



Black Neighbor

(MF, wife, intr, preg)

By The BlackDude

My husband and I had moved into town and had picked this new apartment complex to live in until we could find a place of our own. It'd take a lot of research to find one of the better neighborhoods as my husband was now becoming established in a well paying job so we'd be able to afford a nicer home than the one we just moved out of.

My husband and I are the same age at 24 years old and have been married since we were 20. Our marriage had been great and although we didn't have any children, it didn't seem to bother either one of us as we wanted to establish our careers first before settling down and raising a family.

This was one of the reasons for the move. We both decided that it was about time for us to have our children. We ultimately wanted a boy and girl, but would be happy with any combination that we'd be blessed with. I'd stopped taking birth control prior to our move.

The neighbors in the apartment complex were wonderful. We were both reluctant to move into such a housing area because we enjoy our privacy and knew that apartments were hotbeds of neighbor discontent due to parties and loud noises. This apartment on the other hand was quiet and all of the neighbors seemed to be older and more mature. This was a great temporary place for us to live.

One of the neighbors, this story is about him, is a Black man named Nathan, that lived in the unit next to ours. Nathan was a man that had a good paying job and was divorced for about 5 years. He was 26 years old and quiet. Nathan was about six feet tall and was a big bulky man -- dwarfing my 5'3" petite frame. He mostly kept to himself.

My husband Bob had talked to Nathan on occasion and they'd become good friends around the complex. Whenever Nathan was around, he'd look at me in a kind of strange way. He seemed to be "checking me out" whenever Bob wasn't looking. This didn't bother me and I didn't feel threatened because he was always so nice to Bob and me.

Although I wasn't a prejudicial person, I never thought about what it'd be like to be with a Black man because the life I shared with my husband was quite satisfactory and everything in our life seemed to be going well, including our sex life. One could say that I was a person with a strong libido. I'm a person that requires my sex on a daily basis. If Bob didn't make love to me on any particular day, I'd find time before going to work or after I got home to take matters into my own hand. My pussy was always wet as sex was always foremost on my mind.

The way Nathan looked at me when Bob wasn't looking always made me feel special. Whenever I'd catch him looking, he'd get a big grin on his face and then just turn away. I take pride in my body and although nothing I have is very big, I take pride in the small slender frame and my small firm breasts.

Occasionally I wear tight T-shirts and go without a bra and on occasion when Nathan has seen me like this it causes my nipples to protrude into tiny buttons visible on the front of the shirt. I'd almost be embarrassed, however nothing would be said.

One day when I was home from work, I was in the washroom doing the laundry. This was a chore that no woman likes to do, but is essential. I'd the day off and thought I'd finish this task before Bob got home from work. When I finally finished, I picked up the basket and headed up the short flight of stairs back to our apartment.

At the top of the stairs I could see Nathan standing and could see that he had a big grin on his face. I was glad to see him and said hi from the bottom of the stairs. Just as I was about to pass him, he put his big arm across the doorway and blocked my passing.

He looked at me in that funny way of his and told me that Bob was a lucky man. He also told me that I had the most beautiful lips he had ever seen and Bob must feel special to kiss them. I was taken back by his comment, but it made me feel good. He then moved his arm and asked me if I'd like him to carry the basket. I just kind of chuckled and told him that it was light and I only had a short distance to go. He bid me farewell and I didn't see him again that day.

As I walked back to the apartment, I was thinking about what he had just said to me and for the first time, I wondered what it would be like to kiss his large African lips. Strangely enough I didn't find the idea repulsive and I think it may have been largely due to the fact that Nathan was such a nice person and has been such a nice friend to Bob and myself. I think that was the first time that I ever thought of Nathan as more than just a neighbor.

As the months passed our friendship grew with Nathan. It seemed that more and more his looks at me were becoming more longing. On more than one occasion I'd wondered what it would be like to make love to this big man. I would never reveal my innermost fantasies to my husband let alone anyone else, but one morning when I was all alone, I was lying in bed and was imagining what it would be like to be in bed with Nathan.

I could see me underneath his huge frame and my legs spread wide, allowing him access to my innermost parts. When I visualized myself sitting on top of him, straddling his cock, I'd one of the most intense orgasms that I'd ever experienced.

