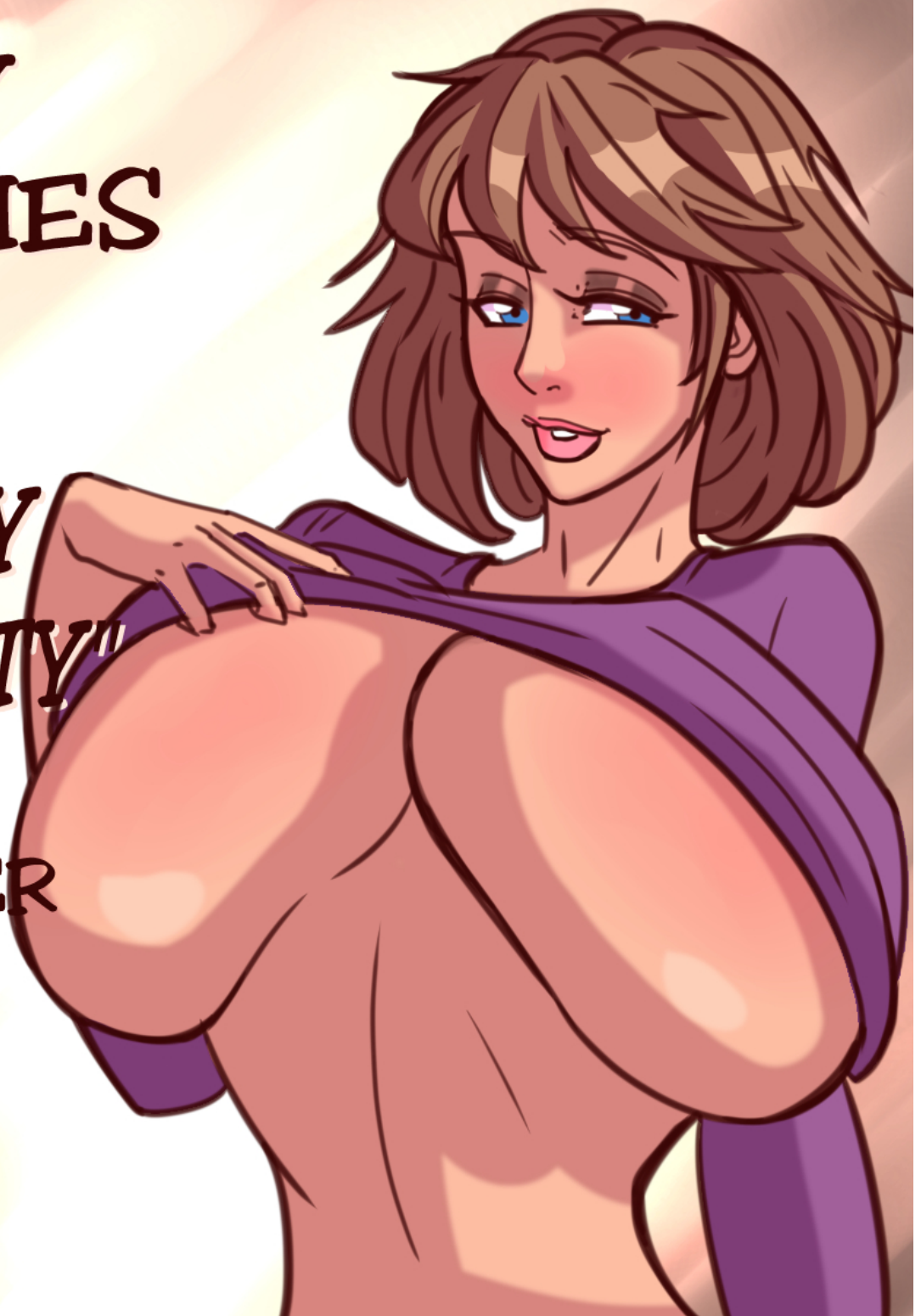


SPICY STORIES

VOL. 09

"DIRTY
CURIOSITY"

CHAPTER
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 09: "Dirty Curiosity"

Based on "Can I watch?" An Original by Heyall
(Twitter: @HeyAllStories)

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 01

Karen would always remember
the first time she saw her son
masturbating.

It happened months ago.

Tom had just turned 19.

She wanted to surprise him
on the midnight of his birthday
with a gift while he was still
watching tv
in the living room.



Karen gently and quietly opened her bedroom door with her present in hand, and softly walked towards the living room without making a sound- and what she saw left her stunned: Her son was watching softcore porn on cable.



As she quietly stepped closer to the couch, she could see that he was masturbating.

Her heart pounded.

She couldn't believe that he could do something so brazen in their living room.



Sure, she knew that all boys were especially horny at that age, but this? In the same house while he thought his mother was sleeping? But above anything else, she couldn't believe how she felt about seeing him pleasure himself so explicitly.

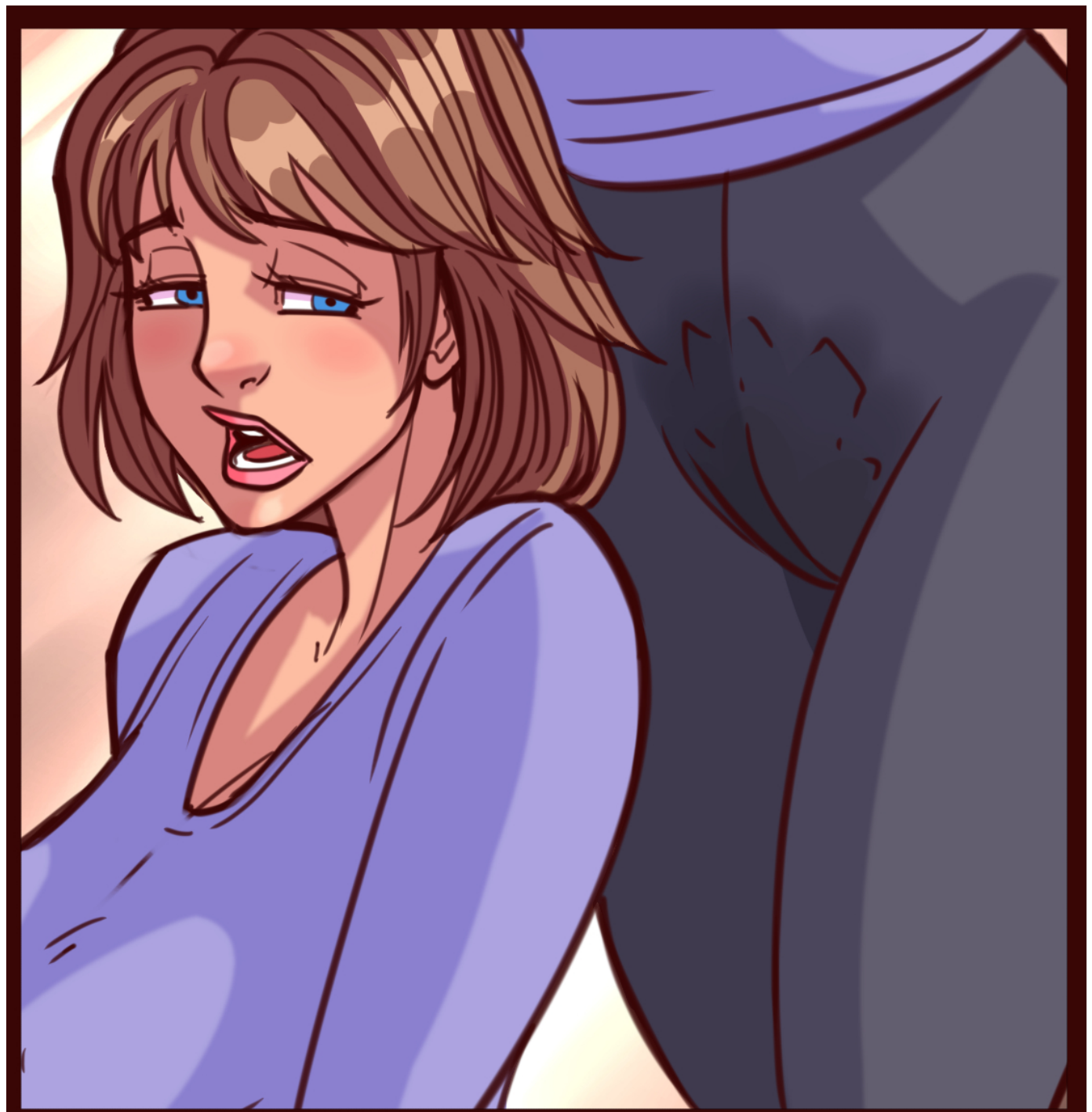


Karen had only been with one man her entire life, and that was her ex-husband.

Her favorite fantasy was to watch him masturbate while looking at her, but her ex-husband always laughed it off and was reluctant to do it because of how ridiculous he thought it was.



Now there she was:
The middle of her legs becoming wet,
watching her son pleasure himself.
She was aroused and she knew it.
She quietly tiptoed back to her room
before she could get caught, and later
did something she NEVER thought she
would EVER do-



She fantasized about her son for the very first time in her life.



"This looks good," Tom said as he went to the kitchen for breakfast.

She smiled, "Thanks. I was supposed to meet some clients this morning, but I got a message last night that they had to cancel."



"My boss said I could finish my report at home, so I figured I might as well do some cooking and catch up on chores while I had the extra time."

"Lucky," he replied while eating.



I've got an exam today and it's a real pain in the ass. But seriously mom, you work too hard and you should try relaxing a little."

