

Love For A Slave

by Elliot Silvestri

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Athena broke off the kiss to make an announcement to Ethan.

“I don’t want you to be surprised, but I have a couple of tattoos and piercings.”

Ethan blinked at her in confusion. Her announcement didn’t surprise him. “I’ve got a tattoo too,” he said and snickered at his humorous repetition. “I’d have to roll up my sleeve to show you...”

“Don’t bother. Not yet. I just didn’t want you to be surprised because I can see where this is going.” She grinned at him and ran her fingers through her short black hair. The gesture must have been a holdover from when it was much longer because it was completely unnecessary. Her hair was short enough that a makeout session in the front seat of her car wasn’t enough to muss it, but just barely long enough to be feminine and cute. When he had first met her in public he had joked that he thought it was mandatory that all librarians wear buns. She had smiled at the lame joke and pointed out she was only a part-time librarian.

“Where is it going?” he asked her as his heart thumped inside his chest. Though all his friends and family assured him he was undeniably good looking inside he always felt out of place, certain he didn’t fit in.

“Hopefully inside your place. Having sex in a car is something I gave up when I was no longer a teenager.” She smiled with a confidence Ethan could only hope to imitate and never achieve.

“We’re going to have sex?” he asked, once again showing he wasn’t smooth or put together well.

“I certainly hope so.”

Ethan felt like his world was shifting out of his control. “Aren’t I supposed to be the one asking for this?”

“I know what I want,” she said with confidence. Her grin was mischievous

which only accented her elfin looks. With her pale skin and bright blue eyes she could easily have passed for some sort of fairy come to life. Ethan was a good foot taller than her which only added to his discomfort of being out on a date because even though they were both in their mid-twenties, next to him she looked like a teenager and he looked like some sort of towering ogre. “Are you going to invite me in or are you one of those guys who don’t have sex on the first date?”

“Technically, this is our second date. Coffee at Madeline’s was our first.”

She inclined her head toward him. “Technically it wasn’t coffee, you had hot chocolate. Now: sex or no sex?”

The inside of Ethan’s house was small, which was actually his preference. He didn’t like living in an apartment—too many people around—but a huge house would be wasteful and empty. He didn’t bother with a tour; they went straight to the bedroom.

More by necessity than design, she laid on top of him on the bed. He didn’t want to crush her or destroy the nice clothing she had worn. He felt underdressed next to her, but since they had only done dinner and a movie, he told himself it was fine. After a few more kisses, she knelt up, straddling his body so he knew she felt his erection inside his jeans, and abruptly pulled her red blouse up over her head. Underneath she wore a black bra with red polka dots.

“I’ve got small boobs,” she said unnecessarily.

“I can see that. I don’t mind.” I wasn’t lying.

“And the nice bras are all padded, so don’t get your hopes up about finding something hidden away.”

“That’s fine.” He could see the bra was padded and was looking at her chest, hoping she would reveal her breasts shortly. His hands were on her hips and he didn’t see when she rolled her eyes at his lack of understanding.

“You’re bad at hints, aren’t you?”

“What?”

“You’re supposed to try to take off my bra,” she said with some exasperation.

“Oh. Right.” He reached up behind her back and searched for the hooks to her bra. He failed.

Athena just shook her head at him. “You’re cute,” she said and reached between her breasts to snap open the front closure.

“Oh.”

She shrugged out of the bra, tossing it aside, to reveal her tits. His eyes went wide. As promised, her breasts were small, making the bra almost unnecessary. It was the studs through her nipples that caught Ethan’s eye. Reaching up she ran her hands over her breasts, fiddling with the studs for a second before saying, “You can touch them. I like them touched.”

The studs were silver and went through her nipples horizontally. The simple bars she wore were held in place by small balls on either side of the nipples, highlighting them perfectly. He reached up and gently manipulated the studs, feeling the contrast of hard metal and soft flesh. She shivered slightly and closed her eyes at his touch. “Wow.”

“Now you know why I wear a padded bra.”

“I thought it was because you had small tits.”

“That too,” she admitted.

They slowly undressed one another. Athena briefly admired the Rebel Alliance tattoo on Ethan’s shoulder as they went through the process of getting to know each other’s body. Ethan’s pants and underwear came off first and she was pleased that he was already hard.

“I could feel you when I was on top,” she told him between kisses as she ran her hand up and down his length, not trying to get him off, but trying to keep him interested. She didn’t have to try very much; he was extremely interested.

“Sorry,” he apologized with some embarrassment.

“Don’t be sorry. You felt good.” She kissed him again and then lowered her

mouth down to his cock, sucking him a little, tasting his salty precum. She idly ran her fingers through his sandy blond pubic curls that were a shade darker than the hair on his head. All his hair was baby soft. “If you don’t have any condoms, I brought some along,” she told him.

“You came prepared?” He wasn’t sure if he was pleased or if he was alarmed she was so forward about sex.

“Of course. Do you have ones that you want to use?”

“I want to see what you brought,” he said. Occasionally Ethan could craft a good lie. He didn’t have any condoms in his house because he was certain the date wasn’t going to go this well.

Athena leaned over the side of the bed and rifled through her large purse before producing a small package of condoms. Ripping one open she effortlessly placed it on his cock and rolled it down his length. She refrained from making overly cute remarks about his admirable length and girth. He was smart enough to realize that commenting on how she knew to put on a condom was a learned skill that took lots of practice.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked.

“I’m a little girl...but I like the guy on top,” she admitted. “You can take off my panties.” They were black with red dots like her bra—a matching set—but weren’t designed as ridiculous lingerie. They were just cute underwear, bikini style, not overtly sexual, but undeniably sexy. He ran his fingers over the silky material, feeling the heat of her pussy underneath, before hooking his fingers into the waistband and pulling them down.

Ethan wasn’t shocked—she had warned him ahead of time—but he did pause as her nude pussy came into view. The fact that she was fully shaved didn’t surprise him. He was hip enough to know women—and men—had all sorts of preferences when it came to pubic hair styling. Two things about her pussy made him hesitate.