The friendship had developed and then one day it began to take a turn that became more physical. We had invited Nathan over for dinner one evening and as he told us he hated to eat and run, he should be going because he had an important meeting in the morning and he didn't want to be tired. Bob went into one of the back rooms to get a magazine that he had borrowed from Nathan and as he was gone I jumped up from the table to begin the wifely chore of doing the dishes.

Nathan walked up behind me and put his hand on my ass and gave it a tight squeeze. I noticed that his hand nearly covered one of my cheeks. When I looked at him, he squeezed it again and whispered thank you again for the great dinner. With that, he winked at me and turned and walked away.

It seemed that lately, Nathan was always touching me. I didn't mind and felt that it was his way of bonding with a friend. It wasn't sexual except for the time we had him for dinner and he grabbed my ass, but it really didn't bother me. I didn't feel threatened by him, I guess because I liked him so much.

Again I was in the laundry room one day and I turned to see Nathan coming down the stairs with some laundry. He was laughing at me and said that we mustn't keep meeting in the laundry room like this. He finished washing his clothes and then he put the stuff in the dryer and just stood looking at the machine as it began tumbling.

I could tell that he was deep in thought or something. I walked over to where he was asked him if everything was all right. I told him that I forgot something back at the apartment and asked him if he'd mind keeping an eye on my things while I went back and got the item I forgot. Nathan turned to me and put his hands on my shoulders and as I looked up into his eyes, he pulled me close to him and put his lips on mine.

I'd been wondering what it would be like to kiss this man, but that is about as far as the thought went until now. His lips were soft and warm. He felt so powerful as he held me and I could feel my resistance melt almost immediately.

The kiss actually felt really good and just the thought of doing it in the washroom, in a public place, made it feel quite exciting. The kiss was not just a peck on the lips, but one that began to linger. I opened my lips and his tongue began to brush lightly against them.

The soft sensuous feeling of his tongue sent shivers up my back.

While kissing, he grabbed my hand and put it between us. He placed it on his cock that had become rigid and was probably the biggest cock I'd ever feel in my life. I gave it a squeeze and could tell that it was a mammoth in proportion to my husband's. The thought that went through my head was that I didn't know how a woman could put this thing inside herself. It was by far bigger than I'd imagined in my wildest fantasies of Nathan.

As we broke the kiss, he told me that he had wanted to do that for quite some time and that I could tell he had been thinking of me. He never asked me to do anything else and as I looked at the seriousness in his eyes, he turned and began to take the laundry from his dryer. I went back to the apartment and when I returned he was gone.

That evening as I lay in bed, I couldn't help but think of the size of cock that Nathan had. Bob was asleep, but I was not even close to being tired. My pussy was aching at the thought of this Black man's cock. All the times that he has touched me and the winks he has given me were all beginning to mean something to me now. I know he and Bob were good friends, but the relationship between and Nathan and I was different. There seemed to be more of a husband and wife bond than just friendship.

Although nothing sexual had happened, I was wondering if it would, now that he put my hand on his cock. I couldn't start being unfaithful to my husband, especially now that we were planning on making our family, but the thought of having sex with Nathan was now on my mind.

Since I was off work again tomorrow, I'd talk to Nathan. With the desire that I now had, I decided that I'd make love to him once and that'd be it. I couldn't do it with him more than that and I'd tell him. I had to see what that big cock was like. With that, I fell asleep.

The next morning as I was preparing breakfast for Bob, I had some feelings of guilt for even entertaining the idea of making love to Nathan. The more I thought of it, the more the feelings were replaced with feelings of lust. By the time Bob left for work, I couldn't wait to see Nathan.

As soon as Bob was out the door, I called Nathan on the phone and told him to come over to the house when he was dressed as I'd like to talk to him.

Approximately fifteen minutes later there was a soft knocking on the door. I was still in my robe and after apologizing to Nathan I made some coffee. I told him that I'd been thinking about the previous day in the laundry room and our friendship. I told him that I could see the way things were going and I really wasn't disappointed. With a knot forming in the pit of my stomach, I asked him if he'd like to make love to me.

When he looked at me with astonishment on his face, he said it would be the answer to

his prayers. I told him that I have been thinking of it also, but we could only do it this one time. I didn't want it to happen ever again because Bob and I were planning on making a family and that I knew this was wrong.

