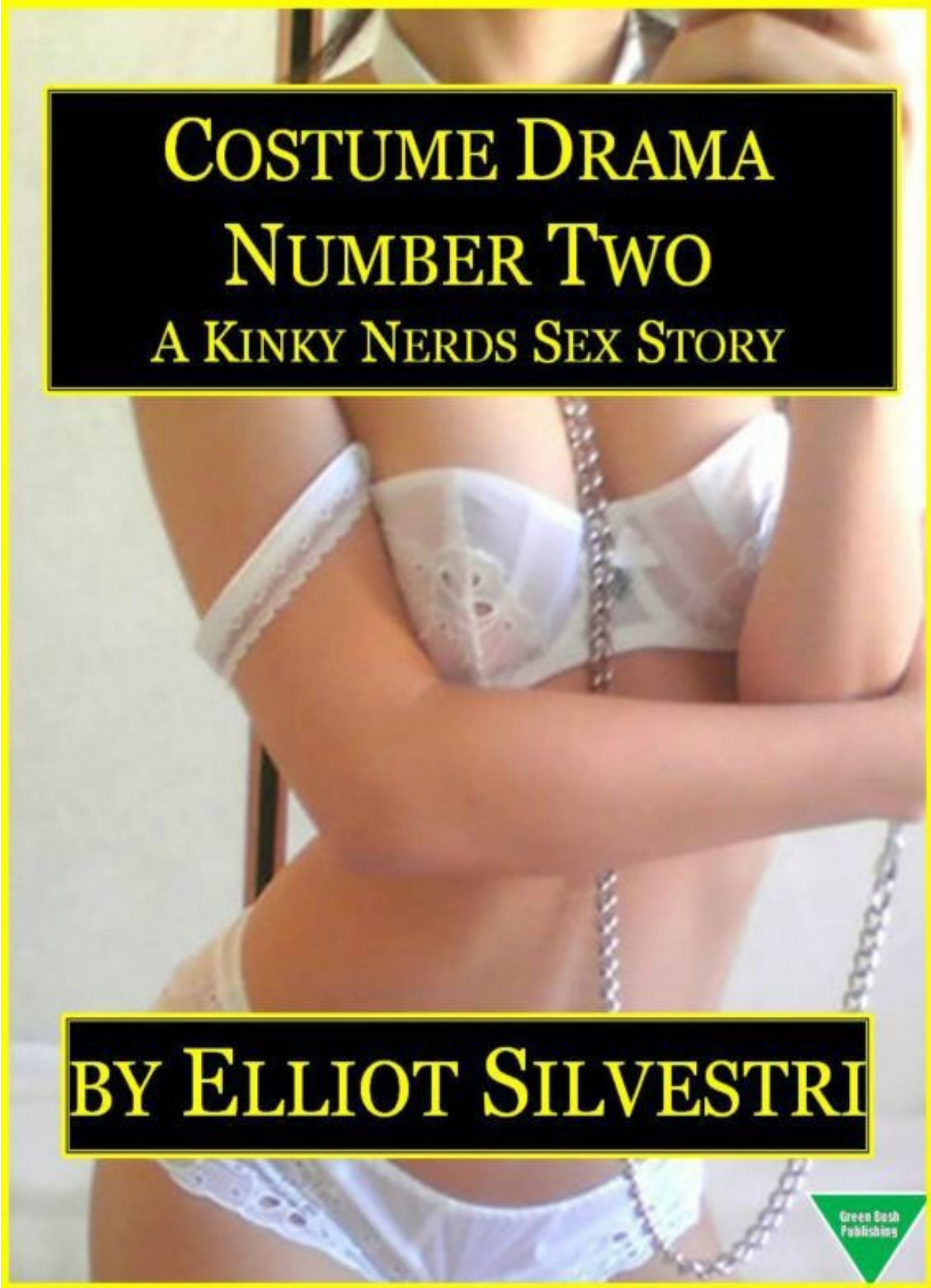


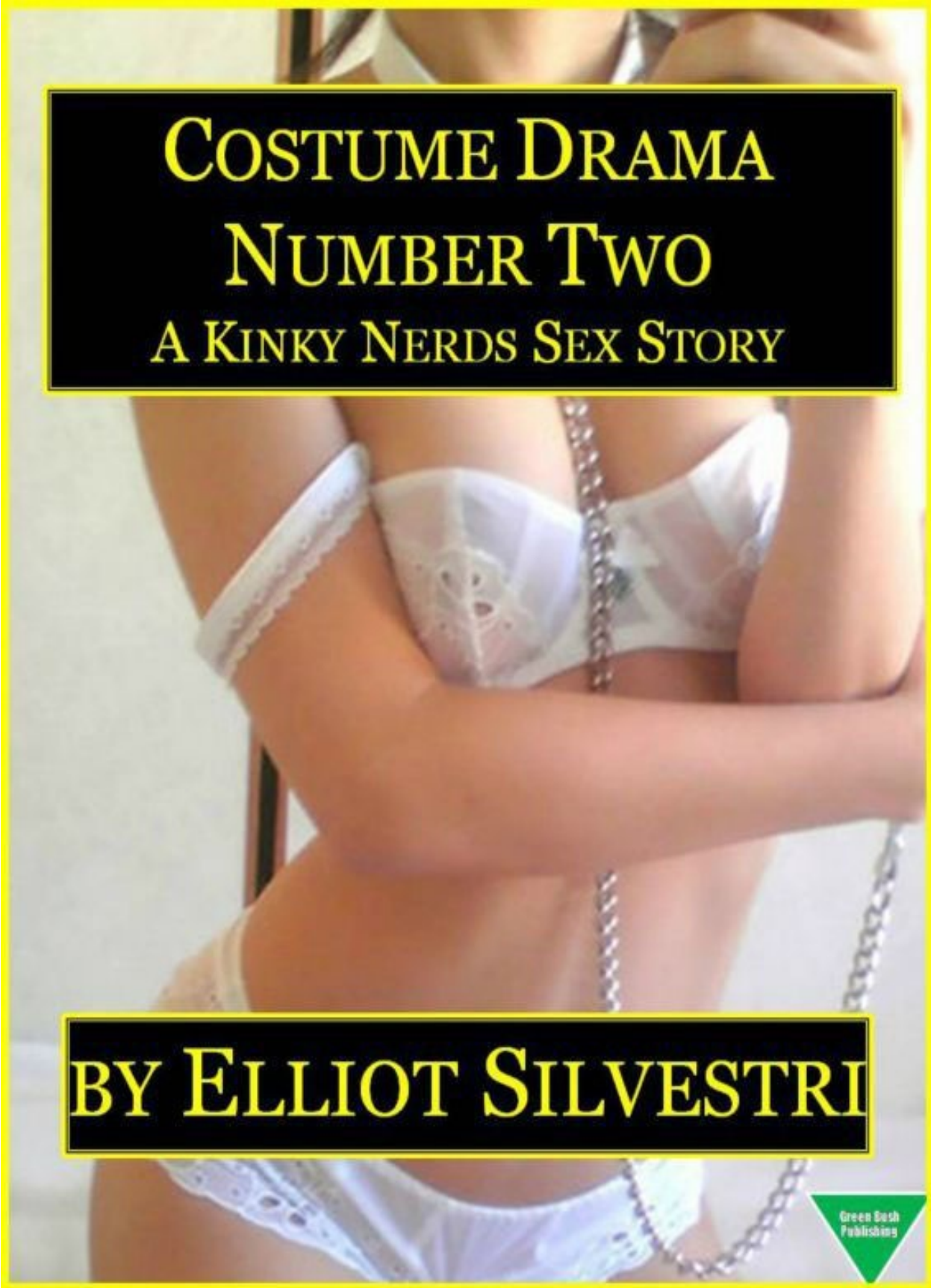
A photograph of a person wearing a white, lace-trimmed corset and a silver chain. The person's arms are crossed over their chest. The image is framed by a thick yellow border.

COSTUME DRAMA NUMBER TWO

A KINKY NERDS SEX STORY

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
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Costume Drama No. 2
A Kinky Nerds Sex Story

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Ronald saw Alice stride into the hotel lobby and immediately grabbed her key from under the counter he had carefully hidden it hours earlier. She was a regular customer of the hotel. She tipped well, and when she had the time she would even flirt with Ronald and the other agents who worked the front desk. There was no way she would ever confirm that she was a working girl, but based on the outfits she wore (classy and expensive business suits), the way she tipped (a twenty at a minimum, a hundred when she needed a favor), the hours she kept (erratic—and short, she never spent the night at the hotel), combined with the way her schedule intersected with the political schedule of the state government (always when the upper levels of state government were in session), there was only one logical conclusion.

Not that Ronald cared. She wasn't the only sex worker that visited the Ollec Hotel, just a few minutes' walk from the capital buildings. She never caused a problem. She always called ahead to confirm her reservation. She always tipped. That was the key. Alice's tipping went a long way with building good relations with the hotel staff. Since she never left a mess in her room and additionally tipped the cleaning ladies everyone on the hotel staff was more than happy to look the other way.

When she breezed in there was a line waiting at the front desk. State government was done for the weekend and had cleared out. The check in line was for a high school sports competition. Ronald loathed waiting on these people. Alice never had to wait. It did take Ronald a moment to recognize their regular customer. Instead of her typical black or beige business suit that she wore to blend in with the working stiffs and political hacks, she was wearing a brilliant white suit. It was still perfectly innocuous, even if the skirt did end above her knees. She had the body for it. Since it was still early spring and well after sundown, Alice was wearing a long white overcoat, but open and unbelted. As always she was a striking figure.

Her different clothing wasn't the only thing that threw Ronald. She had dyed her black hair blond. No, he corrected himself when she walked around the long line of check-ins and grabbed her key card from Ronald, exchanging the bit of plastic

for a pair of folded bills, she was wearing a wig. Her departure from the front lobby caused a break in the steady rhythm of the line's progression. He couldn't help but stare for a moment at her ass as she headed for the elevators. It wasn't the first time that Ronald wished he could figure out some way to install a hidden camera in her room.

