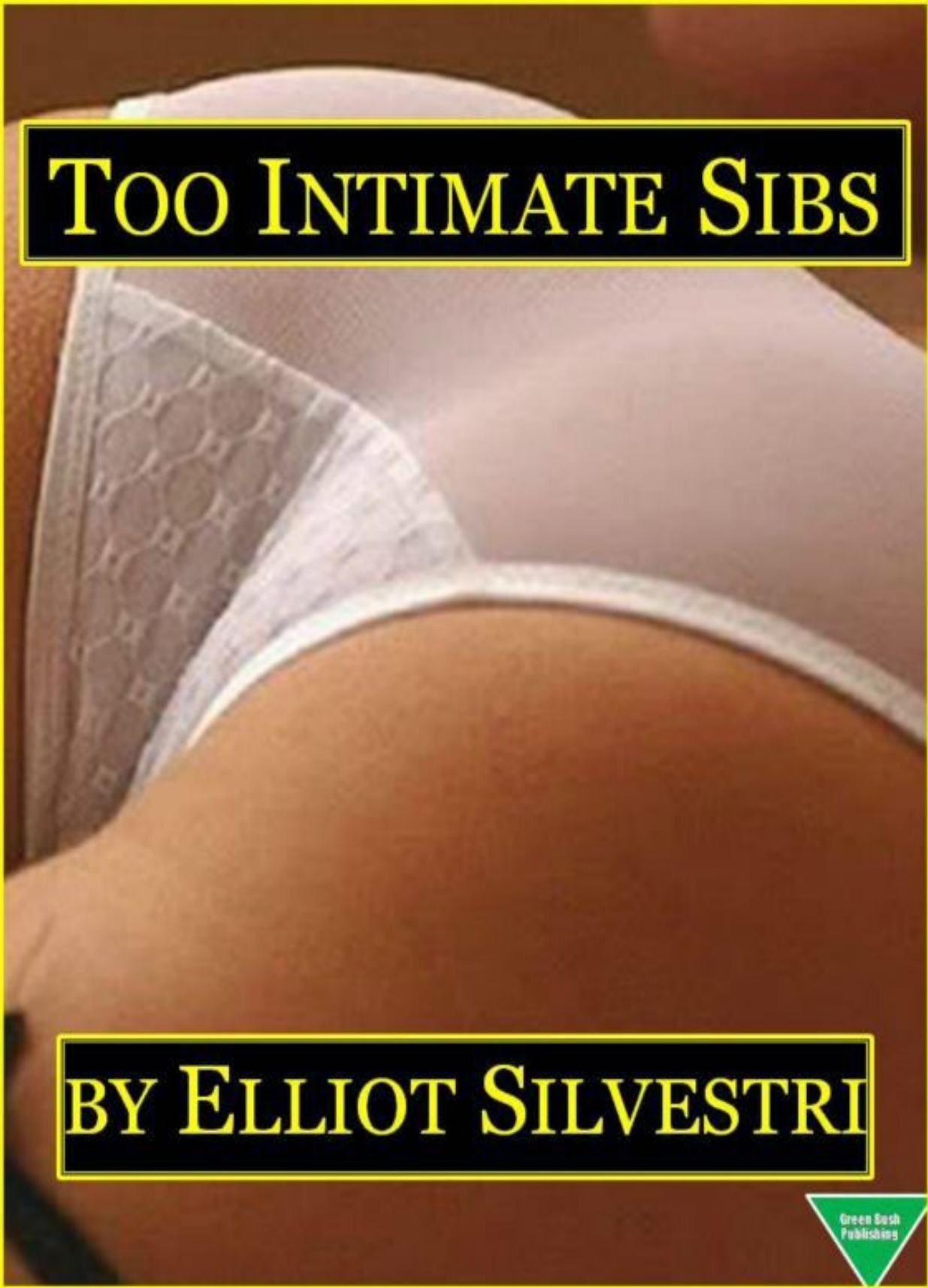
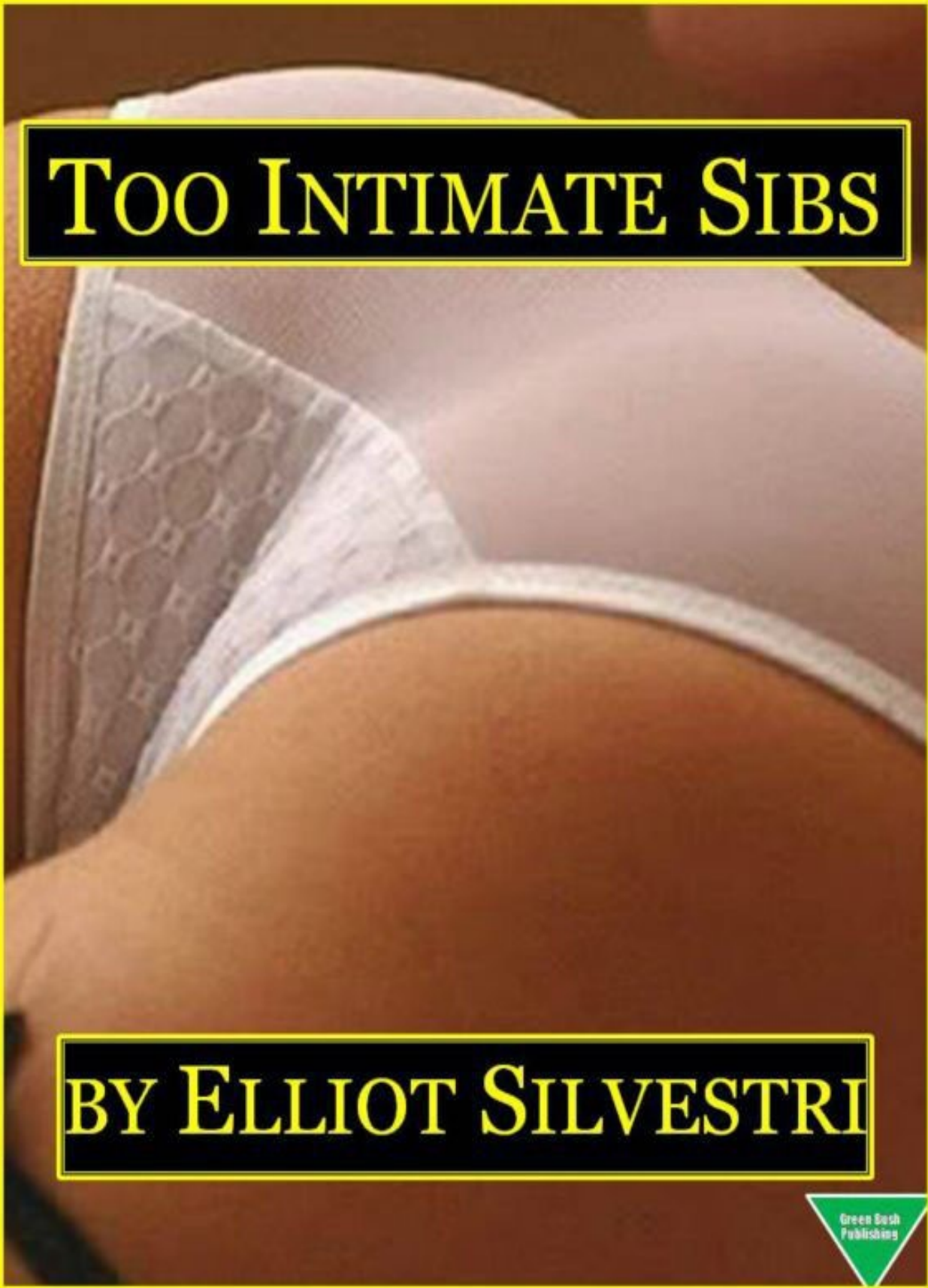




