

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 49

"The Bride"

Chapter
03



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 03

"Would you think badly of me
if I touched you?"

I still looked up at his glowing face.

"I'd love to touch you,"

I offered softly.

He glanced over his shoulder
and then looked back down
questioningly at me sitting
in front of him.

"What about Mike?"
he said very softly as he nodded
back over his shoulder.

"Don't worry, He's still fast asleep."

I replied.

"Would you tell?"





He smiled and I felt his body shiver as I ran my right palm up the inside of his thigh toward his crotch and the warm, pulsing flush that waited there.



I stopped an inch below
his big sack and repeated
"Well, would you tell?
Shall I go on?"



"Please, please, please go on!"
he blurted quietly as I caressed
the inside of this thigh. "I'll just
tell you to go on and on and on
if you do it!"



I smiled up at up and said
"Well, I guess you'll see
plenty of them later if you
want, huh?"



He gasped out loud, and his entire body shook as I peeled back his thick foreskin and fully exposed his big mushroom.



A drop of liquid
slowly formed
at the opening
in the end of his
meaty phallus.

A woman with long, straight pink hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a purple top and has a gentle, smiling expression. She is holding a man's arm with both hands, massaging his forearm. The man's arm is raised, and his hand is near his head. The background is a soft, warm yellow-orange gradient. The entire scene is framed by a dark purple border.

I took both hands
and palmed his large
balls. They were
massive and warm
and his meat lurched
and swayed and
pulsed as I gently
massage him.



He must ejaculate
a gallon I thought
weighing each
swollen, full globe
in separate palms.



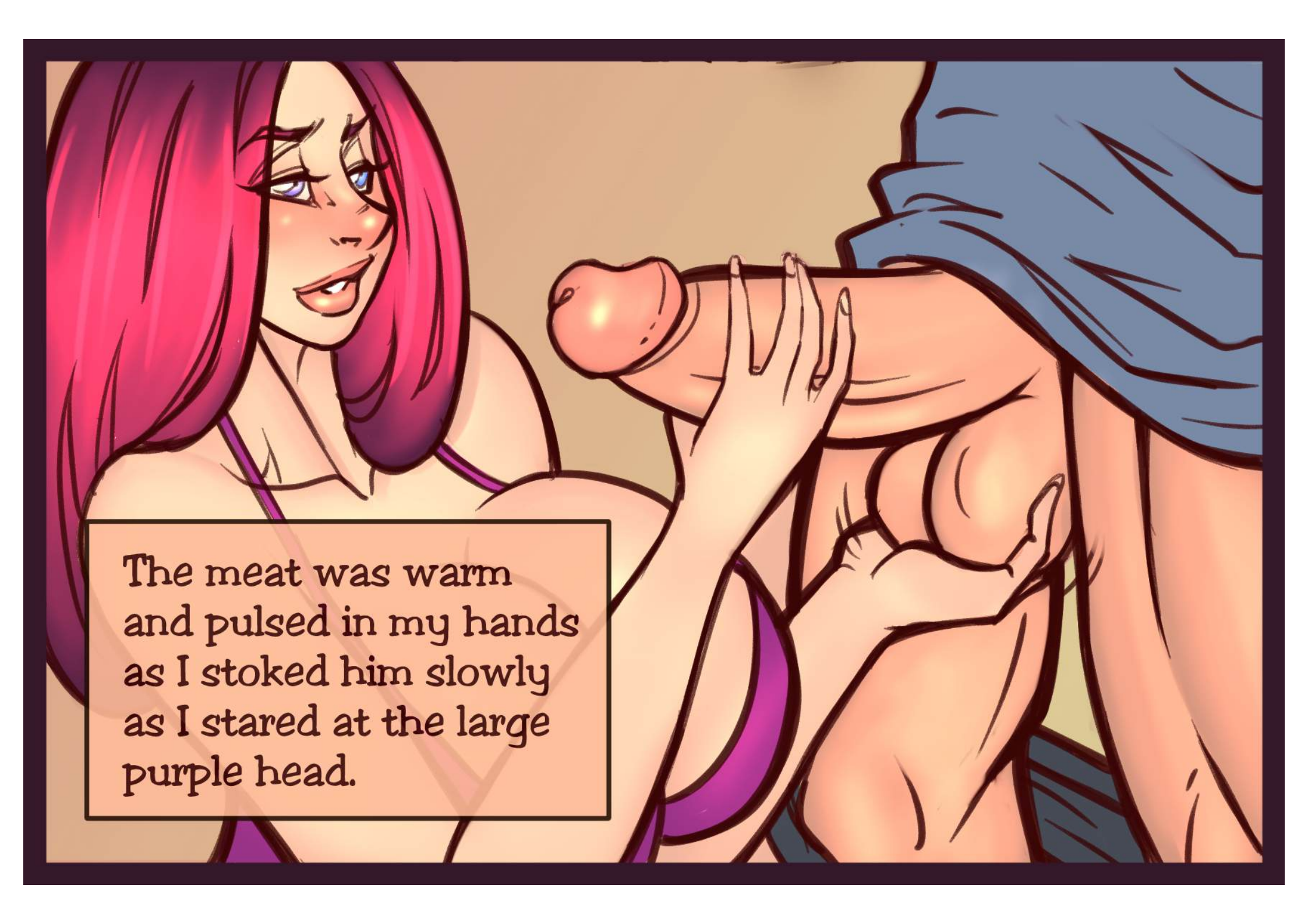
His balls were at least 3 or 4 times as large as my fiancée. He must not have had an orgasm in months.

