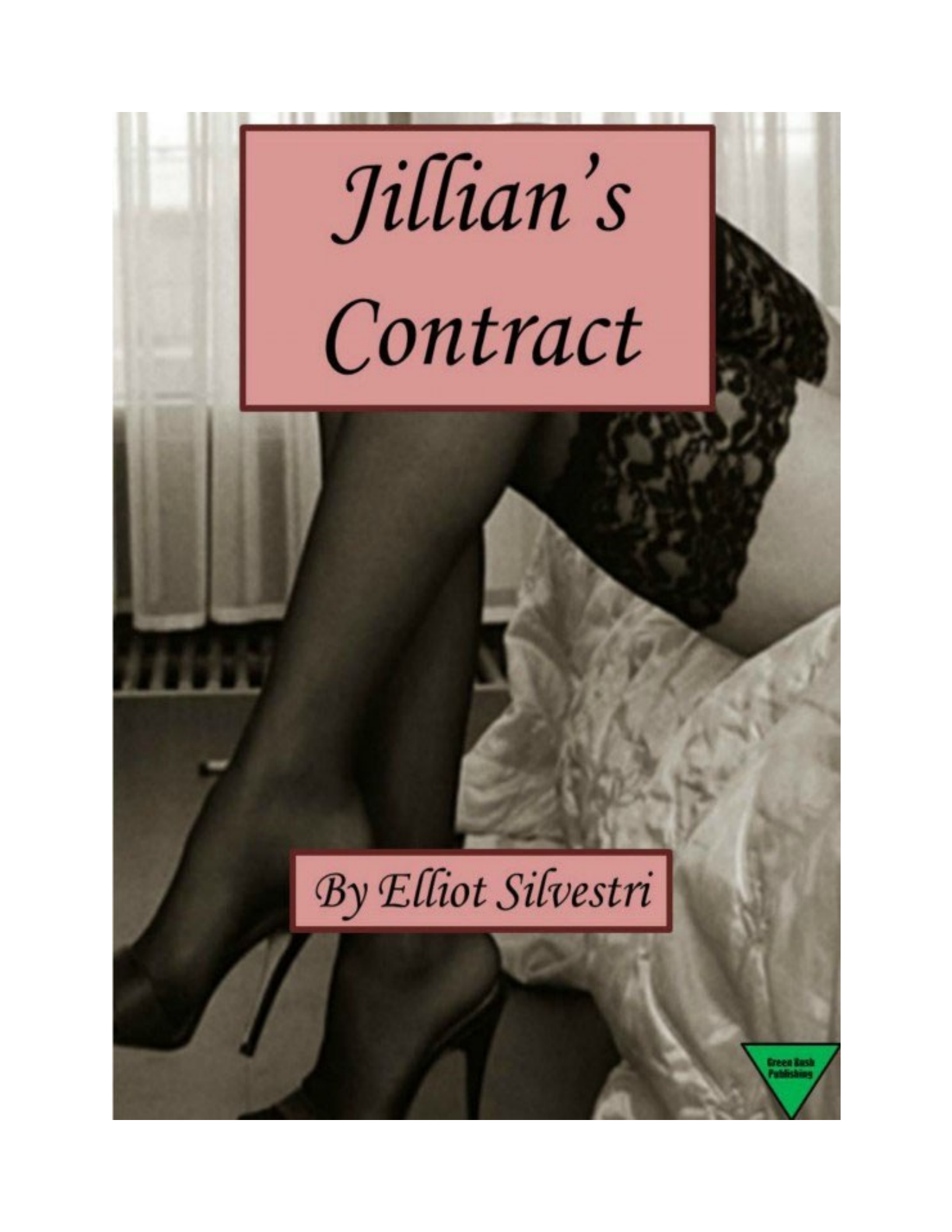
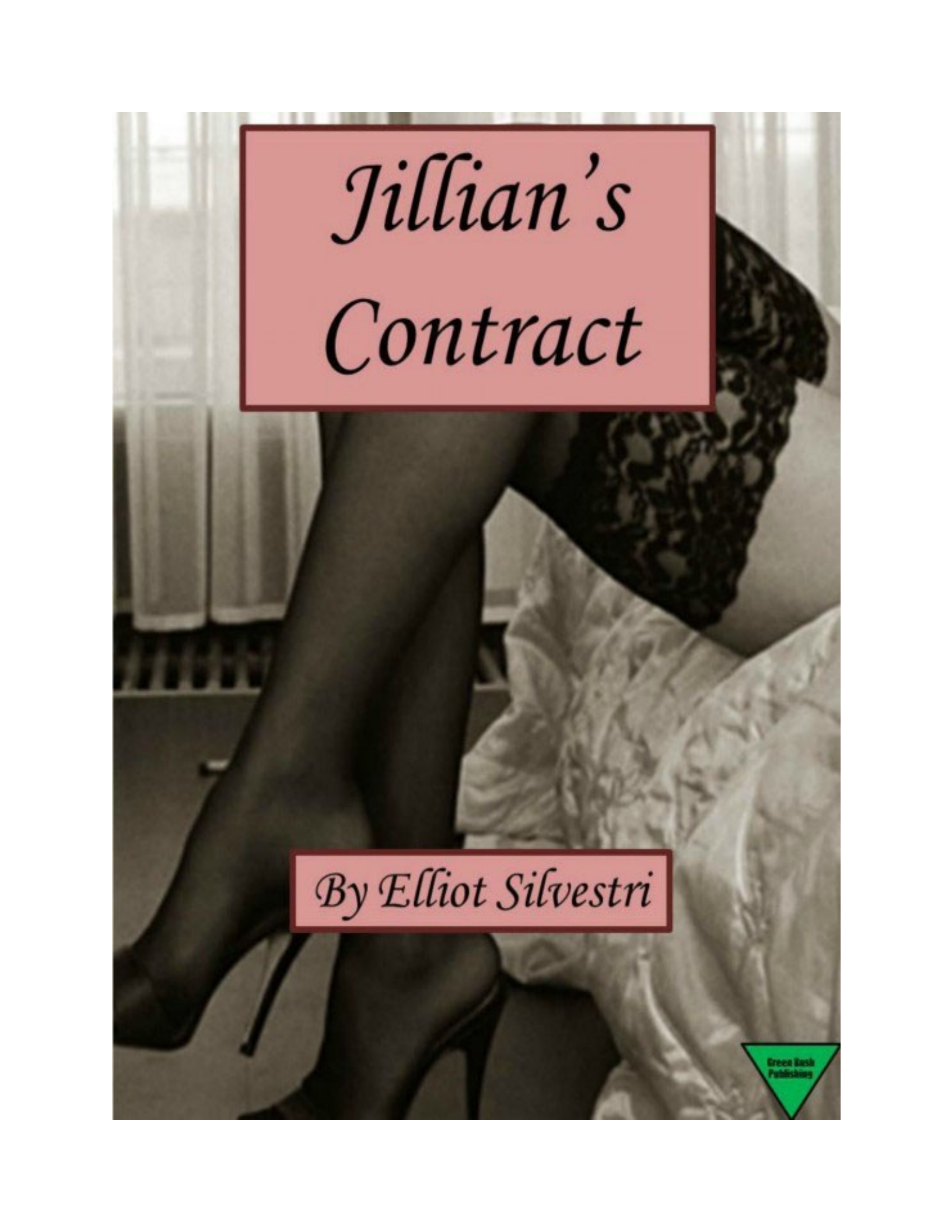




