

Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor

This story is Copyright© 2012 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Natalie Holt was walking through the park on her way home – a trip the nineteen year old had made four days a week for the last year from her classes at Maple Grove College where she majored in biology. Sure, she could have driven, but she enjoyed the walk, the serenity of nature and the birds chirping their joyful song. It was her time to relax and let her mind go after a long day of having her nose stuck in books and she took advantage of it whenever possible.

It was a beautiful day and Natalie was leaning against an ancient oak admiring the clear blue skies and breathing in the aromas of wildflowers she never bothered learning the names of, when she was suddenly broken out of her reverie by something large ramming into her side, knocking her off her feet and to the grassy ground below. “Watch where you’re...” her words of rebuke cut short when she looked up to see a tall, possibly handsome (it was hard to tell with the many cuts and bruises covering his face) man staring down at her through frightened eyes. “Oh my god! Are you alright?” she asked, climbing to her feet.

“Take this!” the man wheezed as he shoved a manila envelope against Natalie’s chest, his face growing more paranoid by the second – eyes darting left and right as if in search of whomever delivered the beating upon him. “Tell no one you’ve got it!”

“W-What is it? I don’t want to get mixed up in your troubles, Mister,” Natalie said holding the envelope out for him to take back. “Who are you?” she asked, her eyes fixed on his bloody face.

“Please, you have to keep it! It’s no longer safe with me,” he said refusing to take it back. Taking a pain-filled breath, he ran off as quickly as his battered body would carry him.

“Wait! What in the heck am I supposed to do with it?” Natalie yelled after the man, her voice trembling with fear of its own as she suddenly began looking around for whomever was going to jump out of the bushes and attack her for the package. Having no idea what was going on, or why she was listening to a stranger in the park, she tucked the envelope into her backpack alongside her books and went home as quickly as she could – alternating between running, jogging and walking while constantly looking over her shoulder.

Meanwhile, back in the park, the mysterious man leaned against an elm and smiled as he wiped the makeup and fake blood from his face – making a mental note to thank his good friend Connie for the excellent job in making him look like he had just gone ten rounds with Ali.

Running into the house, Natalie nearly knocked her mother to the floor. “Oh god! I’m sorry mom!”

“Ahem,” her mother cleared her throat. “You in a hurry?”

“Huh?”

“Are you alright, sweetie?” her father asked. “You look worried.”

“Hmm? Oh, I’m fine,” Natalie lied. “I was just thinking of the weird man that ran into me at the park.”

“A strange man?” Her mother asked.

“I don’t know who he was, but I think he was in trouble. His face was all bloody like he was on the losing end of a bad fight. He...” Natalie started. She was going to say he shoved an envelope at her, an envelope now in her backpack, but then remembered his words. “He apologized for running into me and then ran off. So, you guys going out on a date?”

“Yeah,” her mother smiled radiantly “we’re going to dinner and a movie with Luke and Gina. We’ll be out late so don’t wait up,” her smile turned to an almost seductive grin.

“Um, alrighty then. Do I even want to know why you’re grinning like that?”

“Probably not,” Her dad answered. “Come on honey, we don’t want to be late to the party.”

Her dad out the door, Natalie’s mom leaned in close and whispered in her ear. “Your father and I will be out most of the night. I left a gift on your bed.” Winking, she walked out of the house leaving her daughter standing there looking more confused than ever.

With her parents thankfully out of the house, Natalie ran up to her bedroom and locked the door behind her. Tossing her backpack on the bed, she barely missed the colorfully wrapped gift her mother left for her. Temporarily forgetting the envelope, she picked up the package and was surprised at the weight of it. Tearing off the wrapping, she opened the cardboard box and picked up a folded piece of paper.

