

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 08

"THE TALK"

CHAPTER
05



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!**

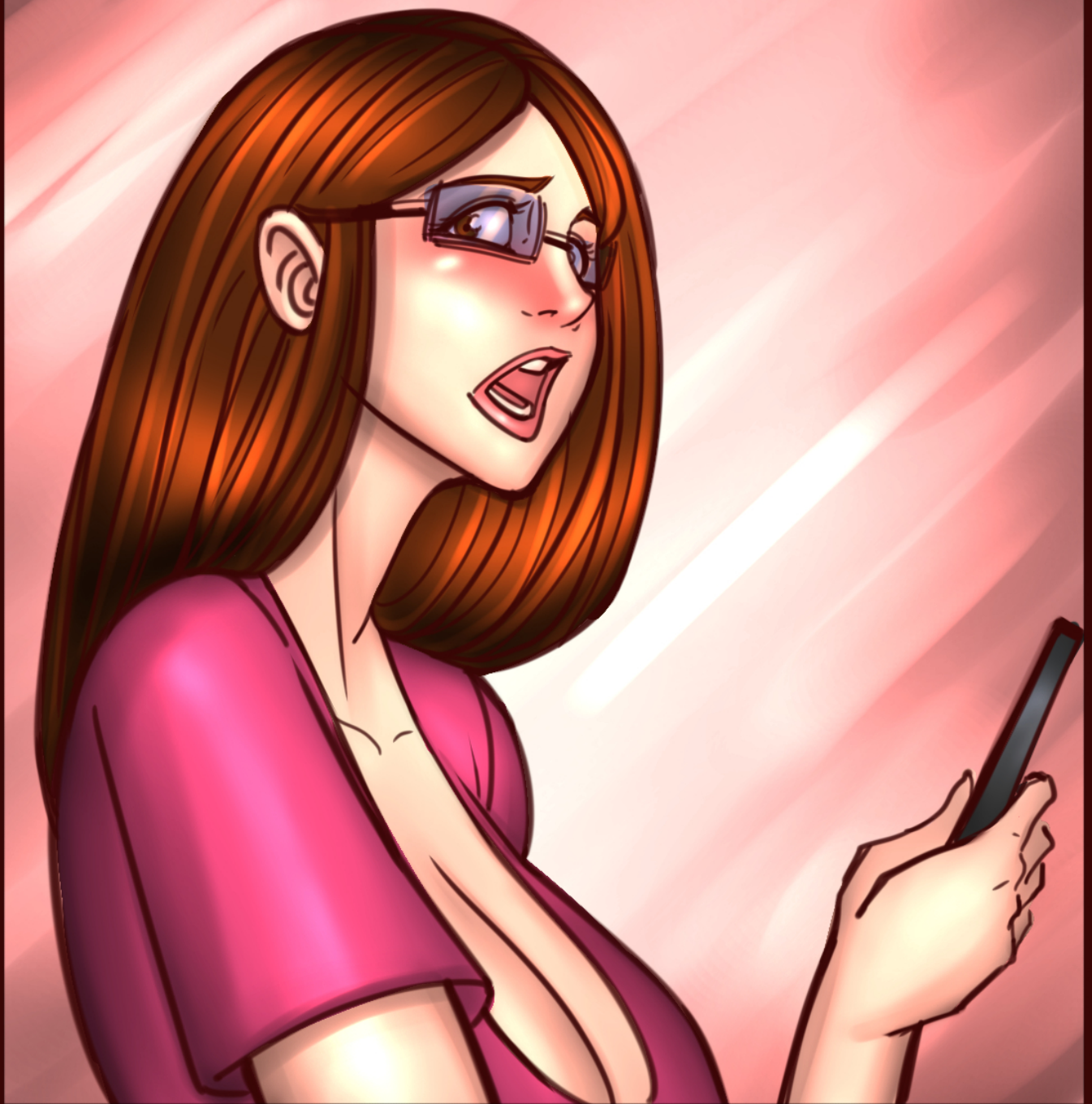
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The background of the page is a vibrant, abstract composition of diagonal streaks in shades of red, orange, and yellow, creating a sense of motion and energy. The streaks vary in width and intensity, with some appearing as bright, glowing lines and others as softer, more diffused bands. The overall effect is a dynamic and warm visual field.