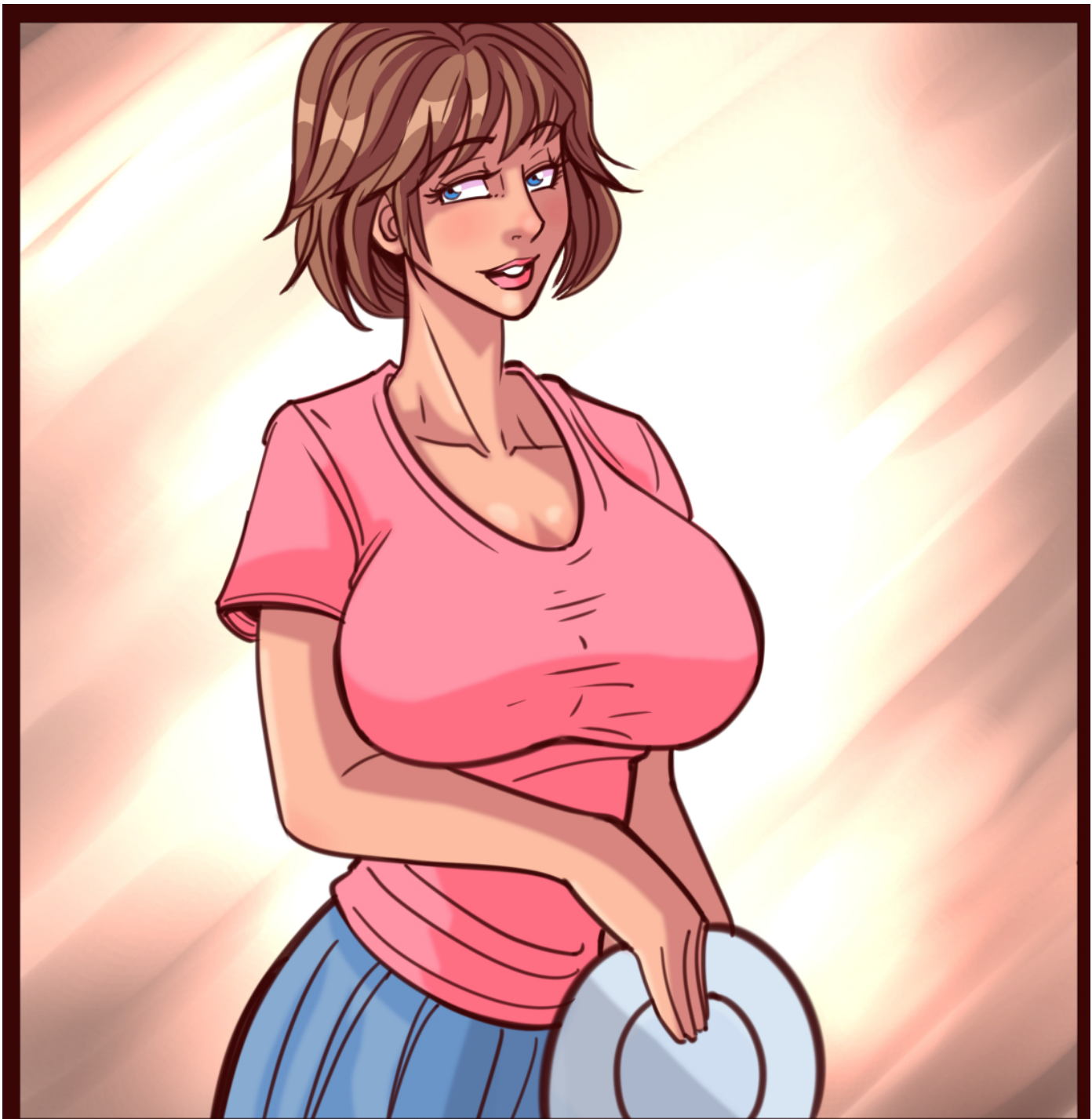
"If I relaxed during my free time, then who would cook and clean for my college boy? It certainly wouldn't be you," she replied jokingly.



"Good point. In that case, just work the amount that you need and don't tire yourself out too much."

She playfully slapped him on the arm.

"Very funny. You know, if I didn't love you so much, I'd force you to do your own laundry and to clean your own room."



He grabbed the rest of his food and got up to give her a kiss.

"Then I guess I'm really lucky to have such an awesome mother. I wish I could stay and eat, but I have to meet some friends for some last minute studying. It's the only way I can be as smart as you, right?"



"I'm glad we agree on that," she replied as he smiled and left.



After cleaning the dishes and vacuuming the carpet, Karen went to her son's room to do his laundry.

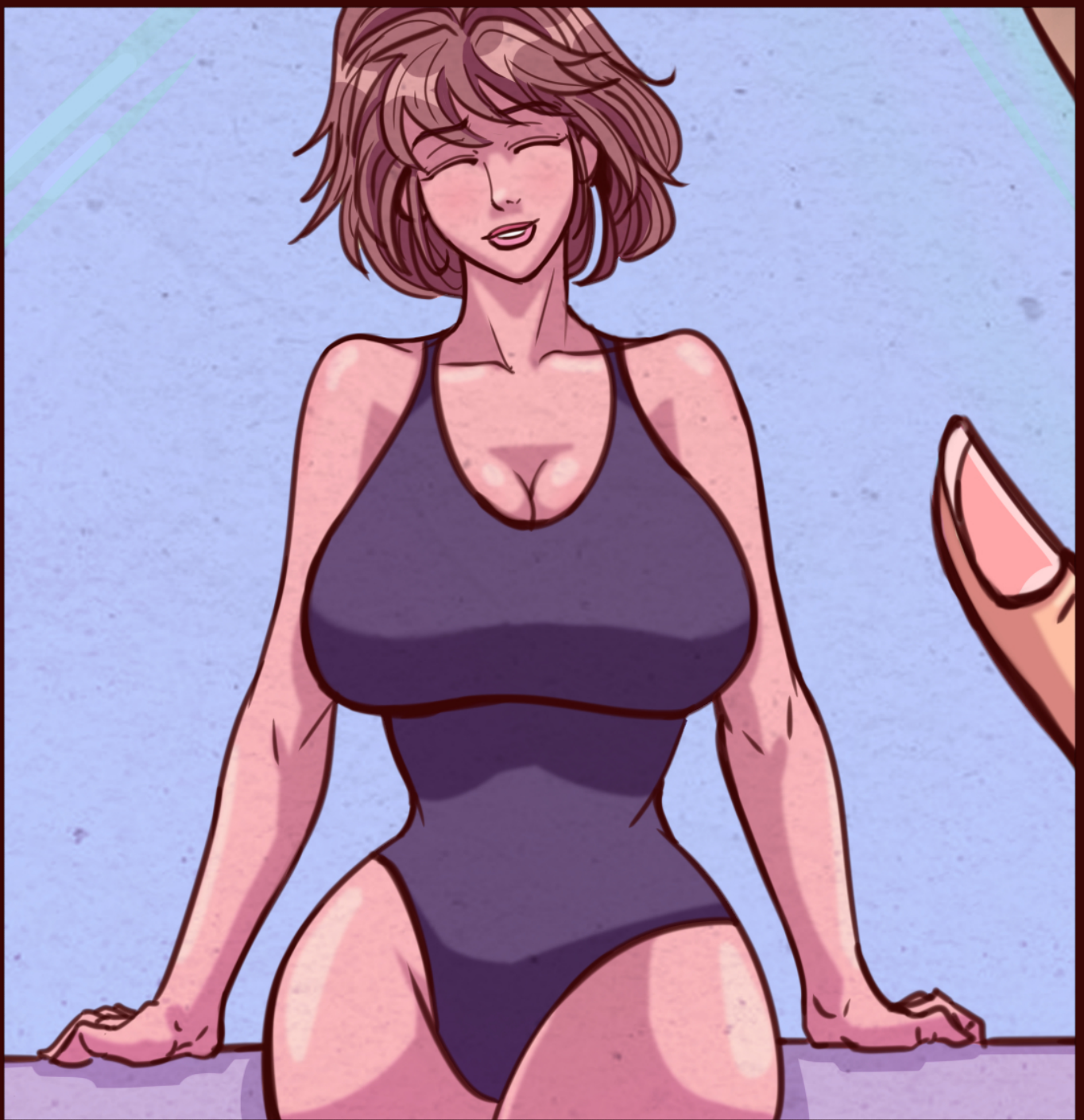
She pulled off the pillow case on his bed, and when she grabbed the blanket, she saw it.



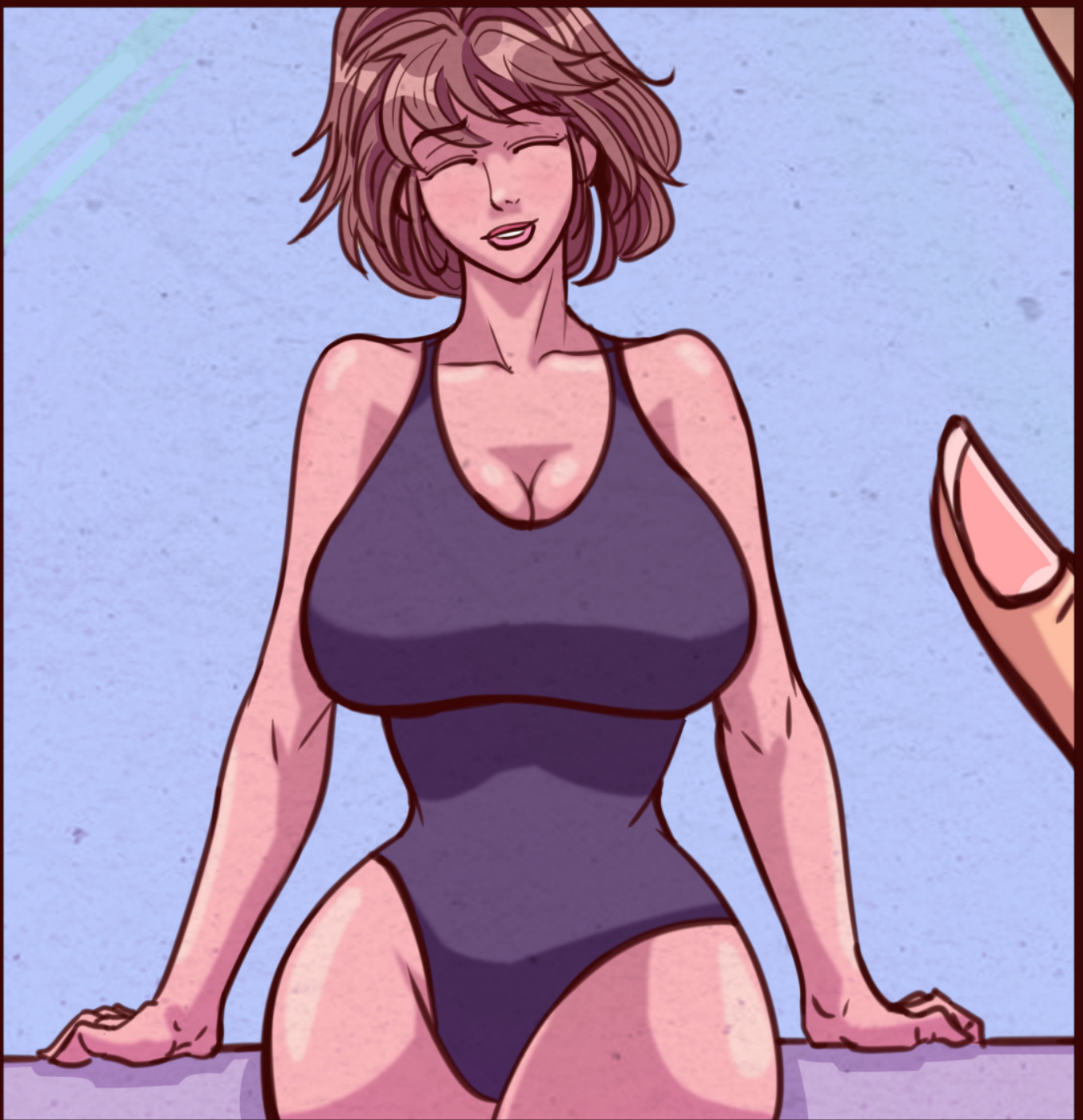
She saw something that left her as speechless as the day she caught her son masturbating months ago:

There was a photo of her underneath his blanket.

