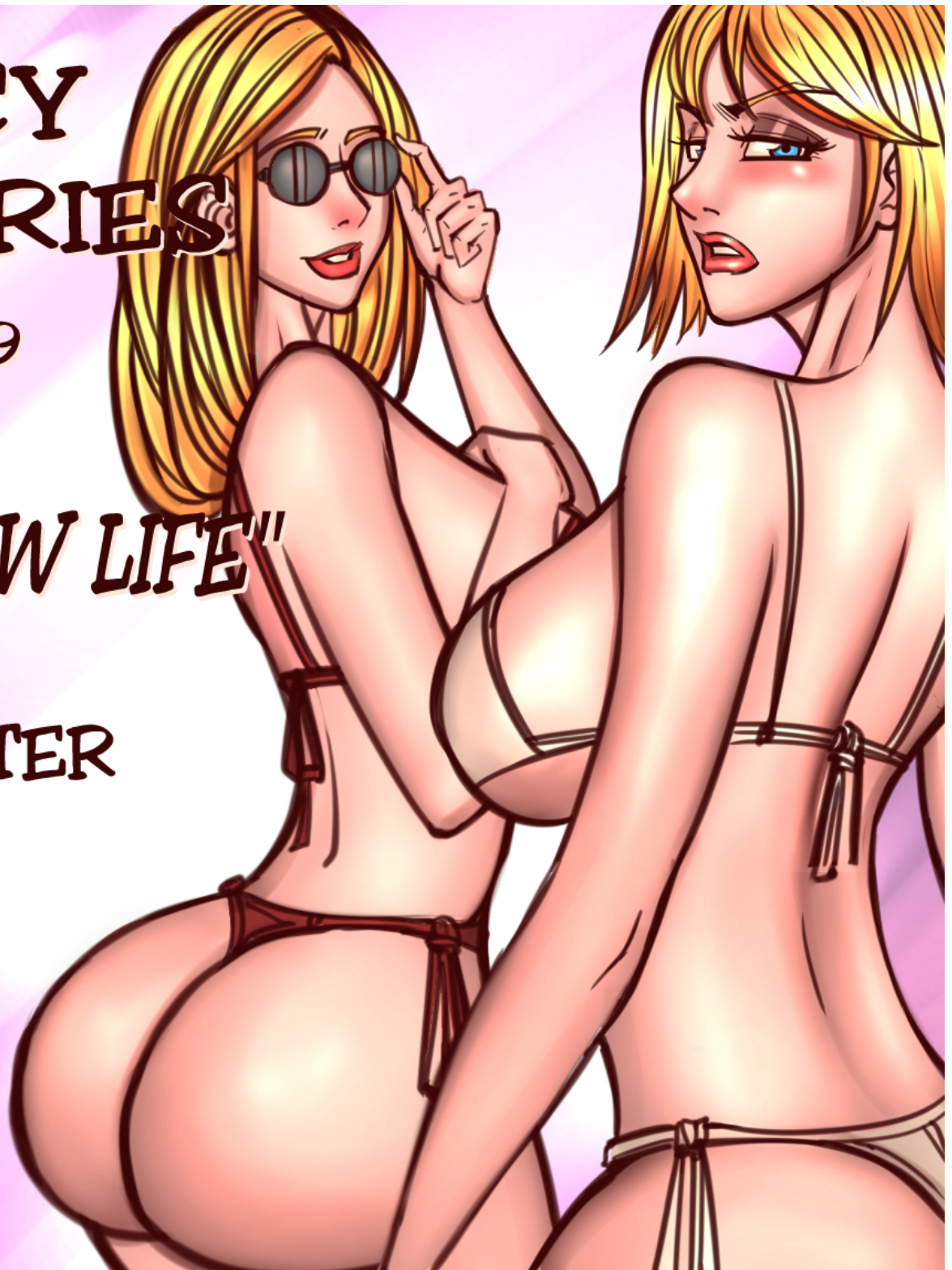


SPICY STORIES

VOL. 09

"A NEW LIFE"

CHAPTER
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 09: "A new Life"

Story by Camille Juteau

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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The background of the page is an abstract, artistic composition of overlapping, diagonal stripes in various shades of pink, magenta, and purple. The stripes vary in opacity and width, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is soft and ethereal, with a light, airy feel.

CHAPTER 01

John was on his way back.

He was coming back home. Or was he? The place where he was going to, wasn't the home he used to know at the time he was a little kid. It was the same location. The same walls of the house, but everything else was different. The feel of the home had entirely shifted into something different. John didn't want to come back, but he had to, unfortunately. When he stood on the doorstep and pressed on the doorbell, somebody else than his dad answered him. Instead, it was a young woman. Her name was Victoria.



A real beauty. The daughter of his mom, the daughter of his new step-mom he was soon about to meet. It was imminent.

"Hello," John said, smiling when he first saw her.

"Hi. Who are you?" Victoria had never seen him before.

"It's me," he simply said, smiling some more.



"It's who?"

Victoria had no idea what he was talking about. No idea at all. She raised an eyebrow and frowned. She had her android phone in her hands. Playing with it a lot.

"It's John?"

She still had no idea.

"His son?"



"Oh, that's you? I had no idea. He never mentions you. Like ever. So, like, I had no idea. Sorry. I guess. What do you want?" the young woman asked him, nonchalant, casual.

"You had no idea I was coming here today?"

"Should I?" she barely looked at him. Didn't care.

"I'm sorry, are you Denise?" he asked her.

"What? Mom? I'm Victoria. You are so weird."



"Who is Victoria? I mean, who are you again?"

"I'm her daughter,"

She revealed to him. He had no idea whatsoever. The two truly were from different worlds.

"Mom. There is a weirdo at the door. Take care of it," and she left.



Replacing her, Denise came at the door. She had an apron on. She smiled as soon as she saw the young man at the door.

"Hey, so, we are finally meeting," she hugged him with her big breasts. "I heard so much about you. It's so great to see you," she was warm, welcoming, inviting, graceful, beautiful. "You did?" he was starting to wonder about that.