TOO INTIMATE SIBS

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing



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Too Intimate Sibs

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Nathan looked down at the girl crouched between his legs, her mouth full of his cock. “You look good that way; my cock in your mouth,” he commented with a grin. “Very ladylike.”

Lara responded by removing his shaft from her mouth, wiping her lips with the back of her hand, and saying, “Shut the fuck up,” before she went back to giving him head.

“Maybe not so ladylike. But you're very good at it.” He closed his eyes and sighed as she swirled her tongue around his cock’s crown while sucking harder. “Makes you beautiful.”

She snorted and pulled off again. “You going to keep talking or are you going to let me give you a blowjob?” she asked. In appearance she was almost his opposite. He was tall and athletic with blond wavy hair. She was short, soft in all the right places, with fragile pale skin because she avoided the sun. In contrast to his blond curls she had black straight hair that fell to the nape of her neck. The swath of black was broken up by two streaks of blue painted into her thick tresses. The only trait they shared was their ice-blue eyes.

“Sorry,” he replied. “I just think you’re beautiful when I’m inside you. Mouth or pussy.”

She snorted again, rolled off his bed, and trotted out the door. He heard her footsteps retreating down the hallway. “Fuck,” he commented. Lara had left her clothes in a pile beside his bed...except for her panties. Those she was still wearing—plain white cotton, she always wore plain white cotton panties—when she left. He liked watching Lara’s even when covered in panties. Even naked. Even when covered by jeans. It was a fantastic curvy ass, not fat, just the right set of curves to catch his eye. He contemplated the ceiling a minute, then she was back. She hadn’t been too upset by his comment apparently. She was still wearing only her panties, her heavy breasts were bobbling as she walked. That was part of her charm as well. Her tiny pink nipples were erect in the cool air and she was carrying her digital camera.

For a moment he thought she was going to start taking pictures of him for some nefarious purpose. Lara wasn't the type to spend large amounts of time mooning over nude photos and masturbating to them. She could get an eyeful of Nathan any time she wanted. For the briefest of moments he wondered if she would be pleased with nude pictures of him. His body was trim and muscular from playing lacrosse for the school team. His skin was lightly tanned in contrast to hers. His semi-erect cock was lying across a nest of his curly blond pubes. If he were a little more arrogant about his looks he would have declared himself a treat for any female eyes, but he didn't. Or at least he kept his thoughts to himself.

"Here," she handed him the camera as she got back on the bed and wrapped her hands around his shaft and balls. "Take a picture. It'll last longer." She resumed sucking his cock.

"I could have used my cell phone if you wanted a porn pic," he said.

One more time she released his cock. He needed to remember to stop talking while she blew him. "And have you share it with your jock friends? No. And deal with the shitty quality of a cell phone pic? No."

"So you want a high quality porn pic?"

"I want to use it as reference for some pencil drawing," she said. "Now shut up."

He silenced himself and started taking pictures of Lara sucking him. She was conscious of his camera work. Periodically opening her eyes and looking into the camera, posing with her tongue out, or kissing the side of his shaft.

"You want me to take pics as I cum?" he grunted. It was hard to focus on the task at hand while she sucked him.

"No. You almost ready?"

"Uh-huh." His cock was hard and throbbing. She could feel his heat in her mouth and the pulse of his heartbeat as his excitement built. Knowing he was about to peak she pulled off her panties and quickly mounted him, setting her pussy onto his shaft, letting it fill her up. The dark triangle of hair pointed down to her clit as she tried to bounce on his cock, but Nathan was inflamed by passion. IN a blink he rolled them over and fucked her fiercely. He lasted less than a minute before emptying his balls inside her tightness.

“Oh fuck, I’m sorry,” he apologized when he realized she hadn’t cum with him.

“You know what to do,” she told him with a touch of resignation. She preferred to cum when he fucked her.

“Uh-huh,” he said, half in resignation, half in anticipation. He didn’t mind going down on his stepsister while her pussy was full of his cum, he just didn’t want his friends finding out that he did it for her.

“Just be quick,” she ordered him. “The Mom and The Dad will be back soon.”

He was quick and she was satisfied with his work. When she started pulling her clothes back on he asked her, “What are you going to do with those pictures?” he asked her. He was fairly certain they wouldn’t wind up on the internet but with Lara it was impossible to tell sometimes. Besides, it was only his cock on display next to her face. It would be hard to prove that it was him she was posing next to.

“I told you already,” she said grabbing it away from him. “I’m using them for reference pictures for some pencil drawings.”

“You don’t usually do dirty pictures,” he said. Lara was a good artist but most of her stuff was either abstract or didn’t involve human figures at all.

“You won’t recognize my face when I’m done,” she told him.

“You could have gotten reference pictures off the internet,” he told her.

“That’s just nasty,” she told him and stuck out her tongue as she retreated to her bedroom.

It had been almost three months since they had first wound up in bed together. It was stupid; Nathan would be the first to admit that. Having spent the last five years living together in the same house they had become accustomed to each other’s presence as a necessary evil. Their parents had married and they had found themselves with a step sibling neither ever wanted. That might have been tolerable if they hadn’t been the same grade in school. Riding the bus and attending the same school events together was terrible. Nathan was a jock and

Lara was an artist; being opposites in personality helped keep them apart which was fine with both of them. Different friends, different classes, different last names, different everything.

Their frosty relationship warmed slightly after the end of junior year partly because both were already eighteen and they each achieved a certain notoriety in their social groups.

“Why are you so old and still in high school,” Nathan asked her bluntly one morning at breakfast shortly after his mother and her father had married.

“I could ask the same of you,” she snapped back. “I’m only three weeks older than you.”

“Well?” he asked.

Realizing an answer might stop the questions she told him. “I failed fourth grade. I never did any work, just drew my pictures. My teacher was awful and just let me fail.” Lara was actually quiet intelligent but didn’t care all that much about her grades. Just her art.

“I was going through a divorce at the time,” Lara’s father gently explained to Nathan. “It wasn’t really Lara’s fault.”

“What about you?” Lara snapped.

His mother stepped in before a fight could erupt. “His father wanted to start him late in school so he’d be bigger and do better on the football team.”

