

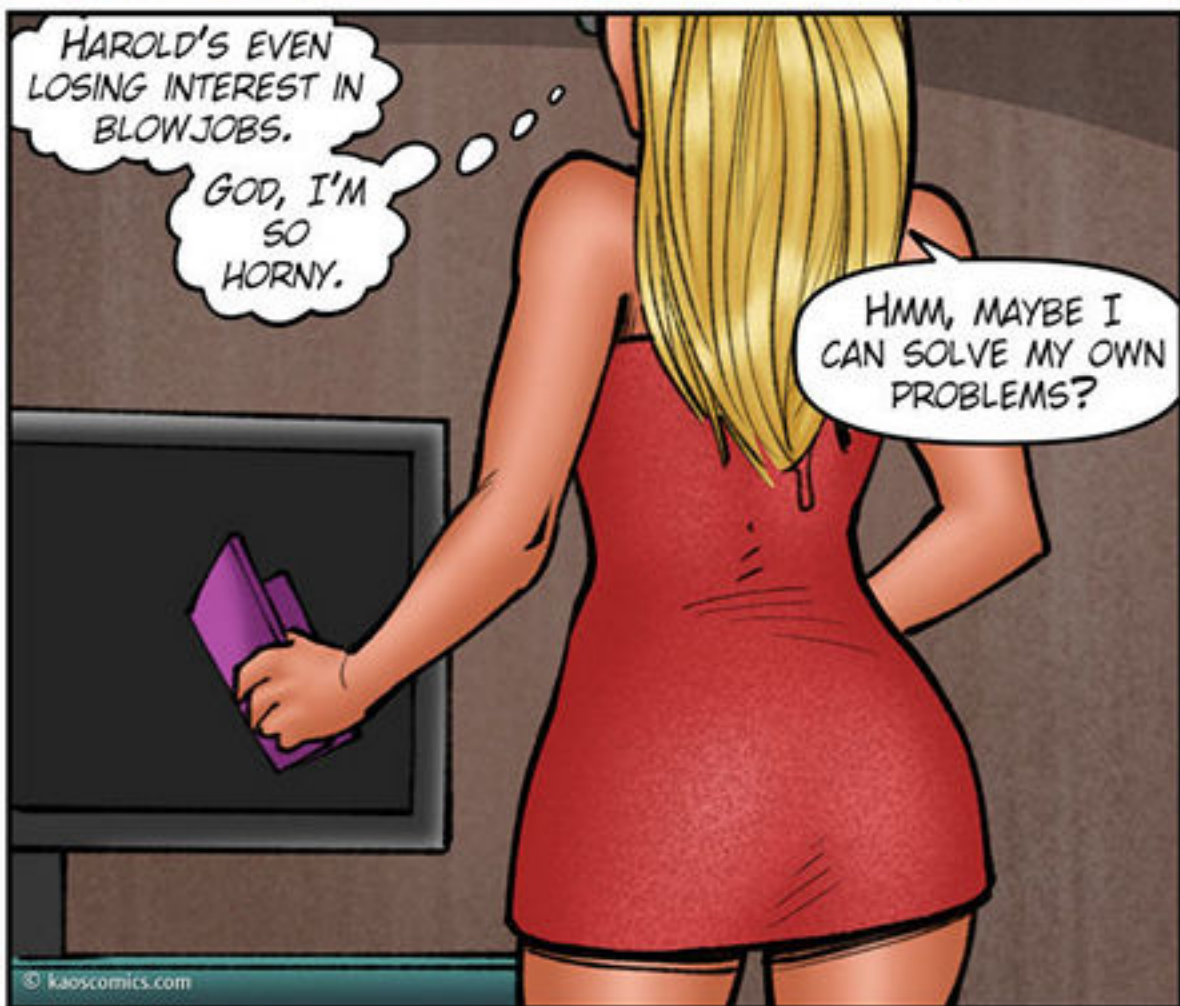
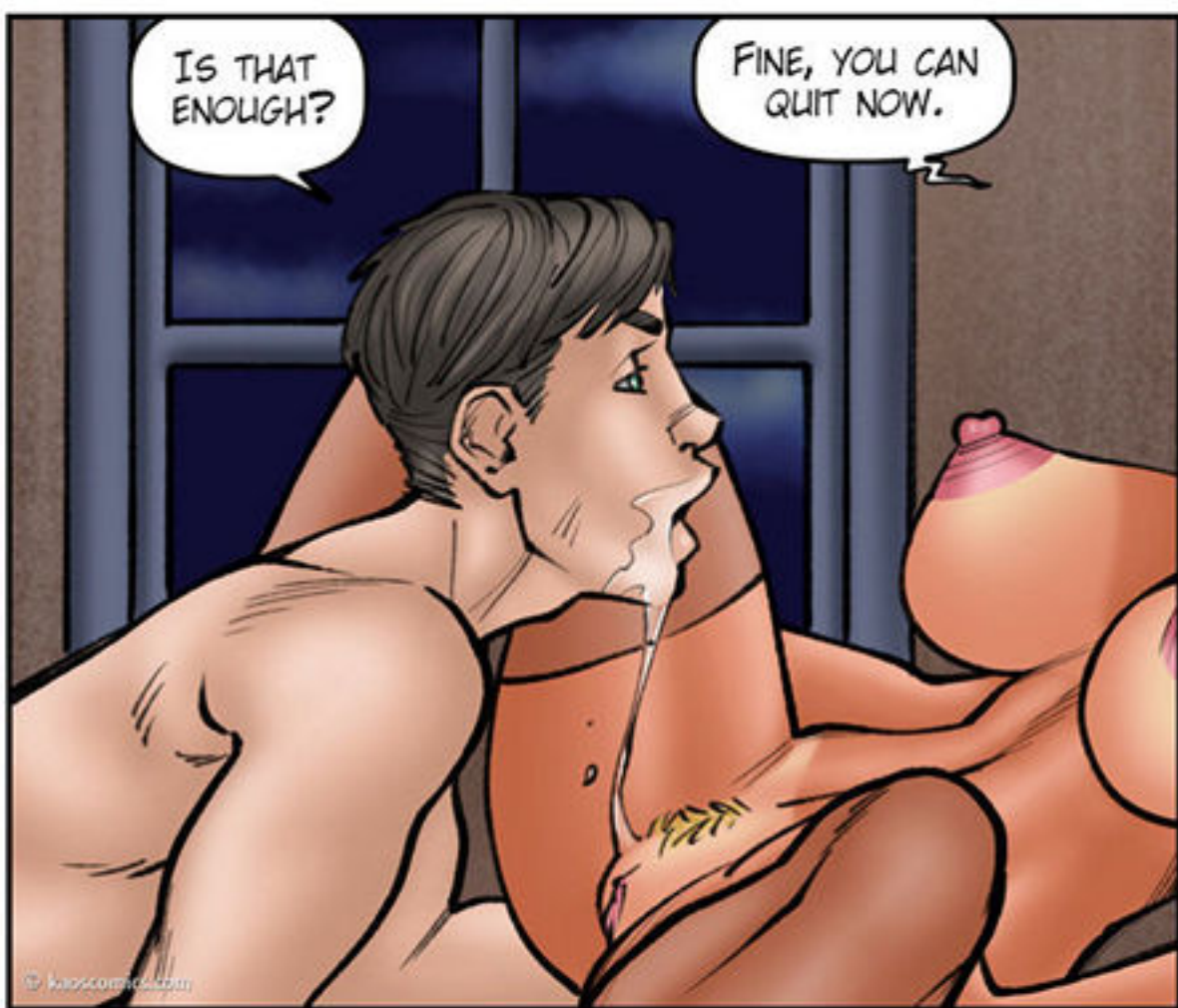
LESSONS FROM THE NEIGHBOR