"No. He didn't. I have to be honest with you. He barely even mentions you. I had to spy on your Facebook to know what you looked like and learn anything about you. Sorry."

"That's fine. No problem. Did you know I was coming today? You can tell me the truth. I won't be sad, you know?"



"Of course, I knew you were coming today. Sort of. Kind of. No. Not at all. He didn't say anything. But that's okay. Come inside. Please," she offered.



He reluctantly accepted. She shut the door behind him. In simpler words, his dad had married a new woman and was now leaving with her and her daughter in the home he used to bang his mother in a long time ago. That was how awkward this was. Pretty awkward.



"This is going to sound weird, but I'd need to take a shower. This has been a long road," he told his new step-mom.

"For sure. I will be outside working on the pool while you are showering," she told him as she smiled at him.

"There is a pool now?" he was shocked to hear that.



Twenty minutes later, John came outside to go see that new pool she was talking about after he was done showering. He had to see this. He had been wanting to have a pool during all of his childhood and now that he was a grown man and that he had left home for a few years, now there was a pool. What a twist of fate.



Outside, John heard something strange even before he had seen anything of the pool. Water splashing around. Giggling. Playful sounds. When he finally went into the background of his childhood home, he made a big and enormous discovery, something that he had only seen in perverted dreams ...



A beautiful MILF in two-pieces bikini swimming in the new pool.

He rediscovered Denise, his new Mom, who he had just met a few seconds ago. He finally discovered her bountiful body without an apron on. Denise turned her head around, she saw the cute young man.

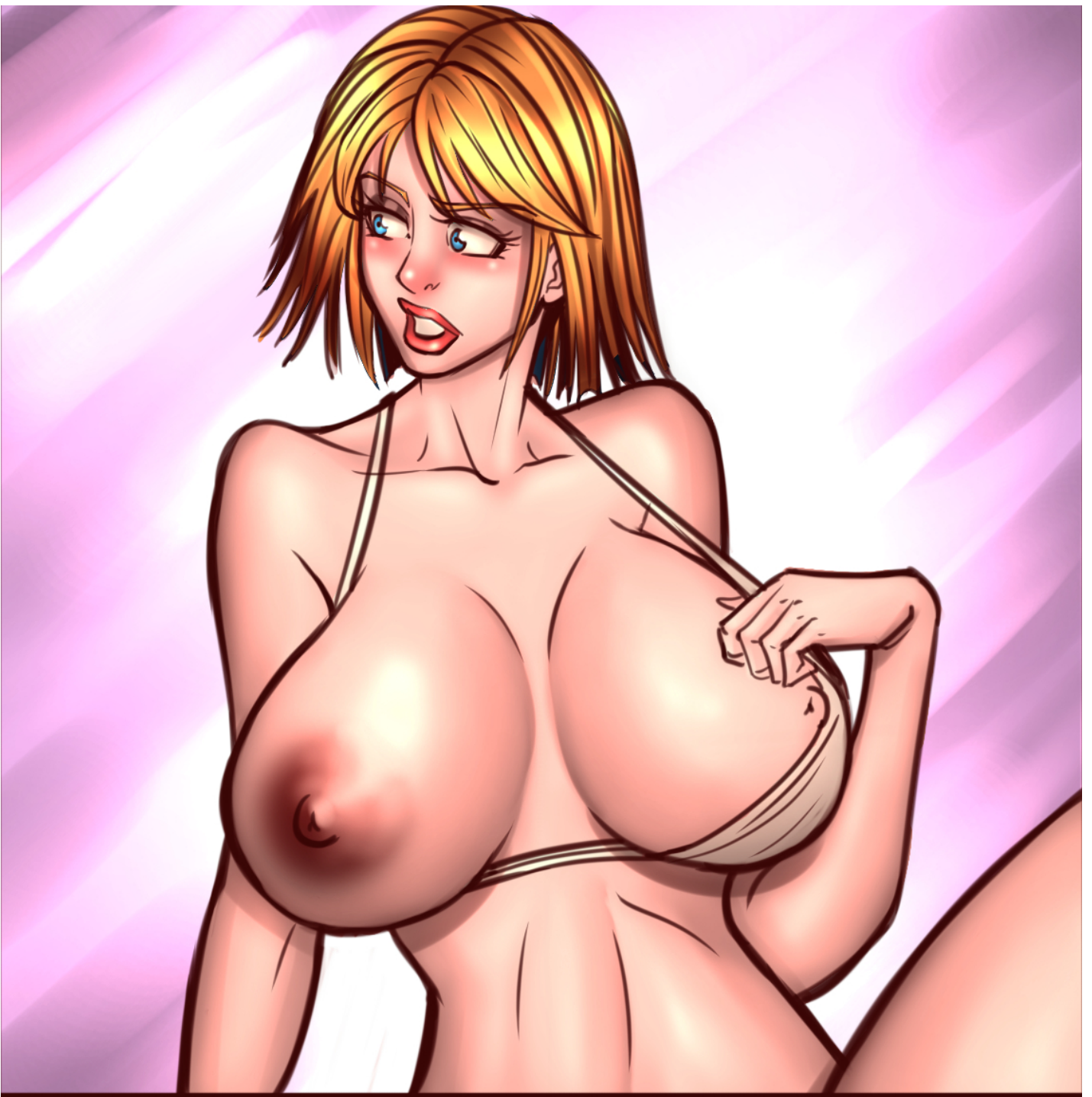
"Oh, I'm so sorry," John felt pretty embarrassed.



"Oh, you could make it. Why are you sorry?" Denise said. She was all smiling again.

"I could make it? What do you mean? I was only taking a shower. Nothing else. I thought you said you were coming to work on the pool or something like that?"

"Yes. I did. I'm done. We are done," the step-mom replied. Victoria turned her head around as well.



"Hold on. Why are you watching us? Are you some sort of pervert? Never do that again. Go away," even though she was wearing a bikini, her top was in fact around her chest, but was lowered, so she could take the sun about it. This meant that Victoria's breasts were partially uncovered when John went outside and moved toward the pool and surprised her.

