



The
**DOMINATION
HAREM**

BUNDLE

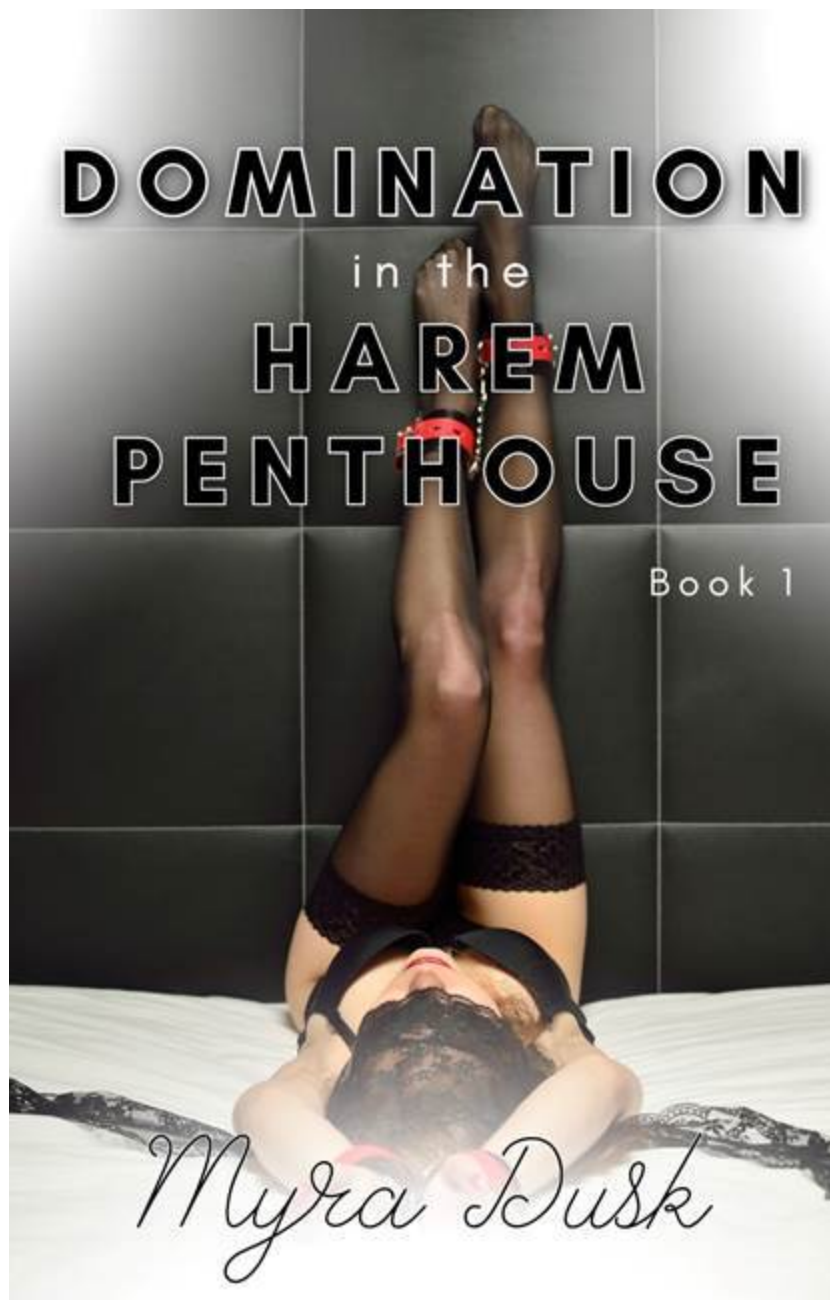
Myra Dusk

The Domination Harem Bundle

by Myra Dusk

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Domination in the Harem Penthouse

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 bar was a hotel bar, but it was nice, seventeen floors up and not somewhere that Alan had been before. That was unusual, because he'd been to a lot of places around the city, and a lot of them had been bars. People tended to let their inhibitions down when the alcohol was flowing, and felt better about talking to a stranger at length in a place like this than, say, at the grocery store.

Especially when it was about something that they weren't quite ready to admit about themselves.

Alan had prepped the penthouse before he had left, confident as always in his ability to bring back what he needed to the place. He couldn't remember the last time he had wasted a day of preparation, and he had no intention of making this night be the first in a long time.

Normally you would at least need a room key to get up above the fourth floor of this hotel, but Alan knew some people. In fact, one of those people had called him—the friend of a former client, who seemed to quite enjoy the ability to connect people with the penthouse dungeon master and help them live their best life.

Alan saw him at the security desk when he walked into the hotel's lobby. It was a pretty ritzy place, not quite 'marble floors' fancy, but with a meticulously-cleaned red-and-gold carpet and no harsh fluorescent lighting. Everything looked natural, even stretching up the twenty or some feet to the ceiling. Alan looked around the place with a gradual sweep of his head, noting the evenly-spaced chandeliers hanging down from the ceiling and a few huge columns stretching all the way up to meet them, which might actually have been real marble, or at least a very good-looking fake.

"Alan," Gerald said from the security desk. He worked directly for the hotel, not a contractor, so he was here most days. "Good to see you."

Alan grinned. Gerald was a little too excited sometimes, but he had grown on Alan, enough to where Alan was okay with taking a direct invitation to his place of work to find clients. Normally he liked a degree or two of separation when it came to that sort of thing, but well, here he was. Things evolved, and people changed.

"Same to you, Gerald," Alan said, coming over to the security desk and shaking his hand. "Nice place you got here. You do a good job keeping it safe?"

Gerald scoffed. "Look around. Most people walk into this lobby and are afraid to breathe wrong. Something intimidating about it, I guess. I don't see a lot of action." Gerald winked. "Not like you."

Alan shook his head, but there was a little smile there. There was Gerald's energy, not always in the right place.

"I appreciate you calling me up," Alan said. "I go out on my own when it suits me, but it's always easier to have a lead. "

"Any time," Gerald said, nodding. "I've been friends with Amy a long time, and like I told you, she seems a lot more relaxed ever since she got together with you. Honestly, I heard about Marissa from her and just spread the word over."

The background behind the security desk was mirrored, somewhat unclearly, as it was meant to be more of a narrow strip of decoration rather than a reflective surface to fix your hair in. Alan did, however, check himself very quickly within it while he stood there. Presentation was a large part of this whole affair, after all. His short, dark hair was neat, nothing out of place. He was clean-shaven, which he usually preferred to be, though if he gave it a few weeks he could have an even, dark beard that tended to itch at him thoroughly. His eyes were blue and sharp, but his smile warmed his face and made his intimidating six-foot-three frame much more disarming. He had the right kit of tools to be in charge of someone—or multiple someones.

"Trust me, it brings me great pleasure." Alan smiled. "Is now a good time, or should I go see which one of these chairs is the most comfortable?"

Gerald laughed. "You're a funny guy. Yeah, come on, I'll get you up there."

Gerald came out from behind the desk, and Alan followed him over to the bank of elevators. It was a large hotel, with twelve different ones to use. Gerald went to the closest one and punched the button, waiting only a few moments for it to descend to the lobby floor. At the soft *ding*, they stepped forward as the doors opened.

Gerald swiped his badge against the interior elevator keypad, then hit the button for the fifteenth floor. The elevator began to take them up, smooth and silent. Alan leaned against the back wall, crossing his arms.

Gerald talked, as Alan knew he would. "Amy told me that Marissa would be wearing a red dress. Did I already say that?"

Alan nodded. "You mentioned it."

"Right. Anyway, she should have been up there for a while already. I don't know if you told her that you were coming for sure."

"No, I didn't," Alan said with a shake of his head. "See if she's willing to stick it out through a little uncertainty. If she can't handle that, she's not going to do any better back at the penthouse."

Gerald nodded vigorously. "Right, right. Makes sense. Well, hopefully she's still there."

He said this last as the elevator stopped and the doors slid open, the digital display and its red numbers taking over to show '17.'

"Can't stay for a drink, you know, being on duty and all," Gerald said, winking. "Have fun in there."

"Thanks, Gerald," Alan said, stepping out of the elevator and turning around to give Gerald a little wave. "This is much easier with your help. Talk to you soon."

The elevator doors closed, and Alan turned, looking at his new surroundings. Outside the elevator bank, the hallway split off in two directions, and the lounge he was looking for was to his right. The hallway up here was a different style than the lobby down below, a little gloomier with its lighting, and bearing a more modern, sophisticated look. The wall sconces were recessed, keeping the wall flat and flush. The rug here, instead of being red with gold, was black and silver, sucking up the light and lending to the subdued look of the hall.

Alan stepped onto the carpet and found it surprisingly lush and soft, idly wondering how often they replaced it to keep it like this, or if this lounge simply didn't get a lot of traffic, weather through exclusivity or poor marketing. The hallway curved in to the right past the elevator bank, with a small standing sign at the corner indicating that those interested should proceed forward to reach the Redtop Lounge. Redtop was the hotel, courtesy of the aged and under-designed red border around the edge of its roof; thusly, the name.

The hallway narrowed slightly as it turned, tapering down to a pair of frosted glass doors with the Redtop Lounge logo etched across them. Alan considered them for a moment, then pushed on the cold handles and entered the bar.

It was dark in here, too; even darker than the hall outside, and it took his eyes a moment to adjust.

The place was big. The main attraction was the bar itself, big and rectangular, stretching over a hundred feet back with an eternal supply of wine- and margarita glasses hanging above the length of the bar top. It was dark wood with a glassy inlay right where people could dig their toes into it as they sat. Cocktail tables were scattered around the room, spread out, with a few deep semicircle booths, most of them empty, dotting around the far exterior, sitting in such darkness that they were almost invisible. Deep to the left, there was a small stage, unoccupied and uncrowded, set against the wall.

It was not a very exciting day at the Redtop Lounge. Well, not very exciting for most people. Alan was going to make do.

He settled in over on the far side of the bar from the entrance. He had already seen Marissa, on what was certainly not her first drink, wearing a red dress that didn't show much cleavage but fit her form well, with thin straps and a form-fitting waist that hugged her hips even as she sat down at the bar.

Alan ordered mid-shelf whisky and sat for a while, sipping. She was alone, but she was here, so he doubted that she couldn't follow directions. Maybe she was just alone at the bar, the person that she was supposed to bring with her sitting elsewhere so that she didn't get distracted or caught up in conversation.

He finished his whisky, paid, and hoped that was the case, or this would be a waste of time in the end. Well, he'd watched her sit there nervously long enough. If she'd indeed been here over an hour—which she should have been—the fact that she was still a little fidgety, looking around, was a good sign. She was both committed and hesitant, not sure if she should regret it.

She could figure that out later.

Alan stood, coming around the bar. Maybe she had seen him when he came in, but she didn't know exactly what she was looking for. He did, and he closed in on her.

"Marissa," Alan said, sitting down in the raised bar seat Next to her. "I'm Alan. Sorry that I'm late, I got held up."

He let her imagine what that might mean, watching her eyes. He had startled her when he sat down, just a little bit, but enough for him to notice.

She had long, brown hair which looked good against the shade of red of her dress. Her eyes were bright and alert, and from the look of it, she had been drinking vodka and water, with a cherry sitting at the bottom of the glass to infuse a little bit more flavor.

"That's all right," Marissa said, taking a breath to study herself, which Alan noticed as well. "I wasn't waiting too long."

It wasn't worth it to pry into that. Whether it was a lie or not wouldn't affect anything.

"What has Amy told you?" Alan asked, jumping right into things. No sense in wasting any more time when plenty had been wasted already.

"Um..." Marissa hesitated, breaking eye contact with Alan as she cast her thoughts further back in her mind to whatever her friend had told her about her own encounter with Alan. "She got, um, pretty into detail. Not things that are...meant to be talked about in a place like this."

"In a bar?" Alan questioned, lightly teasing.

"Not this bar," Marissa said, smiling. She was warming up. That was good.

Alan dipped his head, nodding in understanding. "The clean parts, then. However spare they might be."

Marissa chewed on her bottom lip. It was cute.

"Hm. Okay, well..." She turned her glass where it sat on the bar, the cherry flopping around. "She told me about the place. How it was set up, the kind of....*stuff* that you had around. It was very clean," she added quickly, like she had been accusing him of keeping it otherwise.

"Of course," Alan said. "Go on."

Marissa lowered her voice a little, moving her head down. "She said you had another girl there, too. Someone she knew, but that she didn't think was going to follow through. So she was...surprised."

"She was," Alan agreed. "But pleasantly, in the end."

"And that you made her—"

Alan raised a hand, cutting her off. "Allow me to clarify one thing, Marissa. I don't make anyone do anything; my environment encourages people to let themselves go, and puts me in command of their experience there. Do you understand?"

Marissa nodded, slowly.

"Even if you don't understand now, you will soon. Perhaps." Alan's eyes glittered. "But I believe we both know that there is something missing

from this equation."

Marissa licked her lips, a nervous little tick. "I just thought..."

She didn't finish her thought. Alan stepped in.

"I do enjoy one-on-one work," Alan told her, "but it's not my passion. I'm sure Amy made that clear when she recommended you. So, I will ask plainly. Are you here alone?"

Marissa shook her head. "I did bring Allison, but I'm not sure..."

"So she is here, in this bar, right now?"

"Yes."

"Then she's sure. Take us to her."

To her credit, Marissa immediately gave a small nod and stood up from the bar, looking directly toward where she knew her friend was sitting and waiting. Perhaps it was a safety line; an option to leave if she had second thoughts, but she was bringing her into the fold now, and Alan knew where the night would end.

He let Marissa take the lead, following her across the bar to where her friend sat at a small table that was within sight of where the two of them had been sitting at the bar. Alan had seen this alone woman eyeing them, of course, and had suspected she was Marissa's friend, but he had needed her to bring her into the engagement herself.

Marissa smiled nervously at her friend before she sat down with her at the table. Alan remained standing a moment longer, taking her in. Allison was blonde, with shoulder-length hair and an expression that was hard to read. She didn't wear a dress, instead opting for jeans and a blouse that showed the tantalizing swell of her tits, with a beer in a pint glass in front of her. She looked at Alan with an interested air, and Alan sat down at the table with them as Marissa started talking.

"Sorry for making you wait," Marissa was saying to Allison. She had left her drink on the bar, and she tapped her fingernails against Allison's pint glass. "Obviously, um, this is Alan."

"I don't know," Allison said, looking for Marissa over to Alan. "You look more like a Joe."

That made Alan crack a smile. "Astute. That's my middle name."

Allison let out a little laugh. "Anyway," she said, addressing Marissa again, "you're here now. So I guess you're okay with all of this?"

"Yeah," Marissa said with a nod.

"I take it that you've been on board for all of this since the beginning?" Alan asked of Allison. "You did look somewhat impatient, sitting here and waiting for us while we were at the bar."

Allison flushed, not realizing that she had been watched. "Well, I guess I made up my mind before I came here, then."