“I told you I had tattoos and piercings,” she reminded him as she opened up her legs to fully reveal herself to him. The blue flower tattoo that was right above her slit was well-done and the right combination of pretty and sexy—mostly because of the placement. It was nice and something that Ethan had only seen

before in pictures and porn, but it was in no way off-putting. It was the silver ring at the top of her slit that made him reevaluate everything about Athena. She fingered it slightly. The scent of her cunt reached his nose and Ethan didn't know what to do. With her legs spread wide he could see her labia glistening with liquid desire, but he didn't know how to proceed.

She reached down and fingered the little silver ring in her flesh. "It makes sex better," she told him.

"I've never been with someone who has a...uh...one of those."

She reached up and pulled his face down to hers for a kiss. "You might not feel a difference, but I do. If you don't like it, I can take it out if you want to wait a minute."

"No, no. That's not necessary. Do I need to do anything special?"

By pulled him down to her, Athena had placed him in the traditional missionary position. "Just put your cock in me." She reached down for his latex-covered manhood and moved it into position. Once he had entered her, everything became normal again.

Ethan couldn't believe he had the opportunity to fuck such a sexy and willing partner. He tried to make the most of it, making the sex last as long as possible, trying to please her before he climaxed. He might not have been successful in getting her off before he blew his load, but he could honestly say that he had tried.

"I'm sorry I came so quickly," he apologized after it was over.

"Uh-uh. Don't apologize. It was good. You got me off twice. Small ones, but it takes a lot of work to make me cum really hard." She gave him a kiss. "Besides, we've got two more condoms if you can get it up again."

He laughed. "Yeah, but you need to give me a minute."

"That's fine. I need to go to the bathroom." She rolled off the bed and headed for the door. He watched her walk away and got to admire two more tattoos on her body, both on her butt, each on one cheek. While she was away he pulled off the condom, knotted it, and tossed it into the garbage can in the corner, wiping down

his dick with his boxers, all before she returned.

“Can I see the tattoos on your butt?” he asked when she walked back in.

“Sure.” She fell face first onto the bed and let him look at her ass. The ink on her right cheek was an elaborate letter “A” surrounded by ornate script lines. The tattoo on her left was a Latin phrase in a circle. “LIMITARE LIBERTATEM”.

“Why’d you get these done?” he asked.

She breathed a sigh of relief that he didn’t ask for the English translation. “I was young and stupid in college.” She paused and corrected herself. “Well, not fully stupid. Some friends went to get piercings to celebrate the end of the semester and I went along and got my nipples done. It was all downhill from there.”

He lightly kissed the “A” tattoo. “I like them.

She rolled over but kept her legs together, partially hiding her pussy. “I think I need your tongue to make me cum really hard.”

“I can do that,” he replied as he shifted position to open her legs. “Why did you get this one done?” he asked, lightly running his finger over the ring that surmounted her clit.

“A girl has secrets,” she told him, pushing his head down to her pussy. He didn’t press her at the moment because he had other concerns at the moment.

As it turned out making her cum with his mouth and tongue was actually easier than with his dick. It took a minute for him to get used to the peculiar intersection of her soft flesh with the metal ring that ran through her clit hood, but once he became accustomed to how she responded, it was easy to manipulate her needs. He sensed she had a small orgasm but when he lifted his head, she shoved it back down. A couple more minutes and she was humping his face with her pussy and the orgasm that burst forth from her soaked Ethan’s face.

“God I needed that,” she told him when her orgasm had faded away. “It’s been too long.”

“Too long? How long since you last had sex?” He kissed the inside of her thigh and looked up at her.

“Um...a week?” she laughed.

Athena wasn't completely surprised that she woke up in Ethan's bed. It was very easy for her to fall asleep after sex and she was comfortable with Ethan even after having been on barely two dates.

The moment she realized where she was and what time it was, she jumped up, startling Ethan in the process, and scrambled about the bedroom looking for the large bag she took everywhere. “What's the matter?” he asked, still half asleep.

“Gotta go,” she told him, relaxing a bit after finding her bag.

“No. Come back to bed. We'll have sex one more time and I'll make you breakfast,” he patted the mattress next to him and pulled up the covers to keep warm.

“Sorry. Really, it has nothing to do with you. I'd love to, but I have an obligation.”

“It's Sunday,” he complained. “No one has obligations on Sunday.” The words hung in the air a moment before he realized what he had said. “Oh shit, you don't have some church thing you're going to, do you?”

She paused in the middle of donning on her bra and then laughed at him. “Oh no,” she giggled. “Oh hell no!” Her second statement made her laugh even louder. “Okay, yeah, I am a part-time librarian at a Catholic college, but I don't go to church every Sunday. Or any Sunday, for that matter.”

Ethan looked at her like she had lost her sanity and he didn't know how to deal with a crazy woman in his bedroom. “Okay. Just making sure you're not a religious nut.”

“I'm not,” she assured him. She stepped into a pair of yoga pants. “I just have a, uh, work obligation that I have to get to.”

“Work obligation?”

“Even though it's a Catholic college, they still have students who want to study

on Sundays.” From the depths of her giant bag she pulled out a t-shirt and put it on. It was emblazoned with the slogan, “I like big books and I cannot lie!”

Ethan grinned at her choice of attire. “When can I see you again?” he asked.

“Um...I want to see you again, I really do,” she assured him, “but this week is going to be crazy for me. Completely crazy. I don’t think I’ll have time to talk to you or anything, so if I don’t answer my phone, don’t get upset. Leave a message or text me and I’ll get back to you by the end of the week.”

He looked askance at her. “It sounds like you’re hiding something from me. Are you married and are cheating on your husband?” He grabbed her left hand and looked for evidence of a missing ring or tan line on her ring finger.

She pulled her hand back and found her shoes. “I’m not married. I’m not cheating on anyone with you.” She sat down on the edge of the bed to tie the shoes.

“It sounds like you are,” he pointed out.

Athena turned around and abruptly kissed him. He took that moment to grab the initiative and slipped his hand around her back, pulling her to him. She didn’t resist. She didn’t mind his hand on her ass, but when he started to slip his fingers into the waistband of her pants, she pulled away. “I’m not kidding, I have to get to work,” she told him. “Research and training week. I’ll get back to you when I can.”