Jillian's Contract

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

The Milk Thief

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

To assuage her guilt about throwing away the letter, Jillian met her husband at the front door that night in her sheer black shortie robe that covered her merry widow corset and little else. Before he could ask any questions she pulled him into the bedroom and started taking off his clothes. Troy normally arrived home from work exhausted, wanting only a meal, a drink and some relaxation. Sustenance would have to wait this evening as she pulled off his silk tie, pushed off his tailed jacket and pulled down his pants. A moment later he was out of his shirt and his boxers were a rumpled mess on the floor. Jillian was already kneeling before her husband from taking off his clothes so she simply took his already semi-hard cock into her mouth and sucked anxiously.

He responded by titling back his head and sighing deeply. While his wife was always happy and willing to perform fellatio on him, the sensation was always a new experience. Somehow her mouth on his cock was an almost magical event. It didn't take long before his manhood was firmly upright, she then stood up and pushed him back to the bed, dropping her robe but leaving on the merry widow. Once on his back she simply climbed on top of her husband and slipped his cock into her already moist pussy. They both groaned at this joining of flesh.

"What's gotten into you?" he asked in a gasp as her hips started moving up and down.

"You," she laughed at him, enjoying the thrilling feelings his cock made within her as she moved her body to pleasure them both.

He wanted to reply, but found that he couldn't, so he simply settled back onto the bed and enjoyed the relaxation his wife had gifted to him. She smiled down at him and tossed back her long brown curly hair that contrasted highly with her delicate pale skin. Because she tended to freckle instead of tanning, Jillian was obsessive about avoiding the sun, but still had acquired a scattering of permanent freckles across her shoulders and her cheeks and nose. Troy found them cute and they did serve to belie her age by more than a few years. Other than these few marks, her fine skin was nearly flawless and Troy loved nothing better to do than to run his hands over her body and feel her perfect skin.

As she moved on top of him, her large breasts threatened to escape their confinement within the merry widow corset she had originally bought to wear under a dress for a formal wedding. Now she only brought it out to seduce her husband. More than once she had teased him, threatening to have reduction surgery so that her cleavage wasn't so overpowering in contrast to her otherwise athletic frame. He always protested that they were the reason he had married her and she couldn't commit such a crime against beauty. But as much as he admired her breasts, he almost never touched them, instead preferring to grip and kneed her rounded bottom, holding onto her now as they increased their pace towards orgasm.

He glanced down briefly and noted that her light brown pubic hair still matched the hair on her head perfectly. Since the day that had met she kept her pubes carefully shaped into a perfect triangle pointed downward. When he had questioned her about this she always replied it was simply the way a good girl groomed herself. Troy considered himself incredibly lucky to have found this woman because he considered himself so average: build, height, looks, hair—all were unremarkable, he would always blend into a crowd. Earning a good living had been his one strength, and now that was becoming uncertain.

Their motions reached a crescendo and Troy felt himself lose control and erupt within her. Jillian cried out as his semen filled her and her body shook with pleasure. Troy was always uncertain if her orgasms that immediately followed his were sympathetic, real or faked for his enjoyment, but in the end he didn't care because his wife always seemed so happy. She collapsed on top of him, trapping his cock within her. Her large breasts pressed into him, the lace of the merry widow slightly irritating his skin. They rested together a few minutes before Troy spoke again.

"I think I know what's gotten into you," he said quietly.

She froze, her body stiffening slightly, but then forced herself to relax. He was just playing with her. Inhaling softly, her lips against his neck, she sighed contentedly. "And what's that?" she whispered.

He rolled her over so that his body now covered hers. During the motion his cock slipped out of her and she gasped slightly at the sudden emptiness within her. "I received a letter today. It was for you."

She looked away and pretended she didn't know what he was talking about. But it didn't matter. In a moment the truth would be known if it was the same letter she had received by messenger earlier in the day. Her ploy to distract him had failed.

"What I want to know," he began, "is how you managed to get involved in something where you could earn half a million dollars. And why did you keep it secret from me."

She pushed him off her and pulled the merry widow up slightly. Her navel ring would sometimes catch the edge of the material, irritating her. Ornamentation wasn't an obsession with her and she only kept the ring because Troy said it made her flat belly look cute. The ring and the small tattoo on her right buttock were the two remnants of what she had told Troy were her wild college days. She would then state that they were more like her mild college days since she always said the piercing and the tattoo were just the results of a little too much drink and much too much willingness to follow the group.

"It was a contract job I found after college. I didn't finish the contract so I didn't get paid."

He looked at her incredulously. "You walked away from a half million dollars?" he asked, more than a little stunned.

"It wasn't that much money back then. They kept the money and it's gathered interest."

Troy was an astute businessman and did some quick calculations. "Fifteen years ago, even with compounded interest, what they were paying you was still one hell of a lot of money."

"What they wanted me to do wasn't worth that much money," she told him flatly.

"What was the contract job?"

She didn't answer him.

"Is there something that you're hiding from me, Jillian?"

There was no use denying it. "Yes. But I don't want to tell you about it." The

words were hard for her to speak. Although she hadn't told Troy everything about her past she had never outright refused him like that before.

"Okay," he said evenly. "I'll find out tomorrow. I'm meeting with the lawyer of this group, Wherret Limited. If you don't want to complete the contract, that's fine. Maybe I'll be able to get at least some of that money for you. It'll be easier if you were there with me."

Her face flushed red, not with embarrassment, but with anger. "Who are you meeting with?"

"A bunch of people, the lawyer's name is Hudson. He wanted you there as well."

She shivered and moved away from her husband. "I'll be glad to come to the meeting tomorrow, if you want. But I promise you only one thing: you'll be upset by the whole affair."

"Why is that?" he asked as she slipped off the bed and padded toward the bathroom. "Are these guys corporate criminals of some sort?"

