

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 21

"Manners"

CHAPTER
01



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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CHAPTER 01

"Your son did what?!"



"Keep it down, would you?" Bridget hissed to her co-worker during their lunch break at the park.

"I saw him masturbating in the laundry room this morning using my panties."



"Oh my," Carol gasped in amazement.
"Did he see you? What was his reaction?"

"He didn't know that I caught him. I just saw him and quickly left."

"Did you at least get to see if he was hung?"



"Carol!" Bridget shot back with astonishment.

"But if you're that interested, I didn't see his penis. His back was turned towards me. I just saw his exposed bottom and he was, you know, stroking himself using my undergarment."



Carol's eyes widened hearing the details of her friend's story.

"So what are you going to do about it? He's not going to stop. And you certainly don't want him ruining your panty collection."



"I have absolutely no idea. It's the first time this has ever happened as far as I know. I was hoping you would have some advice for me since you have more experience raising boys than I do."



"Hmmm...Well, if you really want my advice, I suggest you tease him a little. Show him something he'll never forget. The next time he uses your panties, you should walk in on him and ask what he's doing. After that, I guarantee he won't be soiling any of your garments anymore."



"He'll be absolutely mortified beyond belief."

Bridget paused for a moment.

"Do you think that's necessary? That sounds a bit crude."

"Trust me, as a mother of two college boys, I know how to deal with young men his age."



The thought of teasing her 18-year-old son tormented Bridget for the rest of the day. She knew it would be wrong. She knew it would be dirty. But the idea of doing something like that was exciting to her in ways she hadn't expected.



Surprisingly enough, it was a thrill which had been missing in her sex life for the past several years. Bridget didn't want to admit it to Carol, but a part of her was actually flattered that Tom was masturbating with her panties.



It wasn't necessarily her maternal side, but the side of her that was longing for sexual attention, even if that attention was from her only son.

The next day
she awoke with a firm resolve
to follow her friend's advice.
She was going to find a way
to tease her son
and catch him in the act
of using her panties afterwards.



After a long shower before work, Bridget dried herself with a towel in the bathroom and put on her panties. For the first time in her life, she thought of her son in an inappropriate manner. Ideas swirled in her head as to how she was going to tease him.



Maybe she would walk around the house braless, or bend down in front of him so that he could look down her blouse. She didn't have time to think much longer as she heard the water being used in the hallway bathroom. Tom had woken up early for his college class and he was washing up.



The moment of truth had arrived and she was ready to act. She was already half naked and her first instinct was to let him peep at her body as she was getting dressed.



The plan was for Tom to look inside and see her naked. Then she would pretend to be unaware, or at least pretend to be shocked. Her heart rate picked up when she heard the water turn off, and her pulse skyrocketed when she heard her son walking down the hall.



His footsteps became louder and then the moment came. There was a brief silence when he stopped walking and she saw her son in the reflection of the mirror with his eyes wide open. He was gawking at her breasts.



As soon as she made eye contact with him in the mirror, he immediately turned away and headed down the stairs for breakfast. It was over. She knew he was aroused and was mostlikely in the laundry room to get a quick orgasm.



The tingling sensation between her legs confirmed that she, too, was aroused.



After a few minutes, Bridget put on a robe and gently walked down the stairs so she wouldn't make much noise. Her son definitely wasn't eating breakfast because the kitchen and dining room were quiet. There was only one place he could be:
The laundry room.



Her suspicions had been correct, and she could see Tom from behind. His shorts were partially down and he was masturbating at a furious pace. What made the situation even more lewd was that he was breathing heavily and his body showed clear signs of having an orgasm.



Once he was done, he went over to the sink with his mother's panties filled with cum and he tried his best to rinse it off. 'That horny little bastard,' Bridget thought to herself. Teasing her son had backfired. Bridget took a deep breath and decided to put an end to his behavior.



"Did you enjoy yourself, young man?" she asked casually.

"**Mom!!**" he shouted in a state of utter shock after he swung around to see his mother standing there.



He immediately tossed the panties into the sink and turned the water off, as if emptying his hands would relieve him of any sort of responsibility.

"Don't worry, you're not in trouble. I'm not mad at you."

"I...I'm sorry mom. It's just that...they were just sitting there..."



"And that's an excuse?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

Tom shook his head and looked humiliated.

"It's a horrible excuse. I guess I don't have an excuse."

"Why did you do that?"



He shrugged.

"I've always had a thing for women in panties and lingerie, and yours are the only ones around. I don't know what else to say."