Lara sniggered. One of the few things Lara knew about Nathan at that point was his love of lacrosse and hockey, and a hatred of football. His father had been killed in a car crash when he was driving back from a professional game while he was half-drunk.

Somehow they had managed to live through nearly all of high school and were waiting out their summer before their senior year in relative peace. Since they were nineteen, their parents rationalized, it wouldn’t be a problem to leave them on their own for an overnight trip. They promised not to hold a wild party—the other keeping an honest eye on the step-sibling.

As it turned out any summer parties were quickly washed out by a thunderstorm that rumbled through the valley. Nathan was the only one home when the storm came rolling through. Lara wasn't afraid of spiders, snakes, or mice. She was afraid of thunderstorms. This one was loud enough to wake him from a sound sleep at 1 a.m. He heard Lara's shriek of terror and briefly considered getting out of bed to see if she was okay, maybe someone's presence would settle her nerves.

Before he could move she came running into his room still screaming. She didn't ask permission before jumping into his bed and started blubbering about being killed by a lightning bolt coming through the window.

"That'll never happen," he told her awkwardly patting her back and trying to figure out what he should do. The room was dimly lit by the streetlights coming in through his window. Flashes of lighting helped to define what he was seeing. And what he was seeing was Lara in her customary sleeping attire: white panties and white tank top.

Another close strike caused the house to shake and she burrowed under his covers and lay trembling next to him. He didn't feel the least bit guilty when he popped a boner. Lara was warm and soft and not at all unattractive—even if she wasn't the type of girl he would normally pursue. When she pressed her body next to him in his bed that she had entered of her own free will he felt free to have an erection.

"I'm scared," she told him.

"I know." He tried to shift his body a little so his cock wouldn't press into her.

She thought he was pulling away and wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing him closer. After a minute of the closeness and continual thunder rumbles she realized what she was feeling against her stomach.

"Do you have a boner?" she asked him with half a giggle between bouts of thunder.

"Yes, and I don't remember inviting you into my bed." He was a bit embarrassed now, and responded with anger to hide that embarrassment.

"I didn't know you cared," she joked as another bit of thunder shook the house.

She pressed closer to him.

“Yeah, well, I’m human. I’m a guy. Get a warm good-looking girl in my bed and I’m all about boners.”

She smirked. “You think I’m good-looking? You do care.”

“Sure. I care.” He didn’t want to see her hurt or upset or scared, that was as far as it went. Then her hand slipped inside his boxers and she stroked him a few times. “What are you doing?” he hissed at her, but didn’t pull away.

“I’m doing what boys like. At least the ones in art club that aren’t gay. Probably the gay ones too, but I’ve never jerked them off.”

“How can you do this in the middle of a storm?” he asked her but made no motion to stop her.

“I was jilling off before the storm came,” she told him. “I’m horny.”

So that was why her door was closed so early in the evening, he thought.

“Oh.”

“Uh-huh,” she told him as she continued stroking. “Do you believe me?”

He looked at her and seizing a moment of boldness, pushed his hand down between them, slipping his fingers under the elastic of her underwear. She opened her thighs a bit and it was easy to easy his fingers over her soft pubic curls and into her pussy. It was hot and wet. “You want to fuck?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh,” she said, letting go of his cock and pulling off her tank top.

Nathan was human. He had checked out Lara’s body many times before. She was pretty enough and had all the right curves, but there was no reason he would ever have acted on his base lust. When she revealed her tits to him all of his suspicions were confirmed. They were big and heavy, topped by small pink nipples. He reached out and circled one of the nipples with his finger. Before things progressed too far he said, “I’ve got a couple of condoms hidden in my drawer.”

“Don’t bother. I’m on the pill.”

“What?”

“Remember when I was ‘sick’ last year and wound up going to the doctor all those times with your mom?”

“Uh-huh.”

“My period was a freaking mess. I went on the pill to regulate it. So get your shorts off and let’s do it.”

He wiggled out of his boxers and asked her. “This isn’t your first time, is it?” he asked. As far as he knew all the guys in art club were gay and they were her only male friends.

“Nope. Yours?”

“Nope. You want me on top?”

“That’s easiest,” she said and shuddered as thunder boomed again. The storm had mostly passed but that didn’t allay her lust. Nathan pulled her panties half off her legs and she kicked them free. They clumsily got into position and she guided his cock into her wet slit.

“Go careful,” she told him.

“Uh-huh,” he said concentrating on not cumming too quickly and trying to find the right angle to her pussy at the same time.

Eventually everything lined up and he pushed inside her, filling her tight walls with his bare cock.

She laughed when he pulled back and thrust a few times. “What’s so funny?”

“Do you think any of your friends or mine would believe we fucked in your bed?”

He actually could because a few of his friends had commented that she was fuckable, but he would never tell her that. It was too crude for the moment.

“Are step sibs supposed to fuck?” he asked her.

She shook her head. “Nope. Are you going to stop because of that?”

“Nope.”

Chapter Two

It took Lara a minute to reorient herself when she woke up. Sleeping the night in Nathan's room was not her usual *modus operandi*, but their parents had spent the night out. Again.

She poked Nathan in the back until he woke up. "Do you think they're home yet?" she asked him.

"I just fucking woke up," he mumbled.

"Do you want to fuck?" she asked. It was a somewhat typical Sunday morning for them. Typical if their parents had been out the night before.

"Are they home?"

"Let me see." Lara grabbed her glasses off the shelf next to Nathan's bed and hopped out of bed. He wanted to caution her to put on some bit of clothing, but she was out of the bedroom before he could give her a warning. Still, her cute ass was a sight to behold in the morning. He was already sporting morningwood and had to restrain himself from stroking his cock. There was no point in cumming before Lara got back with her scouting report.

After several long moments he realized it was taking her too long. Their parents must be home and with a groan he started to lever himself out of bed; but then he heard the toilet in the upstairs bathroom flush.

"Where have you been?" he asked her sharply when Lara sauntered back into the room. She slipped under the covers with him.

"Peeing," she told him. "Needed to before I could fuck." She got on top of him and together they maneuvered their bodies until his hard cock found her slit. He shouldn't have been surprised she was already wet. Lara seemed to be constantly ready to have sex, even pushing the limits of what was safe when their parents were due back. Like this morning. They usually got home early Sundays after their nights out. It was hard to concentrate on such distracting thoughts with

Lara's heavy breasts softly bouncing on his chest as he thrusting up inside her.

Morning sex was a strange affair between them. They both had the horniness of any other nineteen year olds but it was one thing to fuck in the middle of the night when no one else was around. It was another matter entirely to initiate sex first thing in the morning after a full night's sleep and the clarity and shame of morning was upon them.

Lara didn't mind. She just wanted the sex. That's what she told herself. She was using Nathan's beautiful body for the sex. That's what he was doing, using her body for sex. It was just convenience. And a thrill of sneaking around. They weren't doing anything wrong. Not really. Except they were lying to everyone: family, parents, friends, and themselves.

