

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 21

"Manners"

CHAPTER
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 20: "Manners"

Based on an Original story by Heyall
Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

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All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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CHAPTER 03

It was impossible for Bridget
to fall asleep.

Twenty minutes had passed
since she gave her son
her panties,
and all she could think about
were lewd images of him
uriously masturbating
with her undergarment
wrapped around his penis.

Or maybe he was simply
holding it with one hand
and touching himself
with the other?

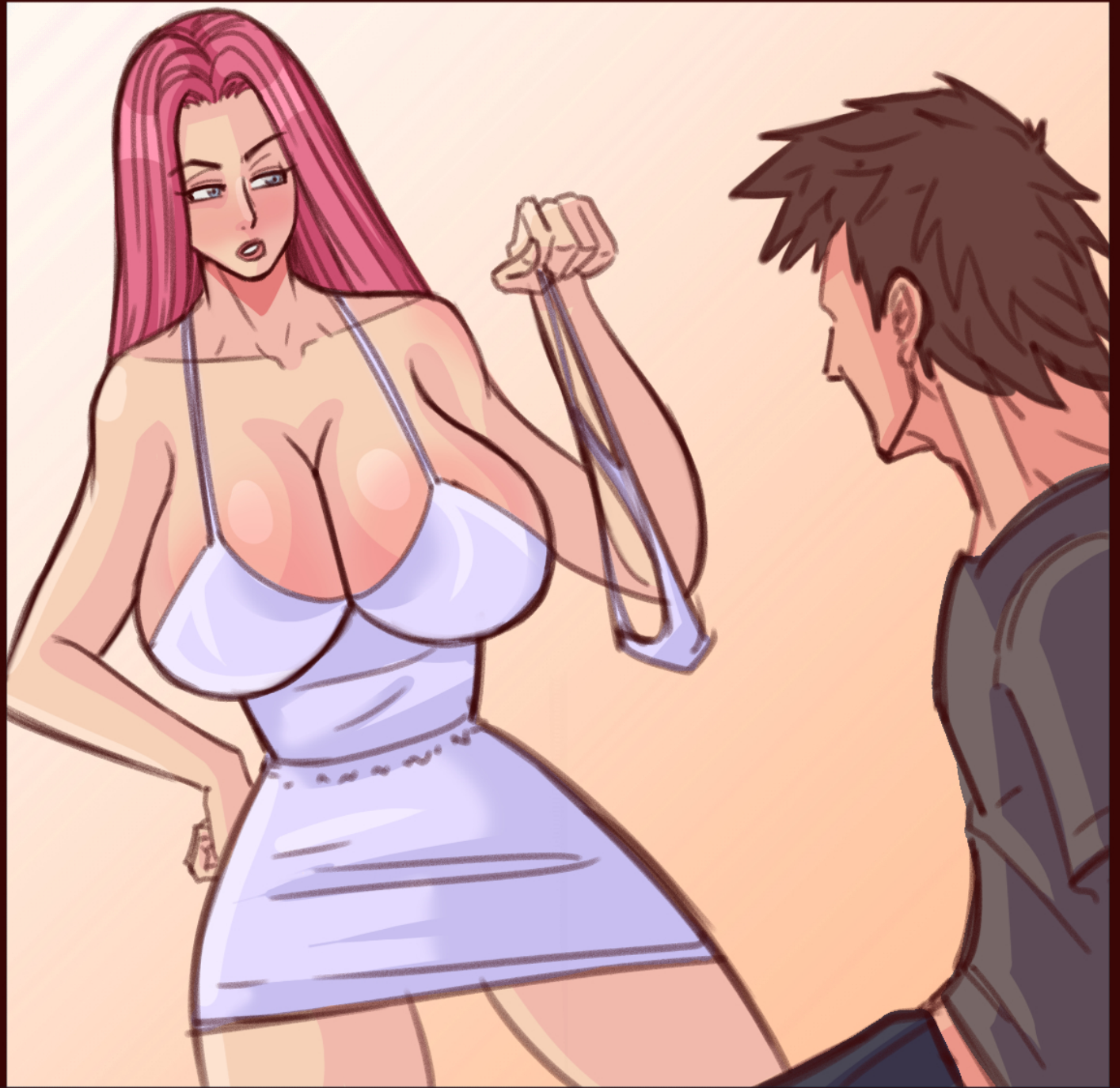


Curiosity got the better of her and she got up to go check on him. She had no clue what she was going to say, but she needed to find out what he was doing. It was a fair trade she thought, for lending him something he could use to pleasure himself.



