



**BIG PACKAGE**

*Harem*

**BUNDLE**

*Myra Dusk*

# The Big Package Harem Bundle

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**BIG PACKAGE**

*Harem*

BOOK 1

*Myra Dusk*

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# Big Package Harem

Book 1

by Myra Dusk

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Note from the author: This book is a work of fiction. All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older.

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Nobody who saw Matt would suspect what he was packing between his legs. Maybe somebody who has a big dick didn't have a particular look, but if they did, Matt probably wasn't it. He was in shape, but he was mostly a cardio guy and didn't lift a whole lot of weights. He had brown hair that was usually messy and made him look younger than he actually was, which was in his early thirties. Business casual was about as fancy as he ever dressed, but he usually didn't need to.

Matt's work didn't take place in an office building. Matt's work took place at the Bedlam Lounge, an exotic club where the dancers and the drinks were on the books, and the sex that was arranged behind closed doors was not.

Matt didn't do that kind of sex work terribly often, but when he did, he was paid well for it, because the women who asked for him knew exactly what they were looking for. Outside of those arrangements, to keep the lights on, Matt tended bar at a few different clubs around the city, but mostly at Bedlam.

As a matter of fact, on this night, he was just finishing up a shift. Only a half hour left before he would punch out, and the tips had been pretty good tonight. Especially for a Thursday. He had seen Marcy floating around, but she hadn't really been paying any attention to him, which was fine. She was the front supervisor, and he owed her a couple of favors thanks to her arranging to get some shifts covered for him. She liked to tease him about it, but eventually she was going to make square on what she was owed, and he just hoped it wouldn't cost him too much.

Bedlam was pretty busy tonight, with the music loud and the lights somehow also loud. Matt was behind the bar, a surprisingly elegant-looking thing of stained oak, though the mirror obstructed by the bottle shelves behind it made it look decidedly less fancy. The bar was toward the front of the club, and the dancers' stages sprawled all around it. Bedlam Lounge was a pretty big place, with six different stages and then a normal dance floor on the opposite side that had another, larger bar behind it. Matt preferred working the front bar, though, where the music wasn't quite as loud and people seemed more free with their tips. Maybe that was because they hadn't given all of their cash to the dancers yet. Usually.

"You sure you don't want to stay any later?" The question, mostly in jest, came from his coworker Claire, who grinned at him as she crushed mint leaves against ice in a glass. She was petite and blonde, her hair behind

her in a ponytail. The lean muscles on her arms betrayed the fact that she dominated her kickboxing class three times a week.

"Boy, it's tempting," Matt answered, returning the smile. "You know how I usually come here on my days off, so it makes sense that I would stay here after my shifts, too."

"Yeah, don't be a stranger," Claire said. Matt laughed. Even if he could enjoy a free drink or two, he tried not to spend any more time at his place of work than he had to. He preferred getting paid to be here. Otherwise, there were better places to be.

Nevertheless, as his shift wound down, he looked up to see Marcy approaching the bar from the area over by the third stage. He finished with the bottle he was swapping and wondered what she might want. Marcy usually floated around the whole club, not really needing to supervise the bar area unless there were new hires, so her heading over here right at the end of his shift was probably not a coincidence. She was coming to talk to him, and unless something had changed in this week's schedule, she was coming to talk about what he needed to do for her.

Matt sighed internally and tried not to let his annoyance show on his face. He would have preferred to pick up shifts at a couple other spots that had better-paying customers on the weekends, but if she needed him to work this weekend to make them even, then he would do it just to get it out of the way. He liked Marcy, but not when she had one up on him.

"Hey," she said, coming up to the bar and leaning one elbow on it while getting Matt's attention. "Talk to you real quick after you punch out?"

It wasn't really a question. Matt gave her a nod and told her he'd just be a minute. Marcy waited by the bar, turning her attention back to the club. She was a slim woman, with dark hair she kept cut short, dressed in one of her typical flowing shirts, with sleeves that could almost be described as billowing, like she was a dancer in the Middle East or something. This one was dark purple with rich blue sleeves. It was a strange style, but Matt had to admit that it suited her.

When his shift was officially over, Matt punched out and went over to the far side of the bar, where Marcy was waiting for him.

"Is this about some kind of favor?" Matt asked her. He was still behind the bar, leaning forward against it while Marcy rested her elbows on the front side. They were ten feet from the nearest patrons, who wouldn't be able to overhear them with the music blaring in the background.

"Yes. You're so insightful," Marcy said with a little laugh. "Are you free tomorrow night?"

"I can make myself free," Matt said, wanting some more details so that he could figure out what was going on. "Where do you need me and what's the shift?"

Marcy tilted her head. "It's not a bar shift," she said.

"Okay..." Matt turned up one of his palms. "What is it?"

Marcy gave him a knowing look, then gave the tiniest jerk of her head toward the back of the club, where the secret rooms lay hidden behind the stages.

"Oh." Unconsciously, Matt nibbled at his lower lip. "I haven't taken on clients in a while. Don't you have other guys?"

"Sure, I have other guys," Marcy said offhandedly, "and I can recommend other guys to people if they ask. But the women in question who are looking for a fun night here at Bedlam are some good friends of mine, and specifically, they're interested in you."

Matt noticed the pluralization of the word 'women.' He thought as quick as he could while Marcy was staring him down. He enjoyed the sex, of course, and you would think that getting paid for it would just be a cherry on top, but he'd taken on fewer and fewer backroom clients over the years because he just wasn't finding as much joy in it as he used to.

"Come on," Marcy said in a loud whisper. "Don't let that big dick go to waste."

Matt rolled his eyes, but he cracked a smile. The women that Marcy knew weren't asking for him because of his sparkling personality or the seventeen-dollar shirts that he bought at Cole's. They heard what he was packing between his legs, probably from Marcy, and they had gotten attached to the idea. Meaning that Marcy couldn't exactly just turn them over to another guy to have a session with. Even though Bedlam had an extensive network, and in fact their services extended to many other clubs that they owned—none of them could offer what Matt could offer.

There were more unpleasant things that he could be asked to do. After his short silence, Matt gave Marcy a quick nod. "Okay," he said, "as long as this squares us up. I assume they're good with the rate and everything?"

Marcy nodded, a smile creeping into the corners of her lips.

Matt was a little less excited that her two friends were sure to tell Marcy all about the time they would have with Matt—it was a little weird

to know, but it was part of the business.

"All right, so tomorrow night," Matt said, "and then when does the other one want to come in?"

Marcy shook her head. "It's not going to be two sessions. They're both coming in tomorrow night together."

"Both of them?" Matt hesitated. He had been offering his services for a little over five years, admittedly dwindling down the last couple years, and he had never had a session with more than one client at the same time before. There had been offers for threesomes with another man, but that wasn't something he was into, so he had always politely declined and recommended someone else. And the concept of two women who were so interested in the idea of a threesome that they were willing to pay for it had not materialized for him.

Well, until now.

"Hello? Matt, you look like I've just given you bad news. I thought this would be the opposite." Marcy stared at him, tapping her fingernails on the bar.

Matt shook his head. "No, no, I'm just wrapping my head around it is all." He cleared his throat. "Yeah, that's fine, I can do both of them. What time tomorrow?"

Marcy smiled at the commitment, and told him to come back tomorrow at ten at night. Their business now taken care of, Marcy turned and departed so that she could go walk the floor and handle the rest of her shift.

Matt came out from behind the bar, his head spinning. He gave a brief wave to Claire before grabbing his jacket and heading out the door into the slightly chill wind of the end of winter. He got in his car around the back of the club and headed home, trying to get his thoughts straight.

The last time he'd had a sex client was a little over three months ago, a gorgeous woman probably about ten years his senior, and she had been very enthusiastic and Matt thought she had had a good time, but he didn't feel like he could draw on that experience to prepare himself for a threesome. This would be different from some casual threesome— not that he'd had one of those, either. He didn't have any issues with his performance, but he didn't know what to expect when it came to doubling the bill. For the first time in years, he found himself nervous about a session.

"It'll be fine," he told himself. "They always want the same thing. You're the guy with the big dick, and they want you to be the dominator and show them a good time. You've done this dozens of times, and this situation doesn't need to be any different."

He smiled, taking a quick right turn at a red light before the oncoming car could creep up on him. "Hell, just think of it as fun. It probably will be, and even if it's tough, you're not going to be in there with them for more than an hour. No big deal."

Matt got home just before midnight and pretty much went straight to bed, not finding himself hungry. He didn't work the next day, or at least he wasn't working at the bar, so when he got up, he made a quick breakfast of eggs and toast, lingered over his hazelnut coffee while flipping through some news websites, then hit the gym and spent a good hour and a half there, trying to outrun any concerns he had about tonight.

It worked about as well as running away from anything worked.

Breaking one of his own unwritten rules, Matt got to the Bedlam Lounge early, a little after nine o'clock. He typically showed up to these kinds of appointments either right on time or maybe a few minutes late, and nobody ever cared. He sat down at the rear bar, back behind the dance floor, and took advantage of a free drink from Rico, one of the other bartenders. They communicated nonverbally, as was required when you tended bar this close to the music. He sipped at his vodka soda, turning back in his chair to get a look around the place. Marcy saw him, giving him a flirty little wave and a smile, and he returned it with half a grin.

He wasn't trying to actually get drunk before the two women arrived, but the drink helped to take the edge off, especially since Rico made them a little bit stronger than most of the other bartenders. The time passed pretty quickly, and before he knew it, Marcy was approaching him at the bar.

"Is this a new technique of yours?" she asked him, nodding at the empty glass in front of him.

"Nah." Matt shook his head. "Just didn't have much else to do tonight and figured I'd come in and grab one."

"Mm." Marcy met his eyes. "Are you nervous or something?"

"What's there to be nervous about? Is one of them your mom?" he joked.

"Oh, you're funny," Marcy said, giving him a little smack on the shoulder. "My mom is very happy with her new man, don't you worry."

"I wasn't worried." Matt flashed her a smile. "She's a real looker, your mom. If for some reason it doesn't work out with that new guy, I'd be happy to have dinner with her."

Marcy rolled her eyes. "Anyway. Since you're here early, you can head back to the Angel Suite if you want, or just stay out here and they'll find you at the bar."

Matt watched her face. "I'm getting a signal from you, here."

"Yeah. You're better off in the suite. They're eager. Susie and Carla, by the way," Marcy said, giving him the two women's names. "Late twenties and very pretty. you should be thanking me, you know."

Matt dipped his head in an affected nod. "Thank you very much. I'm sure they're lovely."

Marcy tsk-tsked. Standing right next to each other was the only way they could be heard, and Matt leaned into her ear and said, "I'll head back there."

Marcy gave him a thumbs up, and then she disappeared to tend to something or other and Matt stood up from the barstool chair. This close to the actual event, his nervousness really had faded into excitement, and he felt that down between his legs, too. He had no idea what these women would be like, but it was about time to find out.

Matthew left the bar and went around the furthest stage to the rear, where the sounds of the music and the people started to fade away. There was discreet door set into the back wall that was hard to see unless you were looking for it, since it was painted the same color as the wall around it. Matt pushed through the door and gave a nod to Barry, the beefy security guard stationed inside, sitting on a stool to the left of the door with his phone in his hand.

"Haven't seen you back here in a while, Matt," Barry commented.

"Duty calls," Matt told him, and he kept walking. This back hallway was short, and split off in two directions which led to the 'VIP Rooms,' so they were called. There were six of them, with over-the-top names like the Angel Suite, or the Captain's Quarters, or Matt's personal favorite, the Pretty Kitty Room. He passed by that nameplate, stuck up on the wall above the red door, and shook his head with a little laugh. Maybe one day Marcy

would tell him what the club owners had been thinking when they had named these private rooms. But that was above his pay grade anyway.

The Angel Suite had a stylized gold-and-white door which Matt opened and stepped through. Some floral scent that he couldn't name hung in the air. He was familiar with whatever perfume they used in these rooms, but he had never known the name of it. Like all the rooms, the Angel Suite was dimly lit, making everything look soft and welcoming. Much quieter renditions of the music in the club drifted from a hidden ceiling speaker.

The room had an adjoining washroom with a shower big enough to fit four people if needed, spotless and pristine. The room itself was a large, plush bedroom, with a king-sized bed, its frame draped with tulle to lend to the angelic facade. The lights set into the ceiling were yellow and soft, and the walls were a light pink with occasional adornments of gold. There were a couple of lounging chairs set in each of the corners on the front wall, and there was a large mirror set behind and above the bed that was currently covered by a large, simple tapestry of a blue sky and off-white clouds. The tapestry could be rolled up if the client liked to have the mirror.

Matt stripped down to the basics, removing his jeans and going down to tight-fitting athletic shorts and an undershirt of the same brand, showing off his body and the impressive bulge housed beneath the shorts.