Feeling like a fool, he would let go of her body. “Promise me we’ll go out again next weekend,” he begged. “Promise me you aren’t married.”

“I’m not married and I’ll see you next weekend.” She twisted his wrist and rolled across the bed to freedom. “I’ll give you the blowjob of a lifetime too,” she vowed and headed out of the bedroom. He wanted to chase after her.

He resisted even if he had an erection and a need to fuck.

Chapter Two

St. Gelais College had a wonderfully designed and maintained library. In the front it was all wood and leaded glass windows and iron fixtures; it looked like it had been built in the middle of the nineteenth century, because it had. In the back, the library proper, it was modern and up-to-date because of bequests from wealthy benefactors and alumni. When Ethan walked in he felt only slightly out of place. He was a little older than those students walking around and his college had been a giant university that was completely modern with an industrial feel. This was a world of difference.

He went to the front desk. “Hi. I’m looking for Athena McGill. She’s a librarian here.” He smiled at the middle-aged man behind the desk who had a salt-and-pepper beard along with thin hair that would look better if he just dropped the comb over and accepted his eventual baldness.

“And you are...?” The librarian somehow had figured out that Ethan didn’t exactly belong to the student crowd even though he had pulled on his old university sweatshirt as a partial disguise.

“Ethan Blankenship. I’m a friend of hers. Decided to surprise her.” He grinned and tried to make himself come off as friendly but he felt like he was projecting the image of a nervous teenager.

The balding librarian picked up the phone. “Let me call her and see.”

Ethan barely paid attention to what the librarian was saying and was crushed when he hung up and said, “Miss McGill’s not in today. You do know she’s only part time, don’t you?” He looked over his glasses at Ethan.

“Right...” Ethan pulled out his cell phone and started scrolling through his texts. “I thought she said she’d be working today.”

The librarian just shook his head at Ethan. “Her schedule changes. Maybe she told you that she would be working today, but things changed for her. If you want, you can leave her a note and I’ll put it in her office mailbox.”

Ethan just shook his head and walked away. “No, I’ll call her.” He exited the library and hit the button for Athena’s number. It rang once and went straight to voicemail. There was no need for him to leave a message; he had already left three.

He had been to the library Friday afternoon. Ethan didn’t hear back from Athena until Sunday. She sent him a text. How about that blowjob I promised you?

At first he didn’t want to answer, but his curiosity and his libido got the best of him. Sure...but where were you Friday?

She didn’t text back. She actually called him. “What do you mean where was I on Friday? Were you checking up on me?”

Her forwardness surprised him. “Well, no. I wanted to surprise you Friday and take you out after you got done with work. The front desk said you weren’t there.”

She sighed heavily. “Yeah, I wasn’t on campus. I was over at SUNY. Mini conference for librarians.”

“Oh.”

The silence hung between them a long minute. Finally she spoke, “Look, Ethan. I like you. The sex was great last weekend. I had a busy weekend and I texted when I could. We don’t want to start this relationship off like this, do we?”

Ethan tamped down his suspicious nature. As someone who was more comfortable in front of a computer than in front of a woman, he always had difficulty believing any woman would ever be interested in him.

“No,” he finally said. “I’m just being paranoid because I had zero success romantically in high school or college. Sorry.”

“Don’t be. I can be at your place in twenty minutes. Don’t have any underwear on. I don’t want to waste any time.

She arrived at his door at the promised time and was sucking his cock in the

middle of the living room less than thirty seconds after he let her inside. She was on her knees and he was happily looking down at her eager mouth accepting more and more of his manhood down her throat.

“Do you want me to swallow or do you want to fuck me?” she asked taking a quick break. As she asked the question she kept her hand moving on his cock which made it hard for Ethan to concentrate.

“Um...here. Swallow.”

She nodded and went back to fellating him. Her blowjob was literally making him hot so he shrugged out of the bathrobe he had put on after her command to not have any underwear on when she arrived. It was only slightly odd to get a blowjob from a fully dressed woman in the middle of his living room while he was completely naked.

“Oh god, oh god, I’m gonna—” was all Ethan managed to say before his orgasm took over his body. Athena knew exactly what she was doing and kept one hand wrapped around his balls and the other firmly around the base of his shaft as the spurt of his ejaculation filled her mouth. She swallowed after every second spurt, looking up at him, which was a wasted gesture because his eyes were screwed tightly closed as he peaked.

When he was finally done and she carefully released his cock she said, “I swallowed it all.” Her words sounded innocent but had a definite dirty note to them. “I hope you didn’t want me to snowball it back to you.”

“Ah, no. I’m not into that.”

She nodded and stood up from the carpeted floor. “I need a drink of water. How about you?” She headed to the kitchen. He followed a second later after picking up his bathrobe and wrapping it around himself.

Athena was at the sink filling a glass when he walked in. She frowned. “I was hoping to keep you naked. Or are you nervous around clothed girls when you don’t have anything on.”

Ethan tilted his head to the side. “I don’t know. I’ve never been naked in front of a girl when she was still dressed.”

Unable to help herself, Athena said, “Why don’t you try it?” She looked at him over the rim of the glass as she drank.

Shedding the robe was easy. Standing in front of her with a limp cock was not.

“Want to go to bed with me?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

“I think you’ll have to use your mouth on me. It doesn’t look like you’ll be able to get it up.”

Ethan grinned. “I’ll go down on you. But I can get it up. Don’t worry.”

In the bedroom Athena refused to let him undress her. She had him sit on the bed and watch as she stripped. Athena didn’t put on a show for him, she just removed her clothes like she was getting ready for bed; somehow the casualness made it sexier. He could feel his cock starting to stir as she undressed. The first thing he noticed when she took off her bra was that she had swapped out her studs with a pair of gold rings that now adorned her nipples.

“They’re pretty,” he told her, pointing to her breasts.

“What, my tits or my rings?”

Another grin crept across his face. “Both.”

Before she took off her panties she jumped onto the bed, pushing him down, and told him, “You can take off my panties...and then you can go down on me.”