She walked down the dark hallway and noticed his bedroom light was on. She knocked and slowly opened the door to see her son laying in bed watching tv.

"Oh, hey mom," he said before turning off the television.



Her eyes roamed around his area and she noticed that her panties were on the floor along with a few pieces of tissue paper right next to his bed.

"Is that where it belongs?" Bridget asked.

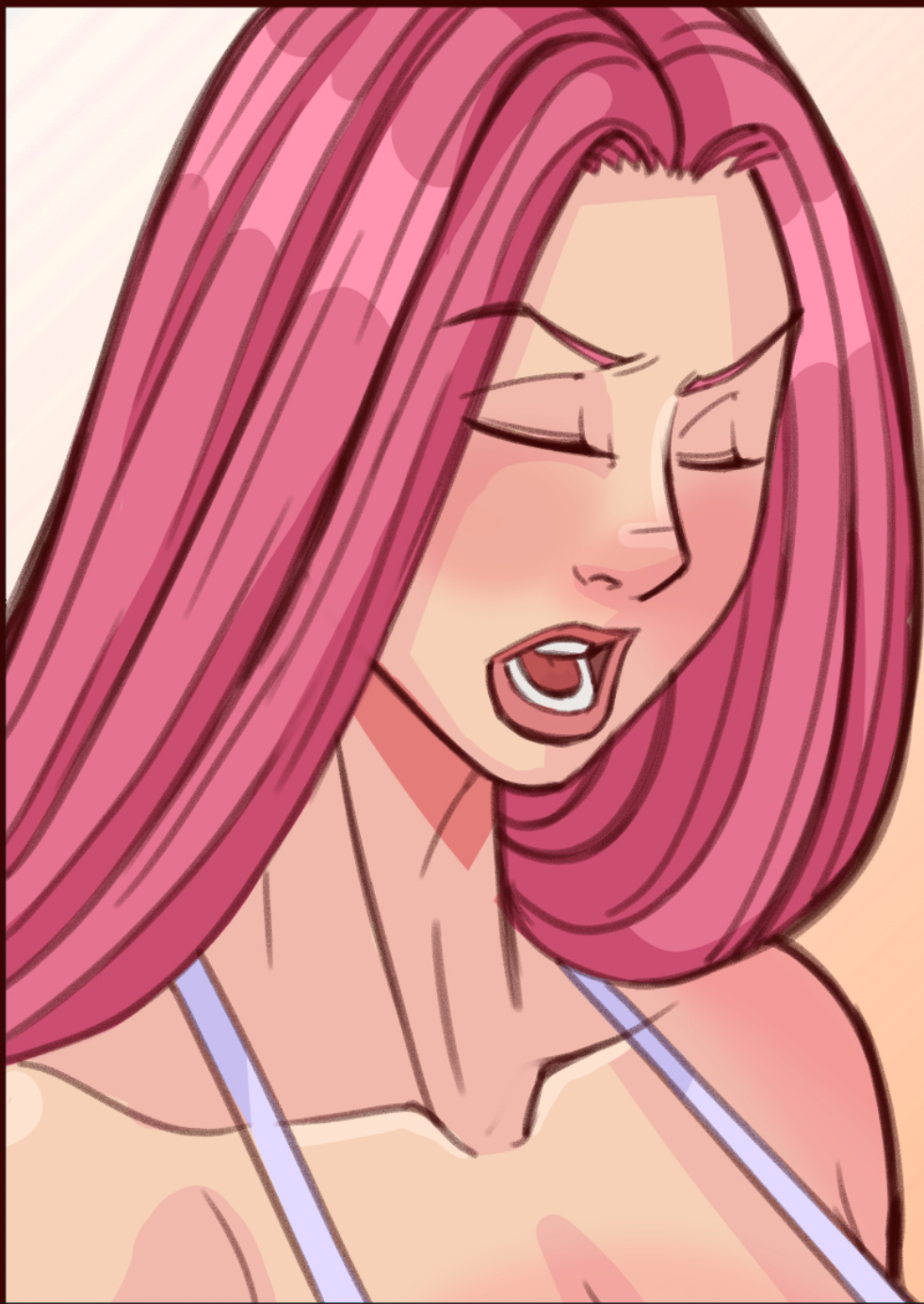
"What do you mean?"



