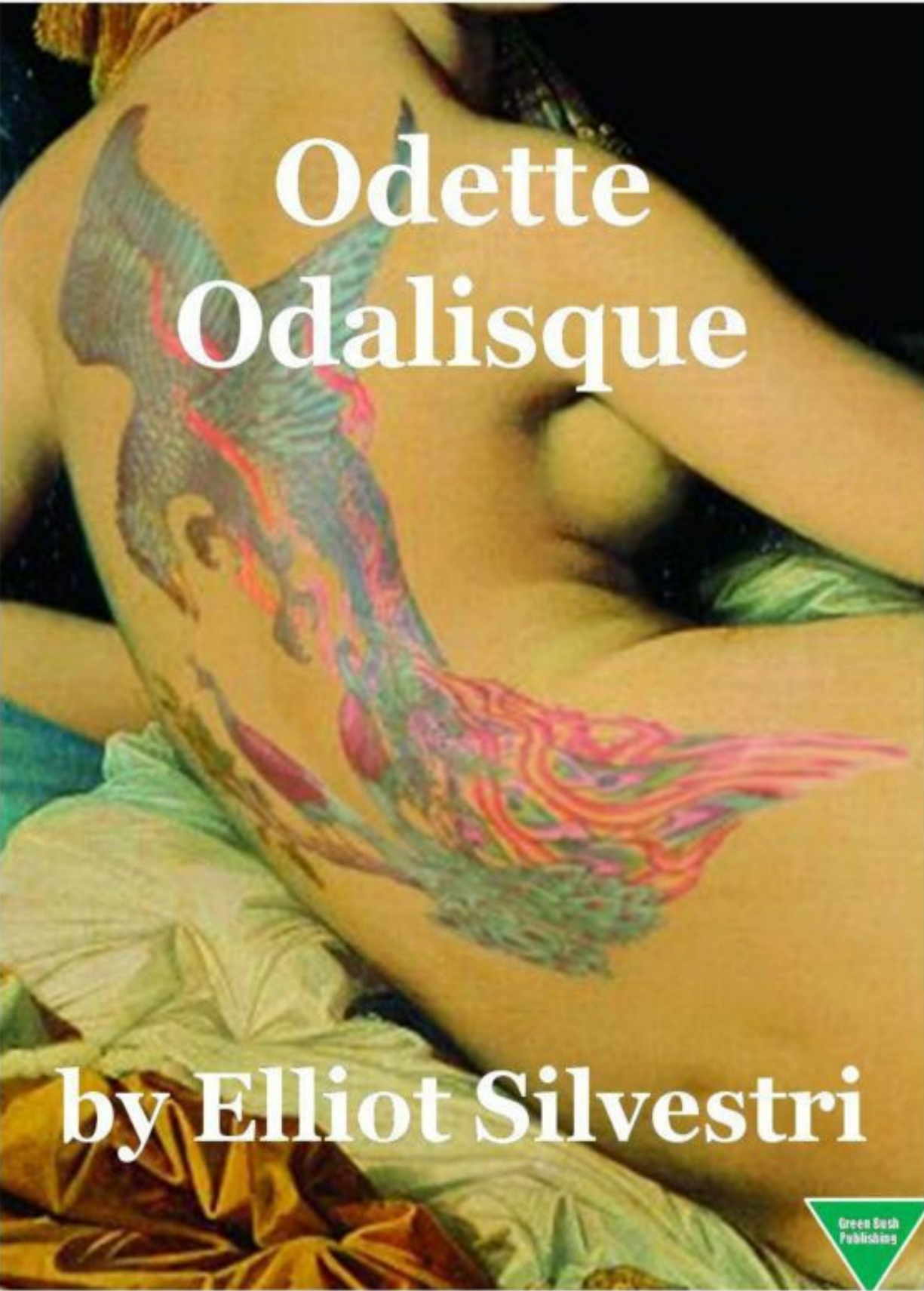
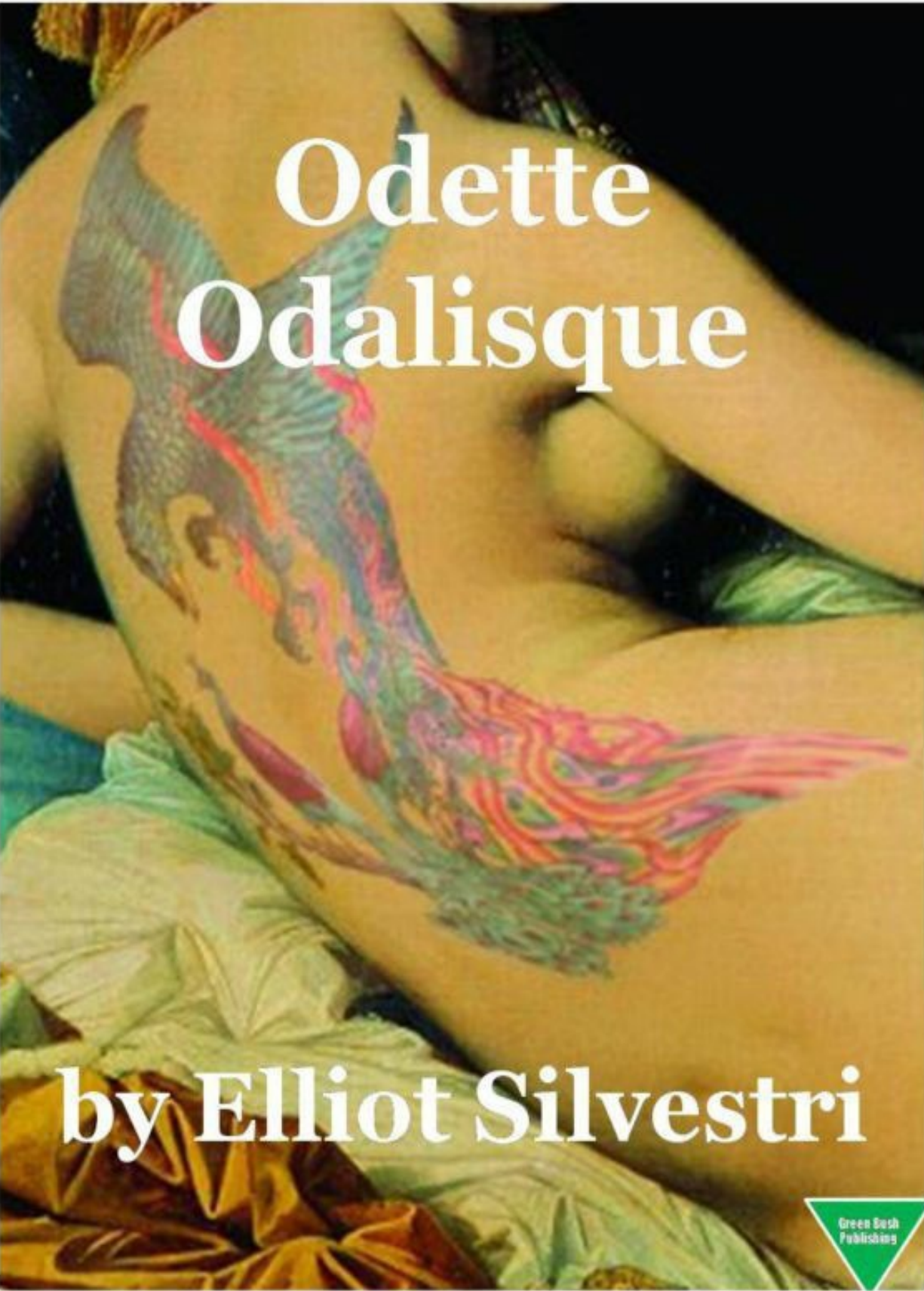


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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Odette was purchased as a birthday present for Cas by his wife. She was a twenty two year old student looking for the last bit of extra money to get her through her last year of college. None of those involved in the transaction liked the term “purchased”. Odette didn’t like to think of herself as a piece of property; she believed she was simply selling her time and personality along with any physical effort involved in the job. Cas’s wife Ursa was uncomfortable with the idea of buying and selling another human being; slavery and bondage was an exciting concept in the bedroom but deeply unsettling when presented in the light of the entirety of human history. Cas didn’t mind playing games of master and slave; he didn’t like to think of the way money was spent on other women in the underground sex industry.