A woman with long, straight pink hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a purple strapless top. She is holding a very large, thick, pink penis with both hands. The penis is held vertically, with her hands gripping the shaft. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the viewer. The background is a solid light brown color.

Yes, a gallon,
I smiled to
myself, as I
grasped his
thick shaft
with both
hands.



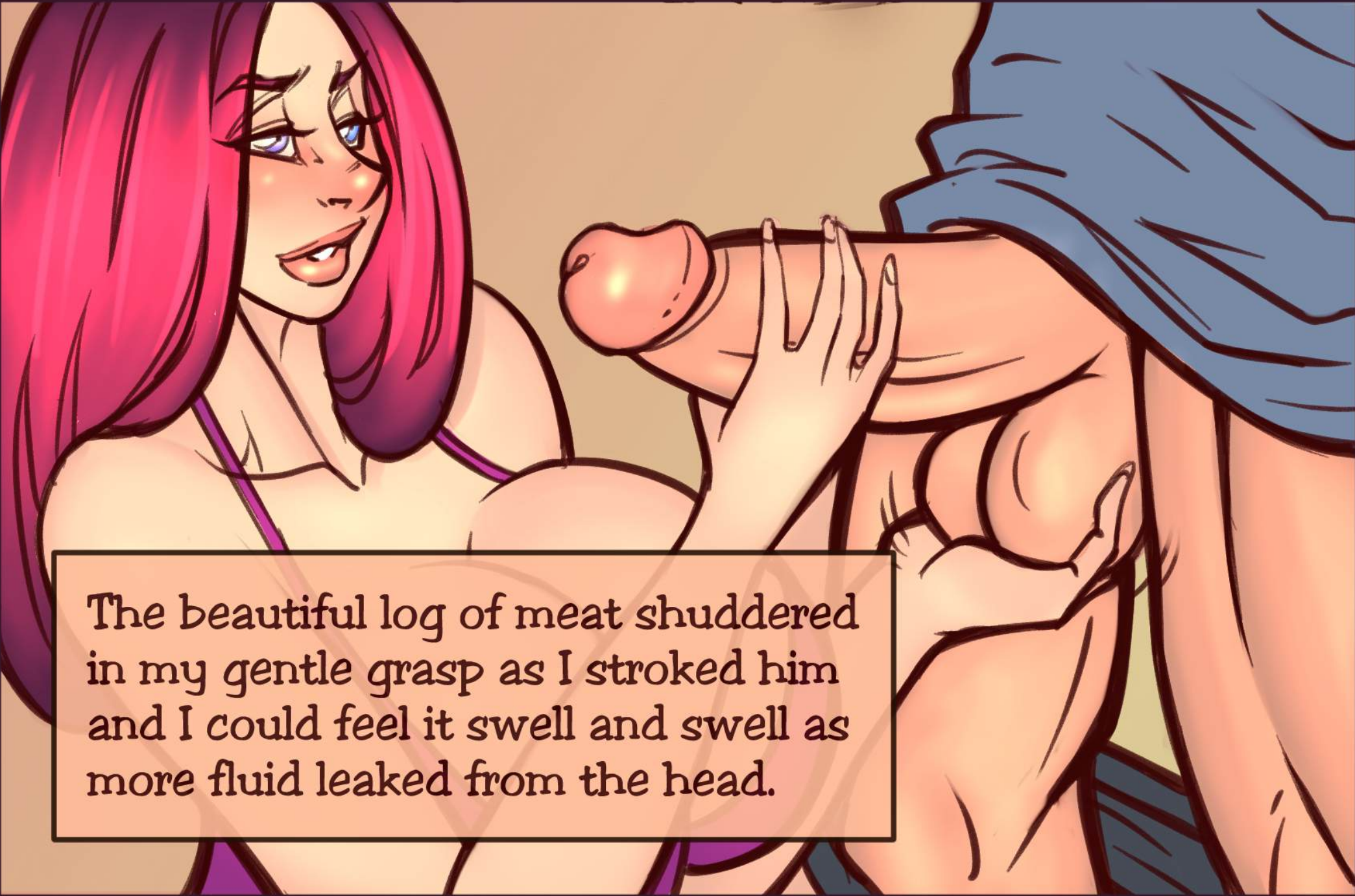
His cock was so big
and so thick that my
hands couldn't fully
encircle its girth.