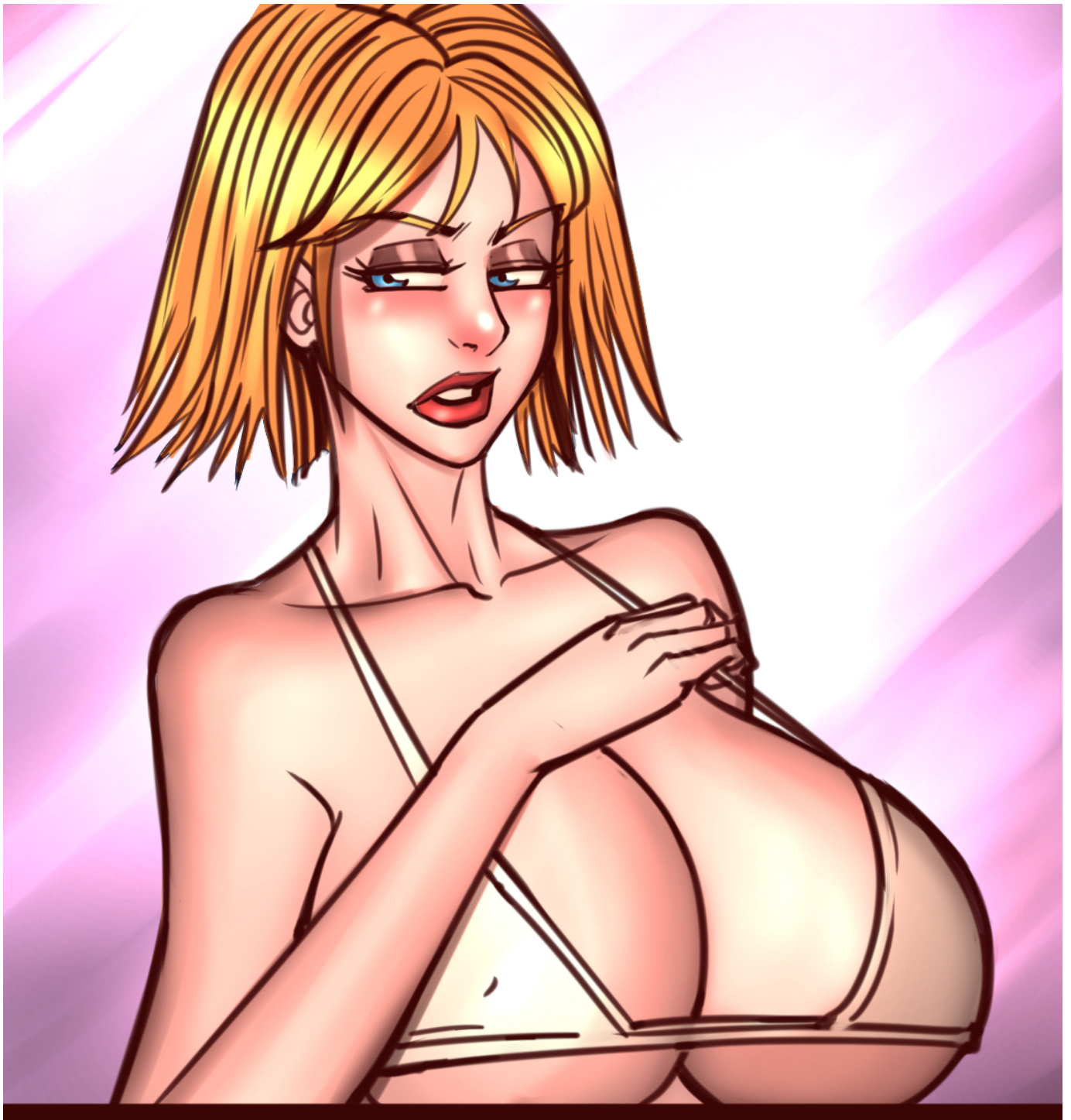


She felt like he was checking them out on purpose.

"I'm going to tell dad about this, especially if you do again now that I warned you. You just arrived here too. I can't believe it," she added.



John has a lot of guilt for accidentally surprising her, but he couldn't hide it, he had a serious boner right now. He felt bad because they were his new step-mom and his new step-sister, but they both turned him on like a mad man. This was a very specific situation.

