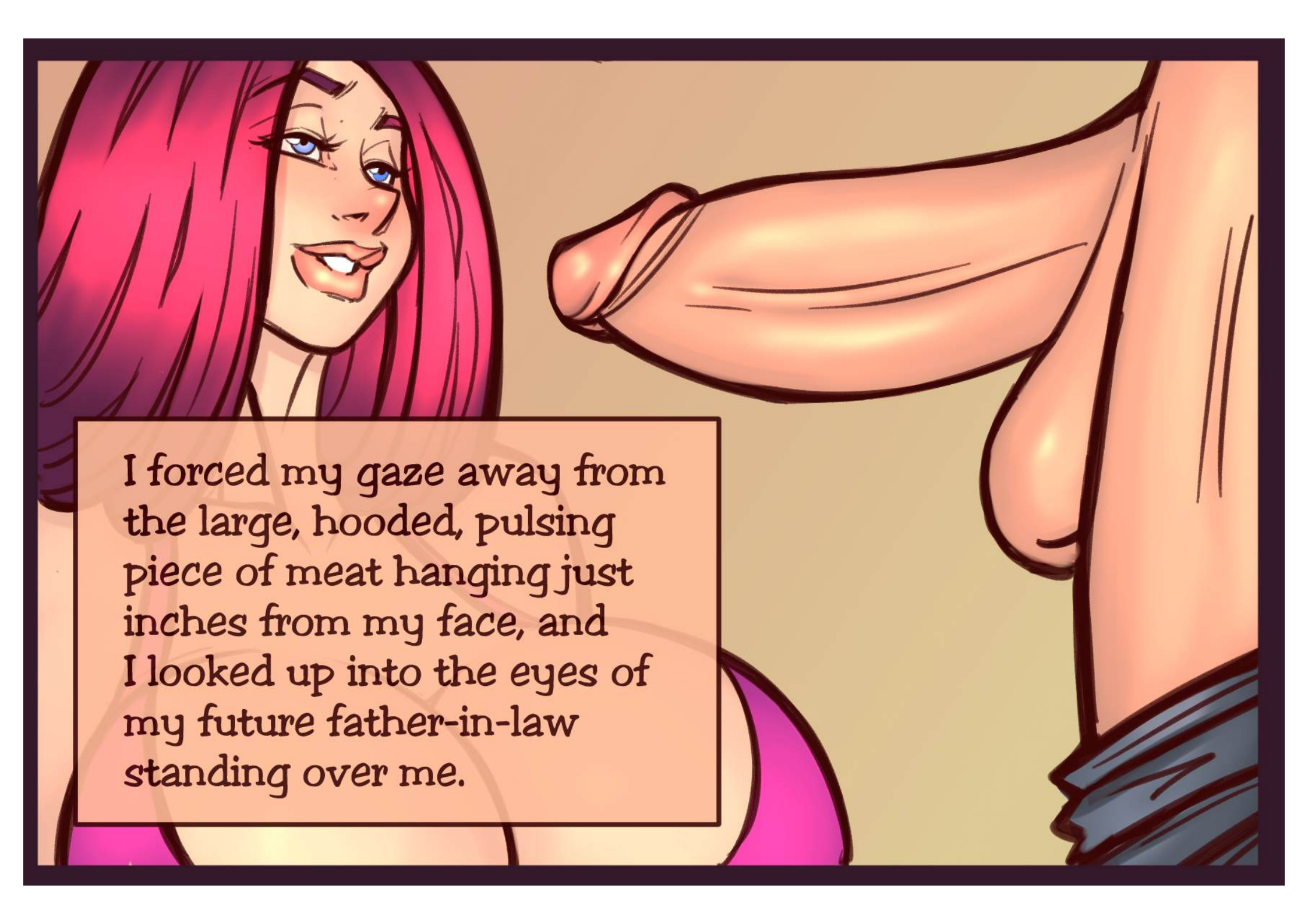


His testicles were not baseball sized, but much larger than golf balls at least.