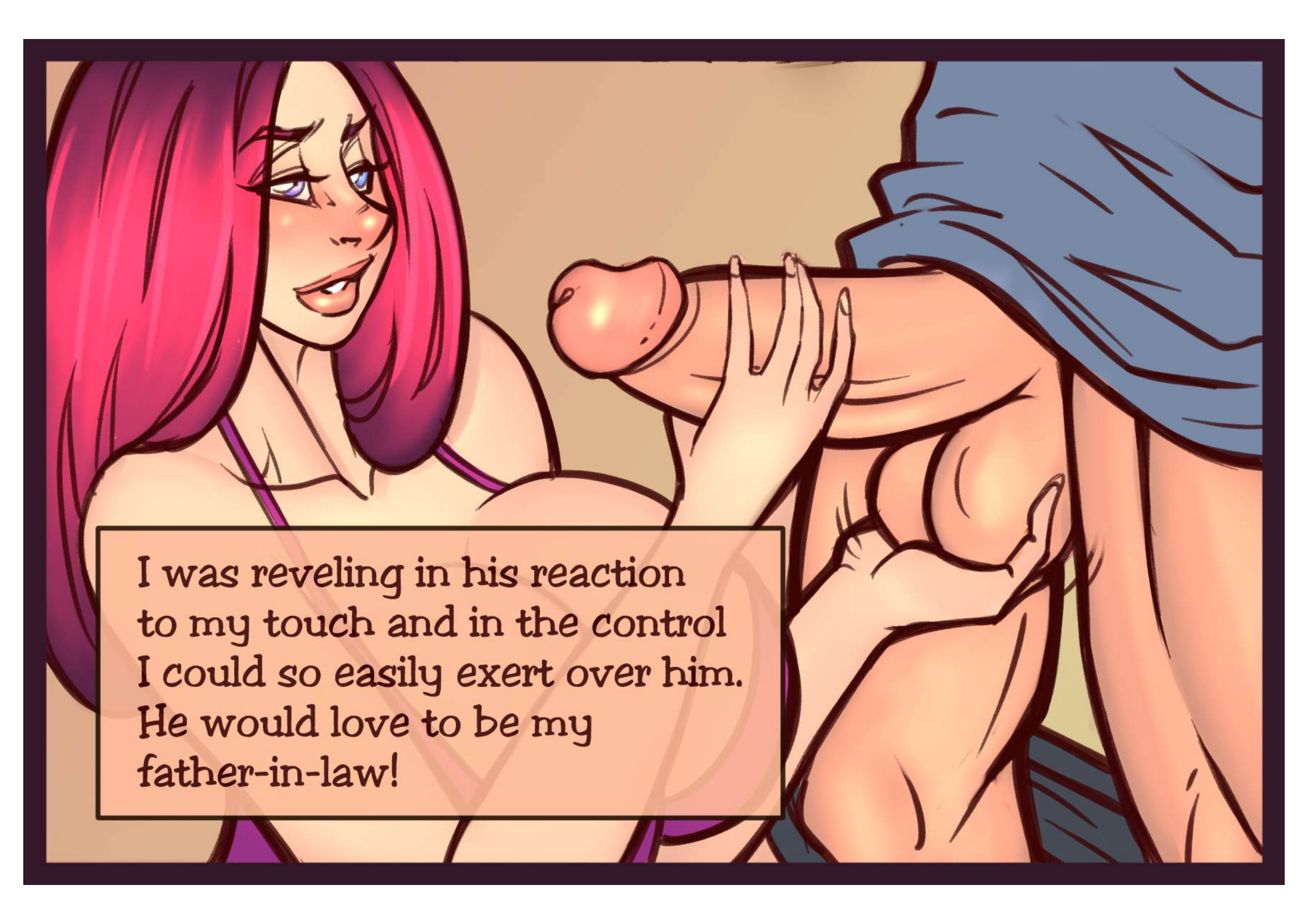
The meat was warm
and pulsed in my hands
as I stoked him slowly
as I stared at the large
purple head.