'What's this doing here?' she thought.



It was a photo of her in a one-piece bathing suit from a summer vacation they had two years ago. The picture itself was from a photo album which she kept in the closet in the hallway. But what was it doing in his bed? A realization had suddenly come over her.



When she vacuumed his room a moment earlier, she had picked a few pieces of used tissue paper off the floor and threw it in his trash.

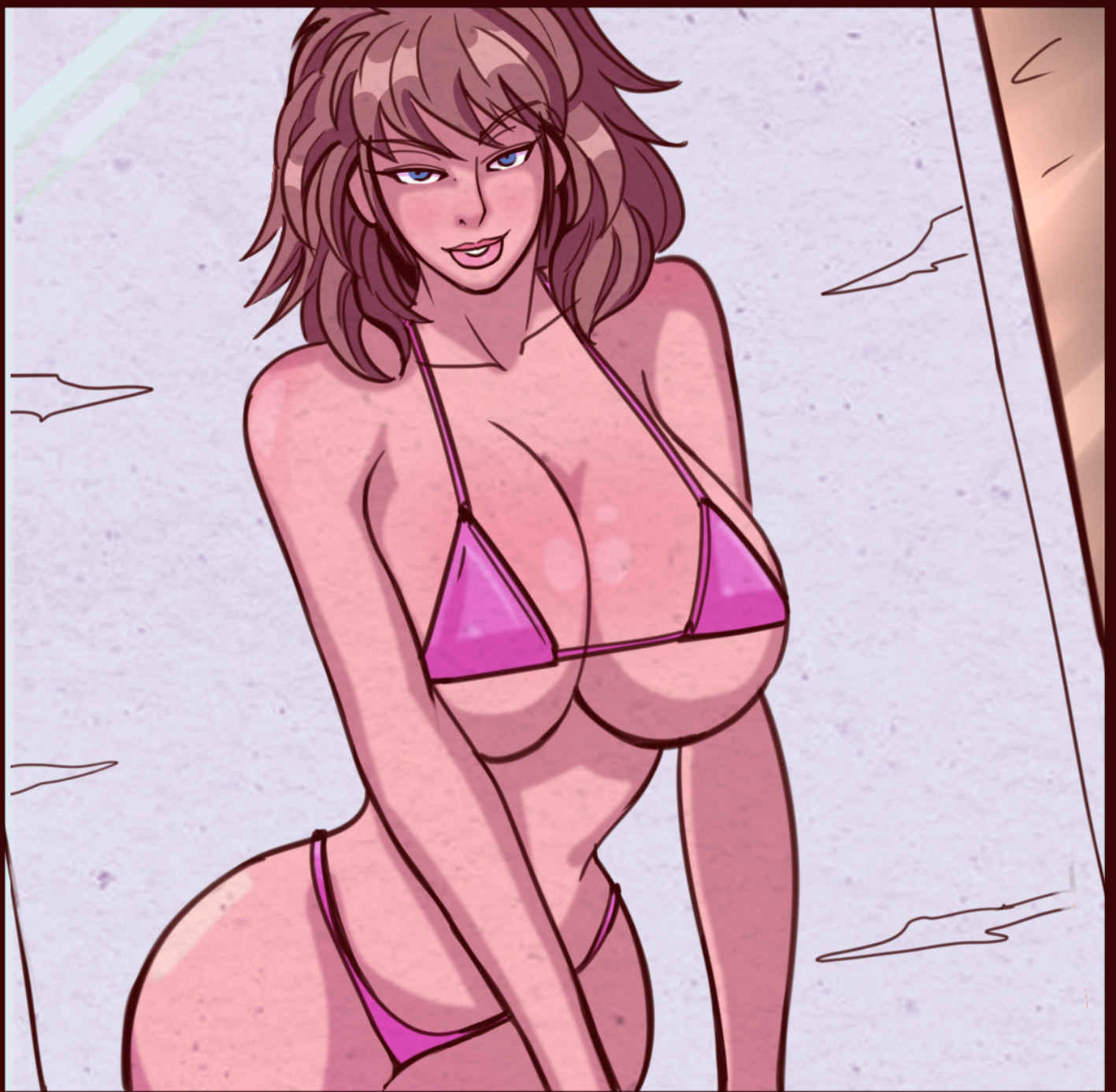
'Oh god,' she gasped. 'Was my own son thinking about me?'



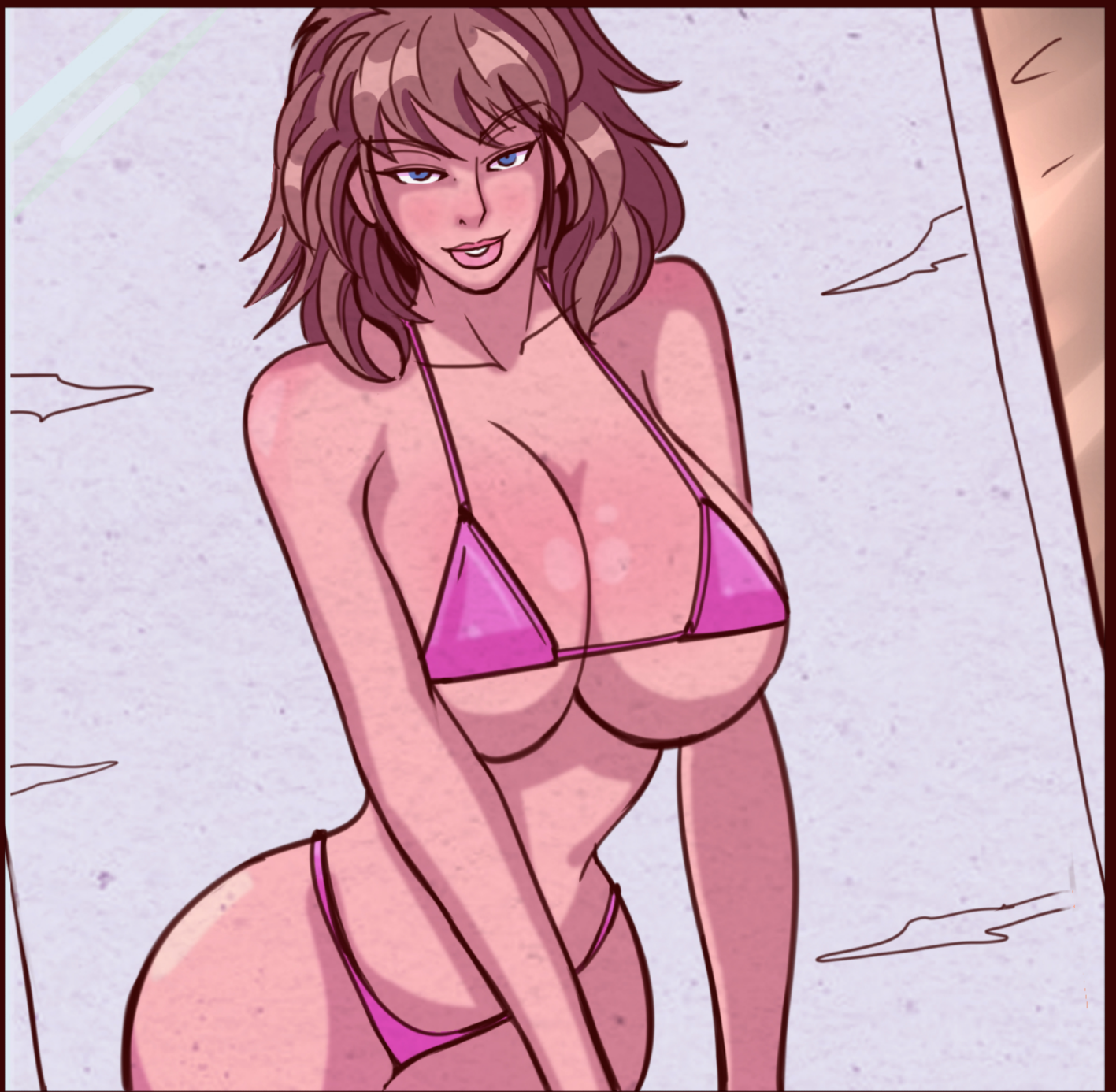
Karen felt torn. On the one hand, she felt disgusted and betrayed that her son, her own son, could do such a thing with her picture. But on the other hand, she couldn't be mad at him because just a few months ago, she had watched him masturbate and then she fantasized about him afterwards.



The thought of her son masturbating to her picture made her feel inexplicably naughty, but in a good way. She even felt a little flattered by it.



Almost without thinking, Karen walked to her room to grab an even more private photo of herself which she had hid in a drawer. It was a picture of one of the rare moments in her life that she had ever worn a small bikini while at a private pool party with her close friends.



She went back to her son's room and tucked it neatly under his blanket for him to 'use' later.



The rest of the day was as usual. She did her work, cooked, had dinner with son, and watched a little tv before calling it a night. Then, a couple of hours later, Karen saw her son walking down the hallway and towards her bedroom. And by the look on his face, he had something important to say.



"Mom ... Were you ... did you clean my room today?" he asked uncomfortably, standing in her room.

"Of course I did," she replied casually, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Your room didn't just clean itself, you know."



"Well I know that. But my bed...did you..."

"If you're referring to the picture left under your blanket, then don't worry, it wasn't a ghost that put it there- I did," she said with a soft smile.



"Am I missing something?" he asked.
"I mean, shouldn't you be mad at me?
Aren't you upset at all?"
"I'll answer your question on one
condition," she replied.
"What's that?"



"I want you to tell me why you were using my picture. And I want an honest answer."

"Is this really necessary?"

"It's necessary if you want me to answer your question. Don't worry, I'm not judging you for this. Answer truthfully."



"I don't know. There's nothing else to use around here."

"Wrong answer. We have tv and internet. Now tell me why you were using my picture."



"Fine. Being completely honest here, I've always thought of you as being my ideal woman. Smart, classy, caring, and you're really really sexy. I know you're my mom, but that's just how I feel."

"That's very sweet of you to say," she replied, feeling genuinely touched by his words.



"Now it's your turn. Why did you leave your bikini picture in my room?"

She sighed

"Since you were so open and honest, here it goes:

I've always been excited by the thought of a man pleasuring himself. Don't ask me why, but it just gets me going.



"It's the only kink I have. Your father rarely ever let me watch him masturbate, and on the rare occasions he did, it would only be for a quick few seconds and he would laugh it off before stopping. Then a few months ago, I saw you... you know..."

"You caught me jerking off?"



She nodded.

"In the living room late at night. I saw you masturbating, and truthfully, a big part of me was very aroused. And when I saw my picture in your bed today, I was flattered by it. In fact, it turned me on ... in a strangely erotic way."



"All I can say is--- wow! You always were a cool mom, but when it came to the magic s-word, I've always thought you were a real prude because of how conservative you always act," he said, referring to sex.