"I figured as much." Alan looked to Marissa. "Time is wasting, then, if the decisions have already been made. We are all here. Are you ready, Marissa?"

The moment of silence while they waited for her answer was a long one, pushing away the ambient noise of the bar chatter and clinking glasses around them. But Marissa did answer, and the flush that crept into her cheeks was not one of embarrassment, but of rippling excitement.

"Yes."

Alan reached in his pocket and pulled out a business card, a card he only carried one copy of with him at any given time. He placed this on the table and slid it over so that it rested between the two women.

"The two of you will be going to this address. Stay here for a little while, finish your drinks, and leave the bar in about twenty minutes. Make sure that you arrive together."

Alan didn't provide them any time to respond. He stood up from the table, buttoning his suit jacket back up before stepping away. He left the low noise of the Redtop Lounge behind him, pushing through the frosted glass and letting the doors close. The elevator took him quickly back down to the lobby, and he tipped a wave at Gerald before leaving the building.

He got into his car and headed back to the building where his penthouse waited. It was already prepared, but there were always little things he could do.

He parked in the reserved space in the lot of the building, its fourteen floors stretching above him. He looked up at it as he got out of the car, as he always did. Alan didn't come here every day, and not even every week, so it felt good to return. There were always delicious things waiting not too far away.

Alan entered the high-rise and keyed into the penthouse elevator, taking it up to the fourteenth floor. The elevator wasn't quite as fast and modern as the one in the Redtop Hotel, but it served its purpose just fine. The elevator doors opened into the penthouse at the top, and the sight of the special suite brought a small smile to his face. There wasn't really too much

to be done, but still, Alan took a walk around, right after stripping off his jacket and hanging it in the closet by the elevator.

The place was spacious, an open concept that suited the purposes of turning the penthouse into a BDSM suite quite well. He had leather couches that were treated to avoid damage from most kinds of...spills. A rack of smaller equipment like handcuffs and other restraints, whips, clamps— anything that might be needed— set up against the wall to the far left, not in immediate view of anyone walking in. It was a little more fun to have them notice it only once he was heading over to fetch something.

There were benches, too, and armless chairs. All the furniture was arranged in little groups, subtly dividing the penthouse suite into separate sections for whatever enhancements to the evening might be needed. Beyond the north-side wall of windows, the gorgeous view of the city grew dark as night took over. Even with the view, the privacy up here was terrific, and anyone who somehow managed to look through the fourteenth-floor window wouldn't see much that betrayed the true purpose of this place from that angle.

Not that anything illegal was happening. But most people wouldn't expect to see what was set up inside of this apartment. Not unless they were invited guests, like Marissa and Allison.

Alan shifted a few things around, giving the penthouse another lap before going back to the front closet and taking off his shoes, placing them inside.

It wouldn't be long now. He preferred to remain mostly dressed pending the arrival of clients. It was better to let things happen more naturally as the night progressed, rather than diving in with his cock out.

Soon after, the alert buzzer on the elevator rang, and he sent it down for them, not bothering to check on the video feed to make sure it was them. He knew that it was.

He was sitting down on a chair near the front, one leg crossed over, when the elevator opened with a soft ding and the two women stepped tentatively out and into the penthouse.

"Welcome," Alan said to them with a wide smile. He remained sitting down. "You destroyed the business card?"

"We did," Allison said, while Marissa nodded. Both of their bravados seemed to have been subdued a bit now that they had made it here with him, but the fact that they stood there was proof enough of their conviction.

"The foreplay for tonight has concluded." Alan uncrossed his legs, leaning forward and putting his hands on his knees, resting them against his dark slacks. "I prefer to get into things at a quicker pace, and inside this penthouse, what I prefer is what will happen. So I will need the both of you to get undressed, completely naked, and to place your clothes and belongings in the bin inside the closet to your right."

He watched both of the women take in a breath, but there was only a little hesitation before they complied with his commands. Marissa slipped the straps of her dress off, pulling the whole thing over her head rather than down around her legs since it was such a nice little hip hugger. Underneath, her underwear set was a pure white, with lace around her bra and the waistband of her panties.

She slipped the latter off first, bringing them down to her ankles and stepping out of them along with her heels, leaving it all on the ground. Then she reached behind herself and undid her bra with one hand quickly, seemingly gaining confidence now that she had gone this far and showed her body to Alan. Her breasts, large and white and beautiful, fell out of the cups of her bra and bounced once, perky for their size.

Allison was only a little behind her in undressing, taking down her burgundy underwear along with her jeans and her flats in one smooth motion, standing bottomless for a brief second before slipping off the blouse and letting it join the pile. She shook her head, disentangling her blonde hair. Her bra matched the panties, but it was a front clasp, and she pulled it open and slipped it off her shoulders, revealing impressive tits and hard little nipples.

"Go ahead," he said, nodding toward the closet. "The door's open."

Marissa opened the closet and dumped her things inside, including the little clutch bag that she carried, and Allison did the same, though she didn't have a purse or bag to add to the pile. She closed the door.

Alan stood up, stepping over to the women and moving around them in a slow circle to get a better look at them. He took notice of their asses, especially Marissa's, which was deliciously round. He loved a good ass.

"I am sensing a little discomfort," Alan said, once he had completed his slow revolution around the two women. "It's perfectly natural. But I have something that I think will help."

He turned around to head to the left side of the penthouse, looking over his shoulder at the women and saying, "Come with me."

He heard their bare feet pad along the hardwood of the entryway, and then onto the large, lush area rug that covered most of the floor in the main area. Many people, including himself, ended up on the floor for a good period of time during the evenings in the penthouse dungeon. The rug was far more comfortable for everyone than leaving the whole thing as bare hardwood.

Alan reached the rack of domination items. Most of them were simple restraints, but a few of them were a lot more intimidating at first glance. He stood before the wall with the two women behind him, bringing a hand to his chin and pretending to muse over what he needed.

"My god," Marissa finally said, breaking the pair's silence. "This place is incredible. I've never seen anything like it. "

Alan looked back over his shoulder, smiling at her. "I am glad you approve. Just because I call it a dungeon, it doesn't have to be some underground hellhole."

He turned back to the wall and ended his faux consideration, reaching for the items he had wanted from the start: two pairs of shiny steel handcuffs. He turned back to the women with the handcuffs held out before him, letting one of the pairs dangle from his pinky finger.

"Both of you stand in front of me and face each other," Alan commanded. They did as they were told, looking first at him, and then at each other in the eyes with nervous smiles and a small titter of laughter.

Alan let it pass, and then he locked one set of handcuffs between the two of them, linking Madison's right arm and Allison's left. The handcuffs clicked into place, and he put the other pair on them as well, locking the remaining two arms together. The women's arms hung down at about their waist level, the short handcuff chains stretching between them.

"Go ahead," Alan said, stepping back to watch them. "Touch each other. You won't be able to reach far with the handcuffs, so you'll need to get closer."

The nervous smiles and laughter had died down now, with both women handcuffed together and not many other places to look besides into the other's eyes. It was clear they had never been intimate together before, but at the same time, it was also clear that they weren't opposed to the idea. That perhaps they'd thought about it, or even talked about it, and just needed Alan to help them take that step forward.

Well, that time was now. Allison did take the step forward, and Marissa joined her, close enough so that their breasts pushed together and they could feel each other's hard nipples poke into their skin. Marissa shivered with delight at the contact, making her long hair shake.

"That's good," Alan said, crossing his arms. "But the handcuffs don't stop you from using your hands."

Allison looked over at Alan for just a second, nodding as she bit her lower lip, then looked back to Marissa and lifted her hands up to her breasts. They were still pressed against each other, their tits squishing into the other, but Allison slipped her hands around and in between their merged flesh to feel and squeeze at Marissa's breasts. Marissa closed her eyes briefly at the touch.

"Don't be shy," Alan said.

He watched Marissa lean back so that Allison could rub a thumb across her nipple. Emboldened by the action of her friend, she brought up her own hands to caress Allison's tits, giving them a firmer squeeze than her friend was doing to hers and making her and Mitch a little gas. Both women moved a little closer together, almost enough for their thighs to touch just above the knee.

"I love your boobs," Marissa murmured, hardly able to get the words out, but her actions were more important, finding Allison's nipples and playing with them. Allison flushed, whether at the silly compliment or the pleasure.

"That's lovely," Alan said to them, watching them discover as much of the other's body as they could while handcuffed together, "But I want to see more passion from the both of you. You've been hesitating. Just go ahead and do it; there will never be a better time or place."

Marissa's and Allison's eyes, which had been fluttering and distracted as they touched each other, looked to Alan, and then focused on each other again. Allison's lips parted, and she drew in a quick breath before leaning forward into Marissa and planting her lips on her friend's. Marissa's eyes widened for just a second, and then she leaned into the kiss, closing her eyes and kissing back, her hands still on Allison's breasts with her fingertips dug into her flesh. Marissa pushed her tongue into Allison's mouth, and Allison accepted it happily, hungrily, tasting Marissa's tongue with her own. Their heads tilted so that they could kiss each other more deeply, tongues

sliding against each other, while their bodies pressed together even harder and squished their breasts between them in the intensity of their kiss.

Beginning to feel a little hot himself, Alan started to unbutton his shirt, gradually, not taking his eyes off of the display in front of him. He had used the handcuff trick before on a few sets of women, and it almost always worked, as they were unable to resist the hidden desires inside themselves for very long, especially at his command. After all, why would they agree to come here together if there wasn't something between them, no matter how deeply it was buried? It was one of his favorite parts of bringing in multiple clients at once.

Just one of his favorite parts. There were still more favorite parts to go.

Alan got his shirt off, revealing his muscled frame and tight stomach. Even in the depth of their fiery kiss, he noticed the two women catch a glance of him. When he heard a desirous, passionate moan pass between the two of them, unsure which woman it came from with their melded mouths, Alan put a stop to them for now.

"That's very good," he complimented them, as they pulled away from each other, panting, their bodies still close. "I'm sure the two of you could get up to a lot of mischief on your own now, but you're not on your own. And your master has some things that he needs. So if you'd like those handcuffs off of you, I need to hear a 'yes, master' from both of you."

Marissa chewed at her lip for a moment before complying, saying, "Yes, master," with Allison echoing not too far behind her.

Alan stepped forward and took hold of their wrists, releasing the locks on both pairs of handcuffs and hanging them back up on the rack behind him. He turned and looked around the room for a brief moment, noticing both of their eyes hungrily taking in his half-naked form. He decided on a spot and nodded his head forward so that they would look at it.

"That elevated bench there, black leather with the wide base," Alan said, looking at the piece of furniture in question so that their eyes would fall onto it, too. "Marissa, get on there and lie on your back with that wet pussy facing where we stand now."

"Okay, master," Marissa said, perhaps starting to enjoy the dynamic more now that she had stepped past some of her inhibitions and they had gotten into things. She walked over to the bench and hoisted herself up, laying back as Alan had instructed her to. The bench was about three-and-a-

half feet tall, wide enough to accommodate her even with her legs spread open some. Marissa rested her hands on her belly, looking at the two of them where they stood back by the rack.

"Help me with these pants, Allison," Alan commanded. Allison looked up and down his body in a way that was not subtle at all, and she was quick to oblige, putting her hands on his belt and opening it. As she worked, her fingers brushed against his hardness, and he smiled.

"As you can tell, the two of you put on quite a display," Alan said, as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his pants. "Take it all down; no need to drag this out. There's more to do."

Allison did so, pulling down his pants and all, letting his cock spring free into the air, nine hard, long inches swelled with the lust of watching two women fondle and kiss each other just a foot in front of him.

"While you're down there," he said to Allison as she was crouched, "give it a kiss."

He grinned down at her, showing his teeth.

Allison breathed over his hard shaft, then pressed her lips against the head of his cock, giving it a wet smack. He saw her open her lips, and he put a hand on the top of her head, pushing her back.

"Not quite yet," he told her. "Stand up and go get over by Marissa."

Alan followed after her as she complied, stepping out of his pants and feeling the lush rug on his bare feet. Allison would be grateful for that soft barrier, as he would have her on her knees for him in a moment. Once they were in position, with Allison standing to Marissa's right and Marissa dutifully laying back on the bench, Alan walked up to them and put one hand on Allison's shoulder.

"Now you can get to work on me," Alan allowed her. He pushed down a little harder with the hand on her shoulder, lowering her to the ground so that her knees were pressed into the rug. Now his cock was in front of her face, just a couple of inches from her mouth.

"I'm going to have you eat Marissa's pussy," Alan advised her, "but I think it will be better for you to warm up first by sucking on my cock."

He turned his head over to Marissa, watching her reaction to the plan. He said to her, "Move closer to me so that I can work on you. Let's make sure you're good and wet for Allison's tongue."

Not wasting a second, he said to Allison while still looking at Marissa, "Allison. Open up that mouth and get to work."

He felt her hot mouth on his cock half a second later, her tongue swirling around the head as she tasted him. He stepped forward, feeding more of his cock into her mouth, and she took it gratefully, lifting up her hands and putting them on the sides of his legs as she sucked him. She was quickly able to take almost all nine inches down into her throat, speaking to some experience which Alan enjoyed.

While Allison's hot, wet mouth slid along his head and shaft, Alan ran a hand down the inside of Marissa's left thigh, making her shiver while she lay on the bench. The top was cushioned, and one of her elbows dug into the leather as Alan got closer to her crotch. Not much in the mood for any more teasing, Alan brushed his fingers across the wet lips of her shaved pussy, feeling her slickness there and spreading open the lips to watch her pink folds glisten. Marissa tilted her head back, involuntarily shoving her hips forward.

Alan nudged along her clit, giving it a little pinch that made Marissa twitch. From the feel of things, she was probably ready for Allison to eat her already, but Alan still wanted to play with her. He closed his eyes in pleasure as Allison engulfed the head of his cock deep in her throat and worked the muscles on it.

"You're quite good at that, "Alan said. "Keep going."

She did.

Alan's strong fingers found Marissa's wet hole, and he easily slid two fingers into her, feeling her entryway stretch around him as she moaned in pleasure. He saw her hand twitch like she was going to make a move to rub herself, and his eyes narrowed.

"Keep your hands down, or I'll have to use the handcuffs again."

The sounds of Allison's wet sucking mingled with the sounds from between Marissa's legs as Alan pressed his fingers deep into her, curling up to the sensitive spots on the top of her tunnel, making her whisper, "Oh, fuck," and close her eyes. He pushed his fingers in and out of her tunnel while Allison worked her way down his cock until she was taking the full length down into her mouth and throat over and over again. She was a very eager cocksucker, and if he wasn't careful, she'd be drinking his cum well before he was ready.

As hard as it was to pull away from something so delightful, Alan put his free hand back on Allison's forehead and pushed her off his cock, her saliva pulling away in a wet string between her lips and his manhood. He

made the same movement on Marissa, gradually pulling his fingers out of her pussy, and giving her clitoris another tweak with his thumb as he withdrew.

