

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 08

"THE TALK"

CHAPTER
08



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 08

The front door slammed.
Naomi heard it from her
comfy armchair
in the living room
where she read a novel.

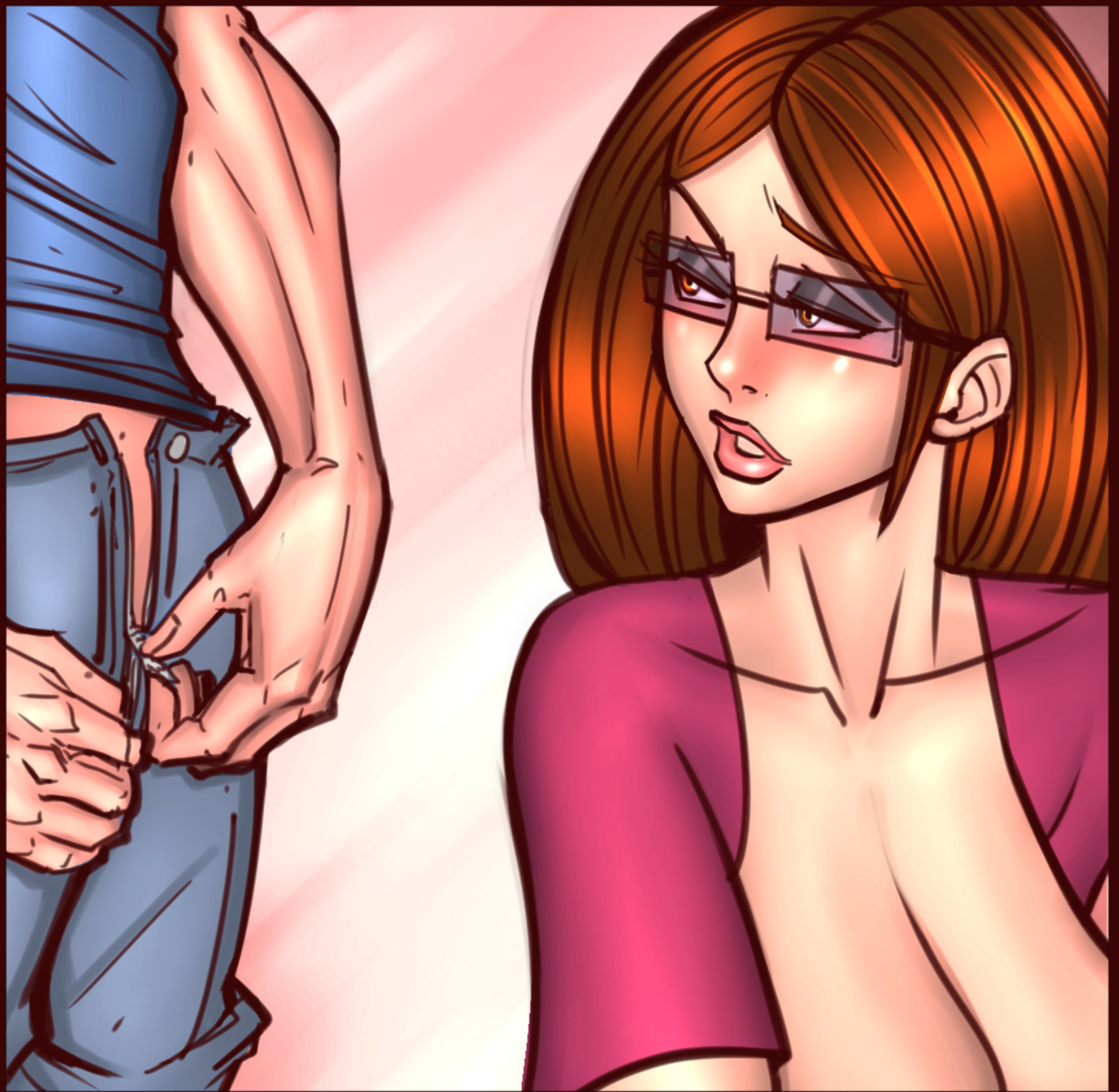
Immediately,
her pulse quickened
and her vagina dampened.
Regards to Ivan Pavlov.
She was like
one of his dogs.



