

The Hanover House

By: Alexis Alexandra

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.



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Introduction

"I'm telling you we can't afford a damn vacation this year," Jeremy said to his wife Jenna with raised voice. "With the repairs to the roof, and cutbacks at work, and your needing to buy top of the line everything, we are sinking faster than a bottomless boat and all you can think about is spending more damn money we don't have!"

"We haven't had a vacation in three years," Jenna replied. "I'm sick of sitting home doing nothing all the time."

"Then go out and get a damn job, stop spending every dime I make on things we don't need, and maybe, just maybe, we'll be able to afford a vacation in a year or two!" Jeremy bit back in anger; stomping out of the room. It was the same story they had a million times in the last few years. They were once happily married, but thanks to the economy taking a nosedive and cutbacks at Jeremy's construction company, things have steadily declined at home as well. When they first got married eleven years ago at the ripe old age of 20, Jeremy was making enough to support them both while Jenna went to school. How was he to know she would ultimately decide on a worthless degree with no real career prospects? And so she became a stay-at-home wife. Jeremy didn't mind so much in the beginning. His new wife was the love of his life. Tall and busty with curves in all the right places, long blonde hair, and the brightest blue eyes he'd ever seen. Her attractiveness was only one aspect of her he enjoyed. Another was her almost insatiable appetite for sex.

For her part, Jenna was the perfect wife. While her husband was out working to provide them with everything they needed, she kept house and home, and gave him the most amazing sex of his life. Dinner was ready when he walked through the door, and she always greeted him with a kiss and a 'how was your day dear.' But it grew boring for her doing the same things day in and day out. I mean, how many times can you do it on the kitchen table, in the shower, or on the damn washing machine before it became old hat? Not to mention keeping the house clean, cooking meals, and generally doing nothing all day. Although her husband seemed happy with what he got, she wanted, no... she needed more. She wanted to have sex with other men, multiple men, hell she wanted to have sex with other women too. She wanted to sample the seedier sides of sex and experiment with things others only dreamed about. But she could never tell her husband these things. He'd leave her for sure and that's the last thing she wanted. And so her dreams of sexual bliss were put on the back burner.

Like most newlyweds, their marriage was complete bliss in the beginning. But like so many before them they grew further and further apart as things got worse. Jeremy was prone to angry outbursts. He turned to drinking in an attempt to forget the worries of the day. Instead of a hug and kiss, he greeted Jenna with a slammed door and 'where the hell's my dinner?' He wanted more from his wife sexually. He wanted to share her with other men, other women. He wanted her to humiliate him while she made love with strangers. But he could never tell her his fantasies out of fear of losing her. Despite their many recent arguments, he still loved his wife very much. He just wished she was more open sexually.

Jenna took a more direct approach to solving her problems. While her husband was out drinking the night away she was out living her dream life.

Unbeknownst to Jeremy, his wife already had a job. It was the perfect job for a sex fiend such as Jenna. While he spent all day at work and half the night at bars, she went to work feeding her sexual addiction in the best way she could. She told herself she wasn't a prostitute because she didn't have a pimp. She wasn't a hooker, whore, or a slut. At least not in her mind. She

worked at a special club catering to the often bizarre sexual needs of club members while satisfying her own needs in the process.

Jenna never set out to cheat on her husband, but one man simply wasn't enough for her. She tried, she really did, to bury her urges and focus on married life with Jeremy. In the beginning the sex was constant and great and was enough, but as months turned into years she found herself daydreaming of other men while her husband made love to her. She didn't want to be made love to all the time. She wanted to be taken, ravaged by a group of men, made their little plaything. She wanted to feel the tender caresses of another woman as she experienced lesbian love for the first time. She wanted to do things sexually that made her blush every time she thought of them, so getting a job at the Hanover House – the one legal brothel in Hanover, was a dream come true for the 31 year old nymphomaniac.