“I’ve hired her as an odalisque,” Ursa explained to Cas.

“Bought her on the open market?” Cas asked as they gazed upon Odette. The young woman stood silently in the middle of their living room, her eyes downcast.

“On the exchange, yes.” Ursa took in every inch of their new acquisition. Odette hadn’t been terribly expensive, but the terms of the purchase agreement were clear.

“How much of the money does she keep?” Cas asked. He liked to talk about the girl as if she weren’t there, as if she didn’t understand everything they were saying, as if she didn’t matter. As a matter of course at this point her wishes didn’t matter; she had made her decision to sell herself, mind and body, and now Cas and Ursa could do with her as they wished.

“Sixty percent. Well worth the cost. She’s ours as a general slave and sex toy. Nothing extreme, you can read the whole contract.” Ursa wanted to step forward and run her hands all over Odette’s body. Her skin looked luscious. It was milky toned and looked incredibly smooth. Cas had been at work all day and had arrived home late. Her plan was to have Odette waiting for him in the living room when he walked in at his usual time. She was kept waiting nearly an extra

hour because of Cas's delay. Ursa didn't allow the girl any rest. She hadn't complained and had simply waited in the room for her new master's arrival.

Their initial in-person meeting had been much less awkward than Ursa had anticipated. The money had already been exchanged through third parties and Odette hadn't needed to bring anything other than a small overnight bag. Everything else would be provided by Ursa and Cas. Odette had rung the bell to the apartment, Ursa let her in, there was the brief of pleasantries, then the final signing of the contract. Instead of having a shaking hand or a last minute change of heart Odette realized she was calm and relaxed; she was happy to be signing her life away for the next nine months. It was Ursa who was nervous. She wasn't exactly sure what to do with the girl in her house. The girl she and her husband now for all intents and purposes outright owned.

She took a breath and put on a strong, firm smile. "Please take off all your clothes and leave them in the guest bedroom. That will be yours for the duration. Wait for Cas in the living room. Do you know what is expected of odalisques?"

"Yes ma'am. Of course I do," she said in her light voice.

Ursa felt a pang of jealousy when Odette stripped and walked through the apartment in the nude. She was apparently completely at ease in her nudity even in front of a woman she had just met. Her body was in better shape than Ursa and that made her briefly angry. Of course it was, reasoned Ursa. Odette was more than fifteen years younger than her. Even though Ursa spent too much of her time in the gym or running in the park and watching everything she ate, she still was dissatisfied with her body. But there was no way she could compete with a twenty two year old girl blessed with youth and good genetics.

As promised Odette's body was unmarked with tattoos or piercings. This had raised the girl's price as many on the exchange wanted possessions they could mark as their own. Ursa didn't want that, but she wanted a girl that she and Cas could see as a blank slate. "You're very pretty," Ursa said to her new possession.

Odette self-consciously swept back her shoulder length blond hair and stared at the carpet. "Thank you." Ursa let her eyes rove over the girl's body and was satisfied the money she had paid was for the product as advertised. Her breasts were large but not over-sized, and were topped with light pink nipples slightly hardened in the cool air. Her skin was smooth with only a few freckles on her

shoulders and across her nose and cheeks. Odette didn't bother with an elaborate hair style or fancy painted nails; again, as promised, plain and simple, but elegant. Her one concession to her contract and modern sensibilities was the artful shaping of her sparse pubic hair to a tight isosceles triangle just barely covering her labia and mons. Ursa herself had had all her pubic hair removed years ago via laser. She liked being smooth and naked between her legs but she wasn't sharing that with the slave in her house.

Ursa wanted to put a collar and wrist cuffs on the girl, and probably ankle cuffs as well. Black leather to contrast highly with her milk-white skin. They would remind the girl that she was now a possession to do with as Cas and Ursa desired. But that wasn't the initial plan. She wanted Odette waiting completely naked and bare in the living room. It was the least her husband deserved as a present.

And Cas was pleased with his present.

"Would you like to take her to the bedroom and fuck her?" Ursa asked, somewhat crudely.

Cas glanced at his wife with eagerness but he managed to keep control of himself. "Yes, but first I'd like a bit of dinner. She can wait, can she not?"

"Of course she can."

So the married couple ate in their dining room on the meal that Ursa had prepared. Odette was allowed to eat alone in the kitchen.

"It is fair to make her eat alone?" Cas asked.

"I don't see why not," Ursa said between forkfuls of pasta. "She is ours to do with as we choose."

"Still..."

"And she needs to be reminded of her place, don't forget. She is not our equal. She is our property."

"You said she was a college student," Cas reminded her.

Ursa rolled her eyes. “Yes. True. During the day she is allowed to go to her classes. During the evenings and weekends she is ours. We are required to give her appropriate free time for studying and writing papers and that sort of thing. We can’t keep her in a cage round the clock.”

“I don’t want that,” Case interjected. “Even if she is our toy, she’s still a human being and deserves to be treated like one.”

Ursa frowned. “True. Human. But she’s taken a subservient position to us.” She glared at her husband. “You aren’t going to sour this, are you? I wanted a toy for you to play with.”

He smiled. “You don’t think you’re enough for me?”

She smirked back. “I’m more than enough for you. She’s just a little variety so I don’t have to worry about you stepping out on me. And she’s for me too. I like to sip from the Sapphic stream every once in a while.”

“How alliterative of you.”

“And you get to watch,” Ursa added.

“Even better...but why did you buy her for me? I never asked for a toy.”

“Because you’ve enjoyed them in the past,” Ursa pointed out.

“Not for a while.”

“Because we have the money. Because it’s good to give money back to the exchange. Because she can use the money.”

“I’m sure Odette could earn money on the exchange from plenty of people. She’s pretty and young.” He grimaced. “Is she lousy in bed? Is her pussy so loose you can park a Jeep inside her?”

Ursa grinned. “Only one way to find out.”

Her blowjob was more aggressive and skillful than Cas anticipated. He knew she wasn’t a virgin, but she wasn’t the least bit shy about getting down on her knees and fellating him in front of his wife. Ursa had helped him undress while Odette

waited on her knees in front of him. She obediently took his cock in her mouth and proceeded to suck on him with great enthusiasm. It wasn't faked enthusiasm like in a cheap bit of pornography, but she did it as if she were happy to be serving him, which she was.

Odette tried not to notice Ursa watching them from the edge of the bed. She concentrated on using her lips and tongue on Cas, while cradling his balls and using her other hand to gently stroke the shaft. He got hard and stayed hard for a very long time. No matter how much effort Odette put into the blowjob she couldn't make him cum in her mouth. But she didn't stop either. Eventually Cas either bored of her ministrations or was satisfied with them. He pushed her away, and then lifted her up by the hand.

She rose to her feet and he led her to the bed where he invited her to join him. Odette nervously glanced at Ursa who was watching them with a Cheshire grin. Cas put Odette on her back. Instinctively she opened up her legs and let him crawl up her body. Since his cock was hard and ready he had no trouble at all pushing it into her. Odette was relieved; she wasn't sure if her pussy had lubed itself enough to allow his easy entry. It felt good to have his firm cock inside her tight pussy.

Cas was pleased. Her pussy was tight...and hot. Literally. Either his new slave had an extremely high body temperature or her pussy had heated up while giving him the foreplay blowjob. Either way it was much hotter inside Odette's cunt than his wife's. Cas appreciated that and enjoyed it.

Odette, too, was enjoying being fucked by this man she had barely met an hour ago. He didn't just fuck her to pleasure himself. He seemed to take care in his thrusting and body position to make sure she took pleasure too in their combined fornication.

The moment the word fornication popped into her head Odette's eyes dashed open and she turned her head to stare at Ursa. The other woman, the older woman, the woman on the other side of the bed watching them, Cas's wife, just nodded her head at Odette. "That's fine," she said. "Let him fuck you. Enjoy it."

There was little to be done to conceal her pleasure or to fight the moment. She was their property now. She had to follow the rules and instructions set down by Ursa and Cas. Odette still couldn't take her eyes off the striking older woman.