"Is that you, Davey?"

"Hi, Mom." David walked into the room with a bright smile on his face.

"I think it's time we continued our sex talk."



"Yes?" Butterflies flapped in Naomi's stomach. "Something new?"

"Exactly." David walked up to her armchair, and stopped a foot away. He unbuttoned and unzipped his pants.

"What do you know about facials?"



"Some of my friends get them down at the salon." Naomi adjusted her glasses as her son dropped his pants. "But I have pretty good skin, so ..."



"You are such a virgin, Mom." David laughed, a low, lilting sound that filled the living room. He dropped his boxers and let his hardening dick flop out. "A facial is when I cum all over your face and you take it like a warm summer rain. Like the vid I sent you of Mrs. Stevens."



"Oh." Naomi didn't know what to think of that. She'd gotten so good at not having his cum all over her face. But that video had really struck at something inside her. "I see."



"So, get to work. I'm going to teach you all about it." He stepped closer to her, his dick now fully hard.

"Okay." Naomi reached out and took hold of him. "Your penis is so big."

"My *cock*, Mom." David smiled down at her. "Call it a *cock*."



"Um ... okay. Your cock is really big, sweetie." She jerked him with her hands. Focused on pleasing him.

"Bigger than Dad's?"

"Well, of course. I mean ... it's not even close." What Naomi said was true.

"Would you let Dad spray his cum all over your face?"



"He wouldn't ..." Naomi frowned. She felt bad for her poor husband. But here she was, stroking their hung son. "He wouldn't be able to. He doesn't spray much, and it doesn't go ... very far."

David laughed again.

"So perfect, Mom. I could take you away from him if I wanted."



"That's not true, David."

But she didn't make eye contact as she said it. She worked in silence for a good long while.

She slobbered on his cock a couple times to make him wet for her hands.



"Okay ... Mom. I'll ... take it from here."
He pushed her hands off his dick and stroked himself. "Turn your face ... toward the ceiling ... yeah ... like that."



