

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 10

"DIRTY  
CURIOSITY"

CHAPTER  
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# **SPICY STORIES VOL. 10: "Dirty Curiosity"**

Based on "Can I watch?" An Original by Heyall  
(Twitter: @HeyAllStories)

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

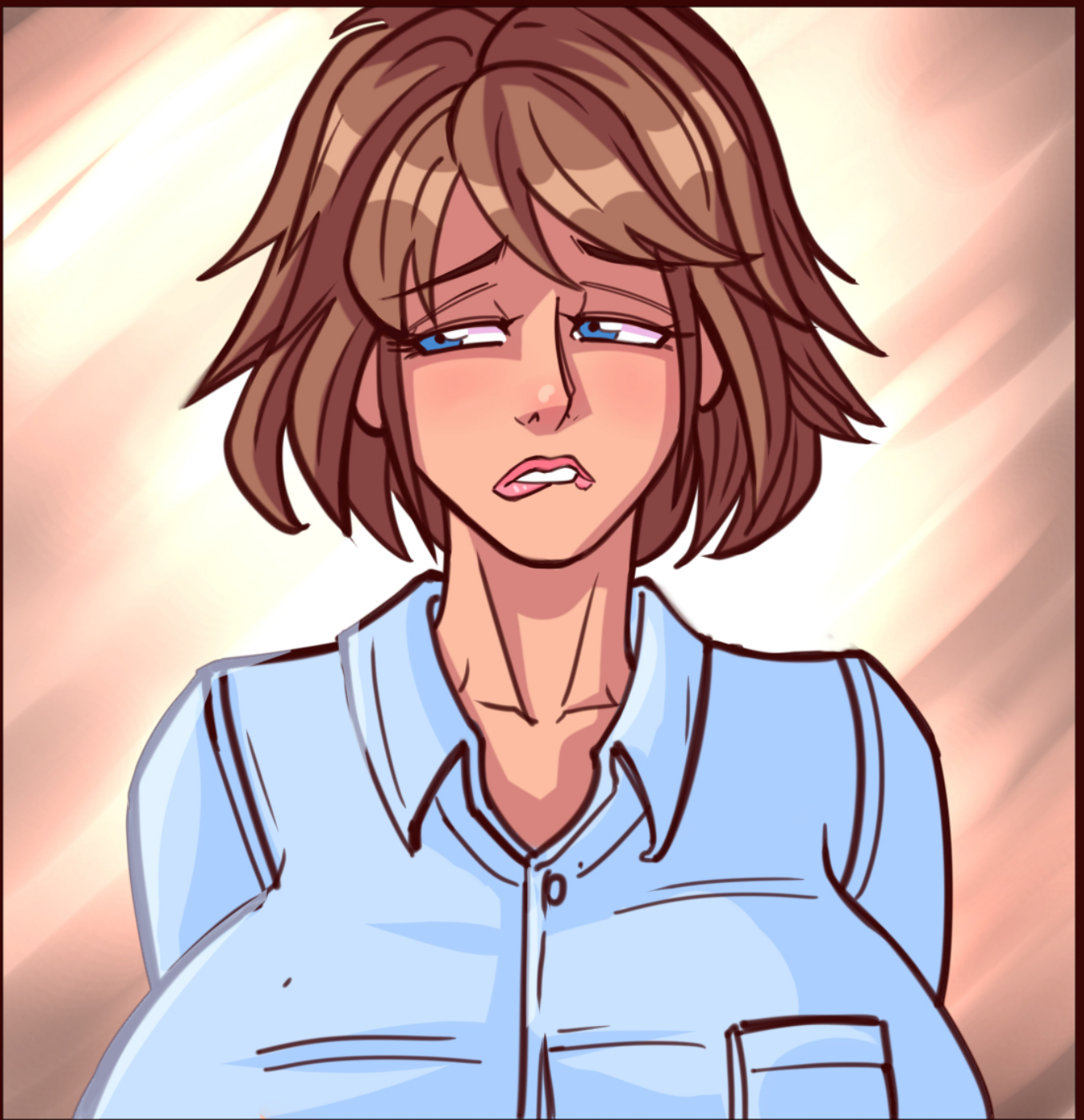
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# CHAPTER 03



Her fantasy had finally come true. Not only did she get to watch a guy masturbate twice while admiring her body, but she got to masturbate him with her own hand. She sucked it, too! It was all she thought about while at work.