She had removed her blouse and skirt, but retained her bra and panties. Not that it mattered. She was half-reclined on a pile of pillows with one hand down her panties, masturbating as she watched her husband fuck a much younger woman right in front of her.

Odette wasn't a virgin nor an innocent, but the moment struck her as odd and out of place. But her body didn't listen to her head. As thrust harder and faster into her and eventually she couldn't resist if she had truly wanted to. The orgasm swept over her body and she cried out in joy. That was enough to cause Cas to grunt and squeeze her hard. His cock pumped several heavy shots of spunk into her pussy.

It was hard to admit but she loved the sensation.

She loved it when he was done and he collapsed on her. She wrapped her arms around him and savored his flesh. It didn't last forever. Eventually he rolled off her with some effort and without realizing it Odette sighed in relief from the missing weight.

But she had no time to recover on her own. "Over here, girl, now." It was a command from Ursa. Cas's wife had removed her purple panties and was showing off her completely bare pussy. Odette had seen other women's pussies before—in pictures and porn flicks. The only one's she had seen in person were discretely hidden behind a screen of pubic hair and elegantly positioned thighs in the locker room and once while skinny dipping. She had never seen another woman's cunt up close and personal.

That changed with Ursa's crooked finger. Odette obeyed. She crawled across the bed and followed Ursa's finger pointing to her pussy. She knew what was expected and she met the expectations. Her lips grazed Ursa's thigh as she lowered her face. The first kiss was on Ursa's mons, the second was on her half-hidden clit where Odette received a bit of Ursa's strong sweet scent, and the final kiss was between Ursa's labia. She thrust her tongue in and upward, searching for that secret spot inside her mistress that she herself had.

"Oh, she's good," Ursa moaned to Cas who was watching the pair. "She knows what she's doing."

Odette was unsure if she should be embarrassed or proud. She knew she should be a little bit ashamed at knowing how to eat another woman's pussy and to do it

so well; she was not a lesbian but she was acting just like one. On the other hand, she knew she should be a proud slave. She had met her mistress's and master's expectations and even excelled. There was no shame in being a willing and competent bed partner regardless of her partner's gender.

When Ursa came on Odette's face the slave knew she would be very happy serving her and Cas.

It was Cas who brought her to the guest bedroom which was now her own private bedroom. It was small and plain, but nicely appointed. "This is for you own protection," he said as he slipped the loop of a fine chain around her ankle and locked it in place with a small, but very real and surprisingly heavy padlock. The other end of the long chain he looped around the base of the bed and locked it with a matching padlock.

There should have been no reason for chaining her to the bed for her own protection, but Odette didn't question the decision. She didn't know how she would get up in the middle of the night if she needed to pee, but didn't voice her concern to that either.

He kissed her once lightly on the lips before he put her to bed. As he did so he reached between her legs and scooped out a bit of his cum. She was puzzled at this but when he presented his fingers she opened her mouth and licked away her pussy's wetness and his semen.

When he closed the door she had never felt so safe and secure—and happy—in her life.

Chapter Two

It was so easy to fall into a routine. During the day Odette was just another college senior hurrying to finish her classes and complete her degree. During the evening she was a possession of Cas and Ursa. It was sometimes awkward explaining to her fellow students why she couldn't go out to the bars or participate in some of the traditional senior activities, but mostly she blamed it on her non-existent work study program and her very necessary part time job. The fact her part time job was working as a sex toy for an affluent couple never came up. In many ways Odette was happier with her life as an odalisque than as a simple struggling college student.

She took happily to submission. She knew she would. Though she hadn't had that many sex partners in her life she had been most satisfied with the men who had treated her roughly and demanded sex from her. She was usually happy to comply. She was even happier to comply with Cas's and Ursa's demands partly because their demands so often intersected with her desires.

Being chained at night wasn't an undue burden. It was odd. They knew she wouldn't run away but they still did it every night. It varied as to who would release her in the morning, but no matter who did her first reaction was to run to the bathroom and pee. It was more an autonomic response than anything else, but she had to do it. Cas never watched her, but, strangely, Ursa usually did.

Beyond that little bit of control oddity, serving her owners was largely a joyful duty. She had to walk the apartment naked at all times, but that wasn't a punishment. Odette found herself completely at ease in her skin. Frequently Cas and Ursa would be naked or partially clothed as well depending on circumstances. The only time she was permitted clothing was when she arrived home from school and was expected to walk directly to her room and disrobe; conversely she was allowed to leave her room clothed and walk directly to the front door to leave for the outside world. They didn't permit her jewelry, which was fine, except for the occasional session where she was cuffed and collared and then fucked. When then took meals together she was the only one who was naked, but she was allowed to eat at their table.

“You’re a human being,” Case explained, “not an animal. Yes, you are our toy, but that doesn’t give us the right to treat you as anything less than human. Being naked only enhances your beauty.”

“You should be proud to be naked,” Ursa added with a smile.

Odette was and took it as an honor they wanted to view her flesh at all times.

Having sex with one or both of them quickly became routine. Even though it was routine didn’t mean it wasn’t enjoyable. The odd bit of their sex life was how vanilla Cas treated her. Almost always he wanted to fuck her in the oh-so-traditional missionary position which would have been perfectly traditional if his wife hadn’t been in the room watching them copulate. Once in a while he would put her on her hands and knees and fuck her from behind, but that was rare.

It was Ursa who was the inventive one who put her in all sorts of strange positions, forced her to wear cuffs and collars and blindfolds. Often Ursa was the one in charge in the bedroom, telling Cas how to fuck Odette. He obeyed all her wishes and Odette, of course, had no choice in the matter.

As much as she wanted to Odette didn’t object when Ursa brought out a small leather flogger from her dresser. It had so many little leather straps Odette couldn’t count them all. The handle was only six inches long, wrapped in black leather, and adorned with a few metal studs. The straps were eighteen inches long and smooth as silk to the touch, but the moment Ursa swung the flogger down on Odette’s tender skin the touch became fire and with each lashing she cried out in pain.

“Do you want me to stop?” Ursa asked.

Odette was on her hands and knees on the bed. Ursa had brought down the lash—hard—six times already. Odette was positive about the number because Ursa had instructed her to count aloud with each blow. She shook her head. “No.”

“Are you enjoying this?”

The question took Odette off guard. She hadn’t expected to be asked if she was enjoying her treatment. She was a paid sex slave and it was her duty to endure. She answered honestly. “No.”

“Are you enjoying this?” Ursa repeated. At first Odette thought she wanted her toy to change her answer, but then she realized that Ursa was now directing the question at her husband. Cas was sitting in the armchair in the room’s corner. He was wearing pajama bottoms and slippers. Ursa had already changed into a plain cotton nightshirt. It has hardly a hardcore BDSM scene. It was much close to dull domestic bliss. Odette, as always, was naked.

“Yes,” he answered honestly as far as Odette could tell.

“How red do you want to see her ass?”

“Bright red. Fire red.” Cas’s words were thick and with a glance Odette saw his erect cock hidden by the pajama bottoms.

“Let’s see how high we can get her to count,” Ursa said and lowered the lash again.

By the time the count reached twenty three Odette was crying and gasping for air. Tears were running down her cheeks and her arms were trembling with strain. But it was her ass that was truly in pain. She wanted it to stop but she didn’t dare ask; she didn’t want to break her contract.

But the flogging did stop. Ursa was pushed aside and she half fell to the bed. Cas took her roughly from behind. His erect cock plunged right into her wet and open pussy. Odette hadn’t realized the lashing had so well prepared her for sex. Cas used no fine technique in his fucking that night. He simply plowed ahead and fucked her hard and fast. It was good. It was oh-so-very-very good. When he came inside her she came in response to having her cunt bathed in his hot spunk.

“You are such an easy lay,” Ursa told her.

“Yes I am,” agreed Odette. “Is that bad?”

“No, it’s wonderful,” Ursa said.

“I agree,” Cas added with a grunt.

“You’ll make some man a fine slutty wife someday,” Ursa said.

Odette didn’t know how to react to that statement so she said nothing.

“Slut is not a pejorative,” Cas reminded her. “It’s a compliment. A slut has sex happily and willingly because he or she enjoys it and is not ashamed. Are you ashamed of who you are and how you enjoy sex?”

