



The
Harem

BOU**TIQUE**

Bundle

MYRA DUSK

Welcome to the Harem Boutique Bundle! I'm so jealous of you—you get to join Jared on his adventures for the first time.

I won't keep you. Enjoy!

Myra

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Harem
BOUTIQUE

MYRA DUSK

Harem Boutique
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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Jared slipped the key into the lock for the first time. His key. His lock. His store.

It was a weird thought, something completely new to him. But the Gems & More Boutique was his now, and he was ready to run it, or at least do the best he could.

At 27, he'd been told he wasn't ready to own his own business yet, but he had known the previous owner, who happened to be his neighbor, for almost a decade. When the time came for Jill to retire and get the business out of her hands, Jared felt ready to take the next step of his life.

"A man hasn't owned this boutique in a while," she had told him, when the two of them had sat down in her kitchen to discuss the deal. Jill was a graying woman who wore form-fitting dresses on her attractive figure, but Jared thought of her too much as a family friend to be attracted to her.

"It's been around since the 30s," she told him, "under different names. Two owners before me, a man named Billy ran the Gems & More—though back then it was called Hillory's Shop."

"I know it's more of a feminine-market business," Jared had started to say.

"It's not about that." Jill had shaken her head. "I've just heard...I don't know. Something about this place and *men*. Just be careful what kind of promises you make to customers. Or that they make to you."

Jared had been puzzled—still was. "I don't understand."

"Nor I," Jill had said. "It's a rumor with not enough substance to unravel. But the owner before me told me, and I felt the need to tell you."

Then she had smiled and wished him the best of luck, and the speculative talk had vanished underneath layers of books and numbers.

The shop door closed behind him and brought Jared back to the present day. He got a look around the place, not for the first time, but it felt different. The light hit the walls and the displays and they both sparkled.

The store was small, but practically bursting with charm—figuratively and literally. The left wall was a sweeping display of clothing racks, starting with small, neatly-crafted hats, gloves, and charms for purses and backpacks and whatever else, before moving onto larger garments and even a few stylish jackets.

The rest of the small store was devoted to an array of jewelry, with the finest pieces under glass display counters, along with the more valuable gem pieces. Tucked into the corner near the front door was a fun display he'd curated entirely himself, a collection of card and tabletop games sprinkled with a few pop culture figurines.

Widen the market a little, Jared thought to himself.

“Okay.” He clapped his hands together, speaking to no one. “Better get ready.”

He glanced at the clock up on the wall and then laughed. The store opened at ten AM, and he had gotten here just before eight. And from the look of things around here, there wasn't a whole lot that needed to be done. Most, if not all, of the setup and prep needed, he'd done eagerly over the past few weeks.

And now—eagerly—he'd arrived here far too early to be useful.

Lost in-between things to do, Jared hesitated. What was he going to do, sit alone in the cramped back office for two hours without even busywork to take care of?

Feeling a little foolish, Jared backed out of the store and locked the door again, catching a glimpse of himself in the glass panel. His brown hair was short, but a little shaggier than usual. He'd meant to squeeze a haircut in last week, but couldn't make the time, and it was too early in the morning to go now. His light-red, three-buttoned shirt let the cool morning air in at his collar.

He was pretty happy with what he saw. No one else seemed to have been lately, but that wasn't chief among his concerns, what with starting his ownership of the business. Being single would get fixed eventually, but having his first or second quarter in the black—he had only one chance at that.

Jared noticed a pair of women coming down the walk of the shopping center of the village, where his store sat among a few others on this side of the street. He almost waited for a moment, excited to get his first customers,

or at least looky-loos, but shut that off as another spell of too much eagerness. The first thing they would look at would be the hours, and then they would walk away.

Instead, he decided to get some breakfast. But it just so happened that breakfast took him in the same direction from which they were coming. And something just made him take a look.

They were beautiful, something he noticed immediately, and brought the thought of being single right back into his head when he'd just succeeded in knocking it away.

The woman on the left had auburn hair, and with the rising sun behind her, it made her hair, radiant warmth. The ends of it rested right atop her breasts, which displayed plentiful cleavage between the caresses of her hair. Her blouse flowed at her midsection, showing a silver bow looped around her tight waist.

The other woman had short black hair that curved neatly around her face, giving her a look that was as severe as it was comely. Her white shirt showed no cleavage, but left a little to the imagination as to the fullness of her chest, and she wore a pair of shorts so short that Jared imagined they could double as underwear.

He imagined it right then and there, while the two women walked by him without sparing him a single look.

Imagination it is, Jared thought, *and imagination it shall stay*. He resisted the urge to look behind him to check the other view, and instead continued around the corner toward the deli he liked.

Samson's Deli was busy and smelled pleasantly of toast and coffee. Jared waited in a three-deep line, then ordered a toasted everything bagel with cream cheese on the side and hazelnut coffee. It got to him hot in less than two minutes, and he was fortunate enough to find a seat at a tiny table right by the front glass.

The tabletop was warm from the sunlight, and bore only a few crumbs of the person who had dined there before. He swept them off and sat down.

The bagel, fresh and hot, crunched in a most satisfying way. He always liked to take a bite of it alone before adding the spread. Jared sipped and chewed his breakfast and looked out the window, wondering if he would see the two women again, even though they had been walking the other direction.

It was after a few minutes that he realized this was the first time he'd thought about anything other than the business in the last couple of months. It was almost surreal, and at the same time refreshing. He looked down at the table and found his breakfast gone and his cup empty. He vaguely remembered tasting it. Yet according to the time, he had somehow been here almost forty-five minutes, hogging a table.

Jared stood quickly, the chair sliding behind him a couple feet and stopping just short of a different table. regardless of his fantasies, he definitely did not mean to have spent almost an hour here. Jared tossed his garbage away and left the deli, ready to head back to the store. with only an hour until opening time, he had suddenly thought of a whole bunch of things to do.

And he was very surprised to see the two women who had been lingering in his mind standing in front of the shop window and looking in.

Have they been here the whole time? he thought. *No, no way, it's been like an hour since I saw them. They must have seen something that caught their eye.*

At first, he was excited at the prospect of his first customers, but then he saw something that caught *his* eye. Two round asses just inches apart from each other, one's assuredly creamy white cheeks hidden under form-fitting jeans, while the olive-toned rear to its right revealed teasing shapes from the bottom of the very short shorts covering most-but-not-all of it.

Then the owner of that fine ass looked up at him and he almost broke his neck trying to prove he wasn't staring.

Jared hurried forward, hoping it wasn't too obvious that he'd broken his gait. He stepped past the two women, clearing his throat as he made his way to the door.

"Um," he started, powerfully. "Sorry. I mean, excuse me. We aren't quite open yet..."

"Damn." The olive-skinned woman gave him a knowing smile, and Jared knew damned well that he'd been caught ogling her half-exposed cheeks. "I see something in there I *definitely* want."

My reflection? Jared might have said, if he were suave in any capacity.

Instead, he said, "Ah, well...since it's kinda the grand reopening and all..." Jared finished unlocking the door and pulled it outward, holding it

open for the two of them. “Please, come on in.”