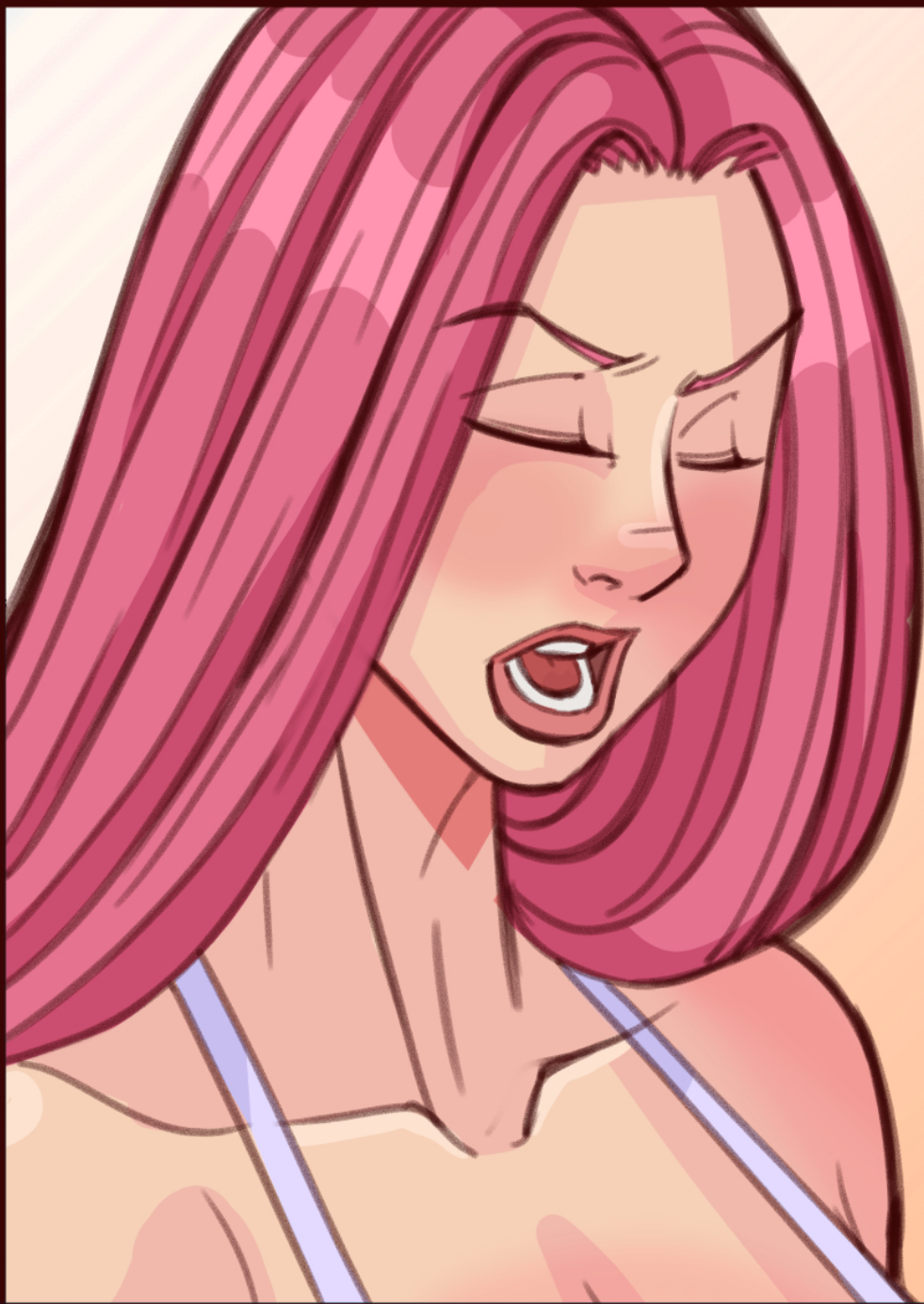
She walked over to the bed and picked up her panties off the floor, and then sat down on his bed to lecture him.

