

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 08

"THE TALK"

CHAPTER
04



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 08: "The Talk"

Based on a original Story

"The Sex Talk"

by RawlyRawls

<https://rawlyrawls.com/>

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

This is a work of fiction.

All characters aren't real.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Enjoy it!

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The background of the page is a vibrant, abstract composition of diagonal streaks in shades of red, orange, and yellow, creating a sense of motion and energy. The streaks vary in width and intensity, with some appearing as bright, glowing lines and others as softer, more diffused bands. The overall effect is a dynamic and warm visual field.

CHAPTER 04

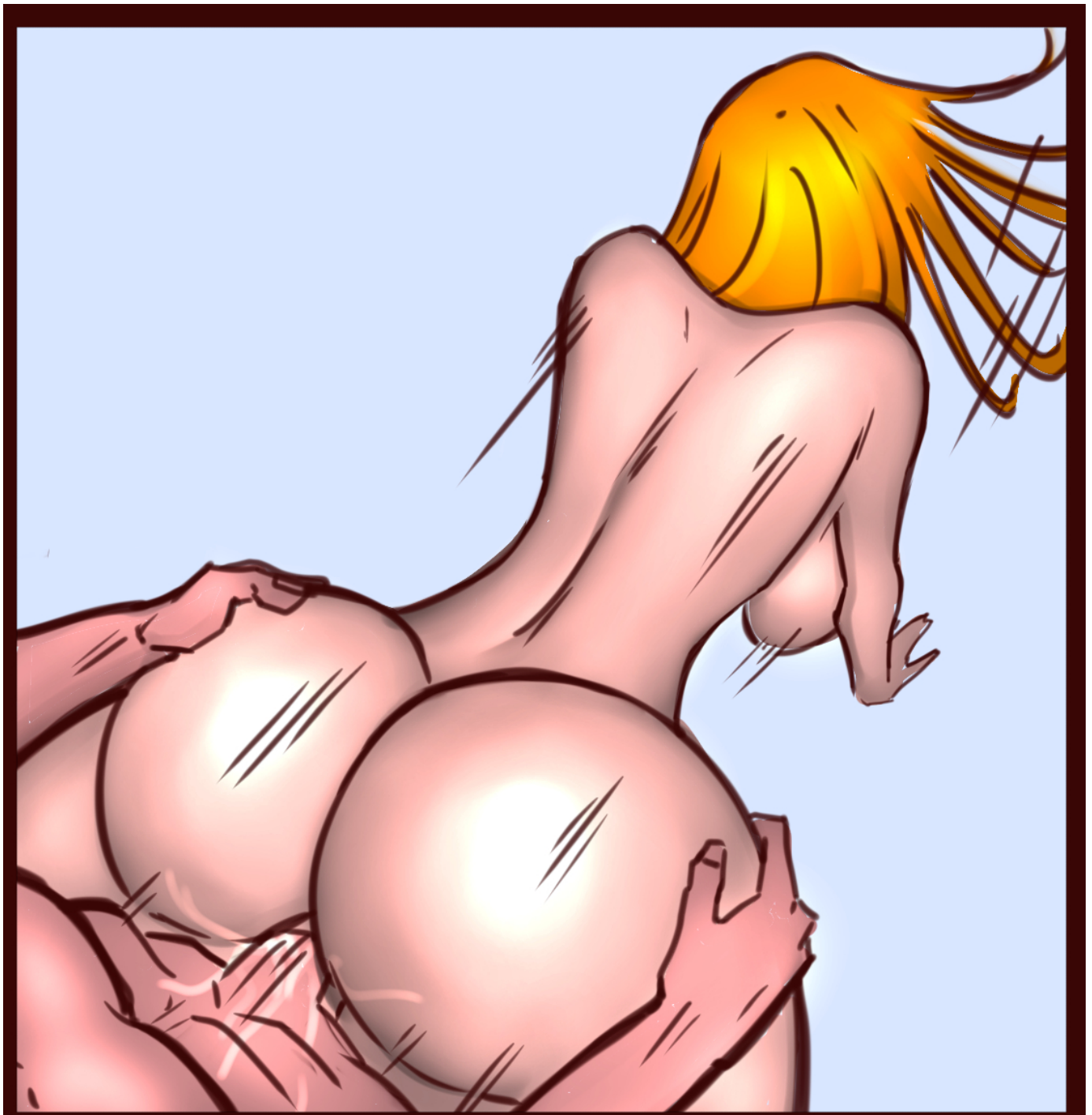


In the morning, David still had not returned from his night out. Typical, Naomi thought.

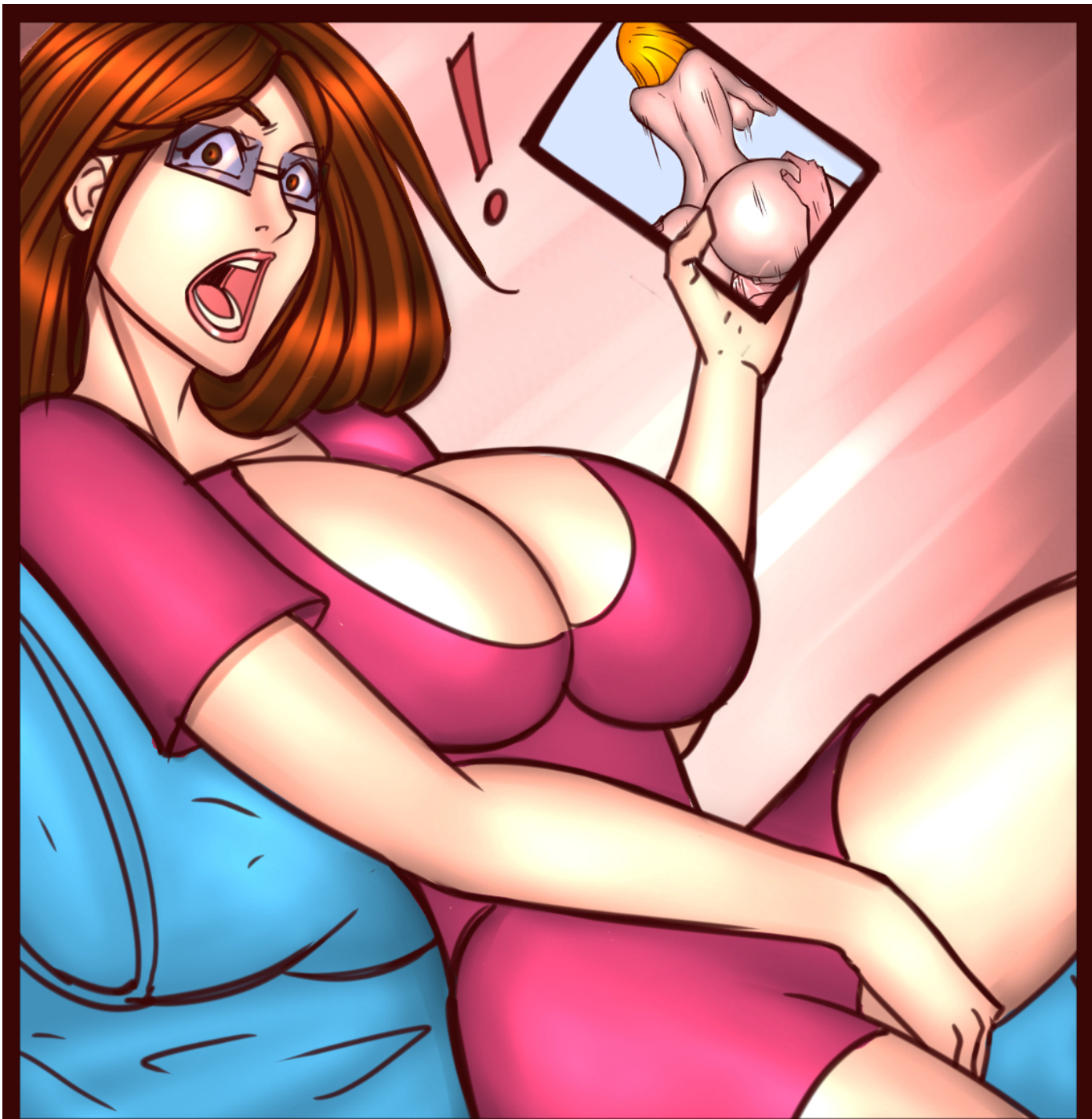
She cleaned the kitchen, alone in the house now that her husband had left for golf. Halfway through sweeping the floor, Naomi put down her broom and quickly walked upstairs.