“Oh, really? Awesome!” The auburn-haired woman flashed a quick smile, then followed behind her friend into the store. Jared made a point not to look at anyone’s butt and came in as well, letting the door close gently behind him.

Seeing customers in the store brought warmth to his heart. He’d seen customers in here before, of course, but that was before he technically owned the place.

Jared gave the two of them space to look around—or in the dark-haired woman’s case, to make a beeline for the item she had spotted through the window. Her eyes had lit onto a pendant resting on a black velvet bust.

Jared slipped behind the counter. “I’m glad you noticed that one. I put it out there because I knew it deserved a spot in the sunlight.”

The pendant had a blue gem on a silver chain, and the setting was ornate silver work, giving a shape to the gemstone that it didn’t truly have. It was captivating, almost demanding that whomever looked at it kept their eyes on it to understand its intricacies.

The woman laid a finger on it, running her fingertip across the gem. She swallowed, then for some reason looked up at Jared and said, “My name is Anna.”

“Jared,” he said. “It’s a pleasure to meet you both.”

Anna looked over to her friend, clearing her throat. The blonde met her eyes, then introduced herself.

“Julie,” she said. “You don’t have this in blue anywhere, do you?” She held up a scarf, lifting half of it off the rack. It was a solid, deep red, with a diamond stitching pattern and a half-inch of fringe brushing across her wrist as she held it.

Jared affirmed, and came back across the counter to show her the blue make of the scarf on the other side of the rack. Julie took the scarf with glee, and she looked around the rest of the store while feeling the material in her hands.

Jared cashed them out and watched the two of them leave. As the glow of his first sale faded away, he found himself, returning back to the thought of how beautiful they both were. And was he crazy, or had Anna, the dark-haired one, given him some kind of a look...?

“Nah,” he said to himself in the now-empty store. “She just liked the necklace, that’s all. Speaking of...”

He busied himself, taking down the empty display that had once held the necklace, and rearranging things a bit now that some items were gone. Before he knew it, it was ten in the morning, and he was officially open.

The weekend traffic of the shopping district of the village was good, and the time flew by. He found himself wondering if he should hire someone so soon, as he cashed people out and hurried to fill holes on the shelves.

Before he knew it the day was over and he was locked up and taking care of the books in the back, and then he was home and having some leftover roast chicken he’d cooked up the other day.

He was pretty pleased with how the first day of the shop had gone, but he still felt like he was missing something. Not like he’d left it behind, but more like he was waiting for it to find him.

So when tomorrow came and he was open again, that feeling of missing went away when Anna walked in the door. It was like he saw her in slow motion.

First it was her dark eyes and dark hair, the latter swishing around as she glanced around the store. The slight smile on her lips when her eyes found his. And below her neckline, the dazzling blue of the pendant, resting in an enviable position right atop the swell of her breasts. She wore a shirt with a subtle floral print across the chest, short enough to show an inch of her taut belly. It wasn’t hot out—fall was approaching—but for some reason, Jared pictured a single droplet of sweat sliding down her sleek olive skin and curving around her navel.

“Oh,” he said as she came to the counter. “Back already. Anna, right?”

Pretending he didn’t remember her name the second he saw her touch the door handle.

“Yeah,” she said, sounding a little nervous.

Ah, crap. Jared tried not to let his face fall. *She wants to return the pendant. I wonder what’s wrong with it? If it’s even something I can fix? I might have to send it—*

“Would you like to get some lunch with me?” Anna asked him. Her hand rested on the pendant around her neck—clutching it, really, like she

held on for dear life.

The out-of-left-field request stopped him cold. It was so unexpected that he felt his brain grind to a halt, and only by mentally kicking himself could he get back in gear before he blew the whole opportunity.

“Lunch? Yeah, sure, that would be...um...” Jared glanced at the clock and was relieved to see it was just about 11:30. Normally he would close the place up for lunch in about 45 minutes, but in light of the circumstance...

“I can definitely do lunch,” he told her. “Give me just a minute to lock up and I’ll meet you outside.”

“Great.” Anna beamed at him, her teeth white and the emotion genuine, judging by the look in her eyes; almost like he’d granted her greatest wish. She turned on her heel and left the store, still fingering at the pendant around her neck.

Holding back a giant grin lest she see it, Jared locked the register and closed the office door, then zipped around back to the front of the counter and hung the ‘Closed For Lunch’ sign on the inside of the glass panel door. He stepped outside into the sunshine of the day, Anna waiting for him on the sidewalk.

“You know,” he said, “when I first saw you here today, I thought you were coming to return the necklace.”

Anna looked shocked. Her hand grasped the necklace tightly. “Return it! I would never. I really did want to see if you would go out with me.”

“Well, that’s two good things,” Jared said. “Did you have someplace in mind for lunch? If not, how about Jack’s? It’s pretty close to here.”

“That sounds great,” Anna said.

Jack’s was within walking distance, so the two of them set off down the sidewalk in the opposite direction of the café where Jared had his breakfast. It was a local place with a nice patio, and the weather wasn’t quite cold enough to keep everybody inside, so Jared and Anna sat down outside.

“So how long have you had the store?” Anna asked him after they had ordered. “You mentioned that it was the grand reopening?”

“Yes,” he said. “I bought it a few months back from the previous owner, and was getting everything up to speed to make sure I could open before the holiday season came into full swing.”

“I think you’ve done a really good job,” Anna said. “I’ve seen the place before, but I never felt the need to go in. Must be something that you did.”

“Hah. I guess so. I’m really glad you stopped in.” Jared smiled. “I have to say, it’s the first time I’ve just been...asked out by someone like that, so quickly.”

“I was feeling forward, I suppose.” Anna returned his smile.

“That pendant does look really nice on you,” Jared said to her. “You definitely made the right choice.”

Talking with her was easy. It turned out she had gone to the same college he had just outside the city, though she wasn’t from here like Jared was.

As their lunch date went on, he noticed Anna getting closer to him, or at least as much as she could when she was across the table. He felt her foot touch his, and at first it seemed like an accident, but then it lingered. Her hand reached across the table to touch his, but didn’t fully withdraw, instead she stayed close and he felt the heat of her skin. Their food was half-eaten and they were just talking, but at a certain point it almost seemed like she couldn’t keep her hands off him.

Jared hadn’t had a woman act like this with him before. It was making him flush, and the look in her eyes wasn’t helping matter either. Neither of them finished their meal as they talked and touched and Jared longed to sink his fingers into her soft black hair and see how it felt while they kissed.

But before he knew it, their plates had been taken and whatever spell had been cast on their little lunch table had to be dispersed as they left. The two of them walked side-by-side back towards the store.

“Well, I hate to say this, but I do need to get back and re-open the place,” Jared said.

“I understand.” Anna touched his hand. “I had fun.”

“I did, too,” Jared said. “I really did. In fact, we should do it again. Fast.”

“I can do fast,” Anna said. “Actually, how about tomorrow? I could go for another lunch.”