"No," she answered him from the bathroom. He heard water running. "They're meticulous about following the law and the contracts they write." She moved out of the bathroom and leaned back against the doorjamb. "I've never lied to you, Troy. But pursuing this is a bad idea. There are things about this company I'd rather forget."

"But still. Half a mil!"

She shook her head sadly. "You'll learn things about me you wish you hadn't."

He laughed slightly. "Like what? You said they don't do anything illegal. Did they push edge of the law too much for you? Is that it? You're being awful mysterious about this old job/"

"No, it's just something that's in my past and I wish would stay there. You'll wish the same thing tomorrow night as well. What time is the meeting tomorrow?"

"Ten a.m."

She turned off the bathroom light and slipped back into bed. “You’ll have until then to change your mind then. After that...” she shrugged. “After that, anything you learn, the only thing I can say is that you’ve been warned.” She snapped off her light. “I’m going to take a nap now. Why don’t you find something to eat?”

“You aren’t being very specific,” he protested.

“I shouldn’t have to be.” And like that she was asleep. It was a skill he envied in her. Jillian could fall asleep anytime she wanted while he would remain awake worrying.

He thought about what she said for a long time after he went down to the kitchen. He didn’t change his mind.

Chapter Two

The legal team from Wherret Limited appeared at Troy's offices exactly at ten a.m. Just moments before Jillian had appeared, wearing what he could only describe as her most demure business dress. It wasn't one he could remember seeing on her before and it reminded him of the sort of business suit the teachers in his old parochial school would wear. She was sitting demurely on the couch outside of his office. Troy's secretary ushered the entire group into the conference room. The trio of lawyers faces Troy and Jillian across the dark brown walnut table. Though the leather chairs were designed to relax the occupant, when he glanced at his wife, Troy noticed Jillian seemed decidedly uncomfortable perched on the edge of the chair.

He looked at the three lawyers. The one who had identified himself simply as Mr. Hudson was tall, carried himself with an air of confidence touched with arrogance, and had short black curly hair with cold blue eyes. The charcoal gray suit he wore was perfectly tailored and sharply pressed. The other two had said nothing, just nodding their heads as he introduced Mr. Corinth and Ms. Finn. Corinth was an unremarkable short, balding man in a simple brown suit. Finn wore a black and white form fitting business suit. Her complexion was incredibly pale complimenting the suit. Her black shiny hair was pulled back into a tight bun and her dark brown eyes were partly hidden behind a pair of small eyeglasses.

After the preliminary introductions, Mr. Hudson took control of the meeting. "We've come here today to persuade Jillian to complete her contract with our organization so that we may pay her fee."

"Why are you so eager to pursue this now?" Troy asked, having given this question much thought.

"Wherret Limited is currently being bought by a larger company. We have outstanding obligations on our books that we need to close out before that purchase can be completed. Your wife's contract is one of those obligations."

"We're prepared to settle for a fraction of the total contract if she doesn't have to

complete the services,” Troy offered, wanting to make this meeting as quick as possible. There was something about the roughness of Hudson’s voice and the way he carried himself that disturbed him.

“No,” was the immediate answer.

“Why not?”

A small smile played at Hudson’s otherwise impassive face. “Jillian was very talented at what she did. The money is only a small part of what concerns us today. She signed a one year contract. She has two months to complete on it.”

“I’m sure we could settle without her having to do the actual services. Financially speaking, it would be better for your company.”

“Perhaps,” offered Hudson. “But there are...personal obligations some members of the company want completed by Jillian first.”

Troy stifled a laugh. “Personal obligations?” he chortled. “From almost fifteen years ago? I don’t believe that.”

Jillian put a restraining hand on Troy’s arm. He had almost forgotten she was there.

“Believe it,” Hudson said. Then a smile twisted at his lips. “Has your wife told you the exact nature of her contract?” he asked.

“No, but I don’t see the relevance of that.”

“You would if you saw the contract.” Hudson turned toward Ms. Finn who pulled a sheaf of papers from her briefcase. He slid the sealed contract across the table to Troy. He hesitated a moment before removing his hand. “I thought that you were trying to settle because you didn’t want her to do the work. I see now you don’t know. I can summarize the contract for you.”

Troy smiled now, pulling the contract toward him. “I can read so that will not be necessary.”

“She was a contract slave for us,” Hudson informed Jillian’s husband.

“Excuse me?” While he understood the words, their meaning was lost on him.

“A contract slave,” he repeated. “She would perform all manner of sexual acts on our clients. Jillian’s specialty was spanking. She was very good and we still get requests for her. The money we would make just from a two month stint would more than offset the money we would have to pay out for her.”

Troy’s mouth worked for a moment trying to understand what he was being told. Jillian said nothing; she sat stock still next to her husband. “You mean people would pay to have her spank them?” he finally managed to splutter.

“No,” replied Hudson. Troy relaxed for a moment, thinking her must be misunderstanding some critical piece of information. “People would pay to spank her. Jillian’s reaction to the slap, the strap and the cane are world renown and now almost legendary.”

“This sounds awfully close to prostitution to me,” said Troy, completely unsure of the situation now.

His statement caused a look of anger to cross the faces of all three of the lawyers from Wherret. “It is not prostitution,” said Hudson, his anger barely held in check. “Not one person working for us accepts sex for money. We offer a unique service that cannot be duplicated by a whore on a street corner.”

Jillian laid her hand alongside Troy’s arm. He glanced over at her and she shook her head. Hudson seemed to gain control over himself after a moment’s pause.

“Ms. Finn?” he asked. The woman next to him reached into her briefcase again and produced a small black leather case, not much larger than an ordinary hardback book. “I think you know what this is, Jillian,” he said, opening the silver clasp and flipping up the lid. The contents were hidden from Troy and Jillian’s view, but Hudson quickly produced the treasure within. “Perhaps you would like to wear it before we leave here today?”

He dangled a heavy silver necklace from his fingers. The links of the necklace were large and stylized, interwoven in a complex pattern that fooled Troy’s eyes, making them constantly move along the loop of metal. A large ornamental clasp stood out from the links, from this clasp hung a large pendent similar to a Celtic knot, but was more complex a knot than Troy had ever seen.

“What is your answer, Jillian?” asked Hudson, an edge to his voice.

Troy looked at her wife. She had still not spoken this entire meeting and he said nothing now, waiting for her answer.

After a minute of silence in the room, Jillian cleared her throat and said in small but firm voice. “I need to speak to my husband in private, first.”

