

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 09

"A NEW LIFE"

CHAPTER
05



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 09: "A new Life"

Story by Camille Juteau

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

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The background of the page is an abstract, artistic composition of overlapping, semi-transparent bands in various shades of pink, magenta, and purple. These bands are oriented diagonally, creating a sense of movement and depth. The colors are soft and blended, with some areas appearing more saturated than others, giving the overall effect a dreamlike and ethereal quality.

CHAPTER 05



"What are you talking about? You said if I gave you a blow-job, that you'll leave my daughter alone for good."

"It's good. It was pretty great, but it wasn't enough."



"If you truly want me to leave alone and cease to be interested in getting my dick inside her pussy, as if it was something reasonably possible in the first place, you'll have to swap your pussy for hers. Do you understand me?" John explained to her.



"I'm not going to do it."
'Who does he think I am? A slut?' she
thought.



"Well, in that case, I'm going to see if Victoria is available."

"What?"

"Yeah, as you can see," she showed his big, fat cock. He was still hard. He was still erect.

Still freaking huge, she thought to herself.

"How is this possible?"



"Look, I don't know, I'm just telling you that I'm still craving for you. If I can't get you, I'm sure your daughter is available," he looked up at the ceiling. "Victoria. Victoria? Are you there?" he wasn't exactly yelling, he was simply speaking really loud.



The chances of her hearing him were pretty high.
He wasn't kidding.
Victoria was a great, great option if Denise didn't want to cooperate with him.



"Okay. Okay. Okay. Stop. Stop calling her. Stop calling her name," Denise begged of him.

"Oh? So, you changed your mind?"

"I did. So, now, quite calling the name of my daughter."

"So, we are doing it or not"



"We are."

'Fuck. I still can't believe I'm doing this. This is so messed up,' she thought.

"Alright. Impress me, Denise. Impress me."

"Get on the table," she told him.



"On the table?" he was confused. Denise then took him by the hand, took him with her until they had reached the dinning table. Understanding where she was going with this, he sat down on the edge of the table. Then, Denise pulled a chair, climbed on top of it and joined him on the table.



Eventually, she crawled all over the young man and positioned herself in an aggressive, riding position. Sooner rather than later, sat down on his belly and had her big tits coming down on his face. Denise used the experience she had gained to put up with the fact that she was fucking her step-son.



Sooner rather than later, before Victoria eventually come down and catch them during the act like this, Denise began riding him and the fun began. For the first time ever, John's cock was inserted inside of Denise's vagina.



Almost as soon as the young man gave her a little taste of his dick, she changed her opinion on the overall idea of having sex with him. It was inside of her, Denise loved younger men and boys in nature.



The fact that she could have sex with John and that he was fine with it in the first place was pretty exciting to her since this truly meant for her that he enjoyed her and found her attractive. Pretty soon, Denise found herself moaning as she rode and fuck the young man.



She kept deliberately jumping up and down while being on top of him. She absolutely adored whenever his cock went deeper and deeper inside of her body. Actually, the best part was when John went so deep that he reached the end of her vaginal corridor with the tip of his glans.



One of her eyes was half-opened. The other was fully shut. She was truly enjoying herself. Saliva was dripping off the side of her mouth. She was looking up at the ceiling of the kitchen with her one eye half-opened.



'Oh, God, this feels so good. God! I'm so happy I confronted him in the end. I can't believe him. I'm saving my own daughter from being fucked any more by her new step-brother, and I'm getting some as well. This is the best outcome ever.'

'His father didn't manage to make her feel



'His father didn't manage to make feel like this in quite some time. I can't believe it. So, this means that the son is better than the father. The apprentice has surpassed the master.'



'This is so messed up, but I think this is true.

He is bigger. Definitely.

The shape is better. He feels better inside. I believe he even smells somewhat better than his father.

That's crazy, but I'm in love with his cock.'



*'He could ride me like this all the time.
But this has to end.
He can't fuck me again after this.
He can't.
I'd love to do it again with you, but it's
better not. What if he catches us?
What if she catches us? '*



'Come on. This can happen so easily. Not only that, his father is going to be home a lot more when his work settles a bit more. He told me. He's going to be home a lot more.

He wants to reconnect with his son. He wants to spend more time with his stepdaughter.



But now that I think about it. He never said anything about me...'



Denise fucked her stepson into oblivion. Riding him wonderful, better than anyone else she had done with it for a long time.

"You are such a babe, Denise."

"You really think so?"



"Hell, yeah, I'm starting to think that you are even better than your daughter."

"Better than my daughter?"

'He really said that?' She thought to herself.



"I'm staring to think, yeah, oh, yeah, gosh, it feels good. I think I'm already about to come," John said. Denise never stopping going up and down while riding him. Doing a lot of work to keep her new son and her daughter separated as much as possible. It wasn't an easy task, but she had to do it.



"You feel pretty good too."

"I do?"

"I love riding you, John," she said while moaning.



"I love when you ride me as well," he said, seconds before Denise shoved one of her nipples inside of his mouth.

"Don't talk too much, John."

"Why?" we could barely hear him with her thick and erect nipple deep inside of her mouth.

"Because we don't want Victoria to hear."



"But you're the one moaning like a whore," yet again, we could barely hear him.

"What did you say?" she honestly wasn't certain.

"Nothing."

"Right," and off she went, moaning some more. Again and again.



He feels so great I'm on the verge of having an orgasm, she thought.

"I'm coming, Denise. I'm about to come."

"Me too. Me too."

"Do you want me to pull out?"

"Yes. No. We should. We really should."

"So?"

"Let me think, let me—"



"—There is no time to think," he interrupted her.

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"I'm going to pull out."

"Good!! Okay," she said while moaning.



The young man pulled out of her, swiftly. Then, it was time, John ejaculated all over her belly and her wondrous breasts. Covered her up good.

"Oh, God, that felt so good."

"Same for me. I think came twice."

"Twice? That's not too bad."

"It's not bad at all."



"I suppose we should clean up now?"

"We should. Otherwise, my daughter could see your cum. I believe some of it got on the table," she observed.

"I think it's slid down your beautiful body."

"I must have been that."

"Get ready to clean up, mother."



"What? You actually mean you are not going to help me?"



Then, from a distance, watching them, Victoria was there, hidden.

She had been watching for quite some time now.

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