

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 08

"THE TALK"

CHAPTER  
10



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

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All characters aren't real.  
All characters are 18 years or older.  
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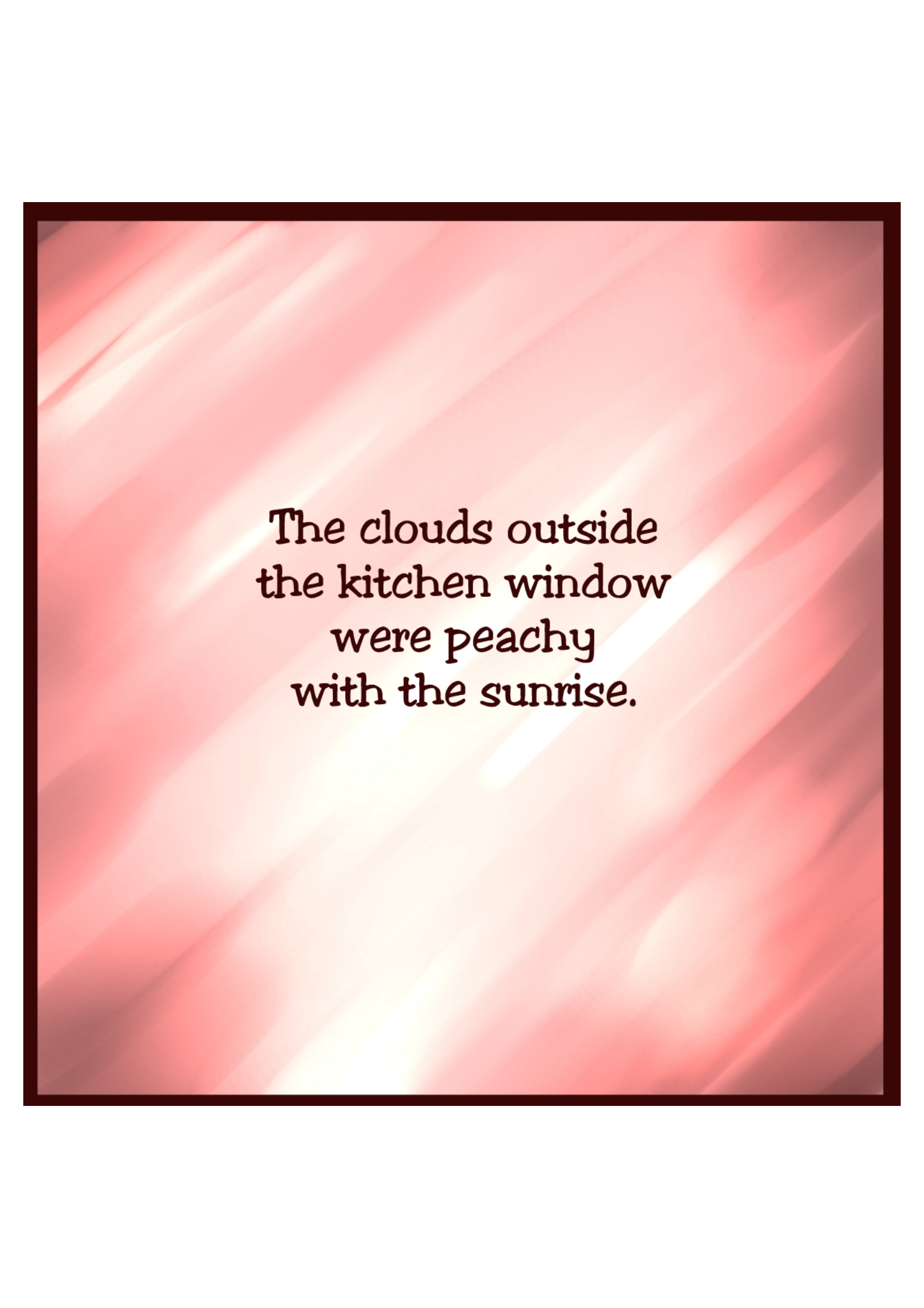
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# CHAPTER 10

"You came to bed late  
last night."