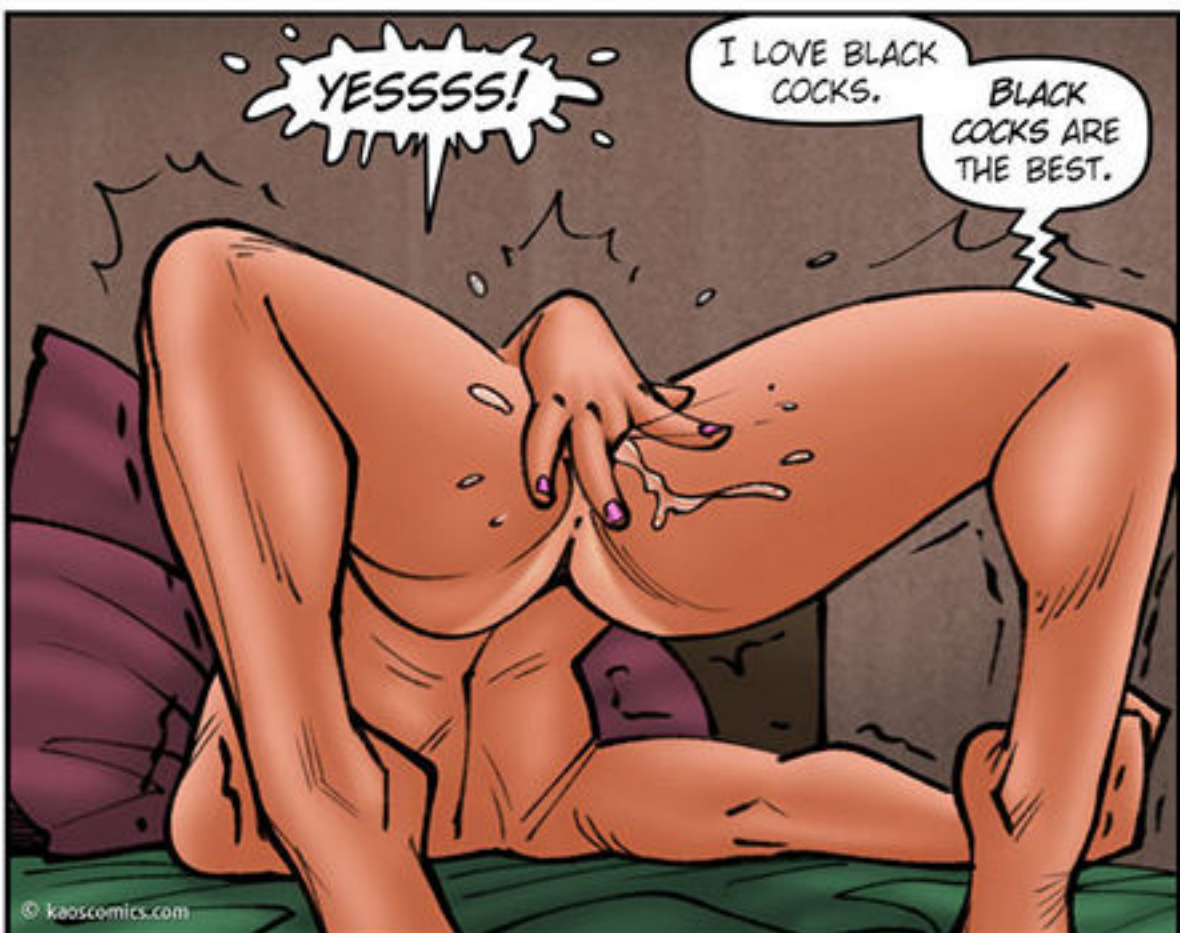
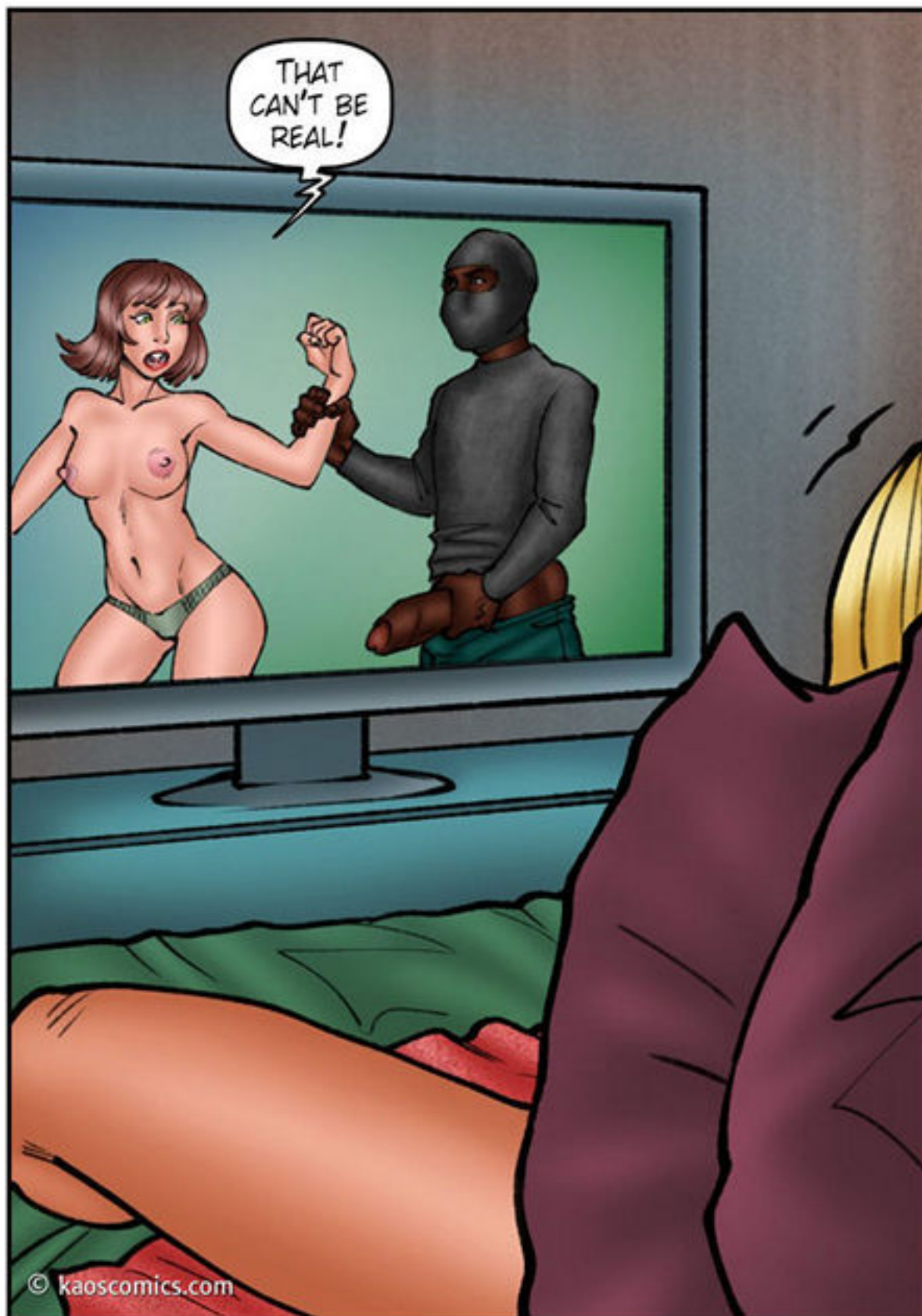
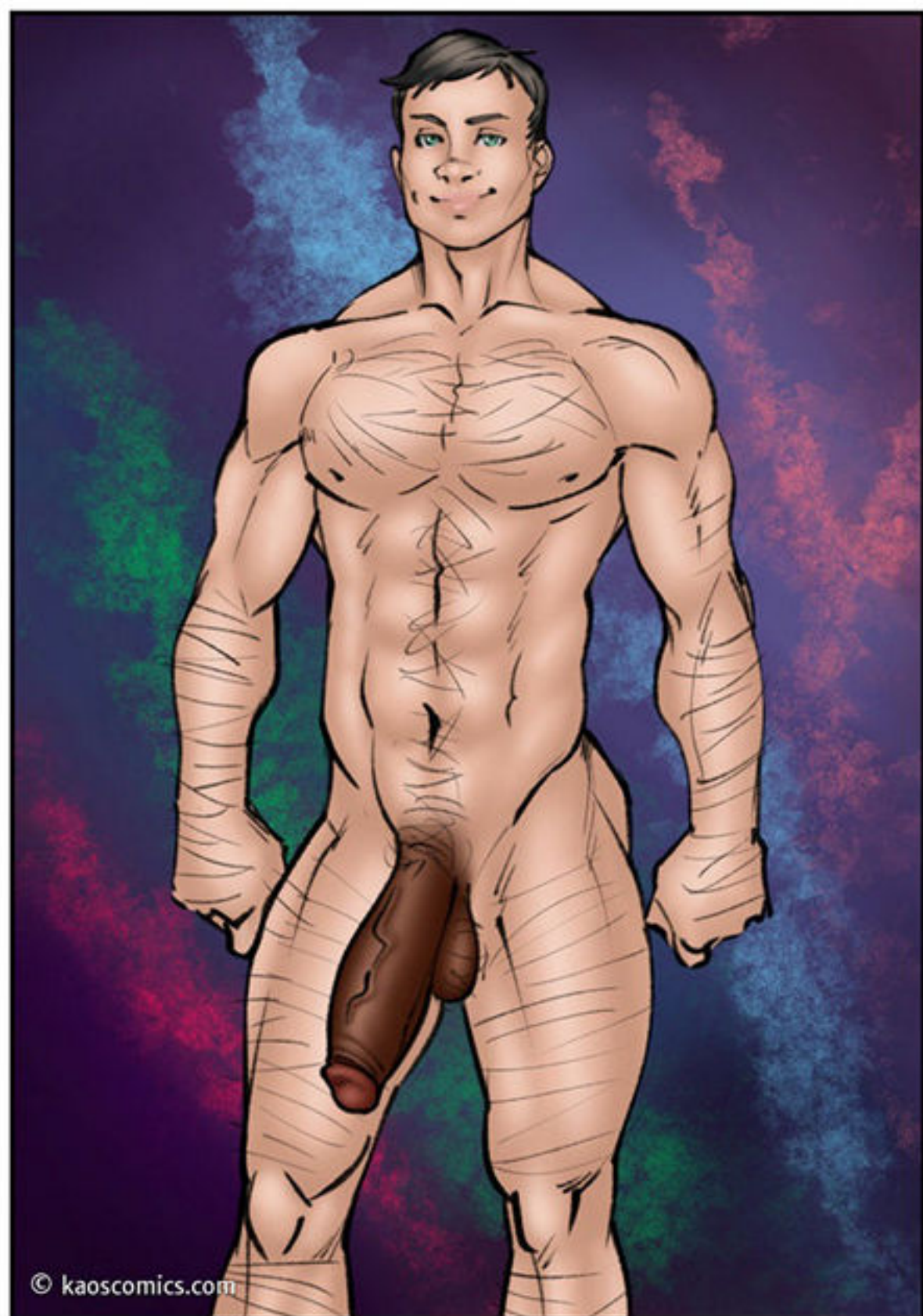
THE THIRD LESSON

STORY BY STORMBRINGER

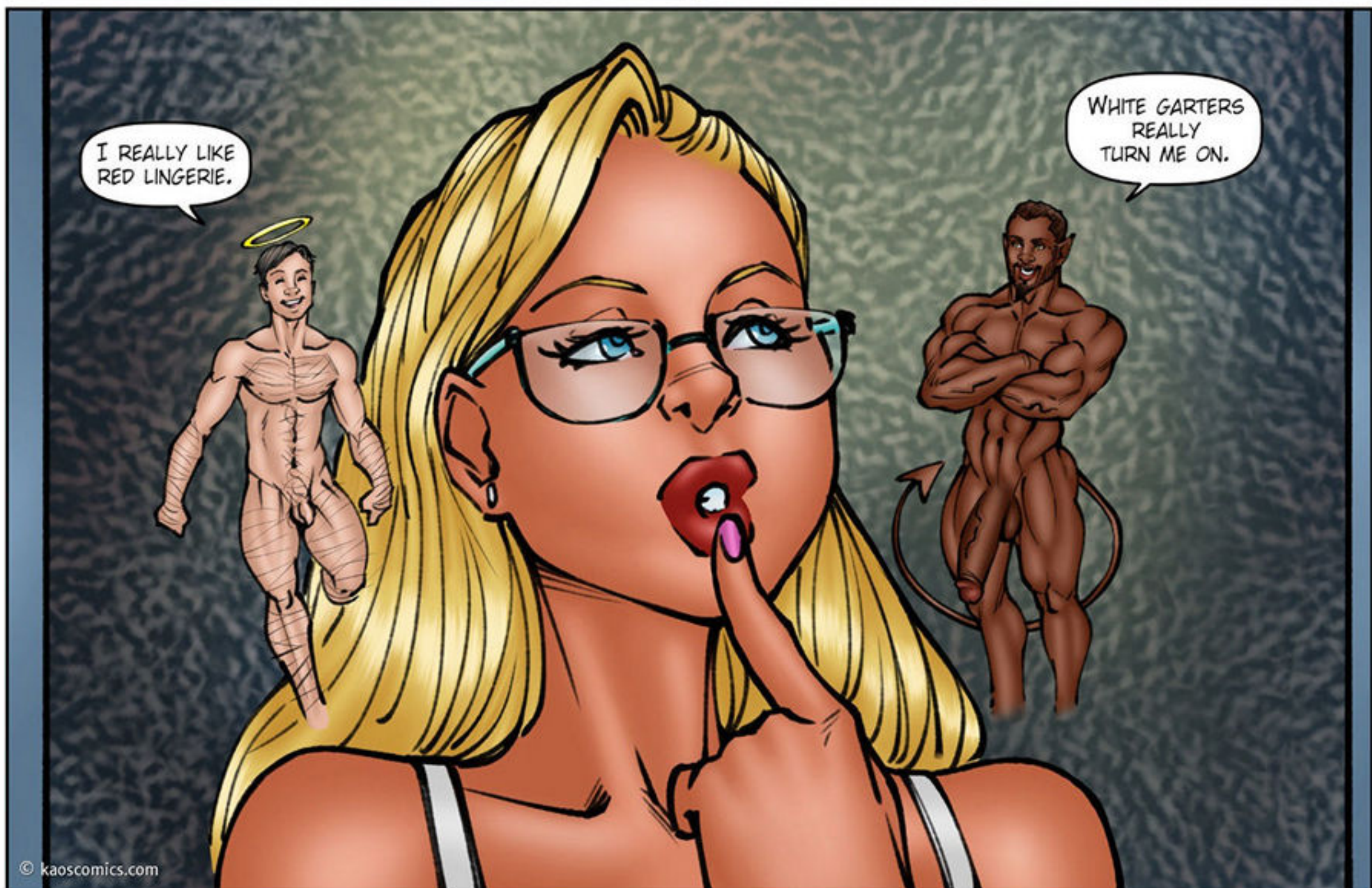
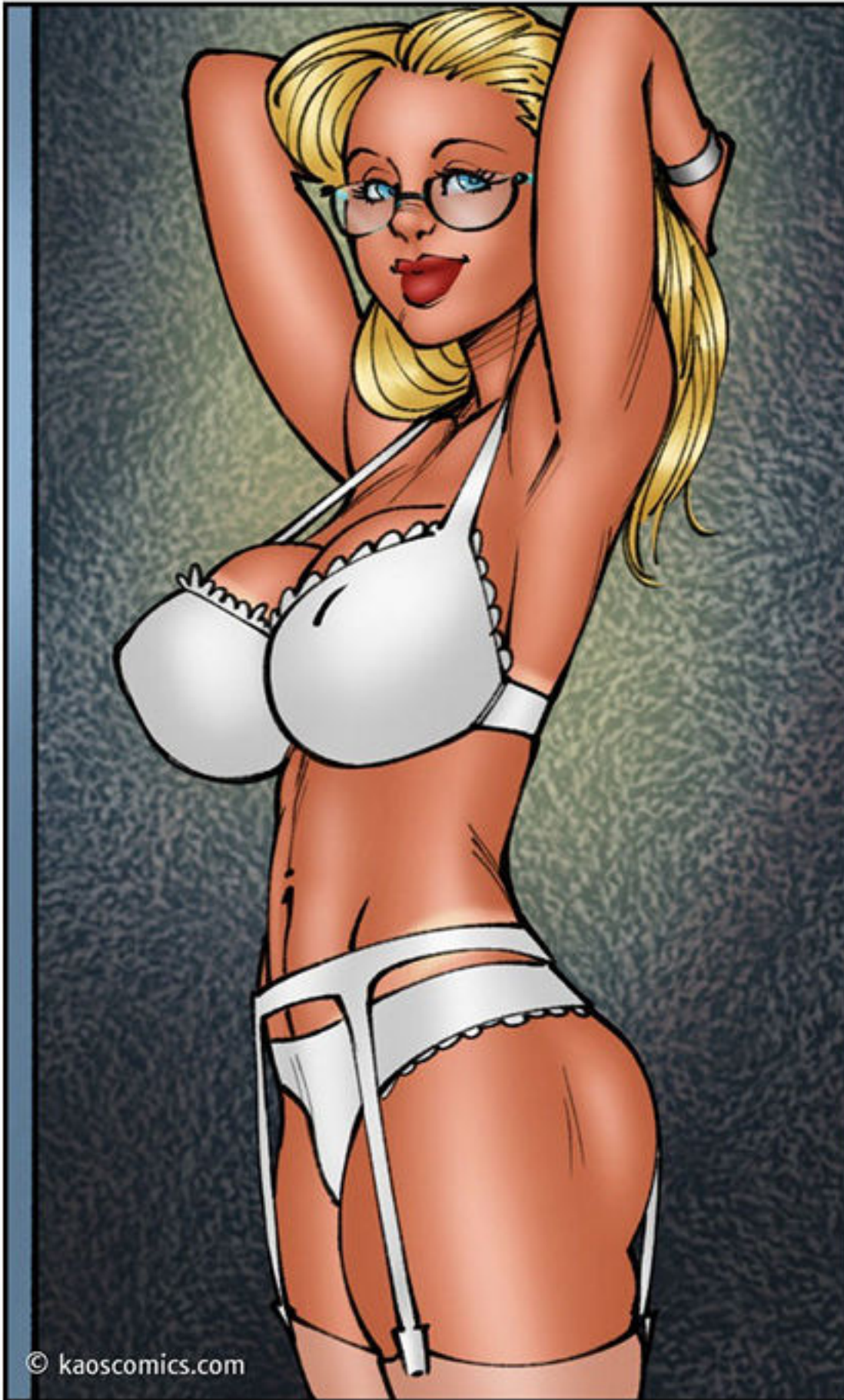
ART BY KAOS COMICS