CHAPTER 05

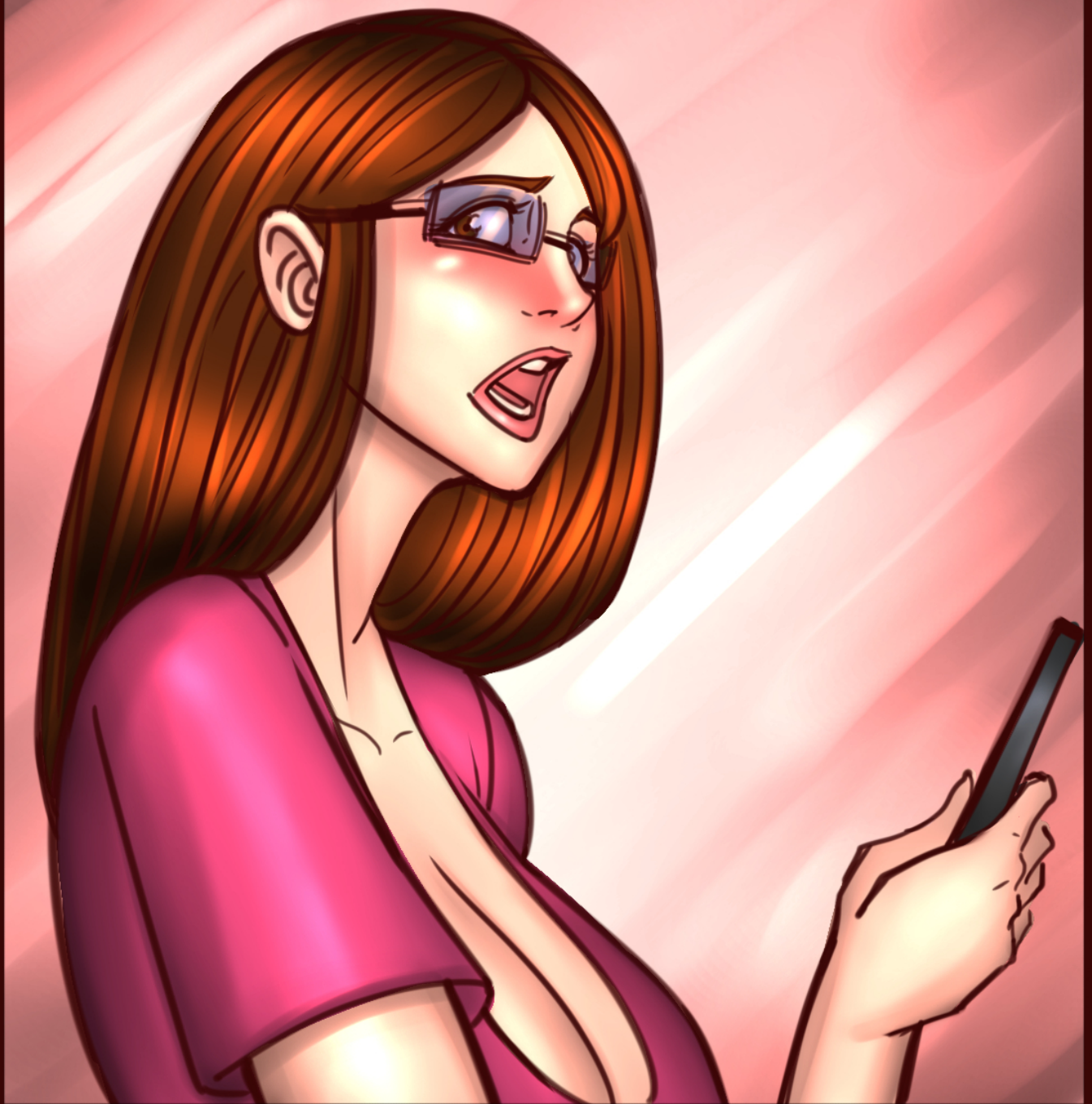
The phone on the counter
buzzed with an incoming text.
Naomi looked down at it.
It was another message
from her son.
David had been texting her
almost non-stop
since she'd run out
of his room
the other day.