"Hey! Pal!" the overweight sports dad at the head of the line snapped, banging his hand and credit card down on the counter. "Quit looking at the girl's ass and help me out here!"

"Right away, sir," Ronald said after pocking Alice's tip and smoothly changing Sports Dad's room from the end of the corridor with a view of the river to one next to the ice machines and elevators with a view of the neighboring building. "Enjoy your stay."

As she rode the elevator upstairs Alice shifted her weight back and forth in her three inch heels. She didn't like wearing heels, she wasn't that type of woman, but her client had requested white heels to go with her white skirt, white blouse, white jacket, white overcoat, white corset, white panties, white garter belt, and white stockings. Plus the blond wig.

"Are you into virgins?" Alice had asked him on the phone when they were setting their final arrangements.

"What? No, no, you misunderstand me," Neil said. He was pleasant enough on the phone and nothing he had asked for was outside the realm of what Alice was willing to provide, so she had set the date.

"It's okay," she assured him. "I can play that role, you just need to know ahead of time that I'm not a virgin."

"No no no," he insisted. "I'm not looking for a virgin, I'm looking for the White Queen."

"A white queen?" she asked wondering if she was getting into something that was bizarrely racially charged.

"No, the White Queen."

The wig made her scalp itch, but Alice controlled herself and breathed in and

out. This was her job. Well, her second job, the one that actually paid the rent as opposed to the one she loved that made no money. Very few people appreciated avant-garde art. Very few people appreciated real art at all.

As promised the room was empty. Neil had told her he would be late. She hated waiting. Still, Neil was paying for her time whether she sat in an empty hotel room watching Nick at Nite or if she was riding on top of him, praising the power of his cock.

There was little to do, she mused as she sat down in the couch opposite the television and flipped to Nick at Nite. Full House was just finishing. The Nanny was up next. She hoped Neil would arrive before Fran Drescher appeared on screen.

The knock at the door didn't come quickly enough. Alice had nearly drifted off to sleep on the couch and quickly snapped off the television as she went to admit her visitor, who was also her client. Out of habit she checked the peephole. The man standing outside matched the picture she had been emailed.

It was easy to plaster a smile on her face when she opened the door to greet him. "Neil. I've been expecting you," she said. The tone wasn't sultry, but professional. That's what Alice considered herself, a professional.

"Wow," was all Neil said upon viewing her.

"Come in," she invited him, leading the way with her swaying hips. She didn't oversell the fantasy. That would make her work a parody of what he wanted.

Safe inside the hotel room Neil sat down on the edge of the bed and goggled at his prize. "Wow," he breathed again. "You're beautiful."

Some men would have wanted her to giggle and play coy. Not Neil. He had specified he wanted a strong, confident woman who would be in charge for the night. That Alice could do. "Thank you." She took in his appearance. It wasn't a surprise. He was approaching middle age, was a little soft and paunchy in the middle. His average height wasn't helped by his slight gut. He was clean shaven, but a little bit jowly. The fantasy he had spun out would have been better if he had dressed for the part. Instead of a suit or costume of any sort, Neil had opted for a polo shirt and khakis. With sneakers. Inwardly Alice sighed. It was her job to perform a service and so she would. It was a simple game he wanted her to

play. She was to seduce and fuck him to extract a piece of information she supposedly needed. Easy enough.

“What do you do for a living, Neil?” she asked while standing over him, leaning slightly forward to expose just a hint of cleavage. With him seated on the edge of the bed, they had already established the power dynamic of her superiority.

“I’m an accountant,” he told her breathlessly.

It was odd that he chose that career for this fantasy because it was the same one he had in real life. She had checked. “That’s a great career,” she complimented him. “But I need you to tell me something about one of your clients. Can you do that for me?” she asked.

Immediately he shook his head. “No. All of my clients are confidential.”

Her smile went ice cold. “You can give it to me willingly, happily...or I can get it out of you with...more stressful techniques.” She leaned forward, placing her hands on his shoulders, giving him a direct view of her cleavage which was nicely displayed inside the V of her blouse and propped up by her hidden corset.

Neil shook his head. “That won’t be necessary,” he said and swallowed hard.

“Then tell me what I need to know.” Alice didn’t know what she needed to know from him. That wasn’t the point.

“But...I can’t,” he sighed in frustration.

“Then I suppose I’ll have to do something about that.” She held his gaze a long time. Longer than would be considered polite. Longer than an angry glare between two opponents. Longer than lovers would look into each other’s eyes during a passionate embrace. Neil wasn’t able to look away and finally, after swallowing hard, he asked, “What do you need?”

“What I need,” she said sharply, “is for you to answer my questions the first time I ask them. That didn’t happen so now I need you to take off your clothes.”

She took her hands off his shoulders and stood up straight, stepping back two paces allowing him the room he needed to undress. As he followed her orders she eyed him critically. He was out of shape, certainly, but not morbidly obese.

