



The
COMPANY
Harem

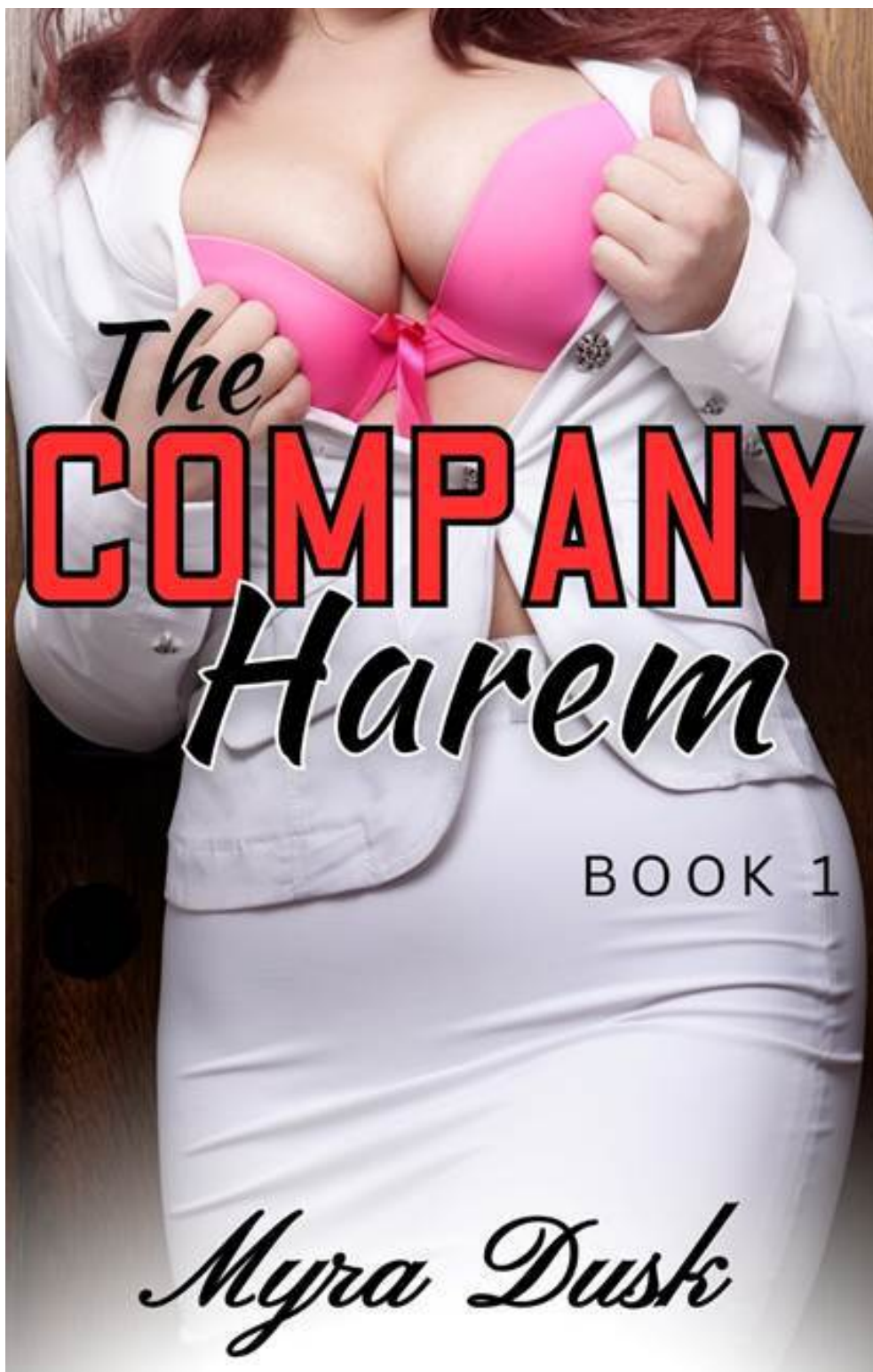
BUNDLE

Myra Dusk

The Company Harem Bundle

Table of Contents

1. [The Company Harem: Book 1](#)
2. [The Company Harem: Book 2](#)
3. [The Company Harem: Book 3](#)



The
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BOOK 1

Myra Dusk

The Company 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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The Lancer corporation was a big fish that made surprisingly few news headlines. They weren't publicly traded, so they didn't have shareholders to answer to, nor did they end up on the stock websites or the investing shows. That helped them to stay under the radar, despite their over \$1 billion market reach in commercial real estate. Their executives kept things rather private, and it was clearly working on the business side of things, so there wasn't much push to change how things were done.

All of that was well above Chris's pay grade. He just wanted to move up the corporate ladder.

He wasn't trying to do that tonight, though. Tonight was pretty much the opposite. Tonight was going out with the guys from the office, having some drinks and blowing off steam.

Chris was sitting at a table at Moony's, a small brewery and restaurant that wasn't too far from the office in the city. The place was loud and raucous, bustling in the peak of dinner hours on a Friday night. Perhaps as a result of the surrounding noise hiding their conversation, the guys from Lancer weren't worried about people overhearing risky parts of their conversation.

Chris was at the table with four other guys from Lancer, two of whom had higher titles than him, but he had known before they got promoted to their management roles in the logistics department. As happy hour gatherings with people from work tended to be, most talk was about work, with people mostly loosening up and branching out in conversation after a drink or two but then a couple drinks later, the conversation would come back to work.

"Well, why do you think I've been in this department for so long?" One of the guys, Michael, was saying, his hand holding onto the half-empty pint glass he was working down. "I don't just want to go and supervise on one of the warehouse floors or over in accounting or something. I'm holding out for a promotion that will put me where things are moving."

Michael was just an associate like Chris, and he talked a lot about being where things were moving, or shaking, or happening, though when he was pressed on it, Michael couldn't explain exactly what he meant. He just thought it was obvious in his wording, and waved away most questions about his goals.

"Sounds to me like you want to be a fitness instructor," Terry chimed in, one of the two managers sitting at the table, though neither of

the two managers worked directly with any of the other men. Terry was a middle-aged black man whose eyes got a much younger sparkle in them when he prodded little jokes at Michael.

Michael had to laugh at that, his beer sloshing around in his glass. "Listen, I wouldn't mind being the personal trainer for Annie or Kayla," he said to the table with a lascivious wink. "Not that they need much training. But you know, I just like to tell them to jump here or lift this and then I get to sit back and watch."

The table laughed, the sound lost quickly in the noise of the restaurant. The yellow-orange lights hanging from the high ceiling shone down, making glasses shine and plates glisten with what was left on them from the remnants of dinner.

"Yeah, I'd like to see that." This was Ron, the other manager who was also in logistics. "Either one of them could crush your head between her thighs like a cantaloupe, Mike. Especially Kayla."

"She's fine as hell, though," Terry said, giving a low whistle. He looked over at Chris, his eyes sparkling. "I seen you looking at her during that all-hands meeting, Chris. Don't act like you weren't."

Chris shrugged, a little smile on his face. "What, I'm supposed to be embarrassed? She's fucking hot."

The truth of those words rolled around the table. Kayla was a black woman, with long hair that was usually curly unless she took the time to straighten it, which was a gorgeous look, but Chris liked it either way. Not that it mattered, because Kayla had shown nothing resembling romantic interest in Chris. She was a busty woman who wore her power suits well, but nothing could stop her ass from filling out her pants the way that it did. She knew how the men looked at her, and she took it in stride and used it to her advantage when she could. To get her asks prioritized, and all.

"That's for sure," Aaron, the last man at the table said. "But if one of them had to kill me with her thighs, I think I'd choose Annie." He barked out a laugh.

"Yeah, they're both hot," Chris said, after taking a long drink from his almost empty glass of beer. "But I'm trying to move up. Aaron, I know you are, and Michael, you're gonna land that fitness instructor job eventually."

Michael shook his head, grinning.

"Somehow I don't think complementing them on their asses is going to get it done," Chris said. He looked over at Michael. "When's the last time you got on a project with Annie? I feel like I haven't seen you on any requisitions. Annie and Kayla are both sales managers, and I figure the best way to get on their good side is to actually do good work and get them to notice you. Instead of just you noticing them."

Michael shrugged. "Maybe I've been focusing on the rec league basketball team a little more than I should. At least it keeps me...fit."

"There's other sales managers who can get you some good experience besides just Annie and Kayla," Ron said.

"Yeah," Aaron agreed, "but Annie and Makayla both work on our floor. And I'd rather sit in a meeting with either of them than with fucking Robert and have to hear him talk about fishing."

"I like fishing," Terry said.

"And I wouldn't want to listen to you talk about it, either." Aaron tipped his glass towards Terry, then took a drink.

The drinks were drained and more were ordered. The dinner rush died down some around them, but they were all still at the table, and the restaurant was still pretty loud. So Terry didn't seem self-conscious at all when he spoke next, the beers helping him along.

"We've established that your managers both like good workers," Terry said, looking around the table. "So yeah, you can bust your ass and see what happens. But you know, they also like to fuck."

Chris lowered his glass from his mouth, stopping in mid-sip. "What's that supposed to mean?" He said it with a smile on his face, swaying a little bit in his chair, a very pleasant drunkenness hanging over him.

Terry shrugged and leaned back in his chair, throwing an elbow over the back of it and relaxing. "I mean, shit. Everybody has heard the thousands of stories of the boss fucking his secretary and giving her a raise or whatever. Do you think that kind of sexual privilege really only extends one way, especially with women like Annie and Kayla?"

"What, like they fucked their way to the top?" Michael inquired.

Terry looked over at Ron, rolling his eyes. Ron picked up where Terry left off.

"No," Ron said. "Not like that. Well, I mean, it's possible they did, but I really don't know. And I don't say this because of them or what they're

like, but because of how the Lancer corporation is. There's a surprising amount of closed-door stuff that goes on, but it really only benefits people, so the practices haven't changed."

"You're just confusing me more," Aaron said, looking down into his drink as though the answer were there.

Ron laughed at himself a little, perhaps realizing he was being obscure. "Sorry. Fine, I'll be more plain about it. I don't know whether Annie or Kayla fucked their way to the top. But what I am sure about is that the inverse is true. They love good and competent workers, yes, but now that they're in a position where they can enjoy a good lay and benefit someone's career from it, well...they do that."

The understanding dawned over Chris, Michael, and Aaron then, all of them with one hand on their drinks and realization on their faces.

"Wait," Chris said, shaking his head to clear his thoughts. "Ron, did you—?"

Ron raised a hand before Chris could finish the question, cutting him off. "No, I didn't. Not that that's a point of pride for me, or anything. Honestly, I wish that either of them had been above me so that I could climb their ladder, so to speak. I would have taken the opportunity. But it wasn't there for me."

"Let me jump in," Terry said, smiling. "I didn't either. But I also would have."

Michael blinked. "You don't think that's, I don't know, kind of wrong?"

Terry shrugged. "Like Ron said, there's a lot of closed-door stuff that happens at Lancer. Two consenting adults making good use of their bodies, I don't hate that. Lancer is a big corporation, but it could have been a lot bigger by now if it followed typical growth patterns of the industry. But the management is good and conservative, and people don't get jobs just for fucking. They have to be good at the work, too. If they're not, they're out of there. None of this 'rising to the level of your incompetence' bullshit."

"But neither of you did anything with Annie or Kayla," Aaron pointed out. "So you're just going on rumors."

"A lot can happen with a rumor," Chris muttered, picturing the office in his mind, and Kayla's nameplate beside her door.

"That's true," Ron agreed, though Chris wasn't sure whether Ron was agreeing with him or with Aaron. "But listen, I know you're all good at

what you do, so I'll let another rumor out there. There's an unwritten way that these things happen, or at least that's how it went sometimes in logistics. I imagine it's the same in most departments."

Though the three of them professed their skepticism, all of them leaned in unconsciously as Ron spoke.

"There's that shared mailbox right outside the corridor that leads to the bunch of managers offices," Ron said, and Chris knew what he was talking about. "If someone were hypothetically interested in pursuing a sort of... let's call it a 'sexual interview,' that person could put their business card in an empty manila file folder, stick it in the shared mailbox addressed to whichever manager they're pursuing, and see what comes of it."