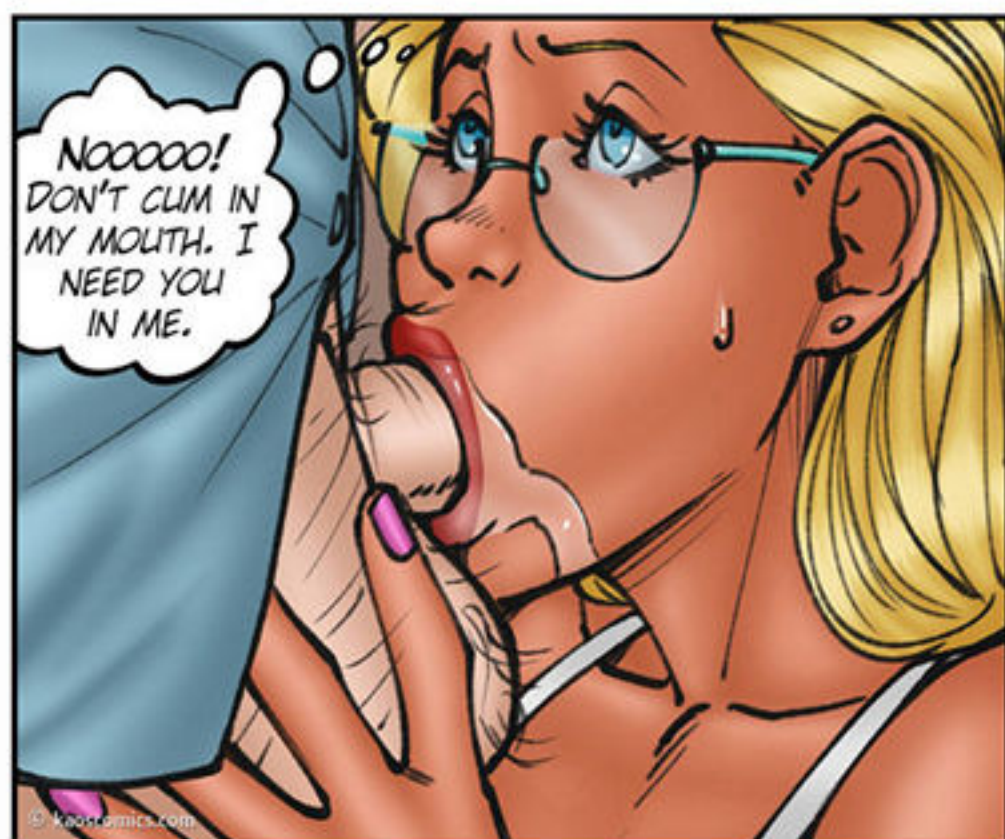
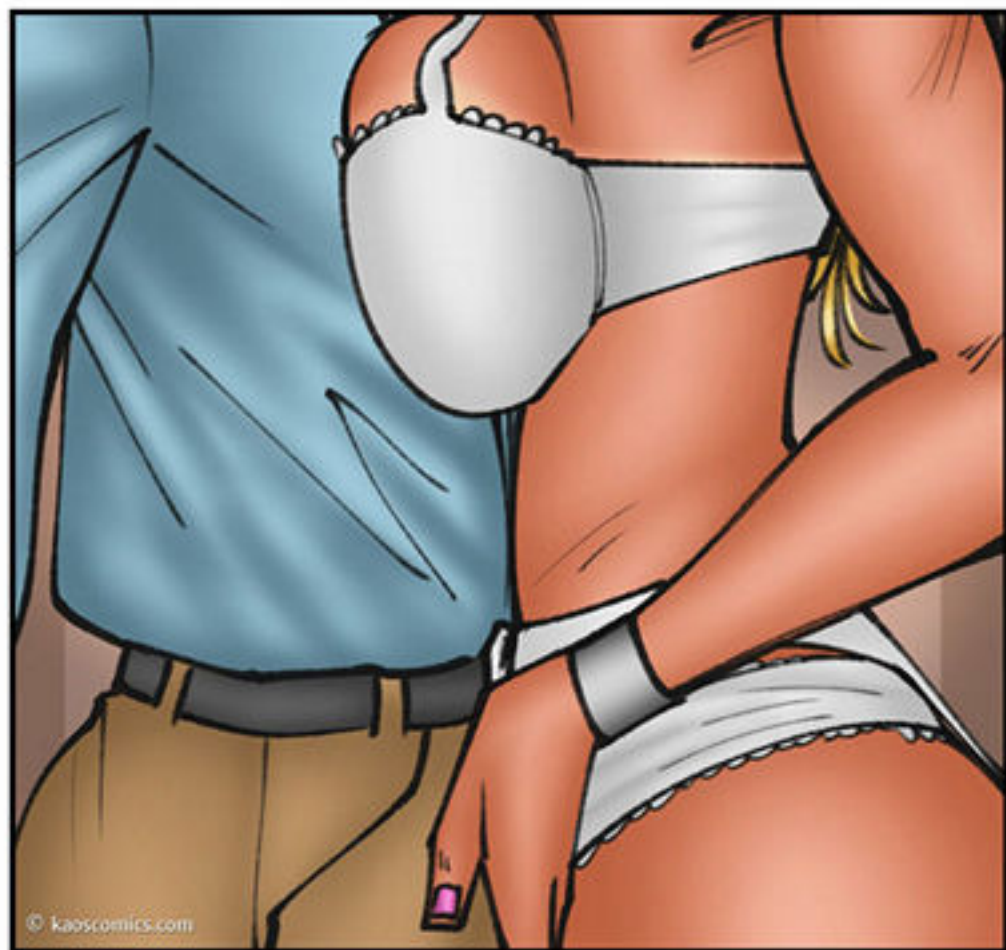
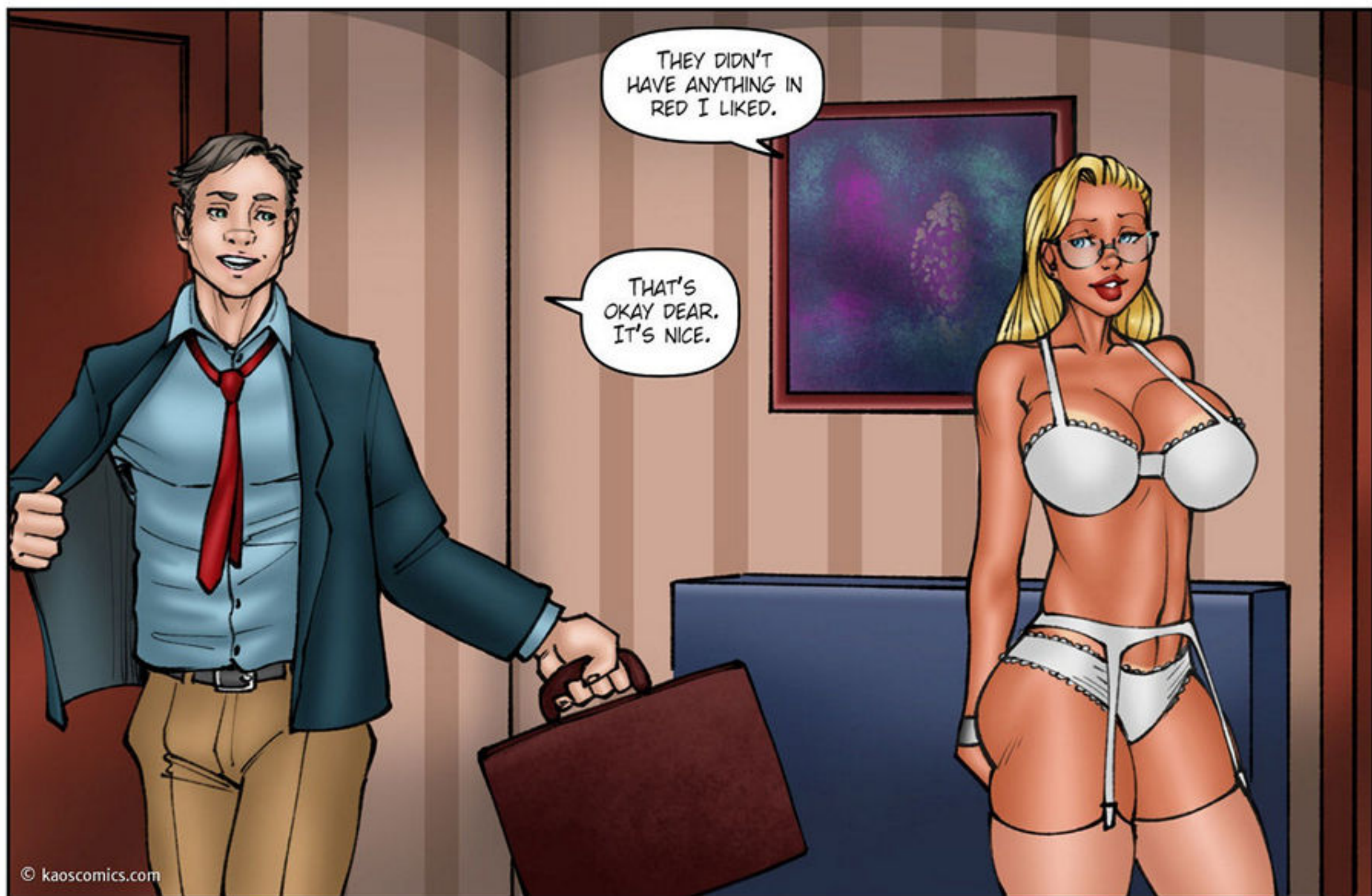