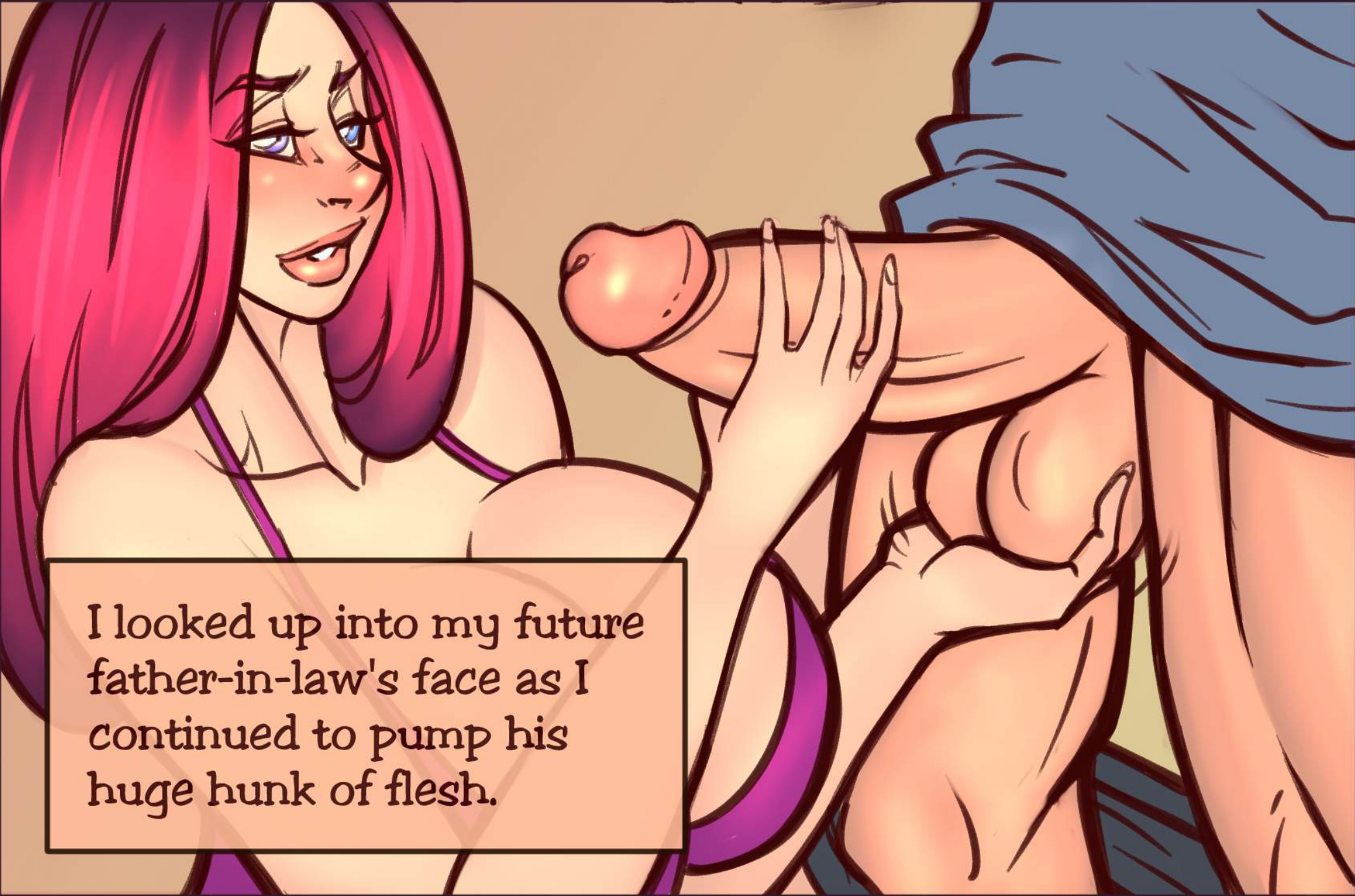
I pulled the skin down partially over his cock head and then just slowly, and almost imperceptibly rocked my hands back and forth over the big ridge at the base of his cock head.