"All the way to the end," he said, addressing Marissa. "Make sure that Allison has full access to every bit of that horny little hole between your legs."

Marissa cast an anxious little glance over to Allison, but quickly followed Alan's directions, moving herself down the bench so that her legs hung off the end and her pussy was just about even with the edge.

Alan's cock throbbed as he watched Allison stand up. She had a very talented mouth, but now it needed to be put to use somewhere else. He guided her to kneel down between her friends legs, putting a hand on her shoulder as she went to the ground. He moved to the side and watched her breathe onto Marissa's pussy, while Marissa shivered with her legs spread, lifting them up a little.

"Have you ever eaten pussy, Allison?" Alan asked her.

"No," Allison breathed. "But I've thought about it."

"Stop thinking," Alan said, and then he shoved her face into Marissa's pussy.

Marissa gasped at the small, wet smack of Allison's face hitting her pussy. Allison was quick to dive in, kissing Marissa on her lower lips and at first tentatively reaching out with her tongue to taste her. She brought her tongue up and down Marissa's lips, gently at first, then pushing in harder once she got into it.

"Fuck, that feels good, Allison," Marissa said, in between harsh, panting breaths. "Yeah, my clit, lick my clit, oh..."

Allison did as her friend asked, clearly enjoying herself as she brought her hands up to wrap around the outside of Marissa's thighs and pull herself closer into her cunt. She moved her lips up to her clitoris and pulled the little nub inside, licking and sucking at it. Marissa thrust her hips up at Allison, one hand gripping at her own breast while the other clutched the side of the table.

Alan put a hand on his cock, idly stroking it while he watched Allison eat Marissa out. He looked at the curve of her ass where she knelt, hearing Allison's small moans as she passionately ate Marissa's pussy. This was one of his favorite things to do with his clients, and why he preferred to bring women in with a good friend of theirs. It brought Alan great satisfaction.

Allison was plunging her tongue up Marissa's tunnel, tasting the deepest parts of her. Then she withdrew her tongue from her hole and brought her hand back to the inside of her thighs, sliding two fingers inside of Marissa, then three, starting to finger fuck her while she moved her mouth back to her clit.

Alan watched Marissa writhe in pleasure and felt his own need burgeon within him. Not willing to wait any longer, he put his hands on Allison's hips where she was kneeling and pulled her up.

"Keep eating," he said to her, leaning in so that he didn't need to talk too loudly over the sounds of her devouring Marissa. "And spread your legs. I'm going to fuck you while you make Marissa cum."

Allison stuck her ass up in the air, staying bent over so she could continue sucking on Marissa's clit while her friend's moans became faster and higher in pitch. She wiggled her feet into the rug, spreading them apart and opening up her wet pussy for Alan.

Alan lined himself up, letting his hard cock slide along the lips of her pussy and rub against Allison's slit before pulling himself back up to her entrance. He put one hand on her ass, squeezing the curve of her cheek while using the other to line himself up with her waiting hole. Allison wiggled against him while she worked on Marissa's clit, silently begging him to slide it in.

She didn't need to beg. Alan pushed his cock into her wet hole and shoved all the way to the back of her pussy. Allison dug her fingernails into Marissa's thighs, stopping her licking and sucking of her pussy for a moment as she adjusted to Alan's cock. He let her recover, and then as soon as she started licking again, he started fucking her, burying himself in her hot, wet hole over and over again until her juices were practically dripping off his cock.

Allison had tremendous focus, even as Alan started fucking her harder. She didn't let up on Marissa's pussy, determined to bring her friend to orgasm as she ate her pussy for the first time. Marissa was clearly close, breathing faster and faster, her hips pushing up into Allison's face while Allison plunged her fingers into her tunnel and wiggled them, hitting the good spots that made Marissa lose her own breath.

"Let it go, Marissa," Alan said, panting a little bit himself now. "You know you want to cum in her face."

"Yeah," Marissa said, barely audible, with her voice suffocated by her nearness to orgasm. "Yeah. Don't stop, Allison. Just like that...yeah...!"

Alan stroked Allison all the way to the hilt with his cock, over and over, not relenting even as she tried to focus on making Marissa cum. He was beginning to feel his own need rise within him, but he knew that he could hold out as long as was necessary. He would save his orgasm for the right time.

When Marissa's orgasm hit her, she squeezed her legs around Allison's head while Allison dug her fingers into her pussy and locked her lips on her clit. She yelled and twisted as pleasure surged through her, holding Allison in place while Alan continued to fuck her. Allison helped her through the ride, working on her sensitive parts even as she was fully clenched between her legs. Alan could feel Marissa's shudders on his own cock as they passed through Allison's body.

He paused in fucking Allison once Marissa had released Allison's head, breathing heavily and recovering from her orgasm. Slowly, he pulled out of Allison's cunt, making her emit a little noise of surprise.

"I have an idea for how I'd like to finish things here," Alan said, giving Allison a quick smack on the ass. "Allison, step away from the bench for a moment."

Allison did, and Alan delivered his next instruction, ordering Marissa to turn around so that her head would be where her pussy had been. When that was done, he leaned over her, but didn't try to get his cock in her mouth. He reached for the adjustments on the bench, telling her to hold onto the sides while he lowered it some. He gently brought the height of the adjustable bench down, eyeballing to see where it needed to be, then locking it into place so that Marissa was now lying about a foot lower than she had been before.

"Good," Alan said, standing up straight and stepping to the side. "Allison, back in position, as you were before, but make sure that Marissa can reach your pussy with her mouth."

Allison grinned, and Marissa watched, entranced, as Allison came over and just about straddled her face where her head hung off the edge of the bench.

"Bend over," Alan commanded.

Allison did, grabbing the sides of the bench while she leaned over Marissa's body, her tits dangling just an inch or two above Marissa's

stomach.

Alan got back into position behind Allison, easily finding her tunnel again and sliding inside, savoring his return to her warm tightness. She groaned in delight as Alan filled her again, setting her stance wider and pushing her hips back to take him all in once more.

"Now help her cum, Marissa," Alan instructed her, though he could not see her face beneath Allison's hips. "It seems to me that you owe her."

Marissa was a little more tentative than Allison had been, but she still reached her tongue out and found Allison's clit, circling it. Her nose brushed the underside of Alan's cock, and he smiled to himself as he began to stroke in and out slowly, giving Marissa a moment to get used to the rhythm. His heavy balls hit her in the forehead, an added source of stimulation that made his loins tighten.

Allison's head had been upright, but as the feelings became too intense, she lowered it, her fingers digging into the sides of the leather bench and her tits now squishing down against Marissa's navel. Her breath was coming in harsh gasps, and Alan had the feeling that Allison wouldn't be able to speak even if she were asked to.

Marissa's tongue flicked Allison's clit back-and-forth, even going up to Allison's hole and licking around the folds where Alan's cock entered her, tasting Allison's juices and caressing Alan's shaft. Alan grabbed Allison's hips, fucking deep into her and feeling himself approach the point of no return.

Marissa turned her head a bit and found an angle that allowed her to pull Allison's clit into her mouth and suck on it, and that made Allison screech in delight, proving Alan wrong about her ability to talk when she cried, "Yes! Just like that!"

Marissa sucked, and Alan fucked, and Allison hardly lasted another ten seconds under the intense pounding and pulsing before her orgasm ripped out of her, her hips trembling where Alan hung onto them, while the rest of her body collapsed, tense, on top of Marissa's own, succumbing to the intense waves of pleasure.

Allison's pussy pulsed and clamped on Alan's cock, and it was too much. If he waited any longer, he'd finish inside of her. Alan pulled his cock free of her pussy and pumped it with his hand, sliding up and down the slickness easily, and then his orgasm burst forth like a once-caged animal. While Allison was still dealing with the aftershocks of cumming, Alan shot

his own cum all over her pussy and ass, making sure to aim it low as well, so that he could paint Marissa's face with the other half of his load. Marissa, her face smeared with Allison's juices, took the load happily, opening her mouth so that some could land on her tongue.

When Alan was spent, Allison's ass and Marissa's face were streaked with his seed, a very satisfying image that he almost wished he could take a picture of, but it would live better in his mind. He looked at Allison where she lay panting on top of Marissa, her arms now dangling at the sides as she had lost the energy to hold herself up.

"I'd say we have two very satisfied clients here," Alan said. "And one very satisfied dungeon master."

Alan fetched some fresh towels so that everybody could clean up and get situated. For the penthouse dungeon itself, he had a cleaner who knew the deal, and came by at least once a week to make sure everything was freshened up and ready for another use. He'd be giving them a call tonight. Best not to let things sit for too long.

Alan had found his pants and pulled them back on, though he was still shirtless as he returned to the two women who were finishing up with toweling themselves off, still quietly recovering from the intense threesome.

"If you need a few minutes to rest, feel free," Alan said, gesturing around. "I assure you that everything we haven't touched is quite clean, and when the restraints are not engaged, it really is just normal furniture."

Marissa laughed at that, looking around the place. "I wouldn't call most of this normal furniture."

"It's normal for me." Alan shrugged, with a grin. "But the closet is open and you can retrieve your things and take your leave whenever it suits you. I'm going to straighten some things up and then step into the office in the other room for a little bit. Actually, before I forget, let me head back there now. I just need to get something for the both of you."

Alan went to the west side of the penthouse, where a very discreet door set into the wall was able to be pushed open on its hinge, lacking a knob. When he came back, Marissa and Allison were mostly dressed, their belongings pulled free of the closet.

Alan walked over to them and held out to each of them a business card once they were dressed enough to have somewhere to put it

"Very few of these cards are out and about," Alan said, "and they can't be replaced, though I'm sure it goes without saying that this information is

for you and you alone."

Allison turned her card over, finding the back blank. The front had nothing on it at all except for a single ten-digit phone number. Alan's business line, specifically for penthouse clientele, which he explained to them.

"If you ever want another session, you can reach that number, but give it at least a couple months, as new clients take priority." He flashed them a smile. "In my experience, people need some time between sessions, anyway. But if there is anyone else in your life who you feel could benefit from some time in a place without judgment, and with strong hands guiding them past their inhibitions, you may refer them to me, and please give me a call to tell me about them. As both of you know, it's best to ensure that the person has someone they'd like to accompany them to the penthouse." Alan put his hands together. "The strings that tie people up and hold them back are often connected at the other end to someone else, and both parties must be present for us to untangle them."

Marissa and Allison shared a knowing smile between themselves, and gave a nod to Alan. "I'll give it some thought," Allison said, though by the look on her face, she might have already had a name or two in mind.

"Thanks."

"Thanks to the both of you," Alan said, dropping any coyness. "There's a reason I don't charge for this, and maybe that reason is obvious, but I enjoyed both your company a great deal, and I'm glad that this could be arranged."

With the two of them clearly ready to go, Alan open the elevator doors, and the two women stepped inside.

"Thanks for visiting my penthouse dungeon. On the ground floor, please feel free to peruse the gift shop."

The closing elevator doors cut off the women's laughter, and Alan let out a breath, looking down at his sweaty chest and realizing that he was still shirtless.

Oh, well. He reclined on a different bench, eventually lying flat and letting his arms hang out to the sides. This was most definitely furniture that he was used to.

It wasn't the right time to make a phone call, but there was a voicemail waiting on his phone that he hadn't listened to yet—from a

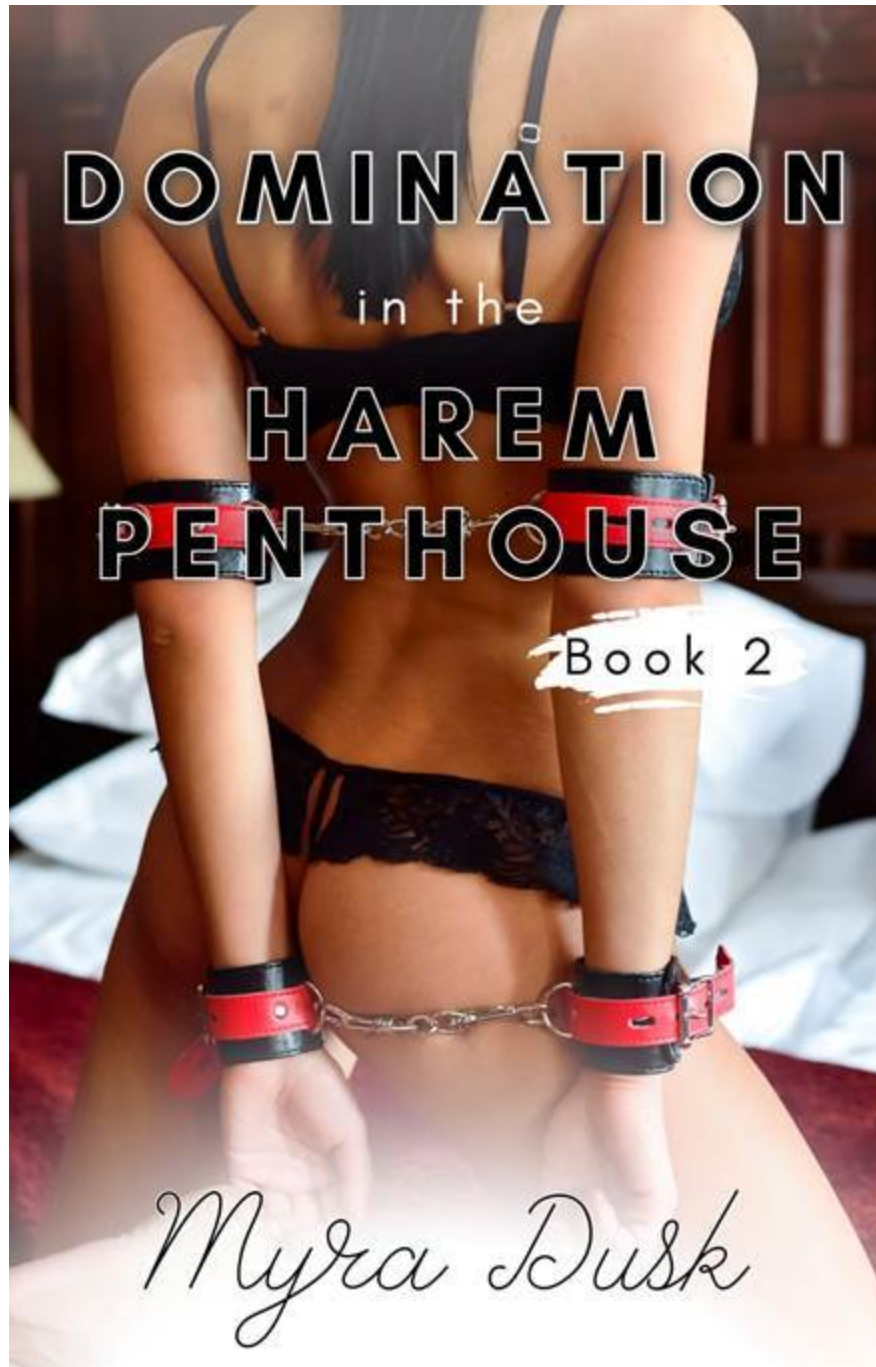
former client, and there was hardly ever another reason to call that line but to recommend a new client to Alan.