Barry walked into the kitchen,  
yawned,  
and poured himself  
a cup of coffee.



The clouds outside  
the kitchen window  
were peachy  
with the sunrise.



"Um ... yes, just enjoying my hot chocolate and some reading." Naomi didn't care for lying to her husband, but it beat the alternative.

"And you're up early." Barry took a long sip from his mug and regarded his wife. She looked a little worn out. Something seemed off about her.



"Ready to meet the day." Naomi tried for her most sincere smile and toasted him with her mug.

"Why are you wearing a turtleneck?" Barry looked her up and down. "It's supposed to be hot today."

"I've got some sort of rash. Didn't want to freak anyone out."



"A rash?" Barry walked over to the kitchen table and put down his mug.

"Let me see."

"I don't think so." Naomi shook her head. Why had she said anything about a rash? "I could be contagious."

"Let me see." Barry folded his arms over his belly bulge. He frowned at her.





Naomi pulled down the neck of her turtleneck, turned the hickeys toward him, and held her breath.

**"Mmmmm."** Barry poked a hickey with his finger. **"Hhhmmmmmmmm. I know what's happening here."**

**"You do?"** Naomi's pulse beat in her ears.



"Do you have these marks anywhere else?"

"Um ... on my ..." Her stomach dropped.

"Er ... on my chest."

"Just as I thought." Barry sat down, picked up his mug, and took a long sip of coffee. He looked his wife right in her pretty, brown eyes.



"Mrs. Naomi Suzuki ... you've got a case of the Mondays." He laughed at his own joke. A series of guffaws cascaded around the room.

Naomi frowned at him. Did he know? Was he messing with her? Would her own sweet husband toy with her before asking for a divorce?



Barry's laughter faded.

"No ... seriously." He didn't seem to notice that his wife was stone faced. "I think you're having an allergic reaction to something. Like maybe a new necklace or something. You put anything new on your neck recently?"



"Yes." Naomi shivered. Her son's mouth was new to her neck.

"Well, there you go." Barry reached for her face and straightened her glasses. She had some flakey white stuff on the black frame near the right lens. He scraped it off with his fingernail.



"Get rid of that new thing and see if it gets better."

"Great, thanks, honey." Naomi forced a smile. Maybe she should back off on the sex talk with David. She was lucky her husband was so oblivious. "I'll do that."



"David still sleeping?" Barry felt like changing the subject to something more interesting. "That young man is off carousing almost every night. He's got to get his head on straight before college starts."

"He will, honey," Naomi murmured.



"I chased girls plenty when I was eighteen, but I also kept my head in my books."

"How did you do with the girls?"

Naomi had never asked him before.

"Well, women are tough to read, and all men get rejected most of the time."

Barry chuckled.





"Right." Naomi thought of all the videos she'd seen of David plundering the neighborhood wives. Father and son could not be more different.

"Anyway, I got you. Didn't I?" Barry smiled at his wife and patted her thigh.

"Right, honey. You got me." Naomi frowned at her husband.



"Gggrrrgggghhhhh."



Naomi could not believe she had her son's long cock down her throat again. She gurgled on it in his bedroom. About twenty minutes earlier, her husband had left for work, and Naomi had woken David to tell him he needed to focus on life outside of women.



He'd laughed at her and somehow talked her into another blowjob. Now, she depthroated him for all she was worth, while his hand pressed on the back of her head.

"Hey, Mom. I love ... ugh ... love this. I really do. But ..."



David smiled down at her, her pretty lips were so distorted around his thick shaft. She was a natural.

"I'm sorta ... getting ... bored. And when I get bored ... I ... uuuuggghhhh ... have to turn my women out."



Naomi pulled her head back and slowly dislodged him from her throat and mouth. Goodness, there was so much of him. She still marveled that he'd trained her to take it all. She sucked in air, gasping as she looked up at him.



"I told you not to talk ... about ... prostitution ... with me. You don't really do ... that ... with those married women. Do you?"

"No way." David gave her his perfect smile. "I'm only joking." But his eyes said there was truth there. "Anyway, you don't want to bore me. Right?"