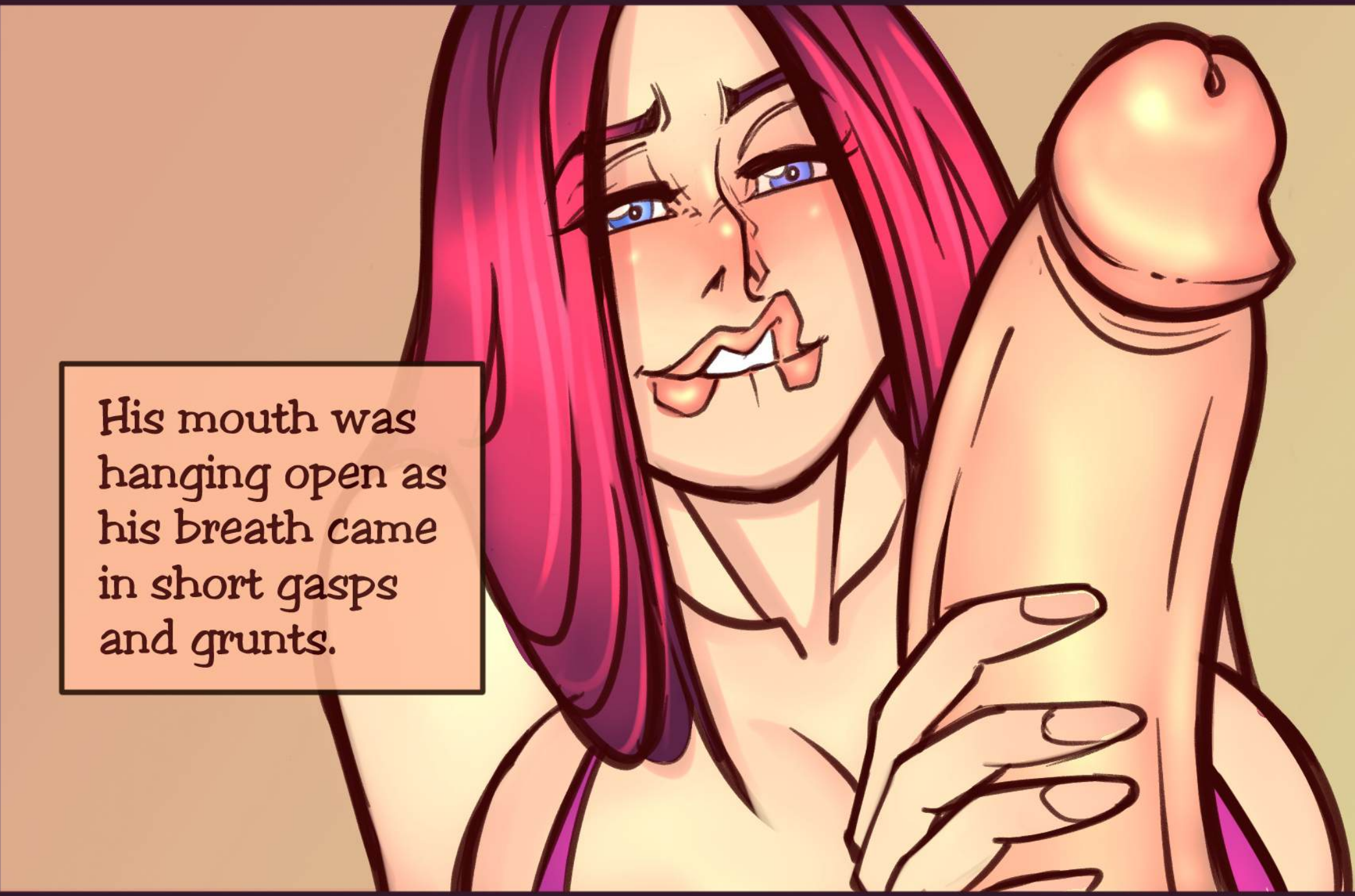
The beautiful log of meat shuddered in my gentle grasp as I stroked him and I could feel it swell and swell as more fluid leaked from the head.



I was reveling in his reaction
to my touch and in the control
I could so easily exert over him.
He would love to be my
father-in-law!