Hudson’s face soured and he stood up, his assistants followed his lead a moment later. “I will see you in that collar,” he vowed. “The contract must be completed by the end of the fiscal year. You have three days to decide; that will give you two months to put your affairs in order.” With those words he swept out the door, Ms. Finn and Mr. Corinth following close behind. They had left the black leather case and the contract on the table.

Troy turned to watch them go. “That was the strangest meeting I’ve ever had,” he commented to the door closing behind them. As he looked back at his wife he saw she was fingering the necklace. A tear slid down on soft cheek and her body shivered ever so slightly with anticipation.

Chapter Three

The ride home was in silence. Jillian held the leather case on her lap. The contract was in Troy's briefcase. He vowed to read the entire thing that afternoon once he returned from lunch with Jillian. She hadn't wanted to go out to eat, but simply to return home. For some reason they found it difficult to talk in the car, perhaps because of the awkward seating where they could only look ahead and not easily face one another, but the moment they walked in the door, the words started flowing again.

"How did you get mixed up with those people?" Troy asked.

Jillian sat down in one of the living room chairs and stared out the window. "You might as well make yourself comfortable, Troy," she said. "It's a long story."

He opened his mouth to ask her to make it quick, but realized it wasn't the time to be barking orders or questioning her past. Curiosity was only so good if it didn't harm one and Troy was beginning to think he was going to learn far too much of his wife's past. He sat down on the love seat opposite her.

"Like almost every student, I had no money in college. I refused to take any from my parents; they had little enough of their own, as you know. A friend of mine, Jill, a classmate who I told I was looking for a job where I could make money quickly, told me about a catering job she worked every few weekends as a waitress. When she told me how much money they paid—it was a sum so ridiculous I was certain she was lying—I was of course interested, but worried that there was a catch.

"Naturally there was one. The hosts demanded absolute discretion and did I thorough background check of all employees. Jill said she couldn't tell me much more about the job, except Wherret was always looking for waitresses at their monthly dinner party, she called it. It was actually a long, drawn out sex party."

Troy nodded as if this were of no consequence. He didn't want to interrupt her narrative.

“I never filled out so much paperwork just to apply for what I thought was a simple job, not even the applications for college were as involved as the applications and tests and sworn affidavits for this. I thought the company that held the parties was just very particular, they were, but not for the reasons I was thinking.

“The actual interview was strange, and short. Jill had already vouched for me, so that part went smoothly. I had never been arrested or committed any crime so the background check was no problem. There was a drug test but that was more pro forma than anything else. For the interview though, I was told I would have to wear the catering outfit; I thought that was strange but not outrageous...until I saw the costume the waitresses had to wear. It was more akin to a French maid fantasy than a caterer’s black slacks, white blouse and black bowtie. The head caterer looked me up and down—checking to see if I could fill out the costume, which I did—and asked me if I would be offended that if, when I was serving during the party, I saw people having sex.”

Here she paused and looked looked at Troy who said nothing.

“I said to him, ‘No, Mr. Cambridge, for the money you’re paying, I wouldn’t be offended.’ He just nodded, as if it were the most common question in the world, asked a few questions about my serving job history, nothing of consequence, then told me that the party would be a weekend affair that some common people might call an orgy. It wasn’t he assured me, but because the world is so very closeted, we need to be discreet. I told him I could be discreet and sex and nudity didn’t offend me. I was hired and then Jill filled me in on the details of the true purpose of Wherret Limited.”

Troy nodded as if he understood. “But it’s still a long way from being a waitress—the closes equivalent I can think of is being a bartender or waitress at a strip club to being the featured performer. How did you become a victim of their abuse?”

“Troy,” she said softly and gently. “I was never a victim. I went willingly because I enjoyed it.”

“How could you possibly enjoy being...spanked?” he asked, his tongue twisting on the word.

“I can explain to you. Let me finish. It might be hard for you to understand, so

let me talk.”

He nodded and gestured for her to continue.

“Jill and I were dressed as French maids along with a passel of other regulars who worked for Wherret. They were all beautiful for Wherret was ver particular. It was shocking when I first walked in to the main dining hall after serving drinks during the cocktail hour to see half the guests already disrobed, but the other girls treated it as if it were just another day, so I did to. There were nude guests and clothed guests during the dinner. The conversation was full of sexual inuendo and teasing gestures were made throughout the meal. It was afterwards that I became not just intrugiuied with Wherret, but obsessed.”

“Afterwards?”

“The guests started their sex games. Mostly bondage and discipline, lots of spanking. I became...useless when I witnessed what they were doing to one another. The other girls were cleaning up and helping the guests with what they needed: leather gloves, bindings, whips and canes. I stood and watched. I watched uselessly. As I watched I could feel myself getting wet, I could feel my body shiver with desire. I wanted to be there, under the hand of another.”

Words escaped Troy. He knew his wife was no innocent, but to hear her speak of such licentious desires was unknown to him. They had always had an active and enthusiastic sex life, but not of this particular form.

“Why?” he finally asked.

She looked at him blankly. “Why did I desire such things?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“I don’t know. That is what still puzzles me.” She looked back out the window. “The butler saw me being useless during the playing. He asked if I was upset or disgusted at what I saw. I wanted to tell him yes, that I knew I was getting into something serious, but I couldn’t find it in myself to lie to him.

“I told him that I wasn’t disgusted. I told him I was jealous it wasn’t me.

“And that is how it started. I never looked back.”

Troy had a hundred questions, none that could answer what he truly needed to know because he couldn't form within himself the ability to comprehend this secret life his wife once had. After a long painful silence he found his voice again. "But you left. And married me. Why?"

"That's not something that I really want to say," she said. "It's not that I'm hiding a secret. It certainly wasn't because of the money. It's not that I was suddenly asked to do something that I hadn't agreed to. It's..." she trailed off. "I became famous for the way I reacted under the cane. So many people desired to watch me, which was fine. But there were those who desired to possess me, enslave me. That I couldn't have. That's when I walked away."

"Enslave?"

"The life inside Wherret is complex. They specialize in discipline and spanking, corporal punishment for those who both enjoy giving and receiving. There is also a large business for those who desire to possess the objects of their desire. There are those who want to enslave others—with their permission—to become purely sexual objects. I couldn't do that, I needed my freedom."

This Troy could understand and he nodded in agreement. This small bit of agreement allowed him to find the courage and conviction to ask his next question. "Do you still have the desires to live that life again?"

Her answer wasn't quick, but he knew what she would say the moment his question passed his lips. She opened the leather case that contained the heavy silver necklace and she ran her finger over the intertwined links. "Yes. Every night and every day I think about it. Some days the desires are stronger than the others, but I've always wanted to go back."

"And you don't want to because you fear enslavement? That doesn't really make any sense in our world."