"Of course not, sweetie." She had to tilt her head sideways to look around his veiny, saliva-coated penis to see his eyes. She caught her breath. "But I really did mean what I said when I came in here. Maybe we should cool all this. And you should stop dating so many women. And, you know, get ready for college."



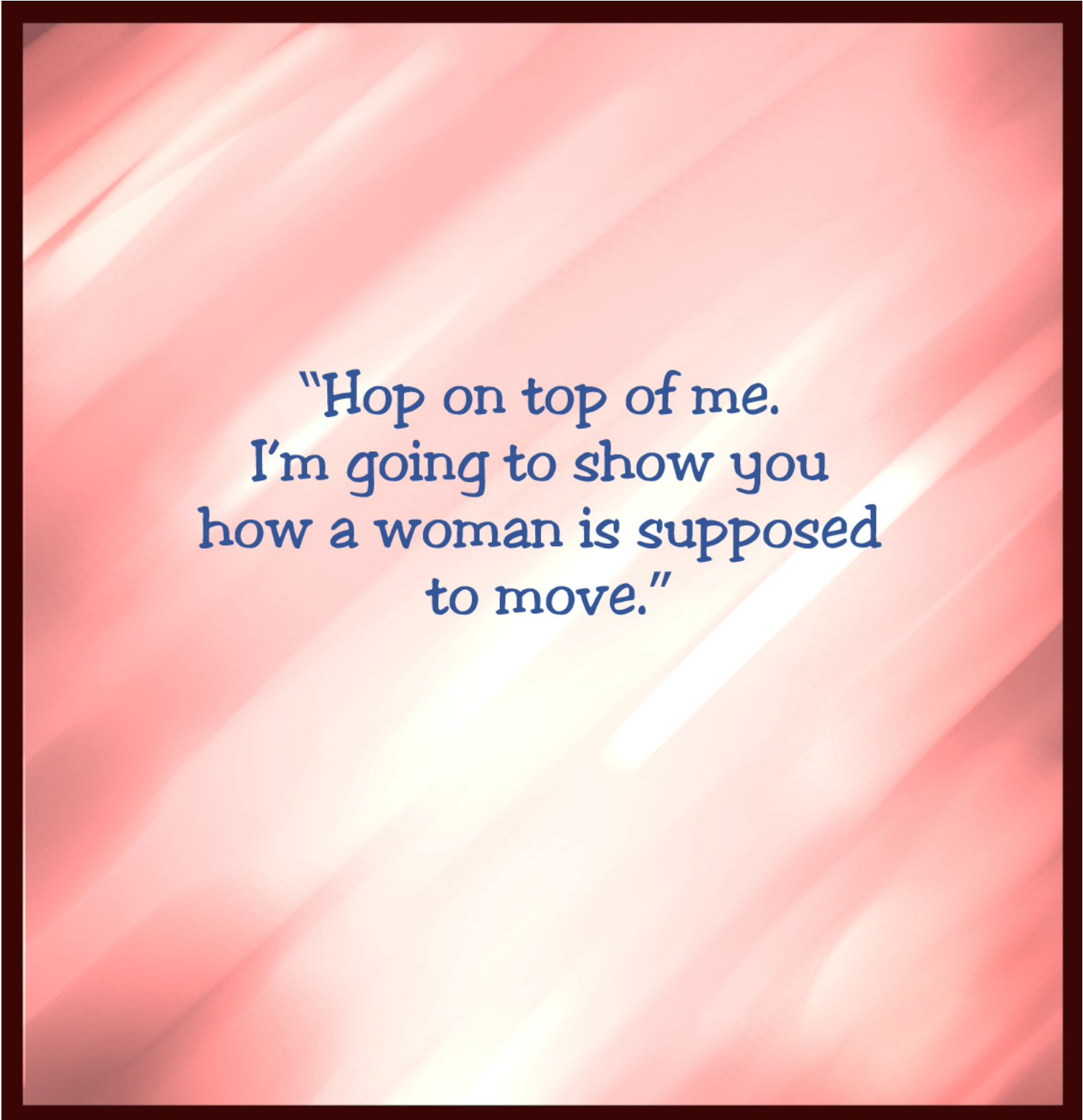


"That's not going to happen, Mom." His brow furrowed. "You can't mean that, you were just gagging on my cock."