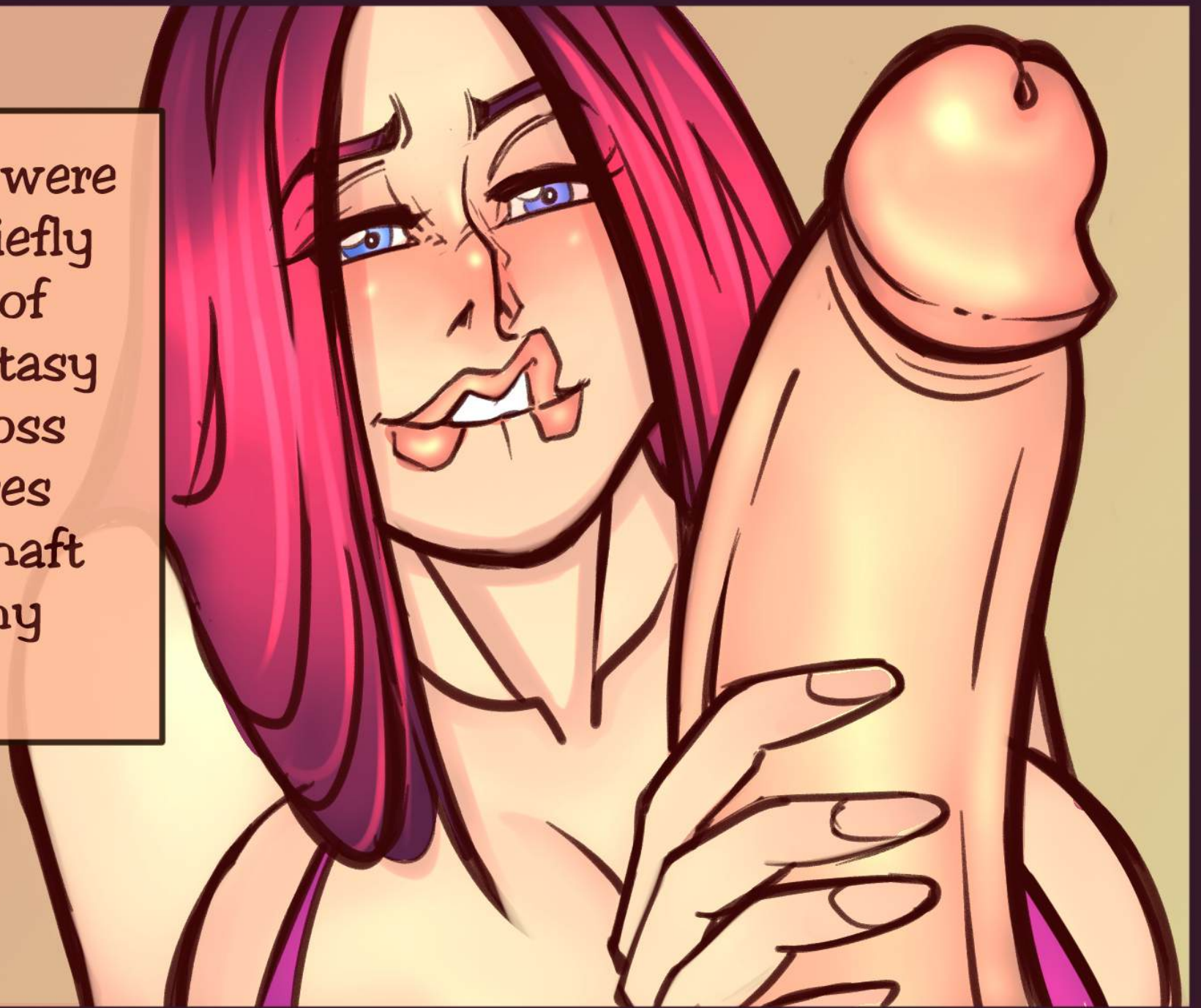


I looked up into my future father-in-law's face as I continued to pump his huge hunk of flesh.

A comic book panel with a warm, orange-toned background. On the left, a woman with long, flowing pink hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up, looking towards the right. Her expression is one of surprise or concern, with her mouth slightly open. On the right, the back of a man is visible, showing his bare skin and a prominent, rounded shoulder blade. A hand is visible near the man's shoulder, with fingers slightly curled. A speech bubble is positioned on the left side of the panel, containing text.

His mouth was hanging open as his breath came in short gasps and grunts.

Our eyes were locked briefly as a look of sheer ecstasy came across his features and his shaft grew in my grasp.



I continued to stroke him with my right hand and I cupped his massive sack with the other.