“No.”

“Good,” Ursa said. “Have you ever had sex with a complete stranger?”

“Um, no. I’ve had a few dates where we had sex on the first day, but not really a stranger.”

“Good, very good. Tomorrow that will be different. We are having company and we will be offering you to our friends. They will be strangers to you. I think you’ll enjoy getting fucked by them. What do you think?”

Odette swallowed. “It will be very exciting,” she said trying to anticipate what would be happening to her the next day.

“Really? She’s your slave?” Robin asked, both amused and a bit flabbergasted.

“We don’t really use the term slave,” Cas said. “We prefer toy or odalisque.”

“I see,” Robin said as she kept her eyes on Odette who stood calmly in the living room wearing nothing. She had adopted the posture of a manikin at calm rest, one foot slightly ahead of the other, hands calmly at her side. She kept her eyes off the floor and smiled lightly as if waiting for a simple order or request. “She’ll do anything you ask?”

“Anything in the contract,” Ursa replied.

“Really...” Robin said pensively. “Do you try to push the boundaries?”

“Not like you and Brandon do with your marriage,” Case interjected with a wry smile. They were all gathered in the living room sipping drinks waiting for dinner to finish cooking. “How long were you two married before you started sleeping with other people?”

“About two months,” Robin laughed. “We got bored with our sex life pretty

quickly. Anything new and kinky is what we look for, isn't it hon?"

Her husband blanched slightly at her comment. "I suppose," he cautiously agreed. "Not anything, but almost anything." Brandon was more circumspect in his evaluation of Cas and Ursa's new possession. "You say you have contract with her."

"With the odalisque exchange," Cas said. "It's not so much about buying and selling sex but about giving new experiences to young women in need of money. The sex industry tends to use up young women, this is a better option for many than traditional prostitution."

"Traditional prostitution?" Brandon asked. "Aren't you giving her money for sex?"

Ursa spoke up. "No. We give her money for her time and services. She agrees to have sex because she wants to. Isn't that right, Odette?"

"Yes, yes it is, Ursa."

Robin jumped slightly when Odette answered. "You let her speak?"

Ursa regarded her occasional friend with a steady glare. "She's not a slave. She's allowed to be human, she simply needs to follow the rules of our contract."

"What exactly is that?"

Cas spoke. "Would you like to see a copy of it?"

"Sure." Robin was thinking about the possibilities of what she could do with a contract of her own.

As Cas started to leave the room a timer in the kitchen went off. "Lasagna's done," Ursa said. "Would you mind pulling it out of the oven, Odette? We'll give it a little time to cool and then eat."

Cas returned a minute later with a sheaf of papers. "It was in my desk," he handed it over to Robin.

"How long is this?" she asked flipping through the contract. Brandon looked

over her shoulder as she went to the end to see the signatures of Cas, Ursa, and Odette.

“Fifty three pages. It’ll take you a little time to read it, Robin,” Cas said. The idea of a contacted sex employee appealed to her lawyer’s senses and she did start to read from the beginning. Cas turned to Brandon. “Care to sample her?” he offered.

“What?” Brandon nearly spluttered his drink all over his shirt.

“Would you like to fuck Odette?”

“Really?” he asked as Odette returned to the living room.

“Dinner in fifteen minutes,” she announced.

“Good,” Cas said. “Plenty of time. Odette, please bend over the sofa. Brandon would like to fuck you.”

Before Brandon could protest Odette calmly walked to the sofa and bent over the back, exposing her ass and pussy to the room. She spread her legs and looked expectantly over her shoulder at Brandon.

Even Robin looked up, a bit surprised at the blatant sexual display, as if the show of Odette prancing about the apartment for the past hour in the nude was somehow a common event. Brandon looked from Cas to his wife and then to Odette’s firm ass with shock. Robin glanced at her spouse. “Go ahead, hon. I’d like to see this.”

He laughed off the moment as a joke. “Yeah. I didn’t come prepared.”

Cas waved his hand casually. “No condom needed. She’s clean and safe.”

“I meant I’m not hard.”

“Odette?” Cas asked her.

She spun around and knelt before Brandon before he could protest. Without a bit of trouble the young woman unzipped his pants to pull out his cock. Brandon was lying slightly. His cock, while not hard, was firm and large. Still, Odette

took her duties seriously. She kissed the head of his manhood and then slipped it into her mouth. There was no need for fancy technique or hard sucking. Just the light touch of her lips and tongue on his dick made Brandon hard in a matter of seconds. When she judged he was ready she rose up and turned her back to him, once more offering her pussy to this stranger.

“Go ahead, Bran,” Robin said. She had been pretending to read the contract but in fact had been watching her husband receive a blowjob. It wasn’t the first time she had witnessed that very act upon him and like every time before a shot of jealousy punched her in the stomach. That made her wet and horny.

He awkwardly shuffled forward and probed between Odette’s legs, looking for her opening. She reached back and guided him in. He slipped easily into her depths, greased by her wet pussy and the saliva she had left behind on his cock. It was too easy for Brandon to slip to the state of half-awareness as he fucked the nubile young girl. She responded in every way he could imagine that was satisfactory. Her pussy was hot and his cock was hard. Their coupling didn’t last long before he orgasmed, depositing a heavy load of spunk in her pussy.

When he was done grunting Robin applauded lightly. “We should look into getting our own girl,” she said, her eyes once again drawn to the contract. “Are they expensive?”

Ursa nodded. “Well, not terribly so. There’s always demand, but there’s always a supply too, isn’t there? But right now...well, we were lucky to get Odette.”

“Why is that?”

“Supply and demand is only a small component of what the odalisque exchange looks for when setting prices for girls. There’s also reputation—both of the buyer and the seller—and personal preference along with the toy’s needs and plans. It’s hard to match everything perfectly.”

“I see...”

“But don’t let that discourage you. I’ll set you up with a guest account and you can browse the offerings.”

That piqued Robin’s interest. “You can do that?”

“Of course. It’s a private exchange—naturally—but the only way to get in is with a personal referral.”

“But why do you say you got a good deal on Odette?”

“There’s high demand right now and quality supply is low. The exchange is not a sex slave organization. It matches odalisques with buyers. The money paid is split between the odalisque and the exchange. The toy gets sixty percent, the exchange takes five percent to run and maintain the necessary support structure.”

Robin blinked. “Where does the other thirty five percent go?”

“Donations to human rights organizations and charities. Mostly those dealing with the sex trade?”

“Isn’t this the sex trade?”

Ursa shook her head. “Everyone is participating willingly. The contract can be broken by the odalisque at any time; she had to check in with the organization every week. We’ve had inspectors come by three times already for her. Even if she leaves we have to pay for the majority of the remainder of the contract.”

Robin nodded her head. “So you keep up your part of the bargain and keep her happy.”

“Right. There’s a bonus payment at the end for completion of a successful contract, that’s her incentive to stay on.”

“Supply is low?” Brandon asked.

“Yes. I keep getting messages from the exchange asking for referrals for women to work as odalisques.”

“I’m surprised,” Robin said.

“Why?”

“I’d love to do it,” she said. “Being treated as a sex toy and getting paid for it? Sounds great, almost like a vacation.”

“Most of the contracts are at least a month long, most are a year,” Ursa said.
“The pay isn’t that great, right Odette?”

“It’s more than enough for me,” the girl replied.

Ursa laughed. “Well, she gets to live in the city for free, has most of her meals taken care of, and gets money on top of that. It’s not a bad deal for a college student.” She looked at Robin. “It’s not such a great deal to a woman used to a lawyer’s salary.”

“I might be tempted to try it for a summer vacation.” She looked at Odette.
“What do you think, girlie? Could I make it as an odalisque?”

Odette looked the older woman up and down. She had a decent body and a pretty face. “Do you like having sex with strangers? Men and women? Do you like being treated to rough sex? Do you like being spanked and sexually tormented?”

“Fuck yes,” Robin breathed. The others laughed.

Odette raised an eyebrow and smiled coyly. “Maybe you should have a look at the exchange.

Chapter Three

Ursa came home from her shopping trip to find Odette and Cas in bed together. That wasn't surprising, what did upset her was the amount of tenderness Cas was putting into their lovemaking. Once again they were in the missionary position and he was gently rocking their bodies back and forth, making love to her slowly and passionately.