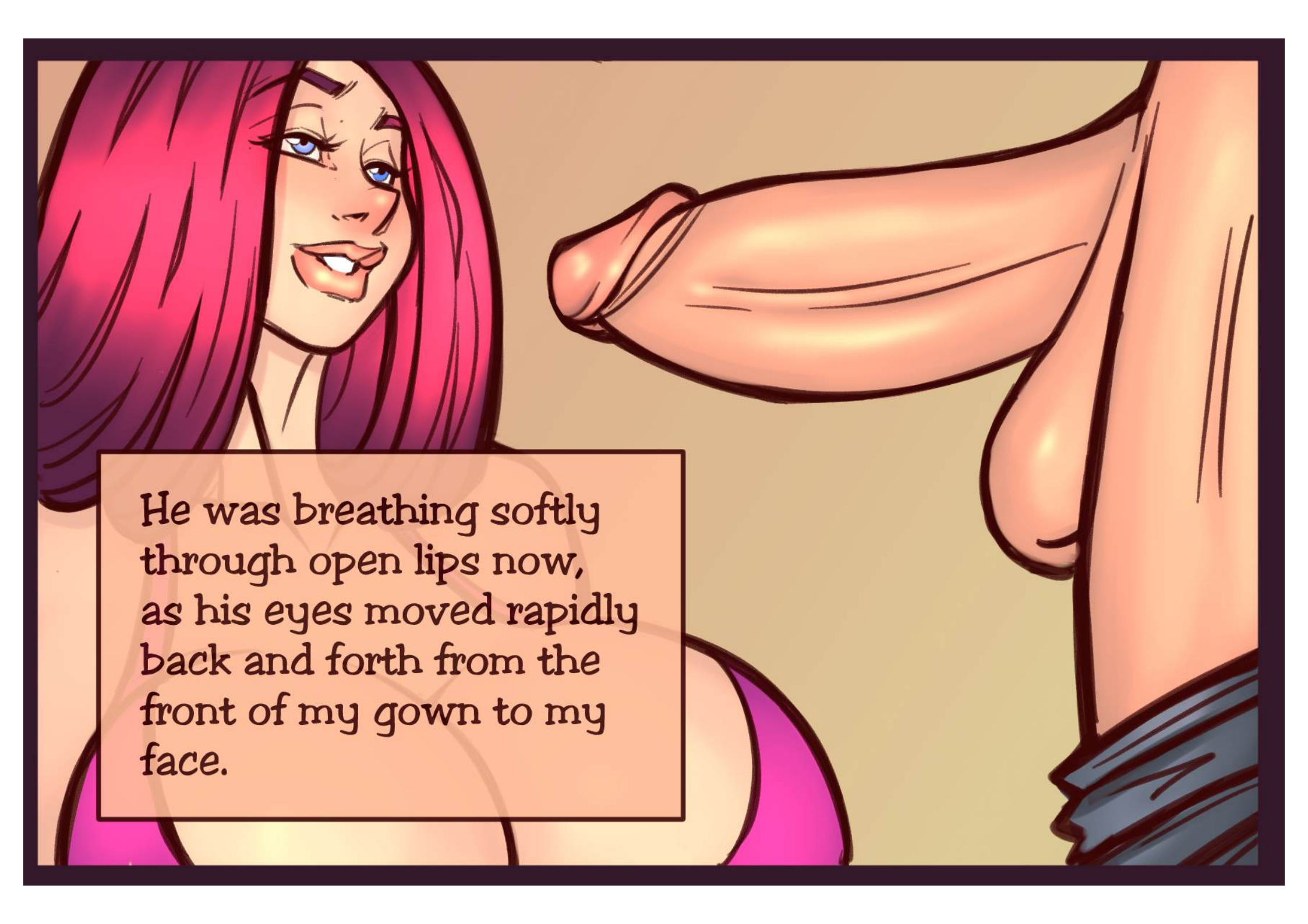


Yes, he was gorgeous,
and I was becoming
moist at the thought
of the way he
responded to me.