"My panties, do they belong on the floor?"

"No," he said apologetically. "I didn't think you would mind since they would be washed anyway."



"That's not the point," she replied.
"I lent you something very personal to me and it should be treated with respect. If you look at my bedroom, I never leave my clothes laying around the floor. It's not proper decorum, especially for a woman's clothes."



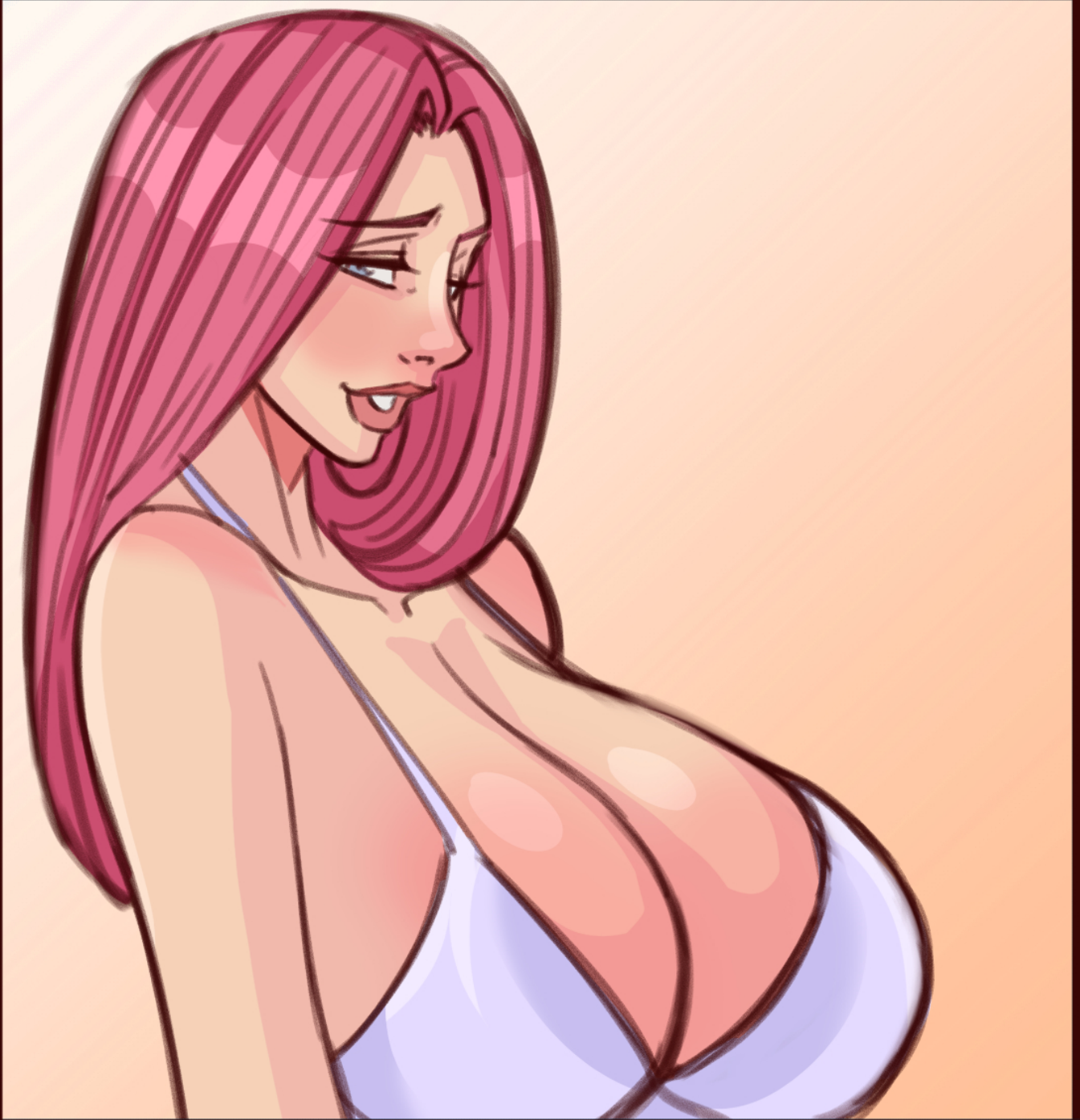
"You're right. It won't happen again, I swear."