His chest was hairy, no surprise, but overall he was well-proportioned. The big reveal came when he pulled down his boxer shorts and showed off his cock.

There was no surprise in Alice's heart when she saw it was already erect. His cock was unremarkable. He stood up awkwardly, his cock jutting up between them. She could tell he wanted to bend forward and cover his shame. Just from her posture he knew that wasn't allowed.

"Lay down on the bed," she ordered after yanking off the covers, leaving just the fitted sheet on the mattress. The cover and blanket she dropped into a heap at the bed's foot.

Now his cock was pointing to the wall above his head. Neil lay stiffly on the mattress. Maybe he was a little bit nervous because he hadn't done this before. Maybe he was excited because he had done it before.

Alice took her time undressing, giving him a show. The first thing she did was kick off her heels. She hated wearing heels. It made her feel like she was being hobbled. While by no means athletic, she preferred to wear footgear that was more practical...except when dressing to play a role. Then she took off her jacket, carefully folding it over the back of a chair. She then reached behind her to unzip her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. This revealed very little more because her blouse's hem hung below her hips. What it did show was the white garters holding up her white stockings.

Neil's cock twitched slightly as her body was slowly revealed. Alice smiled thinly at him. "I want you to know, Neil, that I need this information. I won't stop until I get it."

He started to open his mouth to protest, but she stopped him with an upheld hand.

"No. Don't say anything else until I ask you for the information again."

His eyes widened. This wasn't part of the script, but he played along.

Slowly she unbuttoned the silk blouse that still covered her torso. There was no hurry to undress. When the buttons were undone she let the smooth silk flow off her shoulders to join the skirt on the floor. To his credit Neil didn't gasp.

“You’re beautiful,” he told her.

Her small smile didn’t change. “That’s unimportant. You need to remain quiet, Neil.” She let him look at her a long moment. If he detected the vivid tattoo that was largely hidden by her corset, he said nothing. Although he hadn’t asked about tattoos, she knew that being covered with body art wasn’t the exact fantasy Neil was looking for. That was okay. Alice was adaptable.

“I’m going to do something to you now, Neil,” she told him. “You might like it, you might not. Either way it doesn’t matter. I need to do it to you. When we’re done, perhaps I’ll ask you another question.”

He nodded. Alice bent over and picked up her clothes, grabbed the jacket off the chair’s back, and strode over to the closet to carefully hang them up. She didn’t do this because she was overly fastidious about her garments—though she had bought this costume for Neil’s fantasy and it was easily the most expensive clothing she now owned. That didn’t bother her. She had charged Neil for the purchase of the costume. The purpose of walking away and hang up the clothes was to show off her ass to him. It was a tease. From the front her panties looked moderately modest. In actuality she was wearing a saucy thong. Walking away from Neil was the only effective way of showing them off. When she returned from the small hotel closet Alice deigned to bend at her waist and carefully lower her panties to the floor.

That caused Neil to swallow and lick his lips. She wore the thong over the garters holding up her stockings. It was slutty, but that was what Neil was paying for. He stared at her pussy. It was completely shaved; that was for two reasons. First, Alice shaved because she found it more hygienic when meeting strange men for sex. It kept away the pubic lice. Second, it hid her black hair. Neil was paying for a fantasy fulfilled. He wanted a blonde, not a woman who sported jet black hair from her scalp and crotch.

“I’m going to need some help with this part, Neil,” she told him as she walked to the bed. She was used to this part, the nervous bit before the first sexual contact. They hadn’t so much as shared a kiss, but she eagerly clambered on the bed, threw her leg over his burly chest to straddle his torso and face his feet. From there it was easy to lower her cunt to his face and allow him to pleasure her with his tongue.

When his mouth contacted her sex she sighed and grasped the base of his cock. Just the touch of his lips on hers was enough to relax her. She waited a minute as he began in earnest to eat her pussy, then she slowly began stroking his cock. It wouldn't do to go too fast. The strokes needed to be slow and steady to keep him interested and on edge.

It was barely necessary. Neil showed his intense interest in her pussy, grasping both of her ass cheeks with his hands and plunging his face into her nethers. He used his tongue to great effect on her clit and slipped a pair of fingers up her pussy. That she enjoyed. She hoped he wouldn't move back and attack her anus. It was allowable under their agreement, but she didn't particularly like having her ass licked, especially with a new client. In the end it didn't matter because he knew exactly what he was doing—even for someone who wasn't particularly attractive or all that socially skillful Neil apparently had had plenty of experience around at least one woman's pussy. Or maybe he was just a natural at cunnilingus. Either way, in short order Alice found herself starting to hyperventilate and clench her muscles. Though she had always been orgasmic, cumming for the first time with a new person was always very difficult for her. Eventually the insistence of his tongue and fingers were too much for Alice to resist. Her orgasm broke over her body with a sudden hotness and a wave of muscle spasms. It was hard for Alice to say how long her climax lasted but when she was done she had to make sure that Neil was still breathing.

"That was very good," she panted to him. "Did you enjoy it?"