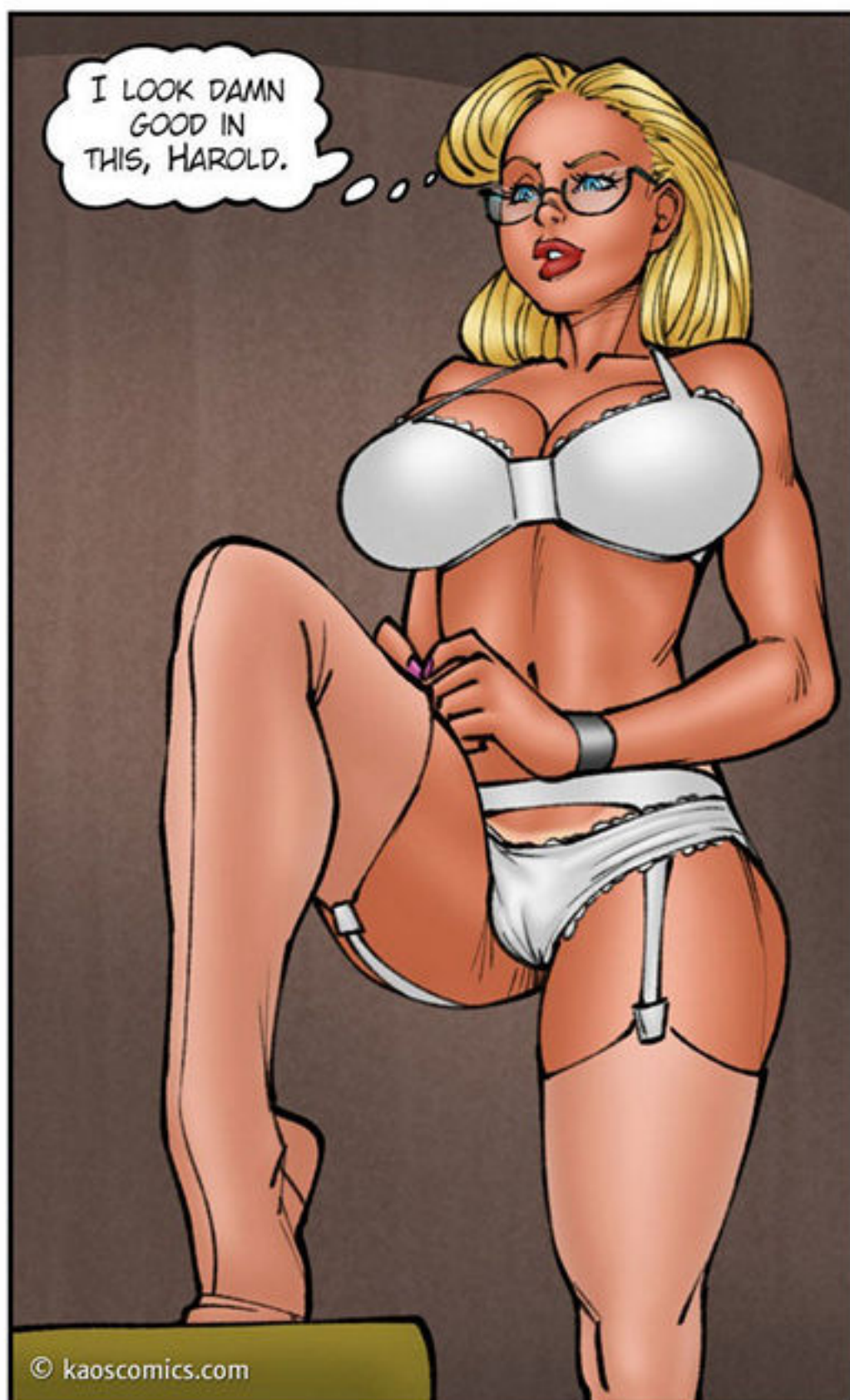




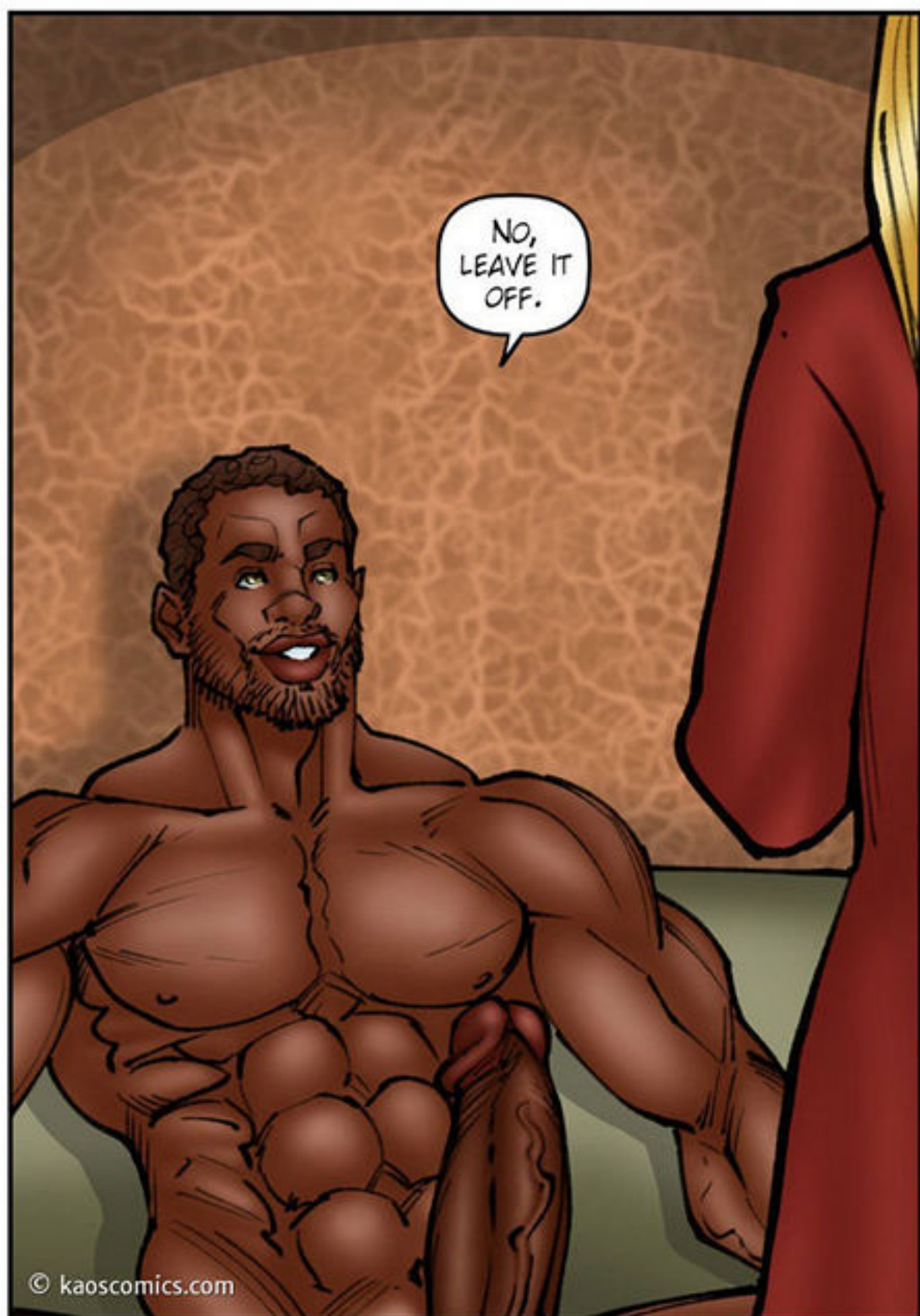


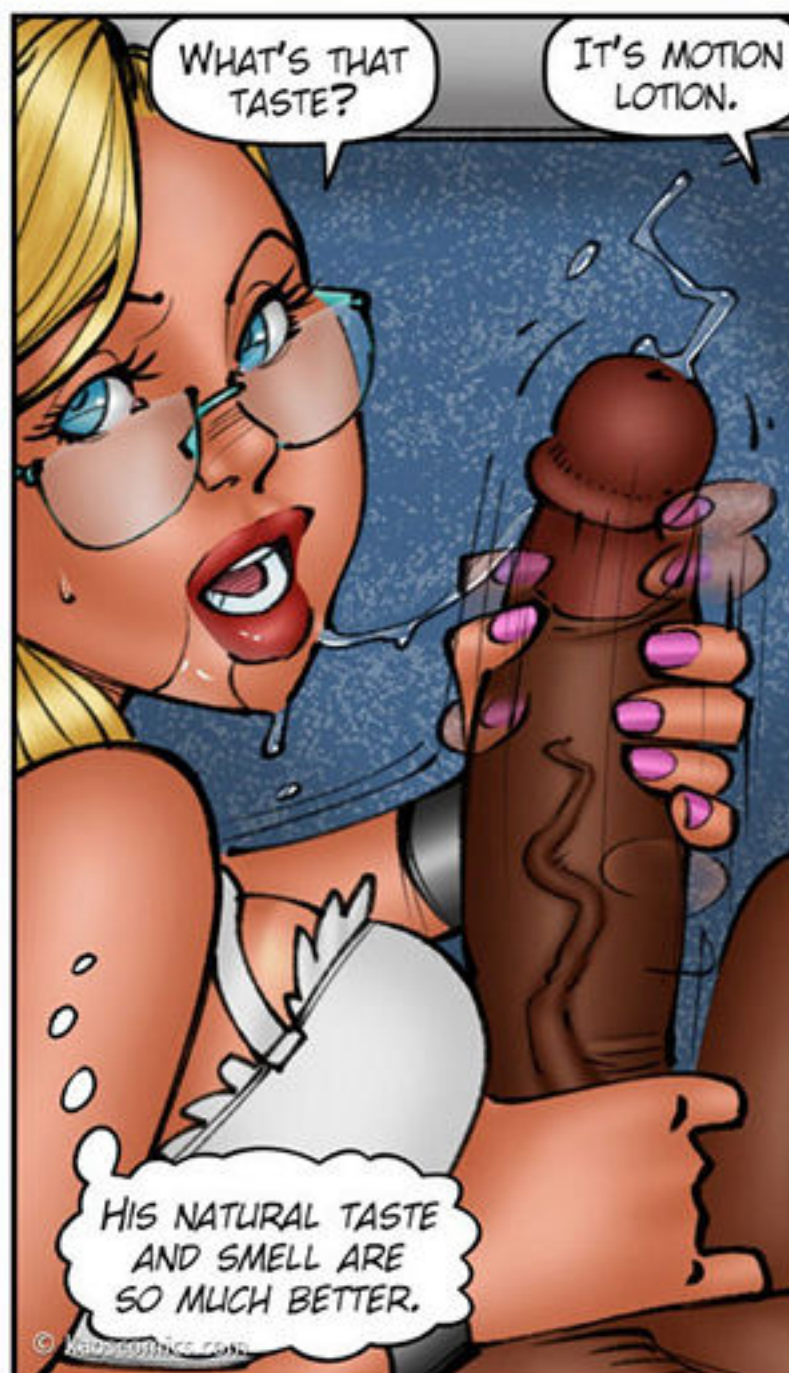