When the knock came at the door, Matt answered it to find Marcy standing there with the two clients.

"Hello, ladies," Matt said, giving them a welcoming smile, and stepping back so that they could come inside.

Marcy didn't say anything to Matt, just leaving her friends with a, "Have fun," and closing the door once they were inside with Matt.

"Welcome to the Angel Suite," he said to them, seeing the same excited nerves on their faces that he had been dealing with himself only a couple hours ago. "I'm Matt."

"Carla," the woman on the left responded immediately. She was Latina, with long, dark and curly hair that wouldn't have looked out of place on the cover of a magazine. She wore a blue top with thin straps, her breasts straining at the material, and the stark outlines of her nipples said to Matt immediately that she was not wearing a bra. Her dark eyes roamed up and down his body, while his did the same to her, noting her thick thighs and the small black shorts that did little to hide them.

"I'm Susie," the other woman said, and her hair was a pale red, not quite as long as Carla's, but just as striking and beautiful. She had a few ghostly freckles on the tops of her cheeks underneath her blue eyes, and her wide hips bore a pair of tight workout pants that stopped just below her knee, hugging her hips and her crotch. Her form-fitting sleeveless shirt made it look like she was about to go on a hike, rather than about to take it off and let free the big set of tits underneath.

"I'm glad to see you both here," Matt said, quickly adopting the confident attitude he wore when he was working in the back of the Bedlam Lounge. "If you'd like, I thought we could all start by getting in the shower together. It's very accommodating, and it could be a nice, warm icebreaker."

"Oh! A shower," Carla said, her eyes sliding over to the cracked open bathroom door to the right. "Yeah, that sounds fun, what do you think, Susie?"

Susie bit at her lower lip, looking toward the bathroom as well, then back to Matt. "Sure," she said, a little breathless.

"Right this way," Matt said, and he stepped up to the ladies, getting between them and putting a hand on each of their shoulders to guide them in the right direction. Obviously they were a little nervous, and the sooner he engaged in touch, the sooner they would get used to it. They didn't shy away from his hands, both of them giggling a little, nervously, as they all walked together into the large en suite bathroom.

The bathroom wasn't as thematically charged as the main room, mostly simple white tile with a compact, modern-looking sink counter, a sizable mirror set above it, and the large standing shower, which took up most of the room, with its dark stone tiles and twin showerheads set inside the frosted glass.

Matt closed the door behind them to ensure that things would get steamed up and help the women insert themselves more fully into the fantasy they were now living.

"I hope you don't mind me getting undressed first," Matt commented, standing by the shower door and peeling off his tight white undershirt in a deliberate way. Once it was off and they were staring at his naked torso, slightly hairy with respectable curves of pectorals and abs, he continued, "I used to show up here naked and just walk through the club like that, but people were saying things."

He flashed a smile, showing his teeth. "Not bad things. But there was just too much talk."

That made them laugh, and he was glad for it. Levity helped to make things go smoother, but once his pants were off, there wasn't really much room for that. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his tight shorts and the boxer briefs underneath, and pulled them down, revealing himself. He heard one of them gasp, very quietly, but still a gasp. He couldn't have said who it was.

Naked now, his cock was on full display, and while he was not completely hard at the moment, it was still an impressive sight; enough to elicit the gasp, that was for sure. Matt hung soft at an impressive eight inches, and he was semi-hard as he got naked. When he was fully erect, his cock stood at a thick thirteen inches, shocking most people who had never seen such a big package in real life.

He let the two women admire him for a moment before saying, "Do you two normally shower with your clothes on?" He grabbed the silver handle of the shower door and pulled it open slightly, an invitation.

Susie and Carla tossed brief glances at each other, and Susie had her mouth hanging slightly open, which made Matt think that she had been the one who had gasped.

"Holy shit," Carla said, getting her hands under her top and pulling it off in a more clumsy fashion than Matt had used. "Marcy wasn't kidding. How big is your dick?"

Matt told them, and Carla dropped her top to the ground, her big tits, at least a D-cup, bouncing on her chest with the motion, sexy with their light brown skin and darker nipples.

"Wow." Susie shook her head, getting her own clothes off. "You ever kill anybody with that thing?"

That caught Matt off guard, and he barked out a laugh. Solemnly, he placed his hand over his heart, his package swaying between his legs. "I swore to never use it as a weapon."

Soon enough, everyone was naked, and Matt admired the wide hips and bountiful curves of both women's asses as he opened the door to the shower for them and invited them inside to walk past him. What the hell had he been nervous about, again? Marcy was right. He would have to thank her. Susie's boobs, surprisingly, were even bigger than Carla's, with

small pink nipples that he looked forward to touching and sucking on—if she was into that.

He got the water going, which was hot immediately out of the showerheads, and they found the right temperature where they were all comfortable, quickly getting wet. The showerheads were aimed such that Susie and Carla didn't have to get their hair wet if they didn't want to.

"Come on," Matt said, holding out his arms. The shower was more than big enough for him to stand fully spread-eagle. "Group hug, huh? Let's get comfortable with each other. And if my hands go anywhere you don't want them to just yet, push 'em away. I won't bite."

The steam of the shower and their nudity eased away the sharp edges of an unfamiliar situation, and Susie and Carla stepped over to Matt, at first pressing their own shoulders together, then pushing in close so that their breasts were squished up against Matt's chest. Their bodies were warm and slick, and their thick thighs couldn't help but to brush his dick, urging it to get to its full length.

He felt their breath on his shoulders and chest, and he slid his hands down each of their backs, coming to rest on the curve of their buttocks.

"You seem pretty cozy together," he murmured, his words quiet but audible against the splash of the twin showerheads. "Are you two dating? Or do you just mess around every now and then?"

Carla flushed, but Susie was quick to respond, "The latter. Sometimes."

Matt gave them a lustful look, squeezing the meat of both of their asses while his dick grew hard between their thighs. "You wanna show me?"

"Show you...?" Carla asked, the color starting to leave her face as she recovered from the direct question.

"I always wanted to see girls kissing in the shower," Matt told her with a grin.

He had hoped that the two women would be more open to each other, and that would help them be open to him, and he was right. Each of them still had a hand on his shoulder, and the three of them were locked together tight, the hot water slipping between their bodies, and Susie and Carla brought their full lips together in a kiss that made it clear this wasn't their first time. They turned slightly toward each other more, locking lips,

and Matt felt Carla's fingers curl into him as Susie's tongue slid into her mouth.

It was a beautiful sight, the pale red hair drifting against Carla's dark locks, seeing the pink bits of their tongues as their lips parted to let each other inside their mouths, the way their eyes closed and they pressed closer together, breasts squishing up. Matt was fully hard now, his rod slid up between their thick thighs, and their strong legs squeezed his member in a most pleasurable way. He held the women close against him while their tongues fenced with each other, rubbing up and down their wet backs and cupping their rears, appreciating their shapeliness and warmth.

Taking a little more initiative, Susie turned back towards Matt, enough that she was able to guide the length of his cock between her legs so it could rub up against her hot pussy lips. Her eyes fluttered at the touch, and she still kissed Carla, her head turned to the side as she slid her hips back-and-forth over Matt's shaft. He felt the hot slickness of her against him, so different from the water.

"Oh God, he's big," Susie said to Carla, pulling away from their kiss for just a moment to make the comment. "I've got him up against me."

Carla peered down, looking at the healthy length of Matt's shaft that was sliding between Susie's thighs. She slipped her hand off of Matt and put it between the three of them, driving down to grab hold of his thick shaft. Her fingers couldn't close all the way around it, and she drew in a breath. "Wow..."

Susie let Carla pull his shaft free from between her legs, stepping back so that there was room for his dick between the three of them. With the combination of the water and Susie's wetness that had rubbed onto him, Carla moved her hand back-and-forth along his thirteen-inch length, stroking his cock with wonder.

"I think I'm ready," Carla breathed, giving Matt's cock a hard squeeze and making his knees buckle a little bit.

Susie nodded, and Matt said, "You ready to go back to the bed?"

"Yeah," Carla said, letting go of Matt's cock reluctantly. Matt turned off the shower and they stepped out, and he grabbed them a few towels that were folded nicely under the sink. They were fluffy and white and did the job quickly, and once they were mostly dry, the three of them left the bathroom and went over to the bed.

"It sounded like maybe you want to go first, huh, Carla?" Matt said to her, gesturing an arm towards the bed.

That was where things took an unexpected turn. Carla looked to Susie, and Susie, with one hand on Matt's chest and her boobs pressed up against him, said, "Marcy said that you would have some...stuff here. Like stuff to tie people up with."

Matt blinked. "Bondage restraints? Sure, we've got those in spades. What were you thinking? I can put you in handcuffs, or tie the two of you together or to the bed..."

Susie shook her head. "Not quite. Actually, we wanted to tie *you* to the bed. And just, ah, I'm not sure how to say it..."

Matt gave the matter some quick thought. "Sorry," he said, giving his head a little shake to clear it. "I've just never had anyone ask for that before. Usually I'm the one who's 'on top,' so to speak. What with the big dick and all."

Carla looked almost apologetic, so Matt was quick to reassure her. "I'm up for whatever you ladies want, and that sounds fine to me. Do you want to strap me down to the bed, like legs and arms and all?"

Carla, reinvigorated by the quick move forward, looked to Susie and gave her a thoughtful musing. "Just arms," Carla suggested to Susie. "Probably good for him to have his legs free if he's going to, you know..."

"Fuck us?" Susie grinned. "Yeah, good Point. "Okay, Matt, where's the goods?" One of her hands went down to his muscular ass and squeezed it, showing her enthusiasm.

"Allow me." Matt quickly bent down and pulled a small chest out from underneath the bed, flipping it open to reveal an assortment of bondage-related toys. Of course, they were well-prepared for anything a client might want. There were two other containers underneath the bed, holding anything from vibrators and dildos all the way to different kinds of popular clothing items in case someone wanted to do a certain cosplay.

Matt's own nerves came back as he pulled the leather straps free from the container and slid it back underneath the bed. They were black leather, bolstered by silver chain, and the women watched him as he secured two of their ends around his own wrists. Like he had indicated to the two of them, usually it was the clients who wanted to be strapped down or restrained in some way. No one had ever asked that of him, and it was strange to feel the cuffs around his wrists.

Regardless, he let himself lie down in the center of the bed and invited them over, holding his arms up towards the bed posts. His cock, still plenty excited, stood straight up with its gargantuan length.

"Tie me up," Matt told them, the leather and chain straps swinging from his wrists. "I deserve it."

Smiling, the two women went to either side of him and were quick to get him secured, not fumbling with the leather straps. Once they were done, Matt gave them a good tug and was surprised to find how secure they were.

"Well," he said softly, "I'm not going anywhere, that's for sure."

The mood shifted now that he was at the mercy of the two women. Suddenly they were the masters, and he was the one in a new situation. He watched them crawl onto the bed on their hands and knees, their big tits hanging down and jiggling most pleasantly while they moved toward him, warm skin pressing against his thighs and hips. His arms were strung upward, but he was still able to lie flat on the bed, though he tilted his head down so that he could look at what they were up to.

The two of them were actually whispering to each other, like they were revisiting plans they had made before showing up to the lounge. Now that they had Matt where they wanted him, they were more ready to launch into the things they'd fantasized about. And as each of them moved to take their positions, their plans became more clear.

Carla moved up toward his head, swinging a knee over him so that she could straddle him, looking down at his face while he looked up at her past the large swells of her breasts.

"Eat my pussy real good," she commanded, with a hint of her Hispanic accent coming out in the heat of the moment which Matt found incredibly hot. She had a little bush on top of her trimmed slit, and he smelled her arousal right before she pressed it onto his face. Matt dug into her pussy eagerly, tasting her strong flavor and rubbing his face into her while she gasped and put more weight down onto him, her knees pressing against the outsides of his shoulders.

Carla had ridden his face for a few moments before Susie got situated down below, forcing herself between his legs and taking his big cock in both hands. He felt her breath on him, but of course he couldn't see past Carla, and when her hot, wet mouth engulfed the head of his cock, he moaned into the Latina woman's snatch. She sucked on him for a few

seconds, putting his cock deeper into her mouth, before pulling off and saying, "Jesus, it's so big. I fucking love it."

Matt was in no position to reply, as Carla pressed her pussy into his face, making sure that her clit found its way into his mouth. Matt tasted her and sucked on her, while down below, Susie did the same to him, still keeping both hands around the girth of his shaft as she took as much of his cock as she could. She didn't quite make it halfway down his shaft, but she was close, and her mouth felt amazing on his hardness.

Carla pulled herself off of his mouth just to drop a little lower, pressing her breasts into his face and ordering him to suck on her nipples. "Bite them," was what she actually said, adding, "I like it rough."

His face got buried in her tits, and his mouth found her nipple and pulled it in, first licking and sucking, then chewing, ever so gently using his teeth on Carla's big nipples as she encouraged him and rubbed her wet pussy against his stomach, twisting so that she could get the other tit into his mouth and have him yank on it.