He did exactly as she asked, pulling off her panties with his hands and teeth, revealing her clean-shaven pussy with the little gold ring still resting at the top of her slit. Ethan didn’t need further instructions; he went down on her, licking and sucking her clit and ring and labia. From the way she moaned appreciatively he figured he was doing everything perfectly. It was hard to tell exactly with Athena, but he was fairly certain he had made her cum at least once before she was pulling him up from between her legs. His cock had slowly gotten hard during his cunnilingus and it was easy for him to enter her.

“That’s what I needed,” she moaned into his ear as they started fucking.

“Do you want me to cum in you?” he asked her. Since she had blown him a few minutes earlier he knew he could last a long time.

“Only after you make me cum more times than I can remember.”

It turned out that number was eight. He was fairly sure that she had lost count of her orgasms before he came and that was good enough.

Hours later he woke up with a start. Athena was running her fingers through his hair. The first thing he felt was how sticky his cock was. “How long was I asleep?”

“Not long. Maybe half an hour,” she told him. “I have trouble sleeping after sex. It takes me a while to come down.”

“Not me. A couple of good orgasms and I’m done.”

“So I figured.” She paused in her conversation and paused with her fingers in his hair. “I like this. I like you.”

“Me too,” he answered honestly.

“I’d like to make this work as a relationship.”

Ethan turned his head to look up at her. “Really?”

“Yeah, but...”

She trailed off and he waited expectantly.

“Well, fuck it,” she muttered under her breath. “I don’t want this relationship to start off the wrong way. I’d rather end it now than to go through a whole bunch of secrets and lies and have you dump me a month from now.”

“Okay...that’s a strange way to talk about getting more serious.”

“I have a confession to make and if you want me to leave, that’s fine. I understand.”

He rolled over and looked askance at her. “Now you’re making me scared.”

She grimaced and looked away. “I don’t blame you. I should be making you paranoid because I have been keeping a secret from you.”

Ethan’s heart sank in his chest. He felt like he had been punched in the gut but the pain was strictly emotional, not physical. He just nodded and looked away from her, unable to talk.

She kept talking, however. “But I’m not married or anything like that.” She took a deep breath and found her courage because she wasn’t willing to keep lying to Ethan and if the relationship was to be over it was better to kill it before she grew accustomed to it. “You know I work part time at the college library, but I get most of my money working as a professional sex slave.”

That was enough to make Ethan shake his head like he was trying to clear water from his ears and stare at her. “What?”

“I’m a professional sex slave,” she admitted. It felt good to tell someone. It had been a secret she had been carrying with her for the past few years; no one knew. Not her family, not her friends, not her coworkers.

“How the hell do you make money doing that?”

“You go to a guy’s house, take off your clothes, and do whatever he tells you because it’s what gets him off.” She shrugged. “It’s easy. And since I like to be a little kinky...”

To her relief he was intrigued and not angry. Not yet.

“How did you find such a...job?”

“You stumble into an ad online from a guy looking for a woman willing to be a sex slave,” she told him bluntly. “I was young and stupid and I needed the money.”

“How much could it possibly pay?” she thought he asked her, but what actually happened was he speculated out loud at the cost.

“Enough so that I didn’t have to take a shitty second job and have a roommate in addition to being a part-time librarian so I could live a decent life.”

“Wait. I’m confused. Did you start doing this back when you were in college?”

“No. After college. After I got hired at St. Gelais I was happy to be working, but I needed extra money because it was only part time. And it still is only part time.”

Ethan rubbed his forehead. He didn’t actually have a headache, but he was puzzled. Her second life didn’t mesh with what her knew about her...other than the piercings and tattoos. “How long ago did you start this?”

“Six years. About.”

Now he goggled at her. “Six years?” His words may have been louder than he intended and she wiggled out from next to him to stand up. She found her shirt where she had dropped it on the floor and pulled it on as some element of protection from what she perceived as his anger. “And you haven’t been able to give it up?”

She looked away from him and her eyes somehow found the mirror where she was gazing back at herself. “No secrets. It’s been too long. I’ve made enough money. I’ve been offered a full time position at the library.” She took a deep breath. “I don’t want to give it up. I like it. It’s fun. The money is...good.”

“You like doing it?” Ethan was still laying on the bed and couldn’t really believe how his evening had turned out. This wasn’t what he wanted from a new girlfriend.

“Yes,” she admitted boldly. “It’s fun, like I said. I don’t have to be...me when I’m with Jacob. I can be the person I want to be. My family isn’t telling me what I’m supposed to be doing or asking why I’m not married yet. They don’t know about my secret. Only you. It was probably stupid to tell you.” She looked down at the clothes piled on the floor and estimated it would only take her a couple of minutes to get dressed and bolt out the door. She bent down and found her jeans. If she just grabbed her bra and underwear she’d be out that much quicker.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Getting dressed. I’m leaving.”

“Why?”

“I’d rather leave on my own accord rather than get kicked out by you.” She buttoned her jeans and quickly stepped into her sneakers.

“You don’t have to leave,” he said softly.

“I’m leaving,” she stated flatly but didn’t move.

“I think it’s kind of kinky and sexy what you do,” he said, finding his voice. “I just didn’t expect it.”

“No one does,” she admitted to the floor. “I had a couple of other guys find out and they didn’t want to see me any more.”

“Take off your clothes and get into bed with me,” he said. “Tell me more.”

“You’re not angry?”

“I’m...intrigued. What exactly do you have to do?”

Athena’s hands went to the button on her jeans and she slowly opened them up.

Chapter Three

“IT’S A STANDARD arrangement,” she told him. “At least I think it’s standard. For me it’s how my life has worked for the past six years. I give them one week every month and usually there’s an extra weekend as well.”

“Them? Is this a group you work for?”

Athena shook her head. “No. Just Jacob...and his wife, Charlotte.”

“So, you’re a sex slave to a couple.”

“No, just Jacob. I belong to him.”

“You belong to him?”

Athena sighed. “Well, I am a slave. I have to belong to someone.”

“You’re a sexual submissive,” he surmised.

“Yes. Obviously. I like being ordered around sexually.”

“But I didn’t do that with you.”

“I don’t like being ordered around all the time.”

“What does, what’s her name...Charlotte?...think of you?”

“She likes me,” Athena said with great confidence.