Terry nodded, as though he knew this fact, or rumor, as well. "It's discreet enough. Plenty of files in the mailboxes, and the mail people don't go flipping through them. It's harmless, really. If nothing comes of it, then nothing comes of it."

"You're so full of shit!" Aaron burst into laughter, and Chris joined in after a second.

Ron chuckled, looking over at Terry. "Maybe I am, huh? Maybe I am."

Chris shook his head again, and he finished his drink, thinking, *How crazy would that be?*

Back at work the following Monday, Chris assumed he would have forgotten about their conversation from Friday night drinks, but he hadn't. He read through his emails, revisited client files for meetings he had throughout the week, and kept looking over at the mailbox up on the wall by the management office corridor, across the floor. A big metal thing with a lot of different slots for different departments, but even from here he could see where to place files meant for management.

He put off the thoughts and focused on work as he finished his coffee, but then closer to lunchtime he found the idea forcing its way into his mind again. He looked down at his hands and saw that he was holding one of his business cards, slowly flipping it between his fingers. He didn't remember grabbing it.

"Fuck it," he said quietly to himself, and he knew that he was going to do it even before he stood up. He had to drop some files into the mailbox anyway, and he tucked his business card into an empty file folder and brought it along with him.

Chris got to the mailbox and distributed his few mailings into the proper spaces, leaving him with just the plain file folder in his hand. He hesitated, then realized he would just look stupid if he was standing here for no reason, so he hastily shoved the folder into Kayla's mailbox, sliding it between a few other files so it wouldn't stand out. Then before he could change his mind, he went back to his desk.

Chris immediately felt dumb about the whole thing, like he had gotten played by Ron and Terry, that he almost stood back up and just went and snatched the folder. But he had gone to the mailbox when he did because he knew the mail would be picked up shortly, and when he looked over there, it was already being collected.

"Stupid, stupid," he said to himself, shaking his head. He slid his little box of business cards off to the side so that it wasn't in his vision, and he resolved to put the whole thing out of his mind. If Kayla was in on the joke, he would hear it from her, and then from Ron and Terry, and he would be made fun of and he would deserve it. He let out a long breath. That was all, no sense worrying about it.

Now that the act itself was done, it was far easier for Chris to forget about it, and he headed off to a lunchtime meeting with the leasing team from one of the properties he had on his accounts.

The rest of the work day passed, and by the next day, Chris really had forgotten about the whole thing as the work week came into full swing and his duties took over. So when, on Wednesday, he had a somewhat-unexpected appointment with Annie on his calendar, he didn't think much of it. Meetings came up all the time.

The meeting wasn't until a little later in the day, and he noticed it was in a conference room on the third floor where there weren't a lot of people working. Sometimes they would meet longer-term clients there, just because the floor was quieter and didn't have as much traffic. It could be that Annie wanted him to join in on a big account, which brightened his mood a little. The meeting invitation didn't have any notes, but that was pretty common with Annie or even with Kayla. They were straight and to the point when it came to meetings, so an agenda usually wasn't necessary.

The afternoon came, and when the meeting reminder popped up on his computer, Chris blinked in surprise, having already forgotten about it amid the busy day. He stood up from his desk, wondering what to bring, but there was no agenda, so he just brought a blank pad of paper with a pen and headed down to the third floor.

When he got to the conference room, the floor around him was almost entirely empty. Not unusual for the third floor, at least as far as he knew, so he didn't think much of it. The conference room door was closed, and he cracked it open and peeked his head in to make sure there wasn't a meeting in there that had run long. But he saw Annie sitting at one end of the table, and he voiced a quick, "Hey," before stepping into the room and closing the door behind him.

Once he got into the room, he realized that Kayla was sitting there as well. He hadn't been able to see her when he was just sticking his head in. The two women sat with one chair between them, Kayla to Annie's left. On the table between them was a plain file folder, and Chris's mouth suddenly went dry.

He didn't know what to say, but neither of them asked him to speak. Annie just invited him to sit down, not sounding unfriendly.

Chris took a seat and looked at the two of them. They were both gorgeous, as had been discussed at Moony's. Annie was a white woman, blonde, with long hair that had a little bit of curl, and of course Kayla was a beautiful black woman whose long, black hair was curly today as well. They both had pleasant expressions on their faces, nothing ominous, but

still Chris worried that he was about to be fired over this stupid joke that had been played on him. Annie had on a white blouse that seemed a little too low-cut for typical business operations, and Kayla's large breasts swelled out against her charcoal suit jacket and the dark top beneath.

"I just want to make sure," Kayla said. She put her slender fingers on the file folder and opened it, then slid it forward. The table wasn't that big, and Chris could clearly read his name on his business card, which sat alone inside. "You put this in my mailbox, right, Chris?"

"Yes," Chris said, feeling defeated. There wouldn't be much point in lying.

"Okay. Good. So someone brought you into the know." Kayla leaned back in her chair, looking over at Annie, then back to Chris. "I hope it doesn't bother you at all that Annie is here. We discussed this, and we both wanted to get involved."

"I didn't..." Chris trailed off, not sure what he intended to say. "I mean, probably you should both be here, I guess."

Annie smiled, showing white teeth. "I'm glad you feel that way. I know you've been working hard, and Kayla has seen the same. You're pretty cute, so I'm glad you wanted to move forward this way."

Chris's next words died in his throat. There was no way this was real. Because it sounded like Annie was saying that what Ron and Terry had told them the other night was exactly true. Chris took the compliment in stride, almost forgetting that it had been said. He was fit, with short brown hair and blue eyes, and he spent some time in the gym, but not as much as some other guys. He never would have thought that Annie or Kayla would look twice at him.

"I'm sure we all have things to do, so let's not dillydally." Kayla stood up, slipping her suit jacket off and revealing the toned, dark skin of her arms. "I know this is your first time in this kind of meeting, Chris, and I know you're looking at the supervisory role for eastern commercial. This isn't a guarantee for the job or anything, but it will help with our evaluation. And don't worry about the room. We have our privacy in here."

At that point, Annie stood up too, and she started to unbutton her blouse, revealing even more of her cleavage. Chris felt compelled to speak, just to put things in the air and get them straight in his head.

"So you two really want to just... have sex here, in the conference room?" Chris blinked, then adding on another fact that he had only just

grasped at this second. "Both of you, at the same time?"

Annie smiled again. "It's efficient, and it's fun for us. I assume it will be for you, too. That's why you put your card in, right?"

Chris couldn't possibly say that he hadn't really believed this whole concept was real. It would feel insulting, not to mention that since it was indeed very real, he was into it. His hardening cock in his pants made sure of that, as the two sexy managers began to reveal more and more of their skin. The last thing he wanted to do was fuck this up.

"Just making sure I'm on the same page as you and Kayla," Chris said, smiling now as his excitement grew. Promotion or no promotion, this was the kind of meeting he could get into.

"All right, then," Kayla said. "Now, since your card was put in my mailbox, I don't mind starting. She locked eyes with Chris. "I don't know how you usually fuck, Chris, but in this room we are going to do things by mine and Annie's rules."

She didn't ask him if that was okay or if he agreed, but he nodded, immediately captured by her strong voice.

Kayla didn't acknowledge his response. She just kept getting undressed, placing her clothes neatly over the back of her chair so as not to wrinkle them. First the suit jacket, then her shirt, both folded in half. Chris got a look at her simple black bra before it was quickly removed, her huge tits bouncing free and showing hard nipples, betraying her own excitement and arousal.

Annie wasn't slow to get naked either, following the same measured movements as Kayla and making sure her clothes didn't get too ruffled. When she was halfway done, though, she looked at Chris where he was sitting and told him, "Hurry up and get naked. We only have the room for half an hour."

He was a little self-conscious. Even in this context, it felt weird getting naked in the office, but he was encouraged along by the sight of Annie and Kayla standing naked before him, both with huge sets of tits, Kayla with big nipples and Annie with slightly smaller ones. Kayla's hips were wide, showing the curve of her big black ass behind her.

Before he could get too distracted by their looks, Chris quickly stripped his clothes off, doing a much less satisfactory job of keeping them neat as he slung them over his chair. Wrinkles were the least of his concerns.

"Up on the table," Kayla commanded him, pointing at the sleek, glossy wood surface. At some point, she had swept his simple file folder off the table and onto one of the chairs. Chris did as he was told, getting up onto the table, and lying down where she told him to lay, looking up at the white tiles of the drop ceiling, his already-hard dick pointing straight up.

Annie and Kayla gave a look at his long and thick member, almost looking hungry. "Impressive, Annie said, and Kayla added, "Excited and eager to get to work. That's a good sign."

Then she got up on the table herself and said, "I hope you're hungry, Chris." Kayla was very in-shape, but that didn't stop her big boobs from bouncing and her big ass from jiggling as she got up on the table and stood above him, giving him a view he never thought he would see in his life.

Then she knelt down on the table and settled her crotch right over his face.

Chris knew what to do, inhaling her aroused musk and immediately licking at her folds, tasting her wetness as she cooed in appreciation.

"It's good that you can take orders," she said, grinding back-and-forth on his face, making his cock wiggle in the air with the motion. She was facing forward on him, her big ass right above his face as she rode him, so he reached up with both hands and grabbed it, squeezing the flesh and loving how it felt.

"Oh! He's good, Annie," Kayla said, shivering as Chris's tongue slipped up her wet tunnel. "Certainly a skilled tongue is worth taking into consideration."

"We'll see how he holds up," Annie said teasingly, and she came up onto the table as well, crawling up between Chris's legs and forcing them open with her hands. Annie got good and close to his cock, but didn't touch it. Instead, she laid both her hands flat on the cold surface of the table, letting her palms and fingers get chilled, and then she reached up with one icy hand and wrapped it around Chris's cock.

He jumped at the cold touch, saying something muffled beyond recognition into Kayla's crotch. Annie smiled while she played with his cock with cold hands, giving him a little strokes to bring him tiny amounts of pleasure, then getting her hands cold again and touching the most sensitive parts of his cock. She cupped his balls with one cold hand, watching his legs twitch as she played with him, knowing that it felt good and uncomfortable at the same time.

Kayla watched Annie tease him with approval. "Don't slow down, now," she called down to him, Chris still licking at her pussy and sucking at her clit between her legs. To help him along, she pushed down harder at his face, engulfing him in her pussy.

Annie squeezed his cock hard, pulling up on it to make a big bead of precum slide out of the tip. But she didn't give him more pleasure than that. As much as he might have been enjoying it, the women made it clear that they had specific plans to make sure they got the most out of this encounter first.

"Keep working on him, Annie," Kayla said, raising herself up off of his face just so that she could turn around. "I wanna see him really fight for air."

With her crotch off his face, Chris pulled in as much breath as he could, but Kayla was already straddling him, forward-facing now. She moved down his body, her knees on either side just above his hips, and her huge, dark skinned breasts were dangling above him, just inches away.

"Suck on my nipples, Chris." Kayla smiled. "Do a good job."

"Happy to," Chris said, and he was smiling himself as she lowered her big, hard nipples down to his face. He took one in his mouth, feeling the bumps on it with his tongue as Kayla threw her head back. The weight of her breast squished against his face, covering him, and he moaned. Annie squeezed at his cock, smacking it around now, making his hips jump at the pleasure and pain. She kept a cold hand caressing and teasing at his balls.

Kayla moved her other breast to Chris's face, forcing the nipple into his mouth for him to suck on. He pulled the hard nib between his lips, giving it a little nibble with his teeth. She pressed down on him, covering him with the weight of her tit and stopping him from breathing. She moved her breasts back and forth on him, knowing exactly what she was doing to allow him to breathe just enough, then force-feed him another nipple. She must have loved having her nipples worked, and Chris loved doing it, bringing his hands up to her boobs as well to squeeze at her supple flesh and feel it under his fingers.

Annie gave his cock one last good smack, and then she pulled herself away from his crotch, coming down off of the table and around to the other side where his head was near the edge.