"Good. And if you don't mind me asking, why my panties? There are plenty of other things you could have used instead."



He gave a shy look.

"The smell I guess. You know, the aroma. I like to smell them and think about where they've been. You know, how they've been against a woman's private area. That's always been very exciting to me."



"I shouldn't be saying this, but I'm glad you think so. Some women appreciate hearing things like that."

"Thanks. Do you think I can keep them for a little while longer? I was hoping to use them again in the morning if that's okay. That's always been the time that I have the most urges."



Her heart rate picked up and that strong sense of arousal caused her vagina to moisten.

"Do you mind if I have a look?" she asked without thinking. "That is, if you're okay with your mother looking."
"Umm...sure," he replied. "If you want to."



She reached over and pulled his blanket down to his hips. Next, she grabbed the front part of his shorts and gave it a nice tug to reveal his flaccid penis. It was soft and it clearly had been used recently based on the faint moisture of the tip. The open air and exposure caused it to slowly harden again.



"Looks like it isn't done just yet," Bridget noted. "Do you need a helping hand with that? I want you getting good grades in college, and you can't do that if you're spending all your energy taking care of your natural urges."



Tom's eyes widened.

"Yeah, that would be great mom.

You're right about that. It's sometimes hard for me to concentrate in college because of this."

Bridget smiled at her son. He was making that up, and she knew it, but she didn't care.



All she cared about was satisfying her son for the very first time after every fiber of her sexual being told her it was what she needed to do.



She wrapped the palm of her hand and fingers around his penis.

"Let's see if I can take care of this for you then. I want my young man to be satisfied and relaxed enough to focus on his studies."



His young penis reacted immediately and grew to full length the moment she touched it. The moment was exhilarating for both of them. Tom was finally living his secret fantasy of being pleased by his own mother.



And Bridget got to experience a new sexual fantasy which she had never thought of before- being the object of her son's lust.

Her hand skillfully gripped his penis and stroked it up and down. It was a specialty of hers.