Neil gave a muffled response and she realized her weight was stifling him. She flexed her knees and gave him a bit of air. "Yes," he gasped.

"Good," she replied. "Your cock looks big and ready to explode. Do you want to cum, Neil?"

"Yes!"

"I see." She stroked him lightly up and down a few times then abruptly slapped his cock and balls with the flat of her hand. He jumped and yowled.

"What was that for?" he complained.

Alice still had one hand firmly on the base of his cock. It was even redder now from her slap. She was certain he had an uncomfortable tightness in his stomach

from her abuse of his balls, but that was necessary. Keeping him under her control was necessary and she needed to do that by any means at her disposal.

“To keep you in line,” she told him and then gave his velvety cock head a firm flick with her middle finger, holding it back with her thumb for a moment to increase the tension, then letting her finger snap out like it was spring loaded.

He jumped from the impact but didn’t scream. He had better control of himself now. He was preparing himself for further abuse. A small welt appeared on his cock and Alice couldn’t help herself. She kissed the injury she had just caused.

Neil inhaled sharply at her soft touch.

The kiss left a hint of precum on her lips. This she licked off and smacked her lips at the salty flavor.

“Would you like me to suck you off, Neil?”

“Oh, please yes!”

She took his cock’s head into her mouth, just barely inside her lips, and sucked greedily. A small dribble of precum landed on her tongue and she swallowed. As she continued to suck her hand stroked his length and Neil moved uncomfortably under her body. He was even stiffer than before. His orgasm was at hand so she immediately stopped all stimulation.

He groaned in frustration when his dick was left free to twitch freely in the air. “Do you want to cum in my mouth or my pussy, Neil?” she asked him. “Or would you like to cum on my face or tits? Some guys like that.”

“Pussy,” he gasped. “Pussy.”

“Hmm. For that I’ll need that information, Neil.” She languidly stretched her body out and rolled off his chest, turning around to face him. His lips and cheeks were smeared with her wetness. “What’s it going to be?” she asked as she straddled his hips, but didn’t let his cock head get near her slit. Instead she pressed her wide open labia against his shaft and moved her hips ever so slightly to tease him.

“Her name’s Katie,” he blurted. “I want to fuck her. I need to fuck her, but she’s

one of my clients so I can't."

Only on Alice could such a smile express such sadness. "Very good, Neil," she said and raised her hips up, caught his cock in her slit, and then lowered herself down. She went up and down only twice before his cock started pumping thick, ropy semen into her body. The hot injection made her shudder. Alice was accustomed to having sex that didn't result in any orgasm for her, this was unusual. Two orgasms from the same client. It was a good night indeed.

When he was done she got off his body, and walked to the bathroom with his cum dripping down her legs. It only took her a minute to wash up, find her clothing, and dress before she walked back to the bed. Neil was still laying on his back, a satisfied look on his face.

"Set up a meeting between you and Katie," she ordered. "Make it after normal business hours. You have an office that is private, do you not?"

"Yes," he replied, puzzled.

"Good. Let me know the day and time. I'll be there as well."

"What for?"

Alice glared at him taking her role as the White Queen ever so seriously. "You are still in my thrall, Neil. You simply need to follow orders." With that she buttoned up her shirt, fixed her jacket over the smooth silk, draped her coat over her arm and walked out the door.

Interlude

Text messages

Neil: I really enjoyed last night.

Alice: That's nice. Have you set up the meeting yet?

Neil: No. I'm too nervous.

Alice: Don't disobey my commands. Do it now. Don't text me back until you have a time and date.

After an hour long wait her cell phone buzzed with a response. Alice didn't mind. She was busy with her art.

Neil: Wednesday at 7:30. My office.

Alice: Good. Don't prepare her. Surprise works best.

Pause.

Neil: I didn't know you had a tattoo. I wasn't expecting that.

Alice: To your eyes, I don't have a tattoo. Understand?

Neil: Yes, I understand.

Pause

Neil: Are you a natural blonde?

Alice: To your eyes, any hair on my body is golden yellow. Understand.

Neil: Yes my queen.

There were no more messages from him. Alice went over to the mirror that hung on the brick wall of her art studio. It was covered with fine layer of dust and needed a thorough cleaning. It didn't matter. She could still see. Even with the blond wig, her eyebrows were still jet black. What was the risk in dyeing them to match the wig?

Part Two

“I didn’t think my practice was doing so...badly,” Katie said.

“Well, it’s not...really,” Neil said. The meeting was going too long and he had called it with her under the thinnest of pretences. Her dental practice was going just fine, there were minor issues with payments and some staffing problems, but nothing for Neil to have an emergency consult over. He had stretched a five minute phone call to a half hour broad ranging discussion to imply that if Katie didn’t do something right now her office would be closed and shuttered within the week. “You just need to address these issues.”

The awkwardness of the meeting was made worse by Neil’s complete infatuation with his client. She was a tiny thing, barely five feet tall with curly brown hair and thick glasses. She was every bit the image of a cute nerd. The fact she had once professed to be a huge fan of old school science fiction and fantasy novels only made his obsession worse.