She smiled, "It's getting late and I have to wake up early tomorrow for work. "



"I guess so. But, um, do you think we can finish this conversation another time? It's a pretty important topic if you ask me."

"Sure. But only if I get to ask you one last personal question?"

"Anything," he replied.



"Do you plan on using my picture before you go to bed?" she asked as if it were nothing out of the ordinary.

"Do you plan on masturbating with it?"

"You've really put me on the spot here"

"I'll take that as a yes," she smiled. "So would you rather see the real thing, or do you prefer the picture?"



"Are you asking what I think you're asking?" he asked in a state of disbelief. Karen nodded to her son.

"I am. But only if you promise not to tell anyone. I don't even want to think about what people would say about me as a parent. I'd be the talk of the town, and not in a flattering way."



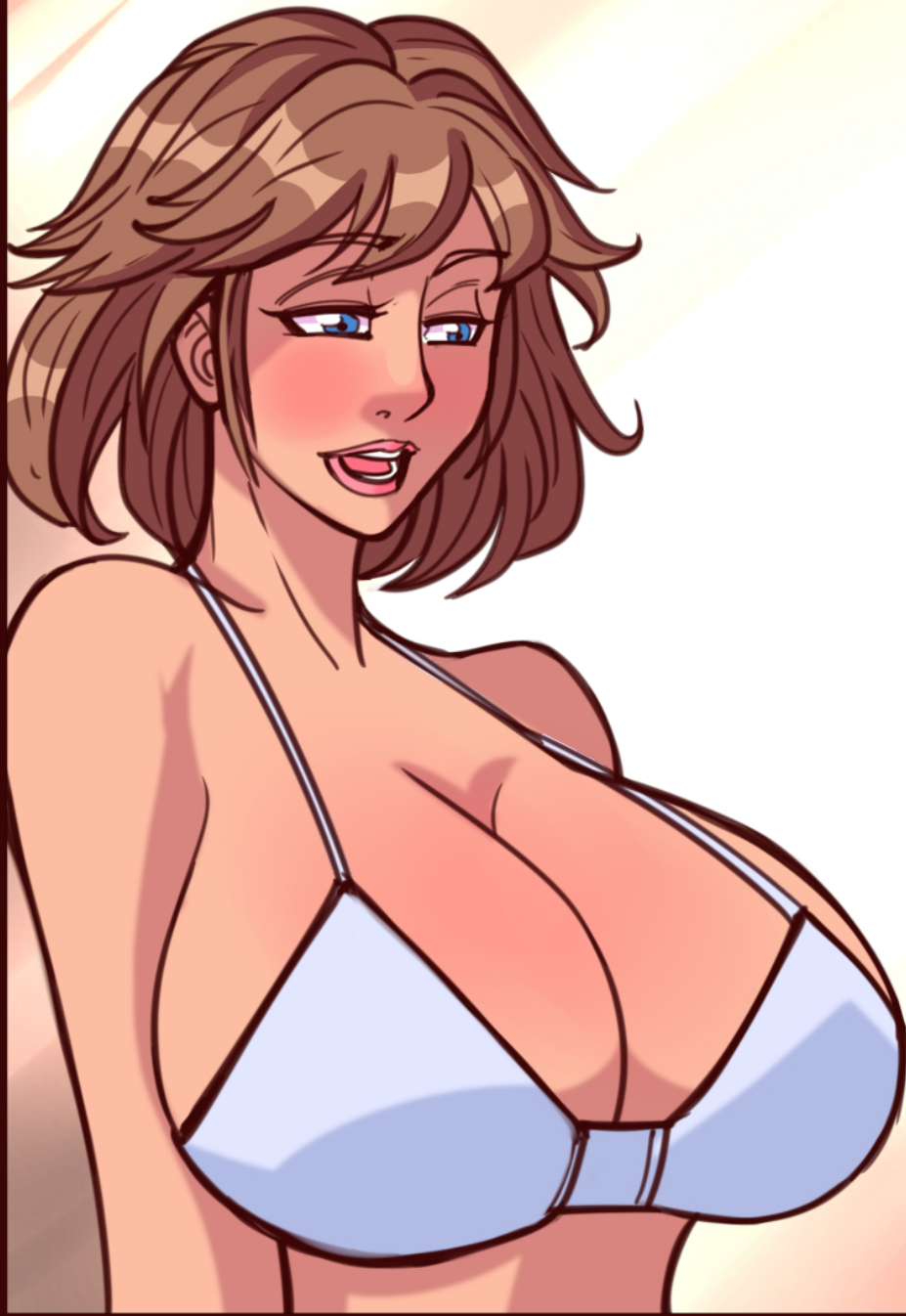
"Mom, you know that there's no way I'll ever be stupid enough to ruin what I think you're offering me right now. And you know I would never hurt you like that."

She grinned, "Good. Now you can start by pulling down your shorts and having a seat on my bed."



"Me?" he asked with a confused look on his face. "But I thought... I thought you were the one who was going to show..."

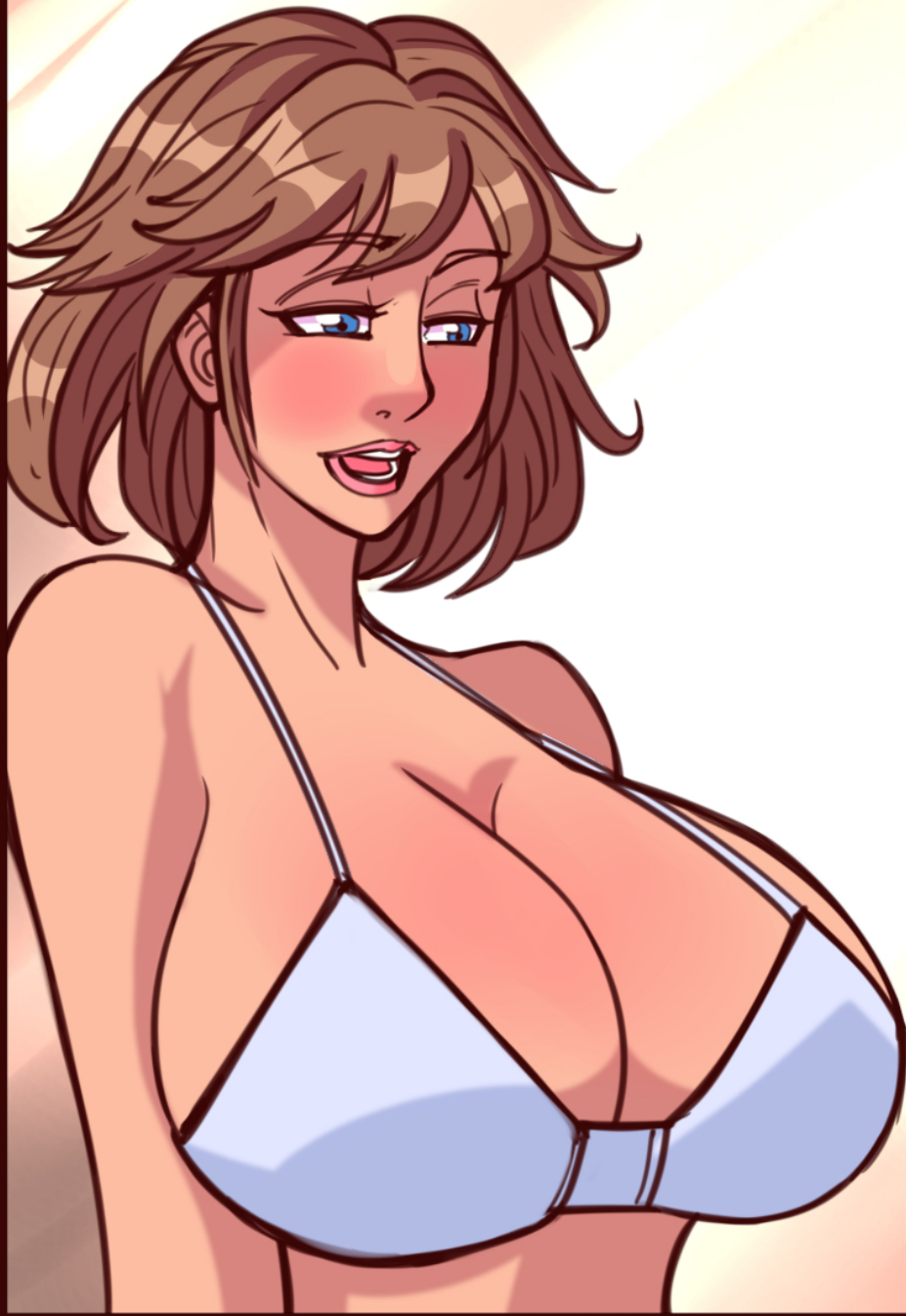
"I am. I want to watch you masturbate in front of me. And in exchange, I'll show you my breasts. That's our deal. We both get what we want out of this. Sound fair?"



His hands slowly made its way around the waistband of his shorts and he gave it a gentle tug downwards.

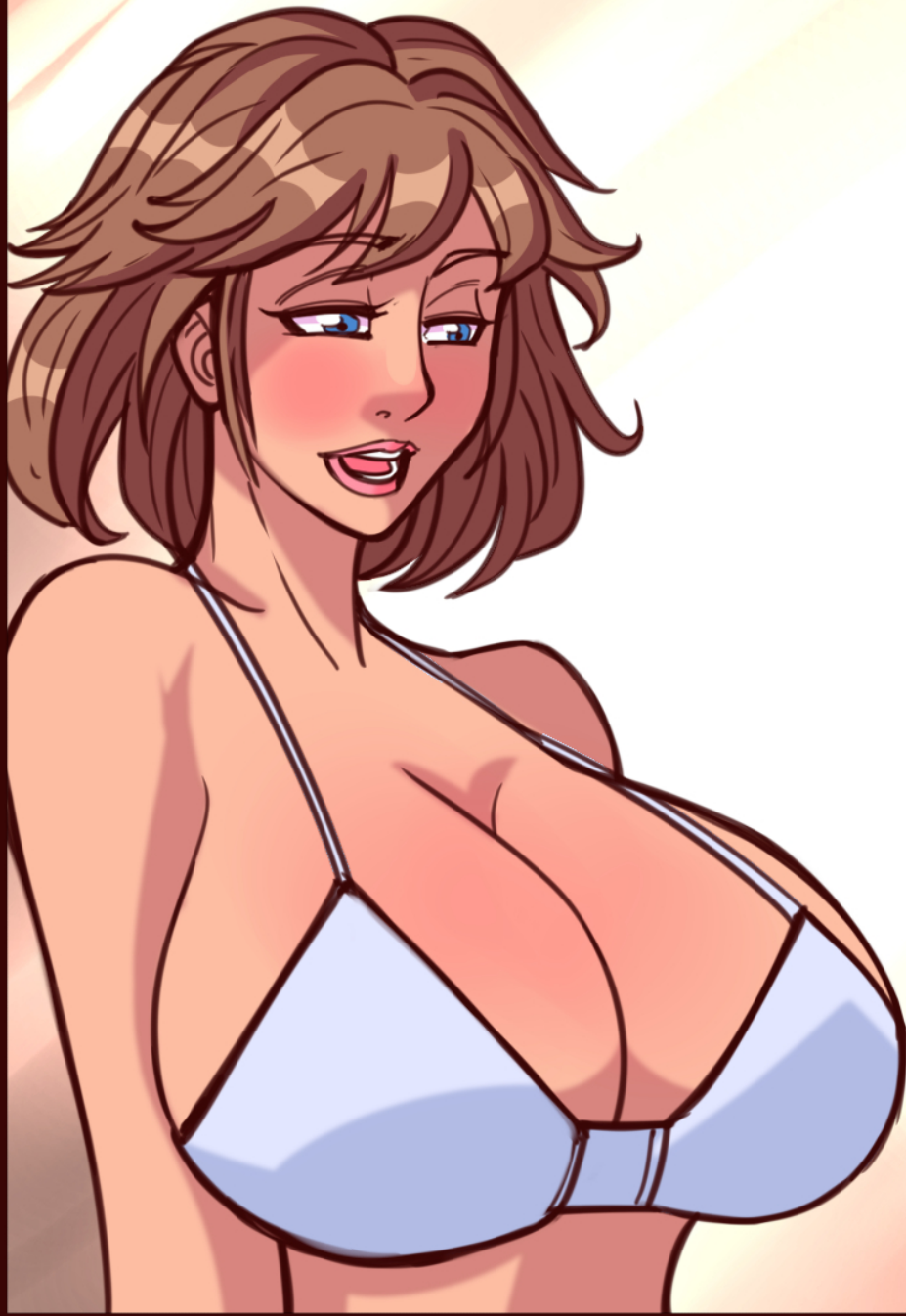
"It does sound fair," he said.