When I got up to clear the table, Nathan came towards me and turned me towards him. My back was against the counter top in the kitchen. I looked into his eyes and could again see the look I'd seen in the past. I now recognized it as lust as his lips lowered to meet mine again.

Nathan was wearing shorts and as we kissed, I reached between our bodies and could feel his stiff cock. Again I was amazed at how big the thing was and my pussy began to tingle just thinking that in a few moments we'd be attempting to push it into my little blonde pussy. Nathan reached between our bodies and pulled my robe open. I wasn't wearing anything underneath and his hand slipped down between my legs to the wet spot.

I bent my legs slightly as his large hand went between them. His middle finger immediately found my stiff little button and I almost came as he rubbed the sticky fluid from my pussy on my clit. His finger then slid into my depths. Because his hand was so large, it felt like it was as big as my husband's cock. If this man's finger was this big, how big was his cock going to be.

Nathan fingered my cunt until I just about collapsed leaning against the counter top. He then lifted me up and sat me on the edge. My legs spread on either side of his waist. He backed up momentarily and pulled his shorts down to his knees and the biggest cock I have ever seen popped out. The head was massive and I knew that it'd probably hurt, but I was willing to try. At this point you couldn't have stopped me.

His cock was dark Black and looked more like it belonged on a horse than a man. I could see the end was glistening with precum as he guided it to my lips. It was a good thing that my cunt was so wet because when he tried to enter me, he stretched my lips as far as they would go. I have never had anything in me as big as that. My clit was stretched tight against the top of his cock as he worked it in slowly. I think his cock must have squeezed to a smaller size because I was as tight as I could get.

For a second, I thought it was a futile attempt to fuck this man, then I could feel its length begin to enter me. I could feel the head of his cock as it pushed into me a little at a time. I didn't want to stop, I was crazed with lust at this time. His hips moved back and forth slowly and as his meat became sticky with my juice, it inched into me. Finally I could feel his balls touching my ass and as I looked down between us, I could see his cock was deep inside of me. I thought I could see my tummy bulging slightly as I was impaled on his huge tube of meat. I told Nathan not to cum inside of me because it was my fertile time and I didn't want him to get me pregnant.

He told me that he'd pull out in time so I could see him squirt his jizm. My hips worked

back and forth and the feeling was incredible. Almost immediately my pussy began to convulse in an intense orgasm. When it tightened around his cock, he must have been overwhelmed by the feeling also. I could feel his cock begin to throb and the head swelled to a size that wouldn't let it out of me. When he pulled back, it wouldn't come out. My pussy had a death grip on his swollen meat and wouldn't let him withdraw.

Although he attempted to pull it from me it was futile. While apologizing for not being able to get his rod out of me, he began to shoot his sticky fluid deep inside of my tummy. I could feel his cock expand each time the head spit its hot creamy load deep inside of me.

Knowing then that our sexual organs couldn't be separated, Nathan held me tight against him until our orgasms subsided. It wasn't until minutes later that his cock began to get flaccid he was then able to withdraw his cum soaked cock from deep within my pussy. I told him he didn't need to apologize, but I would need to go into the bathroom and clean up. He kissed me again and got dressed and left.

As I got down from the counter top, a big gob of his white cum began to drain from my stretched pussy. I couldn't believe how much he had squirted into me. If Nathan had been half as excited as I'd been, I can understand why there was such an amount of fluid draining from my stretched lips.

My pussy felt like it would never be the same. I have never stretched it as much as it had just been and the lips were swollen and almost sore. He didn't even ream me with the swollen meat of his, he just pushed it into me and we were locked together like two mating animals. I took a nice long bath and cleaned up. While lying in the tub I began to play with my pussy while thinking of the fucking I just received. Although I was very sensitive from what had just happened, I had to make myself cum one more time.

Needless to say the remainder of the month I was a nervous wreck, just wondering if I was going to be pregnant with Nathan's baby. I really couldn't talk to anyone about it, yet the thought of making love to a close friend of ours really excited me. I was on a rollercoaster of emotions until at last I started my period. That was the day that I thought more of the experience than of the consequences.

During the month Nathan kept up his relentless vigil of advances. I knew that I shouldn't have made love to him because I knew that he'd want to do it more than once, a thought that also appealed to me. The more I thought of the idea of having sex with Nathan, the more excited I became. I thought of buying some condoms but I knew he wouldn't fit the normal size and I didn't want my husband to see these magnum sized condoms lying around the house.