"Mind if I help?" she asked Kayla, and Kayla leaned back a little to allow Annie to join her. Annie's big tits met the top of Chris's head, and the

two women pushed their huge racks together over his face, smothering him completely. Chris held his breath while reaching out with his lips and his tongue, finding nipples and sucking on them as he was told, never sure which one of them was in his mouth. They playfully pushed their breasts together, crushing him, then would pull up, lifting their huge tits with their hands to let him breathe, only to drop both pairs back down on him together. They hit hard enough to hurt, but he would have let them beat him to death with them.

"Go on and take a ride Kayla, I can tell you're dying for it," Annie said, putting her hands flat on the table and making to bring herself up onto the surface again. "I want a turn with his head between my legs."

"Girl, you don't have to twist my arm." Kayla pulled her nipple out of Chris's mouth with a wet *pop!* and moved backward on him, sliding her flesh along his and bending his cock backwards with the heavy curve of her ass as she lined himself up on him.

"Don't go shooting now," Kayla told him, rubbing her wet cunt along his length with infuriating slowness. He could feel himself prodding at her hole, but she wouldn't let him in. "A good manager knows when to hold back, and when to let go, huh? Show us how you control yourself in times of...stress."

With that, she let his cock line up with her hole, but she didn't sit down on him just yet. She was waiting for Annie, who had gotten back up onto the table and now was straddling Chris, lowering herself down on him just as Kayla had. She faced Kayla, laying her ass down on Chris's face and blocking his air again.

Figuring he knew what she wanted, he reached his tongue out to lap at her pussy, but Annie said "Ah-ah!" and pulled herself forward, taking her holes away from him. Slowly, she settled back down over him, but she made sure that he could hear what he said before she did.

"Eat my asshole, Chris," Annie said. "That's where I like a man's tongue. Show me your enthusiasm."

Kayla's ass was bigger than Annie's, but the woman's ass on his face was plenty respectable in its own right. She even helped him a bit, reaching back with one hand to spread a cheek open, letting him know exactly where he needed to go. Further down, Kayla still hovered just on the tip of his cock, seemingly waiting for him to comply with Annie's command before she would let him inside of her.

Chris wasn't trying to hesitate. He very much wanted to eat Annie's ass, and he lifted up his head so that he could press his tongue against her back door. She pressed back into him, feeling the touch of his tongue. Her asshole twitched around him as he licked around her rim.

"Oh, he's in there, Kayla," Annie said, riding Chris's face. Kayla gave a little nod of acknowledgment, and then the next thing he knew, Chris was inside of her, Kayla settling herself down on his cock. He groaned in pleasure, her hot, wet insides grabbing onto his shaft. Kayla let out a long, low sound of pleasure as well as his cock filled her up, sliding easily into her hot hole, but still stretching her wide around his shaft.

Her tight pussy felt incredible around him, and he couldn't help but let loose moans of pleasure into Annie's asshole as he tried to wedge his tongue inside of it. Kayla's weight sank down onto him, the little bristles of her recently-shaven pussy rubbing against him as she took him to the hilt in one motion, sitting down on him. Out of her mouth came a whoosh of satisfied breath, her hair hanging down in front of her face. She started to move up and down on him, her hot, tight tunnel pulling at his cock as she slid up and down. He thrust his hips up into her when she came back down, not able to stop himself from the action even if he wanted to.

"No cumming," she reminded him, panting. She rode his cock, her ass slamming down into his legs. *Plap! Plap!* "No matter how good it feels."

Chris murmured some pained agreement between Annie's butt cheeks. Annie was working him just as hard as Kayla was, pressing back to get him to eat her ass deeper, and once it seemed the two women had found their rhythm, Annie leaned forward to meet Kayla in the middle. The two of them began making out sloppily over Chris's stomach, grabbing at each other's breasts and vocalizing their delight into each other's mouths.

Chris tightened his loins as much as he could, because Kayla wasn't slowing down on him, and he didn't really have agency to get these two women off of him. He just had to bear it, swirling his tongue around and inside of Annie's asshole while the extreme pleasure of Kayla's cunt threatened to steal the orgasm right out of him. The slapping sound of her dropping down on his cock grew louder and wetter as her own arousal flushed her, driving her only to ride him faster. Annie and Kayla pinched and pulled each other's nipples with a familiarity that showed they had done this before. Their tongues circled around each other, hair mingling together and breath mixing in the air between them.

Eventually, though it felt like forever as Chris tried to hold back his orgasm, Kayla took one hand off of Annie's tits and put it between her own legs to rub at herself, unable to resist the temptation of cumming anymore. She rubbed furiously at her clit, still moving up and down on Chris's shaft, and Chris felt her fingers poke at his rod as she worked herself, hard and fast, whimpering.

When she came, she pushed herself forward on the top and backward on the bottom, driving Chris's cock deep inside of her while latching her mouth onto Annie's and trying to hide her moans of pleasure inside of Annie's lips. Her cunt squeezed at Chris's cock, her riding motions becoming jerky and uneven, until the waves of pleasure finally tapered off and she withdrew from Annie's mouth, panting and trailing a string of saliva.

But even in the throes of her passion, she could tell that Chris was about to burst, and apparently she approved of how long he had held out, because she gave him one last little grind before pulling off and telling him, "Let it out, big guy!"

The shock of the room's temperature-controlled air hit his dick, a stark contrast to the hot embrace of Kayla's pussy. But she had read him exactly right, and with a groan, he started to cum into the open air, splashing his seed on the bottom of Kayla's cheeks and all over his legs and on the table. He moaned nonsense into Annie's rear end as his soul emptied out of him through his cock, which kept pulsing and twitching long after there was nothing else left to come out of him.

Annie had watched him come, raising her head over Kayla's shoulder as Kayla leaned forward to recover. The sight of it was immensely satisfying to her, and when he was done, she moved herself back on his face so that he was primed to eat her pussy.

"Finish me off, Chris," she said to him, her voice quivering with anticipation. "I'm about ready."

Chris's tongue was exhausted, but he gave 110% to Annie's pussy, tasting her wetness. When he found her clit, she gasped, and he knew that she really was right on the edge. He followed her instructions, staying on her clitoris and working it with his lips and tongue to finish her off. Her orgasm arrived right on top of his face, and Annie rubbed against him with intensity, using his face as a sex toy to squeeze the most pleasure possible out of her climax. He relished in the sensation of her juices dripping down

his face, only releasing her clit when she pulled away from him because the stimulation had become too much.

Annie and Kayla got off the table, recovering a lot quicker than Chris, who had to lay there catching his breath as the mess of three different people dried upon his skin. There was a small restroom down a short hallway attached to the room, and the two managers used this to get cleaned up, coming back orderly and getting dressed with efficiency. If there was any doubt in Chris's mind that the two of them had done this before, this was just another piece of evidence that they were quite practiced at it.

He did eventually make his way off the table and sort himself out the same way the two of them did, though not quite as quickly. Perhaps that wasn't his fault, as he had a lot more of a mess on him than the two of them had had. He scrubbed his face with half a tree's worth of paper towels, and by the time he had gotten back to the conference room, both Kayla and Annie were already dressed. Somewhat sheepish, he quickly pulled his clothes on and smoothed them out as best he could.

Kayla and Annie had put the sexual fluster behind them, and were looking at him the way a manager would typically appraise an employee.

"We are very satisfied with this meeting," Annie said to Chris, smiling a little to show that she was being coy.

"Excellent performance," Kayla complimented, straightening her blouse as she spoke. "We will send you some follow-up work about the position that you'll need to submit before the end of the week, but our...discussion here will be taken into consideration."

Annie raised a hand, as if to slow Chris's thoughts. "Not that this is a guarantee for promotion, or anything like that. As we said. That's not how Lancer works. It's a meritocracy first, with some scheduled fun thrown in that helps to see who might work well together with whom. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Chris said with a nod. The whole thing did make perfect sense, no matter how strange it might have been to the Chris from a few days ago. "Thank you, ah, for, you know...giving me the time."

Annie smiled. "I'll call in the cleaners. You're due back at your desk, Chris."

So he left them behind in the conference room, blinking and tempted to pinch himself to make sure that it all been real. But he had been well more than pinched back there, so that wouldn't do anything. He got

back to his desk a few minutes later and was surprised to find the email about the job application already there, having arrived just a moment ago. Annie must've had a laptop hidden somewhere in the room.

God, what couldn't these women pull off? Chris got to work on the submission, suddenly not too concerned over whether he got the job or not. In some way, it felt like he had already been promoted.

As far as concession prizes might go, fucking Annie and Kayla was a pretty damn good one.

THE END (of book 1)

The
COMPANY
Harem

BOOK 2

Myra Dusk

The Company 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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Aaron stared at the email program on his work computer, blinking. He had that icy cold feeling in his chest that came when he knew he had fucked up, but wasn't quite yet sure how badly.

Biting at his lower lip, he checked his outbox to confirm that he had indeed fucked up, and then frantically spent the next couple of minutes searching the web for tips on how to recall an email. Nothing he found was helpful, because the Lancer corporation used some off-main corporate email service that didn't have a lot of public literature, let alone a helpful forum.

His hands moved slower on the keyboard as he realized he was giving up on erasing this mistake, and his mind shifted forward to what would come of it. It was going to become known sooner rather than later, so after he collected his thoughts, he figured the best thing to do would be to get ahead of it.

He stood up from his desk, running through his mental map of the office in his mind. He worked in sales, but the email he had accidentally sent to the wrong client belonged to the hierarchy of logistics operations, and he would need to notify the management over there.

"Eighth floor," he said quietly to himself, trying to mentally prepare what he was going to say. There wasn't really any getting around it, and he needed to head over there right away so that he could catch the bosses before lunchtime.

"Really dumbass way to throw a wrench in your career, Aaron," he chided himself as he went over to the elevator to go up. He had just been out to dinner with Chris and the other guys a couple weeks ago, all of them talking about how they could advance their careers, and he goes and pulls something like this. That would be a great story for the next get-together

Aaron remembered the other topic of conversation at that dinner. Well, it had been the same topic, but it had taken a very unexpected turn, when the other managers, Ron and Terry, had told them all about the supposed secret sexual evaluations that took place at the Lancer corporation. He had mused on the idea for a couple of days after the dinner, but had really forgotten about it until now, remembering only because the dinner had been brought to his mind.

Well, whether the off-the-books practice of promotional consideration via sex was real or not, there was no way he was going to be able to fuck his way out of this one, so the thought didn't much help.

The elevator dinged, signaling his arrival at the eighth floor of the Lancer building, and Aaron stepped out. He looked to the left and right, getting his bearings in a relatively unfamiliar area of the building. The office layouts were mostly the same on each floor, but there were subtle differences, especially when you were used to the same floor after a few years. Stepping around the corner and onto the main floor, the layout of the eighth floor came pretty naturally to him once he got a look, and he headed toward the back where the management offices would be for logistics.

He looked out at the floor as he walked, seeing a lot of unfamiliar faces and only a couple that he knew spread amongst them. The managers' offices were clustered together in a short hallway that expanded out into their nest of doorways, eight of them in total. Aaron saw the nameplates for Ron and Terry, both of their doors closed, friends of his that he had been out to dinner with those couple of weeks ago. He wasn't here to see them, though that would've made the whole thing somewhat easier. No, the email he had sent concerned Alyssa, who was the manager on the account that was impacted.

Aaron saw that her door was ajar, which was both a relief and disappointment, because it meant he hadn't wasted the trip up here, but also that he had to face the music. He stepped up to the door and gave a polite knock. A pleasant, "Come in!" came out from the office, and Aaron pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Alyssa was sitting there behind her desk, her brown hair tied neatly behind her head, looking very in-place with her thin-rimmed glasses and expertly-applied lipstick. Another logistics manager sat across the desk from her, and it looked like the two of them were just having a casual chat, with Alyssa's computer locked and no documents spread between them or anything.

This other woman was Reyna, a Latina woman with long, straight dark hair, and such a flawless face that it looked like she was professionally done up every day.