"He has a really good mouth," Carla panted, while Matt used that mouth to try to suck her nipple right off her chest. Matt felt her arm squirm between their bellies, reaching down to rub at her clit while she gyrated against him. "I'm so close already, Susie, ah! Let me...I wanna go first on him."

With a wet sound, Susie pulled her mouth off his cock, still gripping his hard shaft like he was the safety bar on a roller coaster. "You still want me to eat your pussy, right?" Susie questioned, her breathing coming hard on the tail end of the blowjob.

"Please," Carla begged in agreement, and there was a sharp *crack!* as Susie smacked her on the ass. Matt felt it in his own body through her, and Carla pulled back, letting him get a full breath of air as she stopped smothering him with her tits. Matt's hands pulled instinctually at the bonds, because if he weren't strapped down, he might have held Carla down on him for just a moment longer to make her crazy. But he was at their mercy, and the leather held him in place securely. He realized that there wasn't even enough slack for him to bend back and reach the buckle that sealed the cuff, so he really wasn't going to get off this bed until someone let him.

The women, practically panting with their lust, got up off of him and exchanged places. The open air felt cold on Matt's dick, and he saw the glistening remnants of Susie's blowjob coating half of his shaft.

Susie hung off to the side, still on the bed, for just a little bit while she watched Carla get into position. Carla got up on top of Matt's dick, quickly pressing him against her entrance, and he bit his lip at the feeling of the tightness and warmth encircling the head of his cock.

"Take it slow," Susie advised her, her eyes glittering with the excitement of watching her friend get penetrated on Matt's huge rod. "You'll get it all in you eventually. I've seen you take my big XL toy, and that was —"

"Okay, hush," Carla said, shaking her head. "I know what I'm doing. Just...ah..."

She started to press down onto him, and Matt's dick started to slide into her, and fuck did she feel good. Somehow he hadn't really understood it until he was actually going inside of her, but he was really enjoying this position. Being tied down, being used and ordered around—it was usually the other way around. This was something else entirely.

Carla breathed heavily, her dark hair a mess around her face, her lips parted. She was halfway down his shaft now, and she rode back up again, just a little, tossing her head back and moaning at how good it felt. Matt tried hard not to do the same, but she was tight and hot and god she was going down again, further now, finding room inside of herself for his long, thick shaft, down and down further and further until her stretched pussy lips pressed against his crotch and she shuddered.

"God..." she whispered.

"That is so fucking hot," Susie cried, and immediately she flung herself over Matt's chest, straddling him backwards so that she could face Carla. "Look at your clit sticking out. You're shaking! You're gonna cum any second, aren't you?"

"I...am going to hold onto it," Carla said, but she didn't sound too convincing, her voice quivering.

"Fuck him," Susie told her. "Come on. I want to see you cum on his big cock, Carla. I want to see you cum harder than you ever have."

With that, Susie bent down to flick her tongue against the nub of Carla's clitoris, and Carla cried out, then started riding Matt up and down, slowly, slowly, then faster. Susie wasn't letting her off the hook, sucking her clit into her mouth and trying to make her friend cum. From the feel of things, she wasn't going to need much help. Matt would bet that she could cum just from riding on his pole for a little while longer.

Susie moved so that her own wet pussy was against his mouth, though, the tip of his nose pressing into her ass, and he took the implicit command and licked at her pussy, shoving his tongue up into her tunnel when she pushed against him. She moaned when he did that, and he fucked her with his tongue.

Carla's breathing was ragged, and her motions on his cock became smaller and faster as he stretched her to her limit. With Susie mercilessly working her clit, her breath hitched, and then she cried out as she took Matt's cock to the hilt again and her orgasm slammed into her with the force of a truck. Her hands grabbed at Matt's legs and she moved herself back and forth on his cock, screaming, her pussy pulsing around him and her hair flying around her as she shook, quaking on his cock and making the whole bed shake like there was a natural disaster.

"So fucking hot," Susie whispered, as Carla pulled off of Matt's cock and slumped backward on the bed, completely worn out. She pulled her pussy off Matt's face and spun around so that she was where Carla was, looking Matt in the eye.

"You gonna cum for me, too?" she asked him, teasingly, as she settled her pussy down on his cock.

"If there's room in there for it," he said, short of breath, and Susie licked her lips and pressed down on him and let him stretch her wide, her eyes fluttering and her head tilting back as she lowered herself down onto him and got parts of her touched that had never been touched before. She hilted him faster than Carla had, and Matt knew that he was going to have no trouble cumming inside of her. He was surprised he had lasted this long at all, with how turned on he was.

She started to pump up and down, swearing softly to herself as she did, the sensations overpowering her bravado and teasing. Her pale red hair hid one of her eyes, and she focused on the pleasure, on Matt's girth stretching her wide, on how good it felt to be this full.

"I'm gonna...fucking...ah..." Matt could hardly get the words out, and Susie responded simply by biting her lip and riding him faster, and then he let go and started to shoot inside of her, moaning loudly as he bent his head back against the pillows. He pumped into her, thrusting up to meet her coming down, really fucking her, and spilled so much cum inside of her cunt that it spilled out and dripped down the sides of his shaft, all the while

he yelled, pumping into her harder, her hot, tight tunnel gripping him just as much as he was filling her.

Carla, recovered some, now reached around Susie's waist from behind, her fingers sliding through the slick cum on Matt's shaft to find her friend's clit and rub it. Susie gasped and cried "Yes!" throwing her head back and riding Matt's shaft harder as his orgasm wound down, and when she came she hunched forward, slamming herself down on his cock while Carla expertly worked her sensitive slit until she had to slap her off, the waves of her orgasm leaving her face redder than her hair.

When it was over and everyone had lost what felt like two years of their lives through cumming, they did untie Matt, who had forgotten that he might be trapped. His arms could have hung there uselessly for hours more for all he cared, with how hard he had cum inside of Susie, his cock slowly softening. He could have fallen asleep restrained like that, easily.

The three of them did hop in the shower again though, much more handsy this time, cleaning each other off, and Carla took a turn on sucking Matt's cock, getting more of him into her mouth than Susie had, leading to a little bout of teasing. There was no chance of him cumming again so soon, but it never felt bad to get your cock sucked, and he let the ladies play until everyone was clean and they were ready to go.

Left alone in the Angel Suite, he fell back onto the bed (making sure to miss the wet spots) and reminded himself that he was getting paid for this, and he'd handled a new situation—both the two women and him being tied up—pretty goddamn well, judging by the smiles on their faces. And god, the way they had kissed each other, and gotten right into helping each other cum...he'd never seen anything like it. He wanted to see *more* of it. Surely there were more pairs of women out there who'd like to do something like this, right?

"Maybe my little sophomore slump here is over," he said to himself. "I think I'm gonna ask Marcy to find me some more clients."

He grinned. Maybe he'd owe her another favor, after all. He wasn't too worried about that, though. He was good for it. He just knew that he had to get himself in another room with two woman who liked to kiss each other as much as they wanted to get Matt inside of them.

Matt closed his eyes. He'd rest a little, and then he'd get to work on that.

THE END (of Book 1)

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**BIG PACKAGE**

*Harem*

BOOK 2

*Myra Dusk*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Big Package Harem

Book 2

by Myra Dusk

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Note from the author: This book is a work of fiction. All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older.

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It had been a couple weeks since his fun night the back of the Bedlam Lounge with Carla and Susie, and after taking some time to give the whole thing some more thought, Matt was sure. He would open up his services again, specifically to pairings of women who were interested in having a three-way session with him.

Matt's services, of course, were secret and very much closed-door dealings, as a male sex worker for the network of clubs throughout the city owned by the Lancer Corporation. And even among that small and select group of hidden employees, he was special and offered something that no one else could. A *big* dick. Thirteen inches big, and thick enough so that for most women, wrapping one hand around it wasn't possible. He'd been losing his spark for meeting clients in the secret rooms in the back of the Bedlam Lounge over the last couple years, but his first professional threesome, and his first real life opportunity to see two women go at each other and make each other cum had revitalized him. He wanted more of that.

He *needed* more of it.

So tonight, he decided to bring his intent to Marcy, his direct boss at the Bedlam Lounge both for his more official bartending job as well as the more scandalous dealings in the back rooms. He stepped into the Bedlam Lounge a little after 5 o'clock, about an hour before his bartending shift that night would start. After dealing with a little good-natured ribbing from his coworkers about showing up well ahead of time for once, Matt proceeded through the club to hunt down Marcy.

The lounge wasn't packed at this time of evening. That would come later, of course, but there were still a good deal of patrons milling about, drinking at one of the two bars or patronizing the sexy, flexible dancers on three of the stages who worked the poles. Matt tipped a wink to Esmeralda, who caught him walking by out of the corner of her eye and gave him a little smile. She had been a backroom client of his a couple years back, and he had recommended her for the job at the lounge. As far as gentlemen's clubs went, the lounge was ritzy enough and not a bad gig at all for a dancer.

He found Marcy coming out of the back office hallway, which had been where he was headed next to look for her anyway since he didn't see her out on the floor. She wasn't the type of manager who hid in the back all day, which Matt appreciated, at least when she wasn't bugging him. But

ever since he had done her the favor of giving her friends Carla and Susie an evening in the back rooms, she had been more predisposed to be helpful to him. Even though in the end, it was really more like she had done him a favor.

"Hey, Marcy," Matt said to her, really more of a yell over the throb of the music in the background, which was something they were all used to.

Marcy raised an eyebrow at seeing him. Her eyes flicked down to her phone so she could check the time, and she said, "You're here early."

"That's what everybody's been telling me." Matt shrugged. "I wanted to talk to you real quick, can we just step into the back?"

"Yeah, sure." Marcy turned, opening the same door through which she had just emerged and ushering him in.

The door closed behind them, sealing them into the plain and unadorned concrete hallway of the club's office rooms, which was a short L-shaped hall that had five doors spread across its minimal length. The entry door had thick stripping, which helped to block out the noise of the club and made it a lot easier to talk.

"You wanna go into the office?" Marcy asked him, waving her hand a little ways down the hall toward the on-duty manager's door.

"Nah. Just real quick." Matt glanced to the left just to make sure that the door was still closed. Most employees of the club knew about the sex work that happened in the back rooms, but it still never hurt to be careful. "It's about Carla and Susie, sort of."

"Oh," Marcy said. "Nothing wrong, I hope."

"No, nothing like that," Matt said with a quick shake of his head. "I don't know if you know this, but they were my first two-women pair I had back there."

"You hadn't had a threesome with clients before?" Marcy asked, surprised.

Matt nodded. "And to be as candid as I can be, it was a good time. You probably noticed that I'd been taking on fewer and fewer clients over the last couple years. It feels like Carla and Susie gave me some juice." He laughed. "So to speak."

"Well, that's good news," Marcy said, in a tone that indicated she was waiting for him to get to the point.

"Right." He coughed. "So I was wondering if I could take on more clients like that. I've been working the Bedlam for a while and have never

been approached for a threesome with two women, but I know that Lancer has a lot of other clubs around the city. Do you think there would be one that's more...predisposed to that kind of hook-up?"

Marcy raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Well, I'm sure my bosses wouldn't complain if you were able to attract more backroom attention to the other clubs. Let me think on it and talk to some people, and I'll see if I can put your name out there and recommend a place."

"That's all I ask." Matt thanked her, and the two of them returned to the floor so that they could each go about their business.

His shift was busy and went by pretty quickly, and by the end of it, he'd almost forgotten that he had asked Marcy to look into this at all. But she caught him on his way out from behind the bar and asked him to walk her to her car, which wasn't unusual when you worked until one in the morning in the city.

Once they were out in the parking lot, Marcy talked to him. "About your request," she said to him, with a teasing little smile. "I talked to a couple other club managers. It looks like Bedlam is hardly the exception when it comes to threesomes. What I mean by that is, they're not very common even in the other clubs unless it's two workers and one client, which is still rare enough. So if you're looking for two women willing to pay for one man, it might be a little harder than you think."

"I didn't think it was going to be easy," Matt said, a little defensively, because he did have his hopes up that they would just come running to him somehow. "I appreciate it, though. Maybe just tell Susie and Carla they can send any of their friends my way."

"I didn't say it was impossible." Marcy stopped, her short heels clicking in the parking lot. "There's a club that caters to women, and has back rooms. Lemon Tree, over on Elm and Fifth."

"Yeah," Matt said, thinking. "I know the one. It's a lesbian club?"

"Not exclusively," Marcy said, "but yes, it's a lesbian club."

"Okay..." Matt didn't see how that was particularly helpful. "Would they really want me there?"

"Not everybody." Marcy smiled. "But like I said, it's not just lesbians that go there. There are women. Bicurious women. Straight women looking for a different scene. From what Jessica told me—the night manager over there—the male sex workers get a decent amount of action.