"It doesn't," she agreed. "But it's not enslavement by another that I fear, but enslavement by myself because I wouldn't want to leave." She looked up at him, finally meeting his eyes again. "Do you want to see?" she asked him.

For a moment he didn't understand what she was asking. "See what?"

"See what other paid ridiculous amounts of money for."

He chuckled. “How much money?”

She named the top figure that Wherret would earn for a single night of her work. It would take him more than a month to earn the same amount. “But I’ll give it to you for free,” she smiled. With a sigh of anticipation she slid off her chair and crawled over to the love seat and positioned herself on his lap, lying across his knees, her upturned buttocks just to the side of his right thigh.

A playful grin teased at her mouth as she inched up her otherwise demure skirt to reveal stocking held up with garters that framed her nearly naked ass, its skin almost completely bared by the black lace thong slipping into the smooth crevice. Troy felt his cock suddenly stiffen at this marvelous display.

She too felt his cock hardening underneath her hip and tossed her hair back so that she could look up into his shocked eyes. “What are you waiting for?” she asked.

“What do I do?” asked Troy, uncertainly. He knew what she wanted him to do, but he didn’t have the ability to do it without her asking.

“Spank me,” she said her voice just above a whisper, slightly husky.

Her command was the impetus he needed. All the confusion from earlier in the day, all the revelations about his wife’s earlier life and all the tension that had been coming to a head he now released as he brought down his hand to smack Jillian’s ass framed by the garters and the edge of her skirt.

But at the last moment he pulled back just a bit. His hand struck her smooth white flesh, but without all the strength he had mustered. The crack of flesh on flesh filled the room but Jillian sensed the slight pullback.

“Again,” she ordered. “Harder.”

Troy steeled himself—indeed his cock was now fully erect—but still at the back of his mind he couldn’t bring himself to bear down on her ass the full strength of his arm. The slight reddening off her right cheek was enough this time to force him to bring down his hand on her left cheek. It wasn’t a perfect strike and she immediately sensed this.

“More,” she begged. “I need it as much as you do.”

“I can’t,” he almost gasped.

“You have to,” she hissed, angry now it was taking this much effort to make him give her what she wanted, what she needed. “You won’t get to fuck me again until you learn to spank me.”

Even these words were not enough to compel him to abuse his wife, even though she asked for it.

“Why?” he choked out.

“Because it’s what I need!” she cried. “If you can’t do it, I’ll find someone else who can!”

This was enough to finally bring about action for him. Up and down went his arm, bringing his hand down on her soft milky flesh, the blows making sharp cracks in the air that thrilled her to the core and shocked him each and every time. Slowly her ass changed color from pure white to a brilliant pink, then an angry red. Each spank caused a little cry to escape her lips, at first they were barely audible, but then, as Troy’s skill improved and he found the right location for each blow, the cries increased in volume. They were cries of pleasure. Troy had never heard his wife vocalize like this before and was fascinated by her reaction to his abuse.

“Harder,” she cried out between blows.

He increased the strength he used on her ass, causing the flesh to jump as if alive and separate from her control. The redness of the flesh transferred the heat he had created in her body directly to his hand.

Finally he could stand no more, he pushed her from his lap and pulled down his pants. She looked over her shoulder, confused for a moment, then got to her knees, readying herself for him. Unceremoniously he yanked down her black thong to her knees and presented his painfully hard cock to the wetness of her cunt. He slipped inside her without resistance and immediately set to thrusting in and out of her as quickly as he could. The heat of her ass now transferred to his cock and belly. Even as he felt his own orgasm welling up he wondered how she could stand and enjoy the type of abuse he had heaped upon her.

In a moment it was almost over, he thrust as hard as he could, driving her down

off her knees and into the floor. Troy pumped his semen into her, crying out much like she had when he had spanked her, and collapsed against her body, shuddering as his orgasm finally passed. They lay together a minute as he slowly lost his erection and eventually slipped out of her. It was only then he realized she had never reached her climax.

“Why didn’t you come?” he asked her, puzzled because she had always easily reached her peak during lovemaking. “You always come.”

Her cheek was resting on the living room carpet, her long brown hair partially obscuring her face. She couldn’t directly face him now. “Not after being spanked,” she said softly.

This confused him further. “I thought you liked being spanked.”

“I do,” she replied earnestly. She hesitated in revealing the full truth to him, but decided there was nothing to hide now. “I need something more than just your hand when I’m being spanked. More than just a cock in me.”

Upset, he rolled off of her and turned away. She quickly sat up and faced him, planting a kiss on his cheek. “Don’t take that the wrong way.”

He looked at her angrily. “How should I take it?”

She laid her fingers on the side of his face; he wanted to turn away, but didn’t. “When I’m being spanked, there’s a lot going on inside me, physically and emotionally, and I’m in love with you so that makes coming from just being spanked by you difficult. Plus, and don’t misunderstand me, I’ve been spanked by some of the best hands in the world.” She smiled gently. “You need a bit more practice to refine your technique.”

He glared at her. “You’re telling me that I can’t make you come from a spanking because you love me?”

“No, because I love you, because you love me, and because you need a little practice at disciplining me. Or anyone else you’d spank for that matter. I only come when I’m spanked by someone who had the inclination to actually hurt me and who knows how to physically discipline a woman. I could feel you hesitating and that spoiled the moment.”

There was a long pause between the couple. “Sorry,” was all Troy managed to mumble.

She smiled broadly. “It was an excellent first effort. With a little more practice you’ll be wonderful. I did enjoy it, but just didn’t manage to come from it. I would like to come, though. Would you like to watch me?” she asked.

Without waiting for a reply, she laid back on the thick carpeting, her legs spread—one to either side of where he sat—and displayed her pussy for him. The small triangle of hair resting at the apex of her slit was moist with her own juices and Troy’s semen that was now leaking out of her body. She closed her eyes after she was sure he was watching her. “This should only take a minute,” she murmured and slipped both hands down to her wet pussy. With her left hand she placed her index and middle fingers on either side of her clit that was already poking out of its normal hiding place. Jillian’s right hand slipped down lower as she pushed her first three fingers into her already open cunt. Unconsciously her knees rose up and her feet came off the floor. Already keyed up by Troy’s spanking and subsequent fucking, she didn’t need that much more stimulation to complete her pleasure. Her left hand moved her clit in a tiny circle and her right pistoned in and out of her wet pussy. Troy could only imagine the fantasy that was playing itself out inside her head when her feet suddenly came down on the floor with a muffled thump and Jillian thrust her hips into the air. A ragged cry escaped her lips and her orgasm overtook her body. Troy watched, fascinated, as his semen and her liquids flowed freely from her pussy, dripping off her shaking body to the floor below. He looked down and found his cock erect once more.