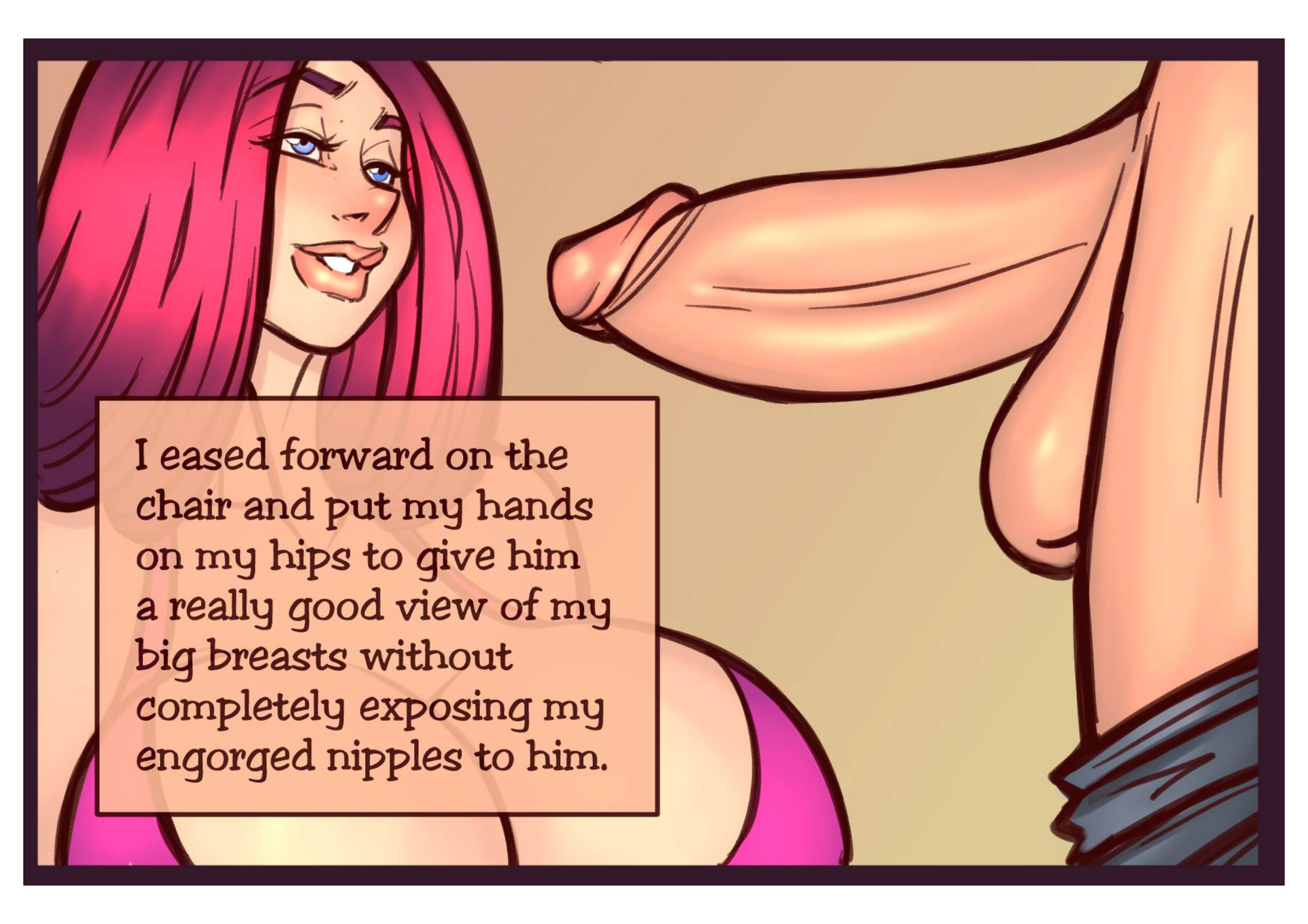




I forced my gaze away from the large, hooded, pulsing piece of meat hanging just inches from my face, and I looked up into the eyes of my future father-in-law standing over me.