While she spoke, her hand went to the tendon again, her slim fingers obscuring the beautiful blue of the piece. At times she pressed it against her

skin, as though she wanted the necklace to be part of her. Jared watched her touch it, oddly jealous of the necklace. Then he got his head on straight and looked her in the eyes once they had stopped in front of the store.

“Tomorrow it is,” he said, and when she leaned in and kissed him, the pendant pressed against the hollow of his neck, too. The metal and the gemstone were both pretty warm, probably from being handled by Anna. Jared didn’t mind it in the least. In fact, he hardly noticed, as much more pressing things were pressing against his lips. Her hands were on him, arm wrapping around his shoulders, fingers digging into his skin, and he did slip a hand into her hair, letting it slide between his fingers as the other hand rested on her waist.

When the kiss finally broke, it felt like it might have gone on for minutes, and Jared found he was surprisingly short of breath. Anna looked flushed, too, and also like she didn't want the kids to end. But in all fairness, they were practically standing in the middle of the street in a fairly busy village, and both of them felt a sense of impropriety.

Though if they were anywhere else, Jared would have wanted to do much more.

“Tomorrow,” Jared repeated.

Anna nodded. “See you then,” she said, her breathing a little heavy.

She walked away, and Jared opened the store, though half of him definitely just wanted to close early and follow Anna wherever she went. But the lust faded eventually, and he was back to business. Though he still found it quite hard to concentrate for pretty much the entire rest of the day.

They had exchanged numbers during their lunch, but the store got busy and Jared didn’t get a chance to text Anna, nor did he get anything from her. He was a little disappointed, but he doubted that the magic had already faded in just a few hours of separation. Tomorrow couldn’t come soon enough.

Jared knew he was lucky. He hadn’t gone on a date since he had decided to buy the shop, so it had been several dry months, more than half a year. For a beautiful woman like this to come up to him and ask him out while he was managing the shop, well, what were the odds?

When the next day came, lunchtime approached and Anna had not come to the store yet. Jared was working, of course, but he wasn’t able to get her off of his mind. He didn’t want to text her and ask about it though;

somehow, it seemed childish. They had just talked to yesterday, there was no need to confirm plans that were supposed to happen within a half hour or so.

As timing would have it, someone walked into the store just as his phone buzzed in his pocket, and really quickly he slid it out of his pocket and took a glance at the message. His heart skipped a beat when he saw it was from Anna, but the message itself didn't make any sense to him.

It just said, 'It's OK. I'll see you again.'

"What?" Jared muttered, and then he looked up at the customer and saw that it was Julie, and she was coming right to the counter.

He set his phone down, smiling at her despite the confusing emotions from the text message. "Julie, hi. Good to see you again."

"You too, Jared," Julie said. She sounded a little nervous. She raised a hand and pushed her auburn hair off to the side, so it didn't obscure her face.

"I hope you still like the scarf," he said. "I know it hasn't quite gotten cold enough to need to use it, but..."

She beamed. "Oh, definitely. Actually..."

Julie opened up her light jacket to show Jared what she was wearing. To his surprise, he saw that the scarf was tied loosely around her waist, cinching her shirt like an exterior belt. A fashion statement, and it actually looked very good. Something about the make of the scarf made it versatile in that way.

"Wow, look at that." Jared tapped a finger on the counter. "You can make it work in any weather."

"Thanks." Julie closed her jacket. "So, anyway, I actually came here to see if maybe you'd like to get some lunch with me? Don't you close for lunch around now?"

"Lunch?" Jared was dumbfounded, wondering if he was even awake. "Um..."

How did he explain to her that he had just gotten lunch with Anna yesterday? For that matter, was it really that important? Anna had talked about Julie at lunch, which led him to believe they were good friends. Surely, Anna would have told Julie that she had gone out with him. So what was going on? It wasn't like they were married, or even really dating after one lunch, but he didn't want to be sleazy.

Julie clearly sensed his hesitance. There was no denying that she was attractive, and to have someone like this interested in him, well, it just felt stupid to say no to anything like that.

“I’m sorry,” Julie said. “Did Anna talk to you? She said she was going to.”

“Not today,” Jared said, coming back to reality. “She did ask me to lunch yesterday, but you probably know that...”

“We talked about it,” Julie said with a nod. “And I know it sounds odd, and it is odd for us, but something...well, I don’t know what, but the bottom line is that she doesn’t mind if I ask you to lunch, and I don’t mind that you went out with her. We both just want to...spend time with you.”

That text message from Anna—was that her telling him that she didn’t mind if he got lunch with Julie, knowing that her friend would be at the shop any minute?

It had to be. Of course it made no sense at first, but now it did. And it wasn’t even like she was telling him she didn’t want to go out again. She said she’d see him again soon.

“Okay. Okay.” Jared began to accept the situation out loud. “All right. I acknowledge that this is odd, but I am going to lean into it. Yes, let’s go to lunch.”

Jared shut the shop down and went outside with Julie. The light jacket she wore was brown with a black trim, and she had on a pair of jeans that showed off the shape of her legs very well. The peek she had given him underneath her jacket was a tempting one, showing a low-cut shirt with a lot of cleavage. It definitely seemed like an outfit she had chosen for a date, and it made him wish he had something a little more attractive on. Not that Julie seemed to mind.

They went to a different place—it was too weird taking Julie to Jack’s literally the day after he had taken Anna there. They specialized in fresh foods like salads and broth bowls and things like that. Not Jared’s favorite, and as he learned while they sat and ate, not Julie’s favorite either, but she had picked it because she wanted to look healthy, and Jared had agreed because he would probably have sat and eaten street hot dogs on the curb if that was what she had wanted to do.

“I don’t want to ask too much about whatever is going on between you two,” Jared said, “or whatever. But it’s just...” He swallowed.

“Hm?” Julie gave him a wide-eyed, innocent look, right at the same time that her hand grabbed his upper thigh underneath the table.

“Whoa...” He let slip out.

“I’ll ask you, just to get it out,” she said. “Does this—”

As she said it, she squeezed his leg.

“—bother you?”

Wow.

“No,” he said, reaching down and placing his hand on hers. “Not at all.”

Julie gave a mischievous smile, then slid her hand inward, finding his crotch and letting her dainty fingers run over the outlines of his manhood. Jared’s breath caught in his throat as he found himself immediately growing hard.

Julie shaped her mouth into a little O of surprise and gave his hardening cock a squeeze. She grinned, then took her hand away.

“Damn. I am really getting, um, a little ahead of myself.” She laughed. “I swear I am not normally like this. This is definitely something different for me.”

“Well,” Jared said, trying to sound as though he wasn’t so turned on he wanted to throw her over the table right there. “If it helps at all, whatever you’re doing, you’re definitely doing a great job.”

That made her laugh again.

“No more fondling you out here in public,” she whispered, shaking her head. “I really don’t know what I was thinking.”

Jared put his hand on her own leg under the table, sliding his thumb in between her thighs and noting to his satisfaction how they parted as the simple intrusion. But he pulled back too, not insisting.

“I just had to get one for myself,” he said to her with a wink.