“She does?”

“Well, yeah. I suppose so. I’ve never really asked her. It’s not my place.”

“Sounds weird.”

She nodded again. He didn’t see the motion, he just felt it against his chest. “A

little, I guess.”

“Does he have you over when she’s out of town or what?”

That made Athena laugh. “No, no. Nothing like that. She knows all about me, of course. He has her participate.”

“Wait. I’m confused again. He does?”

“I’d better back up and explain more.” Athena said as she sat up and pulled off her shirt. It felt good to have her naked skin on his when she laid back down.

“Don’t question what I tell you, just go with it, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Charlotte is his first slave. I’m his second slave.”

“I thought you said she was his wife.”

Athena smacked Ethan on his chest. “I told you not to question anything. But she was his wife first and apparently they figured out they have a dom-sub relationship and a few years after they got married she agreed to be his slave.”

“Sex slave?”

“Sex slave,” she clarified.

“How old are they?” Ethan asked, unable to help himself.

“Shut up,” she reminded him. “About forty. They’ve been doing this for a while. Anyway, when she got pregnant she wasn’t able to do what he—and she—liked in bed so she had to take a sabbatical from being his slave. It was actually her ad that I answered. She was looking for a temporary replacement for while she was pregnant. I stuck around because they both enjoyed having me around.”

“They have a kid?”

Athena reached up and pinched Ethan’s lips together. “They keep their family life separate from their sex life. They’re rich enough so it doesn’t matter.”

Ethan tried to ask another question but his words were garbled by her fingers. He

grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away. “So...you serve him when she’s not around.”

By now Athena had realized that Ethan was intrigued by her secret life and just wanted to know more. She had been keeping an eye on his cock and while it wasn’t a bar of iron yet, it was slowly inflating. She was fairly confident she could tell him everything. “No, well, sometimes. But usually we serve him together. He likes seeing us together.” She looked up meaningfully at him.

“Together together?” he asked.

She smiled. Athena wanted to see how far she could push him. “You could say I’m bisexual. I didn’t realize it until Jacob ordered me to go down on his wife while he was fucking me.”

“Oh.”

“Are you upset?” She grabbed his cock. “It doesn’t seem like you’re upset.” He was getting harder.

“No.” He shifted. “What exactly have you done with him?”

“Do you want to hear every dirty act I’ve performed?”

“Kind of, yeah.”

“Fine.” She ticked off items on her fingers as she ran down the list. “Straight sex, obviously. Oral, giving and receiving from both him and her. Anal, receiving from both of them; she uses a strap on dildo. I’ve been tied up in all manners with rope and leather handcuffs and other restraints. He had me pierced and tattooed, as you can see. I’ve had sex blindfolded more than once and I’m certain it wasn’t with Jacob. He had some other guy come in and fuck me while he watched. I’ve been a naked maid in their house during a dinner party—I was just window dressing, no sex. He’s taken pictures of me and put them on a couple of different websites—nudes, obviously. Short videos too, usually with his wife. He’s caned and spanked me and used a leather flogger. I used to shave my pussy but he paid for laser hair removal so I’m bald down there for the rest of my life. Oh, and he’s pissed on me once because I refused to do what he asked. It was my humiliation punishment.”

She fell silent and looked expectantly at him. “Any questions.”

“At least a dozen. Why did he piss on you?” It was the last thing she admitted to so it was the first question he asked.

“I refused to eat his cum out of his wife’s cunt. I don’t know why; I think I just wanted to be a brat and see what I could get away with. Turns out, not much. It was stupid, too, and I knew it was stupid at the time. I had swallowed loads of his cum before and I’d gone down on her plenty of times as well. When I refused he gave me a second chance and I refused again. At that point he just dragged me to the bathroom, put me in the tub, pulled out his cock and pissed on me. He didn’t want to mess up their home.”

“That’s just...horrifying.”

Athena tried to be blasé. “I deserved a punishment. I’m there to serve his requests, not to be a baby bitch and say no. I guess I was kind of lucky. He could have just terminated the contract and I’d never have seen him again. And since it was in the bathtub I could just wash off when he was done.”

“You think you were lucky?” Ethan was appalled.

“Yes. I love being his slave. I think I’d love being anyone’s slave. I can’t give it up. Not now, at least. Maybe in twenty or thirty years. Who knows?” She took in a deep breath. “This is who I am, Ethan. A good girl who likes to do very bad things and treated poorly as long as she’s rewarded with a bit of money a few orgasms. Now is the time to break it off with me if you can’t stand it.”

She knew he could stand it. His cock was hard. “I’d actually like to see it.”

That made her laugh. “That’s never going to happen.”

“Why not?”

“Jacob doesn’t pay me to bring friends with me to watch him use me,” she explained carefully. “Think about it. Did you ever have a job as a teenager working at some store? Did your boss want you to bring your friends in to watch you work?”

“I don’t want to watch you work, I want to watch you get kinky.”

The words surprised them both. Ethan was intrigued at her secret life and Athena was confused—and relieved—that Ethan didn't suddenly reject her for who she was.

"I can't see that happening," she told him flatly.

"I guy can dream."

"You have strange dreams."

"You have a strange job. Tell me more about it."

She smiled and kissed the side of his neck. "What part?"

He traced his finger over the ink buried in the skin above her pussy. "You said he had you tattooed?"

"Yeah..."

"Tell me about it."

Athena was thrilled that her new boyfriend wasn't put off by her secret job. And it gave her a great deal of confidence to realize that it turned him on a bit as well. She had always tried to keep her two lives separate, but Ethan seemed the perfect candidate to bridge the two disparate parts of her life.

He didn't mind her going off for up to a week at a time to serve Jacob and Charlotte. When she came back he always wanted to hear what she had done and how much she had enjoyed it. At first it was frightening to reveal this part of herself to someone who wasn't supposed to know, but in the end it seemed to draw them closer—and it made the sex even more intense.

The one problem she didn't anticipate was Jacob's displeasure.

"What's this?" he asked sharply after she finished undressing and presenting herself to him. It was supposed to be just another Friday night where she served Jacob, getting him to relax after a difficult work week. He was pointing to her neck while holding the soft leather paddle in his other hand. She knew his plan.