"Hey, Alyssa, Reyna," Aaron said, trying not to sound sheepish but not entirely avoiding it. "I'm Aaron Westmore, from down in sales. I just came up here to bring something to your attention about the Eastlake account."

Reyna said, "I can step out," but Aaron shook his head.

"No need, it should be quick. Actually it's about a mistake I made and I just wanted to bring it to the account manager's attention. I accidentally sent Eastlake's statements to another account I'm on, Eastwake. They have really similar email addresses, and I didn't catch what the autofill had put in before I sent it. Totally my mistake, and I emailed both clients to let them know, but just wanted to make sure that you heard it from me first."

"I see." Alyssa, perhaps without realizing it, lifted a pen from her desk and brought the clicky end to the corner of her lips. "Well, Aaron, you know why that's a problem. Obviously we don't want our clients' personal information going anywhere outside of the transaction between us and them. They trust us with that security."

"Absolutely." Aaron nodded, trying his best to be deferential and not think about how much he would like to be that pen that Alyssa was holding.

"All right." Alyssa nibbled lightly on the end of the pen, then pulled it away from her mouth and set it down on the desk. "We'll meet later to look over the files and confirm what was released, and maybe get on a call with either or both of the clients if necessary. I'll have to check my schedule, but I'll follow up with you in a little bit."

"Of course," Aaron said with a nod. "That was all. I'll leave you to it."

Aaron left the office and closed the door behind himself, feeling that he handled the situation well. Of course, when the mistake was already made, there was only so far that good handling and grace could go. It would be up to Alyssa to determine if this really was so egregious that it required some kind of punishment on Aaron's behalf, though he hoped it wouldn't come to that. If it came to that, he would be able to point to his stellar record, except, damn it, maybe his record wasn't as stellar as he thought now that he looked back at it. There was a time he had accidentally shredded an important one-sheet that they didn't have a digital copy of, and he had to go back to the site to get it. And there was also that time that he had mixed up appointment dates for a client meeting and ended up on the wrong side of town.

"Well, maybe none of that is actually documented in my file," he said to himself in a low voice as he approached the elevators. "No reason for anyone but Kayla and Annie to know that if it's not. So hopefully Alyssa really only has this one negative thing to look at."

Her and Reyna, now that he thought about it. Maybe he should've taken her up on her offer to leave the room. He didn't work with either of these managers in his current position, at least not directly, but it's still didn't help his career to look like a fool in front of two people when it could have been limited to just looking like a fool in front of one.

He got into the elevator when the doors opened up, shaking his head at himself. Today was just going to be a day of tripping over his own feet, apparently. Thank God they had elevators here and not just stairs, or he probably would've fallen down them by now.

He got back down to the sales floor and headed back to his desk. For the rest of the day, he swore to pay much closer attention to the outgoing field of his emails, as well as made himself a dozen other tiny promises, like you tend to do when you fuck something up. It helped to make him feel better, at least in the immediate moments.

The meeting invitation from Alyssa came not too much later, probably a half hour after he had left her office. It was for 4 o'clock, and in what looked to be a third-floor conference room, which didn't do his heart any favors. The third floor was practically a ghost town, usually reserved for the small training teams before they were assigned their permanent positions elsewhere in the building. Meetings usually didn't happen there unless there was something you particularly didn't want overheard. Such as, oh, perhaps firing an employee at the end of the day.

Man, what had he done? He could have just said nothing, and hoped the whole thing went unnoticed, but that wasn't the way he liked to operate. In an ideal world, taking accountability and getting out ahead of something like this would make him look good in the end, but maybe it was just too big of a blunder to overcome.

Working the next few hours was not exactly pleasant with this meeting to look forward to, but Aaron just did the best work he could and tried not to let it affect him. Keeping his eyes off of his computer calendar helped, and he had enough other calls to make to distract him sufficiently until it was time to head down to the third floor.

Aaron shut down his workstation and gathered up his things, figuring one way or the other, this meeting would take till the end of the day and he might as well head home from there. It felt a little bit like a march of doom, heading to the elevators again while leaving everyone else on the floor behind to continue working. He almost looked back wistfully, but

stopped himself from doing it. There was no need to be melodramatic about any of this. If he got fired, maybe he deserved it, maybe it was a little harsh, but you moved on. Hell, people made more money by moving from company to company anyway, not staying in the same place. Maybe he should've been looking for opportunities to move up under completely different umbrellas than Lancer's.

"A blessing in disguise, all of this," he said, calling the elevator and stepping inside. "That's how I need to be looking at the situation."

He wasn't much one to believe in the whole 'put positive energy out into the universe' mindset, but what the hell. There's no such thing as an atheist in a foxhole, right?

"Now who's being melodramatic?" he asked himself, letting out a little laugh as he stood alone in the elevator on its descent. He had his jacket over his arm and his bag slung around his shoulder. The elevator got down to the third floor and Aaron stepped out, again getting the lay of the land in a relatively unfamiliar place.

The third floor was definitely a ghost town today. He didn't see a single other person working here, though the lights were on and everything. It wasn't that it looked abandoned, it just wasn't regularly used. He wondered why the company hadn't just sublet this floor out already, but it must have been convenient to have a space to station various odds and ends, or people without permanent places.

But, like the logistics floor, this floor wasn't too different from the sales one where he worked. Aaron quickly spotted the telltale managers hallway near the back, though currently it looks to be unoccupied and it wasn't what he was looking for. But to the right, toward the farthest corner, it was a conference room set into the back of the floor. He walked toward it, then stopped, looking around.

The conference rooms were laid out a little differently here than they were elsewhere in the Lancer building. Instead of being gathered together along the same wall or in the same corner, the three or four, apparently, that were here were scattered around the edges of the floor, each of them far apart from the next one. Perhaps whoever was constructing the office space changed their tactics after the third floor was built, because he hadn't seen a layout like this anywhere else.

Probably it was for the better. When conference rooms were next to each other, you would get a dull throb of noise from neighboring meetings,

and nobody liked that.

After getting a grip on the layout again, Aaron headed toward one of the conference rooms, getting close enough to read the placard next to it and find that it wasn't the right one. He rolled his eyes and walked across the floor to the next one, his footsteps loud in the empty space. Maybe this kind of layout wasn't such a good idea for anyone who didn't come to these conference rooms regularly, now that he thought about it again.

He didn't have to spend long thinking about it, because this was the right conference room, room 2W. The door was closed, but he was a little early, so he figured he might have beaten the busy managers there. He walked inside, leaving the door cracked open behind him so they would know he was here.

Aaron was surprised to see not only Alyssa sitting there, but that Reyna was there with her.

"Go ahead and close the door, Aaron," Alyssa said, motioning at the door behind him.

Aaron did, and then he took a seat just a chair or two down from them at the long table. Some kind of generic elevator music came low over a speaker set in the ceiling, masking any uncomfortable silence.

Alyssa had her laptop there, but he couldn't see the screen. Presumably, she was looking at the Eastlake file. That didn't answer the question of why Reyna was here, though. Reyna didn't have a laptop, but she smiled warmly at Aaron as he sat down and said it was nice to see him again.

You wouldn't say something like that to someone you were about to fire, right?

"Just a second, Aaron," Alyssa said, looking at him apologetically over the top of her laptop as she typed out a few things. Finished, she gave a satisfied little nod to the screen, and then closed the computer. "Thanks. Sorry."

"Should I have brought my computer?" Aaron asked. "I can go get it real quick."

Reyna shook her head. "There's no need for that, Aaron. Alyssa and I have reviewed the file and determined nothing overly sensitive was leaked. In fact, Alyssa just got off a call with them to make sure everything was squared away."

"Oh. Okay." Aaron couldn't keep a confused look off his face. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Is there anything else I can do to help tie things up?"

"No, it's all settled with the client." Alyssa smiled, meeting his eyes. "Of course, this could have been a major error. Reyna and I discussed this, and we would both be more comfortable if you were willing to make this up to the company."

"Um..." Aaron wasn't sure where the two of them were going with this. "Like a wage garnishment? What are we looking at?"

Reyna laughed. "No, nothing like that."

"He seems quite unaware," Alyssa said, casting a glance over to Reyna. "Let me cut through any obscurity here, Aaron. Ron and Terry let me and Reyna know about the discussion you had over your dinner at Moony's a little while ago."

If anything, that made Aaron more confused. He thought back to it, wondering what they could have talked about over dinner that would be relevant here. And when he finally connected the dots, both Alyssa and Reyna laughed at how his mouth fell open.

"Do you mean, like, the business card thing?" Aaron asked, hardly believing the words that were coming out of his mouth.

Alyssa tittered at that, raising a hand toward her mouth. Her lipstick was red, standing out behind her white fingers. "Yes, Aaron, the business cards. That's so funny! I heard from Annie that someone had done that to her recently, but she wouldn't say who because they're still in review. I bet it was someone from your dinner."

"Dinner..." That had to mean Chris or Michael. Wait, was she saying that one of them had solicited Annie? And that it had worked?

"So, you're privy, then," Reyna said, getting to the heart of the matter. "Lancer views sexual merit on equal—but not overshadowing—footing as it views your typical corporate work ethic. So yes, by making it up to the company, we mean making it up to the two of us. Right here and now, in this conference room."

Reyna let her words punctuate the air for a moment. Her straight black hair was tied back in a simple ponytail. She reached back and took out the tie, letting her hair cascade over her shoulders. Then she slipped her arms out of her suit jacket.

"Keep in mind," Alyssa said, standing and slowly taking her glasses off, "You are under no obligation, and you won't be penalized for not participating. It's simply a project that would look good on your Lancer résumé, and help to make up for any past transgressions. It's entirely optional. The executives have made it clear they want coercion to play no part in these kinds of evaluations."

Aaron had just about managed to turn his thoughts around from the prospect of getting fired to what was basically the polar opposite, as he watched these two beautiful women start to undress in front of him. He spoke before he could bother giving it any more thought and somehow prevent this from happening.

"I'm more than happy to make up for my mistake," Aaron said, a smile coming on his face.

Alyssa matched his smile with her own, unbuttoning her shirt demurely, slowly revealing the enticing color of the red bra that she wore underneath. "Go on then, Aaron. The evaluation is starting."

He would have liked to just stand there and watch them undress for a while, but he understood that as much pleasure as there might be in this, he still had to perform, and be up to whatever tasks they were going to ask of him. Step one would be getting undressed, so he leapt into his work. He loosened his tie, quickly pulling it off and then unbuttoning his shirt to get rid of that as well. He started to throw his clothes in a messy pile onto the chair that held his bag.

Alyssa was the first one to get fully naked, quickly popping off her red bra and draping it over the back of her chair. The cream-colored pencil skirt she wore slid off easily next, her exposed breasts hanging in the air while she bent over to get her bottoms off. The sight was quite a pleasant distraction for Aaron, who paused in the midst of unbuckling his belt to watch Alyssa move.

Next to her, Reyna didn't make it any easier to focus. Her conservative and dark-colored corporate outfit came off of her like water, revealing a busty body whose sexuality had been successfully muted by the business outfit she had been wearing, but was now being set free. Every piece she took off showed more of her Latina beauty, with the dark nipples on her huge breasts poking upward into the air, and the sensual curve of her hips as she slid her pants and panties down over her thighs and stepped out of them.

Both of the women got themselves completely naked before Aaron managed to, and Reyna seemed particularly amused by this fact as she watched Aaron hustle out of his pants. Almost the exact second he took the last of his clothes off, Reyna stepped over him and hooked her arm through his elbow, walking him to the other end of the table where there were no chairs blocking the edge.

"I'd like to start your reparation directly, if you don't mind, Aaron," Reyna told him. She guided him to the end of the table, running her hand down his back and cupping his ass. The sensation sent shivers down his skin, and her hand was warm and strong. He was already half-hard, threatening to press his shaft against the table.

"What did you...have in mind?" he questioned.

Reyna whispered into his ear, "I want you to bend over the table and take a nice little beating from me."

Alyssa came up on the other side now, and she said to Reyna, "I know you'd like to be the one doing the beating, Reyna, and I certainly don't mind being the one getting the eating."