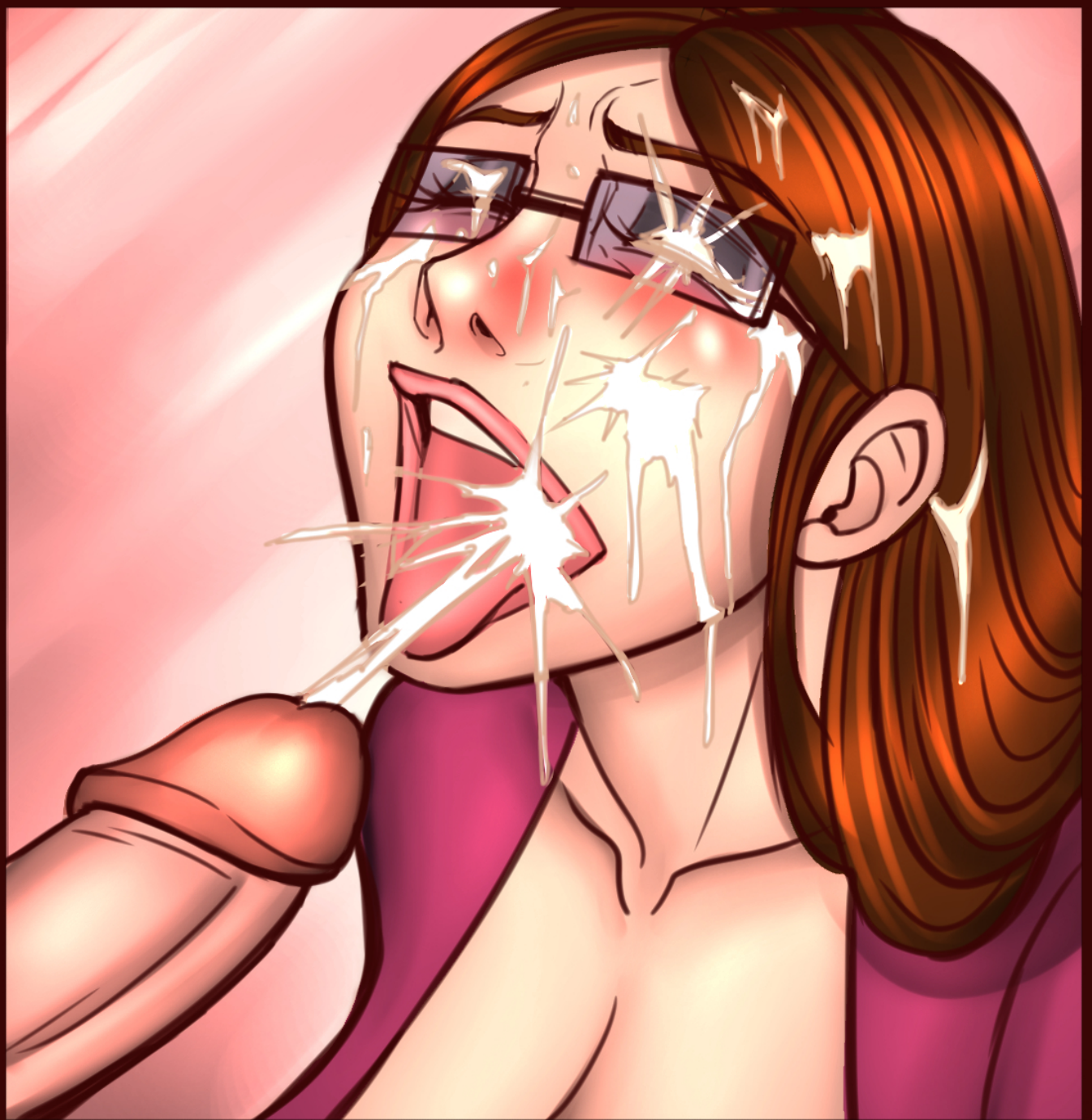
"Oh, David. I can't believe I'm letting you do this on purpose." Naomi looked up at the ceiling, her son's cock hovering right above her chin.