Unable to control himself, he approached Jillian once again, who was breathing heavily after her orgasm. She didn’t realize that Troy had come back for more until his cock entered her sopping pussy and he pressed against her body. She didn’t resist or protest, but opened her mouth willingly as he offered her his tongue. There was no subtlety to his lovemaking, it was all fury and force. Jillian sighed contentedly as he slowly pushed her to another orgasm, this time she had no trouble reaching her peak right after him.

Chapter Four

Attached to the contract was a list of preparations Jillian needed to complete before returning to complete her service to Wherret. She already knew them; none were surprises, so she set to complete the preparations as quickly as possible. Jillian didn't give Troy the opportunity to object; she simply didn't tell him what she would be doing the next day. He left her at the breakfast table with a kiss and a smile. He was still confused about his wife, but he was also excited about the possibilities she now held for him. Her revelations were strange, but he was already beginning to enjoy the strange life she had introduced to him. And if she could complete the contract...then he and she would have a more secure future.

After he was away to his office, Jillian immediately set out on her own for the day. The first step would be the hardest. She had already put Troy through much and couldn't bear to ask him along for this errand. Eschewing her own vehicle, she called a private car service and as she waited, gathered the supplies she had kept ever since she had left Wherret—since she hadn't had the courage to them throw away—and waited and brooded.

The car service was discreet. Their number had even been supplied in the contract given to her by Hudson; Wherret had obviously used them before for a variety of purposes, so Jillian wasn't worried about this. But waiting did give her time to brood and think about what she was about to do today. That worried her because going through the pain was easy enough—she had endured that before—but she was conflicted with anticipation and nervousness at what this would mean for Troy and herself. A month was barely enough time to prepare for her return and this would necessitate an imposition on Troy.

Her first surprise was the driver at the door. She hadn't had much experience with car services, but they had always been staffed by formal late middle-aged men looking for easy employment or an occasional paycheck to supplement an early retirement. This driver was a young woman, fit and trim, her dark blond hair pulled back into a severe bun half-hidden by the traditional chauffeur's cap. In addition to the cap she wore a black suit and tie with a white blouse that would be more suitable on a man for it hugged her curves too tightly, but Jillian

had no objection to the young woman who revealed she was a college student working her on her free days.

On the ride into the center of the city, not far from the university Patty the driver said she attended, they chatted about nothing. Jillian was normally reticent to speak with strangers, but her nerves loosened her tongue and she found out the young driver had been doing this for just over a year.

“It’s a great gig,” Patty declared. “It pays well and they always have work for me.”

“A beautiful woman can always find work,” said Jillian absently from her seat in the rear of the car. This is what she liked about a car service, the formality and elegance of having a private car and driver at one’s disposal.

“Really?” gushed Patty, sweet enough to take the compliment, naive enough to miss the implied insult. “I’ve been called pretty before. Pretty Patty.” She made a face. “But when someone like you says I’m beautiful...” She trailed off, smiling.

“Someone like me?”

“Yeah!”

“What do you mean exactly?”

“Uh,” Patty said, trying to gather her thoughts. “You’re beautiful yourself and your older than me, so I’m sure you know a lot about the world and all.”

Patty’s naiveté was starting to show. She continued on, oblivious to Jillian’s smile. “Usually, when I get compliments, it’s from dirty old men who want to get me in bed. From you, I know it’s honest.” She smiled again, this time whipping her head around quickly so Jillian was sure to see her bright shining teeth and open face.

“I see,” said Jillian primly.

Trying to change the subject, Patty went back to her job. “The only downer about being a driver is how the company wants to completely control your appearance. Not too much makeup, no wild hairstyles, clear nail polish only,” she waved her left hand at Jillian, showing off her neatly trimmed nails sans

colored polish. She wore only a single ring on her hand, a sign of restraint for a college-aged girl. “No visible tattoos, no visible piercings,” she giggled at these rules. “Those aren’t so bad, but they only allow us one hole per ear.” She flicked an earlobe. “I have to take out a couple of earrings every time I have to drive. Still, it’s better than ‘Do you want fries with that?’.”

Jillian agreed silently.

“Here we are!” Patty announced parking on the street near a storefront on the edge of the student district.

“This isn’t where I requested,” said Jillian, mildly, but not surprised. She didn’t think her young driver was air-headed and had brought her to the wrong location either.

“I know,” Patty declared. “But your company gave me strict instructions.” She waved her clipboard with the service order over the seat. “Doesn’t matter where you requested to go, I was to bring you here first.” Her infectious grin over the shoulder of her black suit was reassuring. “Would you like me to go in with you?”

Jillian hesitated and looked at the small neat store front. The hand painted sign declared “Gates of Hell Body Art - Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here.” The slight literary reference for the resident college students was enhanced by the fact the entrance to the studio involved a descending a short set of stairs that were flanked by ornate metal pillars. Above the studio were student apartments. As it was early morning there were no students around and the street was almost quiet for in addition to being on the edge of the university district, around the corner was the city’s burgeoning art scene. “No, I don’t think that will be necessary,” she said, opening the car door herself and stepping out. “Wait for me here.”

Patty was quick on her feet and out the driver’s door and around the car before Jillian could cross the sidewalk. She handed the older woman a large manila envelope. “Here are the instructions they wanted me to pass along to you,” she said helpfully with her wide smile.

Nodding, Jillian took the envelope and went down the old carved marble stairs.

Instead of a traditional counter in the entrance there was simply a heavy oak

desk where sat a middle-aged man sporting a long ponytail and close-trimmed beard with obvious tattoos showing under his short-sleeved shirt. Casually, but well-dressed, he looked up when she walked into the art studio. Quickly sizing her up he asked if she had an appointment.

“No,” she said absently. Obviously she hadn’t thought this fully through; she had been too focused on steeling herself for the event.

“I’m sorry we only see clients by appointment.” He smiled, not grimly, but with just the right touch of business formality and sadness to let her know this point was not negotiable. “Perhaps I can set something for you next week?” he asked.

She shook her head and started to leave, then a thought occurred to her. If Patty had brought her here instead of her intended destination then perhaps other arrangements had already been made.

Turning back she said, “I’m from Wherret International,” she said softly, suddenly realizing she still held the envelope from Patty. She walked firmly to the desk and placed the manila envelope on the desk. “My name is Jillian.”

His smile changed. “You should have said so from the start,” he said. “We always have an open appointment for those from Wherret.”

“Thank you,” she said.