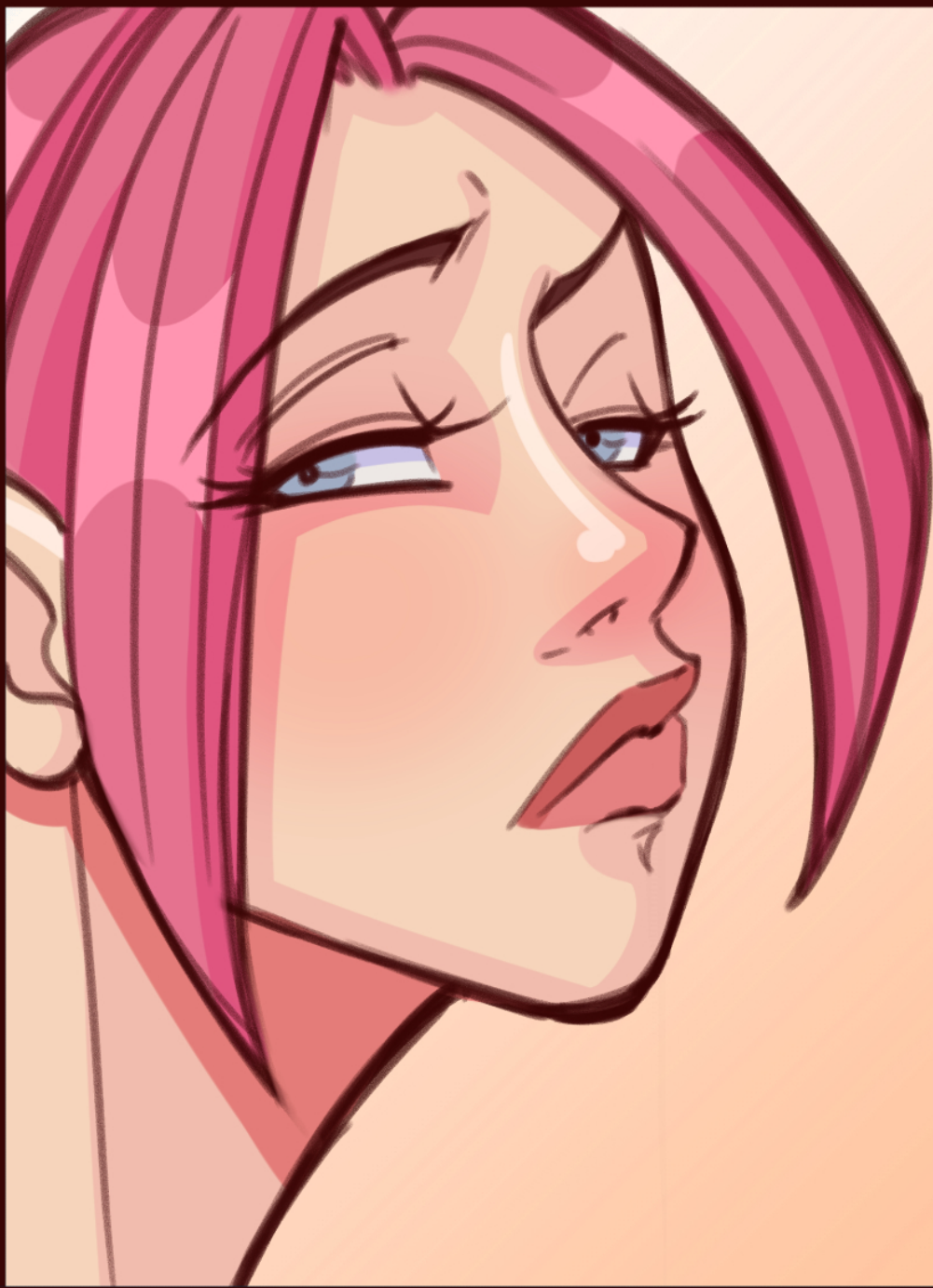
"Neither do I. Having my son masturbate with my things isn't something I would have expected. So it came as a complete shock to me when I saw you pleasuring yourself with my panties yesterday morning."
"God, you saw that?"
She nodded.



"I'm sorry," he replied in an embarrassed tone.

"Is that all you have to say for yourself?" she asked as gently as she could. "You're sorry? What on earth has gotten into you, using your mother's things like that?"

"I don't know."



She pursed her lips.

"That's not good enough, young man."

"You probably don't want to hear this, but my friends have always thought that you're really hot. When you started leaving your panties out on the counter, I started thinking about you differently."



A sudden sense of guilt came over her. She found herself feeling sympathy for him. But more than that, she felt flattered that he would feel that way about her. And she surprisingly felt herself becoming aroused again at the thought of being lusted over by her son.



"How so?" she replied. "What was different in the way you thought about me?"