Jeremy never set out to cheat on his wife. He loved her. He could still tell himself that honestly even after all of the arguments they had and his sexual frustrations. He blamed the latter for his slow descent into sexual misbehavior as he called it in that small portion of his brain that still cared to think about it. How do you tell your wife of eleven years that you want to see her with other men sexually? How do you tell her you want to see her ravaged in a gang bang of men and women, or tied up and forced to orgasm while you sat there watching helpless and horny?

Chapter 1: Sex at the Garden

Six weeks earlier...

When things got crazy at home, Jenna liked to get out and walk. She didn't care where she went so long as she got away from Jeremy and his drunken attitude. Today was one such day. Every summer it was the same. *We can't afford a vacation*, her husband would say. *You spend too much money. Things are tight at work.* They were all excuses on a growing list Jeremy liked to use. She got the feeling it had less to do with things being tight and more to do with the fact her husband of eleven years not wanting to spend time with her. And so she stormed out of the house to get away from it all, if only for a few hours.

The sun was blazing in the hot summer sky. Jenna looked up into the wide open blue. There wasn't a cloud in sight. It was days like this that she enjoyed. There was something about the sun shining bright that cheered her gloom and took her mind to faraway places; better, happier places.

It was days like this that got Jenna all hot and bothered and in need of relief. To be honest, she got all hot and bothered on rainy and snowy too. Jenna wasn't just out to get away from the arguments at home. She was out looking for someone to spend time with; someone that would give her the attention she craved.

She eyed several prospective men and women on her stroll down Garner Street, one of Hanover's main thoroughfares, on her way to the Hanover Gardens – the city's horticultural hub. If there was one thing Jenna loved more than a bright sunny day it was stopping to smell the roses, so to speak. It harkened back to her youth when her grandmother would take her to museums, art shows, and the Hanover Gardens. Those were better days, happier days, and whenever she was feeling especially down, she headed for the Gardens to lose herself in the memories.

The Hanover Gardens is more than sixty acres of roses, tulips, morning glory, 'Carpet of Snow' Alyssum, purple anemone, chrysanthemums, and dozens of others arranged in intricate patterns. A narrow brick-walled stream ran through the garden's center. There were picnic areas and flagstone pathways that led into strands of trees and around the beautiful park-like grounds. There were glasshouses, fountains, and arched bridges that gave the entire place a feel of Eden.

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Jenna saw him long before he saw her. He was a tall, dark-haired, tan-skinned handsome man of about twenty-five wearing a black and red tracksuit. He was casually walking down the stone pathways, stopping occasionally to lean against the barrier fence and sniff in the fragrance of the flowers beyond. It was rare to find a single man at the botanical gardens. Unfortunately for Jenna that meant they were usually gay.

Jenna casually walked down the flagstone path towards her target, eyeing him so intently she nearly tripped on an uneven part of the path. A cute brunette came out of nowhere, crushing her dreams. The woman approached the man Jenna had her eyes on. The two kissed and smiled and continued to take in the sights.

Perhaps she's into women, Jenna thought as she looked at the woman. She certainly was cute enough. Petite, large-breasted, firm behind. What wasn't to like about her. She walked over to the fence the couple were leaning against and breathed deeply.

"Mmmm," Jenna half moaned, half sighed. "I love the smell of flowers in bloom."

"They do smell lovely don't they," the woman said. "Dan and I come here every summer to smell the flowers."

Dan, Jenna thought to herself. *His name is Dan. Good. That's a start I hope.* I've been coming here every year since I was a child," Jenny replied. "My grandma used to bring me. My name's Jenna, by the way," she said holding out her hand for one of them to take.

"Nice to meet you," the woman said taking Jenna's hand in her own "I'm Alice. Can I be frank with you?"

"Um, sure, I guess," Jenna replied nervously.

"I noticed you checking out my husband. He is quite handsome isn't he?" She asked, running a finger down his chest."

"Um, well..." Jenna started to reply.