Aaron let out a breath that shuddered with excitement. "Whatever you need from me, I can do."

"Wonderful," Reyna said, raising her hand to his upper back and pushing him forward. "Now bend over the table, Aaron. Somebody needs to get spanked."

So it was going to be that kind of 'meeting.' Aaron could get into that, and he did, bending over the table as he was told, the glossy wood cold underneath his stomach. But before he felt Reyna's touch on his back, Alyssa climbed up onto the table, getting around in front of him, then sitting back. She looked down at him, then spread her legs open in front of his face, sliding forward so that he was mere inches from her pussy. She glistened with arousal, a neat, trimmed patch of pubic hair resting at the top of her mound, and the rest shaven clean, showing the pinkness of her folds as she reached down to spread them open for him.

"Get in there and make me feel good, Aaron," Alyssa commanded him, scooting herself closer so that his breath washed over her sensitive parts. "And make sure not to bite me once Reyna starts punishing you."

The scent of Alyssa's arousal was almost enough to make his head swim. Clearly, This manager was very excited for this meeting, and that only helped Aaron's own arousal grow. He inched forward as much as he

could, pressing his face into her wet cunt, and she sighed with pleasure at the contact. Aaron felt her hand rest on the top of his head, holding him in place.

"Go on," she whispered.

Aaron tasted her, nudging his nose upward along the bump of her clit, and letting his tongue run through her folds from top to bottom. Alyssa tilted her head back, her mouth falling open and her eyes going half-lidded as she enjoyed Aaron's tongue exploring her.

Aaron might have gotten so caught up in it that he forgot about Reyna behind him, except that her hand was firmly planted on his ass, squeezing. Without a word of warning, she drew it back and then smacked him, the sharp crack cutting harshly through the weak music from the ceiling speaker. Aaron jumped where he was bent over, but he didn't accidentally bite at Alyssa. He just hesitated in his ministrations as the painful spank rolled up his body.

Alyssa pushed harder on his head. "Don't slow down. Can't you multitask?"

Aaron responded in the affirmative that he could, though the message was mostly lost between Alyssa's legs. She didn't mind, as right now, actions spoke much louder than words. She dug her fingers through his short hair and made sure that he served her well. Aaron found her clit and sucked on it to try to make up for his stumbling.

Reyna's first hit hardly felt like a warm-up, but to her it was, as she put one hand on the small of his back to steady herself, and began to hit his bare ass with her other hand. His cheeks were white, as he didn't spend a lot of time tanning back there, and Reyna's hand brought heat and pinkness to him with a series of spanks. *Smack! Smack!*

His hard cock bounced back and forth between his legs as he was hit. She didn't relent, even when he jumped from the pain, his sensitive ass taking the brunt of her force. It hurt, but it felt good, too, and Aaron could feel something awakening in him. He had never been spanked before, at least not in a sexual manner, and now he was wondering why it had taken him so long to experience it. Talk about building up your résumé.

He ate Alyssa ferociously now, jamming his tongue up inside of her and wiggling it, tasting her thoroughly. Alyssa closed her legs around Aaron's head, locking him in, and using her legs and the hand that was tied up in his hair to push him deeper, smothering him into her pussy. Behind

him, Reyna slowed down on the spanking, giving him just a few more hits and letting the pink- and redness of his cheeks radiate in the air. She examined her handiwork, enjoying the sight of his beaten rear.

"I'm ready to do another kind of test on him, Alyssa," Reyna said with an air of mischievousness, rubbing her hands both gently on Aaron's red and stinging cheeks. "I want to see how well this man can hold out under...extreme pressure."

Alyssa's breath was coming heavy, Aaron doing a better job on her pussy than she was expecting, and her face was flushed as she fluttered her eyes open and looked at Reyna where she stood behind him.

"As long as you don't stop him from eating me," Alyssa panted, loosening her legs around Aaron's head for just a moment to make sure that he could get some air, then locking him back against her cunt again with a squeal. "I'm not ready to...stop that...just yet...!"

Between her legs, Aaron moaned in pleasure, enjoying being dominated and used to serve these two women. Alyssa's thighs were strong and hot around his head, and her fingernails scratched at his scalp through his hair, her grip getting rougher and rougher as she lost herself in the pleasure his tongue was lathering onto her lips.

Aaron heard Reyna talking, but it was muffled, what with his position and all. And even if he understood some of the words, he couldn't really pay attention. It didn't sound like she was talking to him anyway, just to Alyssa, who was having her own struggles with staying focused. So he was caught a little by surprise when Reyna's hands slid down past his ass cheeks and to his thighs, tickling at the flesh there. She slid her hands inside of his thighs and pulled them apart a couple of inches, making him spread his legs a little bit where he stood. He had no choice but to comply, because with her behind him and his head firmly stuck between Alyssa's thighs, he was pretty much their plaything.

Reyna dragged her fingernails down the back of his ballsack, making Aaron shiver. The tickling sensation of pleasure sparkled coolly beneath the heat of his battered ass, and when she did it again, his knees felt weak.

"Stay upright," Reyna commanded him sharply from behind, and Aaron got his knees strong again so he wouldn't get on the wrong side of her. As good as the spanking had ended up feeling, his ass was definitely tender, so he would prefer it if she didn't feel the need to revisit it. And once

her hand slipped deeper between his legs to grab his cock from behind with a firm grip, he definitely wanted her to keep doing that, as much as he could earn it.

Reyna gave his cock a few quick, short strokes, like she was milking him, and indeed, a drip of precum came free from him, a tiny release, and fell down onto the carpet between his legs. He groaned, thrusting his face harder into Alyssa's crotch. Rena kept stroking him from behind, one hand working his cock while the other rubbed at the back of his balls, then moved up to his ass and gently massaged the delicate, stinging cheeks.

"You're doing good," Reyna murmured softly, almost too low for Aaron to hear. "Keep doing good. Don't you dare cum."

She kept stroking him, running her hand up and down all the length of his shaft, using his precum to get his cock nice and slick and make her jerking feel even better. Then he felt her breath on his ass, and the next second her face was between his spanked cheeks and she was giving him a passionate rimjob while she jerked him off.

It felt so good that he threatened to lose his knees again, but he managed to keep himself from collapsing. He did hesitate in going down on Alyssa, making her pull at his hair with her hand to force him to get back to work. Reyna's tongue flicked and licked at his back door, and all the while she worked him up and down. Aaron had to tense the muscles in his stomach and groin just to keep control of himself.

Everybody's mouth worked for a while, Reyna on Aarob's ass, Aaron diving into Alyssa's pussy, and Alyssa's mouth facilitating her breathing getting faster and faster as Aaron pleased her.

To Aaron's credit, he did manage to keep himself from blowing his top right there, though Reyna did anything but make it easy for him. If she had gone on much longer, he wasn't sure he would've been able to hold back, but finally Alyssa unlocked her thighs and wrenched his head out of her lap, catching her breath and looking down at him where he was smeared with her juices.

"Enough foreplay," she gasped, her chest heaving and her breasts heaving right along with it. "Reyna, I want to cum. Stop hogging his cock and let's have him get it inside of me."

Reyna pulled away from the dual-lashing she was giving to Aaron, a smile on her face as she licked her lips and then smacked Aaron on his red

bottom. "It's all for the better. I could tell he was struggling to keep it inside."

"Thank God it didn't go to waste there on the floor." Alyssa used her hands to push herself backward on the table, creating room for Aaron. "Come on, get up here, Aaron. I need you in me *now*. This is an urgent matter."

Alyssa's bangs fell into her eyes, messy. It was sexy as hell. Aaron climbed up onto the table, wincing only slightly as the muscles of his ass reminded him that he had recently been punished. But certainly he was being good now.

Alyssa lay back on the table, but she grabbed at Aaron's arms as he approached, her need insistent and obvious. His palm slid briefly in the slippery mess the two of them had left behind on the surface of the table, but he caught himself before falling and got on top of her. He brought his hand up to her tits, grabbing her left breast and squeezing it, feeling its weight and its soft, yielding welcome. She sighed in contentment as he ran a thumb across her hard nipple, but was quick to remind him what she needed. And it wasn't that.

Aaron may have been the submissive in this situation, but he knew how to fuck a beautiful woman who was demanding it. He slid his length along the wet surface of Alyssa's pussy, nudging her clit with his slick cockhead before lowering his aim back down and finding her begging hole. Alyssa's grip on him was strong, and he matched her intensity, shoving his cock into her tightness without hesitation, immediately burying himself in her and making her screech with satisfaction. She felt amazing, tight and hot and everything he needed right now, and he really had to hold it together to keep from busting inside of her.

Reyna, her need a little more demanding now as well, got up on the table and positioned herself over Alyssa. "Lay back flat, honey," she told her friend. "You're not the only one who needs some release, and I wouldn't mind some help from both of you."

Alyssa did as Reyna asked, lying back flat on the table while Aaron started to pump in and out of her, the wet sounds of sex filling the room. Reyna got on her hands and knees, moving toward the back of the table, away from Alyssa and Aaron so she could get herself positioned, then crawled backward so that her pussy was just above Alyssa's face, and both

of her holes spread open for a delicious view in front of Aaron where he was on top of Alyssa.

"Eat me," Reyna half-demanded and half-begged, wiggling her ass for the both of them. "I don't care if he finishes first at this point, but I just want to see your best work, Aaron."

His best work. Truth be told, he felt like he was delivering that here, and he wasn't about to let either of them down. He got into Reyna's slit even before Alyssa could, tasting his second pussy of the evening. Reyna was completely shaven down there and easy to dive into, and Aaron was happy to do it, sliding his tongue into the pinkness beneath her light-brown lips. From below, grinding her hips up at Aaron while he pounded her, her hand on her own clitoris and rubbing furiously, Alyssa found Reyna's clit with her mouth and sucked hard on it, making her Latina friend scream with delight and push down against her face.

Aaron worked both of them like a pro, finding himself able to fuck Alyssa pretty hard while lying on top of her, and lick at Reyna's exposed pussy at the same time. He took initiative and rimmed her asshole too, just like she had done to him, and he approval was immediate. She bent lower to spread her ass further for him, urging him to dig his tongue inside, and he did, feeling her hole clench tightly around his tongue. Together, he and Alyssa worked both of Reyna's holes, with Alyssa focusing most of her attention on Reyna's clit.

Aaron managed to hold off on cumming until after Alyssa did, and he would've been proud of himself for it if his mind weren't on other things at that moment. Alyssa's orgasm hit her suddenly, and she squirmed underneath him, thrusting her crotch back up at him as she came, her lips locked on Reyna's clit and her own orgasm forcing her to suck harder even without realizing it.

When Alyssa was done bucking back up at Aaron, her intense waves of pleasure subsiding, she reached hand around him while he continued to plunge himself into her and managed to find his back door, rubbing against his hole before sliding a finger up his ass.

That was it for Aaron, who couldn't hold back anymore. Alyssa pulled down on him, keeping him close to make sure that he came inside of her. Aaron stammered in almost agonizing ecstasy as he started to cum inside her, emptying himself up Alyssa's pussy while his face was still buried between Reyna's cheeks, supporting him as his body threatened to

give out. His pent-up orgasm was powerful and voluminous, filling Alyssa with his cum so much that it began to spill out the sides, adding to the mess on the table. It felt like everything in his body was being drained out through his cock, and when it was done, his elbows shook with the energy of being completely spent.

But Reyna didn't let him relax. "Not done yet," she told him, shoving herself backwards to get his tongue back into her ass. "Both of you, don't slow down now. We're almost there!"

So Alyssa and Aaron kept it up, and Reyna's orgasm squeezed around both of their tongues, squirting down and splashing Alyssa with her juices, while her asshole tried to take Aaron's tongue prisoner where it was lodged inside of it. It seemed to go on for ages, Reyna cumming for longer than either of them had, and when hers finally subsided she was twice as exhausted, slumping on the table to catch her breath.

The room was filled with the sound of everybody getting their wind back. Aaron got up first, perhaps by the virtue that he was essentially the one on top, and so it was easiest for him. He retreated off the table, giving his knees a rest, and looked forward at the scene that he had helped create with a smile.