"God, this is going to be embarrassing. But it's worth it to finally see those breasts of yours."



With one swift motion, Tom bent down to pull his shorts and underwear off, leaving him naked from the waist down.

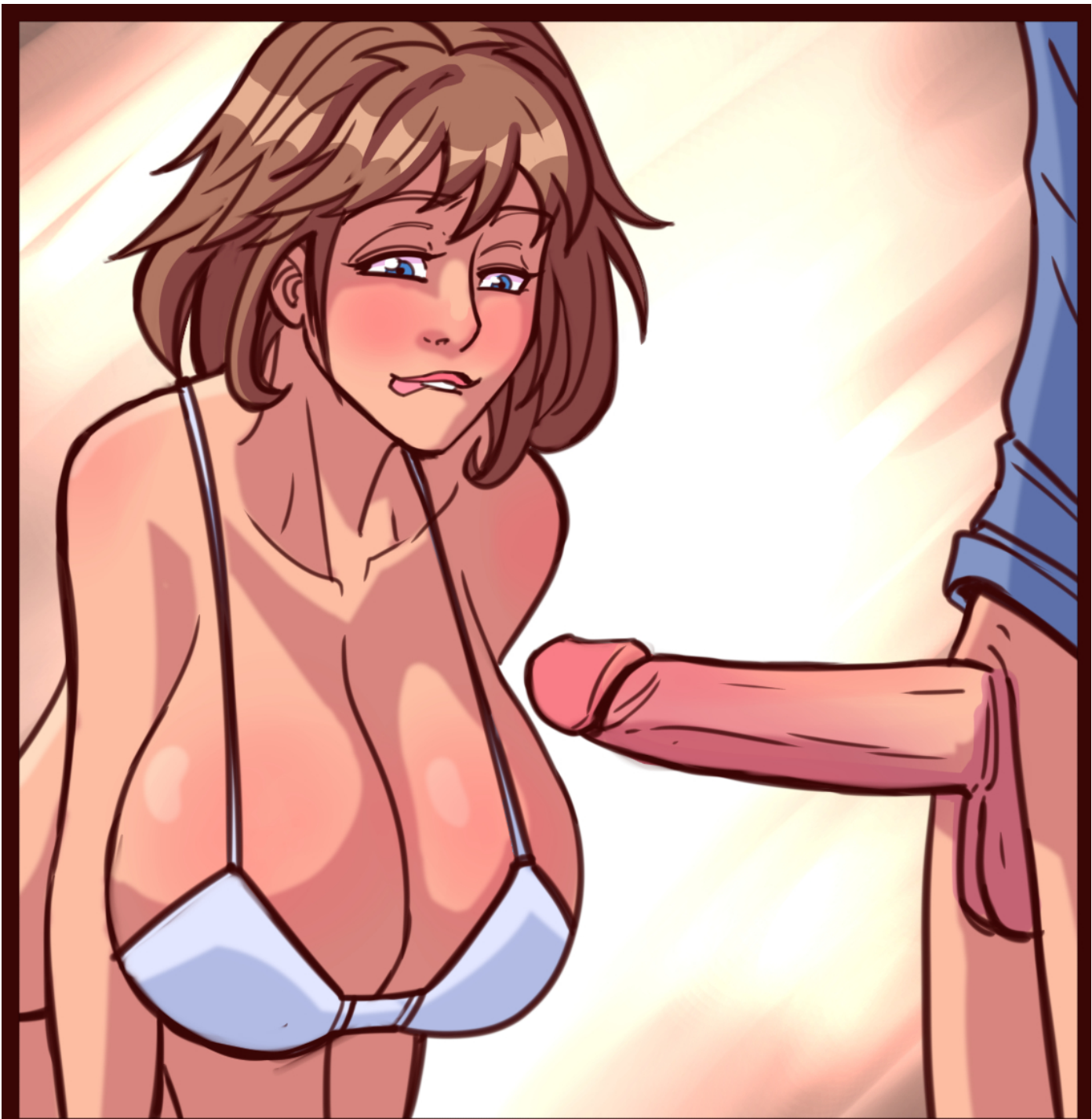
"Oh my, you've grown," she told him, with a sense of approval over his manhood.



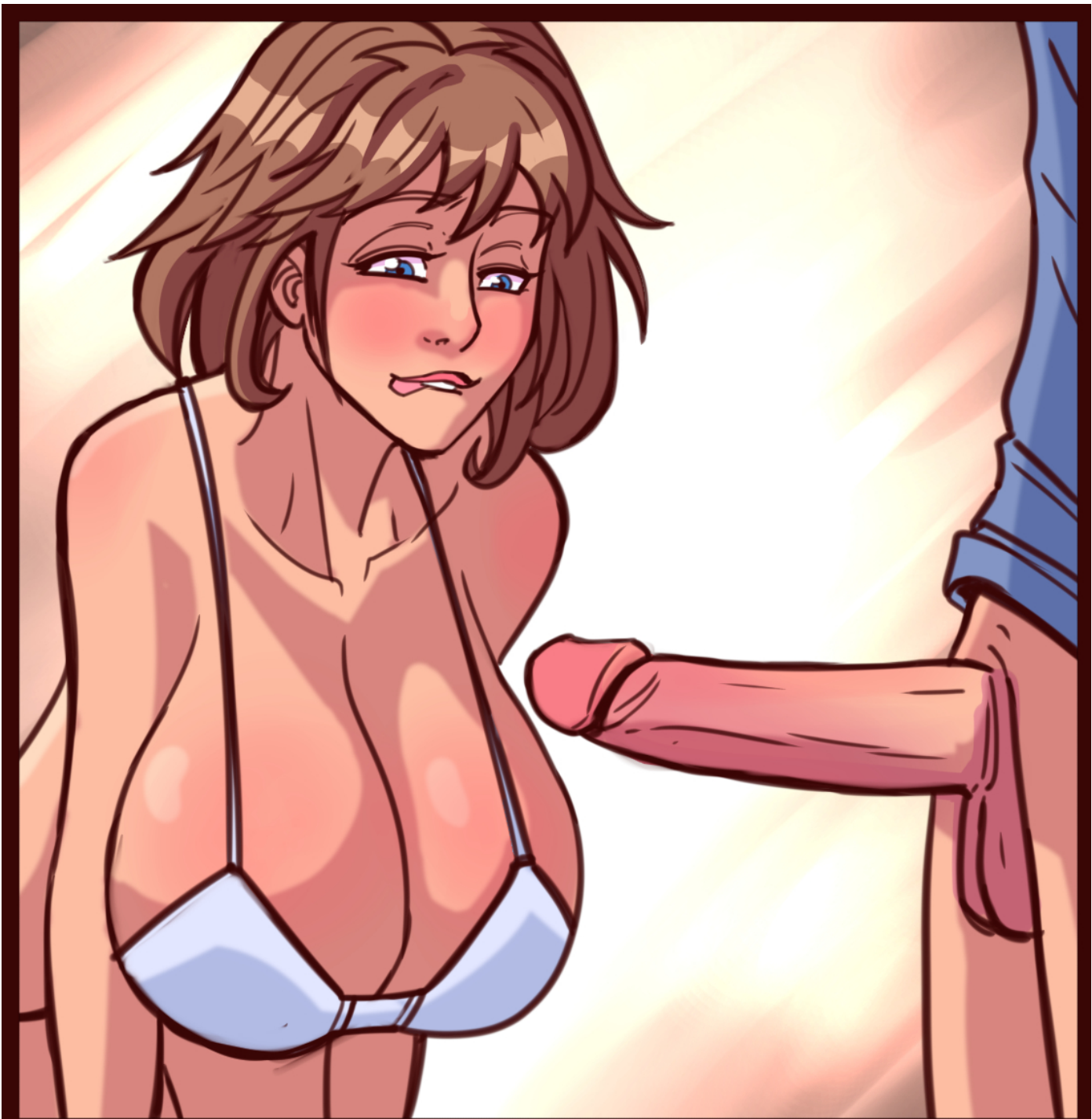
He smiled at his mother. "Thanks. Now where do you want me to do it?"

"On my bed with your back against the wall. I'm sure that would be comfortable for you."

He did as he was asked, sitting on her bed pressing his back against the wall.



Karen's eyes lit up as she saw her son growing and becoming erect.
"Looks like you don't need me to show you any skin. You're aroused enough just being an exhibitionist to your mother."



"I'll admit that it's really hot being naked in front of you. And it's even hotter knowing that you enjoy it."

"But of course, I do need to see something. A deal is a deal, remember?" Her hands casually started unbuttoning the top of her bra.

"You're right. A deal is a deal."



She spread open the material covering her chest, and she exposed herself to her son.

Her heart was pounding as she watched her son's eyes grow along with his cock. Her breasts were completely exposed for him.



It was sinfully arousing for her to see her own son slowly start to masturbate in front of her, while his eyes were locked onto her big huge breasts, with her pink nipples becoming stiff.