He closed his eyes, letting relaxation wash over him. Another good night in the books. That was another reason he asked clients to wait before possibly booking another session for themselves. The penthouse dungeon was busy, and there were only so many free nights.

He would rest now, and he would call the client back tomorrow. The penthouse dungeon was in full swing, and he needed all his strength to ensure the place's clandestine reputation made people want to come.

Again and again.

THE END (of Book 1)



Domination in the Harem Penthouse
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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Alan was a man of his word, even when that word had simply been to himself, from himself. There was a voicemail from a former client awaiting a return call, and after last night's session in the penthouse dungeon with Marissa and Allison, he had decided to take the night to recover and leave business for the next day.

Even though he had woken up needing probably two more hours of sleep, his muscles tired and sore despite the good shape he kept himself in, business was business, and reliability was the most important part of this business. Well, one of the most important parts.

Alan was home now. He didn't live in the penthouse dungeon; it was strictly a place of business—and that business was pleasure. Pleasure, and providing an environment where people could release themselves from their hesitations, usually with the help of Alan's hands on their shoulders and his deep voice telling them what they needed to do.

That sort of freedom took many different paths, but he had a certain proclivity for helping female friends find the willingness to explore each other, usually pulled from desires that were hiding just beneath the surface for both of them but hadn't had an opportunity to come out yet. It was special to him; wholesome, in some ways, yet still depraved and prurient.

And who was to say that a man couldn't mix sexual gratification with wholesome and fulfilling intent? His sessions didn't always go exactly that way, and that was fine, because the penthouse dungeon was a place of mutual pleasure and willingness, not some prison. He had worked in environments like that before, and he had found them distasteful. Unable to locate what he was looking for within the circles he had come to be familiar with, Alan had created his own place. A penthouse suite, a dungeon that was elevated above the other ones of the same BDSM, separating his intent from the others.

Not that there was anything wrong with other methodology. Well, some of the places he had known had most certainly been strictly wrong, at least to him, so he preferred to remain as distant from those circles as possible, and keep his clientele to a personally-curated list. He had been operating in this way for a couple of years now, and it was a process that most definitely worked for him.

It was a new day, and there were new things to do. The voicemail was waiting, but Alan decided to hit the gym first, something he did four times a week. If he was going to be a dungeon master and command his clients' respect, he needed to look the part.

After a good workout that lasted the better part of an hour, he took a walk to a nearby café to get a late breakfast and finally make that call. It had been leg day at the gym, so a walk afterward always helped to work the soreness out of his muscles. He got a giant coffee and a fresh, flaky croissant at the front counter, and brought it back to a small table in the corner that was isolated enough to where his phone call was unlikely to be overheard. Not that it would be that big a deal. He didn't make a habit of being particularly inappropriate over the phone.

He preferred to save that for when he was in-person.

Chewing on a big bite of his croissant, Alan lifted his phone to his ear to listen to the voicemail. It wasn't anything groundbreaking. Just a former client by the name of Michelle, briefly telling him that she had a recommendation and that he could reach her at her number when it was convenient for him. Concise and to the point, which Alan appreciated.

Once his croissant was gone, he had made it through a few emails and most of his coffee, so he dialed Michelle's number and leaned back in the chair, pressing his upper back against the wall behind the table.

"Hello, Michelle," Alan said once she answered. "Thanks for reaching out. I always appreciate a recommendation. Tell me a little bit about her."

Alan listened. This person that Michelle was recommending, Elena, was a friend of hers from college, years ago, whom she had recently reconnected with because they had been going to the same gym for the last few months. They had talked about their dating lives and the conversation had gotten deeper over time, which led to Michelle talking to Elena about what she had done with Alan, and Elena had definitely been interested.

"Does this Elena have someone she would want to accompany her to the penthouse?" Alan asked casually.

"I kind of asked her," Michelle said over the phone, hesitantly. "She couldn't name anyone. I don't know any of her new friends very well, and she hasn't stayed in touch with anyone else from college, so I couldn't say."

"But you told her it's important."

"I did," Michelle said. "She still wants to meet with you."

"I'm willing," Alan said to her. "I'll talk with Elena and see what the two of us can come up with."

Alan confirmed a meeting time and place with Elena through Michelle, since Michelle had been cognizant enough to arrive with some meeting options for Alan to choose from. It showed that Elena was most definitely interested, though he still needed to talk to her about bringing a partner. It wasn't one hundred percent necessary for all of his liaisons, but it was preferred, and from what Michelle had told him about Elena, there was something deeper there. Something she just wasn't quite willing to say out loud yet.

He would help with that.

Fortunately, Elena was available tonight to meet, and so was Alan, so he had let Michelle know where and when to send her. Once he'd met Elena in person, their communication would no longer need a third party. But he always preferred to meet a new client face-to-face for the first time, rather than over the phone.

The day passed and evening came, and Alan headed over to the bar where he had scheduled their meeting. It was a big place, and popular, on the corner of a city street with attractive lighting outside but dim lighting inside, and the crowded nature of the place by itself helped to keep conversations discreet.

Even from outside the bar, Alan could hear the loud conversations and music drifting out onto the street. He had fed the meter for an hour, but didn't expect this meeting to take that long. They rarely did. If all went well, he would most likely need to set up another meeting before he could bring Elena up to the penthouse dungeon.

Alan entered the bar, walking through a cloud of vape smoke just outside of the door that smelled like cotton candy. He didn't look around for Elena, instead walking up to the bar and getting a double whisky, paying for it before he lifted the drink to his lips. He kept some booze at his apartment, but for some reason, it just tasted better when he was out in the city. Even though he wasn't here to linger and get tipsy, he liked to treat himself to a drink. It also gave time for his client to notice him, if they were astute.

Whether or not Elena had noticed him, Alan didn't really care. It wasn't important, and the place was pretty crowded, so he didn't expect her to be able to see him right away. He moved around to the bar, which took up most of the center of the place. Beyond it was a dance floor, well-lit with a

stage behind it where a band was just starting to set up for their gig. The music right now was being pumped through speakers, filling the spots in the air that the voices didn't. It was a bar and restaurant, so servers moved through the crowd expertly, mostly to the left, where the bulk of the tables were stretched beneath the ceiling that slowly tapered down toward the far wall. On the opposite side of the bar were booths, cocktail tables, and a few regular tables where people could sit down and eat quickly-prepared bar food.

Alan wrapped around the back of the bar, finishing his drink as he moved past the dance floor, and found Elena sitting at one of these tables, without food or drink, just pretending to do something on her phone while she occasionally lifted her head and looked around. She wasn't facing him, though, so she didn't see him approach. A Latina woman, she had long, dark hair that was tied back. Her outfit betrayed her nervousness in some ways, with a dark blue top that hid any hint of her cleavage, though nothing could hide the ample size of her chest under the shirt.

Alan came around to the front of her table and smiled down at her when she lifted her head, seeing the surprise on her face.

"Elena," he said, pulling out a chair and sitting down. "Nothing to drink this evening?"

"No," Elena said, and to her credit, she didn't stutter, though she had set her phone down on the table and her fingers fiddled nervously at the edges. "I can get us something, if you wanted."

Alan raised a hand, shaking his head. "That's all right, though I appreciate the offer. As well as you being able to meet tonight, on short notice."

Elena straightened up in her chair a little at that, giving Alan a slight nod. "I'm serious about this. I didn't want to give you a reason to think otherwise."

Alan nodded, meeting her eyes. "Just showing up is enough to tell me how interested you are, especially with how fast things typically move from this point." Alan paused, lightly tapping a finger on the table. "But there is something missing from this meeting, gumming up the works."

Elena flushed, looking away from Alan's eyes. Clearly, she knew exactly what he meant, but thought that she could get away with it. She had come here, though, knowing that such deviousness was unlikely to succeed.

So he would work on her a little bit, at least. He waited for her to speak, and soon she did.

"I wanted to ask you if that was really necessary," Elena managed, not quite meeting his eyes again.

Alan waited until she was looking him in the eyes again before following up. "If what is necessary?" he asked, coyly.

Elena pulled in a breath and studied her hands on the table. "If it's necessary that I bring someone else with me."

Alan made a show of looking around the bar, feigning interest in other things before bringing his eyes back to Elena.

"It's not something that is absolutely necessary for all of my clients," Alan answered. "Though I do seek it out when I deem it is appropriate, and while I won't reveal all of my methodology to you here in this chat, a threesome is something that I believe would suit our arrangement quite well."

Alan lean forward. "Of course, I am not all-knowing, and there are things I must glean from you. And what I ask in return for my consideration is simply your honesty. Are you bisexual? Merely bicurious? Entirely gay? Or none of the above?"

He watched the blush rise in Elena's cheeks, and the eye contact that she had managed quickly skirted off to the side Alan chuckled to himself.

I realize it's a direct and perhaps uncomfortable line of questioning, but these are things that I do need to know if they're not made a parent to me." He leaned back in his chair, letting his gays drift away from Elena. "You can take your time with it, if you need to. I assure you no one is listening but the two of us. But I do need an answer."

Elena let the silence linger, looking down at her phone while the voices around them seemed to get louder and more distracting. Alan looked at her downcast gaze and conservative shirt and decided to nudge a little further. He believed that she was indeed hiding or suppressing something, and she needed help to say it out loud.

"I hope that you understand the purpose of the penthouse dungeon if you have come so far as to meet me face-to-face," Alan said, stroking his chin. "It's not a punishment. No one who enters there is my slave. It is a place to let yourself go with the help of my commands." He smiled, showing his teeth. "There's something in it for me too, after all. But knowing the nature of the establishment, it would make no sense for me to

bring in a person who is holding something back. I can find others who are more willing to be freed."

Elena twitched at that last line, like she was afraid a life-saving rope might slip through her grasp, and Alan knew that he had her. He couldn't bring her all the way, though; she had to reach the decision point on her own. He could poke and prod and pressure her into begrudgingly agreeing with his terms, and then have her meander her way up to the penthouse with some random person for whom she had no real affection, and the three of them would have a decidedly mid-list night.

Of course that wouldn't do. So Alan affected disinterest and waited.

"I don't want you to go and find somebody else," Elena said, quietly, but loud enough for Alan to hear.

"Nor do I," Alan agreed.

Elena looked up at him, a strand of her dark hair falling across one eye. She blinked. "This is hard for me."

Alan nodded, accepting the truth from her while not antagonizing her by saying something like 'I can see that.'

"I was raised in a..." Elena made both her hands into fists at top of the table, frustrated. "You're not here to hear all of this."

"But I am," Alan countered. "Please go on."

Elena steadied herself. "I was raised in a religious household. I'm twenty-eight years old now, but probably only in the last five years have I come around to sexuality not being something to be ashamed of. And yes," she said through gritted teeth, worrying her nails into the palms of her hands, but meeting Alan's eyes, "I am bicurious. Maybe bisexual. I don't know. It's not something that is a big part of my life, I've never even done anything with another woman, it's just that Jessica..."

Elena stopped herself perhaps not even intending to get so specific, but there it was. He had a name. Clearly it was the biggest hurdle for her, and it was something that he could encourage her to get over.

"Tell me about Jessica," he said, dropping his voice, and moving more towards the register he used when speaking to the women in the penthouse dungeon suite.

"Oh, God." Elena raised her hands and covered her face, bringing the heels of her palms up to her eyes and rubbing them. "I didn't mean to... She's a friend. A good friend that I've known since high school. We used to talk about each other being hot and whatever, but that was so long ago, we

were barely adults, we were just messing around. Only I don't think I was messing around, but she never gave me any reason to go further, so I didn't torture myself."

Elena took in another breath before she kept going. "But we've kept in touch, and she did come out as bisexual, and we've talked a lot since then, maybe even flirted?" Her voice got a little higher. "I don't know. But I...she...she's single, and I think about it. Okay?" She folded her hands back on the table. "That's...that's all I have to say. It's nothing."

"It's everything," Alan said simply. He could see the relief in her face for having gotten it off her chest, even mingled with the embarrassment she felt from saying it out loud. "I'm going to end our meeting here. But," he said, at her look of protest, "I'd like to have another meeting, tomorrow evening or the next. With both you and Jessica. This same bar will suffice."

If Elena looked nervous before, it was nothing compared to now, as she drew back in her seat and gave a little shake of her head. There was a small smile there, though, as the idea moved through her mind even as her mouth protested it.

"I don't think I can do that," Elena said immediately. "I don't even know what I would say."

Alan stood up. "You have the right words inside of you, you just need to figure out the right order for them. Michelle talked to you about this most sensitive of subjects, so use that as inspiration."

Alan reached inside of his jacket and pulled out his simple business card, which had a phone number and no other text on the front or back. he handed it to her.

"Send me a text message by five o' clock tomorrow evening," he instructed her, as Elena looked down at the card in her hands, still stunned. "With either a meeting time, or your decision to step away. I will regret the latter, but mostly because you didn't take the next step when so ripe an opportunity presented itself."

Alan flashed her a comforting smile. "Talk to her. It will go better than you think. When someone who is struggling with denial suspects that there may have been flirting, there was almost certainly flirting. Trust someone with experience in these matters."

He didn't give her an opportunity to reply, pushing his chair in back underneath the table and turning, walking away from where she sat and soon exiting the bar.

Alan drove back home, thinking about Elena still sitting at the table in there. Would she call Jessica right then and there? No, it was too noisy in that place. But maybe she would message her. Or maybe it would take her a little longer to build up the nerve, And she would order a drink, think it over, and then head home and reach out to her old friend once she was lying down in bed.

Regardless of the questions that were still left, Alan still felt confident. Confident enough to divert his path and head over to the penthouse dungeon instead, to get it ready for what he expected to come.

The next day, the message from Elena did come, and it brought a smile to Alan's face. It was simple and straight to the point.

I talked to Jessica. She's ready to meet. Tonight?

Alan considered this for a moment, gauging how he was feeling, and decided on a more direct course of action. He messaged her back, *Tonight is good, but let's skip the bar and go right to the penthouse. Arrive together at this address. 9 PM.*

He sent her the address, something he would normally only issue on a business card, but he was raring to go tonight after the conversation with Elena, and he didn't expect her to betray his trust. He didn't know Jessica at all, but it was what it was. Even if his place got talked about, no one was getting in without his say so.

It was still early in the day, so Alan took care of some things. The gym was already done, a different muscle group worked and sore, and he got a chicken salad from the place near the gym that he liked and handled a few phone calls, ones not related to the penthouse dungeon. While the penthouse was a pretty important part of this life, it wasn't the only thing that he had to deal with.