Not very many threesomes, from what I've heard, but...more than zero." Marcy shrugged.

"Wow. Okay." Matt absorbed this information, running it through his head.

"I put your name in with her, and she knows who you are already. Word gets around to the managers and the owners, as you know."

Matt nodded at that. There had been times he provided services and sessions at other clubs, when he'd been asked for. It had just never happened at Lemon Tree, perhaps unsurprisingly.

"Still, you should make an appearance over there, okay?" Marcy gave him a little hit on the shoulder, getting his attention as his mind wandered slightly to people he had fucked at other clubs. "Go meet Jessica, go see some of the clientele. You're more approachable if they can put a face to you, and not just the promise of a dick."

Matt let out a little chuckle. "That's fair. I'll get there as soon as I can. Thanks, again. Really."

Marcy smiled. "I like you, Matt, and I wouldn't do it just for money. But it doesn't hurt that our club gets a cut if you work the back rooms elsewhere, so that makes things a little smoother."

"Oh, my hero," Matt said, putting a hand over his heart and making Marcy give him another smack.

Lemon Tree definitely had a different vibe than the Bedlam Lounge, though Matt thought that the outside looked more friendly and inviting. The letters in the sign were big and cartoony, bright yellow and overlapping in some places. The name and design didn't quite give away what kind of place it was, but anyone who went to clubs or worked in the industry knew what the opaque doors and lack of windows on the front meant. He looked over the red brick façade before stepping in through the door.

The club was smaller than Bedlam, but it seemed to stretch back farther, a little narrow at the front and then wider as you continued inside. The first, main room was big and devoted solely to the bar, which was the size of both of Bedlam's two bars combined. The lighting was brighter in this room than Matt expected, showing the woodgrain of the bar over on the left side of the room where it stretched all the way up the wall and then along part of the back wall in an L shape, with a brass rail sliding along the front and giving it a classy look. The stools had red velvet cushioning and no backs, and the women in them—everyone here was a woman except for some of the bartenders and staff—faced every which way as they talked and looked around.

Matt felt out of place for just a moment, but he had been working the nightlife for a long time, and he quickly got a feel for the place. He recognized Jessica from Marcy's quick description and from just knowing how to spot a manager on the floor, and he went over and introduced himself, giving her hand a quick shake. She knew why he was there, of course, and invited him to get a feel for the place and that if she heard something before he did, she would let Marcy know.

The rest of the place wasn't very exciting, in the same way that the Bedlam Lounge wasn't exciting to him anymore. There was a wide hall that led out of the bar from the back, taking you to where the dancers stages were. There were three of them, occupied and somewhat busy. Matt had never really thought about if lesbians would like strippers, but then he thought, why the hell not? Past the stages, he marked the semi-hidden back door which would lead to the back rooms, and that was pretty much it. All that was left to do was get familiar with the people of the club and make this threesome happen somehow.

It didn't happen right away. Matt had to put in a little work, but with his shrewd eye for people thanks to his time in the industry, both nightlife and sex work, he eventually wound up talking to Alicia.

Since there wasn't much reason for him to just hang around if he wasn't there as a patron or trying to hook up casually, he talked to Jessica about covering a few shifts so he had a reason to be at the bar, and she was happy to have the help. So Matt bounced back-and-forth between the Bedlam Lounge and Lemon Tree for a couple of weeks, getting a lot of hours in, and getting familiar with the regulars at the lesbian club. While bartending, he got flirted with every now and then, which reaffirmed what Marcy had said about there being all kinds here. He got to know who was already a couple, and the people who seemed to be in an open relationship, and then of course the people coming here looking for a hookup. They came and they went, and in the flow of people, it was Alicia who stood out to him.

She was pretty, but that wasn't why she had caught his eye. Sure, it was at first, but then he had reason to linger. She had straight blonde hair that went a little down past her shoulders, and it seemed light as air every time she moved. Her face was curious with delicate features below her green eyes. She usually dressed in a solid-color blouse, nothing too modest nor outlandish, with short sleeves that mostly covered her shoulders and jeans down below even as the weather got warmer. He'd made small talk with her when she'd come up to the bar to get a vodka and cranberry, and then he'd forgotten about her until he saw her again.

She was interesting because she came to the bar alone, and she talked to a few people that she knew, but she never left with anyone. Her eyes would regularly look across the bar as though she were trying to find the right person, but she never did. She never went into the back to see the dancers, either.

Since she didn't always have someone to talk to, Matt talked to her more, and the conversation led into his work, where he talked about working with these clubs for a long time and making appearances at other ones, and then it seemed like something sort of clicked with Alicia, and she made it clear that she was aware of the secret business that the club offered to curious patrons.

She revealed that to Matt about as subtly as she could, one night leaning over the bar to say to him, "Do you work, like, in the back sometimes?"

Matt played coy. "Like as a dancer? I'd kill myself on one of those poles."

Alicia laughed. "Not as a dancer." Her green eyes became serious.

"Yeah," Matt said casually, "I've had some clients. If that was something you were interested in..."

Alicia sat back in her stool, considering it. "I don't know. I don't really come here to look for a guy."

Matt gave a little dip of his head. "And yet you found me."

"Yeah, you're cute and all," Alicia said, sticking her tongue out at him a little, then doing her usual look out across the bar floor. She turned back to him. "Look, if I'm being honest with you here, I hooked up with a woman here few months back, but I didn't get her information. It was kind of a crazy night. So I've been hoping..."

"You come back here, maybe you see her again?" Matt finished for her.

"Yeah." Alicia shrugged. "It hasn't worked so far."

"Tell me about her," Matt said, and Alicia did, and that was what unlocked everything.

Matt stepped away for a minute to call Marcy, and when he confirmed his suspicions with her, he went back to the bar where Alicia was still sitting.

"I have some interesting news for you," he said, and watched her eyebrows go up.

It turned out the woman whom Alicia had hooked up with had to become a regular at Bedlam. Her name was Becca, and Matt had served her drinks and chatted with her a few times. He remembered her because she wasn't shy about pointing out cute women to him even while he was working behind the bar, which had surprised him, but he hadn't put much thought into before.

Now, though, with threesomes on the mind? It seemed like it was staring him right in the face. Why else would Becca do that if she wasn't trying to arrange a three-way with him? All while the obvious clues bounced right off his head. She knew the kind of work that he did; she joked about it with him all the time. Well, not that they talked all the time, but it happened enough for him to remember it.

So when Matt was able to confirm with Alicia that she could in fact find Becca at the Bedlam lounge, and that Becca had shown interest in his services and knew about the back rooms and all, there weren't a whole lot of dots left to connect to put the three of them all together. Striking while the

iron was hot, Matt put the idea to Alicia right then and there, once her excitement about finding Becca again was showing.

"If you'd be up for it," Matt said to her, "I think she would be, too." He leaned in. "And you didn't hear this from me, but since I mostly work for Bedlam, it'll be cheaper to do it there."

That didn't matter. Alicia was hungry, and she was already sold.

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Becca had dark hair which she usually kept up so Matt could never really be sure how long her hair was. Marcy, bless her, had taken the initiative to get things rolling on her end before Matt and Alicia even showed up later that night, with Matt able to get out of the rest of his shift. Becca had already been at Bedlam, and Marcy had given her a few details about Alicia to jog her memory, and that was that. Matt had been right about Becca's interest in him, so by the time he and Alicia arrived at the Bedlam Lounge, everything was pretty much already arranged. They were all together now, so what better time to do it?

That was how Matt had put it to Alicia once he'd heard from Marcy again, and she had agreed. So the night was on.

Matt parked at the lounge. Alicia showed up a couple minutes later, and the two of them walked in together. The music blared and the colorful lights flashed; Bedlam was pretty much at its peak, but luckily they didn't have to go far to find Becca standing with Marcy. Alicia was visibly excited at the sight of her, practically jumping while trying to keep her cool. Becca's dark hair was pinned behind her head as usual, and she wore stylish Capri pants that all but painted a picture of the crotch they hugged underneath, beneath a flowing pink top that showed just the tiniest sliver of her firm belly.

Alicia immediately went up and hugged her, and Becca gave her a firm squeeze, making Marcy smile. Marcy stepped over to Matt while the other two women chatted quickly.

"I'm starting to think you might owe me another one," Marcy said to him, yelling only a little bit over the volume of the music.

"Worth it!" Matt yelled back.

With a grin, Marcy told him that the Captain's Quarters was free. That was one of the back rooms at the lounge, with a silly title and a nautical theme that was thankfully more subtle than its moniker. Matt gave Marcy a nod, and she patted him twice on the shoulder, indicating that the women were on his clock now, and it was up to him to take it from here.

That was no problem. Matt had done this plenty of times, and his recent experience with a threesome was very fresh. With Marcy having vanished back onto the floor, he rejoined Alicia and Becca and got the attention of the latter.

"Glad we could finally do this," he said to her over the music, though really it was to both of them. "You two ready to head back?"

They were. As far as he knew, neither of them had experienced this part of the club before, so he took Becca by the hand, and she took Alicia by the hand, and together their short train wound itself through the bargoers and stage-watchers until they slipped into the darkness concealing the back door.

They went together to the back hallway where Matt led them to the sky-blue door with the placard reading 'Captain's Quarters' up above it. On the way there, Becca laughed and pointed at another door, bright pink, and read, "'Pretty Kitty Room'? What the hell is that?"

"Don't ask," Matt said, shaking his head. "I don't have the answer."

Both of the women dissolved into laughter, a combination of nervous and excited, as Matt opened the door to their designated room and let them inside, closing it and locking it behind them.

"I think I might have liked the Pretty Kitty Room better," Becca said, teasing, as both of them looked around the place.

Matt shrugged, smiling. "Occupied, I guess. You're stuck here with me."

The room was not unlike the Angel Suite where Matt had had his last threesome. All the rooms were laid out the same way, with an attached bathroom to the right or left, depending on which side of the hallway the room was on, some chairs in the front corners in case the night's activities led there, and a big bed with artwork hanging behind it, in this case a pleasant ocean scene. There was also a captain's hat hidden under the bed, which Matt would keep hidden there because it was stupid.

Both Becca and Alicia turned their attention from the room to Matt, though even like that they could hardly keep their hands off of each other, constantly in contact. That was good, because Matt had an idea for how he wanted the night to start. And with two fresh faces here in the back rooms, they would probably need some guidance to get things started anyway.

"You seem pretty excited," Matt told them, no longer being shy about his lascivious gaze now that they were here. "I'm thinking that I wouldn't mind seeing more of that. You know, help to warm things up. I'll get undressed for you two eventually, but until then, why don't you show me how much you missed each other? I wouldn't want to get in the way of the initial reunion."

"Yeah?" Becca's voice had lost its teasing edge and had slid more into sexually charged intensity. She turned back to Alicia, meeting her eyes

while putting both of her hands on Alicia's waist. "You want to just get right into it, hon?"

"More than anything in the world," Alicia said, practically breathless, and she let Becca pull her close so that the two of them could kiss. Their familiar lips met and a sigh escaped Alicia, the blonde's hands running up Becca's back and underneath her shirt. Almost immediately, Alicia was opening Becca's bra from the back, eager to get to her tits. Becca didn't stop her, lifting her arms so that she could let her bra drop to the floor and Alicia could pull the shirt up and off over her head. Her breasts fell free into the open air, creamy and perky. Both of the women let out contented breaths when Alicia got her hands on them.

Matt moved up close to them and put an arm around the sides of both of their waists while they embraced, guiding them over to the bed so that they could sit down. Becca's hand left Alicia while he guided them over, running up under Matt's shirt to feel his lean muscle. She pulled her hand out of his shirt when they sat on the bed.

Alicia's passion grew quickly, her lips moving from Becca's mouth to her neck, kissing her soft skin while playing with her breasts. She squeezed them gently, running her fingers across both of Becca's hard nipples and pinching them. Becca enjoyed the attention, biting at her own lip while Alicia played with her, and getting Alicia's clothes off as best she could. Alicia helped her pull the shirt up over her own head, then let Becca unclasp her bra, bringing her tits out to push at Becca's. They were close enough so that their chests rubbed together, squishing Alicia's hands between the two pairs of breasts. Becca rubbed up Alicia's sides, resting her hands on the sides of her boobs and squeezing.

It was an extremely erotic display, and Matt probably could've watched it forever. He let them kiss on each other for a while, their mouths finding each other again and their tongues wetly dancing, both of them with their hands very busy on the other's tits and enjoying some squeezing and pinching and hefting, neither of the women being too gentle. At one point, Alicia reached out for Matt, grabbing him by the waist of his pants and pulling him over to the bed. His cock was already half hard and pressing nicely at the front of his pants, and Alicia's kissing slowed when she ran a hand over it through his clothes.