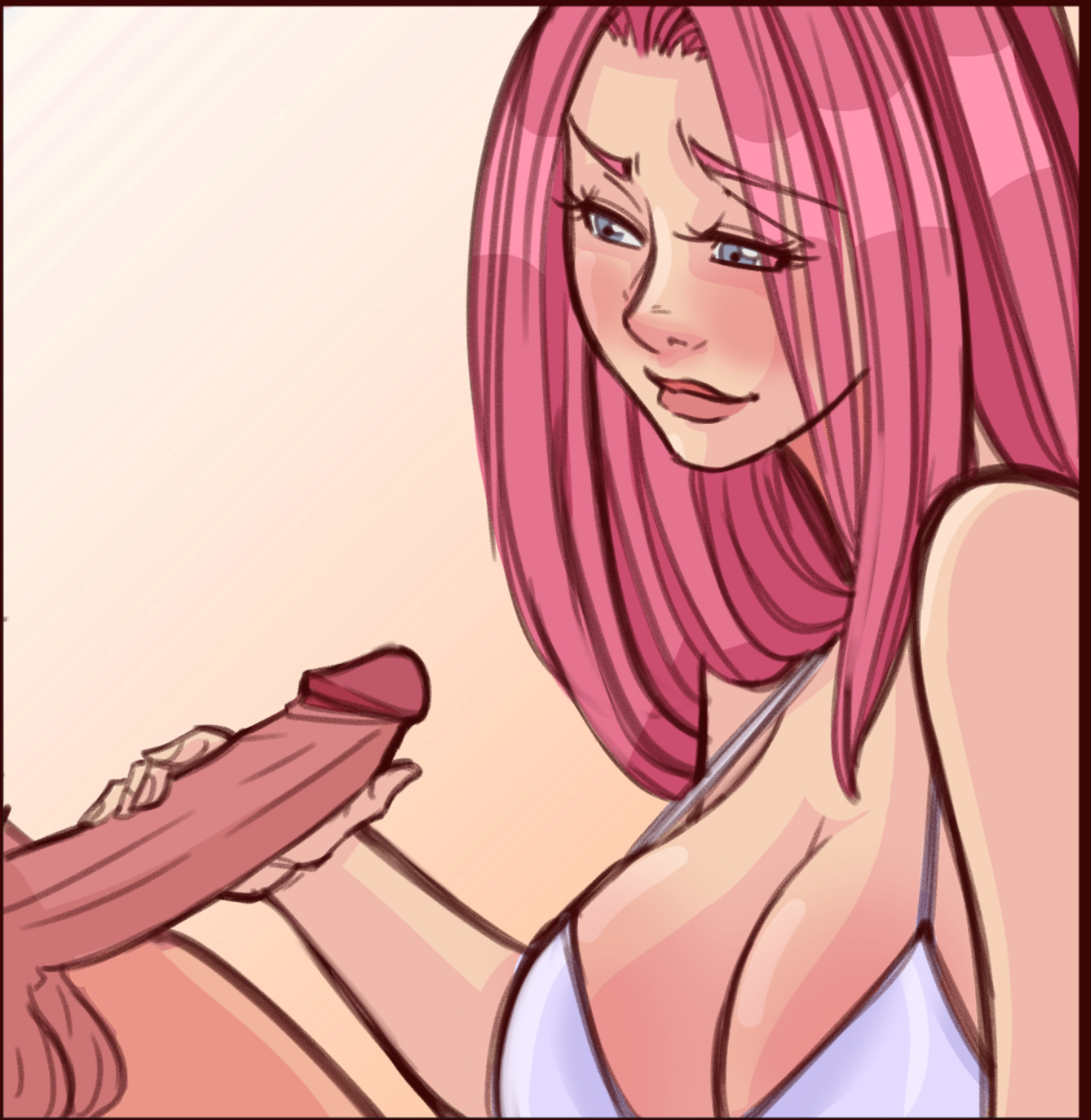
She loved the power it gave her over strong men. But in this case, the feeling was even better, because she now had sexual power over her own son. He was now at her mercy, staring down at his own cock being stroked by his mother. He couldn't control his moaning and panting.