The evening came surprisingly quickly, Alan almost losing track of time as he handled correspondence from consultation clients, and before he knew it, it was time to head over to the penthouse and make sure that everything was ready to receive the two ladies.

There wasn't much to do when he arrived of course, but he did get himself into some more comfortable leisure clothing, a dark shirt that would be easier to slip off when needed, and a pair of slacks that fit comfortably around his waist without a belt.

When the elevator buzzer rang, he took a quick peek at the video feed to confirm that Elena had brought her friend Jessica as well, and was happy to see two women standing there. He sent the elevator for them, and stepped back while he waited for it to return.

When the elevator doors did open back up, both women stepped inside the penthouse abashedly, though Elena's friend Jessica seemed to have a little more forward energy, looking around the place, her eyes slowly widening with wonder. The penthouse dungeon was an array of furniture

arranged throughout an open concept penthouse suite, with a lush, dark red rug taking up most of the main room or the items were. On the far-left side, rack of bondage items hung on the wall, and a few large chests holding other things were spaced beneath it, up against the white paint. The wall opposite the elevator, far across the room, was comprised entirely of glass, windows looking down at the nighttime sprawl of the city. All the way up here, they were in privacy. At first glance, the chairs and couple of couches and even the strange benches seemed like normal furniture, until one looked closer and saw where restraints were built in, or could surmise how these things could be used.

"Jessica," Alan said, smiling at her. "I'm Alan. So glad that you could make it."

"Me too," she said. "I could hardly believe when Elena made the call."

When Elena scoffed, she added, looking at her, "I mean, I was just surprised. But I'm glad you did."

Jessica was not of the same Latina persuasion as Elena, with fair skin and long blonde hair. Her body was trim and athletic, like her friend's. By the looks of it, under her short top which just barely covered the bottom of her flat stomach, she was wearing a sports bra to keep her large bosom in check. Though despite the energy she portrayed in our words, her body language showed that she was certainly nervous, perhaps a little shy. Elena looked about the same, with her arms close to her sides and her eyes not wandering too far from Jessica.

"Allow me to break the ice," Alan said, opening his hands, "which should make things very simple. You are standing in my penthouse dungeon, and the intent of this little escape is for the two of you to be able to do things you aren't quite willing or ready to do in the outside world. I am in charge here, but you are not my slaves, and you are free to leave if you wish. However, the things I say here are commands, and must be followed."

Alan set his hands back at his sides. "I have a good track record of understanding what people are comfortable with. That's all I have to say on the matter. Now, about that ice..."

Alan locked eyes with Elena, whose jaw tightened at the eye contact.

"You're both going to be naked, of course," Alan said matter-of-factly, "but Elena, you're going to strip down first so Jessica can get a look at you."

Elena blinked, opening her mouth. "Right now?"

"Yes. Right now." Alan looked over at Jessica for a moment to tell her, "You keep your clothes on for the moment, Jessica."

Jessica nodded, and Alan noticed with a little smile that she quickly looked back at Elena so that she could see her friend undress. Elena met her eyes, too, then gave her lips a nervous little lick before starting to get her clothes off. She pulled her red top over her head, revealing the creamy color of her bra underneath, and the darker skin of her large breasts curving up from the cups. She dropped her shirt on the floor, stalling for only a second before steeling herself and reaching behind her back to unclasp her bra.

"Stop." Alan raised a hand, halting Elena before she could undo her bra. "Jessica, why don't you help her with that?"

The blonde smiled and said, "Sure," stepping over to Elena and putting one hand on her back rubbing across her skin. The touch gave Elena a little chill, forcing a slight shiver out of her. Alan could see the goosebumps rising on her forearms. He pictured her nipples getting hard under her bra, and knew he would see the truth of it in just a second.

Jessica pinched her fingers at the clasps and unhooked them, then brought her hands up to Elena's shoulders to slide the straps of her bra off. She took the bra away, leaving Elena topless, her large breasts perky in the air, and her dark nipples indeed stiff and pointing straight out. Alan admired the array of tiny bumps around her areolae, a physical feature he had a particular attraction to, and Jessica was not shy about admiring Elena's breasts, either.

"So kind of you, Jessica," Alan complimented. "Elena, please continue."

Elena bit at her lip, but she seemed to be past the worst of the hesitations with her tits out in the air now, so she got her jeans down a little faster, undoing the thin belt that wrapped around her waist and letting the jeans slide down her hips, while her dark blue panties stayed up, not falling down with her pants. She added her pants and shoes to the pile, standing there in her underwear for a few seconds before hooking her thumbs into the waistband and bringing them down to join the rest. She had a small bush of dark hair between her legs, shaped to fit nicely above the shaved lips of her cunt.

"Lovely," Alan said. "Your turn, Jessica."

Jessica got undressed faster than Elena did, though still slowly enough so that it was something like a show she put on. Her thin shirt came off quickly, dropping to the floor, and her bra came quickly after, a simple black thing that was indeed a sports bra, her breasts bounding out of it once she pulled it off herself. They jiggled on her chest, and Elena let out a tiny little gasp, almost too quiet to hear. Jessica smirked, then slid down her pants and was soon completely naked, showing off a trimmed pussy and shapely thighs. Her big, white boobs were adorned with tiny pink nipples that were just as hard as Elena's.

Alan pointed them to the small closet next to the door where they could store their things while their night got underway. Once their clothes were put away, Alan decided it was time to get naked himself. Typically he didn't do so this quickly, but he definitely had a stirring downstairs brought on by the side of the two naked women in front of him. It wasn't just their bodies, though they were beautiful, but how they acted around each other, and how that shyness was warming up into something else. He had some ideas for what he wanted to do with the two of them, but first he was aching for a little pleasure.

"Follow me," he said, turning and quickly stripping off his comfortable clothes as he walked, getting naked easily. He dropped his shirt and pants over the back of an armchair, a red velvet one with a half-circle back like you might see in a hotel lobby. Then he dropped himself into that same chair, his hard cock sticking up right between his legs while he sat down. The women stared down at his package.

"Normally, I'd like to start by having you get familiar with each other, but I'm feeling some more urgency here," Alan said. "I wanted to see how the two of you do at sucking my cock. Jessica, you kneel down and get the first try at it, so that Elena can watch you work. I can see she can hardly take her eyes off of you as it is."

Elena didn't protest that, and neither did Jessica, stepping up to where Alan sat and getting down on her knees. She put one hand on his thigh and another around the base of his cock, her fingers covered only about half of the shaft.

"That's right," Alan said, leaning back a little. "Go ahead and take it in your mouth."

Jessica opened her lips and slid them over Alan's cock, her warm breath washing down his shaft while the heat and wetness of her mouth

engulfed him. He grunted at the sensation, his cock twitching in her hand and mouth. She slid her lips down his shaft eagerly, touching her lips down to the tops of her fingers and getting the head of his cock to nudge at the back of her throat.

Alan enjoyed the blowjob, Jessica going up and down on his cock and taking more in over time. Alan looked up to Elena as Jessica worked on him. He wasn't ready to bust yet, it was far too soon, but he was just enjoying what she was doing.

"Come and kneel down, Elena," Alan told her, flicking his eyes down to the floor next to Jessica. "Watch her suck my cock. I'll be giving you your turn soon."

Elena did she was told, bringing herself down to the rug and placing one hand on the arm of the chair. She swallowed while she watched Jessica blow Alan, her big tits swaying as they hung down from her chest. Jessica sucked on Alan's dick faster, a little more eagerly, like she was energized by having Elena so close and watching her. Alan did see her eyes open and dart over to Elena, just for half a second.

Alan put a hand on Jessica's cheek, lifting her off of his cock. His wet shaft glistened in the dim light of the penthouse. "Slide over and let Elena get a taste," Alan told her, and Jessica did, shuffling her knees across the carpet while her boobs bounced between her arms. He heard her breath, recovering from the blowjob.

Elena got into position quickly, showing that even if she was nervous about having sexual contact with a woman for the first time, there was no love lost for a man and his cock warming up. She licked up and down Alan's shaft, perhaps making a point of licking up the saliva that Jessica had left there, before opening her lips over the head and taking him inside of her mouth. Jessica watched hungrily as Elena devoured him, and Alan tilted his head back, relishing the sensation. Elena took him deep into her throat quickly, showing that she was a practiced cocksucker who loved the act. One of her hands went to his balls, caressing them and giving them light squeezes while she sucked on him, the muscles in her throat massaging the head of his cock while her tongue licked along his shaft, pressing into his velvety-hard flesh. Alan looked over briefly to Jessica, watching her witness Elena sucking his cock, and he knew that both of the women were really getting into the session now, probably ready to tear into each other the moment he gave the word.

But he wasn't quite ready for that yet. This was a dungeon, after all, and he had made it that way because the teasing and the torturing was just as important and pleasurable as getting to the desirable end of the journey itself. Not to mention, Elena was a little too good at sucking his dick, and he knew that he didn't want to cum just yet. He couldn't be blowing his load down her talented throat too early, so he stopped her, lifting her head off his cock and noting how hard she was breathing. She had really been into the blowjob, possibly even more than he had been.

Alan stood up from the chair, beckoning for the both of them to rise with him as well. He looked over them, then cast his glance behind him, into the rest of the penthouse dungeon, where his eyes landed upon a piece of furniture that he wanted to put into use. He knew that Elena would be perfect for it.

"It can't be all fun and games the whole time," Alan said with a mischievous smile. "Pain, or rather the withholding of pleasure, helps to make that pleasure that much sweeter. Elena, I want you to come with me. Jessica, follow, but Elena is going to be the one who gets strapped in."

At those last words, Elena's eyes went wide, and she looked around the room to see what Alan might be referring to. Honestly, in this dungeon, there were a lot of things that he could be referring to, but he would lead the way. He had his eyes on a waist-level piece of furniture, something that was perfect for bending somebody over. It was almost like a table, but cushioned on the top so that whoever was using it would be comfortable enough. It was to this piece of bondage furniture that he brought Elena and Jessica, stepping to the side so that they could get a good look at it.

"I call this the spanking table," Alan said, resting a hand on the leather cushion and feeling it's cool surface. "I have spanking benches, too, but this one gets the body positioned in a much more enjoyable way, at least in my opinion."

He turned his head toward Elena and met her eyes. "Elena, you're going to bend over this and lay yourself flat on its surface, arms out to the sides. Now, please."

Elena hesitated for only a moment before nodding and stepping forward, Alan moving out of the way so that she could lay over the flat surface of the square table top. She shivered a little as the flesh of her stomach and tits pressed against the cool surface, then she put her arms out

straight across, outstretched from either side. Like that, her wrists just barely bent over the edges of the table.

"Perfect." Alan went to her left hand, reaching under the table to grab a wrist cuff that was attached to the underside of the surface. He buckled her hand into it, strapping her down to the table. He raised his head and looked at Jessica.

"Jessica, go and strap in her right arm, too."

Jessica obeyed, and the strap was a simple leather buckle, nothing complicated. She got it done quickly and looked to Alan for approval, who gave her a nod.

"Good job," Alan said to her. "Let me give you a little reward."

He turned to the side, lifting his arm and pointing at the rack of items that hung on the wall, just a little bit behind where they stood now. "You'll see a few spanking implements hung on the lower right side of that display there. Any of them are fine, but please choose one that is most comfortable for you, as you will be the one handling it."

"Okay," Jessica said, showing a little bit of excitement in her voice. She padded over the rug toward the display, and Alan bent down over the table, placing one hand on the leather, to speak to Elena. Her cheek rested on the surface, one eye looking up at him. He asked her softly, "Are you comfortable?"

Elena tried to nod, then found that was quite difficult to do in this position, so she said, "I'm fine. As comfortable as I can be like this, anyway."

Alan smiled. "I would argue that you look eager."

He straightened back up as Jessica approached, holding a wooden paddle in her hand. The surface was unmarked, but the grip was made of a deep brown leather, which Jessica gripped tightly. She had decided against a leather paddle, or one with holes drilled through the surface to increase its speed. It was a basic implement, but it would certainly get the job done.

"Let me ask you, Jessica," he said, moving over to Elena's other side to allow Jessica good access to Elena's exposed rear end. "Have you ever spanked somebody like this?"

"Never," Jessica said, almost breathless.

"Well, I'm sure you can figure it out," Alan told her, gesturing for her to go ahead. "The paddle will do most of the work, so let the tool serve its purpose."

Jessica came up behind Elena, the paddle in her right hand. She rested a hand on the small of Elena's back, then ran it down to rub over her ass, squeezing her butt cheeks and cupping them, clearly appreciating her friend's rear. Elena moaned appreciatively as well, enjoying her friend's hands on her in such an exposed position.

"Do it," Elena whispered, and Alan saw redness in her face as she asked for it. "Spank me, Jessica."

Jessica hardly needed more encouragement, though she might have stood there and felt Elena's ass a little longer if she hadn't said anything. She did take her hand off of it, raising the paddle and holding it in the air, then bringing it down to hit Elena's exposed cheeks with a smack.

Elena jumped in her restraints, but more out of reflex than anything, as the hit wasn't very hard. She closed her eyes, enjoying the sparkling pain.

"Yes," Elena said, almost moaning it. "That feels so good."

Jessica hit her again, the wooden paddle smacking both of her cheeks and making them jump. Alan watched, the smile on his face growing.

"You're getting wet," Jessica said to her.

"I have been this whole time," Elena breathed, and Jessica smirked. She smacked her ass with the paddle again, going faster now, hitting her a little harder, watching her friend wince and at the same time spread her legs wider to take the hits.

Jessica spanked Elena harder, adding a mix of redness into the light brown color of her ass cheeks with each hit, making them jiggle and bounce. Occasionally, she would lay a hand on Elena's ass, commenting on how hot her skin felt, and squeezing her flesh.

After a few more hits, Elena was panting on the table, and her wetness was practically dripping down her thigh. Alan said, "Okay Jessica, that's enough of that. I just needed Elena to have a little punishment for hesitating on making the decision to share her feelings with you." Alan smiled at Jessica. "I'm quite glad she did. Now, you can reward her. Finger her pussy, but don't let her cum."

Elena drew in a sharp breath as Jessica's fingers touched the wet lips of her cunt. Jessica pressed her naked hips up against Elena, feeling the heat of her spanked ass against her.

"So wet," Jessica murmured, quickly finding Elena's hole and sliding two fingers into it easily, making Elena cry out. "I didn't know you liked to be spanked."

Elena did her best to talk, though her words were interrupted by Jessica's touching. "There's a...lot! You don't know I—I like."

Jessica buried her fingers in Elena's tunnel, leaning over her and running a hand up her back. "Yet."

Alan watched the show, idly bringing a hand down to his cock and stroking it. He found himself much closer to being ready to come than he expected, and he eased up on the stroking. He wouldn't be wasting this orgasm on his own hand. But it did need to come.

