

The Hanover Harlot

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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Chapter 1: Wake Up

“Aaaahgh,” Selena Greene moaned, stretching her arms out to the side and then over her head; her legs stiff, toes pointing forward. “Oh god that feels good.” She brushed her long black hair from her face and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Even after just waking up her pale skin, light blue eyes, and long black hair gave her an ethereal beauty that drove men crazy. Too bad for them she had no interest in the so-called stronger, dominant sex. Or at least she hadn't before last night.

After the initial euphoria of the first morning stretch wore off the aches and pains came pouring in. She closed her eyes to block the pain and was greeted with a flashback to the previous night's activities. She was kneeling in the middle of a biker bar butt naked. There was a dick in each hand and another inching its way down her throat.

"Oh god," she gasped, eyes going wide. She threw the covers off and sat up. She reeked of sex and ached all over.

She got out of bed and went through her morning routine of using the toilet, brushing her teeth, and then taking a shower. After drying off she used the towel to clear the steam from the full-length mirror hanging on the bathroom wall so she could get a good look at herself. There were several bruises and other marks where there hadn't been any before. With her index finger she lightly traced the bite marks on each of her large breasts. There were bruises the shape of large hands on her hips. Another flashback hit her. She was bent over a table as a large biker rammed into her from behind. She recalled screaming in a mix of pleasure and pain as his huge member plowed into her depth as his hands gripped her hips tight, nails digging in deep.

"What in the hell happened last night?" she asked herself. "Did I really have sex with all those men?" She shook her head as if still waking from a nightmare. She pulled her long black hair back to braid it. That's when she noticed it. A little behind and below her right ear was a tattoo that was definitely NOT there when she left yesterday to go to her friend's new place. It was two small words written in cursive. It said **HANOVER HARLOT**.

"This can't be real," she exclaimed. She tried wiping the tattoo away, but stopped as the area was still tender and it started to hurt like hell. The tattoo was the real deal. "This can't be happening to me. They must have drugged me. I'd never have sex with a man."

At the age of 32 Selena Greene was a diehard lesbian and had been so for all of her life. She had never had a boyfriend in her life. She had never even done so much as kiss a man let alone have sex with one and now it appeared as if she had been screwed by a whole biker bar full of them and for the life of her she couldn't figure out why.

In a state of shock she pulled on a pair of black lacey panties, black thigh-high stockings with little black bows at the top, and a black leather corset top. She finished off the ensemble with a black velvet choker necklace with a silver ankh pendant. The black against her porcelain skin gave her an almost ghost-like quality. Unfortunately the collar did little to hide her new ink.

She walked down the short, bleak hallway from the bathroom that led to the sparsely furnished living room and eventually the kitchen, her brain still on early morning autopilot. The smell of coffee filled her nostrils and she gave thanks to the brilliant minds that invented the coffee maker with an automatic timer. She was nothing if not a creature of habit and the last drips of morning fuel plopped down into the pot as she lifted it and poured a large cup. She added a little cream and two teaspoons of sugar and took a sip, sitting at the cherry-topped kitchen table.

Sitting in the center of the table was a thick photo album. Tucked into the clear front pocket was a piece of paper with the words **Hanover Harlot** written on it. Below the name was a picture of Selena and her friend Jane Hargrove naked and surrounded by fifteen or so equally as naked men. She pulled the album towards her with trembling hands, afraid to see what was inside, but desperate enough for answers to flip it open. The pages and pages of pictures gradually helped her piece together the events of the previous day. What started out as a trip to a friend's new house would turn into a trip she would never forget; a trip that would change her life and views on sex forever.