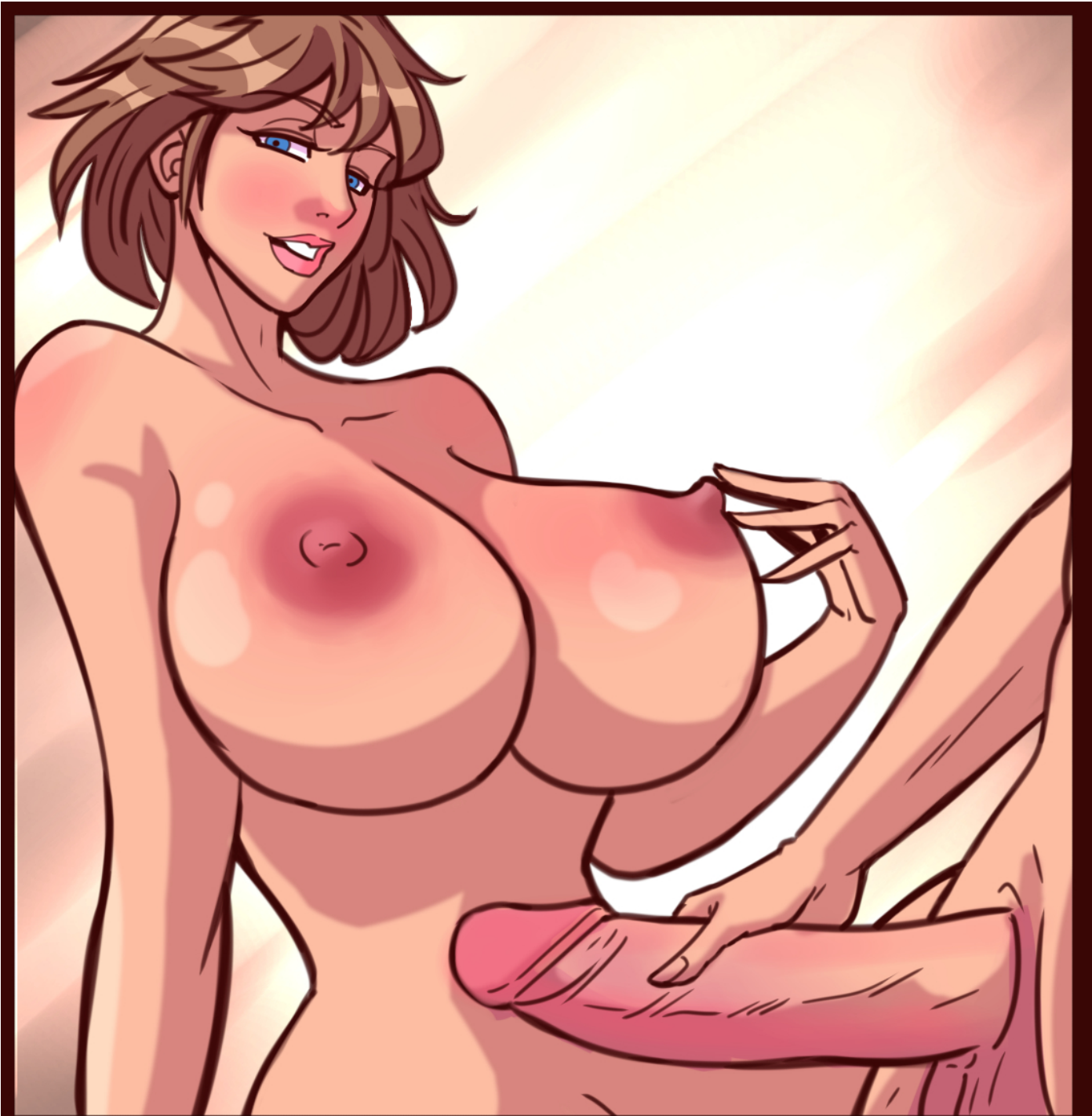


"You seem like you're enjoying yourself," she asked, breaking the slight awkwardness in the room.

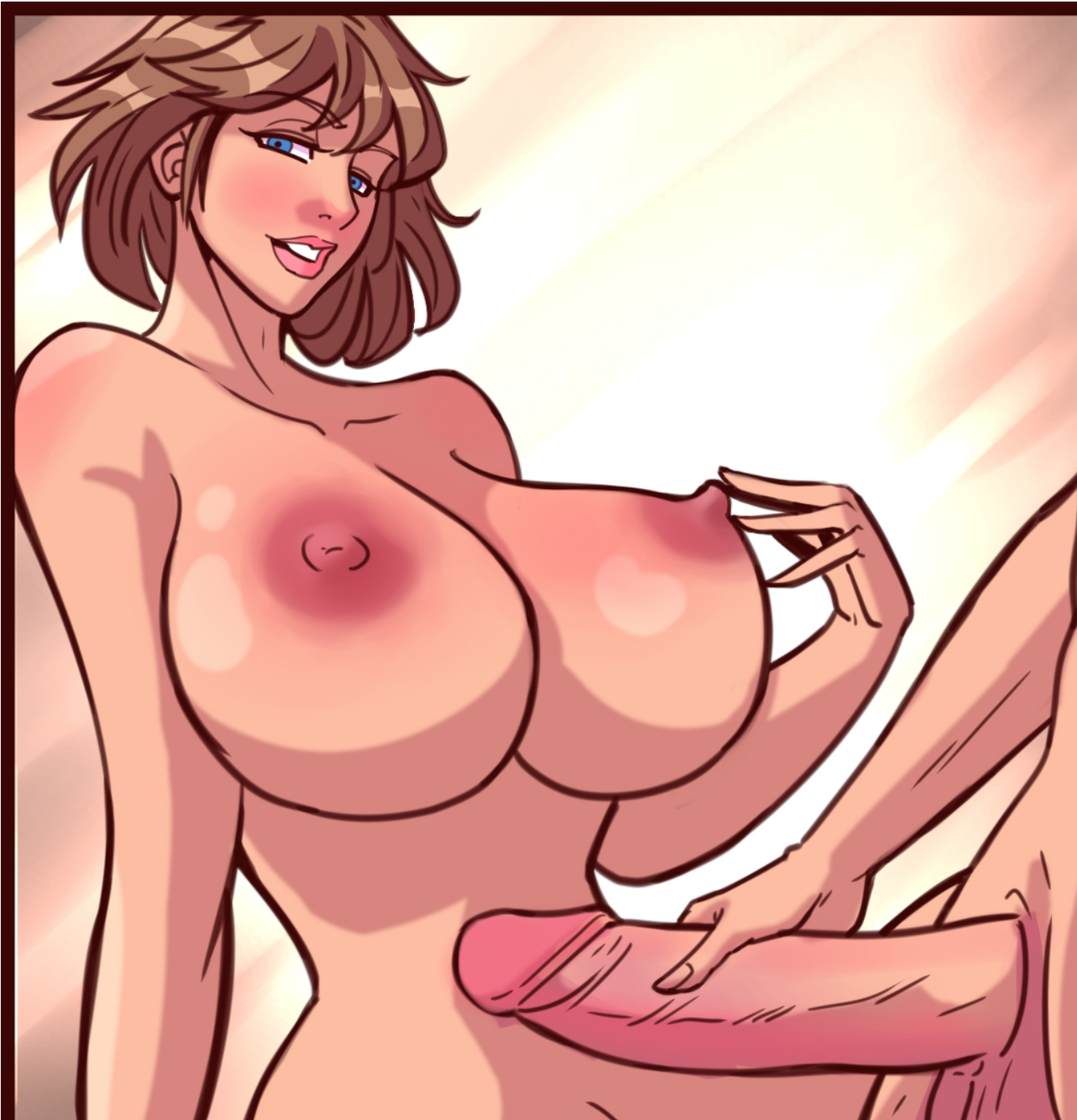
"I am," he said while masturbating.

"This is so hot. You have such an amazing bodymom."

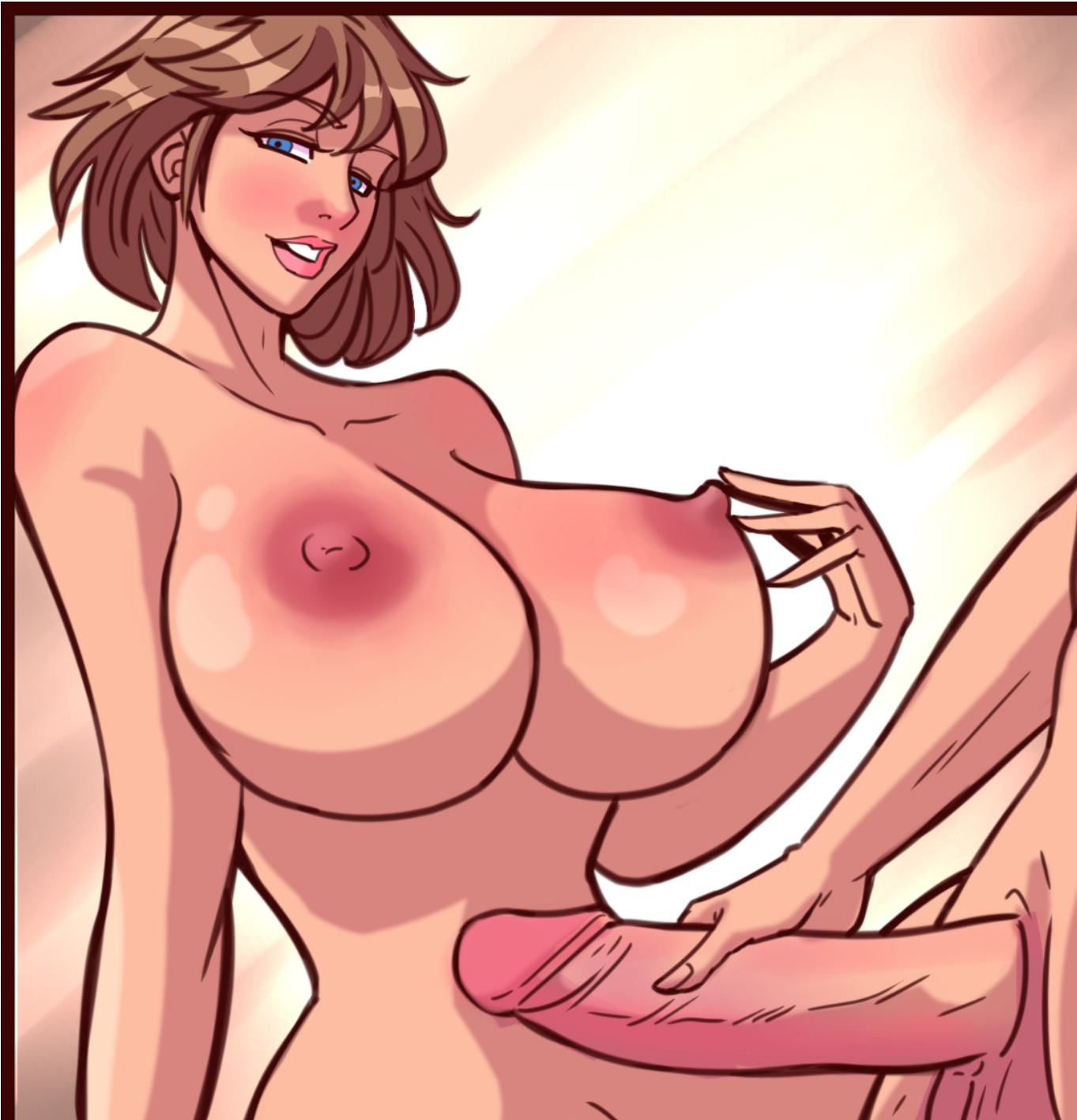
"Thank you. I'm enjoying this as well. Do you need any extra stimulation?"