Her orgasm was a nice way to start the morning. It came softly over her, not like when they fucked hard and fast at night. Nathan was actually more fun to fuck in the morning. He actually tried to make sure she came first. Then when she told him she had cum, he fucked her twice as hard and fast so he could cum. Still, she didn't mind.

When they were done she was sprawled on his body and she said to him, "School starts this week."

"Yeah."

"Are you going to ignore me at school like last year?"

Nathan was staring at the ceiling. Her head was on his chest and he was fairly certain her eyes were closed or focused on the wall next to the bed. "Probably. Yeah, probably."

"Why?" Her voice was soft, not accusing him of anything, but curious.

"Because how would we explain we are...um...I don't know what the fuck we are doing. Dating? Seeing each other?"

"It's called fucking," she told him.

"Yeah, how would that conversation work with any of our friends? 'Oh yeah, Lara. Yeah, she's my step-sister and we're fucking too, but it's not like we have a

relationship or anything like that.” He felt awful for putting it that way, but realities pressed on him. “I don’t want to have that conversation with any of my friends. Or Mom. Or your father. Do you?”

“No. But you don’t have to ignore me.”

“Fine. I’ll be civil to you in the halls and if we have a class together. Friendly even. But if you get too close Lyd will probably go psycho on your ass. And you don’t want that.”

Lara rolled off her step-brother. “Why do you even date Lydia? She’s annoying.”

“Have you see her body?” he asked rhetorically.

“Only in gym class. Is that your only reason for dating her?”

“She also gives great head.” Once he said the words he knew it was the wrong answer and winced in anticipation of her question.

“Better than me?”

“Um, no, not better, just different. Is there anything wrong with variety?”

Her pause was too long. “No, just be ready to deal with variety on my side as well.” She rolled out of bed and grabbed her clothes off the floor. “I’m going to take a shower. You should probably stay out of the bathroom in case the Mom and the Dad show up.”

“Right.”

The school year started like every other year. Except this year Lara and Nathan were seniors. Nineteen year old seniors. As mature step-siblings they found they could treat each other civilly in school without anyone picking up on the fact they were fucking at home when their parents were out. It was easy to settle into a routine. They would fuck after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays when Nathan didn’t have team practice and Lara didn’t stay late for art club. Friday nights he usually went out with Lydia. Sometimes Lara would go to an art or drama club party. Depending on when they got back and what their parents were

doing they might take the opportunity to fuck.

It was the softest knock Lara had ever heard one night. She opened her bedroom door and Nathan slipped inside and closed the door behind him. "I left my TV on in my room. We've got a few minutes. If we stay quiet the 'rents won't be suspicious. They're downstairs falling asleep on the couch."

"What do you want?" Lara asked.

Instead of answering Nathan fell to his knees in front of her and pulled down her leggings and panties. She was a slave to her teenage lust. In a moment she was naked from the waist down and he buried his face between her legs. With her standing the angle was all wrong and the harder Nathan pressed his face into her pussy the more uncomfortable it became to remain standing. The easiest thing to do was to fall backwards onto her bed that had been unmade for the past month.

Once on her back it was easy for Lara to open up her legs and give Nathan full access to her cunt. He went to town on her sex, slipping fingers into her tight pussy as he tongue worked on her clit. She could have said no, but the need to cum was stronger than any willpower she could summon. Lara preferred to have sex when the parents were out of the house so she could moan and groan to her heart's content. She knew she was loud so she grabbed a pillow and muffled her vocalizations. The orgasm was the worst. The urge to scream and shout her climax was nearly impossible to stifle. Nathan's tongue did everything she needed and the moment of crisis arrived and her pillow received the brunt of her vocals.

"Was that good?" Nathan asked when she was done.

"Yeah. You know what you're doing," she complimented him. He was still on the floor kneeling between her spread legs. She wondered why he liked looking at her pussy. Then again, she wasn't a boy and the sight of a woman's open cunt didn't especially turn her on.

"Can I fuck you now?" he asked, standing up and lowering his pants.

Her first instinct was to say no, and then she saw his erect cock and realized something else was going on. "I'm guessing Lydia didn't give you a goodnight blowjob, did she?"

“No,” he said, almost whining. She looked at the soft bed of blond curls around his cock and decided a quick fuck wouldn’t hurt anyone, as long as they were quiet.

“Fine, go ahead,” she said. The words were barely out of her mouth and he was upon her. His cock easily slipped up inside her cunt. Their sex organs had grown accustomed to each other and it was no effort at all for him to enter her. Of course he had just spent the last ten minutes eating her pussy and his cock was as hard as a steel girder.

When he fell on her with his feet still on the floor she realized his shirt was still on. Lara didn’t like that. She liked as much of his skin on hers as possible, but she was also still wearing her shirt and bra so it didn’t really matter. What was most annoying was that he fucked her for barely a minute before he came, spending his thick spunk into her cunt. That felt nice, but it didn’t give her another orgasm. She was about to order him back down between her legs, but then realized she had cum once already and didn’t want to seem too greedy.

“What was that all about?” she asked after he pulled out.

“Let’s just say Lydia and leave it at that.”

“She didn’t want to put out tonight? Is it shark week?”

“I don’t want to fucking talk about it.”

That didn’t stop Lara from pursuing the topic. “You going to dump her?”

“Probably not.” He pulled up his pants and turned away, looking out the window at the darkness beyond the streetlights.

“If you did would I be your girlfriend?” she asked.

He whirled around. “What? No! We talked about this! No.”

“Keep your voice down,” she hushed him and found her panties on the floor. Just in case the ‘rents came checking on her she pulled them on even though she really wanted to go to the bathroom and wash his spunk from her body. “I know; I’m just seeing if I can annoy you.”

“Mission accomplished. How would we explain dating to the Mom and the Dad?” He had slipped into the code they used for their respective parent and step-parent. “No, it’s cool. We won’t have sex behind your backs. It’s perfectly normal for step-siblings to date. Maybe someday we’ll get married.”

She snorted at that comment. “That’s not going to happen.”

“Then leave it alone.”

“You don’t mind if I date and screw other guys?” she asked.

The pause before his answer told her everything she needed to know. “No. That’s fine. Just be safe.”

“Right. I always am.”

“Uh-huh.” The view from her bedroom was exactly the same as his, but he seemed intent on finding something in the dark.

“Sylvia told me she and Daddio are going for an overnight next Saturday,” Lara said.

“Why would she tell you that?”

Lara shrugged. “Girls share stuff. Want to plan a night in?” She couldn’t believe the words she heard herself saying. It was wrong, she didn’t need to seduce Nathan; they were there for one purpose only, to fuck each other when they needed it.

“Sure.”

It took all her willpower not to say, “Great. It’s a date.”

Chapter Three

“Want to come up to my room and see my etchings?” she asked him shortly after their parents left for the evening.