He was going to make her bend over the arm of the burgundy leather couch and slap her ass until it turned red. The screams she let loose would excite him—and although she knew she was supposed to act, the ass paddlings truly did hurt her—and eventually he would fuck her while she cried. That was his preferred to fuck her while she was in pain and tears were running down her face. Sometimes she summoned up tears by thinking of her dead grandmother; other times the tears flowed naturally from the pain.

“Master?” she asked, confused and unable to see where on her neck he was pointing.

He grabbed her by the back of the neck—he hadn’t even wrapped her leather collar on her yet—and all but dragged her to the mirror in his study where he pointed out the flaw on her skin. “What’s that!” he demanded.

“A bruise,” she answered quickly. He liked to be angry and barely under control; he wasn’t hurting her, not yet. But that was part of her job as well. “A hickie, actually, Master.”

“Who gave this to you?”

Athena’s eyes went to the floor. Jacob didn’t demand complete obedience in every way, she could look him in the eye, but now she was a bit ashamed of herself. “My boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?” Athena couldn’t tell if Jacob was truly aghast or just pretending. “How long have you had a boyfriend?”

“Almost four months now, Master.”

“And you didn’t tell me?”

This was the difficult part of her job with Jacob. What to tell him and what not to tell. He didn’t want to know about the petty details of her life, but he also wanted to assert as much control over her outside of his house as he could. She wasn’t specifically forbidden to have a boyfriend. She was free to have relationships as she chose fit, as long as it didn’t interfere with her work for Jacob. “No, Master. You haven’t asked since we started seeing each other and it hasn’t come up either.”

“I should quiz you more often,” he reminded himself. “And it’s serious?”

“Not especially.”

“But serious enough for him to leave marks on my property.” He let go of her neck and face and stepped back. Jacob absently slapped the leather paddle against his leg, thinking. He was dressed casually for him: dress pants, white dress shirt open at the collar, no tie. He had removed his shoes and jacket while waiting for her arrival. He was handsome, with just enough graying hair brushed back to give him a confident yet brooding look.

“It was an accident, Master. We were having sex and I must have forgotten my place.”

“I see.” He stepped away from her. Athena was still looking at herself in the mirror. Tears had unwillingly formed in the corners of her eyes and she was truly nervous, not because she was naked and vulnerable, but because she didn’t know if Jacob would dismiss her for such a slipup.

“You’ll have to be punished, of course.”

“Yes. I understand.”

“And after this weekend, you’ll have to tell him about me and what you do for me.” He smiled. He had used that order once before with a previous boyfriend when she told him about how serious she was getting with Peter. The moment Athena had followed Jacob’s orders and told Peter what she did when she was away at supposed conferences, he had walked out on her and never returned her calls.

Athena found a bit of courage. When she remembered herself—which was easy while looking in the mirror—the tears dissipated. “I already told him, Master.” She stood a little straighter, remembering that even if she was a slave, she needed to take pride in what she did for Jacob because no master wanted a sniveling, weak slave. Slaves were supposed to be strong and willing to do whatever a master needed.

“You already did? Truly?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I see.” He paused and though a minute, while he sipped at the drink he had set down on the coffee table before he had dragged her to the mirror. “And he knows exactly what you do for me?”

“Yes, Master.”

He stepped behind her and wrapped the white leather collar around her neck, buckling it into place and then slipping a small lock through the clasp, securing it. Once that was done, Athena relaxed a bit. It meant that he had accepted her answer and would continue to use her as his slave. “Bend over the couch.”

It was the routine she craved. Athena braced her arms on the seat of the couch while her ass was over the arm, fully exposed to Jacob. She knew what to expect and when the leather paddle came down she breathed a sigh of relief. It didn’t hurt, not at first. She was too accustomed to the paddle to be hurt right away. After a few smacks she felt the pleasant heat and burning that was like an old friend. A few minutes later the true pain set in and she started gasping and yelping with each additional application of the paddle. She didn’t complain. She never complained. That was not how she served her owner.

Eventually, when the tears were dropping from her cheeks and onto the couch cushion, Jacob stopped. In the moment of silence that followed, Athena heard herself sobbing softly.

“A few more smacks and her ass will be the same color as the couch,” observed Charlotte.

Athena turned her head and saw her owner’s wife had entered the study and was watching them. As befitted the weekend’s activities, Charlotte was dressed appropriately in a dark green and red bustier that pushed up her breasts but left her nipples exposed. It cinched tightly around her waist and gave her an elegant look that was broken up by the collar around her neck. Like Athena she had piercings in her nipples and at the top of her slit, but Athena barely saw them anymore, just like she didn’t see the small tattoos on Charlotte’s body. What she did note was the thin chain that currently connected the two nipple rings.

“Would you like to see that?” Jacob asked his wife. She played the role of a slave, but Athena knew the married couple had a different relationship than what she had with Jacob.

“I wouldn’t mind it,” Charlotte admitted.

He just grunted at her and opened up his pants to pull out his cock. “Get my dick hard,” he ordered her.

Charlotte walked elegantly across the room to her husband. Even when almost fully naked and wearing humiliating jewelry, Charlotte still carried herself like a society woman. When she knelt down in front of her husband, it was with simple grace. “You don’t really need me to do that for you,” she observed. Jacob was already largely erect from giving Athena a proper beating, an activity that always go him excited. Even with her observation, Charlotte extended her tongue and licked the length of Jacob’s cock before engulfing it in her mouth.

Watching and marveling, Athena wished she had half the grace and elegance that Charlotte did while performing fellatio. Whenever she was sucking Jacob’s cock she always felt like it was prom night and she was giving head for the very first time. Charlotte’s performance only lasted a minute before she spun around and abruptly buried her face between Athena’s thighs. Athena didn’t like being eaten from behind and Charlotte knew that which was why she tried to do it as often as possible. With her nose practically up her ass, Athena didn’t know how the voluptuous blonde woman could stand to do it, but she didn’t complain. It wasn’t her place.