“Well, then why did you call me over,” she sighed in some frustration.

“I worry about your business,” Neil said. It was a lame answer.

She looked at him strangely. “That’s nice...I guess,” she answered wondering what was going on.

“Perhaps I can shed a little more light on what Neil is trying to tell you.” Alice breezed into the office full of confidence. She had let herself into Neil’s outer office with a key he had lent her. Waiting outside his private office in relative silence had taken some self control. The entire time she had been listening at the door, she was torn between letting him clumsily stumble through the meeting and sweeping in to save him.

It was when she remembered she had been hired for this job that she came in to save him.

Katie blinked twice at the tall, elegant blonde woman. “Who are you?” Katie

asked puzzled.

“She’s a business associate,” Neil blurted, lamely.

Alice gave him a withering gaze. He sat back down behind his desk. “I’m his… well, let’s say mistress.”

Her answer further confused Katie. “But…he’s not married.”

The smile on Alice’s face never wavered. “That doesn’t mean I can’t be his superior.” She glanced over at Neil. “Neil, stand up and strip.”

“What?” The whole situation had gotten completely out of hand far too quickly for Katie. “You can’t just order him about like that.” The little doctor was on her feet confronting a woman almost a foot taller than her. Only now did Katie take in the unusual outfit Alice was wearing. A white business suit, white purse, white stockings, and white high heeled boots that zipped up to her knees. Next to her Katie felt absolutely mousy in her casual jeans and oversized sweatshirt, her normal afterhours garb. After a day in doctor’s scrubs and jacket she wanted something that set her apart from her job.

“Certainly I can,” Alice replied. “He enjoys it.” She glanced over at Neil who—incredulously in Katie’s eyes—had removed his shirt, tie, pants, and shoes. He was already down to an undershirt and boxers. Katie gaped at him. “I should let you know, he’s doing this for you.”

“What?”

“He’s obsessed with you.”

“What?” The events were passing far too quickly for Katie. “I don’t understand.”

“He has an obsession with you, dear girl. I’m here to facilitate that.”

“I don’t even—” Katie started to say and then her eyes flickered over to where Neil stood behind his desk. He had removed all his clothing at this point and was now naked with his cock pointing proudly up at the ceiling. “Fuck! Neil!”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I have to do what she says. I can’t resist.”

Alice took a half-step in front of Katie to block her view of the accountant. “Don’t worry about him. He’s fine. It’s you that is in need of a little guidance.”

“What are you talking about?”

Bringing herself up to her full height and looking down at the little woman in front of her. “Neil is obsessed with you. He has trouble articulating that. All he wants to do is fuck you. Is that so much to ask?”

Katie’s mouth worked in complete shock. It was a long moment before she was able to speak. “How...?” was all she managed to get out.

Using her most imperious tone, Alice placed a hand on Katie’s shoulder and said, “You have a choice to make. Run out of this office; flee from a shy man’s terrible advance.” She paused and glanced at the patiently waiting Neil. “Or take off your clothes and submit to your own lustful nature.”

Her mind wasn’t fully functioning. Katie made no movement. “That’s not how it’s supposed to work,” she finally said.

“And how is it supposed to work? Dinner? Flowers? Romance? A walk in the park? All of this before you decided to have sex? Silly. Take off your clothes and have sex with him first. Make your decision on whether to advance your relationship from there. Who wants to be stuck in bed with a lousy lay?”

The hesitation that Katie made told Alice everything. “I can’t...I mean...what if...”

Alice was already tired of the sad drama. “Take off your clothes,” she ordered.

“What?”

“Take. Off. Your. Clothes.” She enunciated each word carefully. Then it was as if Katie’s mind became unfrozen. Or, more likely, her body responded to the strange stimuli around her.

She reached up and removed her glasses, folding them carefully and placing them on the side table in Neil’s office. Then she pulled her sweatshirt over her head, revealing a t-shirt advertising the tour of a band long since dissolved. She tossed this on the couch and kicked off her shoes. Her jeans she pushed down

over her hips and stepped out of them. Then she hesitated again. To go further was to climb a wall that she couldn't get over.

"Here, let me help," Alice said stepped forward to the girl and yanking her t-shirt over her head. What was underneath intrigued Alice. The smaller woman had a bit of flair and style. She wore a set of matching bra and panties, both made of shiny satin, and bright green. Alice was disappointed to see Katie's bra was sorely under filled. At most she was sporting an A cup. Her tits would be sadly inadequate in most men's eyes. Alice was a woman and didn't care. Her tits were a full B cup. She didn't know if Neil cared or not. But that wasn't her concern at the moment.

"Turn around."

Katie complied and Alice unhooked her bra, letting it fall from her shoulders. Alice noted her pert butt under the shiny satin panties as she ordered Katie to turn back around. She was clutching her bra to her breasts, hiding the last bit of her dignity. "Let it down," she said. "You have no need of modesty."

With a nod Katie complied and let her tiny bra fall. Her tits were, as expected, small and pert, topped with equally tiny nipples that jutted out. Either she was aroused or cold. It didn't matter to Alice. "And now the panties."