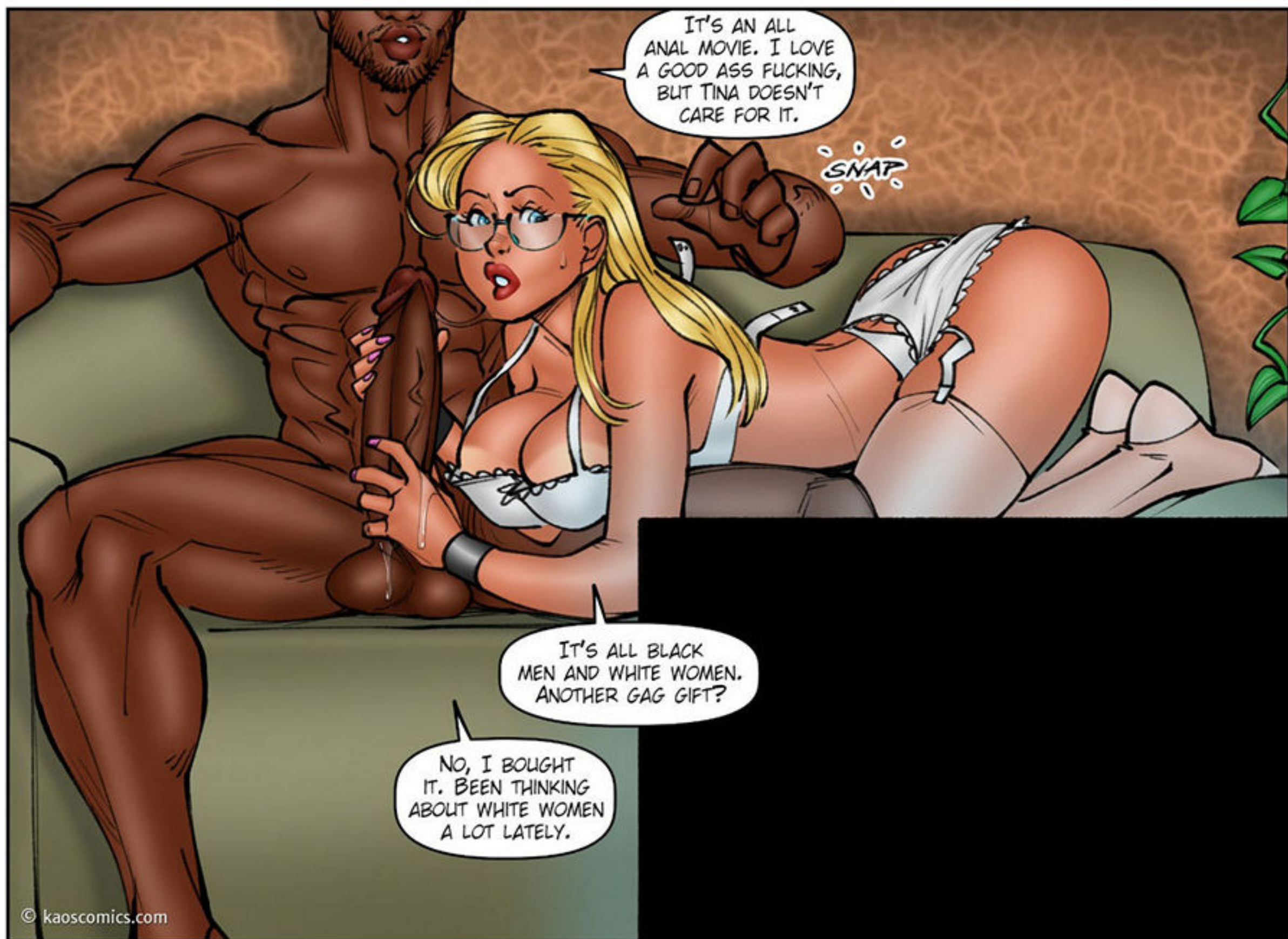


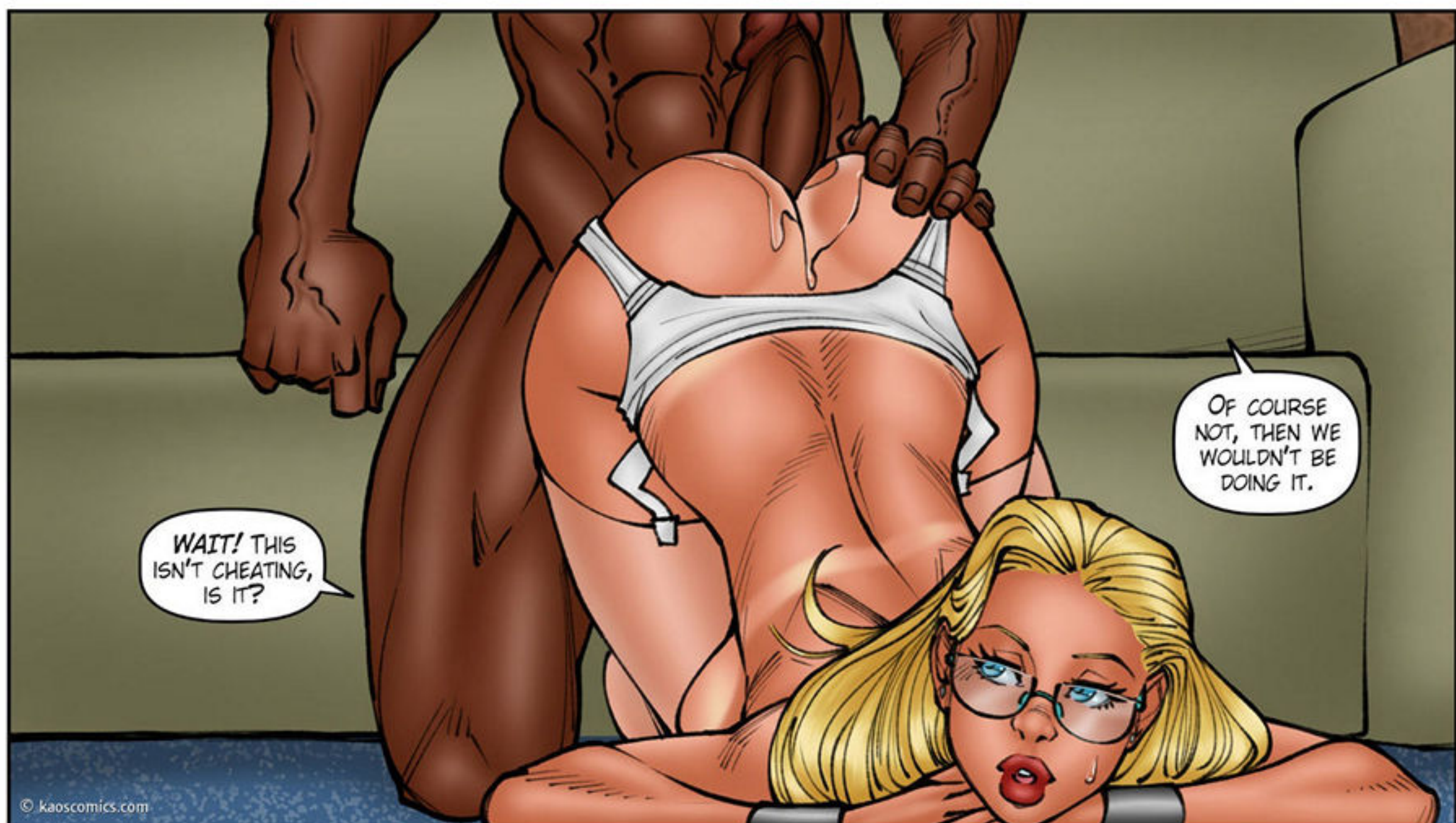


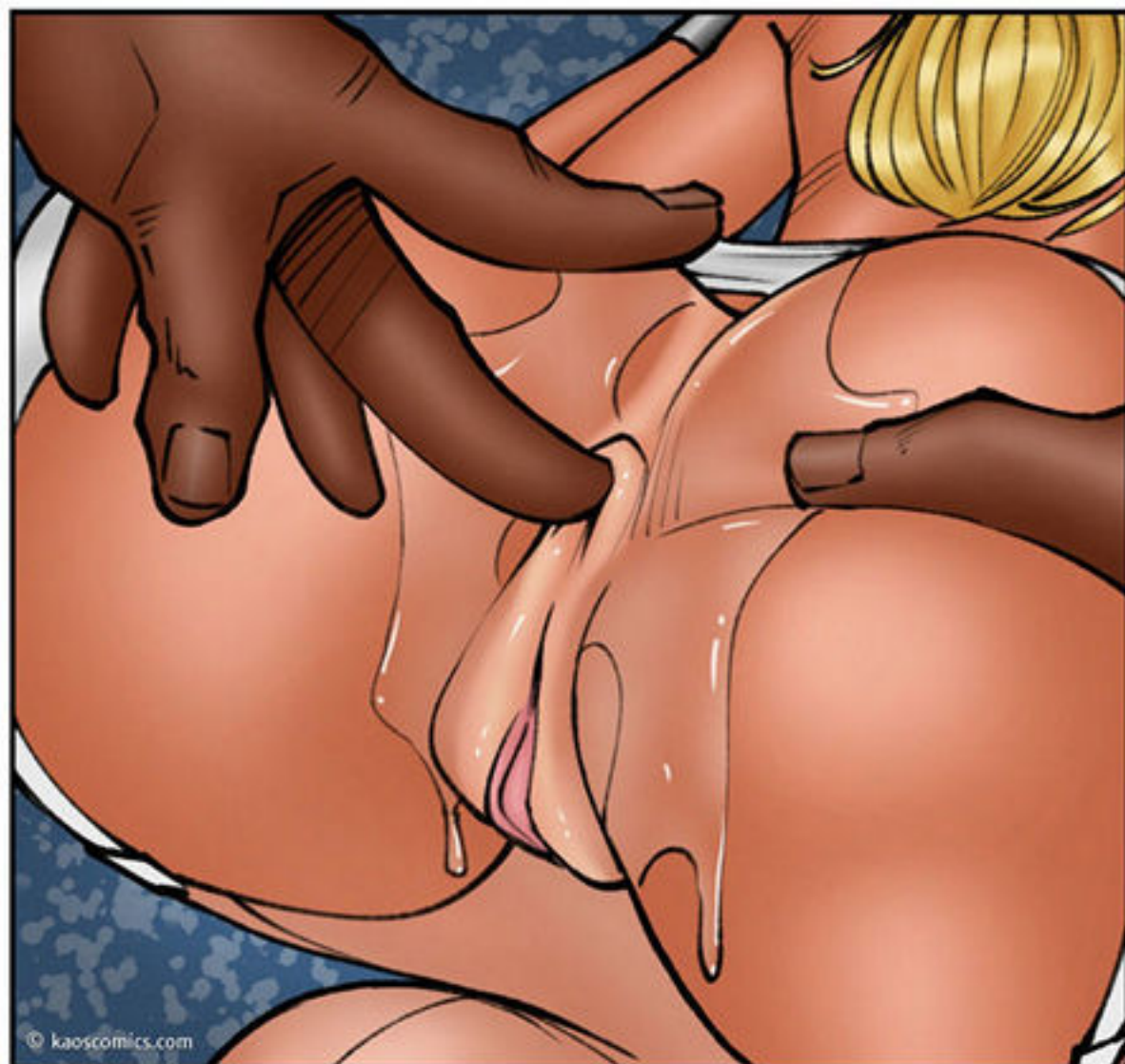