Her hand stopped on his shaft, squeezing its already impressive girth. Matt grinned, letting out a little grunt of pleasure at the contact.

"In good time," he told her, though he didn't take her hand off his cock. "How about I help you to get those bottoms off instead?"

Without waiting for an answer, Matt reached around Alicia, feeling the skin of both of their bellies as they pressed together, and undid the button on Alicia's jeans. Squeezing closer to Becca, she shifted to the side so that he could pull them off of her, taking her red panties with them and leaving her completely naked on the bed next to Becca. He had no intention of leaving her alone that way for very long, immediately going over to Becca and doing the same thing to her short pants. Now there were two naked women on the bed, a blonde and a brunette, kissing each other and running their hands all over each other's bodies like long-lost lovers.

*Which they are*, Matt reminded himself. *God, this is hot.*

Putting a hand on each of their backs, Matt said, "I don't know about you both, but that's enough foreplay for me. But there's still something I'd like to see, and judging by the way you two are squirming against each other, I figure you're ready."

He smiled. "I've never seen two women go down on each other at the same time. You two want to eat each other out?"

"God, I do," Becca immediately said in the affirmative, her mouth still wet with Alicia's saliva. She turned to her friend and said, "Come on, honey, you on the bottom and let me get between your legs."

"Okay," Alicia breathed, sliding her hand off of Becca's boob and moving deeper onto the bed, turning around so that Becca would just be able to dive forward on top of her, Alicia's pussy facing the pillows at the head of the bed and her blonde hair splayed out on the covers.

Becca wasted no time in getting on top of her, wiggling her knees up and along Alicia's sides and playfully dragging her stomach across Alicia's breasts as she moved down her body. Matt moved to the side as the two women got into position, leaning against the bed eagerly so that he could watch. Becca dove right in, wetly planting her lips on Alicia's pussy before sticking her tongue out and running it up the top of her folds, tasting her clit. Alicia moaned in pleasure, slapping both of her hands against Becca's ass cheeks and grabbing her butt, squeezing the healthy curve there. Becca moved lower and plunged her tongue into Alicia's tunnel, and Alicia started to lick up and down Becca's lips as well.

Matt got fully undressed while watching them, letting his hard cock stick out. With the show they were putting on, his erection came quickly

and powerfully, and he couldn't help but to put a hand on it and touch himself while he watched the two women sixty-nine. Alicia and Becca tasted, licked, and sucked on each other's pussies in a lustful fervor, noisily eating each other and pushing each one closer to orgasm. Alicia in particular was aggressive about sucking on Becca's clitoris, making the dark-haired woman squirm and sometimes yank her body forward to get the sensitive nub out of Alicia's mouth. Alicia would laugh to herself when that happened, grabbing Becca's hips and pulling her ass back on top of her face.

The two women got into each other's asses as well, Matt noticing that Becca was going lower and lower on Alicia until she was dipping her tongue into her asshole and swirling it around, reaching her hands down to pull her cheeks apart and get more access to it. And when he looked over to Alicia to see how she was reacting, though her spreading legs told him plenty, he found Alicia's face buried between Becca's big butt cheeks already, lapping at her hole and pressing her tongue into it. Not only were these women eager to kiss and go down on each other, they were eager to drive their tongue up each other's back doors as well.

No wonder Alicia had kept coming back to look for Becca.

They dug into each other's assholes for a while, Matt watching and stroking himself, before Alicia's hand crept over and touched first his leg, and then his cock. She gave it another firm squeeze, Matt appreciating the pressure, and then she pulled her tongue out of Becca's asshole and looked over at him through the small gap under Becca's butt.

"Come on," she panted, looking at him with one eye while also looking back down at his cock. "I want to taste that huge fucking thing. Come over here and put it in my mouth."

Extremely horned up, Matt didn't need to be asked twice, not to mention of course that they were the paying clients. He got off the side of the bed where he had been kneeling and came around back to the front, where Alicia and Becca together had scooted backward so that Alicia's head hung halfway off the edge of the bed, her blonde hair hanging down. With Matt in position, Alicia reached her hands back and put them both on his cock, in different places so that neither of them quite reached all the way around. Matt looked down at this gorgeous blonde hanging onto his dick, with Becca's glistening asshole and pussy hanging just above her tits, and felt his cock pulse.

Alicia tugged on him, urging him forward to get inside of her mouth. Her wet tongue pressed against the head of his cock, and he started to feed it into her while she was upside-down on the bed. Inch after inch disappeared into her mouth, the pleasure rippling through Matt as she sucked on him. Alicia moaned in delight around the girth of Matt's cock, and Becca got back to eating her pussy down below, sliding her tongue up and down her folds and licking into her asshole as well.

Now with a good six or seven inches of Matt in her mouth and throat, Alicia took her hands off of his cock and put them back up on Becca's rump, finding her holes with her fingers and starting to play with them. Her mouth pulled at Matt's member, and he started to gently fuck her throat, knowing how big he was and that he couldn't go too hard. His cock filled up her mouth and her eyes rolled back in pleasure as his thick meat slid in and out of her, her tongue sliding around it as he moved it in and out. Sucking on his dick, she worked the fingers of one hand into Becca's pussy, quickly getting three inside of her wet tunnel and making Becca wiggle back onto them with grunts of pleasure. Her other hand, using the slickness of Becca's pussy and what was left there by Alicia's rimming, fit a finger, then two fingers, into Becca's ass, which made her slow down in eating Alicia's pussy and shiver in ecstasy.

Matt moved his cock in and out of Alicia's mouth while she fingered both of Becca's holes, and he got a full view of Alicia pleasuring her friend while he did so. He watched Alicia's slender fingers slide deep into Becca's pussy and ass and saw Becca's holes clench around them when she went deep. Matt bit his lip, his cock pulsing gently in Alicia's mouth. He loved seeing Becca's holes get worked over while his dick was buried in Alicia's throat. For a few long moments there was nothing but the wet sounds of pleasure.

Then Alicia slid forward on the bed so she could take Matt's huge cock out of her mouth, gasping for air, with a single tear falling down her face from her mouth getting stretched open. She slipped her fingers out of Becca's ass and pussy and grabbed Matt's dick again, this time hefting it up and pulling on him until he was pressed up against Becca's pussy.

"Oh, shit," Becca said, wiggling against Matt's thick rod. "I can already feel how big he is, damn."

"Ready for him to fuck you?" Alicia asked mischievously, rubbing the slick head of Matt's cock around Becca's entrance. The circling pressure and

wetness of Becca's hole gripped at his tip.

"Fuck yes, big guy," Becca said, putting her hands out on the bed to brace herself. "Put it in me."

"Can't wait to get into your cunt," Matt said, pushing his hips forward and letting Alicia keep his cock steady so that he could penetrate Becca. He met resistance at her entrance, but Alicia had made sure to get his cock good and wet, so he slipped it forward, slowly entering her tight pussy while Becca groaned.

"God, he's really stretching you out," Alicia told her, both of her hands still on Matt's cock. "This is so fucking hot."

"Oh hell," Becca managed, gripping the covers of the bed in her fists while Matt put more and more of his cock into her. "Holy shit, I've never...yeah, keep going, oh..."

Matt went inside of her until he bottomed out, stopping a few inches short of being completely inside her pussy. Becca had him stop there. She just didn't have any more room inside her cunt. But then, immediately, she told him to fuck her.

With most of his rod firmly inserted into Becca's pussy, Alicia let it go so that he could do his work. She moved her hands back up to Becca's ass, rubbing on the curves of her cheeks while Matt started to fuck her. Her pussy was tight, gripping at him as he pulled back, and he enjoyed the noises she was making as he started to push in and out. His shaft glistened with her juices. Meanwhile, Alicia's hand found its way back between Becca's cheeks and she started to finger her ass again, getting both of her holes stretched.

Becca couldn't even speak anymore, the feelings were so intense. From below, Alicia asked Matt if there was any lube around, and he was able to snatch it from beneath the bed while leaving the tip of his cock in Becca's pussy. He gave the small bottle to Alicia, who drenched her fingers in it as well as Matt's cock for good measure, and slid three, then four fingers into Becca's asshole. Becca cried out, and Alicia slid herself lower beneath her so that she could lick and suck at her clit while Matt fucked her pussy. She was so tight and filled up by Matt's cock that her clit stuck outward like a hard little nipple, easy for Alicia to latch her lips onto.

Matt fucked into Becca a little faster at her insistence, his huge shaft sliding past Alicia's face while she sucked Becca's clit from below. Alicia kept fucking Becca's ass with her fingers, the brunette getting worked from

multiple sides, getting more and more into it until she couldn't take it anymore.

Loudly, vocally, she came, with Alicia's fingers buried all the way to the third knuckle inside her ass, and Matt's cock as deep into her cunt as it could possibly reach. Alicia sucked hard on Becca's clit, making her orgasm as intense as possible, enough so that Becca was smashing her crotch down onto her face and making Matt's cock jiggle back-and-forth inside her.

Alicia pulled off of Becca's clit as the sensitivity became too much for her, and she pulled her lube-slicked fingers out of her ass as well.

When Matt followed suit, sliding his heavy cock out of her used tunnel, Becca panted and said, "Put it in my ass. I want that thing in my asshole."

The asshole in question was gaping pretty wide from Alicia's fingering and still very wet with lube. Matt open his mouth to say something but Alicia immediately cut him off.

"Do it, Matt, she's going to love it, I swear," she said, perhaps reading his hesitation, since very few women had been able to take his huge cock up their butts.

"Fuck my ass!" Becca said, hammering it on.

Alicia grabbed the lube, fetching it from where she had dropped it on the bed, and squirted it all over Matt's still very hard cock while she lay below it, some of it dripping onto her chest and neck. Once he was properly coated, she lifted up his cock again, this time going a little bit higher to align him with Becca's stretched asshole.

Becca immediately moved herself backward, pressing her asshole up against the width of his cock. He felt the ring of her asshole, stretched but still tight, open up around the head of his cock, and Rebecca moaned in delight and pushed back further. The lube helped things along, and before he knew it, the big head of Matt's cock popped into her asshole and a couple inches followed behind it. Alicia watched from below with glee, and Matt leaned forward, pressing his hands onto the top of Becca's ass and letting the pleasure of her tight back door tunnel wash over him. He started to push in more, getting all the way inside her ass, and he found it much more accommodating for his dick. Becca wiggled back onto his size, urging him in further and further, and then suddenly she had pushed herself all the way to the edge of the bed and Matt's hips were pressed up against her chubby ass, squishing her cheeks flat with his dick completely buried in her hole.

They stayed like that for a moment, Becca getting used to his size, and Matt trying not to cum from the intense sensations around him, and during that, Alicia slid forward so that she could sit at the head of the bed and shove her pussy into Becca's face.

"Eat me, babe," Alicia begged, already rubbing her own clit while Becca stared at her pussy. "It was so hot watching him go inside your ass. I need to cum."

Becca got to work, not saying a word before she dove into Alicia's pussy and ate her, pushing her hand out of the way so that she could suck on her clit and bringing her own hand forward to shove three fingers into Alicia's tunnel and wiggle them while her pinky finger slipped below to slide up her asshole. Alicia screamed in pleasure and pushed herself forward into Becca's face.

Matt started to fuck Becca's ass, the lube making it easy to slip backward and forward, and her tightness making it difficult to keep his orgasm contained. He grabbed her by the hips, pulling his shaft all the way out, then sliding it back in while her pink hole stretched to the max around him. He moved his eyes back-and-forth between that glorious sight and Alicia's bouncing tits as she shoved her pussy into Becca's face.

"Fuck," Matt said, after stroking in and out of her ass for a little bit over a minute, "I'm gonna cum in your ass, Becca."

Becca couldn't respond, her mouth full of Alicia, but she acknowledged by slamming her ass back on his cock, savoring how deeply he went into her. Matt gave her a few more powerful strokes before it was too much, and he started to unleash inside of her bowels, shooting rope after rope of his white seed into her insides and filling her ass up. He pulled out halfway through, stroking the length of his cock and getting four or five shots onto her big ass and the small of her back while he watched her back door gape at the sudden exit.

Becca moaned into Alicia's pussy, and Alicia grabbed Becca's hair with both hands while her orgasm hit her, shoving her face in so that she could milk the pleasure out of her clit. She hunched over Becca, her eyes squeezed shut, her tits jiggling as she shook with wave after wave of her climax, and she kept whispering "Fuck, fuck, fuck..." all the while, until the very last waves of her orgasm had left her and she slumped back onto the bed.

All three of them were pretty much a mess and needed a little time to recover, but eventually their tired bodies were able to make it to the bathroom. Matt insisted that the two of them shower together while he watch, and he did enjoy the way they cleaned each other and found themselves kissing again, the hot water running over their bodies as they were pressed together. But they were fully spent, which was fair, and once they were clean, he grabbed them a couple of towels and hopped in for a quick shower himself. They told him that fair was fair and they watched him clean himself, giving appropriate oohs and ahhs as he handled the length of his soapy dick. Their energy returned with contented laughter as they got dressed.