With the paper out of the way, she stared down in wide-eyed embarrassment at three dildos. “Jesus Christ mom!” she gasped, picking up the largest of the three – a monstrous black dick with suction cup base measuring more than a foot long and nearly three inches thick. The other two toys were a purple dildo, again with suction cup base, but this on a more modest seven inches long and about an inch and a half thick; and a nine inch long, two inch thick blue one with a cord and bulb pump hanging out of the base.

Putting the huge black dildo back in the box and sitting it on the bed, Natalie unfolded the paper and read it.

I know this is a hell of a gift for a mother to give her daughter, but I’m worried about you, sweetie. You’re nineteen years old and have never had a boyfriend, or girlfriend for that matter and it just isn’t natural. I know you can be shy, but come on, Natalie, you’re a beautiful young woman who should be out experimenting, not sitting home alone every night with her nose in a book.

Use the toys and learn how great sex can feel and then go out and get yourself laid! Your father and I will be out most of the night so feel free to go hog wild.

Love, Mom

“I’m a virgin and I intend to stay that way until I get married,” Natalie sighed, dropping the note back into the box and then moving the box to the furthest reaches of her closet. Mildly embarrassed, she stripped out of her shirt and pants and plopped down on the bed while cursing the still broken air conditioning. Retrieving the envelope from her backpack, she looked the orange colored package over – guessing it to be about an inch or so thick and filled edge to edge with something hard, yet somewhat flexible.

There were no names, addressed or postage stamps and the only thing holding it closed were the small metal tabs on the back. *Well, seeing as how it’s not really sealed shut no one will know that I opened it.* She reasoned as she scoot back on the bed and leaned against the headboard.

Fingers trembling, she lifted the tabs and opened the flap. Looking inside, she saw what appeared to be a photo album. Holding the envelope by the sides, she turned it upside down and gently shook it, being careful not to ruin the envelope or the photo album as it slid out and landed on the bed. Turning it over, the first thing she saw on the black cover was a picture of a stunningly beautiful brunette woman with the caption: **Fiona Delmarco’s Album of Perversions** written below.

“What in the fuck?” Natalie said as she opened the album. The first page was head and body shots of the lovely Fiona Delmarco with what looked like some sort of dossier on her including name, age, address, place of work, and all the vital statistics. Flipping the page, the photos became more revealing. In place of shirt and jeans, or dresses, Fiona was now wearing lingerie. In one picture her large breasts were revealed showing she had pierced nipples.

For some reason intrigued and unable to stop herself, Natalie flipped to the next page and Fiona’s clothes were gone. But on the next page things really got interesting. It was titled ***Thou Shalt Eat Seed*** and showed Fiona kneeling on the floor surrounded by at least a dozen men with their hard cocks pointed at her. Page after page it showed her sucking and jerking off all those men. Her face was blasted with semen, her mouth filled with it.

“OH MY GOD!” Natalie gasped at about the halfway point – a page showing Fiona with a cock in each hand and two shoved in her gaping mouth. “I’ve never seen anything so disgusting in my life!” Closing the album, she tossed it on the bed as the trembling in her hands spread to the rest of her body and she looked down at the lacy purple thing she was wearing – a lacy purple thong that was now damn with pussy juices.

Shocked, Natalie reached into her panties and did something she had never done before. Rubbing along her moist slit, she withdrew her fingers and held them up about a foot in front of her face – her eyes focusing on the pussy juices covering them. “No way! There’s no fucking way that turned me on!” But like it or not, the seed of curiosity had been planted. Unable to resist the urge, she picked the album back up and flipped through a few more pages as the feeling of butterflies swarming in her belly grew by the second.

“My god!” she half moaned. “How can she let them shoot all over her face like that?” Turning the page, her hand grew a mind of its own and slowly slithered into her panties where her fingers gently massaged her clit as she looked at the degrading images of Fiona Demarco covered in the semen of at least a dozen men. The rubbing intensified the further into the album she went and just as she felt her entire body tingling, on the verge of her first orgasm, a slip of paper fell out of the back of the album and landed on the soft swell of her sweat-covered belly.