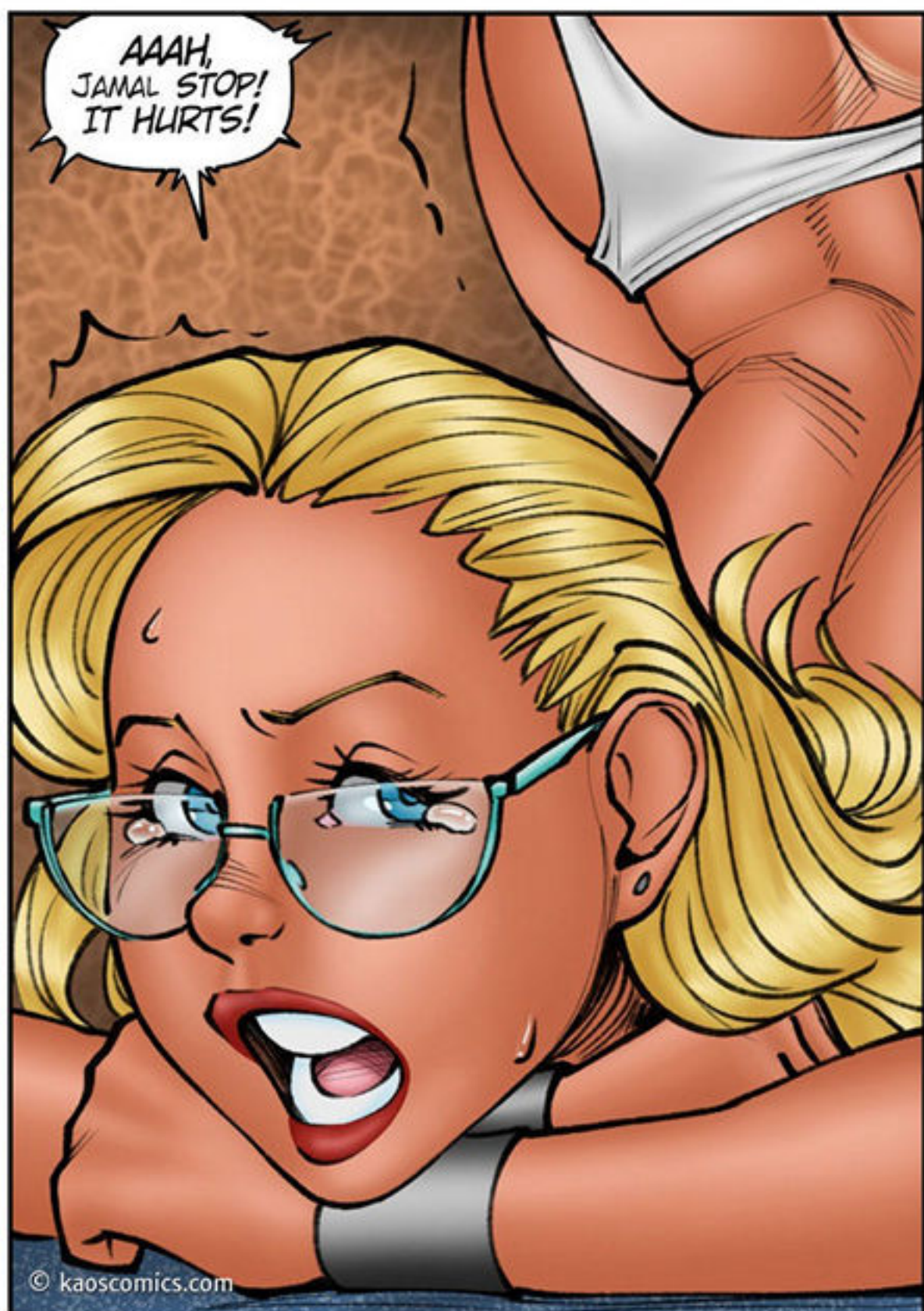
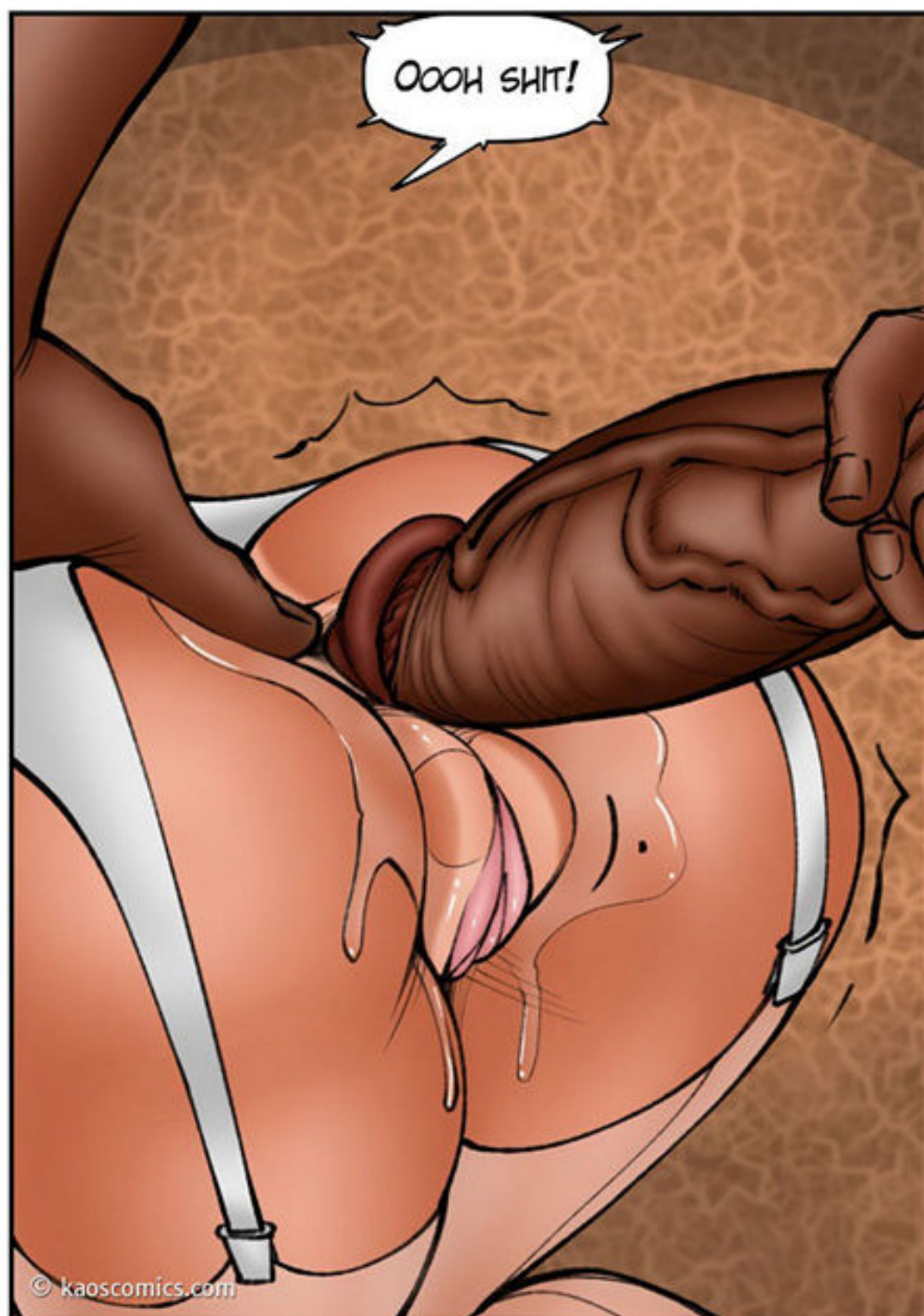
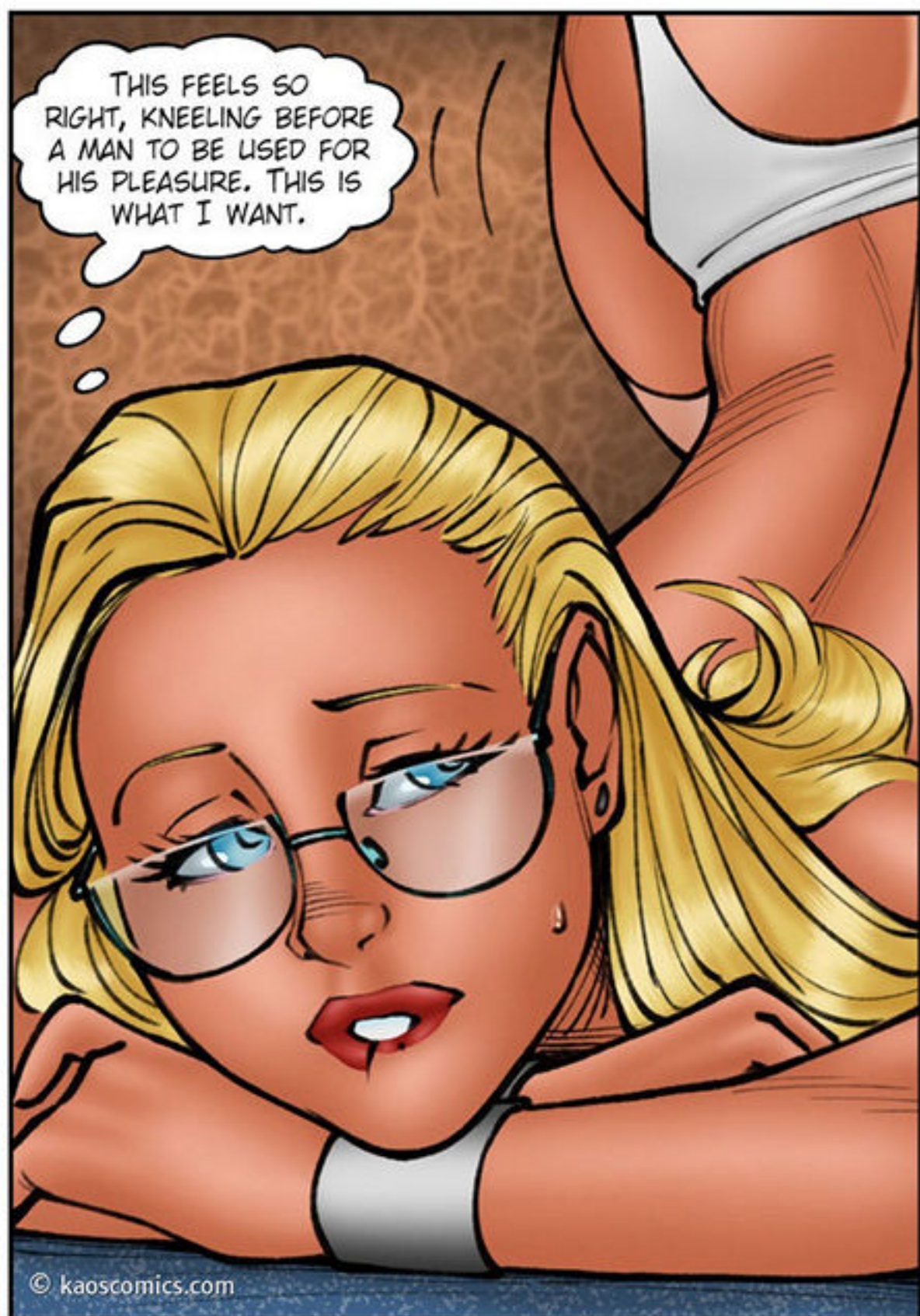