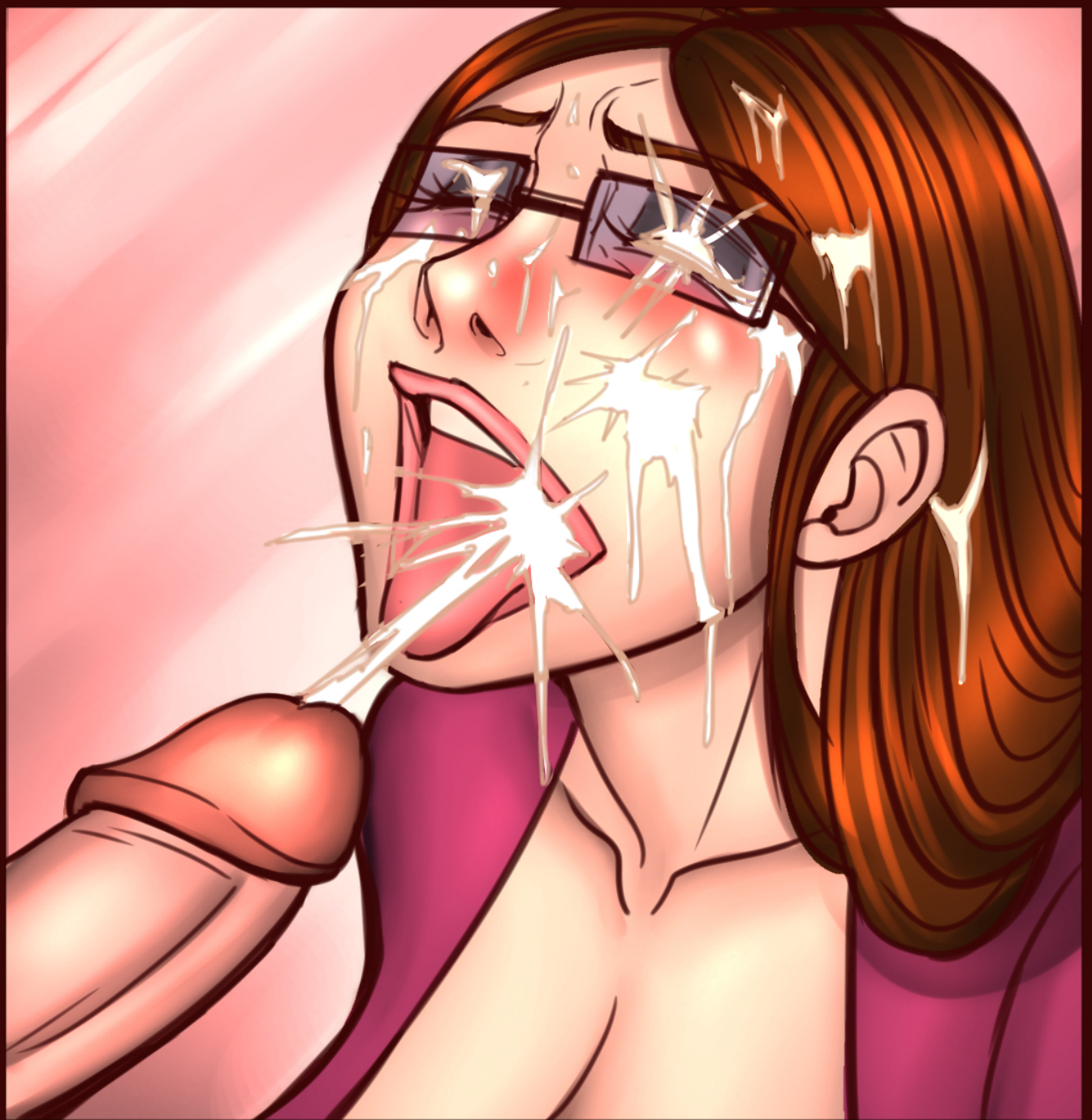
"Tongue out ... Mom."

David shuddered as he watched her open her mouth and stick out her tongue.

"Take ... it."



Spurt after spurt of hot seed shot out of David's cock and landed on Naomi's pretty face and soft, brown hair. The familiar salty taste hit her tongue. Learning facials was a lot easier than learning to deepthroat him, or swallow that amazing amount of sperm.



She let him grunt and shower her until, with a few final shakes of his penis, he was done.

"You're ... a ... good ... slut." David sighed and looked at what he'd done to her. His cum dripped from her forehead, glasses, cheeks, nose, and chin. She was a mess and he loved it.



"Thank you, Davey."

Naomi opened her eyes, but couldn't see past the sperm on her lenses. She wiped her glasses off with her left hand to find David with his phone pointed at her.

"What are you doing?"



"I'll need something to remember you by when I leave home."

He took a couple pictures.

"Perfect. Hold up your left hand more. You have cum on your wedding ring."



"Don't do that, David." But Naomi held her hand higher. She must have looked like a common slut. What if those pictures ever got out? But then she thought of all the other pictures she'd already sent him. A couple more didn't really matter, even if she was covered in his stuff.