He gave her a queer look. It was his responsibility to finish washing the dishes which he interpreted to mean load the dishwasher, turn it on, and walk away. He was still trying to fit the last few items inside the rack. “What are they blabbering on about?”

“It’s an old joke,” she explained to him. “Do you want to see my drawings?” she clarified.

“Why?”

She didn’t want to say Because that’s how I plan on seducing you so instead she said, “Because they feature your cock. I made it extra big.”

His grin said it all. “Sure. Let me finish up.”

Two minutes later they were up in her bedroom flipping through her sketchbooks. Lara stopped at a series of black and white soft graphite pencil sketches based on the pictures Nathan had taken while she was giving him a blowjob.

“Hey, these are good,” he said.

She half-snorted. “You’re only saying that because I made your cock bigger.”

“Well, there is that. But I think it’s pretty accurately represented.”

She snorted again.

“But you said the pictures weren’t going to look like you. They look just like you.”

“No they don’t,” she said dismissively. “You don’t know what you’re talking

about.”

“They do. But if you don’t believe me, show them around school and see what reaction you get.”

“I’m not going to fucking do that. Besides, I’d get suspended for bringing in pictures like this.” She gave the image of the girl sucking cock in her pictures one more look. Sure, maybe the straight black hair matched hers, but that was it.

“Just telling you,” he said helpfully. “Be careful who sees those drawings.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she said. “Now take off your clothes.”

“Great!” he cried jumping up and pulling off his shirt. “I’ve been horny all day.”

“Just you are getting naked, pal,” she said as she sat back into the large armchair she had recovered from the last remodel Sylvia had done to the living room. It was large and comfortable even if Sylvia and Ted thought it was ugly.

“You can’t fuck with your clothes on,” he said.

“You can, you just need to expose the naughty bits,” she corrected him. “But I want you naked because I want to sketch you.” She pulled her sketchbook into her lap, adjusted her glasses on her nose, and sat back expectantly in her chair. “Well?” she prompted him.

“What?”

“You still have your pants on.”

Puzzled, Nathan finished undressing. He was confused and a bit disappointed, but his cock was still semi-erect.

“Great. Now lay on my bed. Just get comfortable. I like that your cock isn’t really hard yet. Lay down,” she instructed him.

He lay across her tangled sheets trying to look casual and feeling stupid. “I don’t think I’m cut out to be a male model.”

“Certainly not a female model,” she said.

“Ha ha.”

“You’ve got a good body, that’s what I’m looking for.”

“What are you going to do with this picture?” he suddenly asked, nervous about them now.

“Show them to your friends,” she retorted as she started moving her pencil across the page. “But don’t worry; they won’t recognize your face. These are just sketches.”

“Then what are you going to use them for?”

“Part of my portfolio to get into art school.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“I’m going to jill off to them when I get to art school and I want to remember the good times at home.”

“Really?” he asked. His head popped up from the pillow where he had been staring at the ceiling.

“No, shithead. But that’s a good idea.”

“What? You jilling off?”

“No. You. Well, you jerking off. Use your hand on yourself. Make your cock bigger. It’ll make the picture extra dirty.”

He did as she asked, mostly because he was horny and wanted to see what game she was playing. But he was careful not to get himself too excited. He didn’t want to cum from jerking it; he wanted Lara’s mouth or pussy.

After he started playing with himself Lara realized it was distracting to watch. She could feel her pussy starting to moisten inside her panties. She focused on the picture, not the action that was going on in front of her.

“Where do you think they went?” Lara asked him.

“Are you supposed to talk to your model?” he asked as his hand slowly pumped

his cock. Though at first it was strange, being naked and masturbating in front of his step-sister actually relaxed him.

“Yes. It’s fine.”

“Where who went?”

“The Mom and the Dad.”

He shrugged. “Probably some hotel to fuck,” he said.

“Why not fuck here?”

“Because they have two annoying children who might interrupt them. They like to go to bed at nine o’clock for God’s sake. If they fuck between nine and ten we’ll hear everything they do.”

She nodded in agreement. “Yeah. That’s kinda gross. But do you ever wonder what they do during sex?”

It was all he could do to contain himself from laughing. “I presume they have sex. The whole deal, but I don’t think about it because I don’t want to picture the two of them fucking, even if it is only in my head.”

“Do you think they do kinky shit?” she asked and turned a page in her book. “Turn toward me a little more. I want to see how your cock curves up toward your belly.”

Nathan complied with her instructions and continued to keep his cock hard with his hand. “They probably do kinky shit, but do you really want to know what they do?”

She shook her head. “No. But do you think they think we’re having sex?”

“Nope. And I hope they don’t get that idea either. I don’t want to explain why I’m banging my step-sister.”

“I bet they’re really kinky,” she commented.

“How kinky?” he asked automatically. Masturbating in front of Lara as she

sketched him and they talked about sex was making him more susceptible to erotic imagery even though he didn't want to think about his mother having sex.

"I don't know. Maybe they go meet another couple in a hotel and do wife swapping."

"Gross," was his comment.

She agreed. "Yeah, but they're the perfect age for something like that."

He laughed now. "How would you know that?"

She peered at him over the tops of her dark framed glasses. "I read a lot of sex advice columns online."

"Oh."

"If you hold still and let me finish this picture I'll show you something really weird that'll gross you out—if you don't cum before I'm done."

"Why would I want to see something like that?"

"Because I suggested it. And because I have to show it to someone."

"What is it?" he asked, intrigued.

"You'll have to wait."

He nodded and continued stroking himself. Her panties got wetter. It was hard to draw but she kept at until the sketch was done. "Come on," she said as she laid aside her tools and jumped up out of the chair. "We're going on an adventure."

"An adventure?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yeah, come on, let's go." She practically skipped to the door and waited impatiently for him to get off the bed to accompany her. "C'mon, c'mon," she implored him. When Nathan was close enough she reached out and grabbed his cock, using it as a handle to pull him along and down the hallway.

"Hey, careful with that!" he cried out as she led him along. "It's not a doorknob!"

“It won’t fall off,” she told him while keeping a firm grip on his manhood. He could easily have pried her fingers away from his sensitive bits but opted not to—he wanted to see where she was going with this strange game. He felt out of place walking down the upstairs hallway naked being led by his cock in the grip of Lara who was fully clothed. He wanted to hesitate outside the door to their parent’s and step-parent’s bedroom, but she didn’t pause at all and simply pulled him along.

“Should we be going in here,” he asked as she dragged him in.

“Yes. They’re gone for the night. Don’t worry; we’re not going to fuck in their bed.”

“So why are we here?” he asked looking around, feeling uncomfortable being naked in his mother’s bedroom. His erection was largely gone and he inspected his cock to see if any damage had been done.

Lara began an explanation. “A couple of days ago I asked Sylvia if I could borrow her black turtleneck sweater. She said yes.”

“I wish you wouldn’t call her Sylvia,” Nathan muttered under his breath and then added more loudly, “So she’s generous, so what?”