"I ... I ..." Naomi knew he had a point.

**"It's time you learned  
how to move your hips."**

**David scooted back  
on the bed and reclined  
onto his back.**



"Hop on top of me.  
I'm going to show you  
how a woman is supposed  
to move."



*"We are not having sex, David."* Naomi stood up, fully intending to storm out the door, but hesitated. She smoothed out her skirt, looking down to avoid his gaze.

*"Of course not. You're my mom. We can't have sex."* David laughed.



"Oh." Naomi let out a nervous chuckle. "I'm glad we're on the same page." "Keep your dumb turtleneck on. Keep your skirt on. I don't care." David waved his hand dismissively. "I'm going to show you how to move. You can use the moves I teach you on Dad when I go to college. He'll love it."



"Well ..." Naomi's knees trembled as she climbed on the bed and straddled her son's stomach. "I do want to make your father happy."

She tucked her skirt between her legs and under her butt, giving her an added layer of protection against contact with her son's massive penis.



"What do I do?"

"I'll grab your hips like this and move you to start."



He put his hands on the flesh just below her hips, and dug his fingers into her skirt. He could feel her tense, and then relax as he moved her back and put her right on top of his dick. The bottom of his shaft pressed through her clothes on her pussy.





"Once you get a feel for it, I'll let you move on your own."

"Okay," she squeaked.

"Now, we can't really do bouncing like this, so we'll do grinding. You grind with Dad?" David watched her face as it filled with nervous apprehension.



Her expressions in these situations were like a drug to him.



"I ... um ... usually just lay there for him." Naomi bit her bottom lip. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so she put them on David's muscled chest. He was so strong.

"I'm not surprised." David smirked. "A good slut knows how to use her hips."



"First, you can grind back and forth like this." He guided her so that the bottom of his cock rubbed against her pussy.



"Ooohhhh." Naomi shuddered. "I see." What a feeling. She let him move her hips so that they rotated up and down as she moved back and forth. Grinding. She was grinding. They did that for a while. The room filled with her heavy breathing and the little grunts that escaped her mouth.



**"Now try it on your own."** David removed his hands from her hips and watched her. Her perfect tits wobbled in unison inside her bra and turtleneck. He'd see them bouncing unbridled soon enough. His mom had lost her body to him a while ago, she just didn't know it yet.



*"Like this?"* She found a good rhythm. Naomi felt a little like stripper in a movie, the way she undulated her hips. But she liked it. Her vagina tingled as it moved up and down his length. Somehow, her skirt had moved and now only her panties kept her privates from her son's. She didn't stop.



"Yeah, that's good, Mom. Keep going." He could tell from the way her face twisted up that she was working herself up to an orgasm. Time to give her something new before she got there. He placed his hands back on her hips.





"Now, if you want to do some advanced maneuvers. You can move your hips in little circles. See?" He guided her with his hands. "Sit up straight while you do this."



"Ooohhhhhh." Naomi sat up straight, holding her hands awkwardly in the air. Her fingers made odd symbols as they flexed and curled with pleasure.

"Ohhhhh, mmmmyy. Davey. I ...uughh... feel so naughty." Her hips rocked in circles. The panties that protected her were now soaked through.



"I'm ... I'm ... oh, my ... it's happening ... Davey." She shut her eyes tight and convulsed on him. The electricity surged through her, and her hips seized up.

"Aaaahhhhhhh." She let out one long, low guttural moan.



**"That's my slut."** David smacked her right tit while she came, and put his hand back to her hip.

When she recovered, she found that her hips were moving in little circles on their own.

**"Oh, my sweet Davey. What have you done to me?"**



"I've got one more trick for you today, Mom."



David squeezed her and moved her in a new direction.

"You can combine the two moves to grind like this. A little half-circle, and then forward, and a half-circle, and forward."



"Wow." Naomi really was moving like a slut. It was awkward at first, but after a little while, she got the hang of it. She was very aware of his manhood sliding along her slick panties. Naomi wondered how she would please him. "Is this ... is this good ... for you?"