He stood up and walked around the desk. “Come back to our procedure room,” he said with a sweeping gesture, almost gathering her into his arms, but instead ushering her into a short hallway just behind the desk. The room they entered was like every other piercing studio she had entered, smelling faintly of antiseptic and having the atmosphere of a doctor’s office. An examination bed took up the majority of the room along with two chairs on casters. One wall was lined with cabinets filled with medical supplies and piercing needles and jewelry.

“Take off your clothes and we’ll be with you in a minute,” he said, laying down her envelope on the counter and pulling the door closed behind him.

Jillian took a deep breath and started stripping. Shirt, bra, her loose trousers and panties were all quickly pulled off. She carefully folded each article and placed them on the counter. She kicked off her shoes, toeing them against the wall, but left on her socks. There was no reason to remove them; the room was a bit cool

and she wanted all the warmth she could leading up the ordeal.

There was nothing to do in the room. Nothing to look at other than the materials in the cabinets, which were the same as all the others she had seen. There wasn't even a flash book of tattoo art to flip through, even though the place had promised to do body art not just piercing. She was about to open the envelope given to her by Patty when the door opened and the large man walked back in escorting a woman.

"I'm sorry," he said taking no note of her nudity, even though she jumped slightly at his reappearance. It had been some time since she had been unclothed in front of anyone other than her husband. "I never introduced myself. I'm Claverack. I run this establishment. This is Betty. She'll be doing your procedures today."

Betty was a small, slightly plump girl with straight red hair cut in a short bob, small librarian glasses and skin kissed all over with tiny freckles. She wore a simple blouse and pants covered with a white lab coat. Even for a clean and bright piercing studio they took cleanliness and professionalism here to a new height. Not knowing what else to do, Jillian stuck out her hand and introduced herself. "Hi, I'm Jillian." She resisted the urge to throw her arm across her tits and her hand in front of her pussy.

"Yes," said Betty absently. She picked up the envelope and opened it, quickly reading the contents. "Another Wherret special then?" she asked with a wry grin.

Jillian shrugged and pulled back her unshaken hand. "I suppose so."

The piercer shook the envelope and out slid several small pieces of shiny gold metal in a sealed plastic bag. "They supply their jewelry as always," Betty announced.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," said Jillian pulling her own plastic bag from her pants pocket on the counter. "I brought my own." She held it up for both to see.

Betty looked over her glasses at Jillian. "That's not the usual policy."

Jillian tightened her jaw. "It's what I wish. It won't be a problem with Wherret, I can assure you."

The man and woman glanced at each other. Claverack spoke first. "If it is, you'll be back here soon enough."

Taking this as permission to use Jillian's jewelry Betty started pulling supplies from the cabinet. "Sit on the table. I suppose you'll want to do your nipples first."

"Yes," said Jillian nodding. There was a piece of white paper coming off a large roll, just like at the doctor's office.

"We'll have to sterilize your jewelry," Betty said.

"No necessary. I already did that."

Betty again looked over her glasses at her client. "If you get an infection, it'll be your own fault," she announced with a glance at Claverack.

"That's fine," he said in agreement sitting himself down on one of the chairs.

Betty looked slightly annoyed at him. "Are you staying?"

"Yes," he said pleasantly. "I wouldn't want to miss this." He smiled at Jillian, not leering, but almost, and just enough to cause shiver running down her back. It wasn't from the cool air or fear.

She shrugged and pulled up her own stool to closely examine Jillian's nipples. After only a moment she backed up and pushed her glasses back up her nose. "You've been pierced before," she said. It wasn't a question or an accusation, just a statement.

"Yes."

Claverack was only slightly surprised. "Did you take out the piercings or did your body reject them?"

"I took them out."

"Why?" This from Betty.

"I didn't need to have them anymore."

The red-haired woman's eyes dropped to Jillian's navel. "But you left in that one."

"Yes. I like it. It's a bit of a fashion statement."

Betty's lips twisted in amusement. "Trendy," she whispered, partly from her amusement, partly in sarcasm. "I'll know what path to follow then," she said to Jillian and set to work.

She pulled on a pair of latex gloves and removed a marking pen from her jacket pocket. Using the pen she placed small purple dots on either side of Jillian's nipples. "Do you like the placement?" she asked as a matter of rote.

"Yes."

The word was barely past Jillian's lips before Betty swabbed the nipples anesthetic and then cleaned Jillian's jewelry the same way. From a sealed plastic pack she pulled out a sterilized clamp, small hard rubber ball and a heavy needle. "Some piercers use the free method now, but I still prefer the clamp. Is that a problem?"

Jillian shook her head no and watched as the woman carefully placed the fingers of the clamp on her right nipple and tightened them right to the point of pain. She closed her eyes briefly against the invading thrill and looked down at the dark pink nipple now turning a purplish shade. Betty wasted no time and, using the rubber ball as a stop pad, shoved the heavy needle through Jillian's clamped nipple.

Not even the tiniest squeak escaped her lips even though the thrill of pain that ran from the nipple throughout her body was more intense than she remembered.

The needle was partly hollow. Betty allowed it to dangle for just a moment before she slipped the stem of the ring through the hollow tube of the needle and pulled it back out.

And then it was done. The gleaming yellow ring was affixed to Jillian's left nipple. Betty took a pair of rubber coated pliers and squeezed the ring just enough to lock the open ends of the ring together. Jillian knew that though the ring appeared to be a solid circle, it could be reopened with the insertion and firm twist of a screwdriver. The appearance was nearly flawless. She looked

down and studied the ring, back where it had been many years ago, and felt a bit light-headed for a moment. Not wanting to become dizzy she picked her head back up and looked at Betty.

“Let’s do the next one.”

The piercer nodded in agreement and when through the same process with Jillian’s left nipple. The placement and hang were perfect; Betty stepped back to admire her handiwork. It wasn’t often she got to work on a beautiful woman with perfect breasts and nipples that called out for the attention of heavy metal rings. Behind her Claverack had to shift his cock that was uncomfortably growing in his pants. He wished he had the opportunity to fuck her before the piercings had been done because after the third ring went in she wouldn’t be interested in sex for a week.

Only when Jillian started slumping forward did Betty notice that her client had nearly passed out. She caught the older woman before she could fall and eased her back on the table.

“Careful. Don’t want to hurt yourself.”

Jillian tried to push her piercer away, but found her arms weren’t working correctly and she couldn’t form words in her mouth.

“Your blood sugar dropped,” Betty explained. “It happens when your body goes into shock. Just relax a minute and you’ll feel better.”

Claverack appeared next to the table, a can of juice in his hand. “Drink this, it’ll make you feel better.”