He let Jessica finger her a little while longer, the blonde pushing two fingers deep into Elena's Latina tunnel, and pulling them out to rub the slick fingers across her clitoris. Elena twitched and involuntarily rubbed herself on the table as the sensations built.

Alan commanded them to stop, thinking for just a moment about how he wanted to arrange this, as his rock-hard cock pestered him from below to hurry it up. There had to be a way for all three of them to be satisfied without Alan needing to hold his own need out of the mix.

"Don't go far," Alan told them, coming to a decision, and he walked around the table and undid Elena's restraints. "Elena, come off the table. Jessica, I want you lying down where she was, but on your back."

Elena stood up, her legs a little weak, and Jessica helped her stand as they recovered. There was a bashful smile on Elena's face as Jessica gave one of her tits a squeeze, then moved past her to lie down on the table.

Alan got her strapped in, Jessica holding her legs up while her ass sat on the edge of the table where Elena's waist had been. Her blonde hair spread out across the leather surface of the table beneath her head.

"It's time for the two of you to finally taste each other," Alan said. He pointed a finger at where Jessica lay. "Back the table, Elena. But now, get your pussy right over Jessica's face."

Jessica giggled with excitement, and Elena, already deep in passion, was too lustful to even react in surprise. She just wanted Jessica to work on her pussy some more. She got up on the table, Jessica immediately taking the opportunity to put her hands on her and help guide her into place, running her fingers and palms up and down her flesh, squeezing the hanging shapes of her breasts and running her fingers across the hard nipples, too.

Once Elena was properly up on the table, her hands positioned on the outside of Jessica's hips, Alan came to the front and pulled two more

restraints free from the bottom of the table. There were sets on each side, so the table could be used from any direction. Or, in this case, so multiple people could be restrained at once. He quickly fitted the leather cuffs around Elena's wrists while she looked down in surprise, then did the same to Jessica, securing her with the warm cuffs that Elena had already worn. Now the two of them were locked in a 69 position.

"Well, dig in," Alan said with a grin. "It's not like you have any other choice."

He watched Elena look down at Jessica's pussy. From where he stood, towards the front of the table, he couldn't see Jessica working on Elena's cunt, but he did notice when her body shuttered as Jessica put her mouth between Elena's legs. With their hands restrained, neither of them could do anything but use their mouths to please each other.

Elena bent her neck down, putting her weight onto her elbows as she lowered her lips to Jessica's pussy. Her breath washed across Jessica's wet lips, and Elena closed her eyes as she reached her tongue out and dragged it all the way down from Jessica's clit to the bottom of her hole. Jessica moaned, her face deep between Elena's spread legs, and Elena kept her lips planted on Jessica's pussy, enjoying the moment and the taste for a bit longer before licking her again.

It was incredibly hot, watching Elena eat Jessica out. She was more exploratory at first, but as she got more familiar with Jessica's nether regions, she got more into it, sucking on her clit and even plunging her tongue into Jessica's tunnel as well as she could. Jessica responded by squeezing her legs around Elena's head, encouraging her. Meanwhile, Jessica didn't slow down on Elena, and from the look of Elena's body motions and short, sharp breathing, Elena was close to cumming, surely helped along by the fingering Jessica had done just a little bit before.

It was time to involve himself. Naked, with his hard cock sticking out in front of him, Alan stepped up to the table and shoved his cock along the inside of Jessica's thigh, where it touched Elena's cheek and she pulled away from Jessica's pussy, looking at it and breathing heavily.

"Don't let me slow you down," Alan said, wrapping a hand around one of Jessica's elevated thighs, "but I'm going to fuck her."

Jessica wiggled her butt in response, like she could summon Alan's cock into her. Elena withdrew just for a moment, to give Alan time to line up his cock with Jessica's entrance. He slickened his dick with her juices

and pushed it inside, Jessica moaning into Elena's pussy as Alan's cock filled her up, bottoming out inside of her. Alan grunted himself, the tight, warm grip of Jessica's cunt absolutely heavenly on his needy cock. He started to stroke in and out of her, feeling the pleasure build inside of him.

"Go on, Elena," Alan said, gently fucking Jessica so that Elena could find room for her mouth. "Suck on her clit. Make her come while I'm fucking her."

Elena shivered, the motion brought on by some pleasurable licking and sucking that Jessica was doing underneath her raised rear while Elena was on all fours over top of her. She got back to work on Jessica, sucking her clit into her mouth, while also darting her tongue down to lick at her folds and run it across Alan's shaft as he plunged it in and out of Jessica's pussy. The three of them pleased each other with hardly any room for words as they neared their climaxes. Elena sucked hard on Jessica's clit while Jessica did the same to her, Jessica's arms pulling at the leather handcuffs like she was dying to plant her hands on Elena's ass and pull it down harder into her face. But Elena seemed to understand, lowering herself so that her pussy mashed against Jessica's wanting mouth. Alan fucked Jessica harder now that Elena had found her rhythm, burying his cock almost all the way over and over, but leaving room for Elena to eat Jessica's pussy from the top. Elena did so with a great lust, her eyes half-closed, watching Alan fuck her friend while she focused on her clit and tasting every inch of her that she could reach. All the while, her body tensed and tightened before she reached the point of no return.

Elena came all over Jessica's face, rubbing her pussy hard against her friend's mouth and nose, and lifting herself up from Jessica's lips just to cry out and catch her breath as she came. Behind her, Jessica sucked on her nub the whole way through, giving her the maximum possible pleasure and making her orgasm last as long as it could. When it subsided, Elena blinked, then went right back to work, even harder now, wanting to make her friend cum just as hard as she had.

"Yes," Jessica panted, her voice not completely lost between Elena's legs. "Yes. Yes! Fuck, suck and fuck me, oh God...!"

Alan held his orgasm as long as he could, and it was Jessica who came first, her pussy spasming around his cock as Elena's lips and tongue flicked and slurped at her clit, pulling the orgasm out of her with force. Jessica's hips bucked, but Alan held her down with his hands on her thighs

and his cock in her pussy, Elena latching her lips onto Jessica's clitoris and staying on like Jessica was a bucking bronco and she was the rider. Jessica came under Elena's lips and around Alan's cock, the leather straps on the cuffs snapping taut as she pulled at them again and again, her body forcing wild movements out of her as her orgasm pulsed through.

"Here it comes," Alan said, strained, still fucking Jessica, and at the last moment deciding not to cum inside of her, instead wanting to splatter both women with his cum. He yanked his cock from her pussy, wet and glistening, and barely got his hand down in time to start pumping it as he began shooting. His cum shot out, landing all across Jessica's wet, twitching pussy and the insides of her thighs, as well as painting across Elena's face and lips and exposed, hanging tongue, while she closed her eyes and eagerly accepted Alan's load, tasting it.

For a few moments, the penthouse dungeon suite was nothing but a menagerie of panting breaths and sighs, the three of them recovering from the intense session, their bodies still rocked by little tremors of their orgasms. Alan was standing and recovered the quickest, though, so he silently made his way around the table and released the restraints, letting the two of them know that they could get up when they were ready. Elena simply flopped down onto Jessica, her tits squishing against Jessica's waist and Jessica hugging Elena's rear and the small of her back, loving the feeling of her flesh against her.

When they did get up, Alan let the two of them know that they could use the large shower in the other room, not so much because they needed it, though certainly none of the three of them were clean, but more that he wanted the two of them to enjoy a little more time together before they left the insulation of the penthouse. They accepted, still panting, but heading off to the other room with a giggle once Alan showed them the door.

They definitely took longer in the shower than was needed, which Alan expected, and the thought made him smile to himself as he got things in order, resecuring the straps and setting the paddle aside to be cleaned later. The cleaner for the penthouse dungeon knew that any instruments left out or otherwise noted by Alan needed extra attention, along with any other surfaces that showed particular...wetness. Though of course things had been treated to prevent damage.

The two ladies did return about twenty minutes later, mostly dried off, no longer panting but both with smiles on their faces that neither of them

seemed to be able to get rid of. Alan was dressed now, relaxing in one of the unused chairs and flipping through a small paperback book that he kept in the closet.

"I hope you found the shower suitable for the both of you," Alan said, looking up at them and closing his book.

"Oh, yes," Elena said, that smile coming back. "Thank you so much, Alan. For...for everything."

"Seriously," Jessica said. "I never imagined something like this could happen, and in this way...you have a hell of a place here."

Alan nodded, accepting the compliment. "I think we all worked together to make this experience what it was, so I thank you in return. Elena may have told you that she was referred to me by another friend of hers. I do ask that you keep me in mind if you know someone else in your life who could use some release."

Jessica looked over at Elena excitedly, then back at Alan. "I can do that."

Alan bade them farewell after opening the closet for them so that they could get dressed again, then retired back to his chair once the elevator had gone, holding the paperback book in his lap but not reading it. It was a good story, but in the afterglow of a session in the penthouse dungeon suite, it just didn't capture his attention. When he served as a participating dungeon master, the night following the session always ended up with him going through everything that had happened over and over in his mind, sometimes even feeling the need to jerk off while he lay in bed, no matter how hard he had cum just hours before. How could a book stack up to that?

He would shower at home, and probably imagine what the Elena and Jessica had done with their time in his shower. From all he had seen in the suite, he would be able to put together a pretty good picture in his mind of them touching each other, scrubbing. Kissing and rubbing.

He summoned the elevator again and left the penthouse behind, for now. The client list waited securely in his phone, ready to deliver another hot session in the dungeon once he was rested up.

THE END (of Book 2)



DOMINATION

in the

**HAREM
PENTHOUSE**

Book 3

Myra Dusk

Domination in the Harem Penthouse

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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Alan knew where he was going to go for lunch around three days before he actually walked into the restaurant. It was a place that he'd had his eye on for a while, and now he, some months later after his fun with Elena and Jessica, had a small gap in his books for the penthouse dungeon suite sessions. So he was on the hunt for a new client on his own. He had been doing enough business, and now it was time for pleasure.

The restaurant was called Marley's and it was certainly what one might think of as an executive lunchroom. The tall windows spaced around the restaurant let in so much natural light there might as well not have been a ceiling. The tablecloths were white, the carpet was beige accented with black, and the sound of a hundred quiet conversations mingled with each other and made the place surprisingly loud. This wasn't the kind of place where people sat down and had a silent meal. Deals were done, complaints were voiced, and checks were paid with shiny black credit cards.

Alan arrived alone, and requested a specific table. He had spotted his potential clients as soon as he had walked in, following up on the helpful tip that he had received from a former client that the women would be here. Thankfully, a table near the two of them was vacant, and the host was happy to accommodate Alan's request. He pulled out the chair for Alan, and Alan sat down, the compact black leather menu in one hand, and the other on a freshly poured glass of ice water. He sipped at this, looking over the menu while occasionally casting his eyes toward the table that he had sat down near.

There were four people at that other table. Two women and two men, the former of whom he had arrived with interest in, and the latter of whom it was gaining interest in. Not in a sexual way, but simply as that of a curious bystander. The men were receiving what might be considered a violent dressing down, at least for this particular environment. Classy restaurant, lunchtime during the week, the place packed with executives and C-suite types. Nobody wanted to disturb the decorum, yet clearly these two women were letting their anger or disappointment or whatever it was that they felt about these two men get the better of them, though they still kept everything professionally contained.

This was good. In Alan's experience, the stereotype was true, and people in high-powered positions who had to give orders and make decisions regularly tended to be rather submissive when it came to the "between the sheets" side of their personal lives. Those were the kind of people that he was looking for.

Alan settled in, and when the server came over, he had his order ready. An unsweetened tea, house cut chips on the side. It cost thirty-two dollars and it was worth about eleven, but it was a good sandwich. How much could he complain if he was the one here paying for it? Tacit endorsement was still endorsement.

He waited for his food and listened to their conversation, not obviously, leaning back and taking an occasional sip of his drink while he looked over the restaurant. He could have buried himself in his phone like most of the other single diners were doing, but he could also do that later.

"I don't care," one of the women was saying. She was blonde, with a short haircut and soft features, green eyes that would look kind in most circumstances unless she was currently yelling at you. "This was something that Marge's team should've been included on. It's clear from the outset you intended to keep it between you and Josh."

The blonde woman was Megan, and she wore a gray jacket over a cream blouse. She was paired with Amanda, a brunette with longer, curly brown hair tumbling around her shoulders, set against the black of her blazer. Amanda was talking to the other guy, whose name Alan did hear, but quickly forgot.

"This is how it's going to be," Amanda told him, planting her finger in her palm. "You're forcing me to do this, by the way. This is not how I like to run my team. Your files come through me now, until I decide if I can trust your output. No shared folder bullshit. I approve what gets uploaded."

Alan smiled. The two men at the table didn't argue with their female superiors, looking about as contrite as they should be in whatever situation they had landed themselves in. Likely, Megan and Amanda had done them some kind of mercy by taking them out here in public to address their concerns, rather than doing it back at the office where everybody could see. Maybe their contrition was a sign of gratitude for that, or maybe it was just that Megan and Amanda were simply intimidating, and anyone who talked back to them quickly realized that it was a mistake.

The two women still weren't quite done with their subordinates by the time Alan's food arrived, though the conversation had gotten into specific technicalities that he couldn't quite follow, so the words began to mean little to him. He went ahead and tucked into his food, eating the Reuben sandwich while it was still hot. He had actually finished his meal by the time Megan and Amanda seemed to be winding down, and lingered over the last few chips while waiting for an opportunity to step in. Judging by the looks on the men's faces, he knew that the opportunity would present itself

He was right, and a few minutes later, both men excused themselves from the table, either to head back to the office early or possibly to head over to the bar in the second room of the restaurant and cut off the end of a rough day. Either way, it looked like the company was picking up their check, so how much trouble could they really be in?

That was of no concern to Alan. He patted his face with the white cloth napkin set it down on the table, and stepped over to their table shortly after the two men had left.

"Please excuse me for interrupting," Alan said, approaching the table, but remaining standing and leaving the other two chairs empty. Both women looked up to him, expecting to see someone they knew, and showing some small surprise when they found Alan to be a stranger.

Alan continued before either of them could question his appearance. "We have a mutual friend. Patricia Walker."

Alan said the name of the former client. Factually. As though she weren't the CFO of a \$600 million company. He reached into his jacket and pulled out his simple business card. He set it down the table, closer to Megan, as the short-haired blonde was the person whom Patricia was close with. Amanda was more a friend of Megan's than she was of Patricia's, but she would be involved in this, too.

"I don't believe Patricia has said anything about me," Alan said, speaking again once their eyes had drifted from the business card and back up to his imposing stature. "And Marley's isn't the best place to discuss my business, but please give Patricia a call at your soonest opportunity, and she will be able to fill you in." Alan smiled, showing his teeth. "Then please call my number on that card, there, and I will fill in the rest."