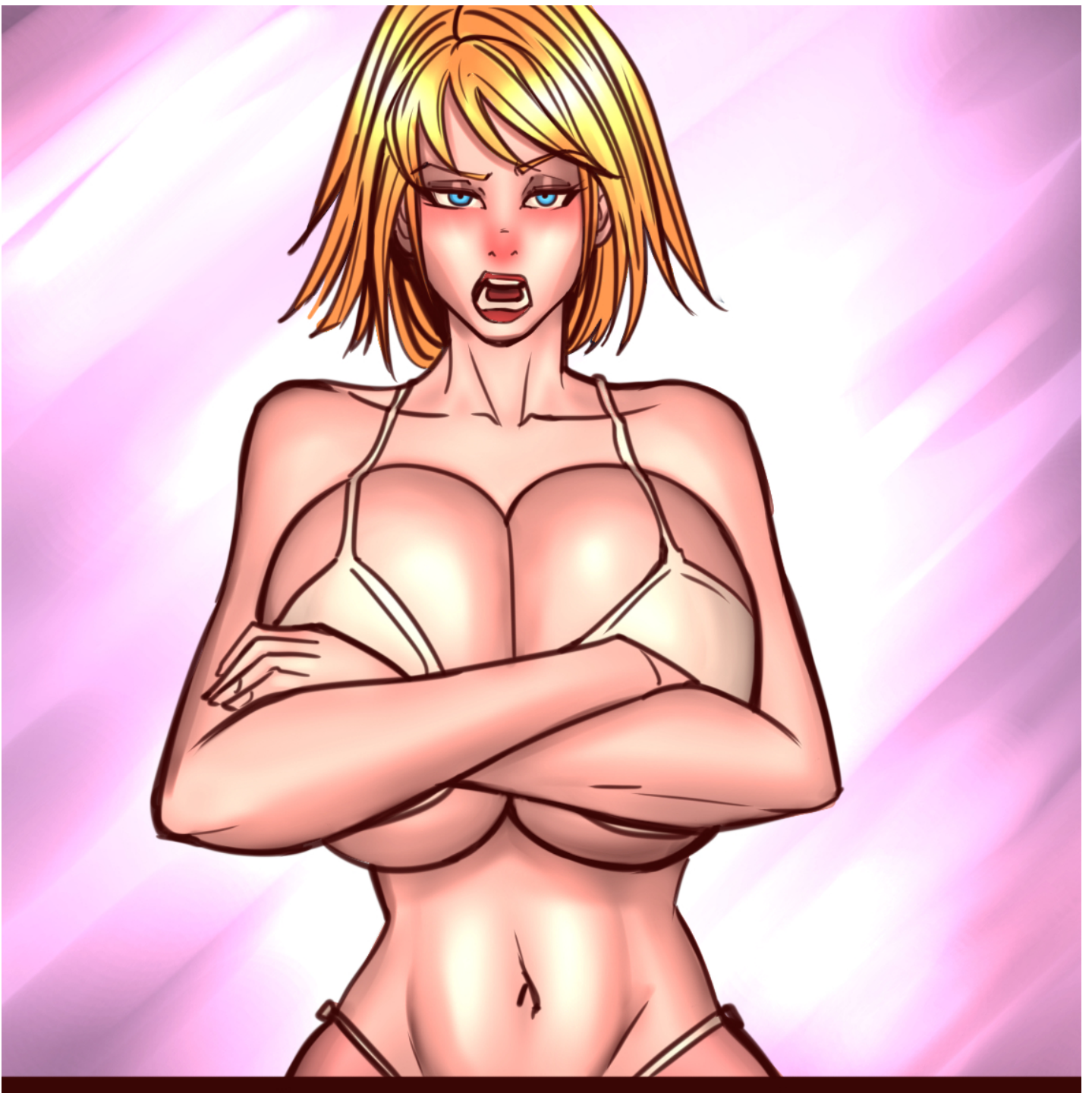


His new step-mom was currently wearing thick sunglasses, and she didn't know that her daughter was topless for a short period of time. The mother was further away in the pool which meant that Victoria and John were closer to one another. This was a face-off.



Victoria quickly swam out of the pool and walked up to the young man she had just met. She was covering her big, soft tits with her bikini top. She was, of course, extremely mad at the horny young man even though this was all a big accident. John had done nothing wrong.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to. I didn't know."



"Save it, stranger. I think I know what I'm going to do with you. I want you to give me a hundred bucks, or I'll tell dad about what you did," This was of course out of her mom's ear sight. This came as a big threat. A dramatic menace. John had simply no idea what to do. He felt trapped even though he hadn't done anything wrong at all. He felt like he was in Hell. "What is happening?" he asked himself.



The moment passed.

John was stressed out. He had no idea how he was going to get the money for Victoria. He had no idea if he should be giving her money since the more he thought about it, the more he realized how he had done nothing wrong hat all at the end of the day. Or did he?



He didn't ask for her, for his new step-sister to have the top of her bikini removed while she was swimming in the pool. This made no sense to him, but yet again, apparently, none of them, none of the two between the mother and the daughter knew about him coming that day. Was that something they did all the time together whenever there was no strange or visitor at home?



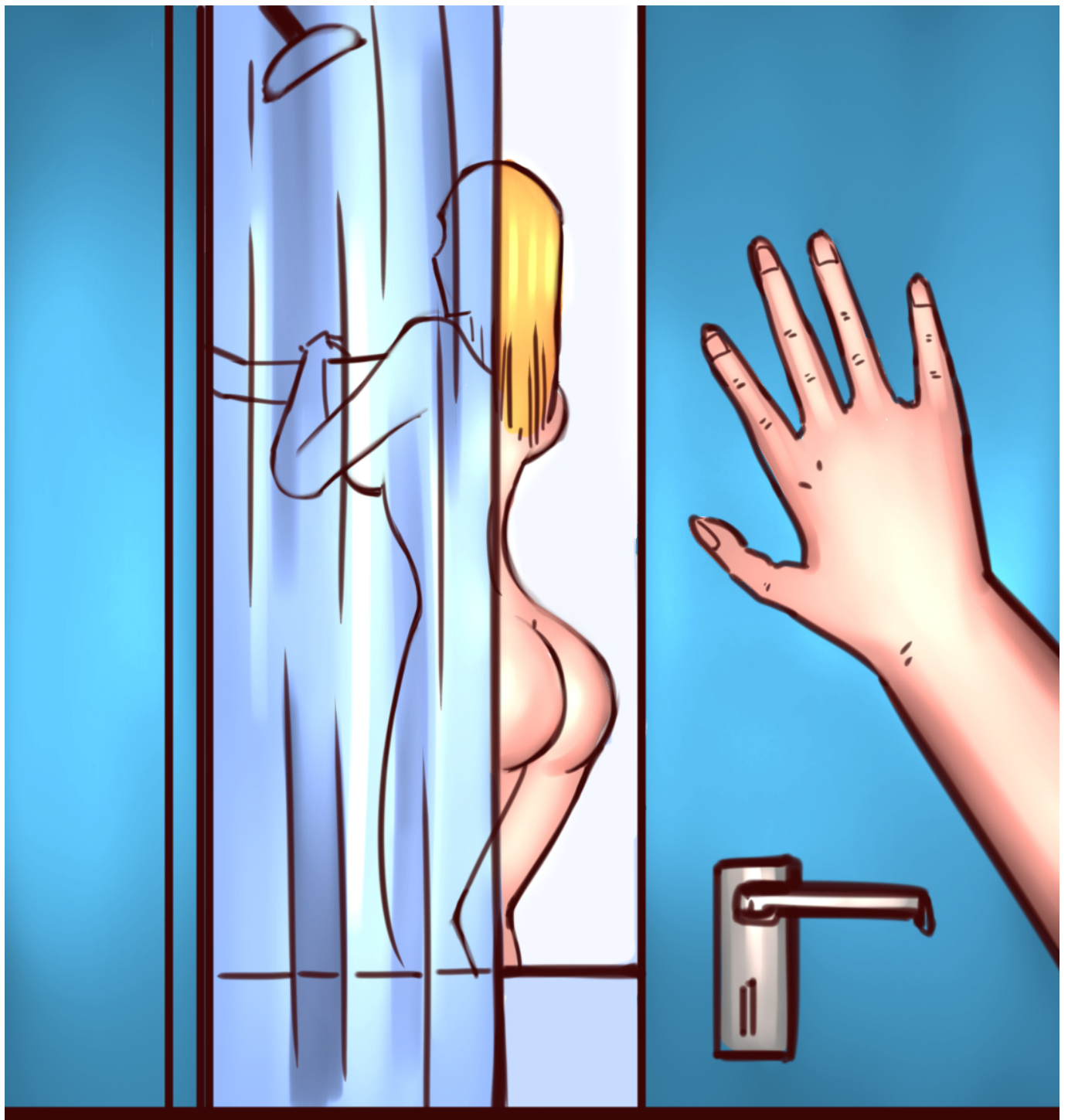
Yes, because, he was a complete stranger to them as weird as it may sound since he was part of their family. Seriously, was that something they did all the time when no one was around between mother and daughter? Swimming naked outside in the pool? The ideamade him blushed. He began feeling even more embarrassed as he was sitting alone in the living room on the couch.