"It's alright." David let go of her hips and let her move on her own. She had it down pretty good now. "You can finish me off after."

"After ... what?" The room seemed hazy around Naomi. She felt like a fog of lust had settled over her.





"After you cum again." He slapped at her heavy tit again and watched it shake under her dumb turtleneck.

"How many times has Dad made you cum?"

"A ... handful." Naomi's eyes closed again as the tide surged inside her.



"This year?" David thought he knew the answer.

"Ever," Naomi whispered.

David laughed, a loud, jovial sound.

"And you're about to have your second orgasm this hour."



Ten minutes later,  
she was back  
on her knees,  
eagerly burying  
her son's penis  
in her throat.

Naomi needed  
to reward him  
for the lesson he'd given her.

"That's ... my ... slut."

David grunted.

"About to ..."





Naomi's eyes bulged. She pulled the cock until only the tip was in her mouth. She listened to his manly sounds as he splashed a hot, salty mess on her tongue. She gobbled it up.



Naomi refused to take him out of her mouth until she felt him pulling her hair. She reluctantly let his cockhead pop free.





"That was ... great. I'm going to take a nap now. Make me pancakes when I wake up?"

"Sure." Naomi nodded, wiped the fog off her glasses, and stood up.



"David, I ... um ..." She looked down to see some stains spreading on the turtleneck over her breasts. She'd have to get changed for sure. "I mean ... Davey ... I was wondering if we ..."  
She stared blankly at her son's still hard penis.



"Yeah?" David yawned and put his head on his pillow. His dick stood straight up. He wasn't worried, it would calm itself eventually.

"Never mind." Naomi turned and headed for the door. "I'll have the pancakes ready for you."



"Great."

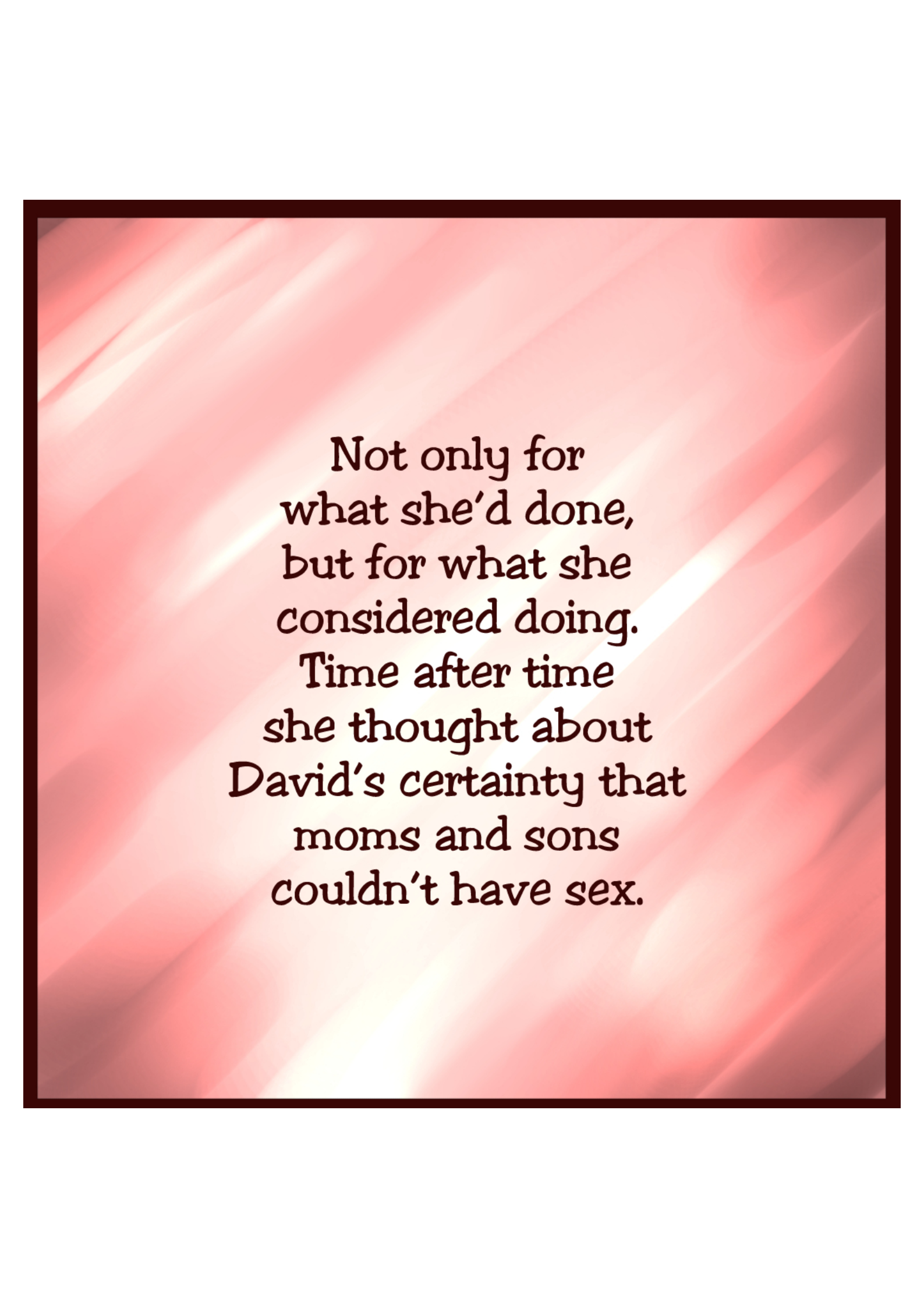
David closed his eyes as Naomi quietly let herself out of his room.