After a minute Charlotte pulled back. “That’s not needed. She’s already wet like a waterfall.” Grabbing Jacob’s cock she guided her husband into his slave and stepped back to watch as Jacob thrust hard into Athena, hard enough to shake the heavy couch. The way his hips and abdomen slapped into her upturned ass that he had recently paddled hurt Athena, but as always, she didn’t complain. She had nothing to complain about.

He came before she did, which was his right. She was there to serve him. When he withdrew, Charlotte was there with a cloth to catch and wipe away the cum he left behind. Athena didn’t realize it until they were will into their business relationship, but Athena hated cooking and cleaning; she considered those activities something beneath a person of her status.

Jacob made Charlotte clean and bathe Athena as much as possible. When Athena was in the house to please him, Charlotte was made to serve food. She didn’t know how to cook and Jacob wasn’t such a fool as to force her. He didn’t want

to eat burned and tasteless meals. It was his choice to allow Charlotte to clean Athena with a cloth and not her mouth—at least on this occasion. More than once before Charlotte had been between the slave's legs removing every bit of semen he had deposited there.

As she finished Jacob said to her, “Did you see the damage to our little slave girl?” He pulled at the collar around Athena's neck, showing her hickie.

Charlotte dropped the rag into the trashcan next to the desk. “And how did that happen?”

“She says she has a boyfriend.”

That announcement made Charlotte frown. “Is that what she claims?”

“I'm inclined to believe her.”

“So just order her to tell him all about her obligations to us.” The curvy blonde patted Athena on her still-red rump.

“She claims that she already has.”

That announcement gave Charlotte pause. It had been a long time since Jacob had been able to surprise his wife with the complexities of their sex life. “Are you trying to force her to get rid of him?”

“She belongs to us. I don't want her to have a boyfriend.” He sounded like a sulky teenager. “She can fuck other men, but a long-term serious relationship will complicate matters.”

Charlotte actually laughed at him. “We only own her part-time.”

“I know the contract.”

“So either free her or buy up the rest of her time.”

This had been an argument that had gone back and forth between the couple for several years. They could afford to essentially hire Athena to work as a full-time sex slave, but that took some of the fun away and Athena had essentially refused because—oddly enough—she liked being a librarian and they all knew it was not

a realistic long-term employment strategy for the relatively young Athena.

“No,” said Athena from her position still bent over the couch.

“Hush girl,” Charlotte said absently and smacked Athena on her ass again.

“Don’t treat my property so shabbily!” Jacob complained, grabbing his wife’s wrist and twisting it to force her to turn around. With his other hand he grabbed her pussy from behind. From the sounds the blonde was making, it was hard to tell if she was fighting her husband or playing with him. He bent her around the couch placing her at a right angle to Athena who hadn’t been given permission to get up yet.

“There’s an easy way to get rid of him,” Charlotte huffed as hooked his thumb into her anus and fingered her with his middle and ring fingers.

“How’s that.”

“Just invite him up here to see what depraved things his girlfriend does.” Charlotte didn’t say any more. She let out a little moan as her husband made her body sing.

As he masturbated his wife Jacob looked over at Athena. “The next time you come here, you need to bring your little paramour. He needs to see the type of slut you are.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied steadily. Jacob thought he was giving her a challenge. It was more like a dream come true for Ethan.

Chapter Four

ETHAN WAS NERVOUS while they stood in front of the door. Judging from the size of the house, the Shieras were extremely well-off. That wasn't what was making him nervous. It was what Athena had just told him what was expected of him during their visit.

No, he corrected himself. Not their visit. She was working and he was to be... her assistant? A willing participant? A victim? He wasn't sure which description filled the bill.

"You can't be serious," he said after she rang the bell.

"Of course I am. What were you expecting, to sit there and watch?"

"Kind of."

She shook her head. "Nope. You're participating." And then the door opened revealing Charlotte who wore nothing more than a sheer bra, panties, and stockings. She wasn't the least bit shy as Ethan gaped at her.

"You're early. Good. Come inside." The curvy blonde turned around and walked back through the foyer into the depths of the house. For a moment Ethan didn't move; he was staring at Charlotte's ass which had the same tattoos as Athena. Only when Athena poked him in the ribs did he start moving.

Charlotte disappeared, but Athena knew the way, leading him to a small bedroom in the upstairs where she started stripping. "Get undressed," she told him.

"Are we really going to do this?" he asked even as he took off his shirt.

"I am," she said calmly. "If you don't...well, you'll embarrass me and I'll probably lose my job, so if you aren't serious about this, leave now." She finished undressing and carefully placed her clothes on the low dresser. "Hurry up," she told him.

Ethan had half expected her to put on some strange outfit, but she just remained naked, a state now familiar to him. Carefully piling his clothes next to hers, he looked down at his cock which had—thankfully for the moment—remained flaccid, but even that gave his second thoughts. “Do they want me hard, right away, I mean?”

“I don’t know,” she answered as she glanced into the mirror to check her short hair, spending a few moments rearranging her tiny bangs. “Just do what Jacob says.” She finished her impromptu hairdressing and headed out the door. Not wanting to be naked and alone, Ethan followed.

The bedroom that Athena led him to was huge—easily the size of the ground floor of Ethan’s house—with the space dominated by a large bed. Standing next to a large wooden chest of drawers was Charlotte, still all but naked. Athena went to her and Jacob’s wife took a leather collar from inside the chest and placed it around Ethan’s girlfriend’s neck. The way they did it told Ethan that this was something that had been done dozens of times before. As he watched the little ritual, Ethan felt his cock starting to get hard. He immediately tried to think of his aged aunt playing basketball. It helped—a little.

“You too, young man,” said Charlotte. Ethan went to her. He was taller than Charlotte forcing her to reach up to put the collar around his neck, but she managed. It was strange to be going through this. Was it what he really wanted? Ethan didn’t know but he was intensely curious. She was having some difficulty getting the collar on him because of their height difference—she and Athena were roughly the same size—and he was about to offer help which seemed insane, but eventually she got the leather buckled into place. It wasn’t uncomfortable, it was more like wearing a suit after going weeks wearing only a t-shirt.

“Comfortable?” she asked.

Ethan told half a lie. “It’s fine. I’m just not used to it.”