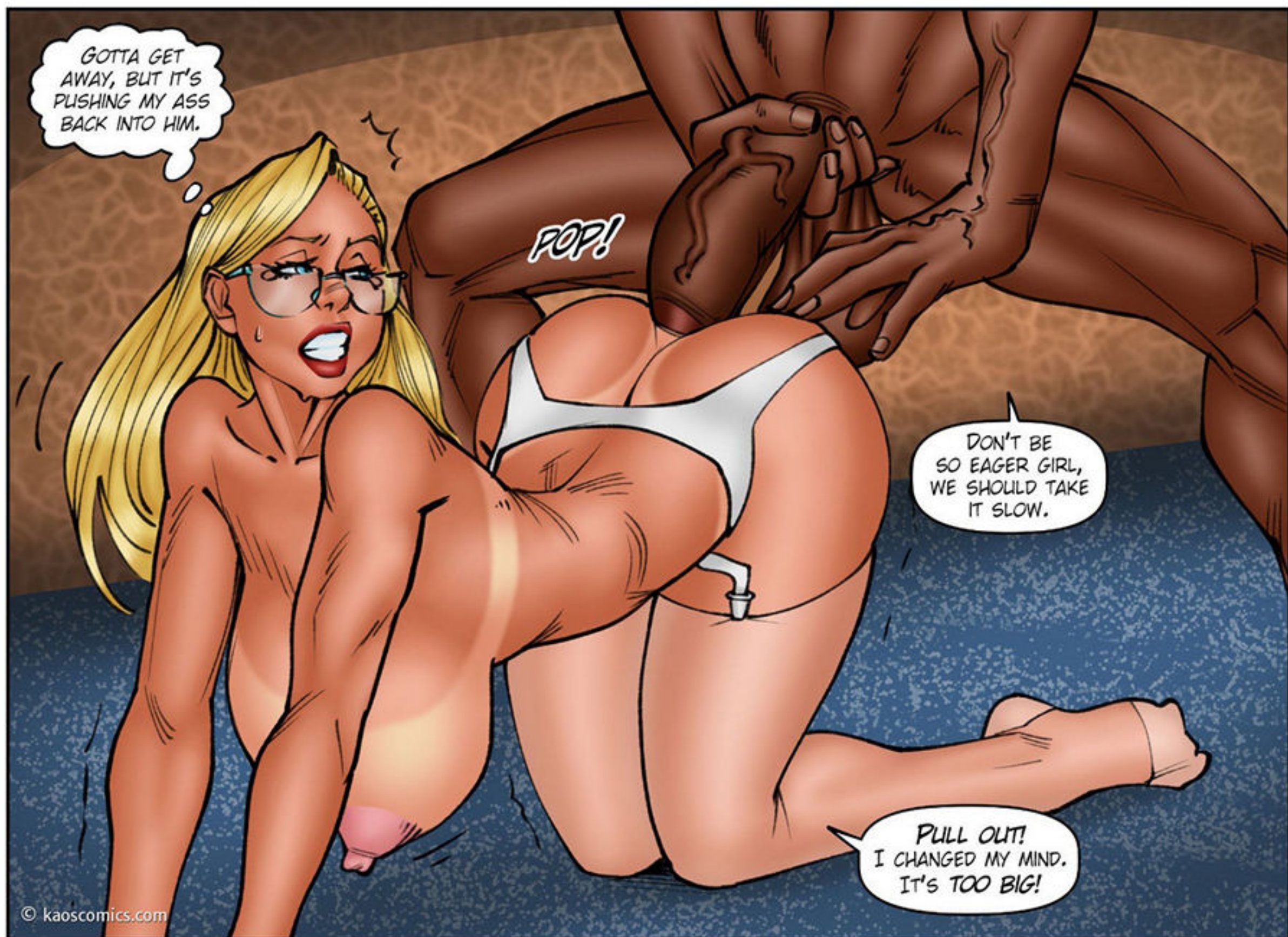


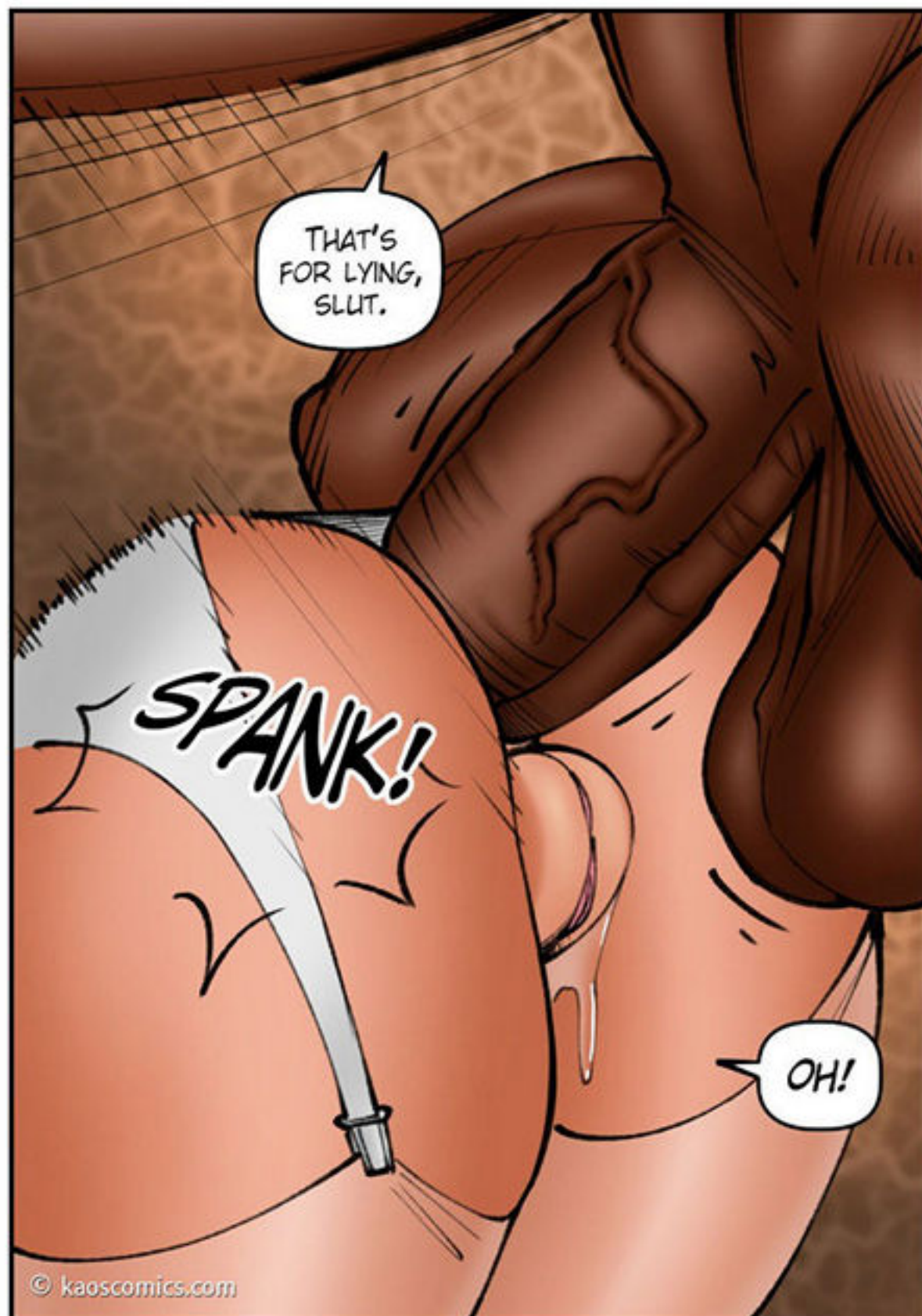


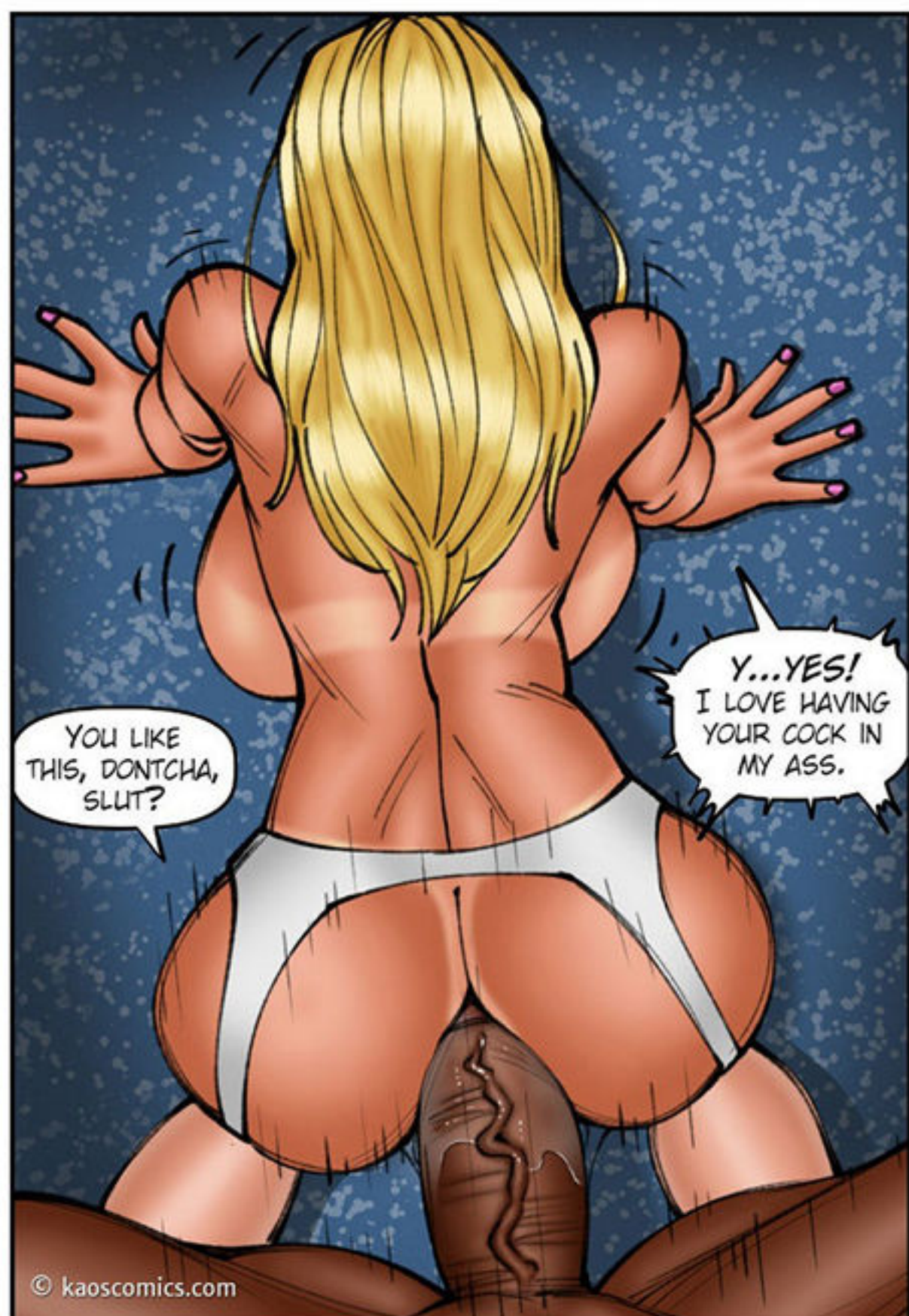


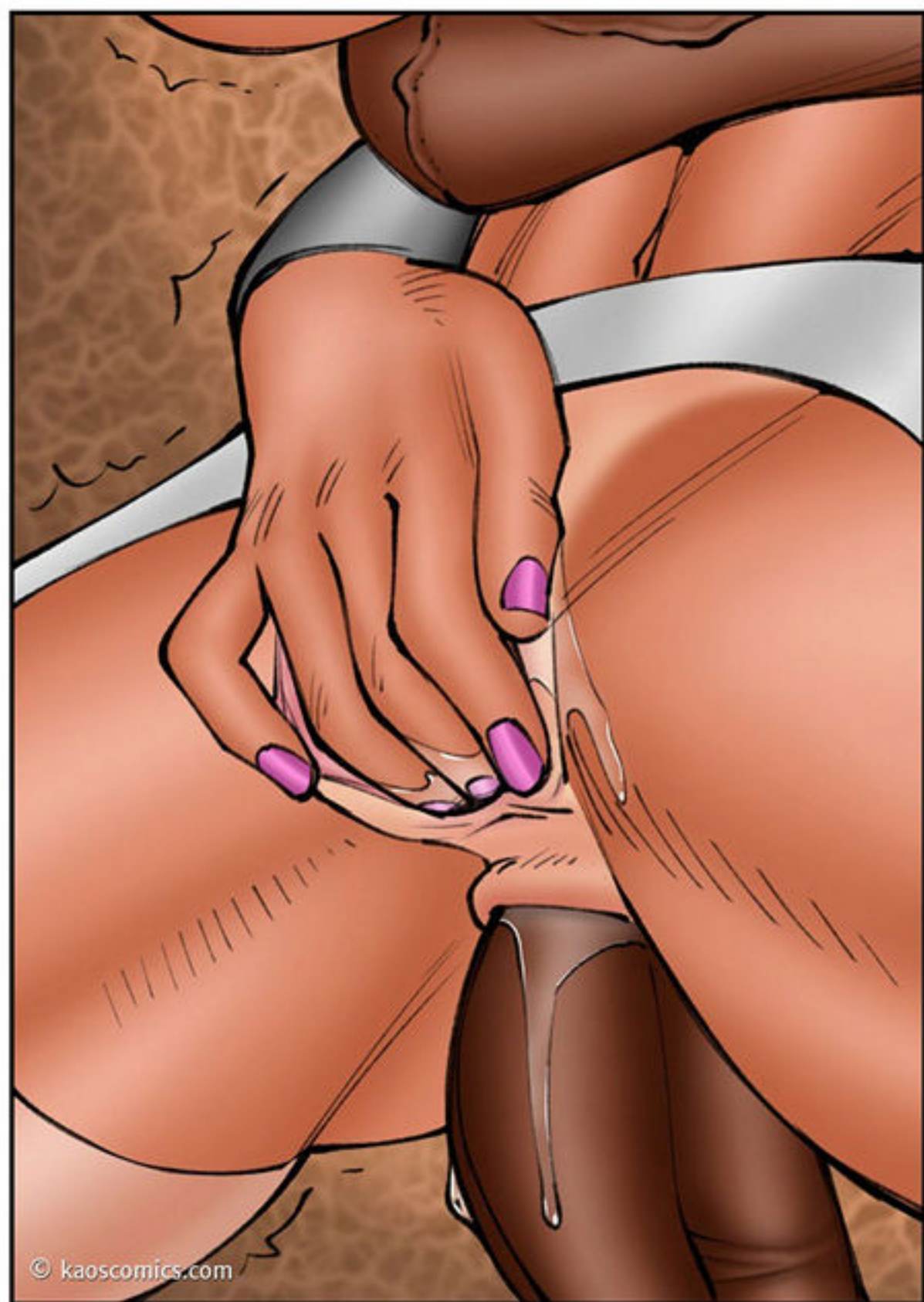


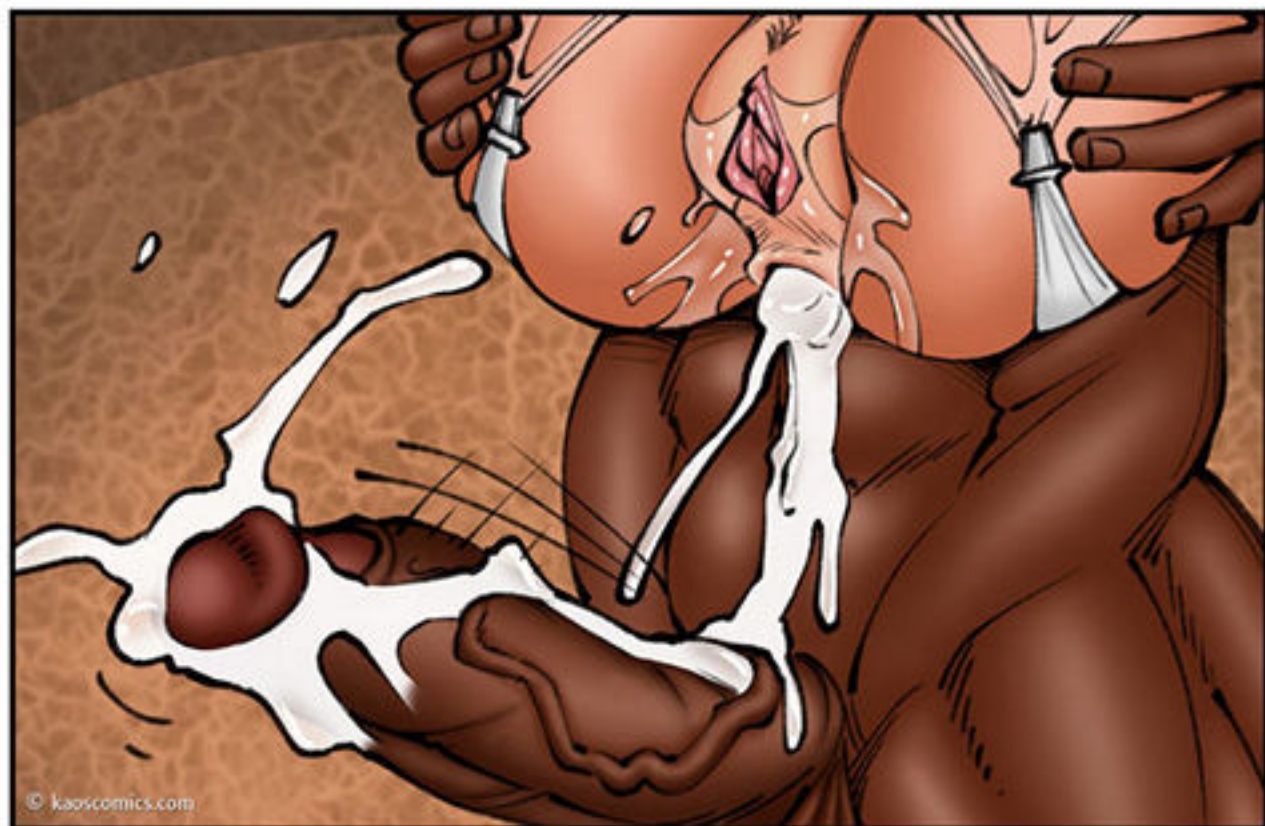
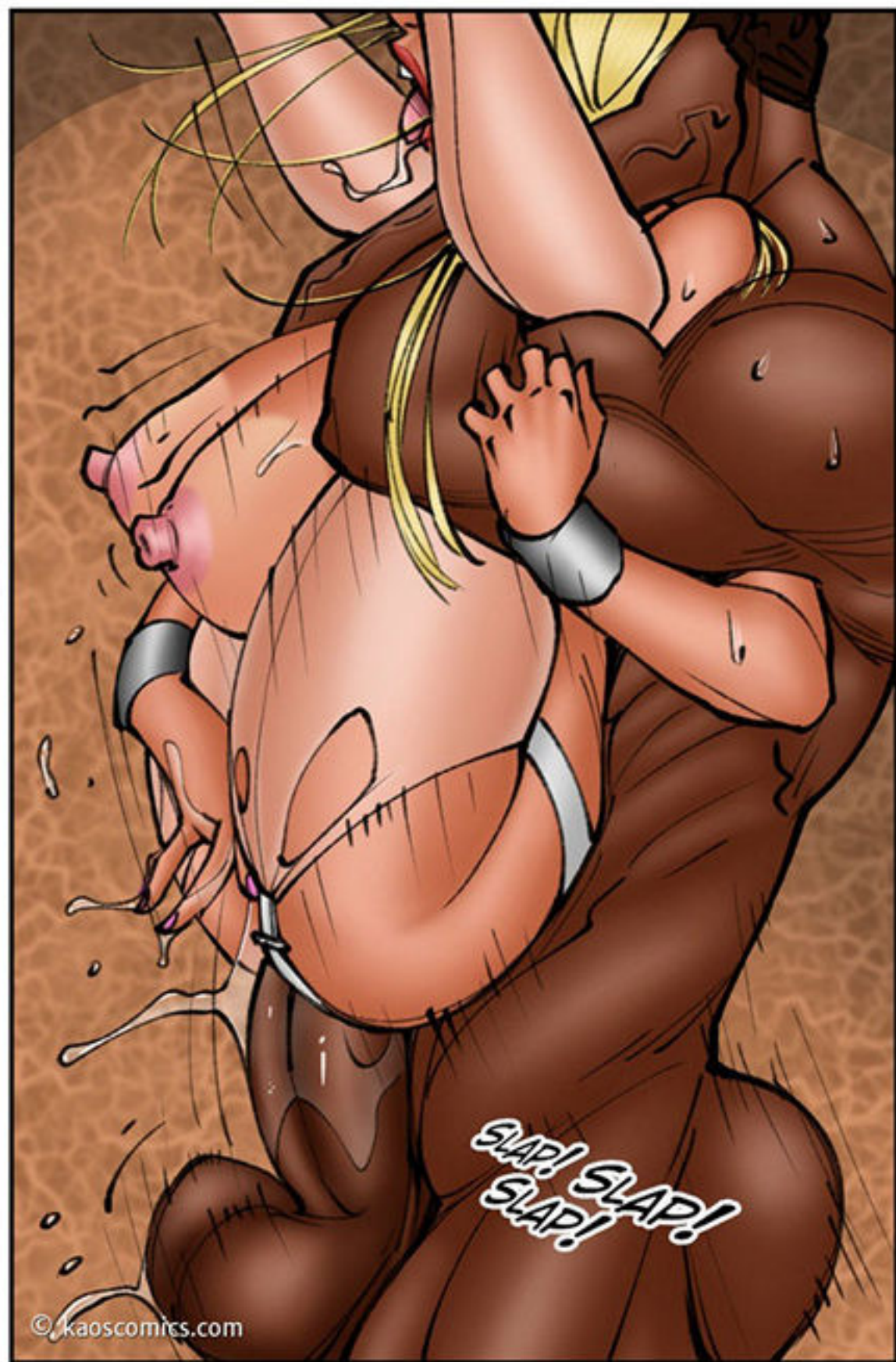


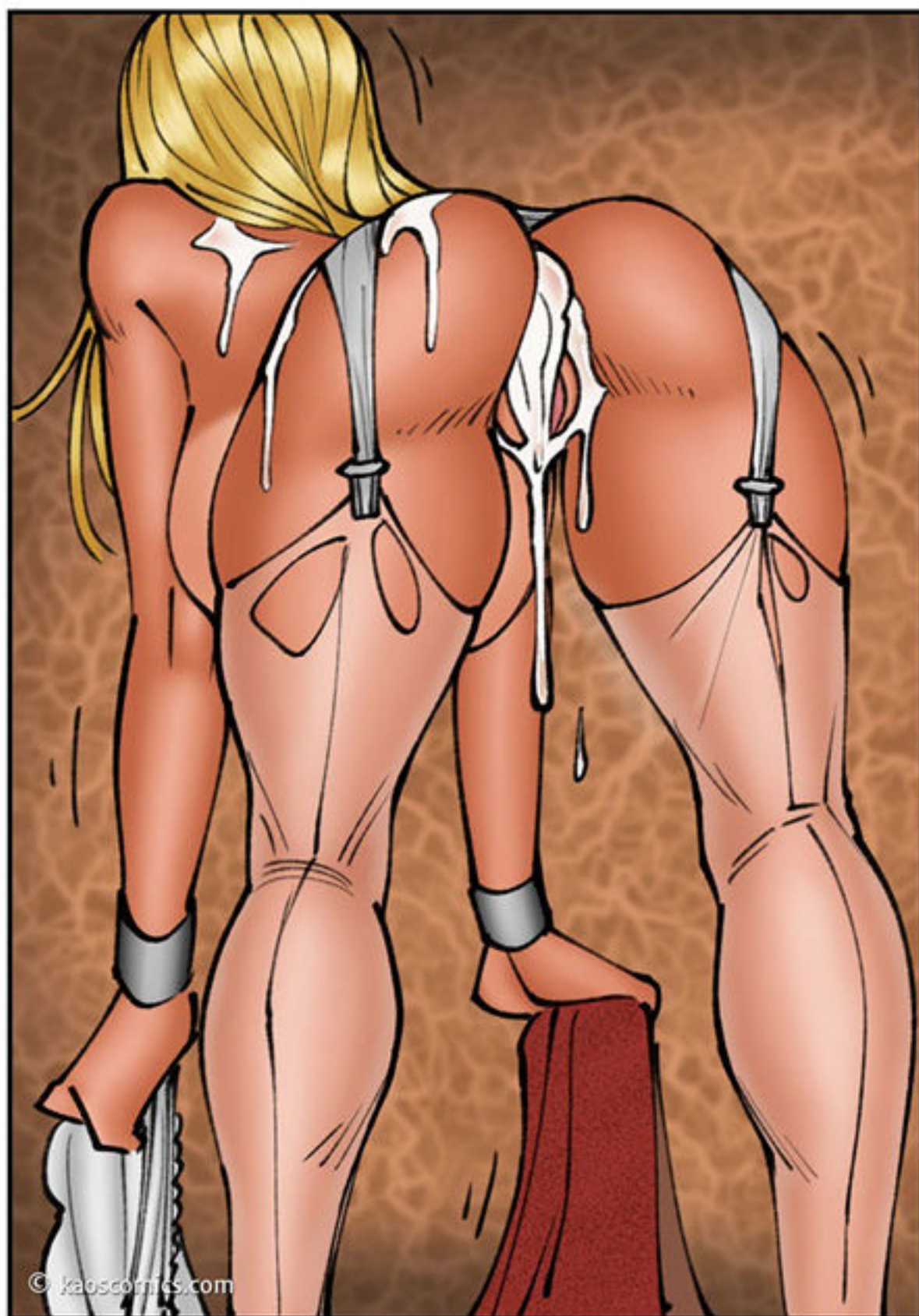


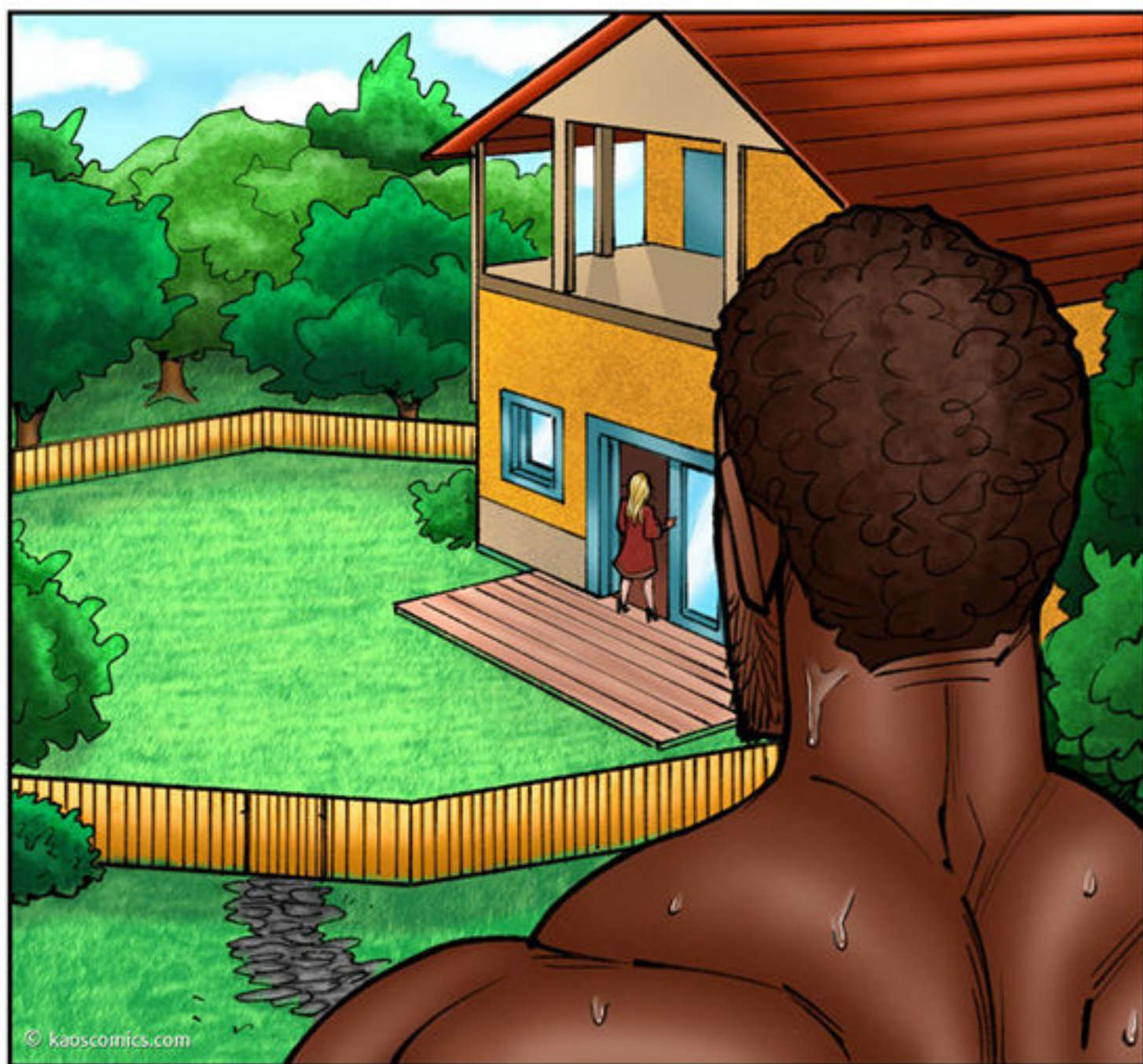












"A+," said Jamal as she passed him.

Megan just nodded walking to the door, Jamal following her.

She walked bowlegged back towards her house, feeling his semen squirting out with each step. Her legs could barely hold up her body weight and she looked down at them seeing that she had ripped her nylons around the knees. Now that the sexual high was gone she felt a little sick to her stomach. He had used her, calling her a slut and she had loved it. She looked back at him, still with awe, but the adoration was gone replaced by a look fear. Not fear of him, but fear of how her body was responding to him. Megan decided then, that she would avoid him and not look back.

She looked back... he was still watching her.