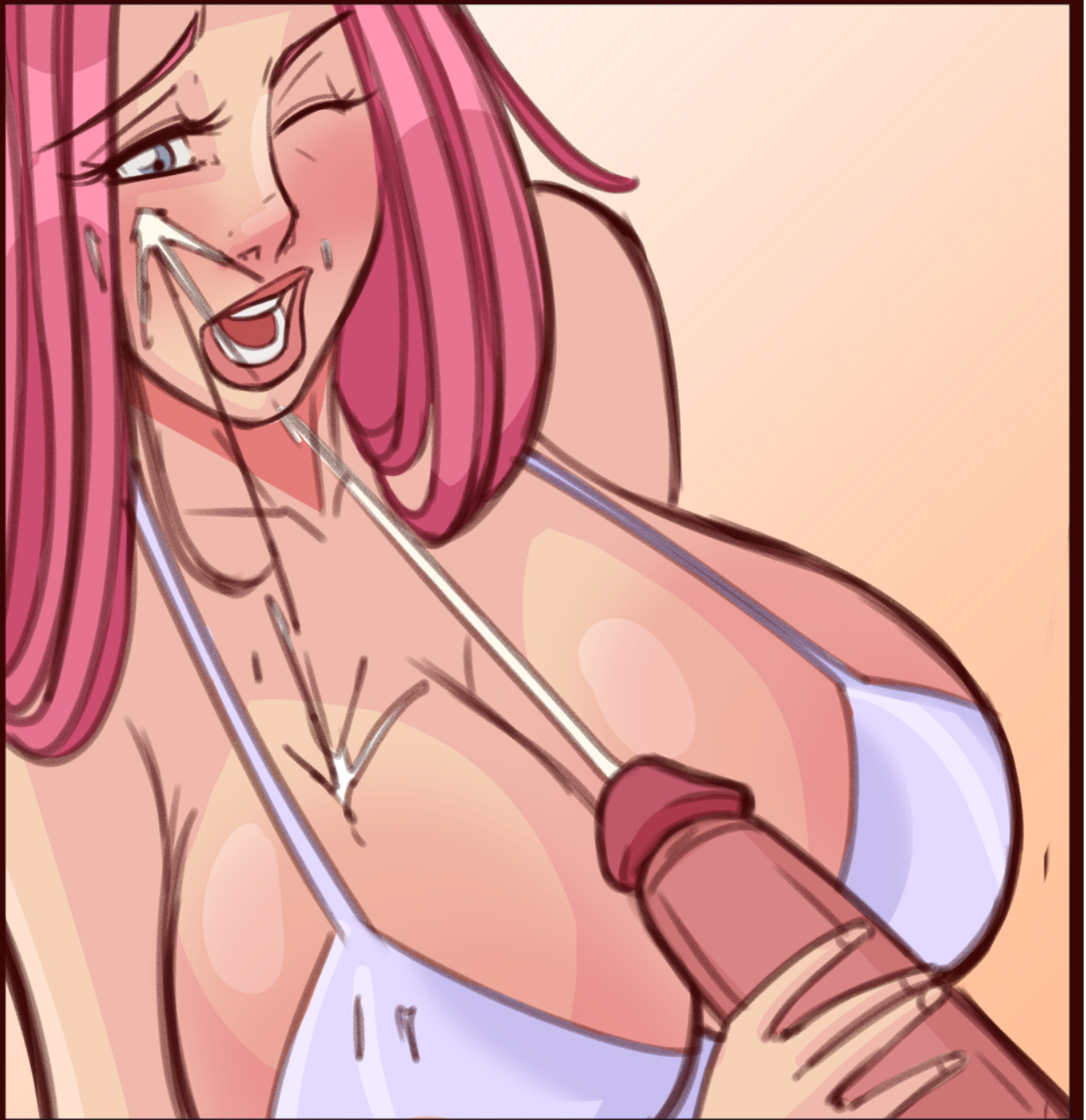
She was getting off on watching his facial expressions and touching his throbbing manhood. Bridget's arousal reminded her that she wasn't wearing any panties. If she wasn't careful, fluids could run down her thighs and stain her nightgown, or even worse, stain her son's bed.