“When she got the sweater out for me she had to dig down a bit in the chest,” Lara said, indicating the large chest that sat at the foot of the bed. “I noticed the bottom of the chest was a good deal higher up than it should be. I got curious.”

He sighed. “Don’t tell me you went snooping.”

Lara ignored his comment. “So when no one else was home, I went snooping.” She knelt down in front of the chest and turned the key to open the lid. Sylvia was big on trust and low on security concerns.

“You went snooping in her sweater chest?”

“It’s a hope chest, actually,” Lara corrected him as she carefully started to lift the stacks of sweaters out of the trunk. She piled them on the floor, preserving their arrangement and order. “Which is kind of a funny name if you think about it... after you see what’s inside.”

“What’s inside is sweaters,” Nathan said. Then he gave her statement a bit of thought. “Why is it called a hope chest anyway?”

“It’s an old traditional thing. A girl fills it with stuff: linens and a bridal veil and shit like that in the hope of getting married and the hope that the marriage isn’t a complete disaster.” She snickered as the last of the sweaters were removed revealing the bottom. On both sides of the false bottom where a pair of half-hidden rope handle that Lara lifted up to reveal a hidden compartment beneath.

“Oh, shit,” Nathan said looking in. “I knew I shouldn’t have let you do this.”

“It’s perfectly normal, I suppose,” Lara commented reaching in and lifting up a bright pink vibrator from the treasure trove of sex toys within. “Middle aged people get bored with their sex lives and need to branch out and get kinky.”

“Don’t touch that shit!” Nathan told her, grabbing her hand and trying to shake the vibrator free.

“Why not?” she asked. “Take a second look. It looks like the Mom and the Dad took a bunch of stuff with them on their trip.” She indicated a set of empty spaces in the hidden compartment.

“Oh gross,” he said but didn’t stop looking. “Are those leather manacles?”

“Yup,” Lara agreed. “And a small padlock, but no key. Hmm. I wonder who wears them?”

Nathan rolled his eyes. “I don’t want to know.” He kept looking. “What’s missing?” he finally asked.

“I’m not sure. Maybe a vibrator, probably. I think there was a blindfold in here. And there’s definitely a missing set of manacles. There were four last time I looked. Now there’s two.”

“I don’t want to know,” Nathan repeated.

“Looks like some straps are missing, too,” Lara commented.

A large silver cone caught Nathan’s eye. “What the fuck is that?” he asked picking it up. He tried not to think of where it had been previously and who had

been using it.

“That’s a butt plug,” Lara informed him. It was everything he could do not to drop the heavy metal object. “Sylvia probably uses it,” she continued on. “See, it’s got a jewel on the part that stay outside. It makes your asshole pretty.”

Slowly and gently Nathan put the object back in the chest. “I didn’t need to see this.”

“Or maybe dear old Dad uses it. Maybe Sylvia likes her men with a little blue crystal hiding their asshole.”

“That’s fucking gross, Lara.”

“Maybe I’d let you fuck me in the ass if you put that thing up your ass first, Nate,” she replied primly.

For just half an instant he considered it. “No, nu-uh. Nope. Not going to happen.”

She shrugged and started walking away from the chest. “If you move anything, make sure to put it back where you found it.” She walked out carrying the bright pink vibrator.

“Wait!” Nathan looked back and forth between the chest and the stolen vibrator. “Where are you going with that?”

“To my bed,” she called from the hallway.

He trotted after her, his cock flopping around. The whole situation was making him nervous. “What are you going to do with it? I’m going to shove it up my twat and make myself cum.”

“What do you think I’m going to do with it?” she asked from her room. He hurried after her. By the time he got to the room she was already in her bed with her pants off and the vibrator on. The light buzzing filled the air.

“You can’t do that!” he insisted.

“I’m just borrowing it,” she said and moved the fake phallus down to her slit,

parting her lips and teasing her clit. “Oh...fuck!” she cried out. “That’s fucking fantastic!”

Nathan was frozen in place as he watched his step-sister masturbate with the vibrator that he was certain had been inside his mother. He tried not to think of that. He focused on Lara’s pussy and the vibrator going in and out of it. Without thinking about it his hand fell to his cock and he started stroking himself.

If Lara knew what he was doing, she didn’t care. The vibrations from the toy were sending paroxysms of pleasure through her body. The orgasm that rose up and controlled her body was the most powerful one she had ever had in her life. When it was over it was all she could do to remove the vibrator from her cunt and toss it aside.

“Are you done?” Nathan asked. His cock was hard again and he needed to cum. He didn’t want to waste it in his hand.

“Uh-huh,” Lara said absently. Her limbs were splayed across her unmade bed and she wanted nothing more than to curl up and relax in her post-orgasmic haze. But then Nathan was on top of her, his cock pressing into her cunt and opening her up again. It was unexpected, but Lara enjoyed it. She enjoyed it every time Nate fucked her. He didn’t last long at all this time. She had spent too much time teasing him. His load blew inside her pussy in less than a minute and Nathan heaved a heavy breath with each spurt of his cum.

“Thank you,” he said as she held him to her body.

She woke up first the next morning and quickly ran to the bathroom to empty her bladder. She liked seeing Nathan sleeping in her bed. It somehow seemed wrong for him to sleep in a girl’s bed and that made their coupling that much more forbidden. When she returned she took his cock in her mouth and started sucking. That woke him up.

“One more go this morning?” he asked her, looking down at her hollowed cheeks as she sucked him.

“Of course,” she said letting his cock fall from her mouth. She climbed up on his body, guided his cock into her pussy, and eased her hips all the way down, taking

his entire length within her. Her breasts gently bounced as she moved atop him. He watched, letting her do all the work. He didn't mind the least as she ran her hands over his chest, letting her fingertips feel his hard muscles beneath the skin. When she toyed with his nipples he arched his back up. It was almost ticklish when she touched him there. He didn't like it.

"Too much?" she asked.

"Don't touch my nipples," he grunted.

"Why not," she asked but pulled her hands back anyway to touch her own erect nipples. She liked when he sucked on her nipples. It was a hotwire directly to her clit.

"It's ticklish."

"You need to get to like it," she told him. "Girls like to feel boys' nipples."

"Whatever." He dismissed her idea.

They continued to fuck another minute before she spoke again. "You're beautiful," she told him.

He grunted. "I'd prefer to be called handsome." His hands went to her hips so he could thrust harder into her.

"You're beautiful. I'd love to see another guy suck your cock."

"What?" The statement brought him out of the moment.

"I'd jill off while another guy sucked your cock. You'd cum in his mouth, and then I'd fuck him while you watched us. Doesn't that sound hot?"

"No," he said but his cock remained hard inside her pussy.

"It's going to happen," she told him.

"Nope."

"Don't you want to see me with another girl," she teased. "We could swap partners and fuck in front of each other," she told him. "I'd do the dirtiest things

to you...” Her voice trailed off as she humped his cock harder. The orgasm they shared ended the little fantasy.