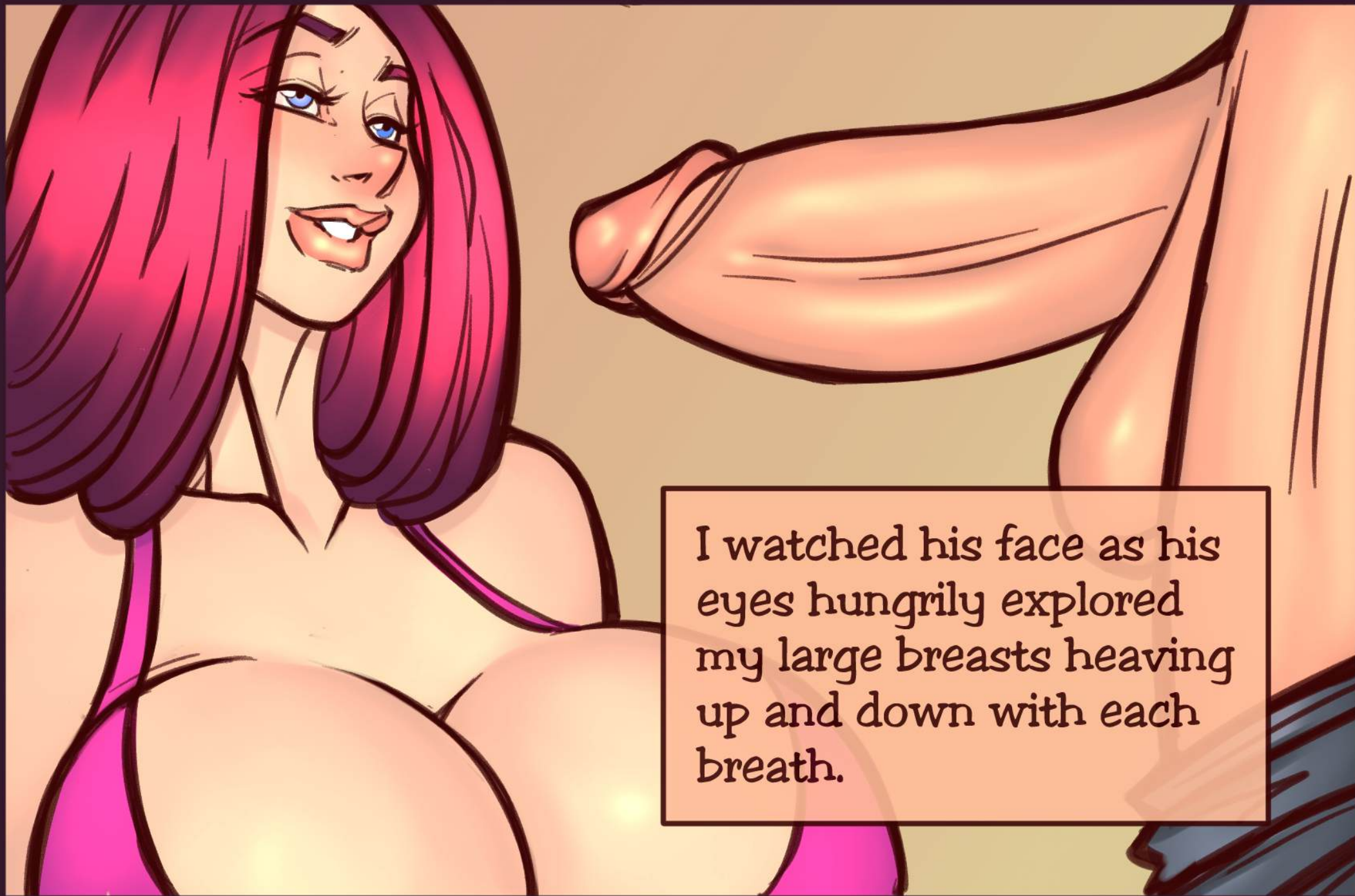


He was breathing softly through open lips now, as his eyes moved rapidly back and forth from the front of my gown to my face.



I eased forward on the chair and put my hands on my hips to give him a really good view of my big breasts without completely exposing my engorged nipples to him.

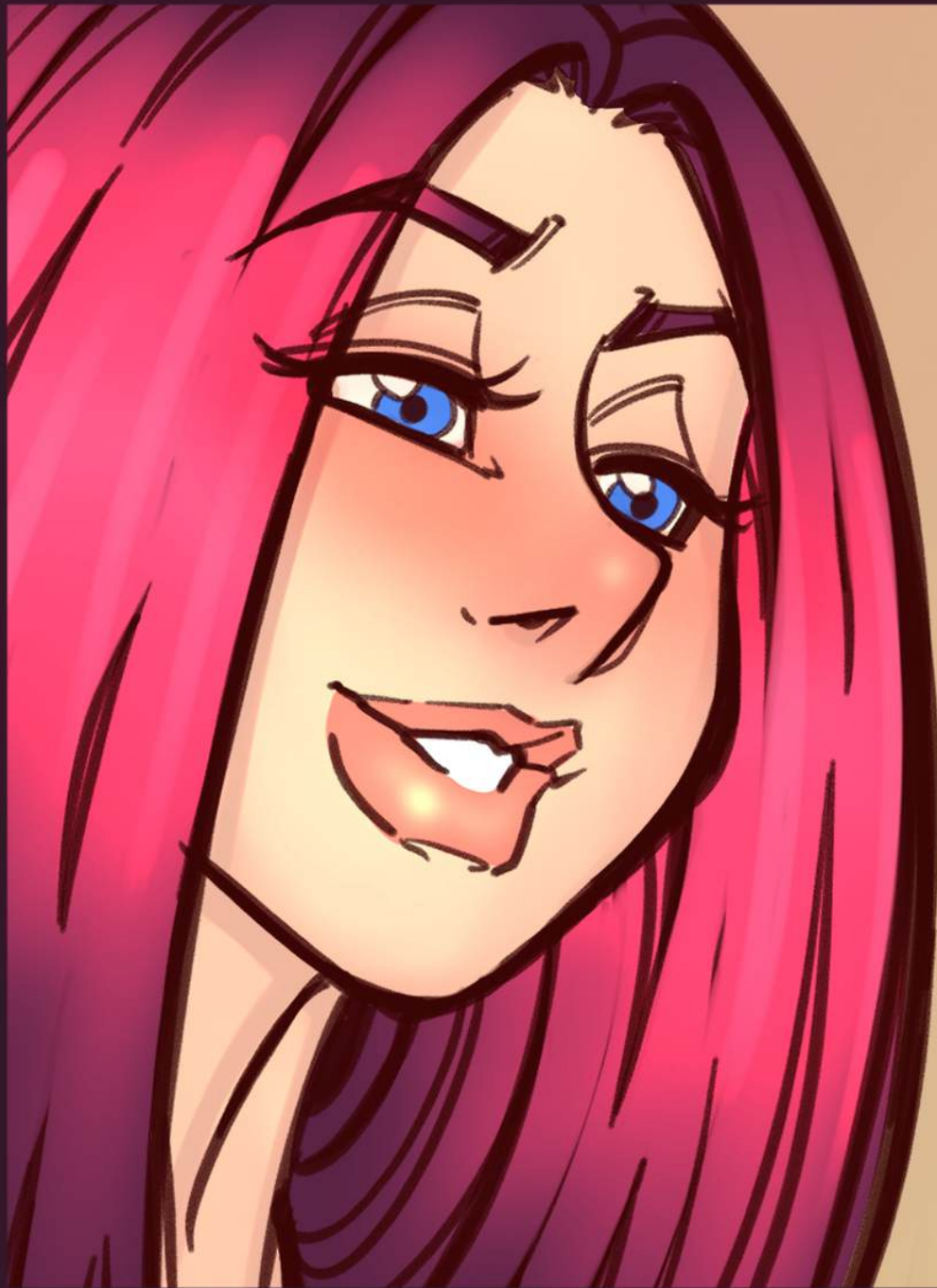




I watched his face as his eyes hungrily explored my large breasts heaving up and down with each breath.