Julie bit her lip. Jared would have paid a hundred thousand dollars to know what was going through her head at that moment.

“Excuse me for just a minute,” she said, standing while she slid her phone off the table. “Just something I have to...excuse me.”

“Sure, of course,” he said, giving her a nod, then looking down at his barely-eaten food and cursing himself, sure that he had somehow totally blown it. It was a situation where it had seemed impossible to do so—she was literally pawing at his cock under the table—and yet now she was gone

and he was here staring at some kind of fish soup he hardly remembered ordering. He took a bite and remembered that it wasn't that bad, but it was certainly no cheeseburger.

A flash of movement out the front window of the restaurant caught his eye, and he almost did a double take when he saw it was Julie out there, waving at him to come out. He got up and went outside.

"Everything alright?" He asked her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I want—”

“I need—”

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

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

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

“So,” Jared said, catching his own breath a little bit, “is this why you two are here? I mean, you’ve both been...really...”

“Yes,” Anna said. “Fuck dinner, fuck propriety, fuck whatever. Both of us want you and both of us are going to have you. If you’ll...invite us in.”

Jared made sure not to mess up his next words. “Please. Come in.”

The two women came inside and Julie closed the door behind them. It struck Jared as funny that he had put his pants on for apparently no reason, but then Anna's hands were on his shoulders and she was kissing him, and then their lips parted and she said to him, "Bedroom."

He took her hand and led her there with Julie as well. He heard the barely audible sound of the pendant slapping against her skin as they quickly walked to his bedroom, bouncing against her, and in a moment of clarity he remembered what Jill, the previous owner of the Gems & More Boutique, had warned him about.

Be careful of the promises you make to customers. And the promises they make to you. It had been something like that. He'd had no idea what to make of it, and he had pretty much almost forgotten that part of the conversation entirely by the next day. But maybe there really had been something to it—something about the things he sold to them. Did they make these women...*want* him, somehow? Magically?

They got to the bedroom and Anna pushed him down on the bed, and he found that he didn't really care too much how or why it was happening, as long as it was happening. And it was. And Jared realized he'd never been in a threesome before, and he didn't know if Julie and Anna had—he had kind of just assumed, what with how hard they came onto him and how eager the two of them were to be here—but if the pendant and the scarf were really having some kind of an effect on them, as crazy as it sounded, this might be new to them, too.

He didn't know exactly what to do, but there were worse things to have to figure out on the fly.

Speaking of which, he tugged down the fly on his jeans and got them off with the help of Julie tugging them down. Meanwhile, Anna had crept up to the top of the bed with him and suddenly had her knees on either side of his chest, straddling him. With a quick motion, she slid her lingerie-style shirt up over her head, letting it slowly slide over the bra cupping her breasts, teasing Jared with the sight as she revealed the taut olive skin of her stomach.

"It's a front clasp," she whispered down at him. Her short black hair had gotten a little messy, falling over her face in a sexy way while it brushed at her shoulders. Her bra was black and had little white polka dots and was full of something between a C-cup and a D-cup and Jared's hands

were on it, his fingertips pressing into the warm flesh of her bosom that peeked over the bra before he found the clasp in the front and popped it open.

Anna moaned in approval as her breasts came free, and Jared did the same, relishing the sight of her dark nipples while the boobs bounced free of their bonds.

“Touch them,” Anna commanded, slipping the bra off her arms and whipping it off to the side of the bedroom.

Jared brought his hands up to her boobs, taking one in each, loving the soft weight of them. Her nipples were hard and he brushed his thumbs over them, making her close her eyes in a brief sigh of pleasure.

“Absolutely fucking gorgeous,” he whispered to her, still somewhat thinking he had to be asleep, despite how amazing these tits felt in his hand, and despite how down below—

—Julie had gotten both his pants and his boxers off and her hand just wrapped around his cock, one foot away from her friend’s asscheeks where she was sitting down on his stomach. It was strange not being able to see her while she touched him, and while she stroked his hard eight-inch length, her other hand went to his balls and caressed them, and god did it feel good.

“That’s nice,” Anna said to him, as his divided focus went back to her breasts and his fingers worked on her nipples. “But I have a question for you, Jared. Do you eat pussy?”

He let out a breath. “When it’s fed to me.”

Anna licked her lips. “Help me out, Julie.”

She tilted forward, putting her elbows onto the bed and letting her breasts fall into Jared’s face. She pressed them down onto his cheeks while she lifted her booty up. Jared felt the hands come off of his junk and heard Julie pulling Anna’s shorts and underwear down, though her tits in his face obscured any chance at seeing the wonderful sight.

“Mm. Perfect.” Anna got back on her knees and scooted forward, shoving her pussy into Jared’s face just at the same time that Julie’s lips wrapped around his cock and began sucking on him.

He groaned into Anna’s tender flesh, the short hairs of her trimmed cunt grinding into his face. Her hands buried themselves in his hair and she pushed herself into his face, moaning. He licked up her lips, tasting her

essence, and shoving his tongue deep inside her, loving the slight feeling of resistance her tunnel gave him.

“Fuck yes,” Anna cried while she rode his face, forcing his tongue deeper into her. Julie, meanwhile, was taking his cock all the way into her mouth, and judging by how she was wriggling, she was taking her own clothes off as well to get just as naked as her friend while slurping on the head of Jared’s cock.

Anna pulled off his face and slid backward, shoving her rear end down toward Julie so that she was face to face with Jared, and she stuck her tongue in his mouth and tasted herself. Jared’s cock felt a cold breeze when Julie pulled off, and a loud *smack* when she hit her friend on the ass and made her olive asscheeks bounce. Then Julie ate her friend from behind, tasting the same pussy that Jared had tasted and licking Anna’s tight little asshole as well, her tongue going back and forth between her friend’s holes while she made out with Jared.

Julie smacked her ass a few more times as she ate her, making Anna flinch with pain and pleasure and moan into Jared’s mouth. Then she stopped eating her friend out and grabbed her hips.

“I get a turn on his face,” she said, before pulling Anna’s hips down so that in one smooth motion her hot, soaking wet cunt ate up Jared’s cock all the way to the base.

“Oh, fuck!” Jared cried out as Anna sat back on his cock. She was so hot and wet, gripping him while he was inside of her even though he’d slid into her warmed-up pussy so easily. Julie came around and straddled Jared’s face backwards. He saw her supple, ample white ass hovering over him, and then she settled her shaved, wet pussy down on his face and he tasted her too, burying his tongue in her while Anna rode his cock like she was on a mission.

Julie sat back heavy on his face, smothering him, and Jared took in small sips of air through his nose as he jammed his tongue into her cunt, smelling her musk while he pleased her. Anna leaned forward so that his cock was halfway out of her and grabbed her friend by the shoulders, and Jared got a glimpse of the two of them making out ferociously, tongues swabbing around each other, Anna tasting her pussy on Julie’s lips now.