Everything was back to normal when their parents returned from their overnight party. Everyone acted normally that afternoon. Lara had carefully put Sylvia and Ted’s room back together. Dinner was a boring affair. And then Nathan found the small drawing that Lara had left for him on his bed. The simple line drawing was obviously him. Another guy was sucking his cock as their bodies writhed together on a bed.

Nathan swallowed as he looked at the picture and couldn’t bring himself to throw it away. Instead he hid it at the bottom of his desk drawers.

Chapter Four

The senior dinner dance was what their high school held before Christmas. There was no senior prom to distract graduating students from finals and graduation ceremonies. Lara was only somewhat surprised that Nathan announced he was taking Lydia to the dinner dance.

“You two have been fighting on and off since summer,” she commented at their family dinner when he made the announcement.

“Don’t criticize, Lara,” her father reprimanded her. “It’s just a dance. They’re not getting married.”

“Maybe if he knocks her up,” she snickers.

“Lara!” Ted snapped.

“Kidding,” she half-apologized.

“Lydia is a nice virginal girl,” Nathan said.

“Right...” Lara said softly.

Sylvia gave her step-daughter a sharp look but before she could say anything Nathan asked, “Are you going? Do you have a date?”

“I think I am,” she announced. “And I think I’ll be going to Jayson.”

Nathan tilted his head to the side. “Jayson Vorman?”

“Yeah.”

“Didn’t he have the lead in the school play this year?” Sylvia asked.

“Yes,” she replied looking directly at Nathan who said nothing.

Later that night Nathan crept into her room, not for sex, but to talk. “Isn’t Jayson

gay?” he asked her.

“Oh, Nate, so young and innocent. Of course he isn’t.”

“You’re only three weeks older than me. And I have on good authority he is gay.”

“Why are you so interested?” she asked him with an arch of her eyebrow.

He hated how she could do that. It was a talent she’d had for many years. He had spent months in front of a mirror trying to do the same thing and never developed the knack. “Because if he is gay, it’s just a pity date, or he’s asking you to be his fag hag.”

“Well, if you must know,” she said with a superior tone, “I can assure you he’s not gay. Bisexual maybe, but not gay.”

“And how do you know that?” he scoffed at her.

“I’ve given him enough blow jobs. He seems to like them plenty.”

“You ever fuck him?”

Her pride was slightly wounded by the accusatory tone of his question. “No. We haven’t had the time. But I promised him my pussy if we went to the dinner dance together. That seemed to intrigue him.”

Nathan maintained his skepticism. “I’m sure a gay guy wouldn’t mind getting a blowjob from a girl. All he needs to do is close his eyes and pretend it’s some guy giving him head. What has he done for you?”

“He’s gone down on my pussy more than a couple of times,” she lied smoothly. “He’s got very strong fingers as well. Not as big as yours but...”

“Uh-huh,” Nathan said doubtfully.

“If you want, we can split the cost of a hotel room,” she offered.

“Why would I want to do that?”

“That way you can watch while I seduce your little girlfriend. I bet Lydia is one

of those girls who gets drunk and makes out with other girls in college.”

“You can try,” Nathan agreed.

“You do know that Jayson wants to fuck you,” she told him bluntly.

“Yes, but that’s not going to happen.”

“We’ll see...”

The senior dinner dance was, as it was every year, a huge letdown from what most seniors were hoping for. The DJ was barely competent, the food was terrible, the arguments were predictable, but the school was lax enough to let more than a small amount of alcohol into the affair. Flasks and shot bottles were carefully concealed under dresses and inside jacket pockets.

The downside of the booze was that the trio of Jayson, Lara, and Nathan were barely able to get Lydia out of the dance before she either caused a scene or vomited on the dance floor. Their hotel was just a short ride down the road, but by the time they got her to the third floor room she was barely conscious.

“Kind of a bust,” Jayson said as they flopped Lydia onto the bed where she moaned in complaint as the room spun and her head pounded. “Looks like you’re not getting laid tonight,” he said to Nathan.

“S’alright,” Nathan lied. “We’ve fucked before.”

“Then you don’t mind if your sister and I take the other bed for a little bit of... you know?”

“You want to fuck her?” Nathan asked a little too sharply.

“Hell yes he does,” Lara said. “Unzip me,” she ordered spinning around. For half a second Nathan thought she was talking to him, but then saw her back was to Jayson, not him.

Jayson happily complied and lowered the zipper on the back of Lara’s shiny red and black dress that was skin tight. When it was down she stepped out of the

satin garment and displayed her body to the two men in the room. She was wearing just a strapless black lace bra and a matching pair of red and black panties. They were modest by most standards but in her tiny undergarments Lara's soft curves took Nate's breath away. He realized it was the first time he had seen her wearing anything other than white panties and bra under her clothing.

A jealous wave washed over him when he realized that Jayson had probably never seen her naked. Not fully anyway. And didn't know what she was like when she was fucking. And now this near-stranger was going to fuck her...and Jayson wasn't even her step-brother.

"You're completely gorgeous," Jayson told her.

"Thank you," she half-giggled at him as she moved close, pushed his jacket off, and helped him undress. Nathan watched. It was vaguely arousing and erotic to watch her strip him. It was better than watching his own date sleep and snore. Before he knew it Jayson was naked even though Lara was still in bra and panties. She fell to her knees and took Jayson's cock in her mouth.

Nathan couldn't help but compare her date's cock to his. And unfortunately Nathan's cock wasn't bigger than Jayson's. In fact, they were remarkably similar except Jayson sported a small brown halo of pubes above his shaft. Without a ruler there was no real way to compare and there was no way Nathan was going to ask to do that.

Lara opened her eyes and saw Jayson's head was back not watching her. She glanced over at Nathan and gestured for him to come closer. He would have loved to get his willy sucked by Lara at the moment, but he didn't want to get any closer to Jayson either.

She shrugged and resumed her act of fellatio. Jayson's cock was upright and hard. He wasn't faking anything with Lara. If he was bi, he was truly bi and didn't mind fucking a girl. When he reached down and pawed at Lara's tits she helped him pull her bra off, letting her heavy breasts fall free. Nathan wanted to look away but couldn't. Instead he unzipped his pants, reached in and started stroking his cock.

"Ready to fuck me, Jay?" Lara asked Jayson.

If he was nervous or scared, Jayson hid it. “Hell yes.”

Lara stood up and headed for the bed. As she did so Jay fell to his knees behind her and pulled down her panties. She didn’t mind and stepped out of them as he gently kissed one of her full cheeks. That didn’t slow her down. When she got on the bed he was on top of her in a second. Her legs opened and the rolled around for a few moments before getting into a traditional missionary position. Lara’s knees were up and her feet were off the mattress. Nathan could see her hand guide Jayson’s cock into her pussy and she groaned with happiness.

Jayson seemed shocked and surprised he was suddenly fucking his date. Her ankles locked behind his back and they started rocking like a million couples before them. “Of fuck, you’re so fucking good,” Jayson said. He wasn’t very eloquent when fucking.