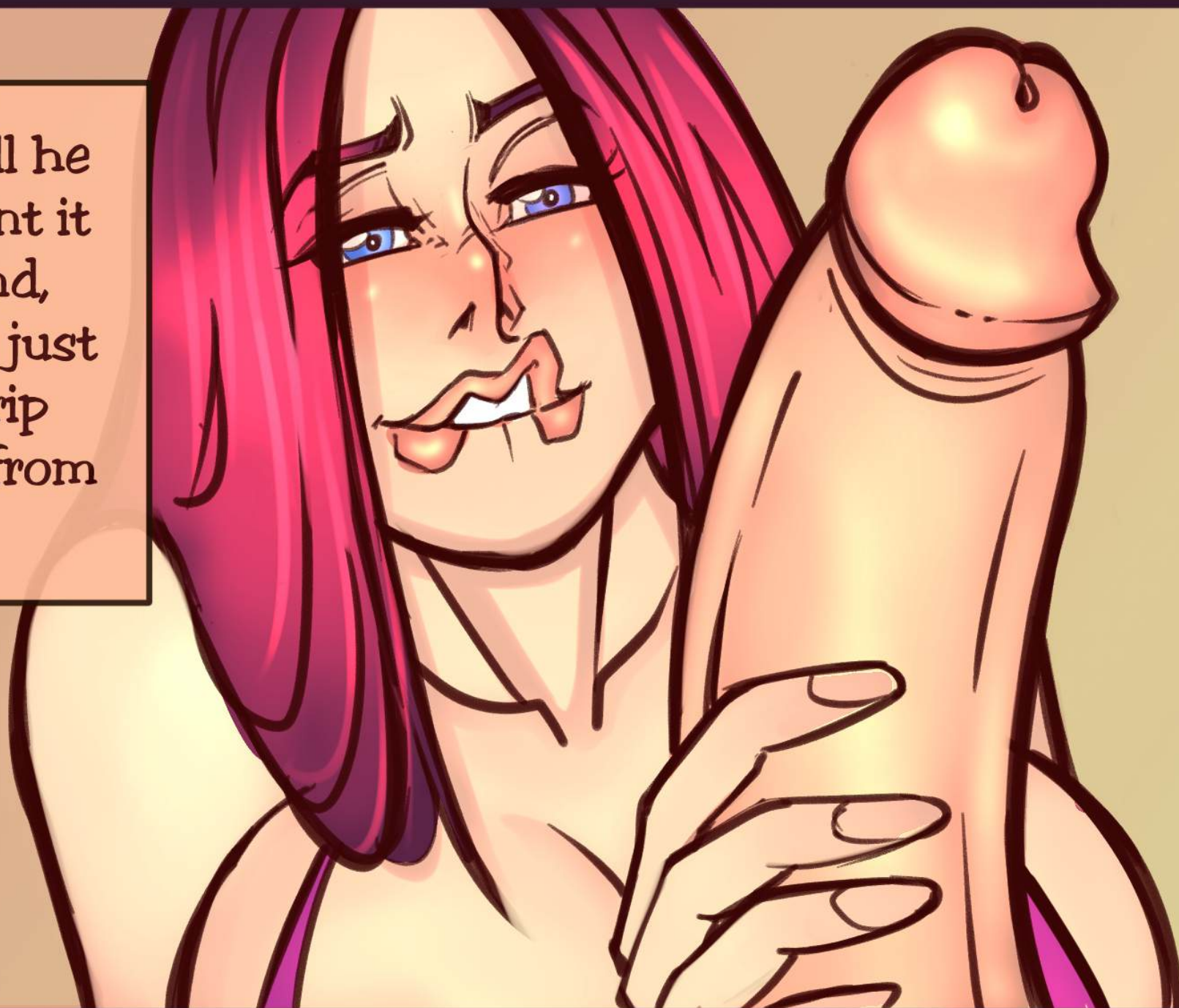
He grunted and groaned as I slowly and gently stroked his huge pole of flesh. He was getting close... but he had good staying power.



Most guys would have exploded by now, but was prolonging the pleasure. I gripped him more firmly and gradually picked up the pace.



I could tell he
didn't want it
to ever end,
but I was just
dying to rip
the fluid from
his sack.



"Don't worry,"
I whispered,
"This is just the beginning..."

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