She probably had hours until David got home. She slipped into his empty room, sat on the bed, and pulled out the iPad. Soon, the video played again and she watched poor Debra surrender to David while taking it from behind. Naomi's hand crept under her dress, moved her panties to the side, and found her clitoris.



"Who's bigger ... slut?" The David on screen said. Naomi could feel her orgasm approaching.



"What the hell, Mom." The real and present David stepped into his own room to find his mom violating his personal space.

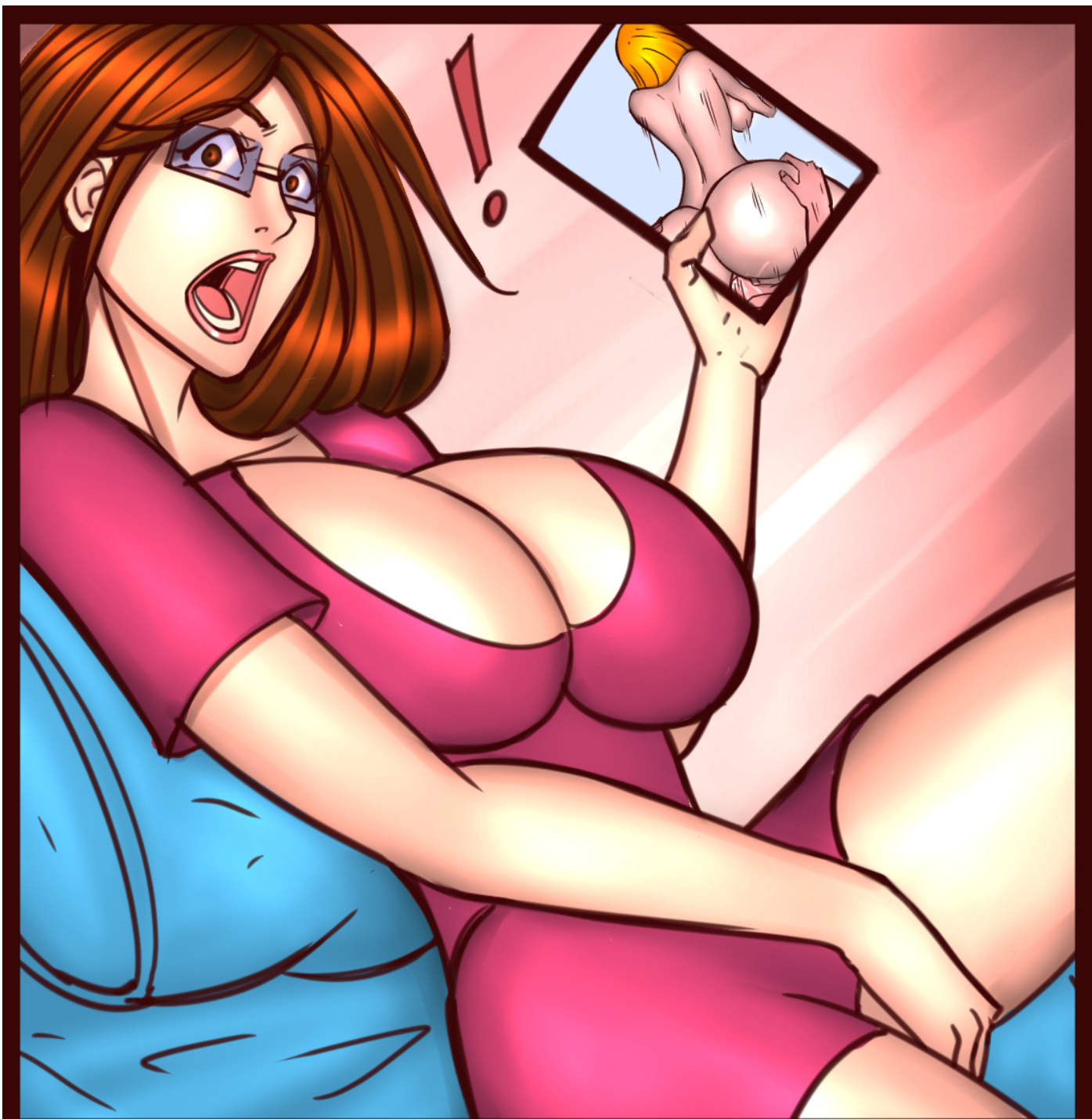
And violating her pussy to boot.