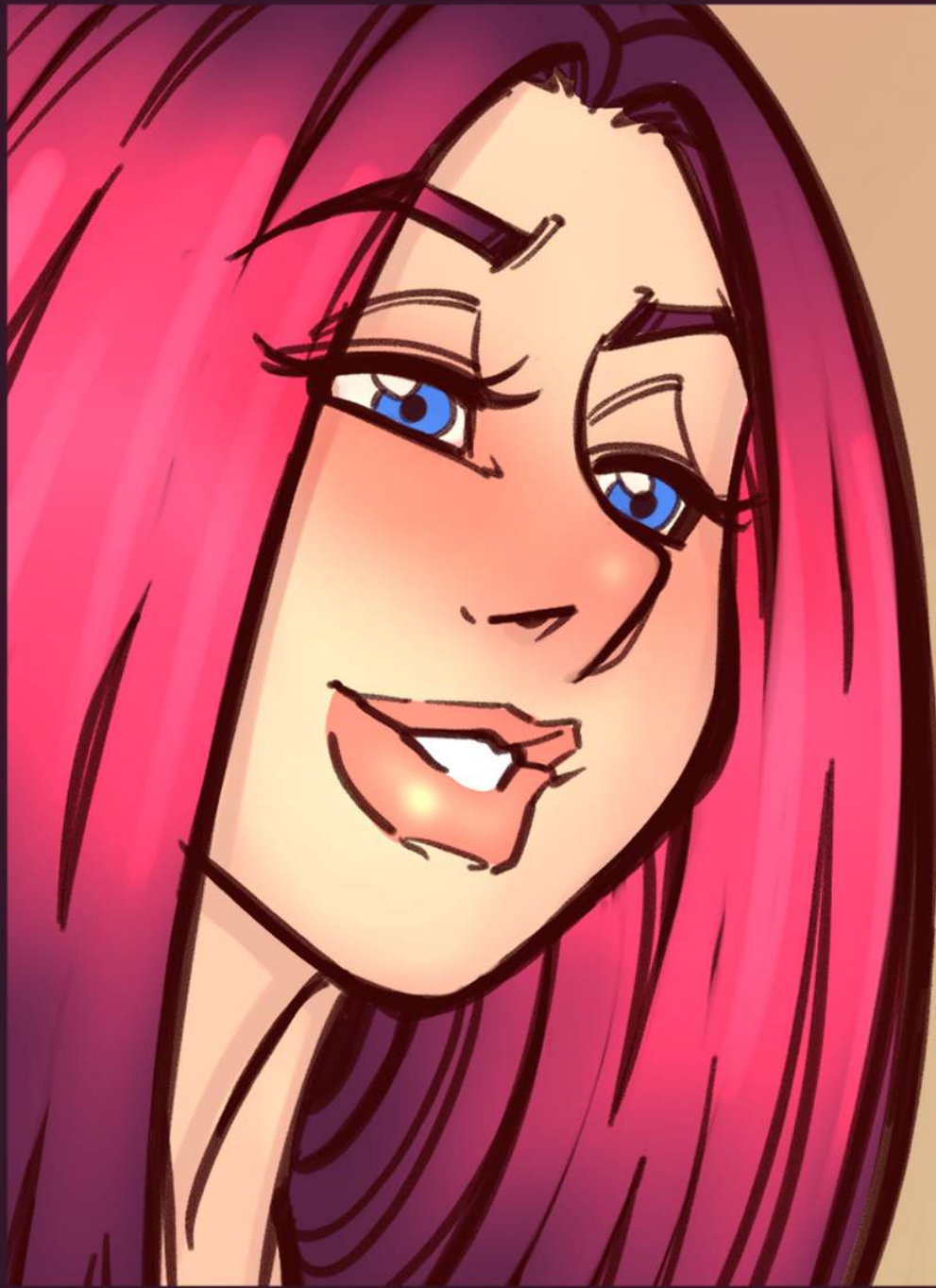


I knew he could easily
see my dark, swollen
nipples now.