"Do we have to do this?" he asked. She nodded.

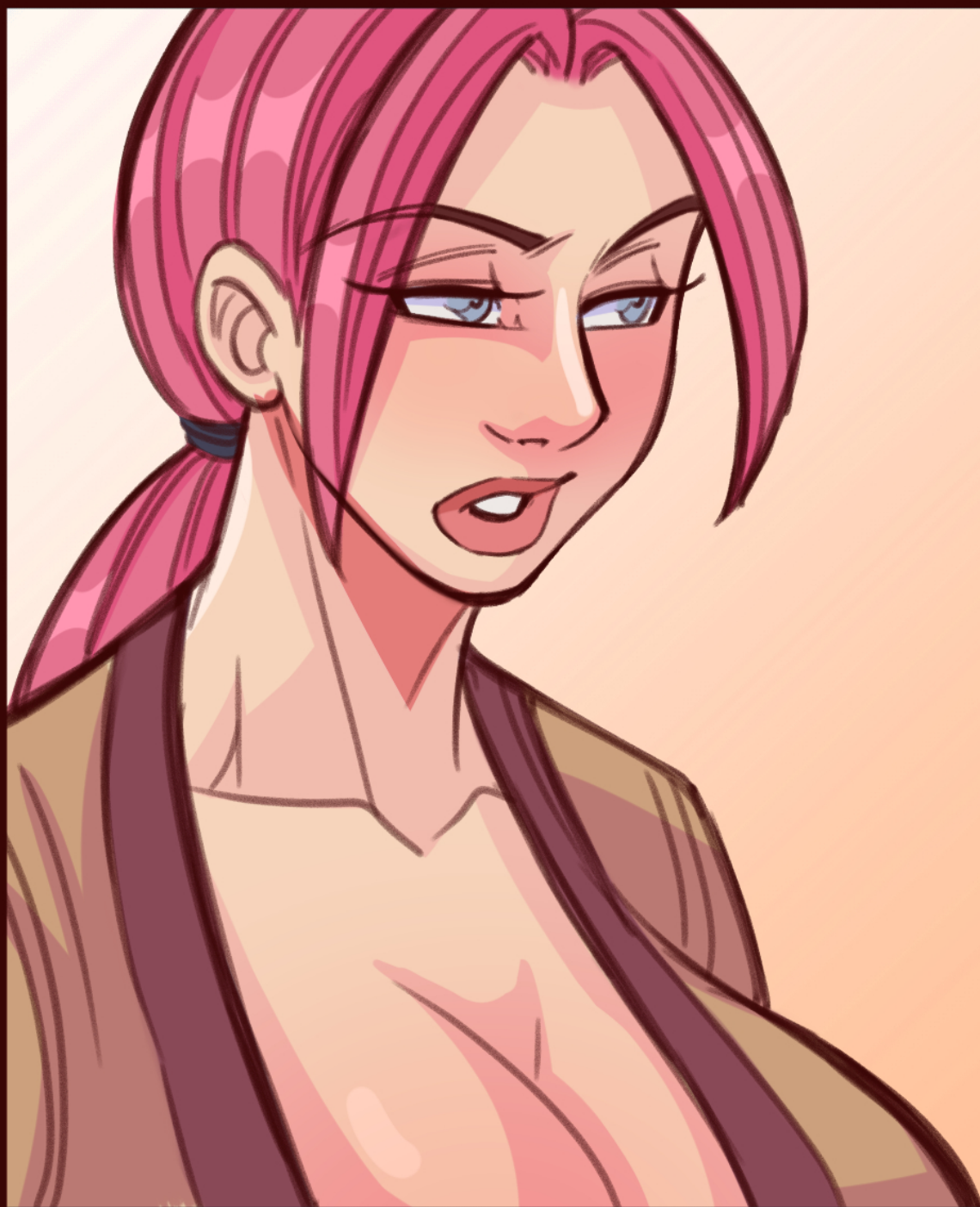
"I want to get to the bottom of this."