"So, I get the feeling that this went pretty well," Aaron said, feeling more comfortable voicing his thoughts now that the demons were out of them.

Alyssa and Reyna were getting down now as well, quickly reforming into their proper and put-together selves. They discussed the matter while they got dressed again. Alyssa looked up at the small clock above the door of the conference room.

"This was certainly efficient, and nonetheless enjoyable for it," Alyssa commented. "It looks like the three of us will be getting out of here sharply at five. Well done."

"Yes," Reyna continued for her. "If there were any wrinkles caused by the email, we will be able to smooth them out. I'm happy to consider this matter closed."

"Well, that's a relief," Aaron said, giving his brow a mock wipe. "Because I definitely don't have anything left in me."

They all got dressed and put back together again, and he would hardly know that anything wild had happened in this room. Except for a couple of suspect puddles and interesting hand- and body-prints on the

surface of the table, of course. The cleaners would take care of that, Reyna and Alyssa assured him. They had seen much worse.

"Maybe we can try to outdo ourselves sometime," Aaron suggested, feeling bold.

Alyssa and Reyna cast amused looks at each other, then looking back to Aaron.

"Well," Reyna said slyly, "we can't let these meetings take up too much of our time. We are still a business, after all. But after a proper...refractory period..."

Alyssa laughed.

"Feel free to slip one of us a business card and we can see if we can make the time." Reyna smiled.

"I will," Aaron said, and that was pretty much the end of it. They dismissed him, their business concluded, and Aaron grabbed his things and left the room, walking through the third floor and reaching the elevators in a daze.

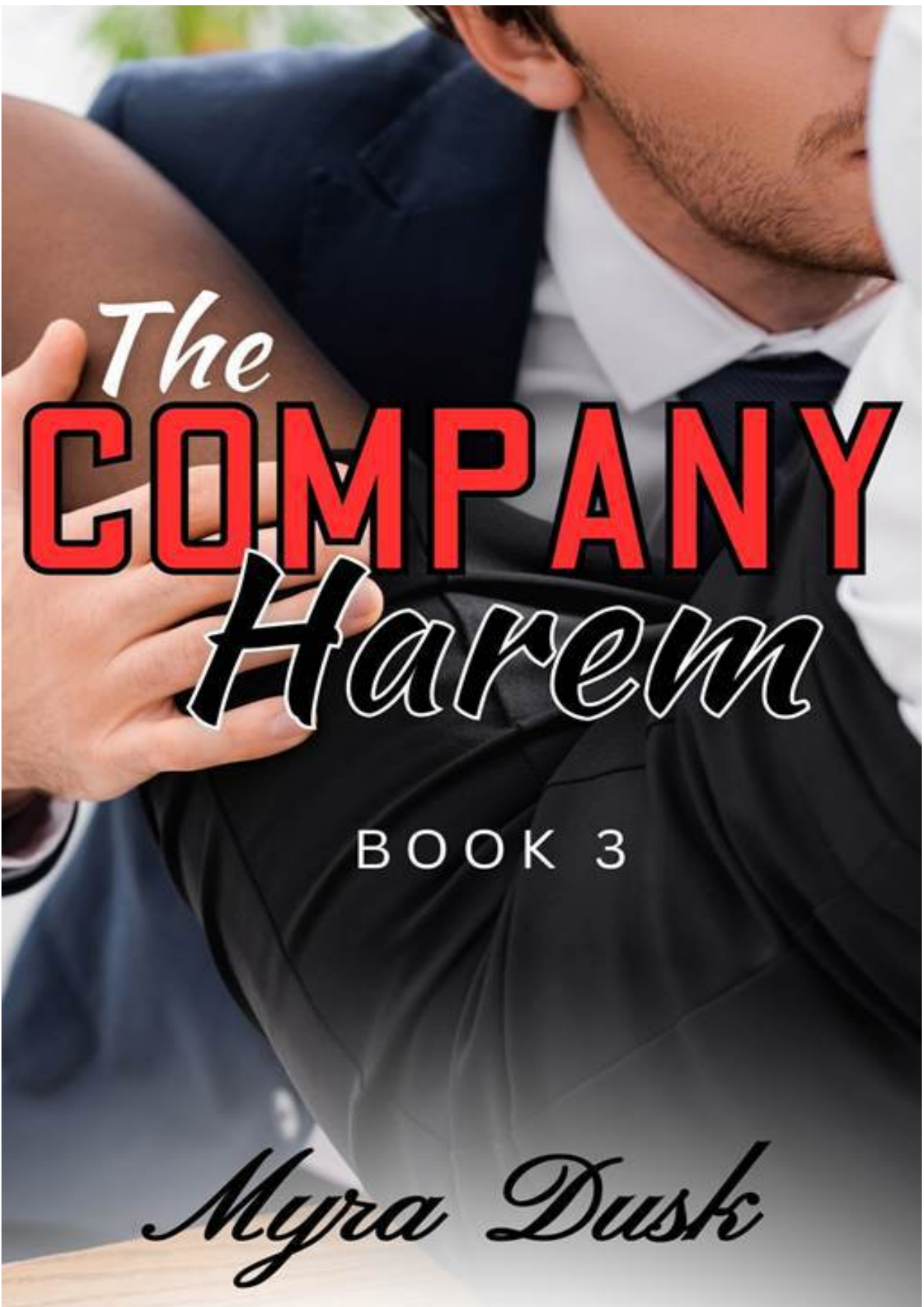
As he was walking out to the parking lot, he thought back to what they said about the business card. Rather, what they had said earlier, about someone he knew giving a business card to Annie and Kayla and having the same kind of 'meeting' he'd just had.

Was it Michael or Chris? He had to ask. There was no way he could just sit on this.

Besides, he had to tell *somebody*, and if one of them had done the same thing he had, he wanted to hear that story, too.

Aaron got into his car thinking about how this day had started, and how it had just ended. Maybe he should fuck up more often.

THE END (of Book 2)



The
COMPANY
Harem

BOOK 3

Myra Dusk

The Company Harem

Book 3

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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"Are you leaving already?"

Josh turned his head toward the door of his office, looking up from his desk where he had been gathering his things. Grace was standing there, one hand on the door frame. She, like Josh, was a properties manager for Sunrise Real Estate, though they were responsible for different sectors of the city. Her auburn hair was short, but just long enough to be tied back, staying well above the collar of her pinstriped shirt.

It was just a little after 4 o'clock. "Yeah," Josh said, sliding some papers into a folder, then tucking it into his bag. "The restaurant isn't exactly close, and I'd rather beat any traffic on the way there."

"Right." Grace looked a little annoyed, or maybe that was just how she looked sometimes. She might have been more curious than anything, because she said, "What kind of company has a dinner sales meeting on a Wednesday?"

Josh shrugged. "I agree that it's weird. But Lancer is definitely a business that we want to get in bed with."

Grace let out a puff of air. "What a Freudian choice of words. You've heard the rumors about Lancer, right?"

Lancer was a big corporation. There was a lot of information flying around about them. Josh looked up at Grace, raising an eyebrow. "You'll have to be more specific. Because I assume you're not talking about them going after the warehouse block on the port."

"They're not going to get that." Grace dismissed the idea with a wave of her hand, the motion of her head making a lock of hair fall out of place. She swept it back. "No, I'm not talking about their business dealings. Something a little more...salacious."

"That's a five-dollar word." Josh laughed. He didn't need to worry about his own short brown hair falling into his eyes. "What are you getting at? Did Bill sleep with somebody over there? Is that how we got the meeting? If so, honestly, I should be thanking him."

Bill was the CFO of Sunrise, some five or six titles above Josh and Grace.

"Gross." Grace stuck out her tongue. Bill was in his sixties, and he looked like he was in his seventies. "I would hope they can do better than Bill over there. I've seen some of the women who work for Lancer."

"Oh yeah?" Josh questioned, intrigued. "When did you have a meeting with them? You're leaving me hanging here, Grace."

"It wasn't anything official." Grace waved her hand again. "I saw some of them at a conference a few months back. It was that one over on the south side, when you were out of town, remember?"

Josh thought back. "I do remember. Well, not the conference, obviously, but I remember that trip. March Madness in Vegas. It was wild."

Grace rolled her eyes. "Men. I hope you won whatever bet you made, because that conference helped me to land the Melson and Innitorp deals, and the commission on those was sweet."

Josh gave her a little round of mock applause. "Yes, yes, you've told me, and I congratulate you again."

Grace smiled, showing her teeth. "And I thank you again. but back to my point, it seemed like all of the Lancer female execs there were—how have I heard you put it? 'Smoke shows.'"

Watching Grace use the term 'smoke show' was almost enough to make him burst out laughing, but Josh kept it restrained to a small smirk. She was his age, barely in her thirties, but she just didn't talk like that ever.

She noticed his amusement, though, and rolled her eyes at him again.

"Okay." He closed his bag, having finally gathered everything he figured he might need for the meeting. "Duly noted, Grace. I will keep my eye out for smoke shows of all varieties and dangers."

"I mean, if they come on to you," Grace said, smiling suggestively, "it's not like you could be blamed for taking them up on it."

It was Josh's turn to roll his eyes as he shrugged his light jacket over his shoulders. "That's very kind of you to think that they would make a move on me, but we're meeting over at the Japanese place in Maplewood, the Iki Grill. I don't think there's going to be a lot of room there for, uh, making a pass at me. As sexy as talking about land parcels is."

Grace shrugged. "Well if anything crazy happens, I expect the full story."

"Full story, like down to the cents on my bonus check?" Josh asked her. "Come on, you know I won't hide anything from you. Otherwise, how would we know which one of us is winning?"

"Good. Keep that positive attitude." Grace tapped his door frame with a fingernail. "Just don't let it make you forget that I'm still in the lead."

Grace departed back to whatever she was working on, and Josh tucked his chair under the desk and left his office. He thought about the

Lancer corporate building, which he drove past every day when he came to work. It was about a thousand times larger than Sunrise's small office, and fifteen minutes away in a much ritzier part of the city. Truth be told, he thought about landing a job there. Fantasized about it, really. But Lancer didn't do a lot of hiring, and their management tended to promote from within in almost all cases.

It was a tough nut to crack, but if he did land this deal with Lancer, that might open up some doors for him. And it wasn't about whatever Grace was talking about, the Lancer executives supposedly sleeping around a lot or whatever. Rumors were rumors, and they didn't pay the bills. Eventually, he wanted to be on that Lancer payroll, and then he could go ahead and worry about getting laid.

As it was, such thoughts were far from his mind, even with Grace having recently brought them up. He left the small, two-story office building out of which Sunrise operated and climbed up into his SUV. The dinner was set to start at 5:30, and the drive was a bit of a pain in the ass, all the way across the city and then some, but he hadn't felt the slightest hesitation in agreeing to meet. He gripped his steering wheel as he pulled out of the lot, and his nervous energy brought an excited smile to his face. This was going to go well. Extremely well. He could just feel it.

The drive was indeed long, but it wasn't bad, since he had missed most of the start of rush-hour by heading out of the office early. The parking lot of Iki was more than half full, though. He hadn't been here before, but apparently their dinner rush started early. The restaurant was a gorgeous construction, with walls of elegant, sleek brown wood and a curving roof reminiscent of traditional Japanese architecture. It was edged with a bright red that couldn't help but catch your eye, and tall, perfectly clean windows shone in the light of the sun, gleaming and inviting.

Josh parked underneath a small tree in the back of the lot and mused at how it was manicured, well-shaped and kept pruned by whoever did the landscaping here. The restaurant was like a little slice of paradise. Unless the food was terrible, he would have to come back here sometime.

He had a little bit of time to kill, so he went through the papers he had brought and practiced his little opening pitch, which he had spent plenty of time doing in the office earlier. He hadn't forgotten anything, thankfully, as far as the paperwork went, because he would feel a little

stupid having to pull something up on the tablet when he'd brought this big sheaf of papers already.