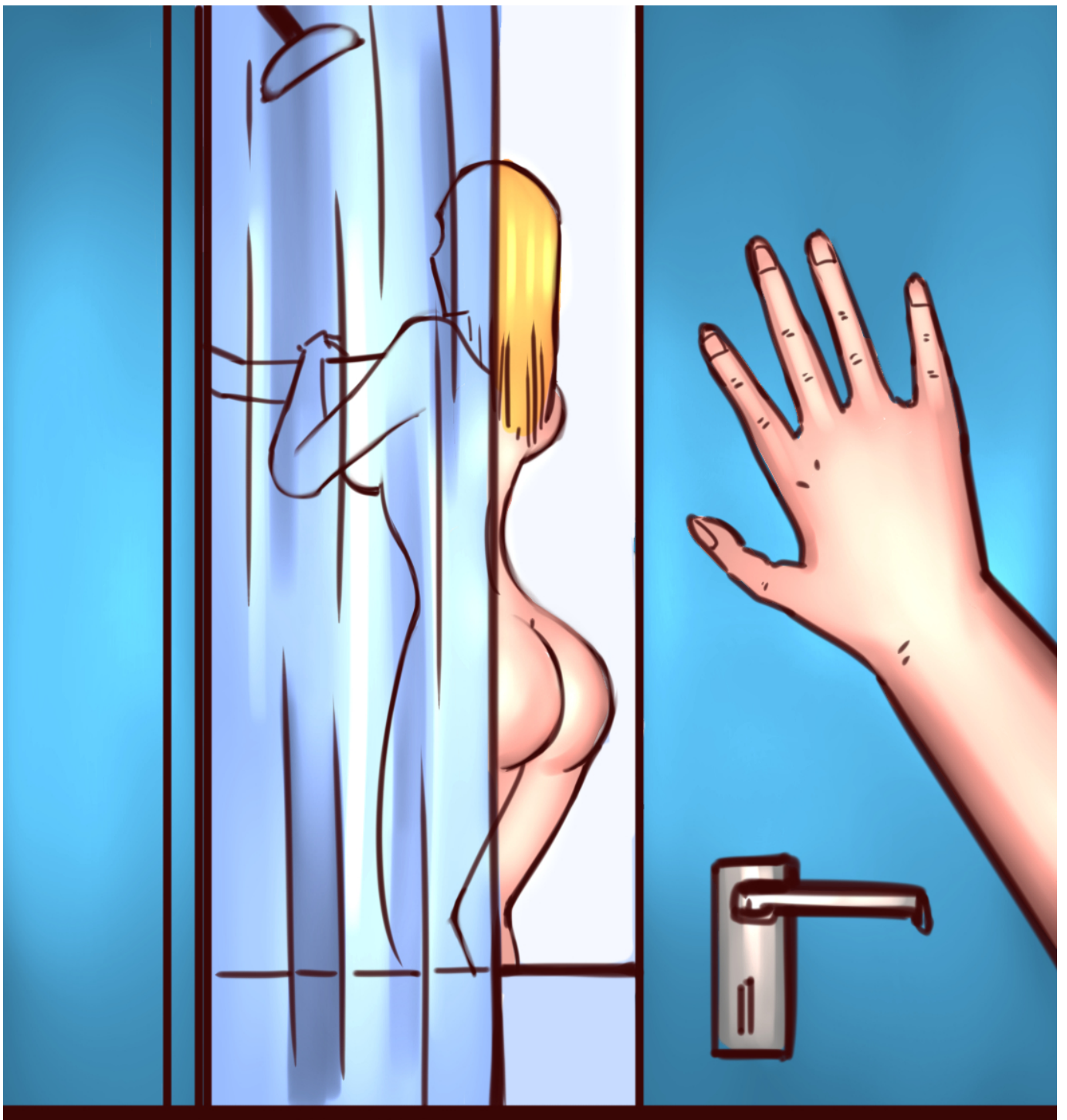
"Mother," John suddenly heard Victoria calling for her mom from the interior of the bathroom. Another problem? "Mother? Mother? Mom? Where are you? Mom?" Victoria kept insisting and insisting. The mother didn't hear her for a little while. She was off, doing some work around the house. John could tell Victoria was a pretty impatient, little brat.



Since Victoria kept calling for her mom and that she wasn't hearing her daughter, John suddenly stood up in the middle of the living room. Since John was a decent, young man, he was more than tempted to go knock at the door of the bathroom and to go see if he could do anything to help her, but then, he had flashbacks of what happened at the pool earlier.



