

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 16

*"Call the
Doctor"*

CHAPTER
14



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 16: "Call the Doctor"

An Original story by *Camille Juteau*

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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CHAPTER 14



She finished taking her shower and her son, Charlie, went in. It, fortunately, didn't take them too long for them to get dressed.



She put on a ridiculously tight white shirt with no brassiere whatsoever underneath of it.

She had a skirt on, with no panties underneath as well.

She was in full on slut mode today.



Her personal and secret mission was quite simple. Enticing and arousing her own son as much as possible, so she could (hopefully) have a chance to play with his huge cock before they got to the appointment. She had turned into such a massive and filthy slut that it was all she could think about.



Another chance before arriving to the doctor's office, that was all she was hoping for.



Meanwhile, as his mom was dressing all slutty, Charlie was wearing a blend black t-shirt a pair of blue, baggy jeans. The baggy jeans were purpose. Everything he could do to hide his huge cock and balls as much as possible. These baggy jeans could do just that.



He wasn't trying to hide his enormous package from his mother, not really, it was more to not attract any eyes from strangers at the doctor's office. He was embarrassed enough.



However, his mother was not the only one who was in the same horny as her. It was something that was growing on Charlie as well. The more he had sex with his mother, the more he couldn't stop thinking about it.



He was lusting for her. It almost scared her. Which was why he had second thoughts about the whole thing and personally thought it would probably be better for him to keep his distances from her. He didn't know how long he could prevent himself from fucking her.



Charlie was all-dressed by now. Yet, he wouldn't come out.

The door was closed and locked.

His mother came in to check on him.

It was time to go for the appointment.

There was no time to be wasted.



"Charlie? Honey? Are you still in there?"

"..." he wouldn't answer her.

He heard her, loud and clear, but wouldn't answer.

"Charlie?" she kept knocking the door.

It was important for him to remain secluded. He wasn't feeling right at all.



"We are going to be late for the appointment, honey. Is there something wrong? Are you having trouble getting dressed?" she politely asked him.

"No. It's not that, mom. Don't worry about it. I will be out in a second," he finally responded to her.



She was reassured her, at least.

"No problem. You got about five minutes, and then we are going to have to do. Okay?" she smiled again.



"Okay," he briefly replied to her. Meanwhile, being a woman that could never stop, that would never stop worrying, she walked back and forth in the corridor of their home, impatiently waiting for her son to come.



Every thirty seconds, she checked on the door to see if it was unlocked, turning the doorknob. It was never unlocked. It never was.



The more she thought about her son in there, the more she began thinking about him masturbating in there... Which triggered her and aroused her greatly.



At some point, she crashed in the corridor and sat down on her butt with her back leaning against the wall. Still waiting for her adorable and dear Charlie to come out. As she waited, the horny and devoted mother opened her legs wide and began masturbating in the corridor.



The best way for her to kill time, as her son was still in there.

Of course, being an impatient girl, she couldn't wait too long before getting back up and continuously going back to see if the door had been unlocked or not. Over and over again.

It was a constant obsession with her.



Eventually, when she sat down on the floor again after the last time of trying to open the door, she began using more energy to masturbate herself, with her two fingers at the same time, and also stimulating her breasts with the other hand.



'I'll just have to content myself to masturbate some more until he feels good enough, so he can come out...'
the horny mother thought to herself as she kept moving her middle finger in and out of her wet pussy.



So much time passed that the mother had been able to make herself come at least twice before lost her track of time in the corridor...
Minutes could have passed, in fact...



The doorbell ring.

When she came back, she was all tired and messed up.

So confused that she could barely stand up.



Her skirt was still lifted and when she initially woke up, she still had at least one finger inside of her vagina. She pulled it out of there pretty fast when she heard the doorbell ringing or the second time.



She knew she had to answer the door, but the only thing she could think about right now was the fact that she purely hated herself for allowing herself to fall asleep.



She currently didn't know what time it was and how much time passed as she was sleeping, but she knew for a fact that they were now more likely late for their appointment.



She finally managed to stand up in the corridor. She walked in the direction of the door. Tried running, but mostly failed to do. She began thinking about whom it could be at the door. She began remembering that her two twin daughters were supposed to come back home today. It had to be them. It had to!



All that had happened recently between her and Charlie almost made her think that the two were the only people on Earth, or something like that. It was time to go back to reality for a while. Charlie wasn't her only child.



She made it to the door. Unlocked and opened it. The only thing the mother was worried at this point in time was the fact that her twin daughters were going to see in this quite slutty outfit she was wearing. What were they going to think about that?



But when the mother finally opened
the door, it wasn't her two daughters
at the door,
It was...

The background of the image consists of numerous soft, flowing, and slightly blurred streaks of light in shades of pink, magenta, and lavender. These streaks are oriented diagonally, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall effect is ethereal and dreamlike, with a gradient from light pink to a deeper purple. The text is centered in the middle of this background.

What a surprise...

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