The more I dwelled on the idea the sooner I came up with a solution to the problem. I convinced Bob that we should postpone having our family and that I should go back on birth control for a while longer. I finally got him to agree and by the end of the next month

I was taking my pills regularly. Now I had to let Nathan know in a subtle way that I couldn't get pregnant without coming out directly and telling him that I wanted his big Black cock between my legs again.

One evening while lying in bed, I was fantasizing of lying under Nathan again and having him ream my tight little pussy. The longer I thought of the idea, the wetter my pussy became until the panties I was wearing were soaking. My little pussy felt like it was on fire. While Bob slept next to me, I eased my hand down between my legs and into my panties.

I clamped my hand tightly against my wet pussy and moved my fingers slowly across the tip of my swollen and sticky clit until my body convulsed into an intense orgasm. Its all I could do to keep from shaking the bed and screaming out and waking Bob. I felt like I was becoming obsessed with the idea of fucking Nathan again and I made up my mind that I was going to do it soon.

By morning I felt terrible. I'd only gotten about two hours of sleep because I'd been thinking of Nathan all night. I decided to call in sick at work to stay home. I knew that Nathan stayed home during the mornings and secretly I was hoping that I'd see him. I was beginning to feel like a nervous wreck, I just had to have that Black cock inside of me.

When Bob left for work, I sat at the breakfast table and wondered when I should attempt to see Nathan. Well I thought I'd do the standard housewife routine and dressed in only my robe and my sexiest white lace panties, I grabbed a cup and headed down the corridor and knocked on Nathan's door. When he came to the door he looked at me through half open eyes because I'd just waken him up. Nathan only had a towel wrapped around his waist.

I held the cup out and asked him if he had any sugar as I was completely out and I didn't like my morning coffee without it. He smiled and told me that he had some in the kitchen and that I could step inside if I dared to. I immediately took that as an invitation and looking quickly to see if any of the neighbors noticed me, I slipped through the doorway.

Once inside I followed Nathan into the kitchen. I then got an idea and when he got the cup of sugar and turned to me I was gone. The only thing he saw was my bathrobe lying on the floor. I could hear him walking down the hallway towards the bedroom, but I made a quick retreat into his bedroom and was lying under the covers in his bed when he came in. He set the cup of sugar on the dresser and just smiled as he let the towel slide to the floor, releasing the massive tool that was now beginning to grow.

Nathan slid into bed next to me and I could feel the heat of his body as he slid next to me. He put his hand on top of my head and lowered his head next to mine on the pillow and brushed his lips against mine. I was hot and couldn't wait much longer.

I was a hungry woman and couldn't wait. I kissed him hard and began to pant by the time he slid his tongue deep into my mouth. I could feel one of his hands grab my ass and pull him tight against me. His cock was like an iron rod that was pressed tight between our bellies.

My leg immediately pulled up and over the top of his. I was open now for him to play with even though I had on my lacy panties. I wished he'd rip them off and take me right then, but he wanted it to last. He didn't even touch my pussy with his hands. We kissed and touched, he sucked on my breasts and made my nipples become as stiff as marbles. I could almost cum without him touching me. I had my hand around his cock and was jacking him off when he threw the covers back and grabbed my panties with both of his hands and pulled them down as I lifted my hips to allow him easier access. When I was totally naked, I literally pulled him on top of me and told him that I couldn't wait any longer, that I wanted to feel his huge cock inside of me.

I was quite thankful that my pussy gets extremely wet when I'm excited because Nathan guided his cock to the entrance of my tight little pussy and slowly eased his weight down on top of me. I thought I was going to be split wide open. I forgot how big his gristly cock becomes.

In two thrusts I was impaled on that gorgeous hunk of rod. We would have been locked together again, but again because of the wetness he pulled it back out and reamed it into me again. My knees were now pulled back against my chest allowing him deeper penetration into my bottom. The more he reamed his cock in and out of me, the looser and more sensitive my pussy lips became.

I told him that I wanted him to squirt his load of molten cream deep inside of me and I guess that is what he wanted to hear because at that moment he withdrew all but the bulbous head from my lips and I could feel the hot jets of liquid squirt deep inside of me.