"It's ok," Dan said. "I saw you too. I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you are very pretty."

MIND? Jenna thought. *HELL NO I DON'T MIND!* "I don't mind one bit," Jenna replied with a smile. Thank you for saying so."

"I take it from your stares that you'd like to do more than just look at my husband," Alice said. "Is that right? Do you want to do things with my husband?"

"Um, well, you see," Jenna stammered. "I didn't know he was married."

"That's ok," Alice smiled. "I can see by the ring on your finger that you're married as well. So, do you want to do things with Dan? It's ok, you can be honest."

"Are you for real? Is there a hidden camera somewhere with a crew ready to pop out at any moment and surprise me?"

"No joke," Dan answered. "Alice and I actually come to the Gardens looking for sexy women such as yourself to have a little fun with. We're open to couples as well if your husband would care to join us."

"My husband is at home," Jenna replied. "He hates this place. Well, not exactly hates, but he doesn't like to come here with me."

"That's a shame," Alice said. "It's so lovely here. So, want to have a little fun?"

"What kind of fun are we talking about here?" Jenna asked although she didn't really need to since she already knew the answer.

"Have you ever had sex in public?"

"No," Jenna answered. "I've also never had sex with another woman."

"Well, this just might be your lucky day," Alice exclaimed. "Assuming you are open to such things, that it."

"Oh, I'm open to such things," Jenna replied. "I'm open to a lot of things."

"Do tell," said Dan. "This is getting interesting."

"How about we take a little walk? We know a few spots around the Gardens that are great for love-making."

"Sounds like fun to me," Jenna replied, not believing her luck. "So how often do you find people willing to do this?"

"More often than you might think," Alice replied. "It seems like a lot of horny and lonely people visit these gardens. I'd say seventy-five percent of the time we get lucky. It's usually women wanting to have sex with Dan, or men wanting me, but on occasion we get a man or woman willing to take us both on."

"Oh, I'm more than willing to do that," Jenna said excitedly. "I've been wanting to try it with another woman for a long time."

"So what else are you open to sexually?" Dan asked.

"I'm not sure I've found anything I don't like," Jenna answered. "I'm willing to experiment and try new things. If I don't like something I'll try it again to be sure. And usually a third time just to make damn sure I don't like it."

"You sound like a wild one," Alice said. "Ever thought about getting a job at the Hanover House? I think you'd be very popular there."

"I've thought about it," Jenna answered honestly. "I wouldn't know the first thing about how to go about that though."

"It's not that hard really," Alice said. "All you do is go in and talk to Madam Tiffany and she'll get you sorted out."

"I take it you're speaking from experience?"

"I am," Alice replied with a smile. "Does that bother you?"

"Not in the slightest. Like I said, I've been thinking about it for a while now. To be honest my husband just isn't enough for me anymore. Not for a long time really. I've held back as much as possible, but it's getting harder and harder to do. I need sex all the damn time."

"You sound like me," Dan replied. "Alice here is the only woman I've found that can keep up with me."

"Well, I hope you can keep up with the both of us today," Jenna said with a giggle. "So, where exactly are we going?"

"You know the Armstrong House?"

"I know it well," Jenna replied. The Armstrong House was the largest greenhouse at the Hanover Gardens. It housed hundreds of species of flower, butterfly, and birds. It was one of her favorite places to visit in the botanical gardens.

"That's where we're going."

"We're going to have sex in a big glass house where everyone can see us? Isn't that a little risky?"

"That's half the fun of it," Alice said. "Trust me, Dan and I have been doing this for a long time and have only been caught twice."

"And what happened when you got caught?"

"The first time it happened the ham joined us, and the second time the cops were called, but we were long gone by the time they got here. It wouldn't have mattered anyways. You didn't hear this from me, but the police chief and I are great friends. He even visits me at work on occasion."

"Oh my god, really?"

"Yep, really," Alice replied. "You'd be surprised how many people in power pay the Hanover House a visit."