After a busy day in the office, Karen came home and immediately kicked off her shoes and breathed a sigh of relief. But just when she thought she was ready for a long break, her overly eager son came to greet her at the door. "Hey mom!" he smiled. "Have a good day at work?"

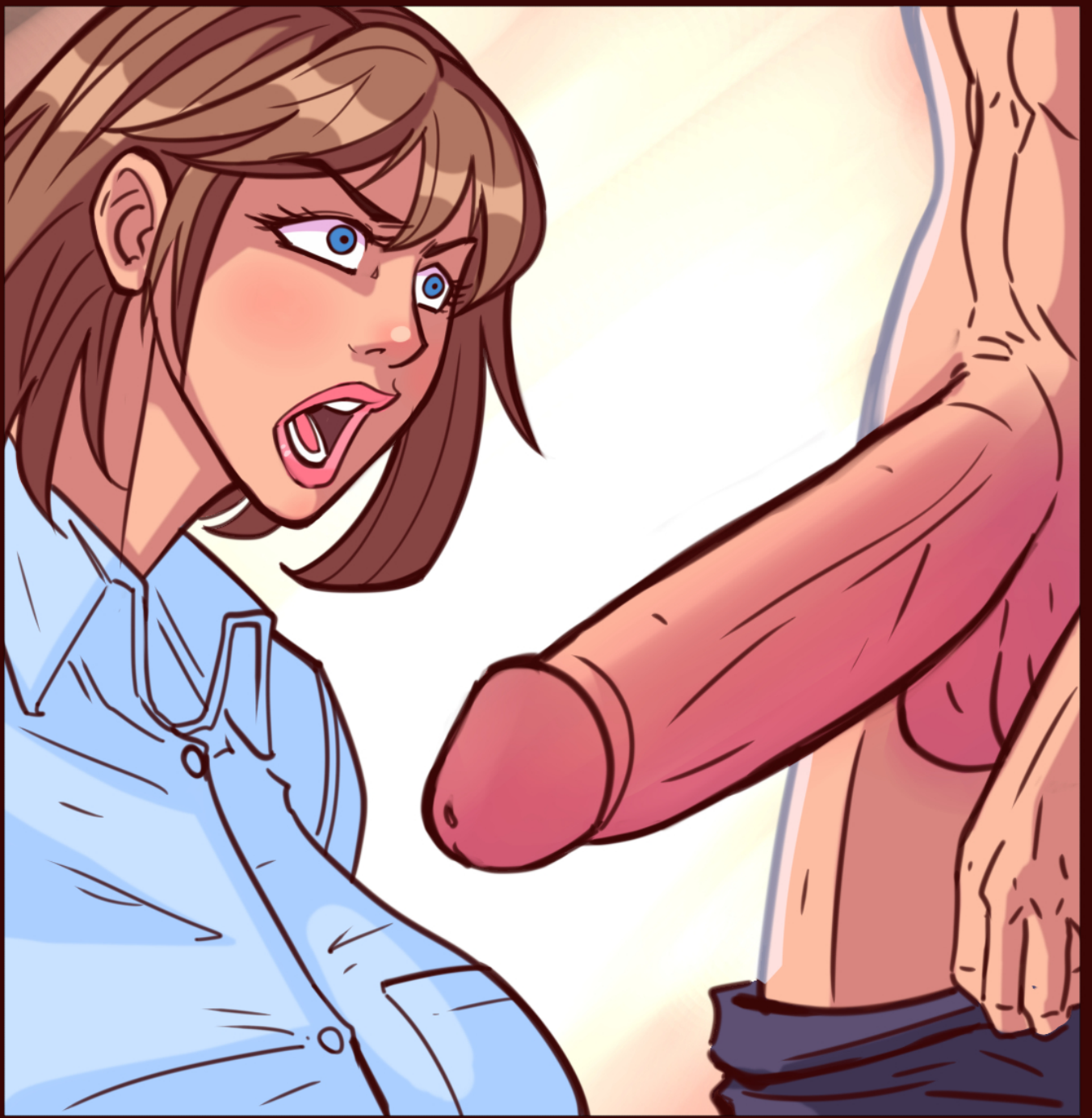


"Hmmm... greeting me at the door and asking how my day went? I guess I should give you handjobs more often, maybe then you'll start helping with household chores regularly."