"Who's texting you so much?"

Barry looked up from his phone where he was reading the news.

"Oh ..." Naomi blushed and glanced at her husband. She put down the rice and nori she was prepping for dinner and washed her hands.



"It's just the girls. There's gossip going around."

Naomi picked up her phone and turned toward her husband so that he couldn't see the screen.

She swiped and gasped at what she saw.



This was the third dick pick he'd sent her that day, and this one had a woman's hand in the photo wrapped around his amazing girth. The woman had a large diamond ring on her wedding finger.



"What's wrong?" Barry looked up with concern. His poor wife looked like she'd seen a ghost.

"It's ... just ..." As she studied the pale delicate hand contrasted with her son's massive, veiny penis, another text came in. It read, **'to further your education.'**

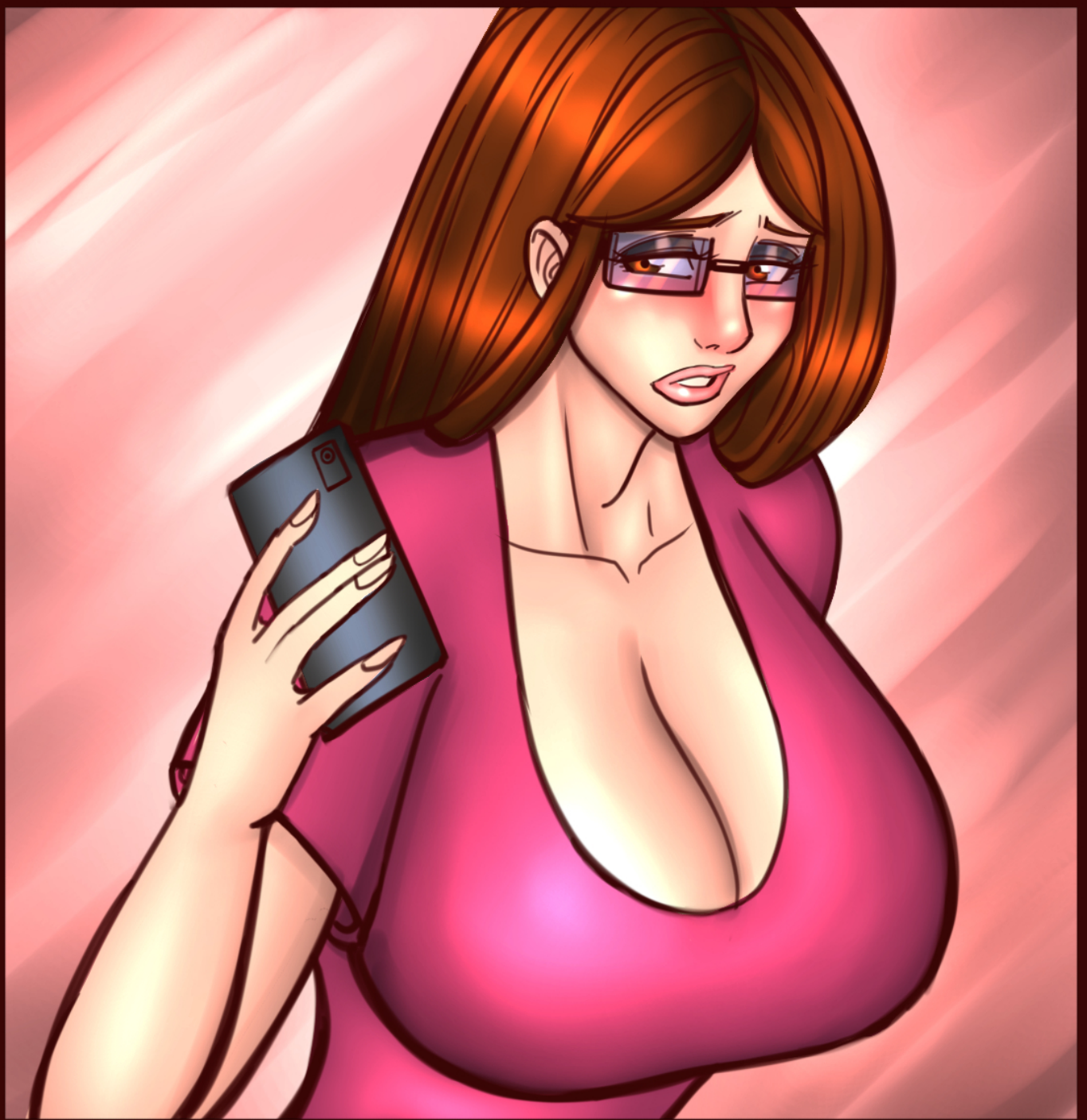


A video accompanied the message. "One of the ladies ... um ... twisted her ankle at the park," Naomi told her husband.

She could see the fuzzy image of a woman with bare breasts on the video still. Her son had texted her so many dirty videos in the last few days.



"Well, that doesn't seem so bad." Barry turned his eyes back to his phone.



"I have to go ... to the bathroom."

Naomi cradled her phone and practically ran out of the room.

She was so giddy about the new video that she felt lightheaded. She locked herself in the bathroom and turned on the video without sound.



It was Mrs. Holly Nakamura, a black-haired, strait-laced wife. Naomi knew that Holly's twins that had just gone off to college. Her smallish boobs moved up and down on her chest. It was clear that she was on her back with her legs spread.



"Oh, my." Naomi's hand was already inside her panties when it occurred to her that her son's penis wasn't in Holly's vagina.