Lara turned her head and saw Nathan with his cock out. “Come on over,” she said gruffly. Obviously Jayson’s cock pleased her because her eyes were half closed in pleasure. “I want to suck your cock.”

“What?” Jayson asked. “I’m fucking you.”

“I want to suck Nathan’s cock,” she clarified.

“He’s your brother,” Jayson said.

“Step-brother.”

Nathan walked over to the rutting pair. When he was close enough he removed his pants and shoved his cock near Lara’s face. She took it between her lips and sucked him a bit as Jayson fucked her. He shouldn’t have been surprised when she released him and Jayson immediately pulled Nathan’s shaft into his mouth.

Getting a blowjob from a guy wasn’t really different than from a girl Nathan quickly figured out. In some ways Jayson’s technique was even better than Lydia or Lara’s. It was even better when Nathan closed his eyes and imagined the person sucking his cock wasn’t a guy.

Unfortunately the feeling didn’t last nearly long enough. Nathan was starting to get into the rhythm that Jayson had created and Lara participated by licking his balls periodically, but then Jayson’s body started jerking and he pulled back from

Nathan's cock. His orgasm was short and sweet. Nathan didn't know if he should be disappointed or relieved.

"Oh god," he mumbled into the side of Lara's neck. "I didn't mean to cum so quickly."

"Shit, Jayson," Lara complained. "I'd hoped you go a little bit longer."

"Sorry," he apologized and rolled off her body. Lara lay on her back, legs still spread, and glared at him. For his part Jayson's eyes stayed mostly on Nathan's cock. "I wanted to make you cum," he added.

She dismissed him with a vague, "Yeah, yeah."

"Do you want me to make you cum?" Jayson asked, but his eyes weren't on Lara. He was talking to Nathan.

Before he could answer Lara interrupted. "If anyone is going to make him cum, it's going to be me."

Even though he had just witnessed her blowing Nathan, Jayson was taken aback. "So you two really do fuck?"

"Indeed we do," Nathan said as he climbed aboard his step-sister. She greeted him with open legs and an intimate kiss. Entering Lara's sloppy and used pussy was extremely easy, which shouldn't have surprised Nathan. He put aside thoughts that his cock was going where Jayson's had just been and he was fucking a mix of Jay's spunk and Lara's wetness. He humped her hard at first, and then slowed down. He wanted to prove to her that he was a better lover than the drama club member that could only fuck for less than a minute. Lara seemed to appreciate his efforts and moaned under him. It was almost as if they were back in one of their bedrooms sharing an intimate moment, except for Lydia half passed out on the other bed and Jay watching the two of them intently.

Nate didn't mind when Jay placed his hand on his shoulder and then slid it down to his ass. Sure, Jayson might be bi, but he was still the better cocksman, even if Jay knew cock intimately. When Lara started cumming her legs wrapped around Nathan's waist knocking Jay's hand away. Nathan didn't know what happened while she came followed shortly by his orgasm and he didn't care.

When they were done Jayson asked, “Isn’t it weird having sex with someone who lives in your house?” he asked.

“No,” Nathan replied as he dismounted the bed and headed for the bathroom to clean his cock. “It’s convenient.”

Lara half-shrugged and nodded. “He’s right.”

“Do your parents know?”

“Fuck no,” Lara said.

“Are you going to marry him?” Jayson teased.

By this point Nathan was done in the bathroom and answered on his return. “No. I’m only in it for the sex.”

“Me too,” Lara quickly agreed. She rose up off the bed and followed Nathan’s example in the bathroom. She had more than twice the work to do since her pussy was carrying both Nate and Jay’s sticky leavings.

If there was one thing that Jayson knew, it was human emotion because he was a master of imitating it on a stage to fool people. He could tell when people were faking emotions and when they were being naked with their feelings. Both Lara and Nathan were terrible fakers but he said nothing.

“I was just kidding,” he added after they had answered. He looked over at Lydia and shook his head. “Your date is a lightweight,” he told Nathan. “She had maybe two drinks and passes out? And you don’t even get to fuck her.”

Nathan shrugged. “Some other time maybe,” he conceded.

“I’d have loved to see you fuck her,” Lara said with more than a touch of boldness in her voice.

“Right,” Nate and Jay said at the same time.

“You don’t believe me?” she asked them angrily.

Once again Nathan shrugged and sat on the edge of the bed letting his now limp

cock dangle free. “Does it matter?” he asked. “Most women aren’t all that into watching porn, watching guys fuck other girls.” He glanced at Jayson who anxiously flicked his eyes away, not knowing what to say or how to react. “Now, if you were intent on getting inside her panties so I could watch...that I’d believe.”

“Why?” Lara asked sharply. “Because all drama and art kids are bi or gay?”

Nathan held up his hands protesting false innocence. “You said it, not me.”

“That’s a show I’d bet you’d love to see.”

Nathan nodded his head. “Sure.”

“Which would you rather lose me to a bi boy or a lesbian?” Lara asked. She had been hovering outside the bathroom door and now looked purposefully at Lydia.

“Lesbian,” Nathan answered immediately. “Because a woman has something to offer you that I don’t.”

A strange smile pulled and twisted at Lara’s lips. “Okay,” she said. “Give me a hand with her if I ask for it, okay?”

To Nathan and Jayson’s amazement Lara went to the bed where Lydia was still dozing. She pressed her naked body up against the girl still in her party dress. “Hey, Lydia, want to put on a little show for my brother?” she whispered in Lydia’s ear.

“Hhmmm?”

“Want to have a little sex?” Lara asked again and followed this with a light kiss on the girl’s lips.

“Sure,” Lydia mumbled a half reply.

By this time Lara had reached behind Lydia and unzipped her dress. It was easy to push away. Lydia, still half-drunk, kicked the skirts of the satin burgundy dress free leaving her in bright red panties and bra. If Lydia knew what was going on it wasn’t fully apparent to anyone. Lara glanced at her boyfriend and step-brother with a mischievous grin, kissed Lydia on the lips again. This time

Lydia kissed back a bit and laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“Watch and learn, boys,” Lara said as she trailed her fingers over Lydia’s tummy and down to her panties where she smoothly slipped her fingers under the waistband. Lydia didn’t shy away. She opened her legs. If Lara had ever fingered another girl before in her life it was news to Nathan, still he didn’t care as she obviously penetrated Lydia with two fingers. She arched up her back in appreciation of the invasion and sighed heavily.

It was the same sigh Nathan had heard before many times when fucking Lydia. His heart beat with a rhythm of jealousy. His cock hardened as he watched.

Before she went any further Lara looked up at him and Jayson again. She admired their rising cocks and wondered what was going to happen next. She wasn’t concerned. She just wanted to be in control. “Just remember, Nate. Whatever I want, I get. And I can take away from you anything I want.”

He nodded dumbly as Lara moved her fingers deeper into the appreciative Lydia. This time she kissed Lydia fiercely, pushing her tongue into the girl’s mouth. Lydia kissed back.

About the Author

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