"I hope you're serious because I like that arrangement," he said, flashing another smile. "Maybe we can start now? I'm feeling pent up again."

Karen was shocked. "Again? After all you came last night and this morning?"  
"Like I said, that's normal for me. I could use your hand for another round."



Tom didn't wait for his mother's reply before pulling down his shorts and underwear to reveal his semi-erect cock in their living room, while the late-afternoon sun was shining through the windows.





"Put that thing away before someone outside sees you!"

He shrugged off her worries.

"What's the big deal? We could just close the curtains and no one would know."



"What have I created?" she joked.  
"I had no idea anyone could be so sexually active; your father definitely wasn't."  
"You haven't created anything," he playfully replied.



"I've always been a horny little bastard. But what you did yesterday was kind of like giving alcohol to someone genetically dispositioned to be an alcoholic. It's the same equivalence. You got me hooked. So this is technically your fault, mom."



She sighed, "I guess I'm finding out the downside of paying for that expensive education of yours, aren't I? You're becoming too smart for your own good, young man."

"The way I see it, we both have the same mutual-masturbation fetish anyway. So what's the harm?"



Karen paused and gave her son a stern motherly look.

"Well, I guess there's no point in arguing anymore. Plus, I suppose it's not a bad way to unwind after a stressful day at work. Close the curtains and I'll take care of that hard-on for you."



Before those last words could escape her lips, Tom ran over to the windows with his penis flopping around and closed the curtains.

"That was fast," Karen noted.



Tom pulled off his t-shirt to get completely naked and he sat down on the couch.

"This is way better than getting presents on Christmas. So why wouldn't I be fast?"



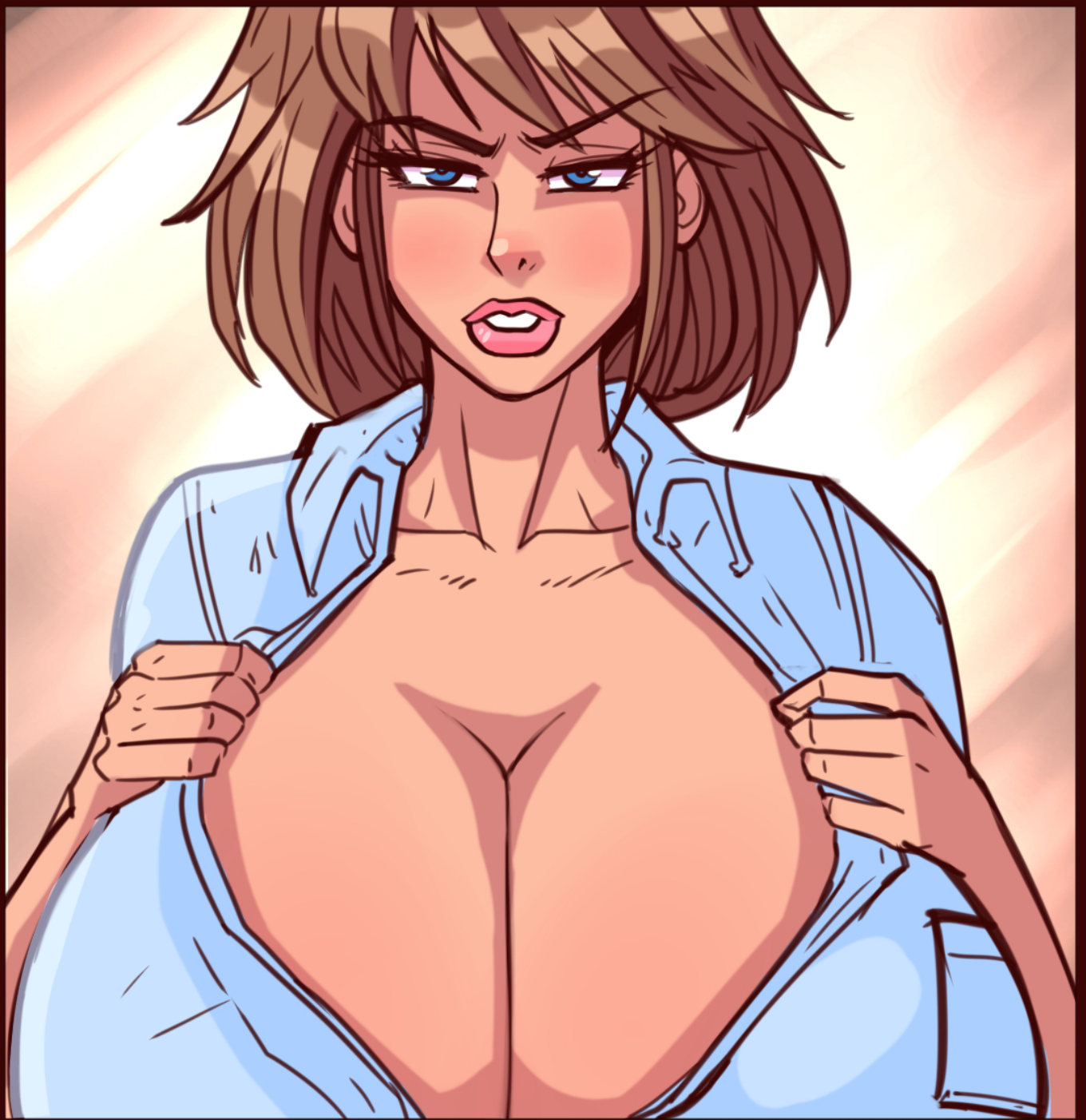
"Your youthful enthusiasm never gets old," she replied with a loving smile.  
"You know, I didn't expect things to unfold like this, but I suppose there's no harm in enjoying it."