"Oh, goodness. How could she possibly?" Naomi's mouth hung open as she looked at David's large organ pushing in and out of the woman.



Naomi stroked her pussy to this new perversion, amazed that her son could get these women to do whatever he wanted.



As she looked closer at the video on her tiny phone screen, she noticed that Holly's pretty face was covered in sperm. What an indignity to have this young man ejaculate in her face, and then ream out her butt. Naomi wondered if Holly would have allowed herself to be used this way before she met David.



Naomi thought not, and then she orgasmed sitting on the toilet lid, watching that filthy video, with her husband in the next room.



When she regained some composure, Naomi washed her hands and returned to making dinner in the kitchen.

She put the phone on the counter next to her.



"Everything all right?" Barry didn't look up from his phone.

"Fine." Naomi sighed, wishing he was more like his son.



Her phone vibrated and she picked it up before she even started back on dinner. The text read, 'If you want more, send me a sexy selfie, Mom.'
Heaven help her, she did want more. The next text came in.



'I wanna see your tits ... with dumb old Dad in the background.'



Naomi thought her heart would beat right out of her chest. David had been asking for selfies from her for days, and she was ashamed to say, she'd been sending them to him. But he'd never asked for anything like this. Could she do this to poor Barry?



With as much nonchalance as she could muster, Naomi walked over to the refrigerator, behind where Barry sat reading the news.

She opened the fridge,
but didn't grab anything.
Instead, she pulled down
her dress and bra,
exposing her large breasts.
With her right hand,
she held up her phone
so that Barry's head
was in the background.
She then took the shot.
She was too frightened to smile
for the selfie.