Though it had only been a minute, Jillian was already feeling her senses coming back to her. She took the juice from him and eagerly drank it. Some ran down her chin and neck. Betty moved in and wiped the stray juice away with a cloth.

“Sorry,” she mumbled to them.

“Nothing to be sorry about,” Betty said. “It happens to half the people who come in here.”

“When I first had these done I walked out the door without a problem.”

“When was that?” Betty asked.

Jillian waved her free hand. “Ten years ago.”

This actually surprised Betty. “I wouldn’t have guessed you were that old.”

“How old is that?” Jillian asked, a little angry.

“Twenty eight isn’t old, but would have thought that you were only twenty two or three.” She pointed to the older woman’s ring finger. “I mean, no one gets married before that age.”

Jillian laughed. “You’re trying to flatter me. How old are you.”

“I just turned twenty.”

“Then you’re too young to play games like that.” She finished the juice. “Okay, I’m ready for the final one. At least this time I’ll already be on my back.”

She got back up on the table and lay down. Betty walked around to the end and pulled out a set of hidden stirrups. “Just like at the doctor’s office,” she said with a smile. Jillian scooted down the table and inserted her heels into the stirrups. Unselfconsciously, she spread her legs and allowed Betty to gaze upon her pussy. Not fully moist, Betty and Claverack could both see a hint of wetness forming between the older woman’s legs. The parlor manager smiled at the sight. Betty said nothing, her expression didn’t change as she sat down on the stool and wheeled forward, carefully observing the folds of Jillian’s cunt. She snapped on a new pair of latex gloves and reached for Jillian, who inhaled sharply as Betty’s cool fingers touched her.

“Problem?” Betty asked absently, manipulating Jillian’s labia, inspecting them for the best location for the piercing.

“No,” Jillian sighed, forcing herself to calm. “It’s been a while.”

“Since you were last pierced?”

“No, since a woman last touched me.” Betty looked up at her client. Jillian stared steadily at the ceiling. “Some women can’t tell the difference, but I always know when a woman is touching me and not a man.”

Forcing her eyes back down between Jillian's legs, she nodded absently and wondered what surprise this lovely woman would reveal next.

"You've been pierced down here before, too haven't you?"

Jillian nodded. "It was part of the overall package."

"Do you want it in the same location as last time?"

"Yes."

Betty quickly set back to work, placing the clamp, forcing the heavy needle through her right inner labia and attaching the golden ring. Jillian didn't even jump when the sharp needle went through the delicate flesh.

"All done," she announced. "You can get dressed now."

Ignoring the burning fire between her legs Jillian pulled on her plain cotton underwear and street clothes. After signing a few forms to allow Wherret to pay for Betty's services, she left the parlor and went back up the stairs to where Patty had remained with the car.

The astute driver quickly noticed Jillian's slightly odd gait. "It'll only take a day or two for you to become accustomed to the ring," she said.

"I know," Jillian said. "This isn't the first time that I've done this."

Patty brightened. "And you came back for more? I'm proud of you. Would you like to see mine?" she asked eagerly, reaching for the button on her tight black pants.

"Perhaps later, when we are off the street," Jillian said a bit wearily, climbing into the car. "I'd like to go home and rest now."

Patty nodded, her smile not diminishing and drove her charge home.

After helping Jillian into the house, finding some aspirin and fixing her a cold pack of ice, Patty was still as bouncy as ever.

"Anything else I can help you with?" she asked enthusiastically, a slight lilt to

her voice.

“No, I’m fine. I just don’t remember the soreness like this the last time I was pierced.”

“We tend to forget pain,” the young girl said, trying to evoke a tone of wisdom she didn’t command.

“I don’t think that’s it. More likely I’m getting older and don’t heal as quickly.”

The chauffer shrugged her shoulders and tossed back her straight blond hair which she had let down once they had arrived at Jillian’s house. “I’ll take my leave then,” she said a bit formally.

Jillian nodded and pushed herself gently back onto her bed, trying to find a position of comfort. “Thank you.”

With a final longing look around the older woman’s bedroom, Patty nodded a bit formally, then couldn’t resist her mischievous side. “But first,” she said dramatically, quickly unbuttoning her pants and pushing them and her panties down in smooth, practiced motion. Her long pale legs kicked aside the jumble of material as she rested one foot carefully on the mattress, showing herself off to Jillian. Like many younger women Patty had chosen to shave her pussy completely clean of all hair which better showed off the ornamentation she had added. Both inner labia were pierced with heavy gold rings, pulling the secret lips out for display. A flower charm dangled from one ring while a bee hung from the other. Despite her pain, Jillian couldn’t help herself and smiled at the whimsical decorations. As far as she could tell the young woman’s skin was flawless.

“Are you sure you want me to leave?” asked Patty quietly and eagerly.

Jillian smiled thinly and asked a question of her own. “Are you owned by Wherret?”

Patty shook her head, her blond hair whipping around her starched chauffeur’s uniform collar. The black jacket was open and the white blouse’s bottom button had come undone, revealing her unadorned navel and flat belly.

“No,” she answered. “I only work for them as a driver and assistant. I applied

but was rejected.”

Jillian nodded in understanding but offered no comment. Many young men and women tried to become the indentured servants that were the true employees of Wherret, but for reasons she still failed to fully understand most were rejected, even those so eager and beautiful as Patty.

“Turn around,” Jillian ordered gently.

The younger woman took her foot off the bed and slowly pivoted to display her perfectly egg shaped buttocks to Jillian. They too were unadorned, unmarked. Jillian knew Patty wasn’t lying. Wherret insisted on a tattoo of ownership on the buttock of every employee.

“Face me,” she said. Patty turned back, her eager smile unsure now. “There’s nothing more I would like than to make love with you,” Jillian said evenly, the moment those words were past her lips, Patty became crestfallen for she correctly read the other woman’s intent. “But I can’t. Not now. For many reasons, least of all my pain. Perhaps in the future.”

Still trying to prove her worth and value, not to mention her resilience, Patty nodded in agreement and bend over to pick up her pants. She used the motions of dressing herself to surreptitiously wipe away the tear that slid down her cheek but Jillian still noticed the action, yet said nothing. With a final nod and a semi-formal bow, the young woman took her leave of Jillian.

She sighed and rolled over onto her side, the bag of ice between her legs. Why were so many men and women very eager to bed her? she wondered. It wasn’t just her beauty or reputation or personality. Uncounted times she had been given a similar offer from many others and couldn’t understand why. A half-remember quote from Mae West came to her. “It’s better to be looked over,” the old bawd had declared. “Than to be overlooked.”

Jillian wondered if Miss West would have enjoyed her unique lifestyle and then fell to sleep.

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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