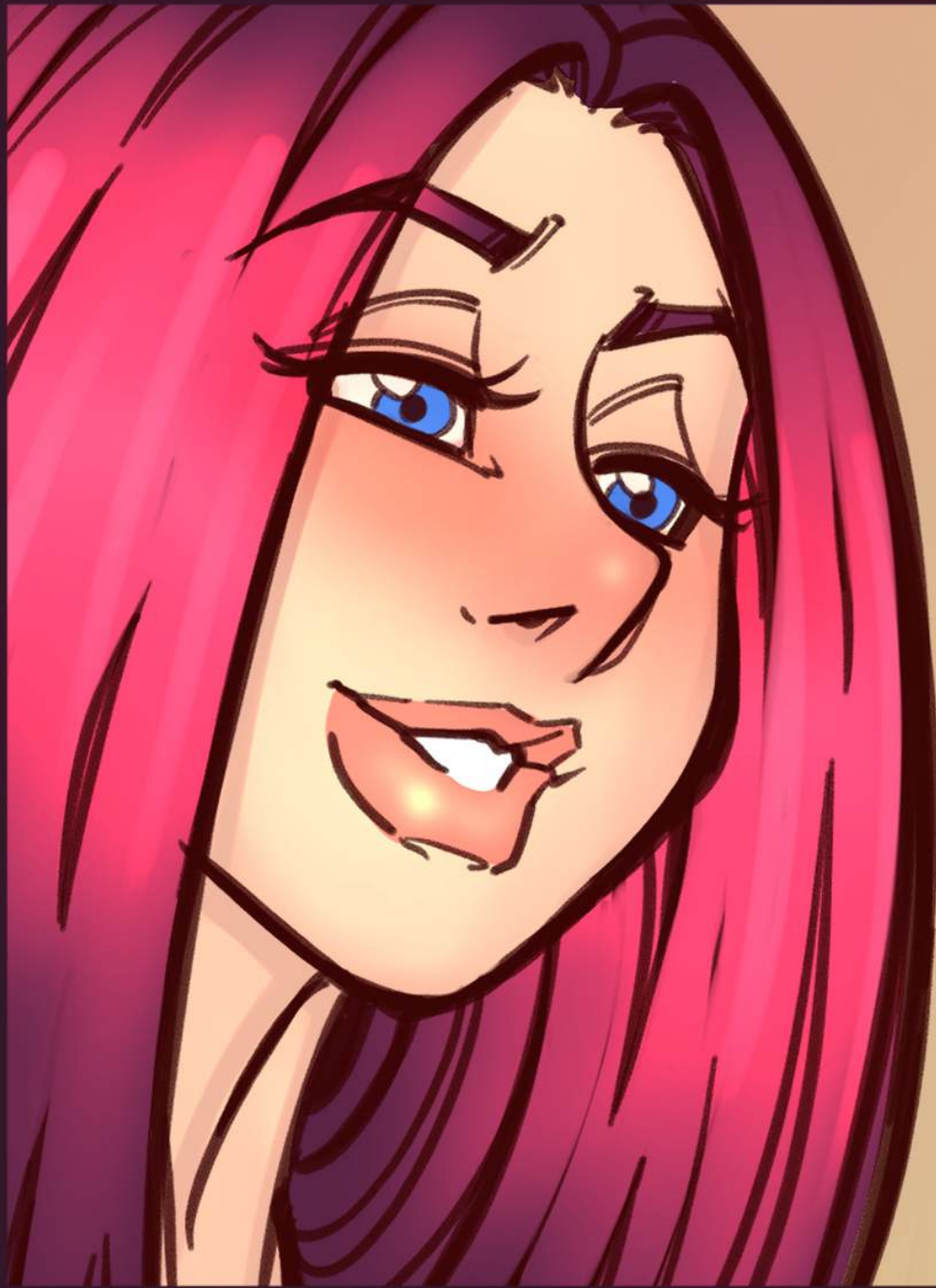
"Do you want me to
take them out now
or would you rather...
would you rather...
I touched you?"





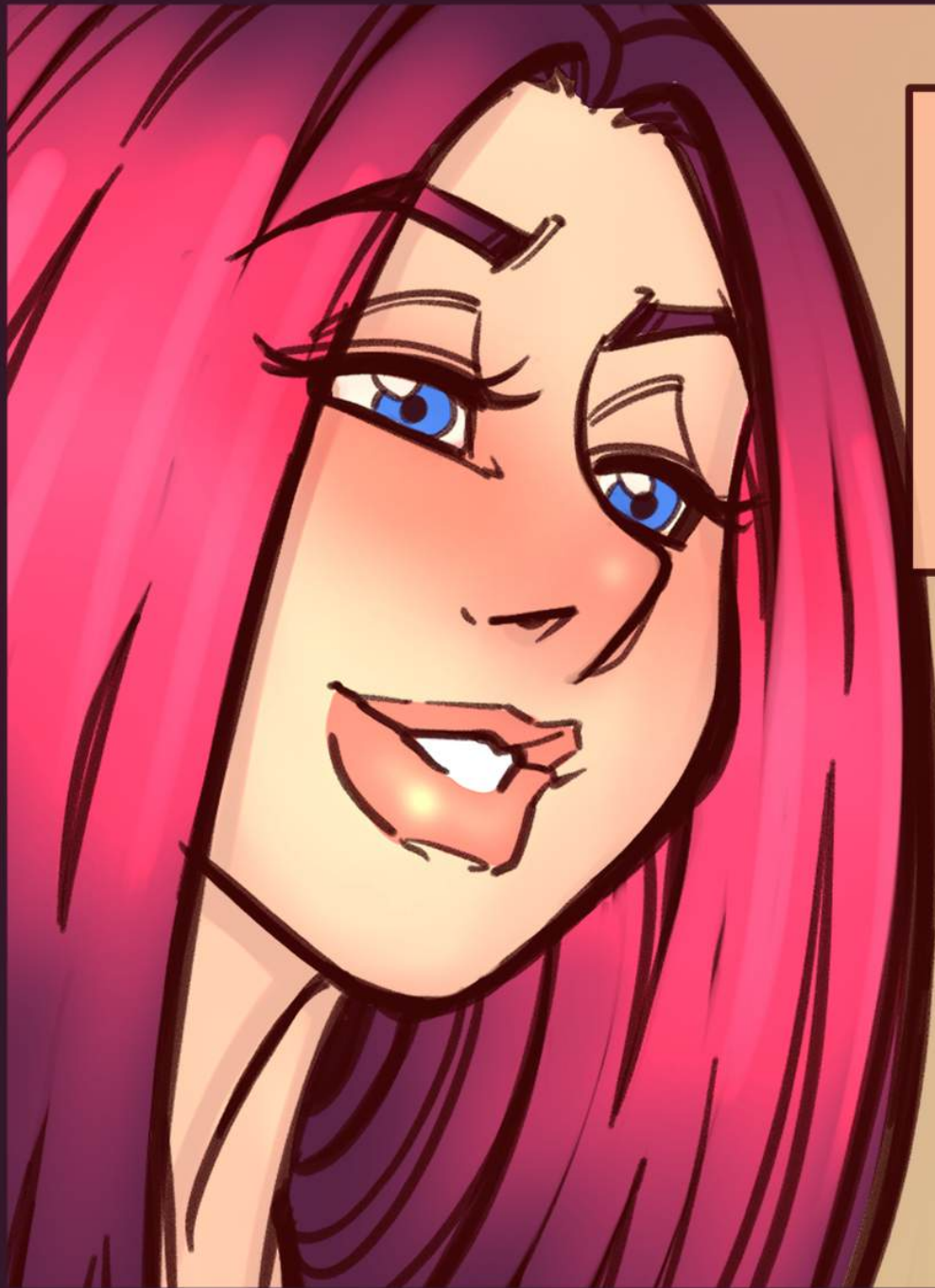
I barely breathed the question as his gaze lurched back to my face.