Alan left it at that, giving the two women a winning smile before turning away from the table. His check was paid and signed, so it was time

for him to leave Marley's and attend to other things while he waited for Megan's call.

Exiting the restaurant, he thought about how the interaction had gone, and the look on Megan's face. She was certainly surprised, perhaps taken aback to be approached publicly, but Alan wondered how much she already knew. Had Patricia told her, perhaps in glee, excitedly sharing the details of the night that she had spent in the penthouse dungeon suite with her friend Cassandra? Patricia was an executive, and she knew how to keep things close to the vest, but she had also recommended that Megan be one of Alan's clients, so maybe she did share something of her adventures with him. Or maybe she had only told Megan just enough so that Megan wasn't completely balking when Alan did arrive to try to snare her.

Only time would tell. Just because he set aside time to line up a session in the penthouse dungeon didn't mean that there weren't other things to do, and Alan was able to keep himself busy. He didn't expect Megan to give him a call that very evening, and the call did not come, which was fine. Like himself, Megan was a busy woman with a lot of things to do, from what he knew about her. The penthouse dungeon suite, if she did indeed know about it, wouldn't automatically jump to the top of her priority list. But if she knew even a little bit about it, he suspected it would make its way into her top three items to address. He smiled to himself, thinking about Megan holding his card, staring down at it, wondering what she should do. The more time passed, the more interesting things became.

When she did call, as Alan knew she would, it was the next day. Well, actually, it was the next night, and Alan's phone rang at 10:30 PM. A call as late as this, from the number that he knew was Megan's, had several implications that he let run through his mind before answering the phone. He was an imaginative person, but he had to exercise restraint and make sure that things progressed in a realistic fashion.

"Megan," Alan said upon answering the call, his voice smooth and confident. "It's lovely to hear from you."

Megan seemed startled by the fact that he knew it was her calling, but her stumbling was brief. "Oh, I...yes. I don't appreciate having this thrust on me while I'm out in public with people from my company."

Alan smiled. "And you're calling to admonish me?"

Megan let out a sigh. "How much did Patricia tell you?"

"The more appropriate question," Alan said, leaning back in the comfortable recliner in the living room of his high-rise apartment, is how much did Patricia tell *you*?"

Alan continued, cutting off a small noise of frustration from Megan: "The truth will save us both a good deal of time."

Alan knew that he needed to be firm with Megan right from the start. She would understand her role in this transaction, the same as Patricia had been made to understand. And when she responded to him, her voice had less of an edge.

"I don't think she told me everything." Megan paused. Alan imagined her putting a finger to her lower lip while she thought back to the conversation she'd had with her friend. "But obviously she told me enough so that I know who you are, now—I didn't at the restaurant, not until I left. And I wouldn't be calling you if I wasn't...interested in the same sort of session that you had with Patricia."

"There's no need to be coy," Alan said. "We're speaking privately. You want to come to the dungeon penthouse and have a big, strong man like me tell you to do what feels good."

Megan paused, then breathed, "Yes."

Alan let the thrill of the moment to rush through him. "Now, I approached you at that lunch specifically because you were also with your friend Amanda, whom Patricia told me a little bit about. But I have a reason to believe that you would have, by now, talked to her about becoming a client of mine. Have you? "

"I did bring it up," Megan responded, sounding a little dejected. "I'm not sure what she thinks of it. She didn't run away screaming, but at the very least she's going to need some convincing. Maybe you could—"

"No." Alan cut her off sharply. "I'm not some rancher throwing rope around the necks of wild horses and breaking them in. People come through my door willingly, or not at all. More importantly, you're Amanda's friend and I am not. If this is something that she participates in, she will be doing it with you, not with me. I will simply be present and in charge, but you will be her partner. If anyone is going to convince her, it must be you."

He heard Megan fiddle around with something, stalling before she spoke again. "I wouldn't know what to say."

Alan mused on that. This was probably a situation which Megan didn't encounter very often in her leadership role. To Alan's ears, she did

sound lost. He wouldn't take the reins, but he could offer some advice.

"You believe she's interested," Alan said. It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes," Megan responded. "I just don't know how to...get her all the way there."

The missing link separating Megan and Amanda from their true desires was not Alan nor his dungeon suite. It was the willingness for one of them to take the next step and admit what they wanted to do. He couldn't do it for them, but this was where he came in. He knew how to give a good nudge, as long as Megan would be willing.

"I know what will do the trick," Alan said, almost teasingly. "If you have the mettle for it. If you want to kiss Amanda and run your hands over her naked body, and you believe that she wants to do the same to you."

Megan was perhaps hesitant to say it, but she had lowered some of her walls now that they were deeper into the phone call. "Okay. Yes, that's what...that's where I think we are."

"Good." Alan couldn't help but grin while the next words of suggestion came forth. "Send her a nude photo of yourself. Whatever you're comfortable including, but enough so that she takes it seriously and it shows that you were intent on moving forward with the penthouse appointment... yet leaving enough so that she might ask for more."

"You want me to...?" Alan pictured Megan shaking her head. "Just out of the blue?"

"It won't be out of the blue in the context of what has happened the last couple days," Alan told her. Then he moved on. "Send her the picture. Tell her if she wants to see more, she needs to call my number. At that point, the decision is in her hands. But let me tell you, I have a lot of experience with this, and the people who don't immediately say no are just waiting for the opportunity to say yes."

"Okay."

"You can do this?"

"Yeah. Yes, I will."

"Good." Alan leaned back in his chair, with not much left to say. "Get it done as soon as you are able, ideally tonight if she's still awake. I'm available to speak to her whenever she's ready. If I don't hear from her, I will assume our business is done. Good night."

Alan ended the call and set the phone into his lap, looking out the window of his apartment at the nighttime city. His apartment wasn't quite as elevated as the penthouse dungeon suite was, but he still got a good view from the tenth floor.

He had always been something of a night owl, able to function on five or six hours of sleep, even less if need be, so many days he would get up early and go to bed late. So he was still awake close to midnight when his business phone rang once more.

He looked down at it and didn't know the number. A good sign. Believing the best, he answered the call and said, "Hello. Amanda?"

"This is Amanda," the woman on the other end of the line said. Alan saw her in his mind as he had at the restaurant, wearing her blazer with her long, curly brown hair spilling over it, though she certainly wouldn't be dressed that way now. If she was intrigued enough to call him, coming fresh off of a nude photo from Megan, maybe she was naked. Maybe she was touching herself.

But it was best not to let himself get distracted. The truth of it all would come soon. "I'm glad to receive your call. It sounds like you and Megan are on the same page now."

"I suppose." Amanda was reticent at first, but the words came. "I don't really know what came over me. It just...did."

"It's because you're in a new position now," Alan told her, not bringing up Megan's nude photo. "A position where someone else is in charge, and he's going to tell you how the night will go. Something you're not used to. So you may be trying a lot of new things in this endeavor."

Amanda let out a breath, something which Alan read as a shudder of excitement.

"There's no need to tease about it anymore," Alan said, shifting in his seat at his home office desk. "It's time to make it happen. Tomorrow night, nine PM. I'll send Megan the address. Both of you need to arrive together and leave your inhibitions in the lobby. Understood?"

"Yes," Amanda said, and the call was ended shortly after that with Alan feeling relaxed and ready to sleep.

When the next evening came, Alan already had plenty of ideas in his head. Ideas that couldn't possibly fit into just one night, so he would need to choose his favorites. He got to the penthouse dungeon suite around 8 o'clock that night, finding it all cleaned and in order as he knew it was,

though his attention to detail forced him to make sure again. He got himself into a comfortable set of slack trousers and a white undershirt that showed off his muscles. He had moved a few pieces of furniture around to suit his plans, and was only slightly surprised when the buzzer rang. He had lost track of time.

Alan went to the door and checked the video feed, seeing both women, and sent the elevator down. He could watch the screen a little longer, but he preferred to see them in person if he was going to try to read them.

He stepped away from the elevator for a moment, getting himself a glass of water, and when the elevator arrived, he set the glass down on the counter of the neat kitchen behind its discreet door and walked back into the main room to greet them.

"Amanda and Megan," Alan said, coming around the corner. "It's good to see you here. And to see you dressed for the occasion."

Megan's short blonde hair rested above a nervous look on her face and a very low-cut top with thin straps that might have been mistaken for lingerie with its red color. Below it, she wore hip-hugger shorts, showing that the curve of her ass went toe to toe with the swell of her breasts and the deep cleavage displayed at the top of her shirt.

Amanda, the curly-haired brunette, wore a short skirt that wouldn't do much to hide her decency in even the slightest of breezes. It was a pale yellow, going well with the off-white of her top, which showed off her taut midriff and seemed to barely restrain her tits.

"We're excited," Amanda said to him, clearly enjoying the gaze that Alan gave her body. Megan nodded in agreement, though there was still some reserve there with her, and even with Amanda. That became clear when Alan gave them their first instructions.

"Good," he said, bringing his hands together in front of his navel. "Then this should be a simple start for the two of you. I'm going to need to see how the two of you kiss."

They both blushed, but Megan stepped forward and Alan held up a hand, shaking his head.

"No, not with me," Alan said. "I need to see the two of you kiss each other. Deeply."

Silence fell, and Amanda and Megan looked at each other, with Amanda opening her mouth to speak.

"I thought we'd start with you," Amanda said.

Alan heard the underlying authority of an executive in her voice. He'd dealt with plenty of these types, both in his work and in his play. Clearly, Amanda and Megan had showed up here with a preconceived notion of how the night was going to go. That was going to have to be quashed.

"No." Alan spoke strongly, and was pleased to see the two women draw back a bit in surprise. "The two of you. Now."

Megan fell back a step, looking at Amanda next to her. It wasn't that they were totally unwilling; it seemed like they weren't quite ready to dive right into it yet. That was fine. That was what this place was for, and that was what they were going to do.

"If you can't do this," Alan said, looking at them, "you weren't possibly going to be able to do anything else. And if you came here to waste my time, I'm not going to be pleased."

Amanda put a hand on Megan's shoulder, her palm and fingers touching bare skin. "Come on," she said, almost a whisper. "I'm ready."

Alan watched Megan turn toward Amanda, and they faced each other, their breasts almost touching. It wasn't quite close enough for Alan's tastes, so he pulled out of his pocket what he had put there in preparation for such this event, expecting these two to need a little help beyond the verbal. He stepped closer, holding the tie in his hands.

Both of the women looked down at what he held, which was a peach-colored silken scarf, long and meant for comfortable restraint.

"You're going to need to be closer," Alan said, looking down at their chests. "If your breasts aren't touching, you might as well be complete strangers."

Megan smiled at that, and finally pushing through her hesitation, she pressed up against Amanda, squishing their boobs together through their shirts. Megan's cleavage threatened to burst out the top of her low collar. Amanda let out a tiny, quiet gasp, but put her other hand on Megan and enjoyed the embrace.

Alan gave a quick nod of approval, then lifted up the scarf and tossed it over their heads, looping it around their necks and giving it a quick, practiced tie. They were stuck together at the neck, with a little room to pull back, but much further and they would have to rip the scarf. Something he was sure neither of them wanted to do.

"Now that we're comfortable," Alan told them, "kiss."

The command was short and powerful. Both of the women's breathing was heavier, like they were starting to get lost in the heat and arousal of it all as it grew around them. Amanda leaned in and pressed her lips against Megan's, making Megan's eyes go wide for a split second before they closed and she accepted the kiss. Amanda's hands moved up and down Megan's sides, and Megan got her own hands around Amanda's shoulders, holding her while they kissed. Alan watched approvingly as their lips parted and they tasted each other with their tongues.

"I can tell that you wanted to do this for a long time," Alan said. "Both of you have. Don't be shy about it. Really get in there and see what your friend feels like."

The encouragement helped the pair, and moans moved out from behind their lips, tongues starting to swirl around each other, hair starting to get messy as it brushed against the other's face, and hands starting to go wild in their wandering. The scarf rotated slowly around their necks with their motion, forcing them back together whenever it got taut.

"Now let's put some multitasking to the test," Alan said to them. His own cock stirred in his pants, but the attention needed to be on Amanda and Megan for now. "Those clothes are in the way. Get your shirts off, and your pants. I want you both naked within two minutes."

Megan was quick to obey now, getting her fingers underneath the bottom of Amanda's shorter shirt and pulling it up, Amanda helping her along by lifting her arms. Megan was able to get the shirt up to Amanda's neck, and then slip it off through the inside of the scarf that locked them together. Impressive.

Following her lead, Amanda did the same to her, slipping her shirt off through the scarf and then immediately going to work on her white bra, unclasping the back and letting it fall to the ground. Megan's tits burst forth, huge and jiggling, her dark nipples hard enough to cut glass.

Megan popped Amanda's bra off and got her tits free as well, showing creamy white skin and pinkish nipples that were quickly lost in the swallowing size of Megan's breasts as they pushed them together, moaning at the touch of their warm, sensitive flesh to one another.

"The pants," Alan said. "Don't get distracted."

He did feel they might have lost sight of things now that they were half-naked, pressing their bodies into each other, and making out more deeply and furiously than they had before. In a show of her eagerness,

Megan got Amanda's skirt off her hips along with her panties, Amanda lifting her legs to step out of them while the scarf locked them together at the mouth. The tight curve of her ass saw the air, while the trimmed bush of her vagina remained mostly hidden between the two of them. Megan's hip huggers came off in a similar fashion, Amanda eagerly pulling at the waistband to let Megan's ample, round ass out into the penthouse suite for both of them to see.

"Naked. As is always the goal." Alan clapped his hands together. "And in under two minutes," he added, as they broke their kiss to catch their breath and look at him. "I think the two of you deserve a little reward for that. Well, maybe not so little."

He instructed them to kneel down in front of him while still keeping the scarf around their necks, forcing them close together, shoulder to shoulder.

"I think you can imagine what I have in mind," Alan said, and at the same time he pulled his pants down. He was naked beneath them, without underwear or boxers, and his hard cock sprung out quickly, coaxed to full size by the display the two women had put on. "You kissed each other very well," Alan complimented them. "Kiss me even better."

While the women had held hidden desires to stick their tongues in each other's mouths, their desire to taste Alan's cock was much more forward-facing. They practically knocked their heads together to get him in one of their mouths first, but Megan won, sliding her lips around the head of Alan's cock and making both of them moan at the sensual contact.

"Yes, go on," Alan encouraged, letting his eyes close at the pleasure of Megan's hot mouth around his member. "Take turns as needed, but there's more of me that you can work on, Amanda."

Moving within the constraints of the scarf, Amanda pressed her head up against Alan's leg so that she could drag her tongue across his balls, and instinctively, Alan reached down to put a hand on her head, losing his fingers in her mass of curly dark hair.

"Yes," he said, "just like that."