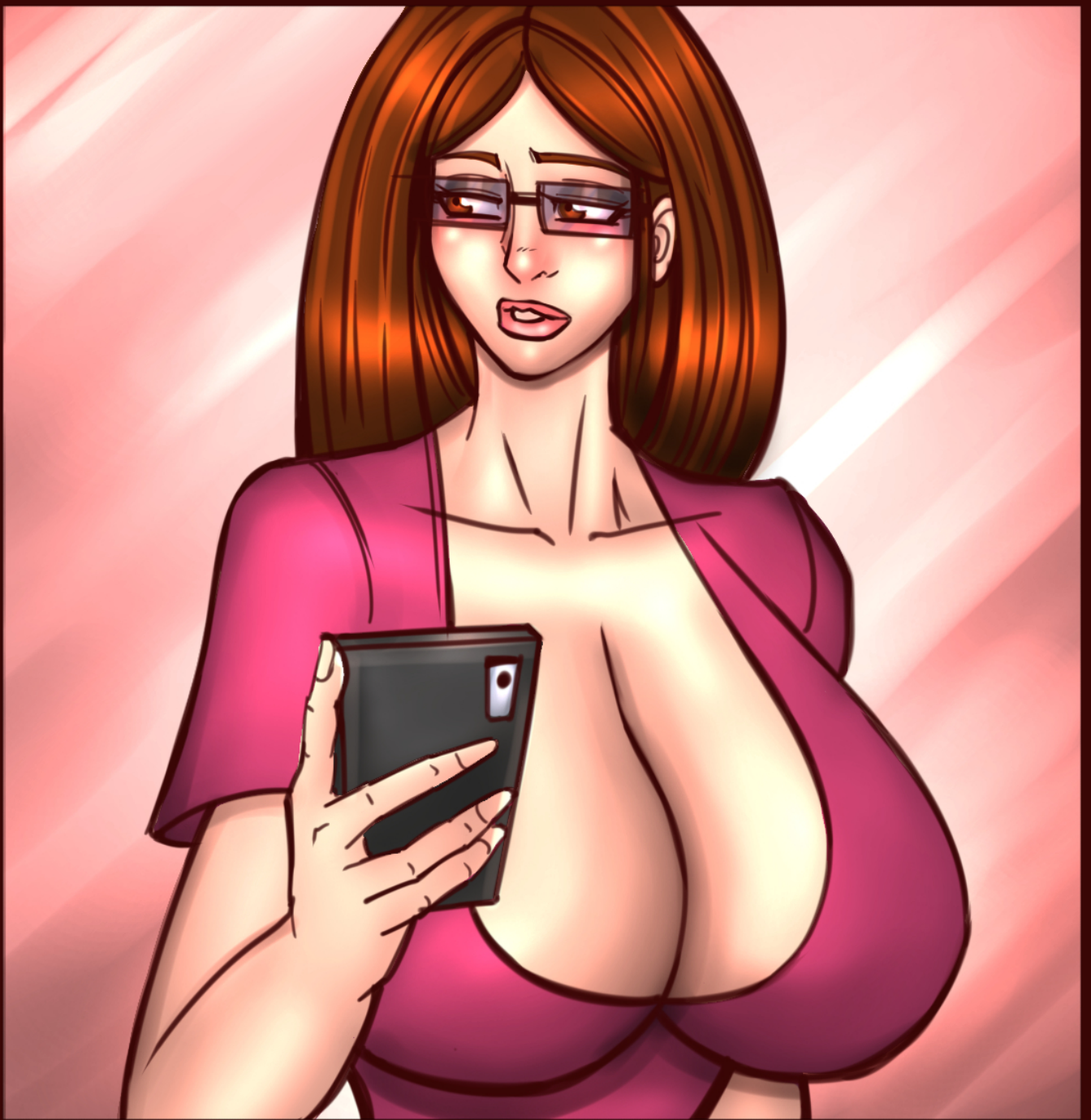
Quickly, Naomi put her breasts away
and took some fish sauce
out of the fridge.
She closed the refrigerator,
and discreetly sent
the picture to David.
She then went back
to the counter and
put her phone down.



"You excited for sushi night, honey?"