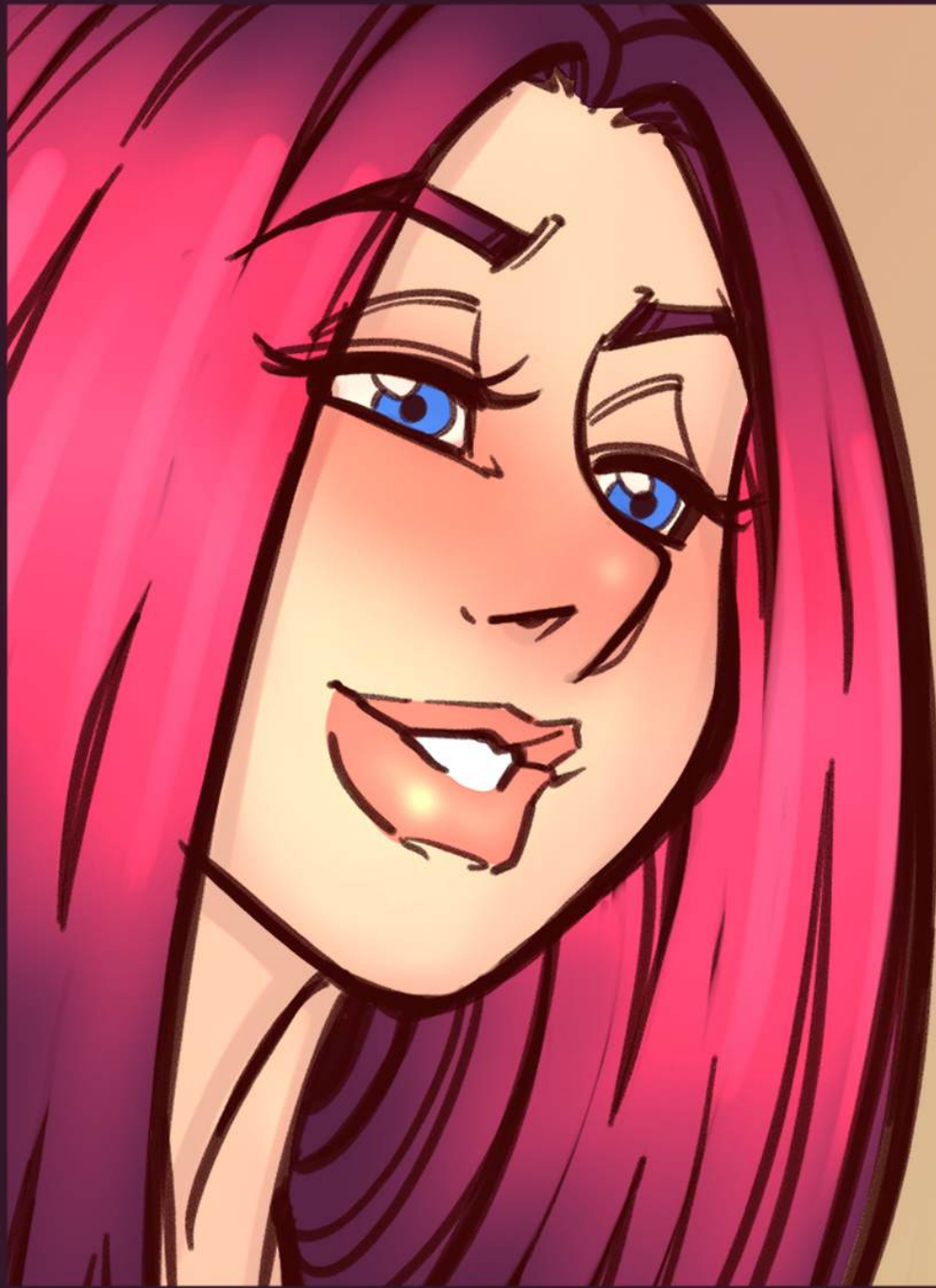
His eyes explored my face as the big tube of flesh in front of me throbbed and swelled even more.