Karen put one hand on her business outfit, pinching the bottom button, and another hand on top of the zipper to her pants.

"Breasts or vagina? It's your choice, and you can only pick one," she said to him.  
"Can't I see both of them at the same time?"



"Nope, don't forget that I'm still your mother, not your girlfriend or your plaything. There's got to be boundaries here."



"Your pussy then," he replied.

"And since you're showing only one thing, do you think you could at least throw in a bonus for me? You set a high bar this morning."

"Fine. I'll use my mouth again."

"I was thinking a little more than that. Maybe you could let me... go inside?"



"Excuse me?" she replied with a stunned tone. "I most certainly will not have sex with you, young man. Despite everything we've done, I am still your..."



"I know, I know, mom. It doesn't exactly have to be sex. Just think of it as you giving me a handjob like earlier today, but instead of using your hand, it'll be with your vagina instead. Think about it. *A handjob with your vagina.*"



She gave her son a puzzled, yet playful look, as she attempted to decode what he had just said.



"A handjob with my vagina, eh? That's new. And I thought I've heard it all..."

"Anything to have sex... uh... I mean... anything to make my mother feel good. This is more for you than for me. I hope you know that."



Karen smiled and raised her eyebrow, "Really? This is more for me? If that's the case, then I better have a mind-blowing orgasm when this is over."





She undid the button and zipper of her expensive pants, and after she took them off, she neatly folded them and placed them on a nearby chair. She took a deep breath and did the same with her panties, leaving her completely bare from the waist down.



Before she walked over to her son, she posed and modeled for him, teasing him, making herself feel even more attractive and desired thanks to the look in his eyes.



"God, you're so fucking beautiful mom," he stated emphatically.

"Thanks darling," she said as she moved to hover over him. "I didn't want to tell you this earlier, but you're a lot bigger than your father is down there, and he's the only man I have ever slept with. So please be gentle with me..."



With that said, she placed both feet on opposite ends of the cushions on the couch, and slowly lowered herself to her son's massive hard-on. Her vagina was spread wide open and her son used his hands to make sure that his throbbing cock was in the right direction as it descended.



She took a moment to massage the shaft, thinking this through. Wondering if she could actually fuck her own son. The cock was pulsing in her hand. Once in a while, while stroking it, the tip of the cock would graze against her labia.



That was the start: a warm feeling was burning inside her body, and with that, her hands left the shaft and started rubbing it with her vagina ...

*'A Handjob with my vagina ... this is ... interesting...'* she thought



*'But, definitely he will not enter, he'll just rub it, that's all' she thought.*  
The desire was out of control, but she needed to be strong, fighting against her lust, but also feeling how her vaginal walls were getting more and more wet with every movement she was doing ...



Once her labia and pink insides touched the head of his cock, she paused for a moment, before continuing to lower herself...

... inch by inch ...  
but ... suddenly ...





... the entire length of his cock was ...



... inside her ...

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