Anna went back and forth between riding his cock and swapping spit with her friend, her hands grabbing Julie’s big tits and pinching her nipples

hard. Julie screamed in pleasure while she grinded herself on Jared's face and then all of a sudden she was cumming, her behind twitching while she sat on Jared and she pressed in on him harder and harder while her pussy spasmed around him and he found her clit and sucked on it until she yelled and had to pull off of him to get him to stop.

"Give me your cunt," Julie pleaded, pushing Anna back so that Jared's cock popped out of her, and then she made her scoot over Jared's cock and lay back so that his dick pressed up against her back while Julie ate her pussy right on top of it.

With Julie bent over him in a 69 position, Jared couldn't resist getting his tongue back in her pussy again, and she flinched at the sensitive contact but soon it was back to feeling good again, and she spread her legs wide so he could get into her.

Julie stuck two fingers up Anna's asshole and sucked on her clit until Anna had a screaming orgasm, squirting her juices over her friend's face and Jared's lap, humping and grinding against Julie's mouth until she was all spent.

She lay back for a minute, panting and exhausted, until getting up so that Jared's cock could spring free from being trapped underneath her. With Julie still spreading her ass and pussy right over Jared's face, she and Anna licked and sucked at his cock, each of them taking turns sucking it deep into their throats while also licking up and down the shaft and Anna, between his legs, sucking and licking at his balls and popping them into her mouth.

It was incredible and hot and wet and Jared couldn't stand another second of it.

"I'm going to..." he couldn't even get the words out as the two of them just kept licking and sucking on the head of his dick, their tongues twirling around each other, and then he was blowing his load all over them, painting their faces and tongues with thick ropes of cum that they swallowed at every opportunity, getting his load both inside of them all over their tits and faces. He had the hardest, longest orgasm of his life, until it felt like he had pumped out absolutely everything his body had to offer, and all his tensed muscles relaxed and he lay back on the bed, panting, practically on the verge of passing out.

"Fucking hell," Julie said. "That was the best sex that I have ever had. In my life. I'm...kind of worried it will be impossible to top."

“Like...we just both peaked?” Anna asked.

“Yeah,” Julie said.

“Yeah,” Anna agreed, and laughed.

“I would say the same,” Jared said to them as they laid all over him, “but I think it’s...hah...implied.”

They rested there a while, reveling in the afterglow of it all (though at a certain point Anna did nip up to get something to clean up with—however she did stay naked for the rest of the recovery period, her nipples still unceasingly hard).

“I guess I can’t stay here forever,” Anna finally said, after some forty-five minutes of catching their breath and running their hands over each other’s bodies.

“You sure?” Jared said. “I might give up the store if it meant we would stay in this bed forever.”

“You’re cute,” Julie said, planting a kiss on his chest before pushing herself up. The two of them started to get dressed and Jared sat up in the bed.

“At the risk of being...lame,” Jared said. “You two are beautiful. This will go down as one of the best days of my life. How did this happen?”

Julie and Anna looked at each other. Anna shrugged, and Jared saw she still had the pendant on. “It was just something we decided we wanted to do,” Anna said. “Guys aren’t the only ones who just need a good fuck sometimes.”

“After we came into the store, I just...” Julie tossed her hair after she slid her shirt on. “I don’t know. I couldn’t get you out of my head. And Jesus...I was horny like I was in college again. I just had to go with what my body was telling me.” She grinned. “No regrets.”

“I’m sure we’ll see you around,” Anna said. “And if we ever want a little fuck sesh, we have your number. Come on Jules, I do have to get to work.”

Anna blew him a kiss. “Bye, Jared.”

“Bye,” he said, raising his hand in an inane wave. They left the bedroom and he soon heard his apartment door close, but he still needed another minute on the bed. He let out a big sigh. It had been a fast and wild couple of days, and he realized that he needed this kind of outlet badly after

the stress of opening and running the store. He felt like a human again, who had other things to do besides paperwork and product ordering.

It felt good.

When he was at long last up and dressed and eating a turkey sandwich for dinner in lieu of whatever date he had thought he'd be going on, he got an email about an industry trade show. He knew it was something he wanted to do, so he went ahead and bought a ticket for it online. It was a four-hour drive away, not too far, but enough that he'd be better off booking a hotel if he didn't want to be run ragged. It would be a good opportunity to find some new stuff for the store.

And to maybe arrange a product swap with someone else in the industry, if he had some things that would suit them. He got to work making a post in the online group with his inventory, some things that hadn't seemed to move in his area. He was sure he would find some takers.

What he didn't know was what the items would do to the people at the trade show...and how he'd be all tied up in it.

Again.

THE END (of book 1)



Harem

BOUTIQUE:

Backdoor Hotel

MYRA DUSK

Harem Boutique: Backdoor Hotel
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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Jared locked up the door to his shop. For the first time, he wouldn't be working it on the weekend days. The Gems & More Boutique would be in the hands of someone else while he traveled for a retail trade show. He'd opened the store a little over a month ago, and in that time had hired someone he trusted to be a part-time manager when he wasn't able to be at the store.

The new hire, Melody, had a copy of the key, and Jared would be back Sunday afternoon. It was Friday today, and he'd leave for the trade show tomorrow morning. It was a three-hour drive and he'd set up an early check-in at a hotel near the convention center.

He got home to pack, and while in his bedroom he couldn't help but think about Anna and Julie. It had been about two weeks since their wild threesome in this very room, and truth be told, he'd thought about the two of them more than once. How could he not?

Whatever had gripped those two beautiful women two weeks ago had been powerful and resulted in the best night of Jared's life—but it had also been fleeting, and their little tryst hadn't repeated itself.

It had been an amicable parting—not really a breakup, as they'd never dated for real, and he still saw them come into the shop occasionally, but over time the magic had faded and life had just gone back to normal.

The 'magic,' as it were, might have been very real. Jared still wasn't sure exactly what had happened, but judging by the fact that Anna and Julie had thrown themselves at him with no real warning or reason (he knew he wasn't repulsive-looking, but he was no movie star), left Jared sure that what Jill had said was true. She was the previous owner of the store, and she said it had some kind of effect on people. Specifically on women.

Well, maybe he wasn't *sure* it was true. It was a little hard to believe in magic, even after what had happened with Anna and Julie. But he could say he was more open to the idea. And he would ask her about it again, some time when he wasn't so busy. Right now, though, he hardly had ten minutes to spare if he was going to keep on schedule for this show.

He finished packing his clothes and got settled for the night, his mind drifting again to his night with the two women, which helped him fall into a very pleasant sleep.

The next morning, Jared didn't waste any time. He was eager to hit the road. He grabbed his suitcase, locked up his apartment, loaded up his car with his personal belongings as well as the merchandise he needed to bring for the show, and got going.

The show was in a place called Tellmont City, which he had never been to before, but it wasn't like he would have time to sightsee anyway. He was really just there for the show, and then it would be back to the boutique with hopefully more than an armful of nice new things to stock.

After being drained by Anna and Julie, sex was the last thing on his mind. But then also, sometimes it was the first thing on his mind. Really, it went back-and-forth. The one thing Jared knew was that he didn't feel the need to go out and grab another hot date right away. The fling with Anna and Julie had been a much-needed break in the midst of business, business, business, but now it was back to, well...business. And at a convention full of people with the very same things on their minds, Jared didn't expect many distractions. Certainly not of the prurient variety.