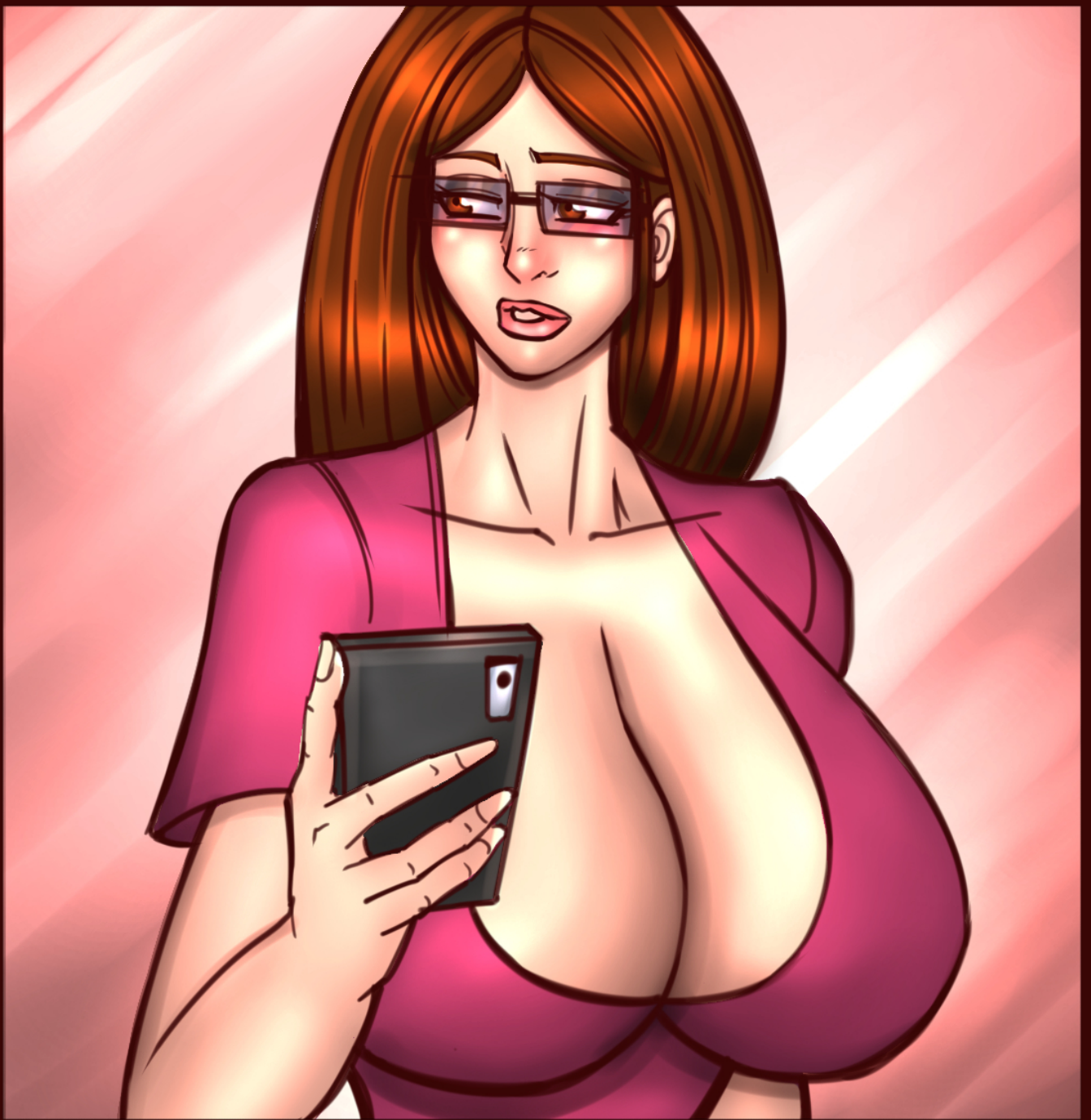
"Always, dear." Barry looked up at her and smiled.

"Where's David. He should be here for dinner. We don't have too many more nights together before he leaves."



"I think he's at a neighbor's house. Do you want me to text him?" Naomi sliced cucumber.

"Yes. We should reign him in a little." Barry nodded like he thought he was the absolute authority.



"I'll text him." Her phone vibrated before she could put down the knife. She picked up the phone. David had sent a one-word text, **NOICE!** Naomi texted back:
'your father wants you home for dinner.'



A few seconds later she got her reply:
'Still got my dick deep in Mrs. N's ass.
I'll be home in an hour.'

Naomi blushed more fiercely.
She hadn't raised her boy to be like
this. But as least he was coming home.
She wrote back:



'Thank you sweetie, see you soon.'



TO BE CONTINUED ...

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