When he was as satisfied as he could be with everything, he stowed it all away again neatly and got out of the car, looking up at that tree again and appreciating its symmetrical and fresh look. He had a tree in his front yard at home, a lot bigger than this one, and probably ten times uglier. Maybe he could find someone who could fix it up. That would be nice.

With his bag over his shoulder, Josh walked around the restaurant to get to the front doors. They were glass as well, though they had a design of twin dragons winding through them on a gold inlay. He admired it for a moment before pulling one of the doors open and walking inside.

He was greeted by the sounds of hibachi cooking, metal on metal and people chatting with one another, and the delicious smells of cooking meat, teriyaki, and smoke. The lighting was high up in the ceiling and dim as a result, giving the vast inside space of the restaurant a cozy and warm atmosphere. The hostess was a trim Japanese woman who greeted him with a smile and a dip of her head behind the small wooden podium near the front.

"Hi," Josh said, stepping up to her stand. "I'm meeting some people. I believe they said it would be under the Lancer party?"

"Lancer, yes," the hostess said, running her finger down the laminated sheet on her stand and finding what she was looking for. She looked back up at him, her eyes bright. "They are here. You can come with me."

Josh nodded to her, somewhat chagrined that even though he was early, they had beaten him here. But he wasn't late by any means, so it shouldn't be a big deal. He hefted his bag up on his shoulder as the hostess came out from behind the stand and followed her toward the back of the restaurant.

They moved past the small tables at the front, about half of which were full, and then further back still past the large hibachi grills. Most of these grills were full, crammed with parties of people sitting close together and being served freshly-cooked, steaming hot food off of the silver grill top with its black and brown char marks. The sweet and savory aroma hit him full force as he passed by, and Josh felt his mouth water. It looked like he didn't need to worry about the food here being bad.

The hostess, with Josh in tow, left the main floor with the grills behind, and they proceeded further back past a stylish wooden half-wall, entering into the area with the private tables. This space was dimmer than the main floor of the restaurant, and somehow muted the loud sounds coming from out in the main area quite well. The eating areas were private indeed, with multiple large rooms spaced along the back wall, each with thick wooden doors boasting golden handles, and floor-to-ceiling walls bearing scenes of nature on their surfaces, painted in Japanese style.

"Your party is here," the hostess said, taking him to a room in the back-right corner. She stopped at the door, and instead of opening it and walking inside, she gave three sharp knocks to announce her presence, and didn't walk inside until a voice, so muffled he could barely hear it, said from within, "Come on in!"

At that, the hostess gave Josh another small bow, then pulled the handle open and stepped back, opening the door to allow him inside, but not going into the room herself.

"Thank you," Josh said, surprised by how formal everything here seemed to be. He realized he had never eaten at a really nice Japanese restaurant before, and he could already tell that he wouldn't mind doing it again. Ideally, it would be to close a second deal with the Lancer corporation. Or maybe a job interview with them.

Josh stepped into the private dining room, and the hostess closed the door behind him. Immediately, the sounds of the restaurant outside disappeared.

The private room was very nice, with its own soft lighting on the ceiling, and similar artwork on the inside of the walls as to what was on the outside. There was a long table made of sleek, dark wood, a rich and deep brown with grains swirling through it. There were place settings around the table, and then there were the women.

"Hello," Josh said jovially, stepping up to the table to shake hands. "I hope I didn't keep you waiting long."

"Not at all," said the first woman to take his hand. As they went through their quick introductions, he learned this was Bella, a woman of dark hair and dark eyes, dressed professionally with a simple and elegant gold pendant around her neck. From there he met Selma, a black woman with hair cropped short and close to her head and a dazzling smile. Then

there was Sarah, who's long blonde hair fell attractively around her shoulders, and who showed off her dimples when she smiled.

He sat down after the introductions were made. Josh was aware that he was sitting in the presence of three very beautiful women. They were all dressed professionally, yet it could do nothing to hide the alluring curves of their bodies, or the impressive size of their breasts where they were secured with blouses in some cases and blazers in others. Without a doubt, the women from Lancer knew how to dress in a way that combined provocative with executive.

Sarah watched Josh take his bag off and set it on another chair, and she said, "I think we should order before we get into too deep of a discussion. Now that we're all here, the servers will be coming shortly."

Josh nodded. "That sounds good to me. Everything looked so good on the way back here, I was tempted to snatch it off people's plates."

Sarah giggled at that, and soon after the next knock came at the door. At their invitation, the servers came in to take drink orders. In the short gaps between service, some business was discussed, but mostly Bella, Selma, and Sarah seemed interested in learning about Josh rather than learning about sunrise. They asked about his career there, how he had gotten started. They asked how long he worked there. Then, after the drinks came and the food was ordered, they asked him about the industry, and who he might know from other companies or from around the city.

The discussion was enjoyable and light, and the drinks—sparkling house ginger cocktails that the Lancer execs had insisted everyone get just one of—were delicious and helped things along. Perhaps the insistence that they each partake in a boozy beverage might have been Josh's first hint that this meeting would take unexpected turns.

Once the food was ordered and the drinks were half-empty, they got into the meat of their discussion. The deal on the table was large, close to a million dollars if done right, and the Lancer women flipped the switch to being shrewd and astute cleanly.

It did go well. Josh may have said aloud that he expected it to, but of course it was really more of a hope, a hope with action added in to make it a reality. By the time the food arrived, they weren't quite at the point of signing any contracts or agreements of intent, but Josh was reasonably comfortable that the ink would be laid down once the dinner was over. The

three women from Lancer moved over to his side of the table during the discussions, getting close to him, not afraid to quite literally rub shoulders.

Josh didn't mind. He engaged with a smile.

When the knock announcing the food came, they went back to their seats and dinner was served by a pair of slim and efficient wait staff, doling out large dishes of hot food and small, neat rows of sauces in porcelain cups with practiced excellency.

The meal was delicious, fresh and cooked to perfection. Josh had teriyaki pork, noting the sharp tang that came with the house sauce, and adding more of it from the small dishes laid out on the table. The rice and noodles went down easily, satisfying and warm. The talk, sparing though it was between bites, went back to lighter things, about sports and weather and planned vacations, and how many times any one of them had been to this restaurant before. It was enjoyable, and Josh quickly found himself at ease with the Lancer executives, regardless of the fact that the cocktails had stopped after the first one, and everyone had switched to sparkling water or diet soda.

There was one more knock on the door some time later, one almost perfectly timed with the cleanliness of their dishes, as everyone had finished what they wanted to eat and pushed what little remained to the center of the table. The staff came in, working quickly with deft hands and warm cloths, smiling as they cleared the table and wiped away any messes left behind. When they left the private dining room, it looked almost exactly as it had when Josh had first arrived, with the plates gone but their drinks still sitting.

The conversation continued, and Josh was wondering how to naturally segue back onto the topic of the deal when Selma spoke up, bringing the meeting to its sharp curve.

Selma met Josh's eyes, and she asked him, "Have you heard anything about how we like to do business, Josh?"

Josh wasn't sure what she meant, so he answered as best he could. "Well, I don't think I've heard anything crazy, but now I know that you like to go to nice restaurants."

Selma laughed, a little titter. "I wouldn't mind you spreading that rumor. But there are much more dirty rumors out there."

That was when Josh remembered his conversation with Grace, and some pieces fit together in his head. He found himself at a loss, frozen,

unsure of what to say at all. Surely acknowledging that he had heard anything of the sort would be foolish, right?

"Come on, Josh," Bella said, and she gave him a warm smile, bringing her hand up to stroke at the gold pendant around her neck. Only now did Josh realize how deep her necklace plunged into her cleavage, and how her pinky finger slipped down between her breasts over and over while she moved her hand. All while she kept looking him in the eyes.

As he scanned across the visages of the three women who had all of their attention focused on him, he saw the same things. Eye contact, undeniably flirtatious smiles, and hands tugging at collars and hovering near exposed cleavage like they were trying to give him little hints. He wasn't a stupid person, no matter how unbelievable a situation might seem.

When you started in sales and you moved up, it was because you could read people. He'd have to be illiterate to not read what was in front of him now. So he proceeded with as much decorum as he could muster.

"Maybe I've heard a few things," he said, still cautious despite the obvious interest around him. And because Grace, despite his acting otherwise, had not been the first person to mention these kinds of things to him, he continued, "Some things from a few guys and gals who claim they've, well, gotten lucky."

He shook his head. "But it's nothing I put any stock in."

Sarah reached over from where she was sitting, and she put her hand on his. "Maybe you should."

Josh's voice stuck in his throat. He was very aware of how beautiful these women were, and now he was more aware of how their outfits showed that off. Furthermore, he saw that buttons had been undone and blazers had come off without him even realizing it during the course of the dinner, and there was a lot more skin showing around the table than there had been an hour ago.

He saw all this as they talked to him. As Sarah squeezed his hand and explained that Lancer evaluated relationships on a more personal level. As Selma found his foot beneath the table and told him that not all meetings proceeded this way; only the good ones. And as Bella played with her necklace, telling him his decision right now wouldn't hurt him in their considerations, but it would give them more data about a working relationship, and it was always good to have more data. Especially between consenting adults who found mutual enjoyment in its gathering.

Their arguments were persuasive, about as persuasive as their bodies, and Josh knew he was won over before he even said anything. Part of him wondered how many men in his position had declined an offer like this.

And then a much bigger part of him said, "I'm very happy with how this meeting is going. I'd love to take it further," with a big, devilish grin.

His first thought was that they would excuse themselves from the restaurant and find a more appropriate place to get naked. But he was wrong on that account. Bella, also grinning with excitement, stood up from her seat and slipped a red door tag out of her purse, taking it over to the door, cracking it open, and attaching it to the handle before closing it again.

"We love this place for a lot of reasons," she said to Josh when she turned back around. "Their understanding is one of them."

"You mean...here?" Josh said.

"Here," Bella said, and then she stepped forward, grabbed Josh by the front of the shirt, and pulled him into a kiss.

She was on him before he even knew what was happening, but while it was a surprise, it wasn't unwelcome. His lips melted into Bella's, and then her tongue found his, kissing him deeper. Her hands slipped under his jacket, lifting it off his shoulders so that he could slide it off his arms. He let her help get it off, and then knew that he wanted to help her too.

Bella wore a plain white button-up shirt with the top four buttons undone to show the swell of her breasts. He undid the rest with one hand, still kissing her, and when all that was left was her discreet white bra underneath, he took care of that too, opening the front clasp. Her breasts came free, and he grabbed one in his hand, not able to fit all of it. Bella gave an approving bite on his lip.

While Josh and Bella were helping each other get undressed, Selma and Sarah had come around to their side of the table strictly so that the two of them could start kissing ferociously right next to the pair. Selma's dark skin contrasted Sarah's fair complexion as they entwined themselves in each other, their hands roaming places that it seemed they had roamed before. The room filled with sounds of passionate kissing, the sounds locked inside their private little getaway.

First there was the kissing, and then there was the nakedness, the two of them merging well at some times and fighting against each other at others. Kisses were broken to slip shirts over heads, then quickly reformed

once the offending garments were out of the way. Clothes were discarded onto the floor, scattered about messily. No one had the least concern for them; only concern for what was underneath.

Josh's hands roamed over Bella's naked body, returning to the glorious weight of her tits, but taking time to rub across her taut stomach and feel the prickle of short hair at the top of her mound. Her hands explored Josh, running down his chest and not being shy at all about wrapping her slender fingers around his hard shaft where it pressed against her.

Sarah and Selma were the first ones to hit the table, Selma's ass pushing into the edge and the round, dark flesh of her cheeks rolling over it. Sarah didn't stop pushing on her though, getting Selma's ass up over the table and making her lay down flat on its surface, her naked skin leaving short-lived smudges on the table that faded away as she moved further back. Sarah climbed up right on the table with her, getting up on top of Selma where she lay flat. Their breasts pressed together, hard nipples poking into each other's skin. They kissed more, heavily. Sarah pressed her knee up between Selma's legs and rubbed against the lips of her pussy, the black woman moaning at the pressure.