Actually, he was quite excited for this thing that most people would probably find boring. This would be his first real appearance as an industry professional, even if he didn't necessarily feel like a complete professional yet. He was sure he would be the person at the conference with the least tenure in the retail business, but that just meant that he could learn the most.

"I hope people like what I have to offer," Jared said to himself with uncertainty. He hadn't spent much time thinking about his own merchandise. Okay, so maybe he had his mind on sex a little bit after the threesome. That distraction would go away once he set foot in the convention center.

The drive was uneventful—though he did see the aftermath of a minor accident—and he pulled into his hotel on good time but a little stiff. He stretched once he got out of the car, then grabbed his things, checked in, and lugged everything up to the room. The room was nice, with far too many pillows on the bed and a nice view of the city out the window from the fourth floor. Jared tossed a few pillows onto the floor on the window side and unpacked his suitcase from the bed, getting most of the stuff out before zipping it shut and flopping down on the bed.

Part of him wish that he invited either Anna or Julie – or both of them – to the convention with him. Not that they necessarily would have been

receptive, but it could have been something. Damn it. He was thinking about that night again, and he didn't want the first thing he did in this hotel room to be lying down and jerking off.

He glanced at his phone and then sat up. He had lost track of time a little, and he actually had to get a move on if he was going to get to the convention at the right time. There was definitely no time to jerk off. Definitely.

He grabbed at his crotch through his pants and groaned.

“No!” He stood up. There was work to do, damn it, and giving in to these primal urges would only lead to more of them coming later and stronger.

Jared left the hotel room and took the stairs down to the lobby to give his erection time to fade, which it did by the time he had to be in front of anyone. He got in his car and pulled up the map app on his phone to get him to the convention center, which was just a few minutes away.

The parking lot of the place told him that he was definitely not there early. He ended up finding a spot a couple football fields away from the convention center's main entrance and hauling his case full of stuff all the way through it with him.

It was a trade show, not a trading show—an exchange of goods was not really part of the deal, but from what he'd read about the show and what he'd heard from the previous store owner Jill when they'd talked about it, a fun part of it was trading product with someone if you felt it could benefit both of your stores. She had given him a lead on someone he could ask about that very thing, and he intended to find them as soon as he could.

Once he walked in through the open doors of the convention center, the sound of the place was immediately loud and vibrant. The convention was in full swing, and looking around the huge space that was simply the entrance lobby of the center, Jared already felt overwhelmed. Huge staircases dominated the left and right sides of the expansive hall, leading up to a second floor that would probably accommodate as many people as a football stadium.

Just get where you need to be, learn a few things, then see if you can find the tradespeople, he thought to himself. *Rebecca Johnson, owner of Accoutrements. I'm sure you'll see her around.*

Once he was less dazzled by the glass and metal landscape of the modern convention center around him, he got his head on straight and found some directions toward where the trade show would be taking place.

He carried his small case of items at his side and made his way toward the grouping of four large rooms that would comprise the trade show. Once he saw the large sign indicating the name of the trade show, he breathed a small sigh of relief.

There were three attendants outside one set of double doors, sitting behind a series of three large tables. The tables were scattered with ID badges. Jared walked over to the attendant who was assigned the letter grouping of his last name and got his badge, then finally made his way inside.

Wow.

The space was lively, to say the least, and this was only one of four spots in the center. Tables; booths; tents. Large screens showed demonstrations of everything from in-store displays to security systems. Commercial real estate reps wore bright colors and unsettlingly-large smiles. There were tables, stacks, racks, shelves, drawers, and piles of merchandise from a sea of vendors, and amid it all swam a swarm of attendees.

Damn, Jared thought. Maybe I should have brought more suitcases. And had more money.

He entered into the fray, and it was hardly past one minute when he came across a lingerie vendor. And this stand was not at all shy about its product. In a move that seemed wild for a daytime conference for owners of retail space, their corner setup had no fewer than four women wearing nothing but lingerie. Granted, it wasn't the skimpiest that they had to offer—the women's huge breasts were mostly teased at underneath nighties, and some frilly panties that obscured much of the treasures beneath—or rather, left it to one's imagination.

The skimpiest stuff was on full display, though, and the way it was hung up in form made it not-too-hard to imagine a sexy woman taking it for a romp. Not too hard at all.

One of the blonde women waved at him and tipped him a wink. Jared smiled back thinking, *Jesus. Look at the crowd they've drawn.* Practically all the male eyes in a 200-foot radius were on this booth. And more than a

few women, too. Some of both sexes were disapproving, but most of the people seemed to be enjoying it.

The conference had just started, after all. Why not have some fun?

Jared walked over to the lady who had tipped him the wink. “Hey. You all look like you’re having fun.”

The woman laughed. Her lingerie was trimmed with red and very eye-catching. “So much fun,” she said.

Jared grinned. “You guys get a lot of customers?”

“Hmm, maybe.” She gave him a flirty look. “Are you in need of some flirty and sexy little numbers? I have a very...*sexy*...price list I can show you.”

He barked out a laugh, taken by surprise. “On my own, I probably wouldn’t have stocked lingerie. But actually, the previous owner of my store did recommend stocking some items like this. I just hadn’t gotten around to it. In fact...”

Jeremy looked past the woman and at her booth again, where he saw that the brand she was representing was Accoutrements. And though he had missed it at first, for obvious reasons, the small name tag stuck gently atop her left breast read ‘Rebecca.’

“Oh. Is your name Rebecca Johnson?”

She looked a little surprised, but nodded. “That’s me.”

“Small world. I can’t believe I found you this quick.” Jared hesitated, then swept a hand in the air, gesturing at the display. “Well, maybe it’s not that crazy. I own the Gems and More Boutique now. As a matter of fact, Jill Waterstone referred me to speak to you about a product trade at this conference. My name is Jared.”

He held out a hand, and Rebecca took it eagerly.

“Jared Mills. Jill did give me a call about you. So G and B is in the hands of a male owner, how about that? It’s been a long time.” She released the handshake. “I think you’re going to be pleased. Our products always did really well there under Jill, but she hadn’t been able to attend the conference in a while and ordering became a hassle for her. I’m sure we can strike a great deal.”

“I take it now is not a good time,” Jared said, looking around the area. A lot of people were approaching the booth, and the other three ladies were already talking to some potential clients.

“Yeah, let us finish the show, as it were,” Rebecca said. “As a matter of fact, it seems like there’s a bit of a line behind you. But here—”

She turned back to the booth and grabbed one of the business cards, turning it over and scribbling on the back. Jared got a full look at her. Her long brown hair, resting in contrast against the red trim of her mostly sheer lingerie. The ample, round white curves of her ass, filling out the frilly panties such that they couldn’t hide very much of it, and the creamy skin of her long legs stretched down far beneath them.

Jared was almost mad at himself for having sex on the brain again, but he could hardly blame himself for that at this point.