She smiled at him. “Maybe we’ll get you used to it. Turn around.”

Turning his back to Charlotte he noticed Athena watching him with a bemused look on her face. Charlotte turned the collar around his neck and he felt her clipping a chain that she had removed from the chest to it. It was really more of a leash, Ethan knew that. He wasn’t a fool. He knew what was being asked and

what to expect.

“Cross your hands behind your back,” Charlotte ordered.

“Why?” he asked, suddenly nervous.

“Don’t question orders when Jacob’s here,” Athena said quickly, noticing the displeased look on Charlotte’s face. “Just do it.”

Ethan wanted to see what happened next, so he did. He saw Charlotte take a pair of leather cuffs from the chest, felt them going on his wrists and then felt the chain being linked to the cuffs. The chain was hard and cool along his spine and he realized he was secure without being uncomfortable. The leash extended from his cuffs out to a leather loop that Charlotte held. She gave the leash over to Athena, which puzzled him, and proceeded to attach a leash to Athena’s collar. Her wrists weren’t secured, however.

“Stand at the foot of the bed and wait,” Charlotte ordered them handing Ethan’s leash to Athena.

With a bemused smile on her face, Athena led her boyfriend to the foot of the bed and stood there with him, waiting. Ethan felt a little foolish with a hundred questions on his lips, but Athena remained silent, so he did as well. Charlotte left the room and he started to turn to his girlfriend to ask a question, but she shook her head and placed a finger up to her lips. He remained silent standing next to her, naked but for the cuffs and collar. A minute later Charlotte returned, this time she was completely naked, her bra and panties were gone. Ethan stared at the golden rings through her nipples which now had a fine golden chain connecting them. She stood to Ethan’s right, putting him in the middle with Athena on his left. They all remained silent, waiting.

There was no clock in the room that Ethan could see. He didn’t know how much time passed before Jacob walked into the room. He was a fiftyish man, obviously a decade older, if not more, than his wife. He wore a dark dress shirt, black pants, and socks. In his left hand he carried an amber-colored drink. The way his eyes passed over Ethan’s body made him want to shiver.

“Acceptable,” was all he said and then Ethan noticed the leather paddle in his right hand. The tool made him shiver and take an unconscious step back, but he went nowhere because he was blocked by the bed.

If Jacob saw Ethan's reticence he didn't give any indication. "Prepare her," he said to Charlotte. Right away the two women knew exactly what was expected. Charlotte hooked Ethan's leash to the tall bed post while Jacob fell into the comfortable armchair in the corner of the room. Athena climbed on the bed, lay on her back, and opened up her legs. Charlotte joined her a moment later, crawling between the elfin-figured girl's legs and pressing her face into Athena's cunt.

Ethan stood and watched. It was a dream come true seeing his girlfriend happily and willingly making love with another woman. This time his cock rose and there was no way to stop it. As Athena writhed and thrashed on the bed, Jacob sipped at his drink. "The beauty of one woman is enhanced tenfold when she is with another, don't you think?" Jacob asked.

It took Ethan a moment to realize Jacob was talking to him. "You can speak," Jacob prompted him.

"Yes," Ethan agreed. It was an easy decision.

"Have you seen her with someone else yet?" Jacob continued.

Ethan shook his head, somewhat embarrassed his cock was now fully erect. The two women continued to enjoy themselves on the bed while Jacob looked at them, almost disinterestedly, as if it were porn playing in the background.

A nod was Jacob's acknowledgement. "She's been a good pet, a good slave for the past few years," Jacob mused aloud. "You realize, of course, that I own her and do with her as I please."

"Of course I do," Ethan confirmed.

"It's in your best interest to have her happy here. I can make her life miserable to the point where she wouldn't want to be with you."

"I understand."

Jacob grunted and nodded. Two more sips from his glass finished the drink and he stood up. "This is good." His tone had changed. He was happier. Athena's soft moans were rising in intensity. "We've been looking for a new slave for a while and you'll be a good addition, I think." Jacob unzipped his pants and

pulled out his soft cock. He then grabbed Ethan's leash and tugged the slave over to him. "Use your mouth. Get me hard."

That was not what Ethan was expecting. He looked at Athena on the bed, her face a mask of bliss. He wanted to keep her happy. He understood when they were inside this house they were slaves and didn't have a choice of what to do. Ethan couldn't move his hand from behind his back. He could have struggled or insisted he didn't want to go any further...but he found that he wanted to do what Jacob was asking. If nothing else, he was curious.

Since his wrists were bound behind his back, it was a bit difficult getting Jacob's cock into his mouth while kneeling before the older man, but he managed. The soft flesh rapidly turned warm and hard as he sucked and then bobbed his head up and down, trying to please Jacob as much as possible. It didn't take very long for him to get Jacob sufficiently hard and when that occurred, Ethan found he was proud of himself.

As Ethan was sucking, Jacob stripped off his shirt and dropped his pants. When he was done with the newly-born slave, Jacob pushed him away and moved onto the bed. Charlotte moved out of the way immediately and the older man lay atop his female slave, mounted her, and fucked her for his pleasure. The moans that Athena let out only increased intensity as she was switched from Charlotte's mouth to Jacob's cock. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, kissed him passionately, and let him use her.

The show made Ethan's heart pound in his chest as his stomach sank to the floor. All the time, however, his cock didn't droop at all. Jacob came with a few powerful grunts and then he rolled off Athena, giving no thought to her needs—she had none, she was a slave.

"Clean her up," Jacob ordered, grabbing Ethan's leash and pulling on it, forcing his head down and guiding his body up onto the bed. "Her cunt is a sloppy mess."

Ethan looked at what had been left behind for him. Athena's pussy was red and swollen. Her labia glistened with her juices, Charlotte's saliva, and Jacob's cum. Bits of sticky white spunk clung to her smooth lips and oozed out of her cunt. He could smell the mixed scent of pussy and sex and semen.

There was no reason to hesitate. Ethan lowered his mouth and began to lick up

what Jacob had left behind for him. Athena looked down at his closed eyes and smiled.

“See,” said Charlotte to her husband and owner. “He’ll make a very good slave.”

“Yes,” Jacob mused. “He has great potential.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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