Bella pushed on Josh as well, still keeping their lips locked while she did it. She moved him back until his own ass hit the table, and only then did she pull off of him with a wet sound of the kiss breaking. She put her both hands on his chest as she slowly lowered herself down to her knees, getting herself steady on the floor of the dining room while she stared his hard cock down directly. His very-aroused shaft protruded straight forward, twitching in anticipation of Bella's attentions on it.

She wrapped a hand around it, and then shortly after she did the same with her lips, sucking the head of his cock into her mouth and making him utter, "Oh, fuck," as her warm, wet tongue ran circles around his sensitive cockhead. Then Bella started blowing him, not slowly, immediately pushing forward and throating his cock all the way to the hilt, and all Josh could do was brace himself on the edge of the table and lean backward as she worked herself on his cock skillfully. She sucked his dick like she was hungry for it, like she hadn't just eaten dinner and needed sustenance. The back of her throat squeezed around his dick, making his eyes close in pleasure.

On the table, the other two women had pulled their lips apart too. Selma had stayed laying how she was, but Sarah had spun herself around so that her knees were on either side of Selma's head and the two of them were in a sixty-nine position. Just like Bella on Josh, Sarah immediately dove in to Selma's nectar, not pausing for foreplay or titillation. She latched onto Selma's pussy like she was starving, parting her dark lips with her tongue to taste the pink flesh underneath. Selma's hands came up, grabbing Sarah's hips and squeezing like she was holding on for dear life as the blonde woman ravished her between her legs.

Josh got a great view of that as Bella sucked on him, and Bella, looking up from down below, seemed happy that Josh was watching, and made sure to get a look at the show herself. She couldn't see Selma's hands sliding to Sarah's ass, grabbing her white cheeks and spanking them, but Josh could. And Josh watched her lift her head up and treat Sarah back, licking all along the length of her pussy before shoving her long tongue right up her cunt as far as it could go.

All Josh could do while Bella went all the way down length of his cock over and over again was to put a hand on her head and twist his fingers through her long, dark hair. Her big tits bounced on her chest as she blew him, pressing up and swinging into his legs every time she took in the full length of his shaft down to the root.

But eventually that wasn't enough for her, and her insistent hands crept up from his thighs to his stomach, pushing him back to get him onto the table. She wasn't strong enough to actually move and lift him, of course, but Josh got the message pretty clearly as she shoved him, and he managed to hop himself up onto the table next to the sixty-nine that was happening to his left. Even as he got up on the table and moved back, Bella kept his cock in her mouth, not letting him go as she followed him up onto the surface. The drinking glasses had been pushed to either side already, safely out of the reach of anyone's flailing limbs. The table was big, which was why the four of them had mostly crowded around the corners at one end while they had been having their discussion. Josh got far back enough to allow Bella up on the table with him fully, laying back with his chest slightly elevated so he could watch Bella suck his cock.

From this angle, now, he could see Selma diving into Sarah's cunt, licking noisily and spending time on her clit, while with one hand she squeezed the flesh of Sarah's ass cheek and pressed the first knuckle of her

thumb into Sarah's asshole. Sarah's ass rocked back-and-forth against Selma's face and thumb, encouraging her along.

Yet as much fun as the two girls were having, it seemed they wanted to get Josh involved. Bella was pretty much hogging his cock, keeping him pinned down with the intense blow job she was giving him. Josh could hardly form the words to ask her to stop, not that he wanted to at all. She could do this forever, if he had any say in it.

But Sarah climbed off of Selma and turned around, coming up next to Josh where he was laid back on the sleek wood of the table.

"Do me a favor," she said, and elaborated by shoving her breasts in his face. Josh didn't need any more details on the request, savoring the warmth and weight of her tits on his cheeks and face before finding her nipples, one with his mouth and the other with a free hand. He swirled his tongue around her nipple and sucked hard on it, taking her shiver as a sign that he was doing a good job.

Not to be left out, Selma carefully made her way to the other side of Josh and joined Sarah with her own chest. Selma's big, brown-skinned tits smothered Josh's face, and between both pairs of them he had to struggle to find air. Meanwhile, Bella had endless amounts of energy down below, bobbing up and down on his cock and using one hand to cradle his balls and give him delightful little scratches on the sensitive skin of his sack. The woman was talented with fellatio, that was for sure.

Josh let the women take command of the situation and how it advanced, as they were the ones with the plan, and he had quite enjoyed everything that had happened so far. After he had gotten a healthy taste of both of Selma's nipples, she pulled away from his face so that she could go a little further south, turning around and pressing her shoulder against Sarah's hip, while the blonde wrapped a hand around the back of Josh's head to urge him to suck harder at her tits.

"Move over, Bella," Selma insisted, bringing her head down to Josh's crotch. "You can't be the only one who gets dessert."

Bella pulled off Josh's cock, taking big, deep breaths of air and looking around as though she had forgotten where she was, returning to reality after all of her attention had been focused on blowing Josh.

Selma quickly took Josh's dick into her mouth, tasting both him and what Bella had left behind. Josh groaned into Sarah's tits, the stimulation intoxicating. Blowing him from the opposite direction, Josh felt the ridges

of the roof of Selma's mouth rub up against the underside of his cock, and it was heavenly.

Selma blew him for a good minute or two—a great minute or two, really—and Sarah pulled back from his face during that, letting him breathe while she rubbed her own tits and pinched at her hard nipples. She locked eyes with Bella where the dark-haired woman waited patiently for her turn with Josh, and Sarah said, "Come on, ladies. It's time. Like we talked about, yeah?"

Josh could have asked what she meant, but he decided he'd much rather see it. Selma brought her mouth up off his cock, almost eagerly, as if she was excited for what was going to come next. She looked back at Josh, his wet cock still wagging back-and-forth below her chin.

"Time for you to do some work, honey," she said to him with a vicious grin she smacked one hand on the muscle of his thigh. "Get up and stand in front of the table. We want you fillin' us all up as best you can."

Their arrangement moved, Josh still unsure what was going to happen, but the directions clear enough. He moved to the side and Selma climbed over him as he did so, sliding his legs off the table to plant them on the ground and then get back up, standing. Selma took the spot where he had been lying, and Bella got up on the table herself, getting on her back next to Selma.

Now Josh stood in front of the table, looking at all three women lying next to each other, with Bella on his left, Selma in the middle, and Sarah on his right. Almost in unison, the three of them slid down the table as far as they could, inching forward so that their buttocks hung a couple inches off the edge of the table, and their legs were raised up, presenting all three of their spread pussies in formation for Josh's viewing pleasure. He took in the sight with hungry eyes, silently willing himself to remember it forever.

Of course, he was meant to do a lot more than just look at them.

"Me first!" Sarah called, sliding her hands underneath her thighs and spreading her legs farther. "Come on, Josh. Stick that hard cock in me!"

This was the longest that there hadn't been a hot mouth wrapped around his cock in some time, so he hardly needed the encouragement to get inside one of the women again. He stepped to the side, pressing himself up against Sarah while Bella and Selma watched. His hard cock slid up against the slickness of her pussy lips, nudging at her clit. She reached

down with one hand and pushed him down to her entrance, making sure he got inside quickly.

Immediately, his full length slid into the tight embrace of her tunnel, making both of them moan until his crotch pressed against hers. Josh grabbed Sarah around the backs of her thighs and pulled himself up tight to her, making sure he was as deep as possible. He savored her hot, tight pussy around his cock for a moment before starting to fuck her, both at her insistence and his own need, sliding back and forth inside her cunt. Sarah curled her toes and bit her lip as Josh fucked her, wrapping her legs around his waist as if to trap him inside of her.

But Josh had other women to service, too, and they didn't let him forget it. Selma pawed at Sarah's breasts, squeezing her nipples and tickling at her, until Sarah giggled and slapped at her hands. But she let Josh go, and Selma beckoned him over to her, using her legs to grab him around the hips and pull him over. She got him centered right on her pussy, her big breasts shaking with the movement, jiggling on her chest. Josh teased her a little, running his cock along her pussy lips and spreading Sarah's juices on her. Selma wiggled, trying to get him inside of her.

They did line up, Josh sliding into her and letting out a breath in a long exhale. He felt the difference curves and nudges of her insides, his white cock disappearing into the pinkness tucked beneath her dark pussy lips. Selma rubbed her legs against his sides, grunting and smiling in pleasure as Josh pumped into her. He slapped his groin into hers, the sounds of their sex wet and loud in the room. The women on either side of Selma reached over to fondle at her breasts and help her feel good. Selma tilted her head back against the table, taking it all in.

Then it was Bella's turn, and Josh was fighting not to cum as he pulled out of Selma and she gave a theatric, disappointed groan. He stepped to the left again, this time lined up against the pussy of the woman who had sucked his cock ferociously. Pushing his cock into her cunt, he found the heat and slickness between her legs just as delicious. Her pussy grabbed at his cock, practically pulling him into her by itself. Josh grabbed her around the back of her thighs and fucked Bella, slamming into her pussy as she told him to fuck her harder, and harder. He railed her, shaking the table with the force of his pounding.

So it went for some time, with Josh spreading himself around to the three women as best as he possibly could, taking turns in their pussies and

holding back his own orgasm. At one point when he got back to Selma, sliding into her tight cunt to her squeal of delight, Bella leaned over to rub at her clit, smiling while she watched Josh fuck her friend.

Then Josh went to Sarah again and the other two couldn't hold themselves back anymore. Bella got on top of Selma just like Sarah had done before, and the two of them ate each other out while Josh got inside of Sarah. He knew that he was going to cum, and he fucked her hard, making Sarah's tits bounce while she grabbed onto the table to steady herself and keep her pussy far forward so that Josh could slam into her over and over with his full length.

The flurry of pussy-eating and hardcore, forceful fucking led to their orgasms coming in a wave, with Bella and Selma cumming into each other's mouths and faces while they sucked each other's clits and jammed two and three fingers into each other's cunts, and Sarah's pussy spasming around Josh's cock even as she begged him to cum inside of her, and he did as she asked, grunting and moaning and slamming himself deep inside her tunnel to empty his balls into her. His hot seed splashed into her, pumping into her as Josh pumped himself into her as well, everyone's pleasure filling the room and each of them closing their eyes and pouring themselves out into the other.

Josh pulled his cock, hard but spent, out of Sarah, letting his seed spill out of her and onto the floor of the dining room. His heart pounded in his chest and his legs wanted to give out, and the three women didn't look much different, lowering their raised limbs and catching their breath.

But all of them knew they couldn't linger here forever, so they found their clothes and got to looking as straightened-up as they could. But there was only so much that could be done for messy hair and the pervasive, lingering smiles that were stuck to all of their faces as they sat back down in their chairs, fully dressed and only slightly askew.

Josh opened his mouth to say something, something cute and carrying sexual innuendo, but was cut off by Selma pulling the papers they'd been working on before dinner out again and laying them onto the table.

"You want to sign here, Josh?" she said, pointing her finger at the bottom of the contract, at the bottom of four lines where the rest of the women would sign, too. Selma smiled at him, then looked to her business partners. "I think we can all comfortably say we're ready to move forward."

"I think we already moved forward," Bella said with a laugh, quickly reaching over to sign after Selma did, and Sarah did the same, tipping a wink at Josh as she crossed the t's in her last name.

"All yours, Josh," she said, holding the pen out to him.

He blinked, trying to remember the last time anything had gone this well. One time he had won \$200 on a scratch-off ticket, when he was nineteen. Back then, he figured he might have felt one-quarter of what he felt now. He took the pen with a grin and signed his name below the three of theirs.

"We'll send you an email tomorrow to confirm," Sarah told him, taking the pen back.

"It was," Bella said, sliding the papers back into her folio, "a *pleasure* doing business with you, Josh."

"Likewise," was all Josh could manage to say, and the women said he could take his leave and they'd let the staff know the room was ready for treatment. Before he could spoil anything, he did, shaking their hands while they all wore their secret smiles.

Outside, he got into his car and he admired that tree again, perfect and pleasant. Almost too serene to be real. But there it was, right in front of him.

He had promised Grace a story, but there was no way she'd ever believe him.

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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