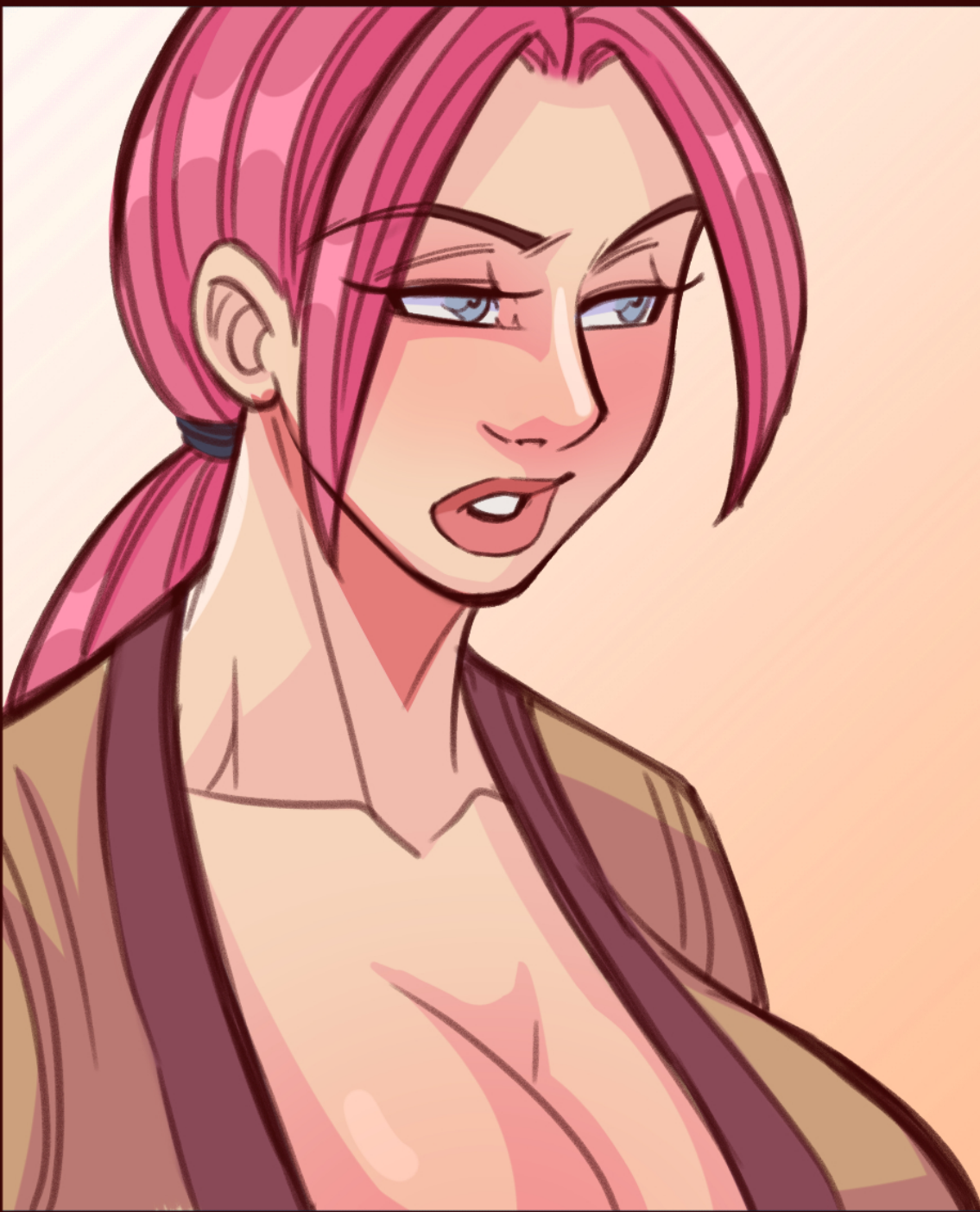
"Fine. I thought about what they would look like on you. And I thought about what you would look like without them. I know what you're probably thinking, I'm sick and disgusting for doing this with your clothes."



On the contrary, it made her feel flattered in a strange way that he'd be crossing taboo barriers just to lust after her.



"Tom, I understand that you're a young man and that you're interested in women. I realize that it might be awkward sometimes because we live together. But I want you to know that being attracted to your mother isn't unusual, it sometimes just happens."



"Thinking about these things doesn't mean you're 'sick' or 'disgusting' in any way."

"Thanks for not thinking I'm some sort of creep," Tom replied with a sense of relief.



Bridget smiled,

"Of course I don't think you're a creep. The truth is, us women want to share our bodies with men, but it has to be on our terms for it to mean anything special. The same applies to our clothes and our belongings."



"So, if you want to enjoy yourself with one of my things, next time you need my permission first. You can't just take a woman's garments and use them for your pleasure without her knowing. It's not very appropriate."



His eyes lit up. "Are you saying what I think you're saying? Did you just...?"



"I just might be," Bridget nodded.
"You're a young man and you have your needs. I understand that your emotions can be a bit confusing. Actually, I think they can be very confusing. Don't forget, I used to be 18 at one point in my life."



"So, as long as you're respectful about this, I'll let you use my garments if you ask first."



Bridget couldn't help but wonder if she had just made a terrible mistake, or her best decision as a single parent.

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