That was when it hit Ursa. Odette wasn't being fucked. Cas was treating her like a proper lover, a partner, a girlfriend. They didn't notice her at the bedroom door. Ursa melted away to let them finish. She put away her purchases and after an appropriate amount of time had passed she returned to the bedroom. Her husband was indeed done with the odalisque. They were kissing like high school students but didn't immediately pull apart when she entered.

"Oh, you've already had sex tonight?" she asked Cas.

"Yes."

"Hmm. Okay. I'm a little perturbed tonight. The store didn't have everything I wanted. Odette, please get out of the bed and put your hands on the dresser."

Nervously the young woman obeyed.

"Stick your butt out a little more," Ursa instructed. As Odette adjusted her posture Ursa grabbed the short rattan cane she kept inside her closet. Without warning she brought the thin, whip-like cane down on Odette's rounded ass leaving bright red stripes crosshatched over her fine, pale skin. With each blow Odette screamed out in pain but didn't break her posture. She knew the conditions of her contract, caning and whipping were allowed as long as the skin wasn't broken. It wasn't. She was left with ten stripes on her flesh.

When Ursa was done she sat on the edge of the bed, hiked up her skirt, pulled off her panties, spread her legs, and lay back. "Eat me out. I need some tension release."

Odette obeyed. What choice did she have?

Not that she minded. Not even with the pain throbbing and scratching across her ass.

Cas watched in silence, wondering what had overcome his wife. It was his job that night to put Odette to bed and chain her ankle. When he came back to their bedroom he asked Ursa, "What got into you tonight?"

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

"You beat Odette for no good reason."

She shrugged. "I did it because I can. Do I need a reason more than that? What she received was well within the bounds of her contract. And I noticed you enjoying the show." She looked pointedly at his crotch.

"You beat her because I had sex with her." The accusation sat heavily between them.

"I beat her because I wanted to," Ursa said calmly. She wanted to say that she beat Odette because her husband had been caught making love to their toy, but she held her tongue. "It turned me on. It turned you on. Do you want to fuck?"

She got knelt on the bed and slipped her hand down into her panties. When she began to masturbate her eyelids flickered closed and she licked her lips. A minute was the longest he could watch her tease him like that. After that interminable period Cas practically threw her to the bed and fucked her as hard and fast as he could.

"Does it still hurt?" Cas asked Odette the next morning when he released her chain.

She shook her head. "No. Well, a little. She can be cruel, can't she?"

"Yes. Turn around please." Case inspected the fading stripes on Odette's ass. They had turned pink and the skin was not broken. She would be fine in less than a day. Lightly he ran his fingers over her naked skin, lightly tracing the

disappearing wounds. A shiver of anticipation shook her body and a moan of arousal escaped her lips.

Odette wanted to be fucked.

“Sorry,” he said. “Not now. We don’t have the time.”

“When will we?” she asked. “Alone?”

That question became the focus of Cas’s life for the next week. He continued to fuck Odette while his wife watched. Ursa used Odette to the outer boundaries of their contract. The floggings she administered weren’t cruel; they couldn’t be for all three parties involved were excited to see the toy marked and pushed to her physical limits. Ursa even requested that Cas cane Odette while she kept a hand over the girl’s pussy. When she felt Odette’s moisture leaking from her pussy she announced the blow count. “Only eight,” she half-laughed. “You love this don’t you?” she asked the girl.

“Uh-huh,” was all Odette could manage.

“Fuck her,” Ursa instructed her husband. He obeyed.

When Ursa wasn’t around Cas and Odette had quick, furtive fucks in every corner of the apartment. They didn’t use the bedroom again, not without Ursa there. That would be wrong. They eventually worked out a time where Odette could either come to his office for a quick coupling or they could steal off to a hotel in the middle of the day when she didn’t have classes and he didn’t need to meet with clients.

It was unsatisfactory to everyone. Cas and Odette were not fulfilled with the sex they shared and Ursa suspected something was amiss, but she did not voice her concerns. The situation went on for nearly two months before Cas happened across a solution.

It was the odalisque exchange that solved the difficult situation. It had been a while since he had gone through the exchange for any information. The login he shared with Ursa gave him trouble when he accessed the website. He was simply looking for the means to extend Odette’s contract or to see if there was a way to modify it where she wouldn’t have to endure Ursa’s beatings for his wife’s amusement.

The website opened with a large banner pleading for women to take up the mantle of odalisque. They were apparently open to new participants and, true to what his wife had alluded to, were more than happy to accept back former odalisques who were no longer active. He read through the material and noticed the warning near the bottom. All contracts will be strictly enforced to ensure future participation is both voluntary and so all can continue to live the lifestyle we all enjoy.

There had been a set of warnings and messages in their account when he logged in that he had initially ignored. After going back to read these warnings he found the solution to the problem.

Only a few days later their doorbell rang after dinner and Ursa opened it to reveal two people standing in the hallway in black business suits and serious expressions on their faces. Both produced their identity cards without being asked. “We’re here from the exchange,” the female of the pair said.

“Here to do your inspection on Odette?” Ursa asked. “Come in. She’s in her room doing her homework. The semester is coming to an end. Lots for her to study.”

The man shook his head. They stepped inside and closed the door behind them. “No. We’re not here for Odette.” He glanced at the paper in his hand. “We’re here for Ursa. Is that you?”

By this time Cas had appeared from the kitchen where he had been cleaning up. “Why are you asking for my wife?”

They ignored him and focused on Ursa. “You have two months left on your contract, Ursa Migoli,” the woman said. “If you wish to continue to participate in the exchange you need to finish your contract period.”

“What?” she asked with a disbelieving laugh. “That was more than ten years ago. You can’t be serious.”

“We are serious,” the man said with a frown. “I hope I didn’t give you the impression that I was joking.” There was nothing humorous about his expression or demeanor.

“You gave up on your contract at the ten month mark. You still have two months to finish it out.”

Ursa laughed. “Okay. True. But that’s the man who initiated the contract.” She pointed to Cas. “I’m married to him now. I don’t think I need to work off those last two months.”

The pair frowned. Cas stood in the middle of the room his face a mask of shocked confusion. The woman consulted her file. “It says here the contract was purchased by Mel Stadish. Are you Mel Stadish?” she asked Cas.

“No.” He shook his head slowly.

“I didn’t think so.” She then addressed Ursa. “Because of the problems the exchange has been having lately with demand outstripping supply we’ve initiated a program for unfulfilled contracts to be completely. Many of the old contracts are being bought up by members. Yours is one of those contracts.”

“This is ridiculous.”

The man in the black suit shrugged. “It’s part of the exchange. All who participate must follow the rules of the exchange or be expelled.”

“Fine. Expel me because I’m not going with you.” Ursa took on her huffy tone she only used with customer service reps and obnoxious sales clerks.

“We can do that but...” the woman trailed off.

“But what?” Ursa prompted her.

“We’ll have to repossess the odalisque you currently have in your possession.” He glanced at the file again. “Odette. Where is she?”

“What?” Ursa burst out. “She’s ours!”

The woman shook her head. “Not if you don’t want to be in the exchange any longer. Demand is high.”

“And we’ll be kicked out of the exchange, lose our toy, and forfeit our money because I didn’t complete the contract from ten years ago because I married my

owner?” Ursa was seething now.

The woman’s calm expression didn’t change. “Yes.”

“Fucking bastards.”

“You might find serving Mel Stadish to your liking,” the female agent said. “Apparently he plans to take you on his yacht. He’s leaving the city for a trip down to the Caribbean as soon as you join him. That’s what we were told.”

“Fucking hell. I don’t even get time to prepare to leave, do I?” She knew the contacts and rules of the exchange.

“No. A bag with a change of clothes. That’s it.”

“God fucking damn it,” she cursed under her breath. “Fine, give me five minutes.”

“We can wait,” the hulking male agent said.

As Ursa started walking to the bedroom Cas cut her off and grabbed her arm. “How the fuck did this happen?” he asked her. “I thought your contract was gone.”

She looked angrily at him. “The contracts never go away. You should know that.” Her eyes narrowed. “Did you know that?”