"This was great," he told them before they left the room, a big smile on his face. "I mean, hooking up with you too was beyond insane, but I'm glad I was able to help you get reunited and all that. Make sure you exchange numbers this time. In fact, here's mine, just in case you ever want to do this again. He winked at them. It can be off the books if you want, just don't tell Marcy."

They agreed, and they all exchanged information in case the stars would align for another fateful night like this. It would be okay if it took some time, though, because they all needed to recover. Especially Becca, who had been worked over like an oil drilling site.

When all was said and done, they cleared out of the room and Matt went home, unable to wipe the grin off his face.

He didn't expect Marcy or Jessica from Lemon Tree to be able to help arrange another night like that anytime soon, but he was going to find himself pleasantly surprised before long when it would be in fact three women, and not two, who wanted to share a bed with Matt and his big package very soon.

## THE END (of Book 2)

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# Big Package Harem

Book 3

by Myra Dusk

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No matter how many nights passed, Matt still found it hard to get the thought of the women he'd been with out of his mind. Not just Becca and Alicia, although they had been the most recent, but Susie and Carla too. And who could blame him? All of them were gorgeous, and all of them had been part of the most unforgettable sex of his life. The real wonder was how he got to sleep at all, with those memories running behind his eyelids every time he closed them.

Even here, working a bartending shift at the Bedlam Lounge, he couldn't quite maintain his focus. He poured drinks, chatted with people, wiped down the bar, fitted new bottles, and still found himself drifting back to those nights. The music and the lights pulsed and throbbed around him, and the more he thought about Becca's gaping asshole or Carla and Susie eating each other's pussies, the more the same thing happened in his pants.

And considering what he was packing down there, an erection actually made the job of tending bar pretty difficult, not to mention awkward if he bumped his coworker the wrong way, which happened when you had people moving behind a bar. So he did his best to pull his mind away before any more blood could march down there.

His coworker, Claire, was working the other side of the bar, collecting hefty tips from people who liked her pretty face and petite, perky breasts. It was too loud to have much of a conversation, so the relationship between patron and bartender was especially reduced to physical attributes in this place. Not that Claire was complaining as she emptied out her tip glass over and over again.

Matt was doing okay on tips, but Claire still poked fun at him.

"Turn on the charm, Matthew," she said, a flash of a green wad in her hand.

"Can I borrow your tits?" Matt asked her, not for the first time. It always made Claire laugh, and it did again.

"Sorry," she said, giving her chest a little thrust outward. "I'm using them right now."

Matt snapped his fingers in mock frustration and shook his head. His tip glass was half-full, and that was better than half-empty. And he remembered Carla, straddling him, completely full of his cock and then his cum, and then all of a sudden something else was feeling half full.

He tapped Claire on the shoulder. "Be right back, two seconds."

She waved him off to his alleged bathroom break. Matt dipped out from behind the bar, not fighting the horniness any further. It just had to be taken care of, like a mechanical problem. He got into the bathroom, where the noise of the nightclub wasn't so loud, but plenty loud enough to cover any sounds that he might make. The bathroom was empty, so he slipped into a stall and acted quickly. He was mostly hard, and he couldn't believe how horny he was. He pulled out his huge dick and got to work, leaning with one hand pressed against the back wall, his eyes half-closed as images of the women he had been with danced behind them and his ears stayed alert for anyone coming in. His breath tightened in his chest and throat as he came, no more than a minute later, and he bit his lip to keep himself quiet, pumping at the length of his cock with his cum splashing into the toilet. His aim was pretty good, but there was only so much you could do while you were in the middle of cumming. Thankfully, he'd had the foresight to put the seat up, so he quickly wiped up the spots where he had splattered, dropped the seat back down, and gave his hands a good wash before heading back out to the bar.

Did he feel great about it? No, but it had to be done. Besides, not 300 feet away, he fucked people in the back rooms for money, so whatever. He got back to work with a sense of relief and a thank-you to Claire for covering for him.

Finishing out his shift, which ended pretty soon at ten PM, he considered the idea of approaching Marcy for another hook up. It had been a little while, and obviously he couldn't get the thought off his mind, but also he knew Marcy and Jessica were aware of his intentions, and they stood to gain a little money from arranging a meetup as well, so if anything was on the radar they would surely tell him. There was no reason to be annoying about it. If it was this bad in his head, maybe he just needed to go out and get laid the old-fashioned way.

He toyed with the idea while he mixed together a gin and soda with fresh lime, his practiced hands moving quickly. Sure, he could hook up, especially in a place like this, but would it satisfy him?

That led to a little bit more of a daunting thought. It had been weeks since the threesome with Becca and Alicia, and it was still on his mind. Enough to send him running to go jerk off in the bathroom while he was on the clock. Was he addicted to that kind of sex now? He couldn't imagine

having to fight with that urge every single time he was working, let alone in his daily life as well.

He considered the idea, then gave a little shake of his head as he handed the drink over in exchange for the bills from the customer, some guy who might as well not have had a face for all the attention that Matt paid to him. He dumped the bills in the till and figured the idea of addiction didn't sit quite accurately with him. He was just a guy in his mid-20s who was really fucking horny, certainly not an uncommon state of being among people like him, and that fire was healthily fueled by the lexicon of gorgeous women he had filed away in his head. He had discovered a newfound joy and pleasure in sex that had almost become stale through his secret job. He wasn't addicted, but he definitely wanted it.

"I'll give it one more week," he muttered to himself, too quietly for anyone else to hear. "Maybe two, if I can stand it. Then I'll see if Marcy or Jessica have anything for me."

Ten o'clock came, and he said a quick goodbye to Claire, casting a habitual glance around for Marcy and hating himself for it, but his boss was nowhere to be found. Probably somewhere else on the floor. He punched out and headed out to the lot, getting in his car and driving home.

He didn't have a shift at the Bedlam the next night, so he had made plans to go out to dinner with a few buddies. They liked this one sports bar where the food wasn't so great, but the beer was fine and the TVs were big, and there was a basketball game on, so it was a good time. He had a couple beers, but they had tapered off by the time they were wrapping up, and it was then that the text from Marcy came in.

*Are you able to come by the lounge for something real quick?*

He looked at the text while Steve and Eric argued about the outcome of a foul that had just happened in the game. Matt hadn't seen it, but he sided with Eric just to get Steve riled up, and he let them take over the conversation.

He texted back, *Can't cover a shift tonight*, which wasn't strictly true, but he didn't necessarily feel like it, so it was true enough. He put his phone back in his pocket and put his attention back to his friends, where the discussion about the foul hadn't quite ended, though the game was well past it on TV.

His phone buzzed in his pocket again. He pulled it out and saw from Marcy, *Don't need you for a shift, but there's just a thing I need you to sign*

*into the system for real quick. Two seconds. It's a punching glitch, just want to make sure your paycheck isn't delayed.*

Matt rolled his eyes, but he couldn't be too annoyed since she was just looking out for him. The bar they were at wasn't too far from the lounge, really, and he was out anyway, so he could make the trip.

*Okay, he responded, I can be there in probably a half hour, just out at dinner.*

Marcy replied back that that sounded good, and Matt put his phone away, watching the game with everybody else and making occasional comments on things that were bullshit and things that were impressive. Steve had hit some bet, a parlay on the outcome of this game and a few others, and his phone was passed around to show the winnings. There were jokes about him paying for everybody's dinner, to which he replied with a polite middle finger.

They split off once the check was paid (not by Steve), and Matt found himself in his car a little sooner than he had expected, so it was more like twenty minutes later when he pulled in and parked at the Bedlam Lounge. It was just before nine o'clock at night, but usually Marcy worked till midnight or later, so it wasn't unusual to be called in this late. He wondered if it was something he had done to mess up his time card, or if it was Marcy's mistake. She hadn't been specific, so he figured it was something she might have done. Not a big deal, and at least it could be resolved quickly. Two seconds, that was what she'd said.

Matt hopped out of the car and closed the door, walking toward the front door of the Bedlam Lounge at a good pace. Possible paycheck problems aside, he was in a good mood. Maybe it was that the dinner with his friends had been nice, or that he had hit a three-to-one bet on the game. Either way, he found himself moving a little bit to the music that sounded through the lounge's front door, his hips shifting as he grabbed the handle and pulled it open. The perfumed air of the Bedlam swept back at him as he entered, mostly covering the smells of alcohol and sweat. He let the door close behind him.

Ahead and immediately to the right was the bar that he usually worked, and beyond that stretched Bedlam's dance floor, with the colorful lights and music going at full energy, the five dancer's stages spread out behind that. But more importantly, standing there at the bar not too far in

front of him, was the woman he had come here to see, and also three women he absolutely had not expected to see.

Matt approached slowly, a little confused, and pretty sure this wasn't a coincidence since they were all staring at him. Marcy was closest to the bar, leaning against it with a little smile on her face as she met Matt's eyes, and to her right were Susie, Carla, and Becca.

Susie and Carla, of course, had been his first threesome experience, two women who had inadvertently set him on this distracting, but ultimately satisfying and lustful path. Carla was a beautiful Latina woman, with long, curly dark hair and gorgeous brown skin, and tonight she wore a pair of very flattering and revealing black shorts beneath her deep blue top that showed a sexy slice of her midriff. Her smile reached her dark eyes when those eyes met Matt's.

Susie was Carla's friend, who was petite, with pale red hair and a very faint spotting of freckles on her cheeks, and like a lot of petite girls, she had a surprisingly big pair of tits that pressed outward underneath the thin straps of her white top, her cleavage looking deep enough to reach both hands into. Around her hips curved a stylish pair of denim shorts, the fabric of which swooped suggestively around the roundness of her ass and between her legs.

And last, but not least, there was Becca, the woman he had most recently been intimate with. Extremely intimate with. She had been part of his second threesome experience, though her hookup Alicia wasn't here. Becca was a brunette, whose hair currently hung at around shoulder length, those some of it was tied up in back. She was thicker than the other two women, her simple black top showing her very tantalizing cleavage, with her wide hips below stretching at the waistband of her jeans. Matt couldn't see her nice, big ass, but he knew that it was there, and the set of her hips made that clear for anyone who wasn't familiar with it.

Matt was pretty familiar.

They were all looking at him, so clearly they had been waiting for him. He gave a little wave to the group of women, then immediately felt stupid. Shaking it off, he went up to them and said hello, then turned to Marcy and said in an urgent whisper, "What's going on? What did you do?"

"A hell of a favor is what I did," Marcy answered, not bothering to be quiet. "My girls Susie and Carla here had started asking me about getting

back together with you. I was going to approach you about it soon, and then the next day Becca was talking to me about something similar."

Becca was a new regular at the Bedlam Lounge, someone with whom Matt had been passing familiar before their threesome, and who Marcy recognized as well, so it wasn't crazy to think that Becca might go to her about this kind of thing.

Marcy continued, "And I was thinking, gee, all these moving parts, all these people, a proper arrangement sure is a pain in the ass. And I know all four of you and decided I would skip the headache of getting money involved in all of this."

Marcy's grin stretched into a bigger smile. "We have a vacancy tonight, and all three ladies were here, so you were the only missing ingredient. Would you care to escort our fine patrons into the back?"

Matt's mouth dropped open, and he made a conscious effort to close his jaw again. Susie, Carla, and Becca all nodded along with Marcy's story in the right parts, and now they looked at Matt eagerly. Matt, himself, in an almost Pavlovian response to being close to these women again, had arousal stirring pretty strongly in his pants.

"Are you serious?" was all he could manage to say.

"Serious," Marcy said.

"Sounds like a good deal, don't you think?" Becca asked him, tilting her head.

"Is he seriously thinking about it?" Susie inquired aloud, seemingly to her female friends, but purposely loud enough for Matt to hear. And he realized he really was being hesitant, but not out of any doubt; just because he had been caught off-guard. He was recovered enough now to understand that he needed to get his head on straight and say something real before the opportunity of a lifetime walked away in confusion.

Matt snapped into business mode, which truthfully was also horny mode. He looked away from the three women and to Marcy. "You've got a room for us back there?"

Marcy nodded, then she stepped forward and told him, "The Pretty Kitty Room is all yours."

Matt just barely held back a grimace, but it was mostly in jest. He would have sex with Susie, Carla, and Becca on a pile of garbage if that was what they wanted.

Matt gave Marcy a little nod, and said, "Thank you. Sincerely."

She gave him a wink and smacked him on the ribs. "Hurry up before I change my mind."

Matt grinned, and when he looked back to the three women, the grin broke into a great big smile. "Hands together, ladies," he said, reaching forward and taking Becca's hand as he spoke. "We don't want any of us getting lost in the crowd out there."