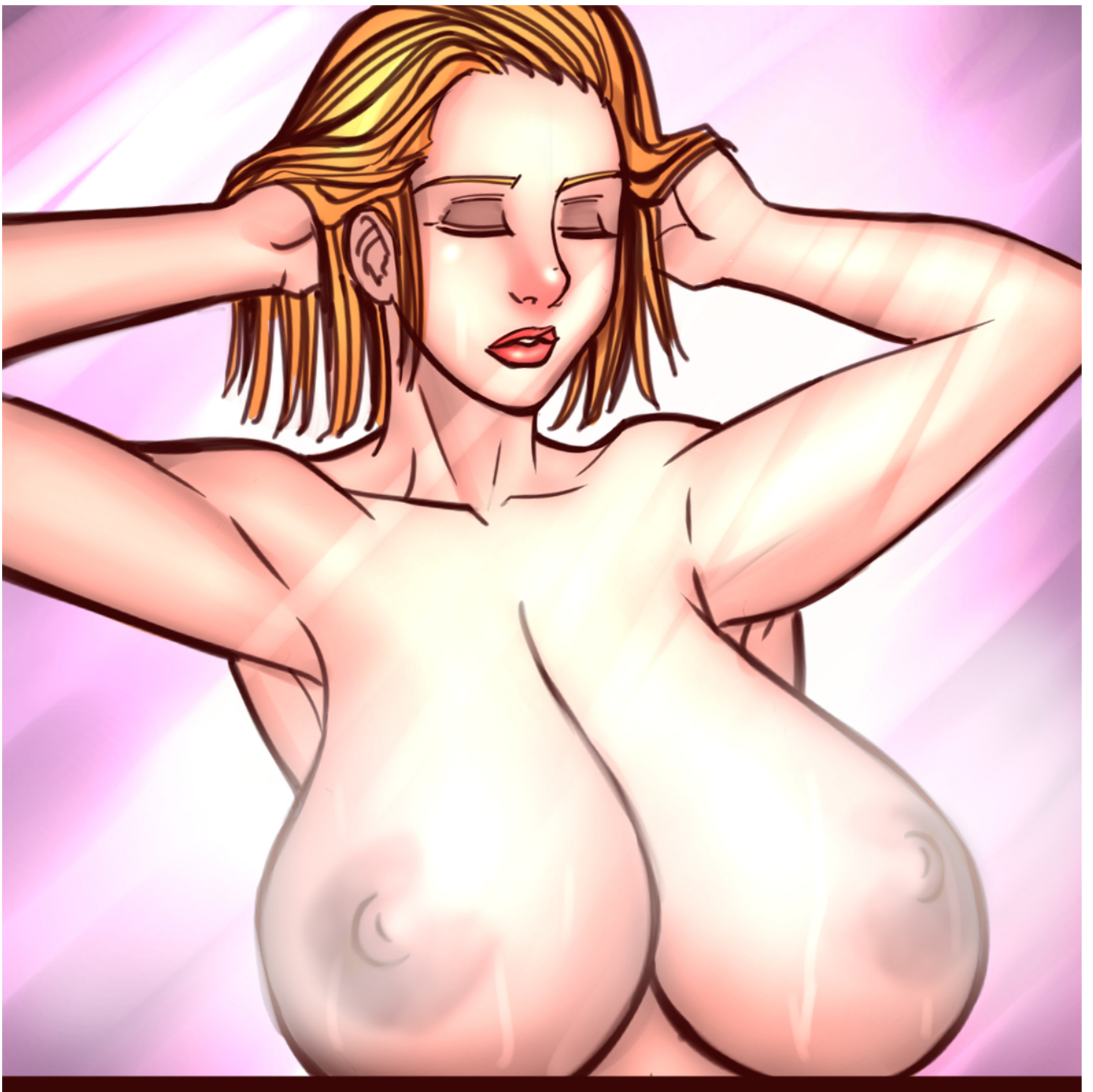
He didn't want anything like that happening again and to be in even more trouble. So, he waited and waited in the living room. "Mother? Where are you? I need a towel. I forgot mine in the laundry room. Mother?" she kept calling for her mom.



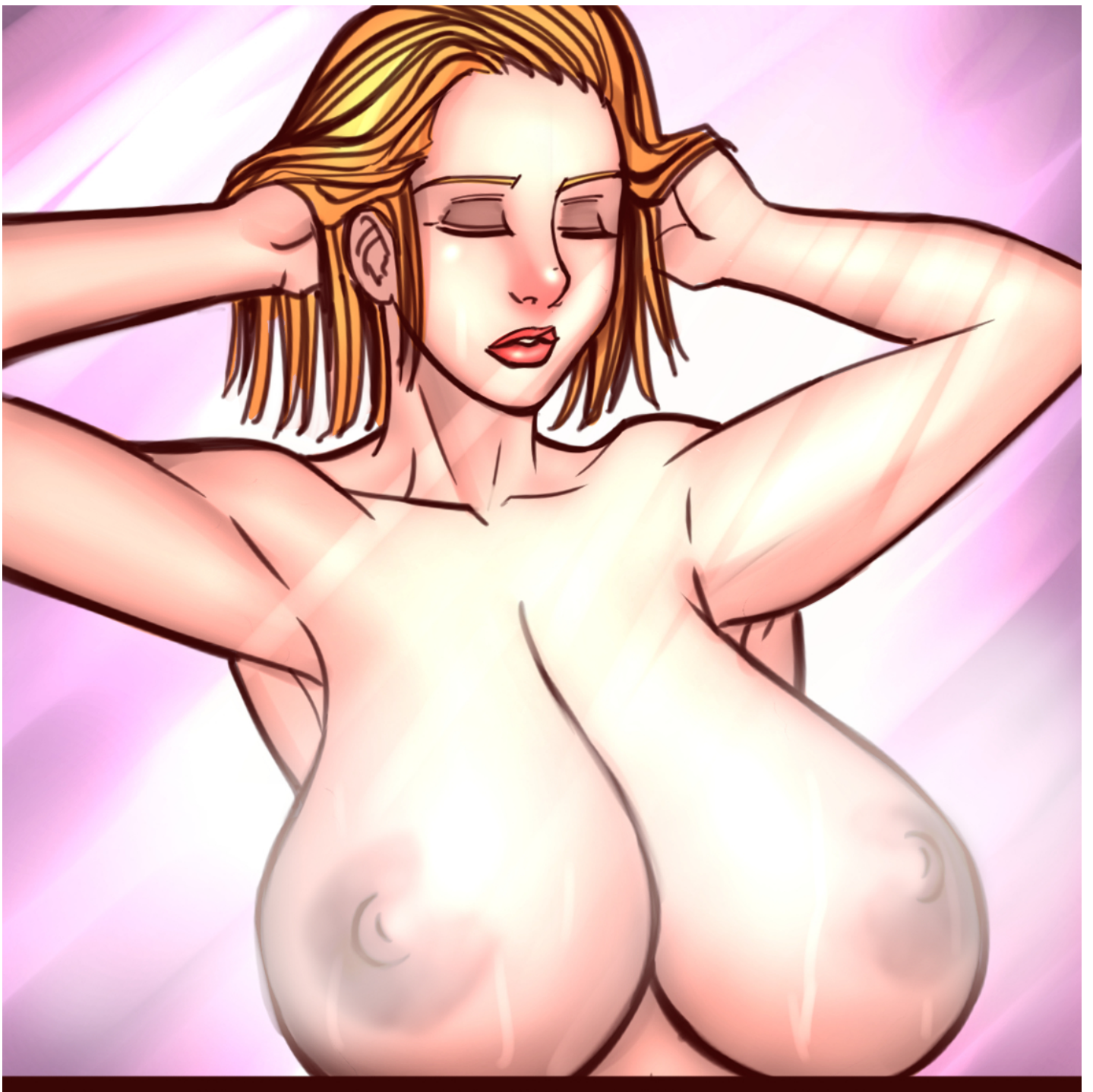
However, now, John had more information as to what she required. Even though he shouldn't be doing anything like that, John slowly walked out of the living room, moved into the corridor of the house, turned a corner, and then he saw it, the door of the bathroom.