Over the next few days,  
David made  
no demands of Naomi.  
This was welcome to her,  
but also quite frustrating.

On the one hand,  
he'd listened to her about  
cooling things off.

On the other,  
she couldn't stop thinking  
about those mind-melting  
orgasms he'd given her.

Racked with indecision,  
Naomi thought about  
talking to David a dozen times,  
but put it off.  
Every time she looked  
at her husband,  
the back of her neck  
tingled with guilt.



Not only for  
what she'd done,  
but for what she  
considered doing.  
Time after time  
she thought about  
David's certainty that  
moms and sons  
couldn't have sex.



Was that true?  
Surely it must be.  
But was it so ironclad?  
Her mind ping-ponged  
the idea day after day.  
Finally, the dam burst  
when David stopped  
in the kitchen  
before going out  
on one of his dates.

*"Can we talk  
for a sec, Davey?"*

Naomi turned  
toward her son  
and leaned her butt  
against the counter.



"If this is about my date, can we talk when Dad isn't in the next room?"

David could hear the sound of the television from the living room. His father was watching one of his nature shows.



"It's okay." Naomi beckoned David closer and lowered her voice. "He won't move from the sofa until after his show is done."

"What's up?" David sauntered over to his mom and leaned his hip on the counter next to her.



"I've ... um ... been thinking. And ..."

Naomi's heart beat like a drum.

She looked up into his eyes.

"And?" David raised an eyebrow.

"I don't want to be late for my date, Mom."

"I was thinking  
that maybe ...  
before you go to college ...  
we should ..."

Naomi wanted to die.  
Was she really going  
to ask him for this?

"I ... I mean ... we ..."

"... we should have sex."





The words came tumbling out of her.

"If you're really going to ... you know ... teach me. So, I can please your father ... I mean ..."

"I don't know, Mom." David couldn't wipe the faint half-smile off his face. "That seems really wrong."



"I know. I know." She frowned. This was so humiliating. "I just ... it wouldn't be so bad with a condom, right? And I could practice moving like you showed me." David pulled his phone from his pocket and looked at it.

"I'm going to be late." He leaned forward and kissed her cheek.



"Sure. I mean, you're right. We should complete the sex talk before I go away to school."



He gently smacked her tit through her dress. "I gotta go."

"Oh, okay." Naomi didn't even consider admonishing him for giving her boob a light smack. There were too many butterflies flapping in her stomach. He'd said yes.

"Have a good date, sweetie."



"Thanks. Bye, Mom." David left the room.

Naomi heard the front door slam and watched the spot in the kitchen doorway where he'd been for a long time. What had she got herself into?

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