Becca squeezed Matt's hand, then grabbed Susie, who grabbed Carla, and together with Matt in the lead, they moved toward the back of the lounge. The dance floor of the club was pretty full, but they didn't bother to go around it, Matt pushing a path through for them. Behind him, the women laughed and danced a little bit to the steady, pulsing beat even as they walked, their arms twisting in each other's grasps.

Before long, he had taken them through the discreet door leading to the back rooms, giving a nod to the security guard who sat inside. The guard gave Matt a knowing nod in return, a half-smile on his face. The music faded to background noise, and they could hear their footsteps on the painted concrete. As nice and lavish as some of the rooms were, the hallway leading to them was pretty sparse.

"This way," Matt said, pulling on Becca's hand and leading them all around a corner.

"Ooh, new room?" Susie asked from the middle of the chain.

"Yeah," Matt said, trying hard to sound enthusiastic as he steered their line toward the Pretty Kitty Room. Rebecca saw where he was heading and let out a laugh. She remembered spotting this obnoxiously-pink door on the way to where she'd had her fling with Matt and Alicia.

"Yeah, laugh it up," Matt said, letting go of Becca's hand so that he could open the door. "Wait till you get inside."

Still, how much could you complain about a free room to fuck three women in?

Matt pushed the door open and lead the four of them inside. He moved over to the left, letting everyone in before closing the door, and giving the women a moment or two to get acclimated to the room. He couldn't stop his own eyes from traveling across it as well.

For starters, the room was pink. That meant literally everything was pink, from the walls to the carpet to the bedspread to the pillows. To the bathroom door and the tile within. To the ceiling and to the sex toys hidden neatly underneath the bed. Several of the pillows on the bed were fluffy,

with long pink fur. The art that hung behind the bed took up most of the back wall: A tapestry of fluffy white cats spread around an ornate living room, reclining in various positions of leisure. Some wore silk scarves or fancy little hats on their heads. The artwork in this room was larger than the pieces on the back walls in the other rooms, almost twice as big and extending well beyond the edges of the bed. It was to this piece of art that all of their eyes inevitably went.

"Wow." Carla was the first one to say it, staring at a painted cat that laid on a tiny painted chaise lounge. "I'm starting to understand why they gave us this room for free."

That brought a laugh from everyone, and Matt said, "Some people actually ask for this room, if you can believe it."

Susie giggled. "All right, that's enough attention paid to the room. How about us?"

"Good point," Matt said. He turned away from the garishness of the Pretty Kitty Room and stood in front of the three women, facing them.

"Gonna be honest," he said, rubbing his hands together. "I have some experience with threesomes, but a foursome is a whole new thing."

"That's okay," Becca said, casting a glance over to her two friends before taking a step forward. "I know that you were caught by surprise with this, so how about we take the lead this time?"

Without waiting for an answer, Becca stepped forward again and pressed herself against Matt, finding his mouth with hers. Her kiss was insistent, strong, and immediate, her lips parting and her tongue finding its way into his mouth.

Matt let his brain turn off as he kissed her back, very much noticing her strong thigh pressing into his crotch and rubbing against his hardening dick. He kissed her back hard, pushing his tongue into her while pushing his dick back into her as well. She gave a little sound of approval as she pressed back against him, the two of them grinding together.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Carla pull Susie into a similar embrace, kissing her friend passionately. Susie closed her eyes and ran her hands up Carla's back, burying her fingers in her luscious dark hair. The two women got as close as they could, breasts squishing together through their clothes.

Unconsciously and naturally, the two pairs made their way over toward the bed, losing clothes as they did so. Susie leapt on the opportunity

to get Carla undressed, pulling her top off just a few seconds after they started kissing and making sure that the bra popped off with it, and Carla did the same to her. Dark breasts and creamy white breasts pressed together in delightful pleasure.

Matt took that as a cue to get Becca's shirt off, pulling up her black top and revealing a thin gray bra underneath, looking like it could barely hold the weight of her huge tits. He undid the front clasp and her breasts burst out into his hands, and he hefted them upward, enjoying their weight while the hard nipples poked between his fingers.

Shirts, bras, pants, underwear, and socks and shoes hit the floor until there were four very naked people in the huge pink bed of the pretty kitty room. With all of them lying on the bed, kissing each other and fencing tongues, hands started to wander. Susie and Carla were grabbing each other's breasts, really fondling and going at it, their sounds of passion slipping out between their kisses. Susie rolled Carla's nipples between her fingers and made her Latina friend shiver. Carla reached down and behind Susie while they clutched each other, lying on their sides on the bed, grabbing her ass with one hand and squeezing it, pulling at the white flesh with her dark fingers and exposing the pink rosebud of Susie's asshole and the already-glistening slit of her pussy, just a little bit.

Becca grabbed Matt's cock and wedged it up between the two of them, his impressive length reaching up to the bottom of her large tits where they hung, and she wrapped her arms around him and pulled herself as close to him as she could, working his dick in between the two of them. He was fully hard now, his stiffness grinding up against Becca's naked stomach.

While Carla, in her eagerness, was already using her fingertips to tease Susie's asshole and pussy from behind, Becca broke off her kiss with Matt and slid herself lower on the bed, lower and lower until her feet were hanging off the edge and she was able to grab his length in her hand and bring it to her mouth. Becca's hot, wet lips engulfed the head of his cock, and he put a hand on her shoulder, closing her eyes as she sucked on the swollen head of his dick.

Becca was hungry for it. She immediately took more inches of his dick into her mouth, and he squeezed her shoulder as she swallowed it, feeling the head of his dick nudge against the back of her throat. She pushed her mouth farther on it, deep throating him, the muscles of her throat

squeezing and squeezing, forcing a choked noise out of Matt's throat while she sucked him.

Her back pressed against Carla while she blew Matt, and when Carla felt her, she reached a hand over to caress Becca, fondling the side of her breast and hungrily squeezing the hefty DD-cup while Becca moaned approvingly around Matt's shaft. Carla opened her legs slightly as she twisted to caress Becca, and Susie was quick to slip her hand between Carla's thighs and rub at her wet pussy.

Becca sucked on Matt for another minute or so, taking eight inches of his hard thirteen down into her throat over and over, before the other women wanted a turn.

"I want to suck on him, too," Carla said, though her first words were sloppy as she pulled her mouth off of Susie's. She rolled over, pressing her tits against Becca's back, and Becca gradually pulled back to let Matt's cock fall out of her mouth, a string of spit snapping up at her as it did.

"All yours," she said, sliding further down until she could slip off the edge of the bed and stand up. Carla took her place, her tits up against Matt's chest for a moment, hard nipples poking at him. He moved up this time as much as he could, pushing a couple of the pink, fluffy pillows off of the bed and onto the floor. Carla moved down a little bit and then she got to work. She took Matt's dick in her mouth with as much gusto as a Becca had, immediately bringing it to the back of her throat. Matt reached his right hand down to cup and squeeze her breast, and Susie moved herself up on the bed so that her ass and pussy were right in his face as she lay down sideways across the top of the bed.

"Eat me," she said, and Matt dug in, pressing his nose into her tight pink asshole while his tongue found the flavorful lips of her pussy and licked, pressing inward. She pushed back against him, squealing, making his tongue penetrate her. Carla took his cock into her mouth almost as deep as Becca had, bobbing back-and-forth on it, her curly hair brushing against his shaft as she pulled back.

Becca got back up on the bed behind Matt, and at first he felt her hands on his ass cheeks, and then suddenly a wet, probing tongue, as her hands pulled his cheeks apart and she started to lick his asshole. He groaned in ecstasy, lifting his leg a little so that she could lick him harder, his cock throbbing in Carla's mouth. Becca rubbed on his balls while she ate his ass.

Eventually, with Becca still rimming him, Susie told Carla that it was her turn now, and the redhead rotated on the bed so that she and Matt were in a sideways 69, her pussy smearing wetness all over his face, and Carla popped his dick out of her mouth and gave it to Susie, who swallowed it right away. Now a third mouth worked on his dick while Becca's tongue licked up and down his tender asshole.

Matt slurped up Susie's pussy and slid his tongue up her hot tunnel and she took his cock in her mouth until tears squeezed out of her eyes. Becca left his ass and came up along the top side of the bed, above his head, and grabbed Susie's ass with both hands, pushing her away from his face but keeping her on his cock. As she moved her, Becca slid into take her place, and Matt moved backward on the bed to give them more room. He could just barely see Becca getting her face between Susie's legs and picking up where he had left off, eating her pussy like she was starving. Then Becca's own cunt blocked his view and he latched his mouth onto it, sucking on her clit. He ate Becca's pussy, while Becca ate Susie, and Susie took his girth into her throat. Matt listened to the wet sounds of passion around him, tasting Becca's juices. He knew that she loved her ass played with, so he went up to her tight hole, running his tongue around her rear entrance. She put one hand on her ass cheek and pulled it open, inviting him to slide his tongue inside her asshole, and he did.

Then Carla was doing the same thing Becca had, taking Becca's ample ass in her hands and pushing her forward on the bed so that Matt's tongue came out of Becca's back door with a wet slurp, and then Carla put her own ass in front of Matt's face and all four of them were going down on each other in a spread out shape that took up most of the bed, with Susie throating Matt's cock and everyone else eating pussy. Matt grabbed Carla's ass with both hands, kneading and massaging her cheeks while he ate her pussy and licked her ass out as well. Carla was eagerly eating Becca's asshole, sliding her tongue into the wet entrance where Matt's tongue had been seconds before.

Their strange circle of blowjobs and pussy/eating pushed each of them close to the edge, Susie being very vocal around Matt's cock as Becca ate her pussy expertly, playing with her clit with a couple of fingers while sliding her long tongue as deep into her as she could reach, and the thumb of her other hand rubbed at Susie's back door, pleasuring her from both directions.

It was Matt who eventually broke the cycle, though he could've happily stayed in this arrangement for probably the rest of his life until he died of natural causes, or whatever was natural if you were surviving on a diet of only pussy and ass. He pulled his face, wet and practically dripping, out from between Carla's legs and said, "I need to fuck one of you. Right now."

Carla, pulling her own face out from between Becca's legs, slapped Becca on her heavy ass and grinned. "Make it Susie," she said, watching her redhead friend, who still had Matt's cock deep inside of her mouth. "I want to see you stretch her tight pussy open."

Matt wasn't sure if Susie had heard Carla, because she didn't stop what she was doing, continually taking his cock in. But the need to fuck her was desperate, so Matt pulled back until his cock came out of her mouth, leaving her lips shiny with spit, and said to Susie, "I need to fuck you."

Carla acted before Susie could. Becca had rolled to the side already to accommodate the movement, dropping off the bed with her knees on the carpet and her elbows on the covers, and Carla pulled Susie away from Matt's crotch and got her twisted around as Matt stood up, so that Susie was now lying on the bed with her head up near the remaining fluffy pillows. Carla patted the bed between Susie's legs and said, "Come on," looking Matt in the eyes.

Matt's cock throbbed, cold in the open air with the wetness of all three of their mouths still on it. He got up between Susie's legs, and she spread them wide to let him in. He started to get his cock into position, but then he felt a hand on it from behind. Carla had reached between his legs from the back to grab his shaft and help guide him in. She gave it a few pumps for good measure, squeezing against his firmness, then looked between his legs to get a view of Susie's pussy to help her aim. She pushed forward, rubbing his swollen cockhead against Susie's wet lips, making her redhead friend wiggle in place to line up his cock with her hole.

Matt felt the wonderful, telltale sensation of hitting the mark, and he sunk his hips down, sliding his cock into Susie with Carla's help. He closed his eyes at the pleasure of her hot, tight cunt taking him in, going in slowly—as he was used to doing, thanks to the size of his dick. Carla let him go once he was several inches in, though she still stayed kneeling behind him, glee in her eyes as she watched her friend's hole get stretched open. Beneath Matt, getting speared on his rod, Susie clutched at his shoulders with her

hands, but kept her legs spread wide, wanting more of him in her. Becca was right beside Carla, getting a good view of the whole thing for herself, too.

Once Susie was used to his cock, Matt started to fuck her, his own need driving his shaft into her pussy over and over again. She felt fucking incredible, and she was writhing against him, even though he knew his cock was filling her to the very brim. Her breasts bounced on her chest.

Satisfied with what she had seen, Carla came around to the top of the bed, walking over Susie's head and carefully stepping around her red hair where it was splayed out on the pillows. Susie's eyes were closed as Matt fucked her, and when she opened them, she saw Carla's pussy settling down on her face. She let out a muffled cry as Carla sat down on her, straddling Susie on her knees and forcing her to eat her pussy while Matt railed her. Of course, Susie was happy to, driving her tongue up Carla's cunt. Carla faced away from her, leaning forward so that there was still room for Matt on top of Susie, and he got a full view of Susie's tongue wiggling into Carla. Sliding in and out of Susie, he felt like he might cum sooner rather than later, and when Becca put her face in his ass again and started rimming him, he knew that he was going to.