"That's my stuff."



With a yelp, Naomi tossed the iPad onto the bed and moved her hand from under her dress.

"I'm so sorry, sweetie. I was just ..."
Naomi tried to think of a plausible explanation.



Her body still buzzed with pleasure and frustration.

"I ... was checking my stocks online."
In the background, Mrs. Debra Turner could be heard saying how much she liked teenage dick.



"It's cool, Mom." David held up his hands to try and calm her down. He could see her large breasts heaving with each breath under her dress.

"I get it. I promised to teach you about sex, and then we had no follow up.

My bad." He sat down next to her on the bed and gave her a reassuring smile.



"It's okay."

He picked up the iPad and closed the video. He scrolled through the folder and opened another video, tilting the iPad screen so she could see.

"This is one with Mrs. Turner on top. Check out those bouncing tits."



"Oh," Naomi said dumbly.
The woman had large, hanging breasts with big areola. They were indeed bouncing in counter circles as she rode David.



"Porn is an important part of a healthy sex life, Mom."

He put his hand on her knee and his fingers slipped under her dress.

"Watching porn, making porn. It's all part of a full life."



His fingers traced their way up the inside of her thigh, while he held the iPad with his other hand so she could see what he had done to Debra.

"Don't, Davey." But Naomi made no move to stop him.

"I don't want to ... ugh ... oh, my."



She felt his fingers slip inside her.

"Oh, sweetie."

She felt him pick up the pace and soon he was banging her with his fingers. Was this the "fingerbanging" Naomi had heard about? It felt so good.



"That's it, Mom." David could see from the tormented look on her pretty face that he had her right where he wanted her. He worked his fingers hard in her tight, wet pussy.



The image of the Debra's big tits reflected in Naomi's glasses.

"Imagine those were your tits bouncing for my camera."

"Oh, Davey ... I ... I'm going to ..."





Naomi's eyes rolled up in her head, and she made guttural sounds deep in her throat over and over. Her son was giving her an orgasm and it was magnificent. When she'd calmed some, her wits returned.



"You shouldn't have done that, sweetie." She pulled his hand from between her legs, stood, and straightened her dress. "I'm your mother, not one of your neighborhood harlots." But she knew Debra was no harlot. Naomi turned and walked to the door.



"Wait, Mom." David didn't want the tutoring session to be over so soon. **"I've got more videos. You wouldn't believe which wives let me film them."**



"I'm disgusted, David." Naomi tried to sound convincing. She left his room and slammed the door behind her. She stood in the hall, breathing hard, trying not to go back in there. Eventually, she marched down the hall and downstairs.



She needed to put it all out of her mind. She'd finish cleaning the kitchen for a start. If she was very lucky, Naomi wouldn't think about her son's large penis for the rest of the day.

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