Rebecca finished what she was doing and turned around again, and the view from the front was just as good as the view from the back. She held out the business card to Jared, and he took it.

“My personal number is on the back,” Rebecca said. “I have to deal with everyone else for now, but give me a call around 4:30 PM when we’ve closed shop, and we’ll get together.”

“Thanks. Looking forward to it,” Jared said. “Here’s my card too, my cell is on it.”

He glanced back over his shoulder, seeing a line of four other men behind him. He turned back to Rebecca. “I’ll leave you to it.”

Somewhat reluctantly, Jared did leave Rebecca and the rest of the lingerie ladies behind, moving deeper into the conference proper. But he had hardly gotten 100 feet away before someone else approached him, this time, a man.

“Hey,” the guy said to him. He was a few inches shorter than Jared, with closely trimmed black hair and an unpleasant look on his shaven face.

“Hey,” Jared responded, stopping. “Can I help you with something?”

Jared expected to get pitched to, which he had dealt with plenty of times in his life, so he was surprised when the next words out of the man’s mouth were nothing of the sort.

“Saw you getting sweet with Rebecca,” he said to Jared, glaring. “Don’t get any ideas, eh buddy? We got a history and we’re planning to spend some time together, you get it?”

“Yikes.” Jared didn’t know whether to laugh or if the guy was going to hit him. He certainly wasn’t cracking a smile. “Just trying to buy some of her stuff, buddy. I’ll tell her you were looking for her, though.”

“Cute.” The guy walked past him, bumping Jared with his shoulder.

“Didn’t even tell me his name,” Jared said, looking after him. “I’ll call him Burly.”

The man didn’t seem intent on turning around and causing any more trouble, so Jared moved on, brushing it off. So far, this conference had not gone the way he expected, and he’d only been in here for like fifteen minutes.

Jared meandered through the rest of the conference at a leisurely pace. He collected quite a few business cards, had a few good conversations, and ended up getting a late lunch with a few people who were in a similar boat as him as new business owners.

Overall, he definitely found the conference worthwhile, but regardless of the business goings-on, he still made time to circle back and catch a glimpse of the lingerie stand more than a couple times.

Back at the conference, he hoped Rebecca wasn’t just doing a favor to her old friend by meeting with him. Well, she most assuredly was, but Jared hoped he could bring something to the table and not just be some kind of a pity meeting.

He had already seen her in her underwear. It wasn’t like the meeting could be any weirder than that.

Jared hung around the conference until things slowed down and vendors and the like started packing up their stations. A few people he had met invited him to dinner, but he had to turn them down since he had other plans. When he'd brought up that the reason he couldn't go out with them was because he had a meeting with Rebecca, the responses were interesting. There was jealousy from the men—and more than one of the women that he talked to—but nothing as bad as his friend 'Burly.' Jared made a mental note to ask Rebecca about that; he was pretty curious to see what she'd say.

Business meeting or not, he couldn't forget how hot she had looked in that lingerie, and the view he got of her as they talked...and when she had bent over to write down her number on her business card. Yes, that had been quite a view. So stunning that it crept up and revisited him if he closed his eyes for longer than half a second.

Keep it together, Jared, he commanded himself. You can't just be thinking about her ass the whole time that you're meeting with her. At least wait until she leaves.

"Speak of the devil." His phone buzzed in his pocket. He had just reached his car in the sea of the convention center parking lot, and he popped open the door while he pulled his phone out and answered it with a hello.

"Hey—Jared?"

"Yes, hi. Is this Rebecca?"

"In the flesh." She paused. "Well, I guess not. But yes, it's Rebecca. Have you gotten anything to eat yet? Lacey and I—we're co-owners, you would have seen her in the sky blue set—wanted to grab some dinner and thought you might want to join us. We can talk shop too of course."

"Sure, that sounds great. Did you have a place in mind? I haven't been to this city before."

"There's actually a nice spot in the convention center's hotel, one of the restaurants here, Ricardo's. I'm in my room here now anyway just dropping stuff off, but we can meet you there in fifteen minutes."

“Sounds like Italian food. Delicious. I’ll see you two there.”

Jared ended the call and put his phone back in his pocket, looking back across the huge parking lot and realizing he had walked all this way just to turn around, and he had to carry his merchandise all the way back with him to boot. He sighed. He wasn’t going to get in his car just to park a little closer now that the place was emptying out, so he locked up and returned to the convention center.

He hadn’t had a chance to get a look at the hotel attached to the convention center, and he went through the long main hallway, past the ballroom doors, to get to it.

His first impression was: ritzy. The marble floor was flecked with shining gold and the ceiling of the lobby area towered forty feet above his head, hung with massive sculptures that would surely kill dozens of people if they ever fell off the ceiling.

An elegant sign hanging down from a lower part of the ceiling told him that Ricardo’s restaurant was past the lobby and a little further beyond the side entrance doors of the hotel. He would arrive there pretty much right on time, maybe just a little early.

The front of the restaurant was open, inviting any hotel guests or visitors in. Jared stepped into their waiting area and looked around. It was a nice-looking place, dark and elegant. There was even jazz music floating in the air of the restaurant, though it wasn’t played live. Jared was grateful for that. If this place employed a live jazz band, he probably wouldn’t have been able to afford it.

“Hey! Jared.”

He turned around to see two women walking into Ricardo’s. It was strange, having seen the two women in lingerie before he’d seen them in anything else, and now they were dressed in, well, normal clothes. Rebecca’s long brown hair draped over her shoulders, brushing against a strappy red top that showed a lot of skin. Her jeans were snug, but roomy enough to keep her phone in her pocket without half of it bulging out and threatening to fall.

Lacey, whom Jared did remember seeing now that she was in front of him again, was a blonde, with shoulder length hair and light blue eyes that almost matched the shade of the lingerie she had worn on the convention

floor. She wore a black top and an off-white skirt that stopped just above her knees.

“Rebecca,” Jared said. “And you must be Lacey.”

He shook both their hands. “Thanks for meeting with me. Accoutrements must have done well out there from what I saw.”

“Oh, we always do,” Lacey said with a toss of her hair and a coy smile. “The day men stop caring about sex, maybe sales will dwindle.”

“So you plan on staying in business forever and ever and ever,” Jared said, and they both laughed along with him. “Thanks again for sitting down with me, even if it’s just as a favor to Jill.”

“I’m sure you have your own charm,” Rebecca said. “I mean, hell, you’re one of probably one-point-five-percent of dudes out there who wasn’t leering at us like a dog.”

The host came to them then and led them over to a table.

“You just didn’t see me doing it,” Jared said as they walked over together. “I definitely got at least one leer in. Maybe two or three.”

“You must have been looking at Angela,” Lacey said. “Got a thing for redheads?”

“Actually I’m really into bald women,” Jared responded. “I’m on that dating site, Alopecia Singles. I’m what they call ‘a catch.’”

They were seated amid more laughter, around a round table with a white tablecloth and nice linen place settings. A soft yellow light in a stained glass casing hung above the table, but not close enough for any of them to knock their heads on. The waiter arrived shortly and poured them all some water, then gave them time to look over the menu.