With his cock buried in Susie's pussy, Becca's tongue up his ass, and Carla's cheeks grinding on top of Susie's face just below his eyes, Matt's orgasm hit him with the strength and suddenness of an unseen semi truck. His breath hitched, and he hissed as he put his cock as deep into Susie as it could fit, cumming before he could even think about giving a warning out loud. Becca eagerly lapped at his asshole as he dumped his load into Susie, digging into him and making his orgasm stronger. Matt shot enough cum into the redhead for it to spill out of her cunt, coating his shaft and letting out all of his pent-up desires. Susie bucked against him, feeling his cock throb in her and fucking herself even harder into him as his thrusts became irregular and shallow.

"Fuck," Matt panted, slowly sliding his still-very-hard cock out of Susie once his orgasm had subsided. "I didn't expect to cum that fast, but..."

He reached down with one hand and grabbed hold of his dick, squeezing it and getting a sense of what his body still had in store. He knew both in his brain and in his dick that he wasn't done yet, and one orgasm

wasn't going to be enough to drain him in the midst of three gorgeous women.

"Don't think that I'm done," he said, letting go of his cock so that it smacked into the top of Susie's mound with a slap. "I've got more in me."

Carla, who had been riding Susie's face the whole time, pulled herself up off her friend and looked back at Matt. "Good," she said, wiggling her ass and moving backward a little bit. "Because I need you now. Right here, fuck me right on top of Susie's face." Carla wiggled her ass again, sticking it out and spreading her legs wide around Susie's head to show off her pussy, wet and begging to get fucked.

Matt was ready for her cunt right away, and Becca pulled herself away from his ass as he moved forward to meet Carla's hips. Becca climbed up on the bed as Matt lined himself up with Carla's hole, putting her face between Susie's legs and starting to eat her pussy while licking up all of Matt's cum that was leaking out of it. Susie squealed in delight as Becca clamped down on her clit and sucked on it like a pro, her eyes staring straight up to watch Carla get fucked.

Matt slid inside of Carla slowly, his dick still sensitive, almost too sensitive as he stretched open her pussy. He hissed, but it wasn't enough to stop him, and he grabbed onto her hips with both hands, squeezing her and pushing in further. Below him, Susie watched from just a couple inches away, seeing her friend's hole gets stretched out and her engorged clit get pushed out right toward her face. But she held off on giving it a lick, at least for a little while. She didn't want to distract Carla from the sensation of Matt's huge cock filling her up.

Partly it was that, and partly it was that she was focusing on what a good job Becca was doing eating her pussy. Becca had a lot of experience with cunnilingus, and now that she had cleaned up all of the cum making a mess between Susie's legs, she was focusing just on pleasuring the woman, and doing it very well. She had been simply laying between her legs, her head in Susie's lap, but now Becca swung around so that she was eating Susie's pussy from the top, with her knees up near Susie's head, but off to the side since Matt was busy fucking Carla right on top of her. It was an awkward arrangement, but the bed was large enough to fit them all like this.

Becca told Susie to play with her ass, and Susie happily obliged, still watching Matt fuck Carla above her, but reaching her fingers up to find Becca's asshole and play with it. She slid one finger in, Becca moaning to

encourage her as she ate Susie's pussy, and apparently at some point Becca had retrieved a bottle of lube from under the bed where the sexual accoutrements were kept. While eating Susie, she reached back to drench her asshole and Susie's hand in lube, then lifted up her head only briefly to tell Susie, "Play harder."

Susie smiled as she felt her slick hand, rubbing the fingers together, then brought it back up to Becca's back door as Becca latched onto her clit once more and started to suck hard, making Susie involuntarily buck her hips.

Right above Susie's face, Matt found himself with a lot more staying power since he had just cum a few minutes ago, and he was mercilessly fucking Carla, with the Latina woman being the noisiest of them all as she got nailed. His huge cock plunged in and out of her pussy, making wet noises of sex as he rammed into her. Susie felt that it was time to help Carla cum now, and she lifted her head just enough to reach her friend's clitoris, circling her tongue around it and making Carla scream. She flicked it with her tongue, then put her lips around it and started to suck so that her friend would reach her climax with Matt's cock destroying her.

Once she had Carla's clit in her lips, though, it was much easier to pleasure her while she got back to following Becca's instructions. She brought her lubed fingers to Becca's asshole and quickly slid two inside, the entry easy and very satisfying. Becca shook her ass, forcing Susie's fingers in deeper. Susie fucked her with two fingers for a little while, but it became clear that wasn't enough for Becca, as Becca humped her wide hips back at Susie, wanting more inside of her. Susie obliged, adding a third finger, stretching Becca's asshole wide.

Becca munched on her pussy while Susie fingered her ass, the brunette fucking herself on the intrusion of Susie's fingers. She pushed back harder and harder, and Susie was quick to pick up the message: More. Susie got a fourth finger in, cramming her pinky in alongside the others, and it was only natural that her thumb wedged its way in as well, and Becca cried out, "Yes!" in the middle of eating her pussy, shoving herself back even harder.

Susie's entire fist started to slip into the ring of Becca's asshole, and it was the sensation of her hole clamping down on Susie's fingers that helped to push Susie over the edge, the first of the women to cum. She pulled off of Carla's clit as her hips bucked into Becca's expert mouth, still

shoving her lubed hand up into Becca's ass until her hole swallowed the last of Susie's knuckles and her fist was all the way inside of her. Susie made tiny, yet powerful noises as she clamped her mouth shut against her orgasm, Becca still working on her, and her hands were pretty much tied up so that all she could do was allow herself to be pleased. One hand, for sure, was firmly stuck up Becca's ass. Becca did her part though, making sure Susie's ride was long and intense, only pulling herself off of the redhead's sensitive clitoris once the stimulation was too much and Susie had to close her legs.

Credit to Susie, even on the tail end of a body-wrecking orgasm, she immediately got back to work both on Carla and Becca, sucking on the Latina's clit while Matt's shaft rubbed her chin, and getting in Becca's ass all the way up to the wrist, making the brunette collapse her front half onto the bed over Susie's legs with her ass up in the air.

It was actually Becca who went over the hill next. The woman loved anal so much that she was able to cum with having Susie's fist in her ass and nothing but warm air on her pussy. Susie fist-fucked her, pushing her whole hand backward and forward a few inches at a time in Becca's rear, dissolving any encouragement Becca could give her into unintelligible grunts and moans of pleasure and slowly rising breath. When Becca came, half of Susie's forearm was up her butt, and she gushed onto the bed, a powerful squirting orgasm that looked like it shook the very soul out of her body and seemed to last well over a minute, with Susie's fist popping out of her ass at the end and Becca collapsing onto the bed, her big butt cheeks bouncing.

Carla, stretched to her limit not unlike Becca, found her orgasm clawing its way up from Matt's cock, and she curled her hands over the top of the headboard, digging her fingernails into the wood and screaming into the kitty painting in ecstasy. Susie worked her clit, and her hot tunnel worked Matt's cock, pulsing and pulling and yanking on him while her orgasm took over her senses. Matt felt his second load stir, then rise and leap fourth into the powerful stimulation of Carla's cunt. He bent over her, wrapping his arms around her and clutching at her ribs and her breasts as he emptied whatever was left inside of him into her, even his secondary load so large that there wasn't room for it inside of her along with his cock, so it pushed out and dripped down onto Susie, coating her neck and chin in cum and pussy juice.

Every single one of them was as spent as a 50-year-old dollar bill. The parts of them that were tense went limp; the parts of them held up by vigor and lust alone gave way. They managed to get their mess of limbs untangled enough so that they could lie down on the bed all together, sides touching, arms flopped, legs bent in such a way that was relaxing. Their energy gone, the remainder of their time in the free room was spent in various states of sleep even as the remnants of their passion evaporated on and around them.

When they did stir and wake from their recovery nap, showers followed, every single one of them very in need of a cleanup. Plus, the hot water felt heavenly. The shower wasn't really designed with four people in mind, but that didn't stop them, as Matt, Becca, Carla, and Susie crowded in and helped each other get clean. There was plenty of touching, of course, but each of them knew the others had hit their limit for tonight.

The back rooms weren't meant for overnight trysts, so they got cleaned up and cleared out, each of the women giving Matt a flirty little kiss before departing.

Marcy met Matt at the front bar, smiling at the semi-dazed look on his face. It was a little past one in the morning.

"I won't ask how it was," Marcy said to him with a laugh. "Doesn't look like I need to."

"Uh, yeah," Matt responded, still obviously drained, which for some reason was very entertaining to Marcy.

"Well, go home and get some rest, because you're gonna need it," she told him.

Matt blinked. "Why do you say that?"

Marcy rolled her eyes playfully. "You think my friends are the only ones who talk to me about the back room business? It's part of my job, you know. Procuring clients? And it seems the recent stir in threesome activity has pulled more interested parties out of the woodwork."

A smile began to stretch across Matt's face. "Oh, really?"

"Yep," Marcy said, "and I put you at the top of the books for that action. So I hope you still have something left after tonight."

"I do," he said. "Maybe not for a couple days. But...I do."

"Good." Marcy leaned against the bar. "I told them not to expect any more free rooms, but if there ever is a lull and I'm concerned about you losing your form, maybe I'll see what I can do."

Matt laughed. "I'll try to stay in shape."

The night was over, and his dinner at the sports bar with his buddies seemed like it had happened two weeks ago, and not this very night. There might come a time when being in bed with a couple of women would become passé to him, but if that ever happened, it wouldn't be until much, much longer in the future.

In the meantime, he'd be sure to keep his form.

THE END

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## [Myra Dusk's Amazon Catalog](#)

[A look at another harem tale from Myra Dusk, the Harem Boutique series, Book 1...](#)

"Everything alright?" he asked her.

"Yeah! Sorry, it's just, something came up and I need to cut this short. I'm so sorry." She grabbed his hand, looking into his eyes. "Really. But listen, I mean, since we hardly ate lunch..."

At those words, her fingers stroked the palm of his hand.

"I'm thinking dinner, and to make up for leaving, I'll pick you up. Just text me your address when you get a chance later on, okay?"

"I have a feeling you wouldn't take no for an answer. Not that I would say no. So, yes."

"You're right about that," Julie said. She leaned forward and gave him a kiss, and for someone who was in a hurry, it lasted a while. Jared pressed against her, feeling her breasts up against his chest, warm and yielding and lovely.

"See you tonight," he said when it was over, hard again already, and he watched her walk off, heading toward wherever she had parked her car.

If this was a dream, he hoped he'd stay asleep for a lot longer.

Jared went back to the shop and finished out the day, and then got home to figure out what exactly he wanted to wear for this dinner. He did text Julie his address, but he didn't want to ask her where they were going or how he should dress—it seemed like she was in a much more spontaneous type of place, and the last thing he wanted to do was take her in a different direction. The direction she had been going suited him just fine.

Jared had still expected some kind of ‘On my way’ or ‘See you soon’ kind of text message, so when his doorbell rang and he didn’t even have pants on, he panicked just a little.

“Just a second!” he called out, not sure if his voice reached the door. He just grabbed the nearest pair of jeans and pulled them on, slipping a belt through the loops and trying not to look like he had run to the door once he pulled it open.

“Sorry, I—” Jared stopped. He blinked. It wasn’t Julie—it was Julie and Anna both.

“Oh. Hi, Anna. Julie. Um...” Jared wasn’t sure what to say. But he noticed that Anna wore the pendant, as she had the day before—though she was wearing a different outfit, something decidedly...skimpy, with shorts that were far too short for the weather, and a shirt that looked more like a nightie than anything else.

Julie had the scarf from the shop clutched in her hand, and both of the women looked at Jared with gazes that could not be described as anything else but hungry.

“I didn’t expect you both,” he said, stating the obvious as he looked at the two of them. Julie’s outfit wasn’t all that different from her friend Anna’s—tight booty shorts that ended just an inch below the gap in her thighs, and a shirt that was sheer enough to see the lacy bra beneath.

“I want—”

“I need—”

Both of them talked at once, looked at each other, then looked back at Jared. He noticed both of their hands gripping the things they had bought from him tightly, and thinking back on it, he realized they had always paid special attention to those items, with their hands constantly on them, making sure they were always touching them.

“Oh, the hell with it,” Julie said, and she stepped forward into Jared’s apartment and she put her lips on his, kissing him hungrily while reaching around behind him and squeezing the cheeks of his ass through his jeans.

Jared made a grunt of surprise, eyes wide as he looked at Anna, who was watching the two of them impatiently. Julie’s tongue pushed into his mouth and he accepted it for a moment before she pulled back, breathing heavily. Her long auburn hair had fallen into her face, and she moved it out of the way, where it draped across her creamy shoulders where the narrow straps of her sheer top swooped over.

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