The door was half-opened. It was ajar. From where he was standing down the corridor, he could almost see her in the open space of the door. He could almost completely see her. He was able to see her reflection in the glass of the mirror that was displayed right in front of the shower.



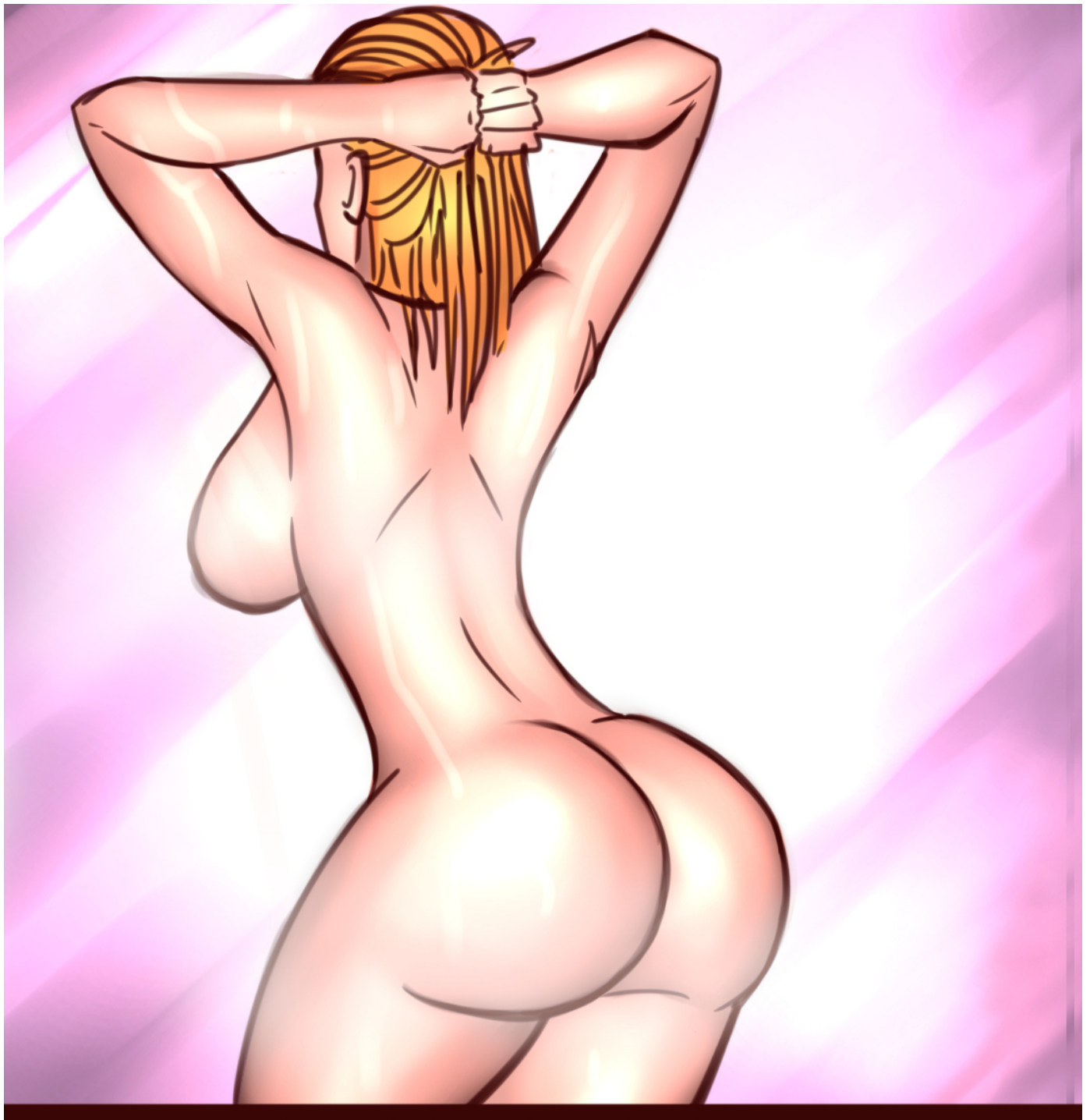
She was there. She was even more beautiful than she was, topless in the pool earlier. The hot steam was filling the room. The shower curtain was barely covering her as she was still showering, warm water raining down on her bountiful body.