She didn't wait for her son to answer before she started softly cupping the round bottoms her breasts and played with her hard pink nipples using her fingers.

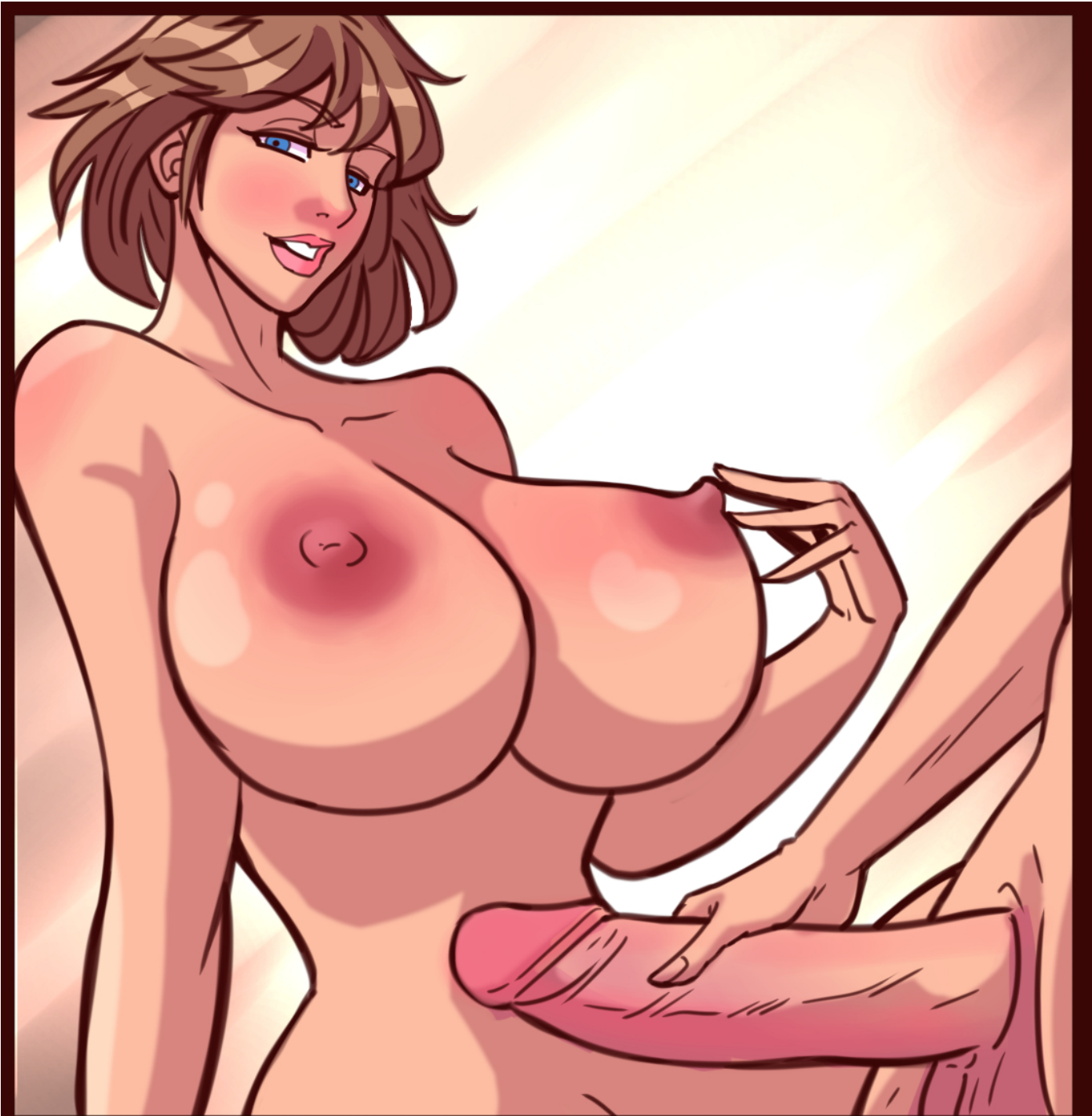


She found herself inadvertently becoming even more aroused, as her breasts and nipples have always been very sensitive, and it was clear to her that her son was enjoying the show as his breathing and stroking became harder.

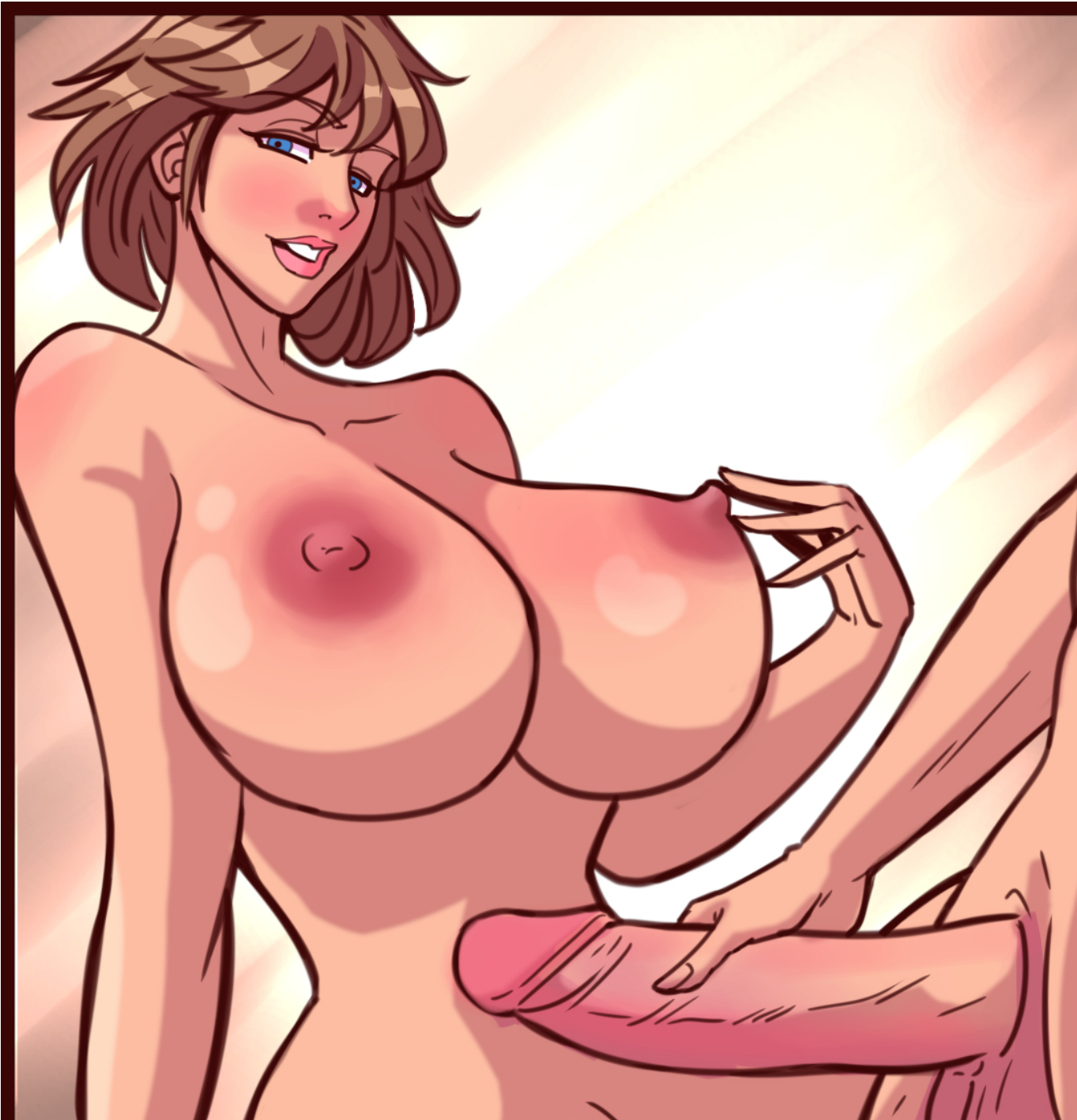


"Oh god. Keep playing with those tits mom. I can't believe this is happening," he groaned.

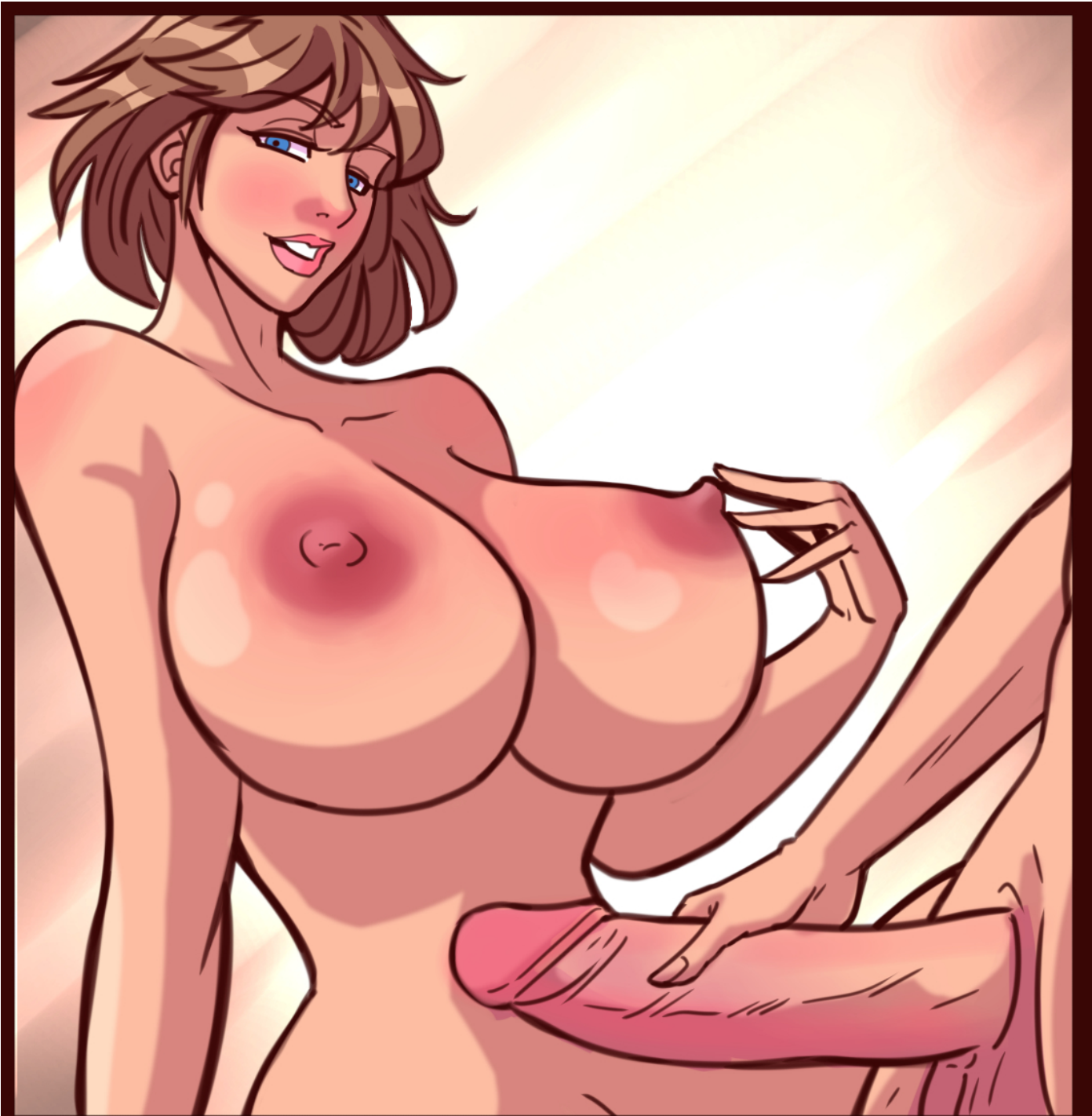
Watching a guy masturbate up close was one thing, but seeing her own son do it while looking at her bare breasts drove her absolutely wild.