“I thought it was completed. We got married.”

“Did you ever finish making the payments?”

“I don’t know,” he hissed. “It was ten years ago.”

She stepped around him, went to the bedroom, and returned a minute later with a small bag. She said nothing to Cas as she left with the two agents.

Less than ten minutes after the agents appeared at his home Cas found himself alone.

Almost.

He went to Odette's small bedroom. She was sitting naked at the simple desk under the window studying a heavy textbook. "She's gone," Cas said.

Odette's eyes lit up for a moment, and then she noticed how crushed he was. "What's the matter?"

"I didn't think it would hurt this much when she left," he all but sobbed.

For the first time Odette spent the night in Cas's bed. In the end she didn't think it had been worth it for him.

Chapter Four

The yacht was large enough for Ursa to have her own room. She knew that was an honor. She didn't mind the fact she had to parade around the boat naked at all times; it was a requirement of an odalisque. She had hoped that there would be opportunities to go on land periodically and shop.

The clothing issue wasn't much of a problem but Ursa had always taken a certain amount of pride in her appearance and her clothes. Without her clothes she just had her hair and her body. Her pubic hair had been permanently removed years ago so she only had to style the hair on her head. That didn't take terribly long. A bit of makeup and she was ready for the day.

Mel was an older man. Rich, of course and mostly retired. She didn't know how long he had been in the exchange but it had to have been a while. Although she had been told the yacht would leave immediately upon her arrival because Mel was waiting for her, that had turned out to be a stretch of the truth. Once on the yacht a butler led her to her room, took her clothes and said they would be underway momentarily. Mel wouldn't be joining them until the first stop in three days.

"What am I supposed to do for three days?" she asked.

The butler was unconcerned. "The ship has a library with books and movies. You have access to a computer and the internet in your room; we are not far from shore. There is a small gym. There are amusements on board." He smiled thinly.

"My body is only for Mr. Stadish."

"Of course," he agreed. "There are three crew members on board. I suggest you do not have sex with them. Or me. I am in charge of your well-being. If you have questions, ask me."

Whatever Thomas had in mind for her he never said. The few times she encountered the members of the crew running the ship they simply nodded politely, greeted her with a "good morning" or "wonderful weather" and went

about their business. The fact she was completely naked made no difference to them. Or they were paid well enough not to risk their jobs in trying to seduce the boss's sex toy. Or maybe they were gay. Except for the one woman on the crew.

She took her meals in her room. They were delivered by Thomas the butler. For the most part she watched movies, tried to read, did a bit of sunbathing, used some of the exercise equipment in the gym, and sat around bored for the most part. Ursa tried to get into Mel's private rooms but they were locked securely. She tried to access the liquor supply in the yacht's combination bar and dining room, but those bottles were also secure.

When Mel finally did embark on the ship he immediately disappeared into his rooms for a day and didn't call for Ursa that entire time. She took to wandering the narrow halls around his rooms and taking extra time to sunbathe on the top deck and used the hot tub as well. Apparently the man had a design for her that wouldn't be altered for her needs.

Thomas escorted her to Mel's private room on the second evening. Ursa had been about to get into her very comfortable bed to sleep, but that plan was cut short. "No need to put on makeup. He wants you the way you are." This angered Ursa, but she obeyed. She had no choice in the matter.

Mel was a slightly built man with graying hair, a neatly trimmed beard, and dark blue eyes that seemed to turn black when the light hit them just right.

"Stand there," Thomas said as he led her to the middle of the room. Mel inspected her for a good few minutes, telling her to turn around several times. "Very good," he finally said. "Your name is Ursa?"

"Yes."

"I have you for only two months."

"That's the end of the contract, Mr. Stadish."

"Call me Mel. I don't like my toys treating me like some lord on high."

"Yes, Mel."

"There are few restrictions on your contract."

“I know.”

“When was the last time you were subjected to a good flogging?”

She considered her answer. “I think it was over two years ago.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because it was done by my husband and he fucked me immediately afterwards. We were playing a game. It was exciting.”

“Are you still married?”

“Yes.”

“He let you come here to finish your contract?”

“He didn’t have a choice in the matter.”

“I like watching women get flogged, but I don’t like doing the work myself.”

“Oh. Will Thomas be doing it then?”

The butler was waiting patiently near a door that led deeper into the yacht.

Mel shook his head. “No. I’m going to have my wife flog you tonight. Thomas?”

The butler opened the door and ushered in a short woman who was perhaps a few pounds overweight but she carried herself with confidence. Her short black hair was stylishly and she wore an ornate, heavy gold necklace and matching earrings. She was obviously Mel’s wife. She was wearing a green corset and black panties. Her stockings were held up by garters attached to the corset, but she wore no shoes. She carried a long handled single tail whip that seemed far too long to use in the small room. A smile pulled at her lips; it was hard to tell if she was amused at Ursa’s predicament or thrilled to be given the honor of whipping the toy. Ursa was simultaneously excited and scared.

“Thomas, put a collar on Ursa.” As he did so Mel gave more instructions. “Place your hands on the wall, Ursa. Don’t be afraid to scream or cry. I like to see women cry when they are in pain. The collar will keep you from running away, but I hope that’s not necessary. I like it when a woman likes her skin kissed by leather.”

Ursa nodded and let Thomas put the leather around her neck. A short chain ran to a bolt in the wall. She was forced to face the wall; that was almost worse than seeing the whip actually descend; not knowing was worse than actually witnessing the torment. She breathed steadily and waited. “Go ahead, Joanna,” Mel said softly. The first slap of the leather on her back was mild. The second kiss made her gasp. The third landed on her ass and she hissed in pain.

“Excellent,” Mel complimented her. Or maybe he complimented his wife’s skill with the single tail whip. “Keep going.”

The whip lashed across her body again and again: back, ass, thighs. She could feel the welts rising and her skin sang out with pain. The ordeal didn’t last terribly long and it was over before Ursa could formulate a coherent plan on how to convince her tormentors to stop.

“Let it out,” Mel instructed her. “Please release our toy, Thomas.”

Although she could easily have reached up and unhooked the chain from her collar, Ursa knew that was against the rules. She happily tilted her head to allow Thomas to free her and suddenly she collapsed to the floor, her cheek on the wall and her knees on the carpet.

“Turn around, Ursa,” Mel said, his voice still soft but full of excitement. “I want to see you cry.”

Up until that point Ursa hadn’t realized she was sobbing and tears were running down her cheeks. Knowing disobedience would result in more punishment she forced herself to rotate so that Mel would watch her cry. The tears brought relief to her abused body and after a minute she managed to gather her wits and look up at Mel.

She shouldn’t have been surprised, but she was. Mel had his cock out and was masturbating furiously. The sight of his hard cock in his hand made her stop sobbing. He hadn’t been lying about being turned on by seeing a woman crying.

“Don’t stop,” Joanna instructed her. It was the first words his wife had said. For a moment Ursa was confused and thought that Joanna was speaking to Mel. In fact she was speaking to the woman on the floor.

Meekly Ursa continued her crying jag. It wasn’t as hard as it had been a moment previous and she was putting a bit of effort into it now but it was enough for Mel to complete his masturbation session. When he came he let his spunk splatter to the floor in front of his wife and his toy.

“Very good,” he said. “Please take her back to her cabin, Thomas.”

And with that Thomas snapped a lead on the collar still around Ursa’s neck and led her from the room.

“That was strange,” she commented to the butler when the door had closed behind them.

“What was?” Thomas asked.

“Two willing women in the room and he prefers to jerk off?”

Thomas shrugged and opened her cabin door. “He’s rich. The rich are strange. I don’t question it. Please lay facedown on the bed.”

Ursa did as he requested, as if she could have laid on her back, and was pleasantly surprised when he grabbed a bottle from the tiny bathroom attached to her cabin. The cool lotion soothed her skin. “You’ll need this,” he said. “There will be other torments to endure tomorrow.”

“Thanks,” she said. “You don’t get paid enough for this.”

He chuckled lightly. “Indeed, I don’t. I’m paid for my silence, sometimes, I think. But I’m also the one who has to clean up the cum the master leaves on the floor.”

That made her laugh as well and she slipped off to sleep as Thomas gently rubbed her marked back.