Even though she wasn't done showering, the young woman desperately wanted her towel now after forgetting it in the laundry room earlier. As John could partially see in the reflection of the mirror, he progressively began having dirty thoughts about her. A lot.



"I can't believe I have a step-sister this hot. But this makes no sense to me. Even though I'm here, she is swimming topless in the pool, being angry at me and blackmailing me for seeing her. Then, even though this just happened, she is naked, showering with the door open. Does she want me to see her this much? What is happening here?"



John walked closer to the door.
Right next to it in fact.
The old wood flooring accidentally creaked
when he moved any closer. Victoria heard
him.
She continued showering, thinking it was her
mom.



"Mother? Is that you? Do you have my towel? Hey, I am still so mad about this. Can you actually believe I lost one-million-dollars while playing at the casino? What are we going to do, mom?" Victoria was truly thinking the person at the door was her mother, Denise.



Apparently, Denise knew about this. Something that John had, of course, no idea about. One-million-dollars? This was indeed hard to believe for the young man, but it appeared to be the truth and only the truth.



Victoria was speaking exactly just like she was speaking to a friend, this was how she acted with her mother.

The two were incredibly close to one another. It showed.

John stayed motionless on the other side of the door.

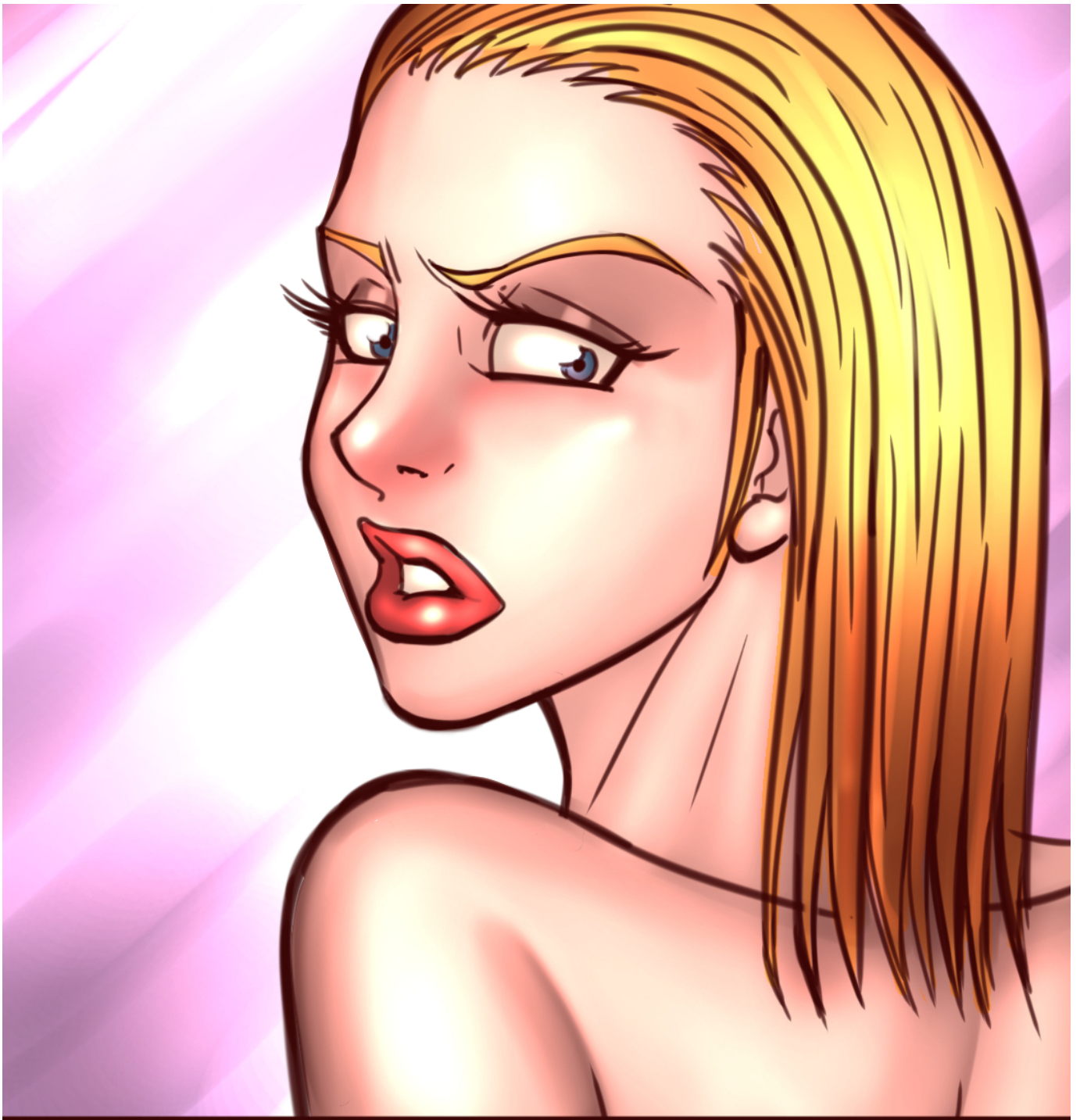


He kept looking at her and listening to whatever she had to say. Fortunately for him, he could see her, but she couldn't see him because of all the hot steam filling up the room. John was in a great spot right now. He hoped to stay there for as long as he could.



"Mom? Why are you not talking? Are you okay? Where is that towel?"

And then, precisely at the same time she said those things, Victoria moved the shower curtain out of the way, showcasing even more of her beautiful and wet body, John saw a lot of more than earlier in the pool, including her pretty pussy.



Suddenly seeing this, John accidentally got a lot harder, his bone swiftly hitting the back of the door. It made a loud noise.

This was bad.

This was terrible.

Victoria heard this.

Now, she began suspecting that something was wrong around here.



Victoria jumped out of the shower, ran to the door and opened it. She saw John right on the side of the other side of that door. She had caught him. She stormed out of the room naked to catch him.



TO BE CONTINUED ON CHAPTER 02.

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