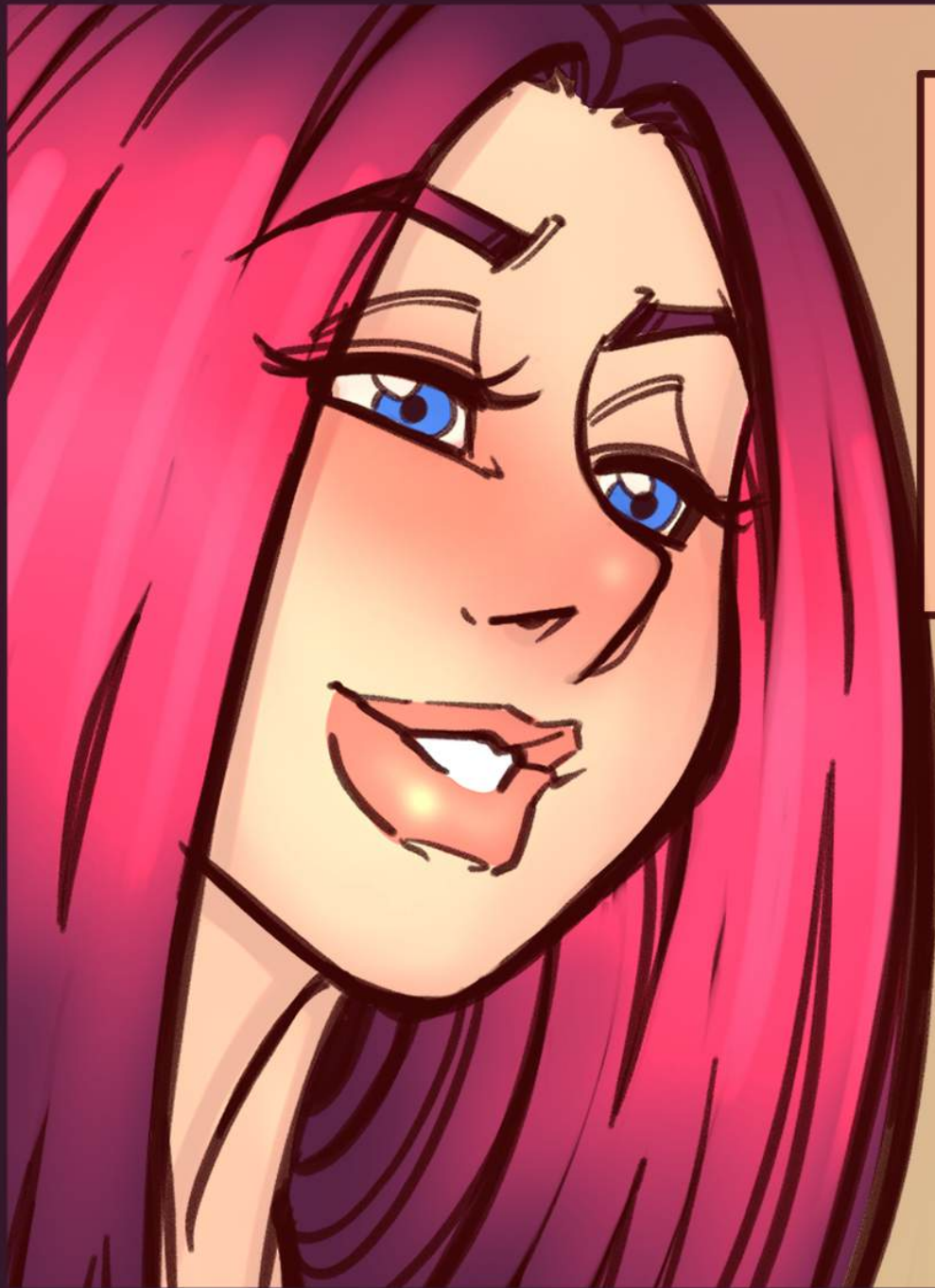
He was now fully erect,
completely hard and his
thick foreskin only partially
covered the full, puffy,
turgid glans.





The veins along the shaft pulsed visibly through the skin. The huge orbs in his scrotum rolled around in their sack as it drew up just a bit.





His went back to my barely concealed breasts under the tightly stretched gown, and then he looked back into my eyes.



"Or would you think badly of me
if I touched you?"

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