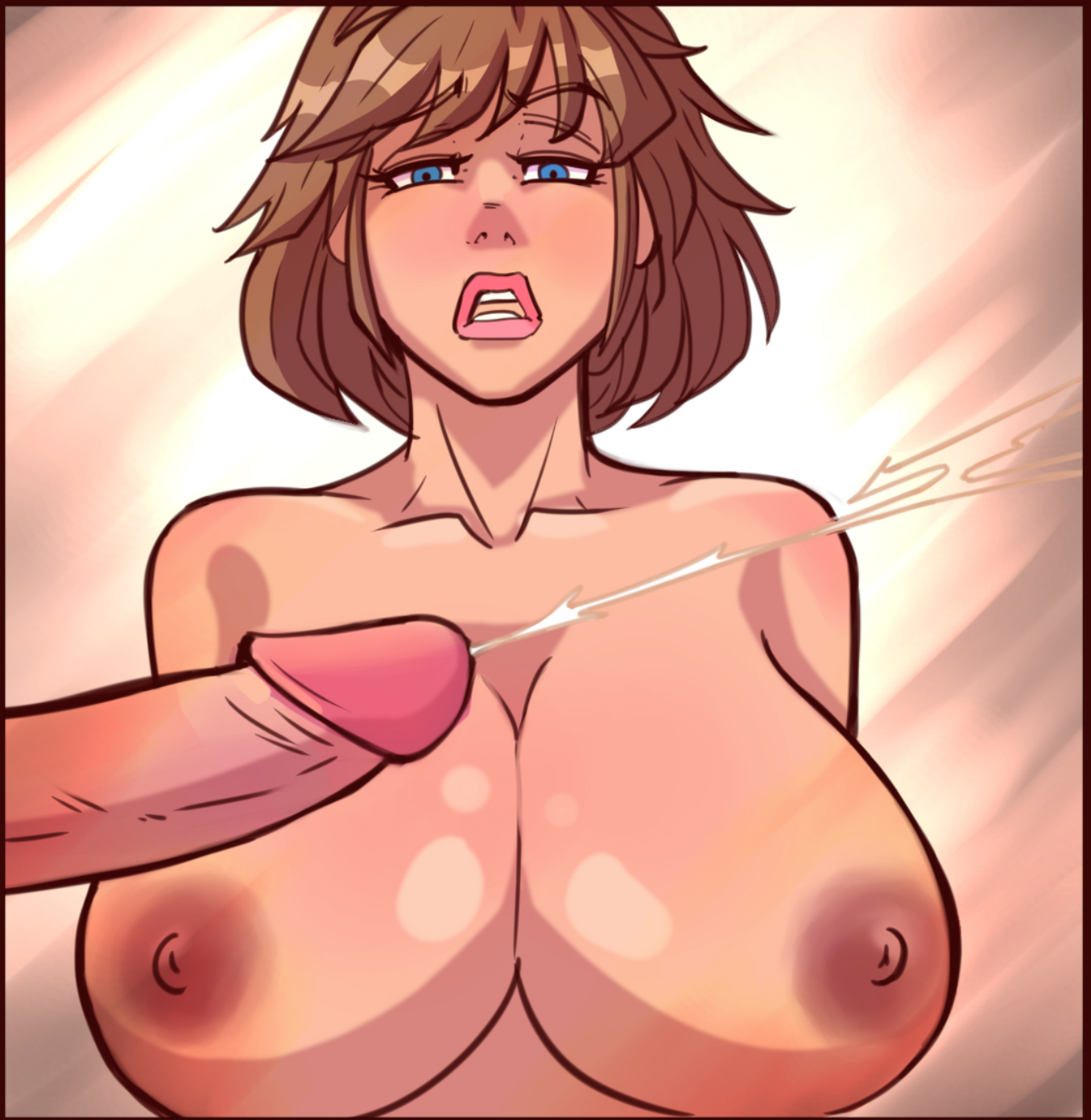
Her secret masturbation fantasy had finally come true, along with the added taboo of incest to make things ever hotter for the demure woman.



She held in her emotions and excitement as she continued to fondle herself for him. It wasn't long before he exhibited all of the tell tale signs of having an orgasm; a sight she hadn't seen from a man since she became a single woman.



"Cum for me," she said innocently.
"I want to see you cum."



His hands stroked faster and his moans became louder. His back suddenly arched, his muscles stiffened, and a flurry of his sperm shot up in the air and all over his stomach. He didn't stop stroking until he was completely drained, with his eyes never leaving his mother's body.



Then when it was over, he collapsed and went completely limp.

She smiled.

"That was an impressive amount of fluids you released. Looks like you've inherited more than just your father's good looks and charm."



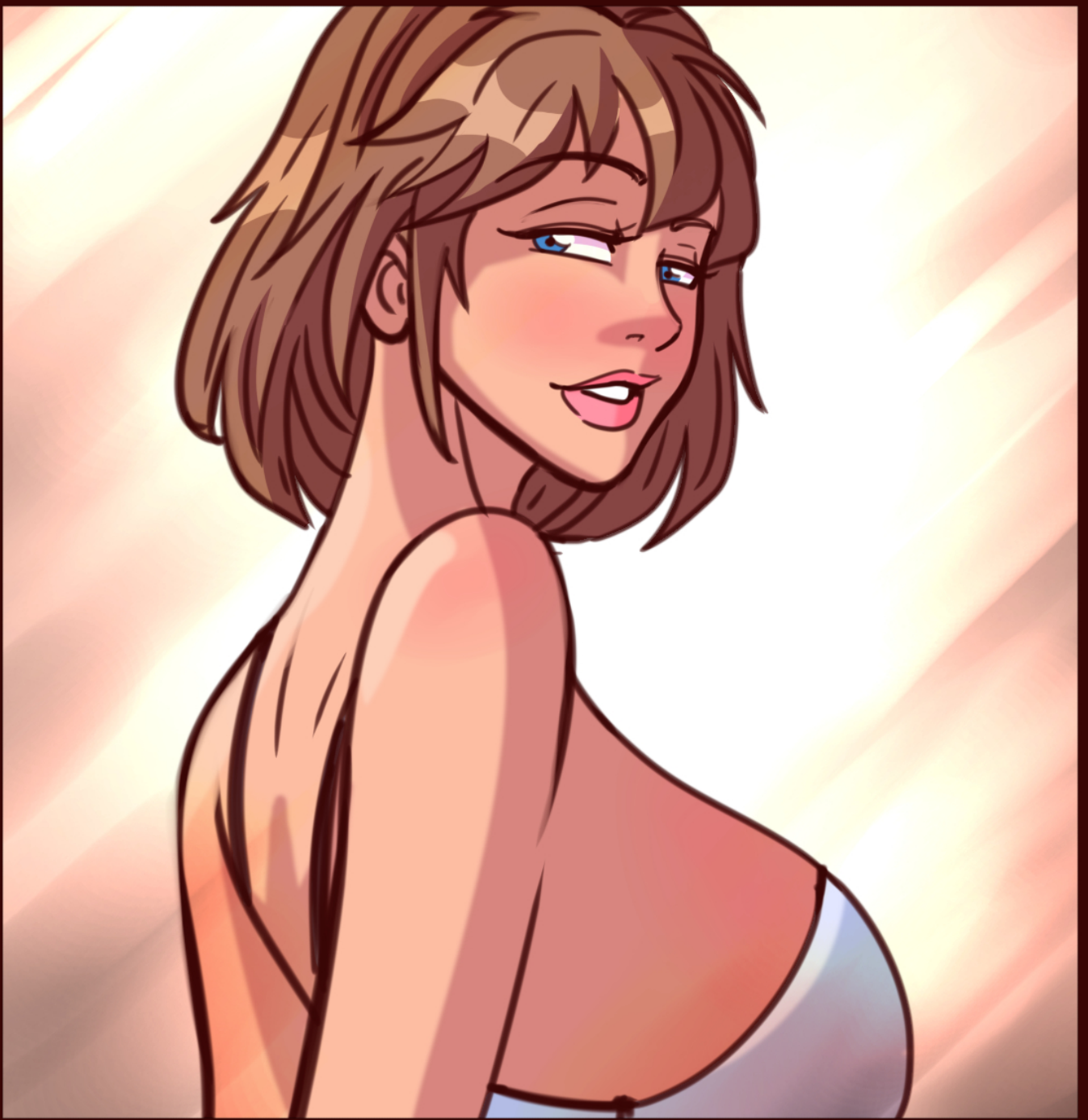
Tom didn't reply, he just laid there, recovering, while Karen closed her top and reached over to grab a few pieces of tissue paper from her bedside table to toss on her son's stomach.



"Thanks," he replied, using the tissue to clean himself. "I haven't felt anything like that in a really long time. I mean... actually doing that in front of you and seeing you touch yourself was almost better than hooking-up with any of my classmates. It just... you know..."



"I know exactly what you mean Tom. The taboo of mother/son incest can be quite thrilling to some people, and it looks like we fall under that category. Just don't ask for it again. Not anytime soon. This might be a one-time thing okay? I don't want things to get out of hand between us-- no pun intended."



"I guess so," he complained.

"But I'm glad I got to experience this."

With that said, the two of them said their 'good nights' and each headed to bed.

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