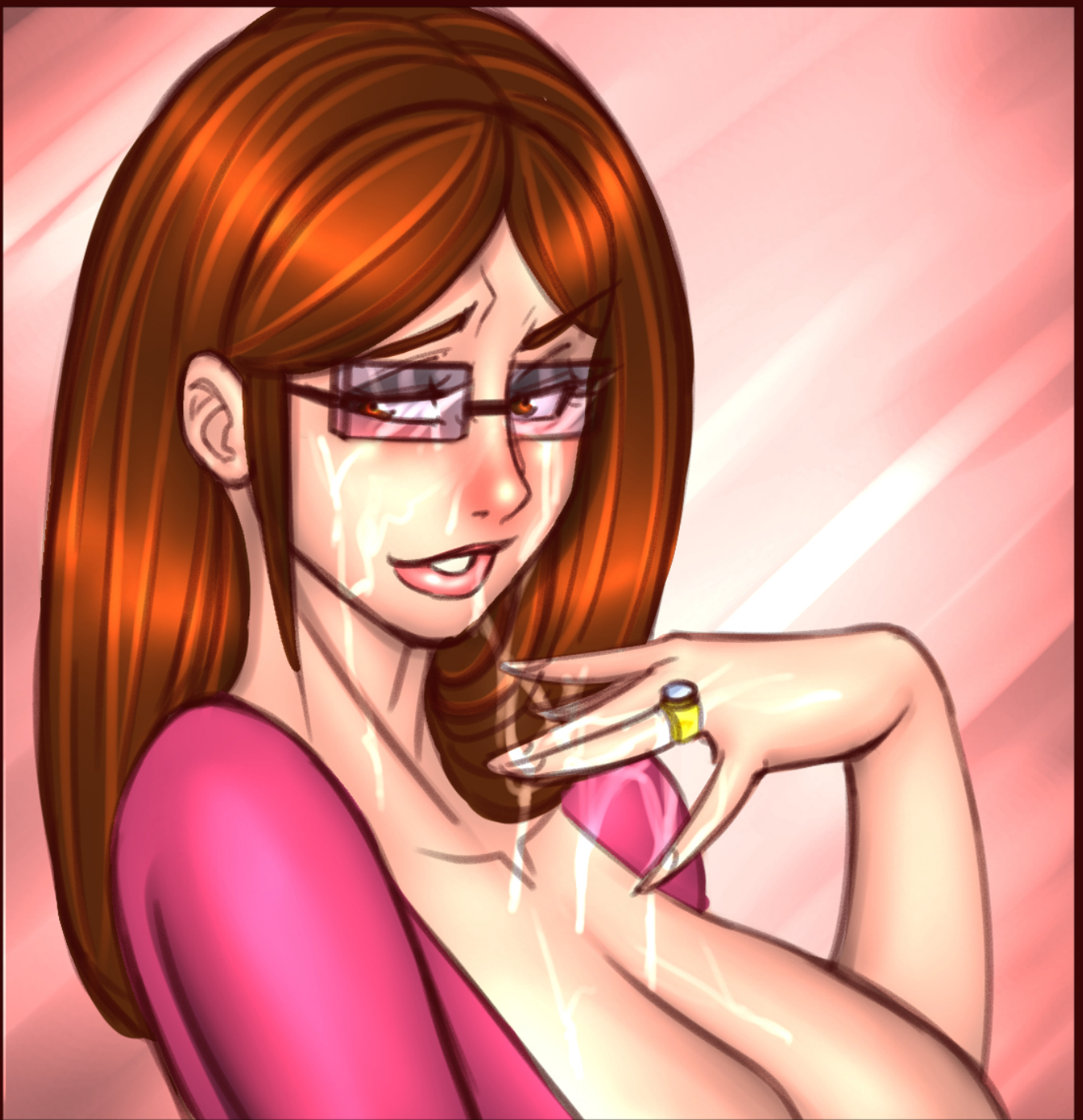


"Smile, Mom."

David took more pictures, until, finally his mom smiled.

"Nice. I'm going to go take a shower. You should get yourself cleaned up."

David pulled his boxers and pants back up, gave her a wink, and headed for the stairs.



Naomi watched her tall, young man go.
What would he do to her next?

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