

# **The Hanover Hunt**

**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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## Part One: The Scavenger Hunt

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Kelly Harper spent the better part of the day going from house to house, putting an envelope into every mailbox she passed. Although the temperature was a stuffy 87 degrees, the 21 year old didn't mind too much. She was dressed in her favorite jogging outfit – a pair of red and black short shorts with matching tank top, and a pair of Nike Free Run jogging shoes. Around her toned and tanned right thigh she wore a water bottle, held in place by a Velcro strap. No one paid the cute redhead any attention as she went down the street opening and closing mailboxes as she went. The men that passed her by were more interested in staring at her, at the way her ass wiggled side to side and her orange-sized breasts bounced up and down hypnotically. The women either didn't look because they were jealous, were too busy smacking their boyfriends or husbands for looking, or like the men stared at the perfect specimen of womanly beauty happily going about her business.

Another reason no one paid much attention to this seemingly random woman putting things in mailboxes, is Kelly Harper is well-known in the Hollinger Heights neighborhood of Hanover. She is one of several mailpersons for the large suburban neighborhood, and arguably one of the favorites among men not only for her looks, but for her rebellious attitude. Not once in the five years she's worked for the post office has she worn the regulation mail carrier's uniform. When the weather is nice, as it was on this fine June day, she preferred to wear as little as possible. When the weather turned foul she dressed appropriately, but still somehow just as sexy.

Today she wasn't delivering the mail. Mail doesn't run on Sundays. No, today Kelly Harper was delivering invitations to a very special party. In every mailbox went an invite to the First Annual Hanover Scavenger Hunt. It was a party of her own devising and she didn't expect too many to show up once they read the invite, but if all went well she hoped to make it one of the city's newest traditions amongst it's more open-minded citizens.

As the sun beat down on those below like a giant swinging a hammer, Kelly leaned against a tree, making sure to stand well within the shade provided by its long leaf-covered branches. She twisted the water bottle from its holder and took several sips. Being an avid runner taught her long ago that it was best to sip water during a workout rather than gulp it down as one has the urge to do.

She took in her surrounding – not out of any sense of needing directions as she knew the streets of Hanover like the back of her hand, but to take in the ancient beauty of the neo-gothic architecture of the Cathedral of St. Luke with its towering steeples and stunning stain-glass windows. It was first constructed in 1872 and has stood virtually unchanged for more than one-hundred-forty years. It underwent minor renovations a decade ago to fix three broken windows and to shore up a section of foundation, but everything else is the original down to the nearly petrified pews. The Herald Tower – home of the Hanover Herald, the television station, and several other businesses stood as a lone monolith in the shadow of the cathedral's splendor.

Kelly adjusted the mail pouch from her right shoulder to the left for the return trip home. On the way back she would hit the mailboxes on the opposite side of the street. She took a drink water, swished it around her mouth and then spit it out. The sun was having an effect on it too. "Gah, nothing worse than warm water." She pushed off of the tree and continued her rounds.

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The next day twenty-two year old Olivia Manning pulled into her driveway and stopped. She got out of her navy blue ford Taurus and walked the ten feet to her mailbox. She hated getting mail. She reached in and pulled out a small stack of envelopes and advertisements and got back into the car without even looking at what she got. She was tired, hungry, and in much need of a long hot bath after one of the worst days of work the young woman had ever experienced.

Olivia was one of the fortunately unfortunate women to work at the Hanover House – the one legal brothel in the city of nearly forty thousand. She was very popular not only for her looks, but for her more than open attitude when it came to sex. The 5 foot 10 inch buxom brunette was more than willing to do just about anything sexual and the men of Hanover could be very imaginative indeed.

It started out as a short-term job to get enough money to pay for college, but has turned into a three year long career showing no signs of stopping or slowing down. She was hesitant at first. She knew one older woman that worked at the brothel for more than ten years. Gina was her name. Gina Galloway. At the age of 41 she is one of the oldest women employed at the Hanover House and is as popular today as she was when she started twenty years ago. Olivia had the fortune – good or bad is yet to be determined – of living next door to Gina while growing up. She remembered many conversations about the Hanover House and vowed to steer clear of it. Funny how things change when money is involved.

Olivia was down on her luck. At least that's how she saw it at the time. She couldn't get financial aid because her parents made too much money, she didn't qualify for loans because she had no credit, and she had no real money of her own to pay for college. Thanks to an aunt that was a doctor she landed a job at Hanover General Hospital as a receptionist. The money was ok, but it would take her about fifteen years to save enough to pay her way through school. Enter Gina Galloway.