Again and again the liquid spewed from the slit at the end of his cock. When he finally finished he rammed his meat back into me and I could feel a large amount of the liquid squirt from my pussy and leak down the cheeks of my ass and onto the sheets. My pussy grabbed onto his cock and squeezed tightly as my body shook in its own intense and badly needed orgasm under his Black sweaty body.

We laid in each others arms for about a half hour. I must have dozed off from the intense workout I just received. When I awoke, I was lying on my stomach with my legs slightly apart, but one of Nathan's fingers was running the length of my dripping slit. I lay motionless, just thinking of how stretched my pussy had become when I felt his finger slide into my wet tunnel. As he finger fucked me, his thumb was rubbing against my clit.

I felt that I could lie in bed with Nathan all day. Nathan rolled over on top of me and slid the covers back again. He pulled my hips until I was on my knees and elbows. I spread my legs apart and like a dog in heat, arched my back so my pussy was exposed to him.

Nathan mounted me from the rear and it was easier for him to penetrate me now that I was stretched for his massive size. He pulled my tiny hips tight against his pelvis and I knew that I could feel the tip of his cock touching my lungs.

I braced myself as he slammed his giant meat deep in my cunt for about a half hour before he let loose with another load. We fucked for hours. I was taken on my side, I straddled him, from the front and back, almost every way we could think of. When he rolled over and collapsed on the bed, I looked at the clock on the dresser and it was almost 2:00. I'd been in bed with him, fucking him since 7:30 this morning. His bed was soaking with sweat and the cum my pussy couldn't hold.

I kissed him on the cheek and told him that I'd have to be getting home before Bob returned from work. I'd barely gotten cleaned up and dressed before Bob came through the front door. I was just beginning to cook dinner and he told me that I looked a lot better and that I must have stayed in bed all day. If he only knew.

It wasn't long before I finally lost the guilt feelings about having sex with Nathan. I think initially I justified it in my own mind because he was such a good friend of mine and Bob's. Sometimes I wondered if he was such a good friend only because he wanted to get me in bed, but it didn't matter, he was still respectable to us and I got what I wanted when Bob was away.

For a while it seemed like every time Bob left for work, Nathan and I were in bed fucking until we were both satisfied. I left for work about an hour after Bob and on more than one occasion I'd get dressed for work and sneak over to Nathan's house and get laid before setting off to work.

One morning I was running late for work, but I was extremely horny because Bob and I hadn't had sex in two days and Nathan had been out of town. On the way down the corridor I could see a light on inside Nathan's apartment. I knocked on the door and he answered with a big smile and opened the screen door to let me in. I walked into the living room and asked him when he got home because I didn't think he'd be back for at least two more days.

He told me that the meeting he had out of town had been cut short. When he told me that he had missed me, I backed against the sofa and pulled up my dress and spread my legs. I looked him in the eyes and asked him how much he missed me. He came close to me and I could sense that he was pulling down his shorts. I was wearing nylons and a garter with my matching panties.

He reached out and pulled my panties down to my ankles. I lifted one foot and the panties were free. I lifted one leg up against his side and his erect cock was guided to the ever increasingly familiar pussy that now seemed to belong to him. The lips, although still tight seemed to allow the monstrous cock to enter freely.

I leaned against the sofa as he banged my pussy hard, making up for the days he had not been home. I came not once, but twice before he finally unloaded his hot baby cream deep inside of me. I grabbed a tissue from a box on the coffee table and put it inside my panties and told him thanks, but I was late for work and had to leave. I felt better that morning than I had in a long time as I drove to work feeling my pussy still tingling.

One weekend when my husband was watching television I was again in the washroom. This was a place that was seldom used on Saturday mornings as people seemed to find better things to be doing with their spare time. I was just getting started with my washing when Nathan came in and started doing his homely chore.

We began talking and it wasn't long before the subject changed to sex, in particular, sex between us. I could see that he was getting an erection and although I was getting horny, it wasn't practical for us to go to his apartment this morning, besides Bob indicated that we'd make love when I finished with the laundry. I could tell that Nathan was in an extremely horny mood, so I looked around and I got an idea.

I took him by the hand and led him to the far end of the washroom by some soap dispensers. It was kind of a dark corner away from the windows. When we got to the machines, he gave me a capricious look. I squatted down and pulled his shorts to about mid thigh. His giant tool sprang free from the confines of the shorts and I could see the end had secreted the sticky fluid that made his entry into my tight pussy easier. I took his cock in my hand and opened my mouth and began licking around the crown and then sucked the rubbery head into my mouth.