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of the last shred of clothing on her body and slowly lowered the panties to the floor. Once she was fully nude, she heaved a deep sigh and seemed to relax. Both she and Neil were fully nude. They had nothing left to hide. It was Alice who was fully clothed and still in charge of the situation.

A practiced eye evaluated Katie's body. It was trim and pleasing. True, her tits were small and she was little more than doll-sized, but her hips flared out nicely and she had taken the time to groom her pubic hair to a smart little triangle above her pussy. It wasn't just some simple edging. Katie had arranged her pubes to heighten her sexuality when she was nude. The plain display begged the question for whom but Alice didn't concern herself with that.

"You're pretty," she declared.

When Katie opened her mouth to profess her thanks, Alice leaned forward and kissed the dentist fiercely, pushing her tongue into her mouth, pressing their

bodies together.

She heard Neil gasp at the sexual display.

She felt Katie all but melt against her body.

“Very good,” Alice declared. She dropped her hand from Katie’s shoulder and pressed it against the smaller woman’s pussy, resting her palm on the soft curls while probing forward with her fingers. Katie was nervous and stood with her legs tightly together.

“Open up,” Alice ordered.

Katie looked up into Alice’s eyes, but the moment she met the taller woman’s steel-blue gaze, she immediately looked back down and widened her stance. Alice’s fingers proceeded forward unimpeded. The dominant treatment Katie was receiving apparently sat well with her. Alice’s fingers easily slipped past her labia and up into her pussy. Katie gasped at the penetration even though she knew it was coming.

When Alice pulled her fingers free Katie relaxed slightly. Holding her digits up for display Alice looked at Neil, waiting patiently behind the desk, his cock still erect. “She’s wet and willing.” Neil only half-nodded and Alice showed her slick fingers to Katie, and then wiped them on her pert lips. Katie licked off her tart flavor.

“On your knees,” Alice now ordered. Katie found it was easier to obey than to fight. Now that she had the other woman where she wanted her, Alice relaxed a bit, let her jacket drop from her shoulders, and reached behind her back, lowering the zipper and stepping out of the brilliant white garment. This time she hadn’t bothered with a blouse. The corset she wore served that need. She hadn’t bothered with panties either. They just slowed down the process.

Katie wasn’t upright but hand fallen back, her small ass resting on her heels. This brought her face to face with Alice’s bare pussy. She saw the bottom of Alice’s brilliant tattoo poking out underneath the corset, but didn’t think it was the correct time to comment on the superior woman’s body art. “You know what to do,” Alice said to Katie.

She just nodded, moved forward, and buried her face in Alice’s smooth pussy. If

this was Katie's first time performing cunnilingus it didn't show. She took to female oral sex like a wolf to the hunt. It took her only moment to employ tongue, lips, teeth, and even fingers. If Alice mind hadn't been fully focused on what Katie was doing to her pussy it would have occurred to her that Katie was merely reproducing with Alice what she desired in oral sex.

The amount of expertise that Katie used along with Alice's natural desires made her arousal rise fast and hard. She had to steady herself by resting a hand on top of the kneeling woman's head. Even so, it was taking too much out of her. "Stop," she ordered. "Too much," she muttered and walked around Katie to seat herself on the couch that faced Neil's desk. She opened her legs wide and invited Katie back over. "Please resume."

Katie crawled over to the tall professional and once again buried her face in Alice's pussy. They both found this new angle much more to their liking. It didn't strain Katie's neck and Alice didn't have to worry about her balance. She merely relaxed and let Katie eat her out. During the process she opened her eyes periodically to keep watch on Neil. Once she caught his stroking his cock in anticipation of what was to come. All Alice needed to do was wave a finger at him and he stopped.

Neil breathed a heavy sigh of relief when Alice's tension mounted higher and higher and was finally released when Katie used her strong, dental trained fingers to elicit a hard, pleasant orgasm from Alice.

With a laugh Alice looked down at the eager-faced woman who had sticky secretions all over her lips and cheeks. "You do that so well. Are you bi? Have you slept with other women?"

Katie shook her head eagerly. "No. You're my first."

"Good. I like that. Stay there, kneeling on the floor. Neil, come over here. Lay down on the floor and let poor, exhausted Katie sit on your face."

Neil was only too eager to comply, but halfway over to his assigned place, he realized that he wouldn't be getting any relief from his throbbing cock any time soon. Still, he obeyed Alice's command and lay on the floor, positioning his face between Katie's thighs. Once he was in place Alice gently pushed down on the girl's shoulders until her sex came into contact with Neil's mouth. He immediately set to work.

Katie's face changed from one of uncertainty and unease to one of near-ecstasy. Her reaction caused Alice to smile. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes," Katie moaned.

"Should I let him make you cum?"

"Yes," she moaned harder.

"You want this, don't you?"

"Uh-huh." Katie's eyes were closed and she was already halfway to paradise. Alice didn't want her to completely slip away.

"You should see his cock," she commented.