After a four hour conversation about the Hanover House, Olivia reluctantly applied and got a job that day. She had her first client – a thirty-something man that wanted to tie her up, spank her, and do several other kinky things to her – within an hour of applying. She made enough to pay for the first semester within three months, her entire college career in just over a year. More than three years later she's still at 'The House' as it's commonly called on the street.

From time to time her consciousness would kick in and she was forced to have brutally frank conversations with it. It usually went something like this...

*"I thought this was only short term," her consciousness would say in the most disappointing voice possible. "You're nothing but a common whore. You're the town bicycle, doorknob. You let men and women walk all over you, and for what, a little bit of money? Where's your self-respect woman?"*

*To which Olivia usually responded with "Listen here, Dipshit," She usually referred to that voice in the back of her brain as Dipshit, Dumbass, Smartass, or any number of other terms of endearment on these thankfully infrequent conversations. Today it was Dipshit. "I have only two things to say to you. One, I love my job and I'm damn good at it if I do say so myself. Two, where else am I going to go and make a thousand dollars or more a day doing what I love? And three, I have plenty of self-respect thank you very much. That's why I'm working in a brothel in a controlled environment instead of out on the streets. I know my limits and when to say no..."*

"I thought you only had two things to say to me," Dipshit usually interrupted at this point. "That was three. And what limits are you talking about now? I haven't heard you say no to anything yet."

"That's because the money always makes it worthwhile. Now shut up and go away."

"Whatever, you're still a whore," Dipshit said in defeat.

"And you're a whore's consciousness so get used to it," Olivia replied in triumph.

She so wanted to get something to eat, but she needed to wash away the memories of a long day before anything else. She ached from head to toe from the clamps that were used on her sensitive nipples to the paddle that stung into her shapely ass, today was not one of her best days. She was well within her rights to tell her clients no, but they offered her so much money to do the things few of the other workers would. She hated most of it, but when the money was right she was willing to suffer the unpleasant indignities of their perverted desires.

She tossed the advertisements on the coffee table to throw away later and took the bills and other pieces of mail to the bathroom. It would give her something to read while she waited for the tub to fill. She stripped out of her green one shoulder dress, hanging it on the back of the door before unhooking her red silk bra and letting it fall to the floor. She unhooked the garters and pulled the garter belt and panties – a red silk thong to match her bra – down and stepped out of them. Last to go were the thigh-high stockings.

She turned the water on and adjusted the temperature to a few degrees below scalding and let the whirlpool tub fill up. She looked through the pile of mail. Electric bill, gas bill, car insurance, invitation to the Hanover Hunt, cell phone bill. "Wait, what?" she said going back to the plain white envelope with *Invitation to the Hanover Hunt* written across the front. She put the rest of the mail on the counter next to the sink and opened the invite. Inside the small envelope was an official invitation to the first annual Hanover Scavenger Hunt to be held on Friday, June 21 at 6pm at the home of one Kelly Harper. At the bottom, in small print, was written: Open-minded adults ONLY! Scavenger hunt WILL contain acts of a sexual nature.

"Could be fun," Olivia said with a shrug. She had never been on a scavenger hunt before, but heard all about them. She tossed the invite with the rest of the mail and sank into the tub to wash away the filth and pains of the day. The 21st was two weeks away and she had more important things to worry about in the immediate future, such as what to make for dinner.

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Nineteen year old Hannah Grace was always home an hour or two before her parents. With her first year at the University of Hanover nearing an end, she was looking forward to a much needed summer break. She lifted the lid of the mailbox and pulled out the thick pile of mail. There was the normal accompaniment of bills and advertisements. Mixed in the lot was a small off-white envelope with *Invitation to the Hanover Hunt* written across the front. There were no names or addresses to identify who the recipient was or where it came from. She propped open the screen door with her foot while she fumbled with the keys to the main door. She dropped them to the porch below.

A car horn honked when she bent over to pick up the keys. A gust of wind, apparently out to get her, blew the loose material of her sundress up revealing her scantily clad behind to all lucky enough to see. When the horn sounded she jumped up, smoothing out her dress and holding it in place as another gust of wind threatened a repeat performance. She knelt down and picked up the keys. Fingers trembling nervously she finally managed to get the key into the lock and herself into the house without further embarrassment.

She tossed the mail on the stand by the door and shut and locked the door behind her. She dared a quick glance out of the window to see if anyone was still out there watching her. No one was there. She marched up the stairs and down the hall to her bedroom, closing the door behind her despite the fact she was home alone and would be for some time. She unzipped the dress and let it fall to the floor, standing there in naught but thong and bra to cover her.

Hannah Grace was cute in that girl-next-door sort of way. She was also incredibly shy, never having a boyfriend, blushing at the mere mention of sex. She stood 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighed a very healthy 126 pounds with large breasts that caused her no end of embarrassment capped with large areolas and long, thick nipples. Her belly was nearly flat, her butt round, and her legs toned. Her shoulder length strawberry blonde hair accentuated her cute face with its large blue eyes and full lips, the lower one constantly being bitten out of nervousness.