I'd tried sucking his cock before, but it was too sensitive for him and he had a tendency to cum too fast when I sucked him off. We usually wanted it to last a little longer when we made love or just fucked. My hand slid up and down the length and although I could barely get the head of his cock in my mouth, I sucked feverishly until I could feel his balls tighten and the tube begin to throb. I knew it was coming and I wasn't disappointed. It took less than five minutes to make him shoot his load in my mouth. He told me that he found it extremely stimulating to see his best friend's wife on her knees sucking his Black cock.

I didn't spill a drop and when his orgasm subsided, I licked all the juice from around the swollen head and then pulled his shorts back on. I told him that he could return the favor sometime and he told me that it would be his pleasure.

Once when Bob and Nathan were going to go to a ball game, Nathan came over to the house just before they were going to leave. When he got to the house, Bob had just left to the corner store to get a couple of things that they would need for the day. I was feeling extremely horny that morning and couldn't wait for the men to leave so I could sneak into the bedroom and take care of my personal business.

When Nathan walked through the front door, my plans changed. I knew I wouldn't have

but just a few minutes alone with him before Bob arrived back from the store.

I was in the living room and I'd on a sun dress as it was going to be a hot day. I didn't have on a bra, but just a pair of skimpy bikini panties. I looked at him and while I pulled my skirt up in the back, I bent over our overstuffed chair. I asked him if he would like to take care of me before they left. He didn't need a second invitation.

He immediately ran behind me and I told him that he'd have to be quick as Bob would be returning any minute. Nathan had on a pair of gym shorts and it didn't take long for that big Black beauty of his to rear its rigid head. He pulled my panties aside from my pussy and with two of his fingers he separated my pussy lips enough to slide the enlarged head into me. After a couple of firm thrusts he began to bang my pussy with a vengeance.

In just a few short moments I could feel my pussy begin to convulse as he slammed me against the back of the chair with his mighty penetrations. He came shortly after I did and as soon as he withdrew his cock, I heard the front door opening and pulled my panties over my pussy as he pulled his shorts up over his cock that was still wet from our juices.

As I kissed Bob good-bye for the day and told Nathan good-bye, I could feel his cum beginning to leak out of my panties and begin to trickle down my legs. As soon as the men left, I scurried off to the bedroom and lay on the bed and began to rub my swollen and sticky mound. This wetness brought a better feeling than I'd anticipated to the matter I was about to undertake. I pulled off my panties and held them to my nose as smelled the odor of his cum and visualized what a sight it must have been as he thrust his gigantic cock deep inside my blonde little pussy while I was bent over the back of the chair.

Nathan and I continued seeing each other a couple of times a week for the next two to three years. My womanhood had finally grown or stretched to accommodate his large size. It came to the point that he was the only man that could satisfy my sexual needs. Although my husband would try, I found that I just needed more than he had to offer.

Sex with my husband became uneventful and it was a rare occasion that he could make me cum, something that Nathan never failed to accomplish. Just when I realized that I needed Nathan's cock and that I couldn't survive without it, I found out that I had to. Nathan told us the devastating news that in order to promote within the company he worked for, he'd have to transfer out of state.

Needless to say I was heartbroken, more than my husband knew. We had a small going away party for him, but I didn't feel that was fitting for the close friend that he had become to me. Just before it was time for Nathan to move, I devised a plan that'd allow me to say good-bye in a manner I thought appropriate.

I convinced my husband that I had a company meeting out of town and I'd be gone for the weekend. I told Nathan what I'd done and told him that I'd be able to spend the

weekend with him if he'd like to let me say good-bye.

I made reservations at a small but plush motel in the town adjoining ours so we wouldn't spend much time driving. We met on the outskirts of town and I drove him to my fantasy palace.

We spent the whole weekend at this motel. I think the only time we got out of bed was to eat and take bathes together. When I came home on Monday morning, I could hardly walk and felt that I'd bed sores, but then saying good-bye is always a hard thing.

Two weeks later and I'm beginning to wonder if saying good-bye has left me with Nathan's child. Only time will show.



It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*

Kristen's Illustrated Archive of **erotic stories** hosted by **free 2 find** sponsored by **offer fun**