In the morning Thomas collected her and brought her out on the top deck next to the hot tub. Previously Ursa had used this part of the yacht for sunbathing but today Joanna was waiting for her under an awning that had been pulled out providing shade from the warm day. Mel's wife was wearing a loose fitting white gown. Her hair was wet and she had obviously been in the hot tub.

When Thomas left Joanna asked, "Are your welts hurting you?"

Ursa shook her head. "No. The lotion and a good night's sleep was all I needed."

"Turn around." She did so and let Joanna inspect her back, ass, and thighs. It was a bit humiliating, but it was hardly the first time she had been naked in front of a near stranger and put on inspection. "Very good. We'll be able to move forward today."

"Move forward?"

Joanna didn't directly answer the question. "Please sit down," she said, gesturing to the chaise lounge next to hers. "Or lie down. You'll need to lie down eventually."

Perching on the edge of the chaise Ursa kept her knees carefully together, hiding her pussy, but sat up straight, exposing her breasts. There were very few ways to be naked and dignified when others were fully clothed. "What do you mean?"

"You're familiar with you contract?" Joanna asked. That was never a good sign. Whenever anyone brought up an odalisque's contract it was to point out a limit or a permission that wasn't anticipated.

"Yes. Well...as familiar as I can be. Last time I read it was ten years ago."

"Do you know why Mel married me?"

A shrug preceded her answer. "How could I?"

"You know he likes his toys...his possessions...his women in pain?"

"Yes."

Joanna nodded and stood up and turned half around. She let her dressing gown

fall from her shoulders. Underneath she wore nothing but her nudity didn't attract Ursa's eyes, her inked back did. At some point Joanna had been tattooed with an extensive piece of artwork. It featured a lithe black panther stalking down the slope of her back from her shoulders down to her buttocks. She let Ursa inspect the artwork for a minute then covered back up and turned around.

"Why didn't I see that last night?" Ursa thought to ask.

"Because I didn't turn my back to you. And it was mostly covered. Mel doesn't want to ruin you, he just wants to leave his mark on you."

"I see. I suppose I should be happy he doesn't want to have me pierced..."

Sadly Joanna opened up her dressing gown again. This time she displayed her bare breasts and exposed pussy. There was no surprise when Ursa saw small rings through the woman's nipples and matching loops through her labia.

"He means to have me tattooed and pierced then?" Ursa swallowed hard. "I can cancel the contract."

"And forfeit your rights to the exchange?"

She knew she couldn't do that without consulting Cas. Now it dawned upon her why they were on the yacht. She had been isolated from her husband for good purpose. She hadn't tried emailing or contacting Cas through the computer connection in her room but she was confident she wouldn't be able to do so.

"I suppose not. And my contract allows up to three piercings and one tattoo." She cursed quietly under her breath.

"Do I need to tell you that it doesn't specify the size of the tattoo."

"No. Stupid me. How big will it be?"

"Roughly the same as mine. It'll cover your back only. You'll be respectable until you take off your shirt."

Ursa snorted ruefully. "Sure...and the piercings...I suppose I can take those out whenever I want."

“True. And he won’t pierce you until your last day.”

“Why?”

“Because he won’t be able to fuck you if your nipples and pussy are to tender from the piercings.”

Shaking her head was her only reaction to her unenviable position. “And why did you do this?” Ursa asked Joanna. “You’re his wife. Did you marry him before or after he marked you?”

Joanna smiled. “After of course. I learned to love it just like I learned to love him.”

“Does the money make it easier?” Ursa asked, her tone more biting than she meant. She knew she shouldn’t judge. She had fallen in love with Cas after he bought her from the exchange. True, he wasn’t as rich as Mel, but he earned a wonderful living and was an affectionate man and partner. Would he still love her with her body marked as another man’s possession?

The rich man’s wife leaned forward. “Of course it does. Now please lie down on your stomach so we can get started.”

Puzzled eyes met Joanna’s as the black-haired woman stood up. “What?”

“It’s time to start your tattoo.”

“Now?”

“Now.”

She glanced around. “But who will be doing it?”

Joanna laughed at her. “Silly. I will.”

“What?”

Joanna shook her head and opened up a case that had been sitting under the table between the chaise lounges. Inside was what Ursa surmised was a tattoo gun and associated implements. From a pocket in the case she pulled out a folder and

opened up a large piece of what looked like a huge piece of tissue paper. “This is the stencil. Here’s the design.” She handed Ursa a drawing of a bright red bird diving across a blurred background.

“You can’t tattoo and whip me on the same day, can you?” she asked, scared at what was to come.

“No of course not. Once we start the tattoo we’ll be sure to whip your front. Mel likes sharp X’s across his toy’s breasts. Have you ever had a crop smacked into your pussy?”

“No.”

“Sometimes when he does it to me I think I see God.”

“How long will this take?” Ursa asked as Joanna carefully placed the stencil on her back.

“You can count on the whole tattoo taking most of our journey. We’ll go today until you can’t endure it any longer.”

The pattern of her days became one of different levels of pain. During the mornings Joanna would work on her back tattoo. The needle didn’t truly hurt, but after several hours of being inked her fine skin took on the tone of a mild sunburn and eventually they would have to stop. The initial outline took several days, every day after that colored ink was gradually added. Joanna was an accomplished artist but she wouldn’t say where she had learned her tattooing skills.

It was the afternoons and evenings that were the most painful part of her contract. Mel, always soft-spoken and calm, would find her in her room, or the sun deck, or in the dining room, and have Thomas attach a lead to her collar. Then she would be brought to wherever Mel wanted to have a show. The lead would be hooked to a pole or bolt or whatever was handy. Usually it was Joanna who whipped her, sometimes it was Thomas, and occasionally it was a member of the crew pressed into service. It was never Mel. She would be marked by the whip or flogger or whatever implement interested Mel at the moment. She would be left with bright red marks on her body. Mel would masturbate as she was

whipped and subsequently sobbed and cried.

She was never fucked by his cock. She never even saw Joanna touch her husband's manhood either. It was a strange marriage.

The first few weeks were nothing more than pain. The next few weeks the pain faded to a background noise. The last week of her contract was nothing more than a test of endurance. The pain was largely gone. To experience anything like a satisfying orgasm Joanna had to slap her exposed pussy with the leather crop as hard as she could.

Ursa wasn't sure if she should take pride in her body. The tattoo that Joanna completed was beautiful; she didn't feel any shame in having the strange artwork adorn her skin. She was confused, however, if she would be able to experience normal sex with her husband ever again.

On the next to last day before their journey was to end Joanna didn't bring her tattoo equipment to the sun deck. The case on that day was different.

"It won't hurt nearly as much as you think it will," Joanna told her.

From the corner of her eye Ursa saw Mel watching the two women. He was half-hidden by the cabin door that led to the deck. She couldn't be sure but she thought his cock was already out of his pants and in his hand.

Ursa nodded and lay down, opening her legs to expose her pussy. Joanna took her time inspecting Ursa's labia and clitoris hood. "You have some interesting anatomic features," she commented.

"What?"

"Every woman is different. Some can't take certain piercings. I think you might be able to accommodate just about anything I want to do."

"Anything you want to do?" Ursa's question was pointed.

"Well, Mel has given me a bit of leeway in your piercings."

"I see."

She handled Ursa for another minute. Ursa reflected that it was really the first time her pussy had been touched by anyone's hand other than her own since she had boarded the boat. It wasn't at all unpleasant. The only contact Joanna had with her pussy previously had been to abuse it with a flogger or crop, and while Ursa enjoyed those moments very much, the gentle touch now being used was just as nice.

"Let me get the marker so I see where the needle will puncture and exit. Then we'll put on the clamp and get moving. Are you ready?"

"No."

Joanna smiled and laid out her tools. Ursa focused on the sharp needle and her mind couldn't function any further.

Chapter Five

Cas found living with Odette wasn't nearly as exciting as it could have been. While he thought he was trading his wife for a willing, nubile, younger woman, instead he received a girl who wasn't nearly as sophisticated as his wife. He wasn't nearly as inventive as Ursa in the bedroom. He missed performing for her. Odette was too willing, too easy to control. The sex was satisfying, but hardly the grand experience he had been hoping for.