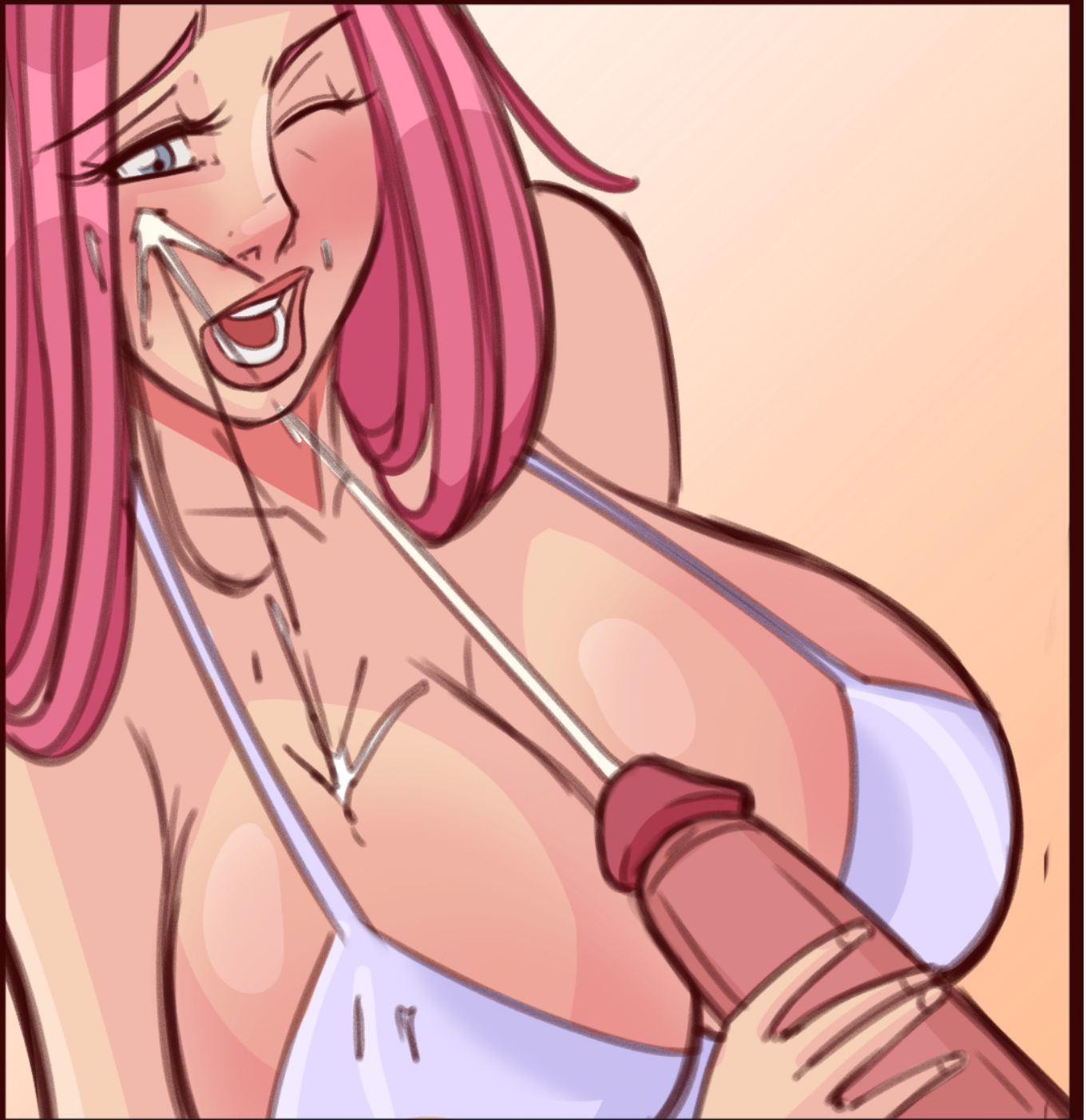
After several minutes passed, Bridget began to stroke at full force. Her son showed all the signs of having an orgasm, and so she stroked even faster and harder.



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The first load of his cum shot up like a geyser, with some of it landing in her hair and nightgown.



She reacted the way she normally would in this situation to avoid cleaning a mess, and ...



... leaned down to take the head of the penis in her mouth.



She stroked him furiously as he shot load after load of his cum inside of her mouth for her to swallow.

"Oh god!" he cried. "Thank you so much. Oh..."



Bridget grabbed a fresh piece of tissue paper from the nightstand and wiped her mouth after licking her lips first. They said their goodnights to each other and she went off to bed with a satisfied smile on her face.

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