She walked to the closet to find something else to wear. There was no shortage of clothes in the huge walk-in that was as large as some people's bedroom. She settled on her baggiest clothes – a pair of blue and grey sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt. The thought of some stranger honking at her uncovered behind was still fresh in her mind and out of habit she started biting her lower lip. It was a surprise to all she had a lower lip left considering how much she chewed on it.

Fully dressed and covered she returned to the living room, grabbed the mail from the stand, and plopped down on the chaise end of the couch and turned on the TV. She set aside all of the bills except for her car insurance, tossed the advertisements that no one ever took a second look at, and was left holding the invitation to the Hanover Hunt. Seeing as it wasn't addressed to anyone in particular she opened it and pulled out the card within.

*You are cordially invited to the first annual Hanover Scavenger Hunt to be held on Friday, June 21st at 6pm at the home of one Kelly Harper. Please show this invite at the door for admittance.*

Hannah had heard of scavenger hunts before. She participated in one during her first semester at college as a way to meet new people which was hard for the shy girl to do. When she eventually got over her nervousness she admitted it was a lot of fun and she made a few new friends in the process. She decided the invite must be for her and put it back in the envelope and placed it with her other mail. She flipped through the channels until she found something worth watching, but she wasn't really paying attention, the thought of the scavenger hunt racing through her mind.

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Kelly handed out 500 invitations to what she hoped would be one hell of a scavenger hunt. She knew a few of those she invited and knew they would participate, but the majority was a crap-shoot at best. She was hoping for a 10% show-up. So imagine her surprise when 277 men and women showed up at her house on the 21st of June holding their invitations. She set up a queue that went from her fenced in front yard, around the two-story colonial, and to the even larger fenced in back yard so that she could check ID's and make sure everyone attending was of legal age for such an event.

When everyone was checked and Ok'd she shut the gate and took her place on the back porch overlooking the anxious crowd. Standing on the porch behind her, near the back wall of the house were five women dressed in lingerie ranging from a simple bra and panties, to lacy babydolls and camisoles. Each was holding a stack of papers, the lists for the scavenger hunt.

"First of all let me say thank you to all of you for showing up," Kelly said to great cheers that was a mix of excitement at what the stunning redhead was wearing as much as the upcoming hunt. She was wearing a red and black silk camisole with matching hip hugger panties. "I didn't expect so many for this first annual scavenger hunt, but that's ok. The more the merrier, right?"

Her back yard erupted in clapping and cheers on par with a small rock concert. Once things settled down she continued. "As stated in the invites, this will be a sex-themed scavenger hunt for those of us that are truly open-minded. Before I hand out the lists I'll quickly go over the rules. Rule one, this scavenger hunt will last for one week. It will end on Friday, June 26th at midnight. If you haven't returned the list and required items by then, better luck next year. Rule two, before turning in your list please put your name, age, sex, and address at the top of the list so I know who it belongs to. Rule three, so that I know what belongs to who, as with rule two please place ALL items in a cardboard box with your name, age, sex, and address clearly written on it. Rule four, this scavenger hunt is for fun so feel free to do it or not as you see fit, but don't do anything to interfere with the progress of the other contestants. Anyone caught breaking this rule will be banned from all future hunts. All items will be returned to their rightful owner once a winner has been declared. And finally, the winner of this year's Scavenger hunt will receive a two week's all-expenses paid trip with me to the Eden's Pleasures Resort. The runner-up will receive a one week trip to the same resort. The trip is planned for mid-August so plan accordingly."

There was several minutes of clapping, yelling, cheering, and general merriment at this good news. The men were imagining two weeks alone with Kelly Harper, the women were imagining two weeks at one of the most exclusive resorts in Hanover; a resort with a waiting list of a year with a price tag of about a month's wages per day.

"If you would all be so kind as to form into rows my lovely assistants here will pass out the lists and you can get started."

The men and women shuffled around the large yard forming rows nearly fifty deep so the five woman could walk down a row each and hand out the lists. The women made a show of it, flirting with the men and what women would allow them. Olivia flirted back while Hannah bit her lip nervously which made her look the part of the innocent woman she was.

When everyone got a list the women returned to the porch and the contestants filed out. Hannah, Olivia, and 275 others looked at the list with wide-eyes surprise. The invitation said there would be sex involved, but none of them imagined it would be on this level. Hannah found the nearest object to support herself on – a large maple tree in full blossom. She read from top to bottom, the only light from the moon shining overhead and the bulb burning on the back porch.