Sending Ursa to the exchange was the worst decision he had ever made. He and Odette had sex nearly every day, sometimes more than once a day. Sometimes he spanked her, or tied her up, or used her in some humiliating way, but his heart wasn't in it. He wanted his wife back to watch as he had sex with another woman. He wanted his wife back to tell him what to do and to hurt and humiliate his sex toy. It wasn't until she went away did he realize that even though he had bought her ten years ago as his sex toy, she had always been the dominant one in their relationship. Odette was a pretty girl, a sexy girl, a willing girl, but she wasn't half the woman his wife was. Odette was submissive; Ursa was dominant. That was what Cas needed in his life, a dominant woman. He could have all the submissive women in his life he desired, but he needed a dominant one to make him happy.

Odette was laying facedown on the bed. He was running his hand over her back and rump which had been reddened by the spanking he had given her shortly before fucking her, but now the redness was already fading even as his cum leaked from her pussy. "She'll be home tomorrow," Cas said.

"I know."

"Do you want to...one more time before?" He couldn't make up his mind on what to say. Fuck? Have sex? Make love? All seemed wrong. He couldn't even finish the sentence properly. One more time before she's back? Was that so fucking hard, he thought. He thought it, but he didn't say it.

"No. I'm good."

It was a terminally bland statement. He just nodded and put his head back on the pillow. She couldn't see his nod; she was facing the other way.

Why had it gone so terribly wrong? he thought as he tried to fall asleep.

The closing of the door was what woke him. Cas had trouble sleeping and the bang of the front door brought him fully awake but he was too exhausted and sleep deprived to even try to struggle out of the bed. When she came in the room Odette was still asleep and Cas was trying to focus his eyes.

"Having fun?" Ursa asked him, her tone pointed and tense.

"You woke me up," he complained.

"It's seven thirty," she pointed out. "You should be up already. Don't you have a job to go to?"

"It's Saturday."

In her two month vacation Ursa had lost all track of time but there was no reason to let Cas know that. "So it is. And your little toy is sleeping in your bed."

"Yes," he admitted. It was hard to deny with the evidence right in front of her.

"That's against the rules. The odalisque should always sleep in her own bed, never with her owner."

"Does it matter?" he asked.

"Of course it matters!" The moment she spoke the words she realized how loud her voice had become. "Wake her up. I have a lot of work to do in retraining her."

Cas gently shook Odette awake. As the young woman raised her head off the pillow Ursa went to her closet. She was pleased to see that none of her belongings had been disturbed. From the upper shelf she pulled down her short-handled floggers and tested the leather straps against her thigh. The snap and slap was still perfect.

“You’re home,” Odette managed to say as she sat up. The bedclothes slipped down exposing her breasts.

Ursa said nothing to the toy. “I’m glad to see you haven’t taken to clothing her.”

“Of course not,” Cas said, offended.

“But you’re naked in bed with her,” Ursa pointed out.

“We had sex last night.”

“Get out of the bed,” Ursa ordered him. She then gazed at Odette. As much as she wanted to Ursa couldn’t help but be a touch jealous of her husband’s sex partner. The girl was pretty and sexually available. There was no way for her to take away any of that, but she could assert her authority over both of them.

Odette started to move out of the bed as well, but Ursa stopped her. “No. You, toy, don’t move. Roll to your stomach. Cas, pull the sheets off her. You might want to grip the headboard bars, dear, this will hurt.”

The toy barely had time enough to follow Ursa’s orders before the flogger came don’t on her ass. She yelped in surprise and grasped the brass bars of the bed firmly. Ursa spent much of her anger and sexual frustration on Odette’s pale and precious skin. Obviously Cas hadn’t been subjecting the girl to a proper regimen of physical training. Her skin reddened too easily. She protested too quickly and too loudly, but it pleased Ursa to hurt the girl. Pain was fleeting, passion was forever.

Cas stood and watched the abuse of the present given to him by his wife not so long ago. He couldn’t help his reaction. His cock steadily hardened and he was erect and ready to fuck long before Ursa was done with the beating.

With her arms finally sore from so many lashes Ursa took a break and noticed her husband’s cock. “You want to fuck her, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to fuck me?”

“Yes.” There was lust in his voice. It was unmistakable and unfeigned.

“We’ll see,” she said coyly. Bending over she shoved her hand between Odette’s thighs, feeling her pussy. It was wet. That pleased Ursa. “She’s ready for you,” she announced. “Would you rather fuck her or me?”

The answer was easy. Cas knew the correct answer and it was the truth of his heart. “You.”

“Because you’ve had her so many times over the past two months you’re bored with her,” Ursa declared.

“No...”

She laughed at him. “Why not? I’d be bored with her and looking for some variety.” She shook her head. “You don’t really know yourself, do you, Cas?”

He swallowed. “I know myself well enough. I know I need you. I need you in charge of me.”

A smiled pulled at her lips. “Maybe you have learned something. Get the cuffs and put them on her..”

Hurriedly Cas retrieved the leather cuffs from the closet and chained his sex toy facedown on the bed. Odette didn’t complain. It was part of her service.

As he rushed to complete the task his wife set for him, Ursa took her time undressing. She was wearing nothing elegant, just a pair of jeans and a polo shirt. She looked like a soccer mom except for the flogger in her hand and the lust in her eyes. Underneath she wore a pair of matching red panties and bra. She removed the bar but left on the panties. By the time Cas was done with the cuffs she was ready for him; she was pleased to see that his cock was still hard.

“Are you ready?” she asked him unnecessarily.

“Uh-huh,” he said and viewed his wife’s half-naked body for the first time in weeks. His eyes went to her breasts and he noticed her left nipple was pierced with a silver ring. “What’s that?” he asked. He knew what it was; his mind didn’t comprehend why it was on his wife’s body.

“Just a nipple piercing. No big deal. My owner for the past two months did it to me because he wanted to leave his mark upon me. Actually, he had his wife do it

to me, but that's another story. It was only done two days ago. It's still tender. You won't be able to play with it for a few months, but you'll have another outlet during that time, won't you?" She looked pointedly at Odette.

"Oh. Did it hurt?"

She rolled her eyes. "Of course it hurt. Do you want to see how else he marked me?"

Now Cas was nervous, but he nodded anyway. Ursa turned around and displayed her large back tattoo to him.

"Fucking hell," he gasped.

"I rather like it," she heard herself saying. Joanna is an excellent artist, don't you think?"

Cas didn't answer.

"Do you want to see what else he did to me?" she asked but didn't wait for his answer. As Cas watched she lowered her panties to the mid-thigh and displayed her nude sex. The two rings running through her labia were slightly larger than the one in her nipple. They were easy to see, one in each of her inner labia, but the pair were interlinked and locked together in such a position that it would make it difficult, if not impossible for anything to enter her pussy. "Do you like this?" she asked.

Cas couldn't answer this time. He didn't know what to think. Odette made a little noise—perhaps from shock, perhaps from admiration, perhaps because she had never seen such a thing before—but didn't say anything either.

"These were done two days ago as well. Pretty, I think. It's been two months since I've been fucked, Cas, and this is how my previous master left me. The rings are silver and locked together, but a quick trip to the hardware store and we can cut them free and I can have your cock in my pussy again. Would you like that?"

"Yes," he practically mewled.

She shook her head. "No. I don't think so. The entire time I was with Mel, I

never got fucked. Oh, I had orgasms, but that wasn't the same. Mel never fucked me. He preferred to masturbate. I know why now. It's not about the sex. It's about the power. I'm going to masturbate now while you fuck Odette. Do you know why?"

"No."

"Because it's about the power, not the sex. That's why. Get your ass up in the air, Odette, so my husband can fuck you." The girl raised her hips, inviting her owner, Cas, to fuck her pretty young pussy. He couldn't resist, not while under Ursa's orders. His cock easily slipped into Odette's cunt and he started fucking her, his hands on her upturned ass, her face buried in the pillow.

Ursa went to the armchair in the room's corner, sat down and spread her legs. Carefully, oh so carefully, she put a hand between her legs and found her clit. The little button was hard and ready for play. Gently she teased herself and watched her husband play with his toy. It wouldn't be long before she came, but she took her time anyway.

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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