Megan took his cock into her mouth as deeply as she could while still letting Amanda work on his heavy, hanging balls, her hot wet tongue getting him soaked and lustful. Amanda let his balls bounce on her tongue, pulling them into her mouth and gently sucking on one at a time, then licking up to the inches of his shaft that weren't buried in her friend's mouth.

Megan did eventually relinquish her spot on Alan's cock, letting Amanda take over, and he felt her tongue swirl around his head and shaft as she sucked on him, while Megan got to work where Amanda had left off. The pleasure was intense, both women lost in the lust of the moment, with Amanda taking Alan's cock even deeper into her throat than Megan had. The scarf tied around both of their necks stretched as they worked on him, forcing them to work together to bring pleasure to their master. They swapped back-and-forth again and again, Alan's wet, glistening cock diving into each of their mouths in turn, giving them tastes of his flavor as it leaked out of him and the pleasure built up inside more and more.

After several delicious minutes of this, Alan brought his hands down to both of their heads and pushed them off of his cock and balls, listening to them pant as their attention was taken away from delivering pleasure. He bent down and found the knot of the scarf, pulling on it to bring it around to the front and quickly untie it. The peach scarf fell to the ground, and he kicked it away.

"It's time for the next stage of this encounter." Alan opened a hand, moving his arm and gesturing behind himself and to the left. "Megan, go and sit down on that black couch over there. Legs wide, like you're inviting somebody in."

Megan did as Alan commanded, walking over to the couch and taking a seat on the treated leather surface, which was at first cold to the touch and made her jump a little bit as her big ass made contact with the seat.

"Move forward," Alan told her. "Pussy right on the edge and lean back."

As Megan positioned herself, Alan grabbed Amanda underneath her arm and pulled her to her feet. She must've thought that Alan was going to go fuck Megan, because her eyes showed some surprise when Alan told her, "It's time for you to eat."

The surprise gave way to excitement, though, as Alan guided her by the arm over onto the lush carpet, then pushed her down to her knees in front of Megan. Megan looked down at Amanda between her legs almost apologetically, as though Amanda wasn't practically licking her lips and ready to dive into her friend's muff. Megan's pussy was shaved and wet with her arousal. Her huge breasts, too big to be perky, had their bottoms pressing against her stomach as she arched back on the couch so that she could keep her pussy thrust forward. The bottom of her ass cheeks were

visible beneath her wet cunt. Megan was very much in-shape; she was just a woman who was blessed with a big set of tits and a huge, wide ass. It was no wonder that Amanda was attracted to her. The wonder was how she had kept that desire inside at all when she had to see this sexy woman almost every day.

There was no need to keep the desire inside anymore. Now kneeling between her legs, Amanda was quick to lean in and breathe in the smell of Megan's arousal. Following that, she was quick to taste it, bringing her tongue out and pressing it against Megan's wet lips. Megan tilted her head back and shivered as the pleasure ran through her, Amanda's tongue sliding up between her lips and brushing against her clitoris.

"Oh, Amanda, that feels so good," Megan moaned, as Amanda dove into it with more energy.

Amanda paused only briefly to say, "You taste delicious." Then she was back in, pressing her tongue more deeply into Megan's folds. Amanda licked up and down the inside of her pussy and the exposed, sensitive flesh of her labia, tasting every little bit of Megan that she could reach.

While Amanda licked and sucked at her pussy, Megan brought one hand up her breast, pulling on the flesh, squeezing, and rubbing her fingers across her nipples while she moaned. She played with herself while Amanda tasted her for the first time.

Confident Amanda was deep into it now, Alan decided that he wanted to get more involved with something other than his cock. He couldn't help but notice Amanda's ass sticking up in the air, and that while her willingness to participate was strong, he thought it might be good to remind her who was in charge. Alan stepped away from the pussy-eating session to pay a quick visit to his wall of tricks, a large display from which many tools of teasing and sexual torture hung in a neat arrangement. Very few were garish or horrible. Most were reserved, modern things, not meant to strike fear on sight, but rather to bring pain and pleasure through their expert use. He selected one of these items, returning to the two women with the object in his hand.

Amanda was trying to see how far up Megan's pussy she could get her tongue, and Megan was clearly enjoying the attempts, spreading her legs as far as she could and pushing her pussy forward into Amanda's face. Amanda was smeared with her juices, Megan panting with the pleasure and giving

her tiny directions, especially when her tongue and lips found her way to Megan's clit.

"Bring your ass up a little higher, Amanda," Alan told her, and she looked back, briefly tearing herself away from Megan's pussy to see the spanking paddle that Alan held in his hand. "I have a feeling your ass would look even better if I make it pink."

Amanda did as he said, putting her ass higher in the air while leaning more of her weight into Megan's pussy, bringing her arms up to the couch to wrap around Megan's thighs from underneath while she spread them. Alan knelt down behind Amanda, getting a good look at her tight little asshole and wet pussy spread open while she kneeled. It was such a pretty sight that he hated to pull his eyes away, but there was work to be done. He put one hand on the small of Amanda's back, hearing the wet and gleeful sounds as Amanda continued to suck on Megan's cunt.

Alan rubbed the curve of Amanda's white asscheeks with his hand, gently, before picking the wooden paddle with its black leather handle up from the ground and smacking her ass with it. The sound was loud and sharp in the penthouse, making Amanda jump with the pain of the hit. Alan dragged the paddle across her cheeks, pulling it away.

"Very good," he murmured. He didn't say anything more, choosing instead to focus on his work. He brought the paddle back and snacked her again, this time harder, and she squealed and Alan could see the pinkness starting to form on her cheeks. None of this stopped her from eating Megan's pussy, and Megan started to give Amanda some directions of her own.

"Lick my ass," she begged Amanda, while she scooted her own ass forward on the couch. "Eat my asshole, Amanda. I love having my asshole licked."

Amanda's smile was hidden by Megan's thighs and her pussy, and she moved her mouth lower.

Crack!

Alan hit Amanda with the paddle again, a smack on the broad side of her left cheek that left a mark. Her whole ass was starting to glow pink. And even as Amanda listened to Megan's instructions, Alan couldn't help himself from adding, "Do as she says. Rim Megan's asshole, and do it good."

Amanda gave a happy moan, fully enjoying taking directions from the two of them, and she found Megan's asshole with her tongue, licking up and

down the tight ring while Megan replied with positive obscenities. One of Megan's hands reached down and grabbed hold of her own ass cheek, pulling it open so that Amanda could get in deeper, and Amanda eagerly replied by forcing her tongue right into Megan's spread asshole, shoving it past her entrance and finding it hungry for more.

"Fuck!" Megan cried, breathing heavily and spreading her ass cheeks wider. She wanted Amanda's tongue as deep into her ass as it could possibly go. Amanda, meanwhile, got her ass worked over by Alan's paddle, the dungeon master smacking both cheeks at once, then taking turns on one until it was the color that he liked. Amanda had tears in her eyes as she shoved her tongue up Megan's butt while taking a beating on her own, but she was loving every second of it. Alan kept a hand planted firmly on the small of her back, holding her still while he smacked at her ass.

Megan brought a hand down to her clit, to rub at it while Amanda ate her asshole, but Amanda yanked her tongue out of Megan's ass and pushed her hand out of the way with her head, instead wrapping her lips around her clit and sucking on it.

"Finger my ass, please," she pleaded to Amanda. "Fuck, you're gonna make me cum so hard."

Alan held off on his spanking, wanting to watch their passion in front of him instead. Amanda brought her fingers down to Megan's back door, finding it slick and opened up pretty well by her tongue already. She pushed one finger inside, and Megan groaned in delight. Then she forced a second finger in, stretching her friend's asshole wide and penetrating her deeply.

Megan's breath grew higher in pitch, and she leaned back, her chest heaving, her breasts bouncing, while her clit got sucked and her ass got fingered in and out by Amanda. Leaning into her friend's pleasure, Amanda forced a third finger into Megan's rear, making her friend's back door clamp down around her fingers and getting Megan to whimper as her orgasm unleashed itself.

Megan gripped the couch with both hands as she came, driving her pussy up into Amanda's face and forcing her ass onto Amanda's fingers involuntarily, making herself get fucked deeper. Amanda stayed locked onto her clitoris as Megan came for her, wiggling her fingers in her friend's ass to increase the intensity of her climax. Her tight hole clenched down on Amanda's digits powerfully with each wave of pleasure Megan experienced.

Alan was unbelievably turned on by the two of them going at each other. He tossed the paddle aside, where it fell with a muffled thump onto the rug. Amanda's pink, spanked ass swayed in the air as Megan's orgasm wound down. Not giving them any time to recover, Alan started issuing orders.

"We're going to do a little swap of positions," Alan said. He stood up and pointed, directing the women. "Amanda, lie down right there on the rug, on your back. Megan, shove your face down between her open legs and suck on her pussy until she cums. Keep your ass up in the air and your legs spread. My dick is going up that used hole."

Amanda, clearly pent up, practically scrambled to get to her spot, lying back on the rug like a good girl and spreading her legs open. Her breasts, not as large as Megan's but sizable, jiggled as she got settled. Megan, still catching her breath, was pretty quick to get off the couch, leaving a wet spot from her passions that would get taken care of by the cleaner later. She got onto her hands and knees once she was off the couch and crawled over to Amanda, getting in position between her legs, lowering her head down. She stuck her big butt in the air, and Alan could see her slightly opened hole, waiting to be visited again.

Lube was never far away in the penthouse dungeon suite. Alan fetched some from a small compartment built into the side of the couch, taking off his shirt in the process so that he was fully naked just like the two of them.

"I don't hear any eating," Alan growled.

Megan, her breath washing over Amanda's pussy and her head still reeling from the powerful orgasm her friend had given her, pressed her lips against Amanda's clitoris and kissed it, making Amanda squirm and sigh. Alan didn't know whether this was the first time Megan had eaten pussy, but it seemed like it, as she tentatively gave a few licks before Amanda more forcefully grabbed her by her short blonde hair and mashed Megan's face into her pussy. Megan's cries were muffled by Amanda's swollen, aroused lips, and soon she settled into licking her friend's cunt, with Amanda humping up against her, her arousal having gone ignored for far too long.

Ready now, Alan knelt behind Megan where she rested on all fours eating Amanda's pussy. He slicked up his thick, rock-hard shaft with lube, then dripped a healthy amount onto Megan's back door, pushing some in

with the tips of two large fingers. Megan moaned at the contact, pushing back into him, and Alan smiled. He loved an anal slut.

Probably just as horny as Amanda was, Alan didn't feel like teasing Megan any longer. He watched her hair bob and her breasts sway back-and-forth as she licked Amanda's clitoris and stuck her tongue into her tunnel, but only for a moment. Then he focused on her ass, grabbing one of her hefty asscheeks in his hand and squeezing it, using the other hand to press his slick and cock up against her prepped back door. Megan wiggled at the contact, and Alan pushed forward, feeling the tight slickness of her asshole quickly engulf the head of his cock as it popped inside of her. Megan let out an intense, guttural moan as her ass was penetrated, and she pushed back, forcing Alan's cock in deeper before he could do it himself.

"You really are a whore for anal," Alan commented, grabbing her ass with both hands like he was hitching on for a ride. "You've got a nice, juicy ass for it."

Megan was in the middle of two masters, both of them with their hands on her. Alan grabbed her ass and hips as he bottomed out in her asshole and started to fuck her, the lube making the entry easy, the tightness of her asshole making him work. In the front, Amanda had one hand on Megan's head, fingers locked into her hair so she couldn't get away, telling her how to eat her pussy and how close she was to cumming. And though Amanda didn't ask for it, Megan moved down and licked her asshole too, much to her friend's glee, who enjoyed tightening the muscles of her butt against her friend's probing tongue.

Megan's ass was amazing, tight and hot, and every time Alan's hips pressed against her, he squished the meat of her asscheeks flat against himself, a lovely sight. Her pussy was practically dripping wet below him, but Alan paid it no attention. He knew that he wanted to shoot inside of her ass.

The slapping sounds of his hips against Megan's ass faded to the background in his mind as his orgasm began to sink its claws into that special place behind his loins. He felt his balls tighten, and he fucked her faster without even trying, unable to stop his body from pursuing its ultimate goal. The tight walls of Megan's ass had him in their grip, and Alan was the next one to reach climax, try as hard as he might to avoid it. His breath choked in his throat, and he bent over Megan as he fucked her, his dick beginning to spurt cum into her bowels. His fucking motion became

haphazard and jittery as Megan's tight ass pulled the jizz right from his dick. He shot into her, grunting, over and over, five or six ropes of his seed spilling into her and filling up her ass. Still, at the last moment, he pulled his cock out of her gaping tunnel and let his last shot or two paint white streaks across her big cheeks and the small of her back.

Megan moaned around Amanda's clit while Alan came inside of her and all over her, and Amanda kept Megan's head locked onto her pleasure button until she reached her peak, undulating with the waves of her orgasm and biting a dent into her lip as it ripped through her. Megan sucked in breath through the sides of her mouth and spent the rest of her energy licking and sucking Amanda's clit, trying to make her cum as hard as Amanda had made her cum. There was no way to tell who had won that particular battle, but it was easy to say that no one had lost, as Amanda's long orgasm dwindled and she dropped her head back onto the rug, her dark hair messy and twisted around her face while she gasped for breath.

Alan stood up, but slowly, recovering from one of the most powerful orgasms that he could remember having. Released from Amanda's grip, Megan slumped over, her asscheeks slapping together and hiding the hole that Alan had ravaged.

Alan retreated silently, returning with small bottles of water for all of them. They drank them, getting dressed again while having some small discussion about the session.

"This place is something else," Amanda said, looking around the sprawling, open concept room of furniture and sex toys, pristinely arranged.

"It just made me want to cut loose," Megan said. "I don't know if I ever could have...I mean, not even if we had agreed to, like, finally mess around together at your place or something," she said to Amanda.

"That's the magic of the penthouse," Alan told them. "A neutral place, where you can leave everything else behind."

"Imagine if Dan knew about this," Megan laughed. "God, like he doesn't make enough jokes already."

"That's a good reminder for me to smack him next time he mouths off," Amanda said.

Alan wasn't too surprised that their minds had gone back to their work lives so quickly. The magic of the dungeon could only stretch so far, especially with people so entrenched in the executive lifestyle. It would take

years to break out—if they wanted to at all. But as long as they could occasionally cut themselves loose, like Megan had said, that would be fine.

Dressed and refreshed, Amanda and Megan departed with many thanks, and Alan scheduled the usual cleaning that needed to take place after a night in the suite. He had grown concerned, at times, that the many nights he had spent here would blend together; that he would remember a name and try to think back on what that person had looked like, and fail to summon their face in his mind, let alone what they had done here.

Thus far, though, those fears had proved toothless. He greatly enjoyed each night he spent in the penthouse with a client, and the memories, even over the years, hadn't yet faded. There had been many, many people punished and pushed to orgasm here, and there would be many more to come.

When they were permitted, of course.

THE END

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(Author's Note)

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