"Is it big?" Katie asked. Alice wasn't surprised at the woman's question. She had often witnessed small women being complete size queens when it came to their partner's equipment.

"Good sized," Alice told her, giving an honest assessment. "But it's so cute."

"Cute?" The word confused Katie. She was trying to get herself up to an orgasm and Alice kept distracting her. If she wasn't so wound up with sexual tension she would have realized Alice kept talking to prolong Katie's ascent to climax.

"It's jumping around," said Alice. "Twitching and pulsing. He wants to cum but can't without a bit of stimulation. Let's put him off a while longer, shall we?"

The suggestion sounded good to Katie. "Uh-huh." Her words were gone again; she wanted to cum.

"Can I help you?" Alice asked. Before Katie could answer the white garbed woman reached out and tweaked Katie's nipples causing her to jump. Her eyes popped open and she looked with alarm at the woman who had arranged this strange tryst. "Does that hurt?" Alice asked, her affected tone implying she didn't care if Katie was in pain or not. She didn't let go of the tiny nipples, keeping a firm grasp on the pink teats.

"Yes."

“Good, enjoy it.” Both of Katie’s nipples were caught between Alice’s forefingers and thumbs. With a cruel slowness Alice started to turn her fingers and intensified her squeezing. She wasn’t sure how to gauge how much pain Katie was in, but it must have been considerable because she had nearly completed a twist of one hundred eighty degrees on the sensitive nipples before Katie’s eyes closed again, trying to push the pain aside. Whatever Neil was doing between her legs must have met the crisis point because she wailed with a passionate cry and the unmistakable signs of orgasm shook her body.

Alice released the girl’s nipples and she shuddered and sobbed at the respite.

“Did you enjoy that?” Alice asked when Katie returned to her senses.

Katie nodded. “Uh-huh.” Her eyes were open but were half-glazed over, stunned at what had just happened.

“That’s good to hear. Pick your bottom up a bit, you don’t want to suffocate Neil.” She complied with Alice’s order. “Do you want to give Neil a bit of pleasure? You don’t have to, of course. Men should always be happy to service the woman who is the target of his infatuation. That’s you. The longer you put off his orgasm, the harder he’ll work to earn that orgasm from you.”

Katie’s furrowed her brow. “Won’t he just go jerk off?”

“If I order him not to, he won’t,” Alice assured him.

Neil had wiggled out from underneath Katie, but still lay on his back. His face was now smeared with Katie’s secretions and his cock was still rock hard. Katie looked over her shoulder at him. “Can he be my thrall?” Understanding was dawning on her.

Alice put a quick end to that line of thinking. “No. He’s my thrall. And so are you. But you are a woman so I give you greater status than him.”

“Oh.” Clearly Katie didn’t understand. That didn’t matter.

“If you want to let him, you should do it now. He might be more willing to follow your lead later on if you give him a taste—” she paused and smiled at her joke “—of what you can provide him.”

“Okay,” Katie agreed. She would have agreed to anything that Alice suggested. The girl had little will of her own at that point.

“Go ahead and mount her, Neil,” said Alice. “No need to move, Katie. Just put your rump up in the air a bit and—” further instruction was not needed. Neil knew how to fuck. He quickly scooted up behind his paramour and angled his cock up into her wet and ready pussy. She responded in kind, allowing him to enter her. Alice looked on in approval.

Neil was every bit the tortured and denied male. He barely had time to pump his cock in and out of Katie’s willing pussy more than a dozen times before he came. His body clenched and he grasped Katie’s hips tightly while he proceeded to deposit his seed deep in the little woman’s womb. Alice liked watching this bit of intimacy, the first time a couple physically joined. It should have been a private moment, but both were under her control so they had no free-will in this issue.

“Oh, thank you,” Katie breathed. Alice was modernly sure the girl had another small orgasm. Good for her, Alice thought.

She stood up to leave. There was no further need for her to be there. The awkward pair could work out the details of how to continue if they so chose. Alice would be back to keep control of each half of the pair as it suited her. It took her only a minute to put her clothes back on as the two thralls on the floor recover from their intense lovemaking.

“You’re leaving?” Katie asked.

“My work here is done,” said Alice as she gathered her jacket. “I’ll be back, don’t worry. I like having two willing thralls. Especially those who pay me to keep them under my thumb.”

Even though Katie hadn’t agreed to any such arrangement she knew that it was true and there was little she could do about it. Still she struggled to her feet, leaving Neil laying on his side on the floor.

“I know who you are,” Katie said.

“Who am I?”

“You’re the White Queen. She can control anyone’s sexual desire because she is the most icily cold woman in the world.”

“Too true,” Alice agreed and decided to give the adult girl a present. She leaned down a bit and kissed her lightly on the lips, tasting the scent of her own sex on the girl’s mouth.

“But the White Queen doesn’t have a tattoo,” Katie whispered.

“That doesn’t matter,” Alice said. “Because I only let you see what I want you to see. And you can only see what I allow.” She smiled, nodded her head curtly, and walked out of the office, leaving them to their own devices.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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