“It would probably be better to handle the goods before we start eating,” Rebecca said, casting a glance at the case that Jared had set on the floor next to the table. “What did you bring for us, Jared?”

“Sure, that’s a good idea,” Jared said. He leaned over and brought his small case up onto the table, moving his small plate aside and placing it on the place setting.

“I talked with Jill some about Accoutrements, and after learning what your business is all about, I selected a few pieces from what I brought to my boutique once I took ownership. I think they’ll be great for your clientele.”

Lacey and Rebecca looked on excitedly as Jared opened the small case on the table. Inside were twenty or so neatly-arranged pieces of

jewelry.

“Please feel free to take a look and handle them,” Jared said. Rebecca and Lacey were happy to, reaching forward to gently lift pendants by the chain and delicately pull free bracelets and earrings.

“These are gorgeous,” Rebecca said. “They must be from a line that Jill hadn’t used; I haven’t seen these designs before.”

Jared nodded. “The designer is actually a friend of mine whose jewelry business is kind of just starting to blow up. Her stuff was one of the things I brought to the table when I met with Jill about taking ownership of the boutique.”

“This red is astonishing,” Rebecca said, holding a pendant in her hand. She held it up to herself and pressed it against her chest.

Jared smiled. “I thought the vibrant colors would go well with the Accoutrements evening wear. After seeing you all at the convention today, I feel even stronger about that.”

Rebecca slid the ruby pendant over her head, letting it rest on her chest against her bare skin. She smiled, looking over at her friend. “What do you think, Lacey?”

Lacey gushed, “It’s beautiful. May I...?”

Jared spread his hands. “Please go ahead. I was going to ask you both to take some samples and see how they worked with your different lines. I don’t know how many people you have working at your booth tomorrow, but I’m sure I have more than enough for each of them, if you wanted to give them a test run and see how the conference clientele responded.”

“You’re too kind.” Lacey held a bracelet with light blue beading and yellow gemstones, which she slipped onto her wrist and admired. “My god. I love it. And I see a few in the case that I know the other girls would look fantastic in while they’re out there shaking their booties, so to speak.”

“I’m so glad. Please, take whatever you like, and if all goes well I can help you ladies fulfill an order if you wanted to stock up.”

Rebecca and Lacey took their pick, keeping their pieces on themselves, but setting aside a few other necklaces and bracelets to bring back to their staff. Once it was all chosen, the women seemed very pleased, and Jared closed the case again and set it back down on the floor, just in time for the waiter to come by and take their order. After the order was

taken and some colorful, boozy drinks were sat down on the table for them all, Rebecca started talking.

“So, Lacey and I decided that busting out a bunch of frilly panties and garters in Ricardo’s wasn’t the best idea.” She shook her head. “I mean, we’ve done this convention for six years, and all the staff here knows us and how we operate, but we save the racy stuff for the convention space where we paid for it. Hence why I’m not sitting down to eat here in my underwear.”

“Not that a lot of the people here would mind,” Lacey said, winking at her friend.

“Right,” Rebecca said with a laugh. “Anyway, my point is, we didn’t bring any product with us for the meeting, or at least for the dinner. We really just want to eat, though I am glad you brought your jewelry because I am more excited now than ever. Lacey and I are sharing a room here at the hotel attached to the convention center, so if it’s all right with you, after we eat, we can go up there and I can show you some of the product I had picked out for the boutique.”

Jared almost laughed at the absurdity of it. Of course she was right; what was she going to do, stand up and lay out a whole sexy outfit and tell him about the finer points of it while people were trying to eat their dinner? Lacey was right, some people would have loved the show, but a nice Italian restaurant was not quite the setting for that. He didn’t want to reveal that somehow he had expected exactly that to happen.

So he just nodded. “Yeah, of course. That makes sense, and as long as I’m not intruding, that works for me.”

“It’s not an intrusion at all,” Lacey said. “We can do a much better spread up in the room anyway, rather than laying things out on this table or the chairs or something.”

“Well then, thanks for the invite,” Jared said.

They talked business for a while, Jared telling them how the boutique was going, and the two women giving him a brief history of their business and how they had met Jill even before they had started Accoutrements. For Jared, it was a fascinating discussion with people passionate about the industry, and he knew there was a lot he could take away with him from these two women, besides just the memory of their asses in frilly underwear.

Though he would be taking that, too.

It wasn't too long before their food was served, a few plates of hot, fresh pasta and house-baked bread, redolent with the rich aroma of red sauce and fragrant oil. They each got another round of drinks and dug in, the conversation stalling for a few minutes as they satisfied their appetites.

Whether the place was particularly fancy or not, Jared enjoyed their food immensely, and knew that he would be coming back to this restaurant the next time that he visited the convention.

Rebecca's pendant shone beautifully on her chest in the soft light of the restaurant. He watched it dangle over the edge of her plate when she leaned forward to take a bite, then rest comfortably back in the precipice of her cleavage once she straightened up again. It was hard to take his eyes off it, but he did his best to be polite.

Lacey's bracelet glimmered on her wrist as well, and she was careful to keep it well away from her pasta as she ate, often holding her wrist up in the air a little when she took a bite just out of habit, to keep it away from any sauce or oil. The pieces really did look very good on both of them, and they weren't even wearing the corresponding lingerie sets that Jared imagined they might pair even better with.

The discussion warmed up again once they had taken their first few bites, moving from business to more personal things, and Jared noticed that they both asked if he was single, with Lacey asking just a few minutes after Rebecca did. Which was a little odd, of course, but they had each had a couple drinks, so it was natural for little things to get forgotten or swept away in the conversation.

He couldn't help but notice the way they were looking at him, though. At first, he thought they were just looking around the restaurant, looking past him at other tables, or looking for the waiter to get some more water as they had lost their taste for alcohol once the food had filled the three of them up.

But the truth was that their eyes kept coming back to him.

Then he felt feet start hitting his under the table, and suddenly he was flashing back to the moments he had spent on that lunch date with Julie, where she had gotten her hand on his thigh...and then on his cock through his pants. Suddenly his mouth felt dry, and then his dick was hard underneath his jeans with a little warning.

Stop it, he told himself. You can't go there every time a woman gets a little flirty with you. It's going to poison your mind, and these two don't deserve that treatment.

As the plates got emptier, though, the flirtation continued, and Jared really was not able to ignore it so much. If one of his hands rested on the table for any amount of time, one of the women would usually creep her own up onto it, stroking her fingers across the back of his hand or his palm. He wouldn't pull away because it felt rude to do so, but he would find some way to get his hand off the table, only to later put the same hand or a different hand back and run into the same treatment.

Meanwhile, the foot touching had elevated to a calf rubbing against his own, and that was Rebecca. She looked him right in the eyes when he noticed her doing it and looked over at her, and she didn't stop.

In his pants, his cock had yet to settle down, and had only grown more excited. It was taking all of his self-control not to return the flirtation just as aggressively as the two women were giving it to him. He had to clear his throat more than once before he said something a little too forward.

"This was a really good meal," Jared said, trying to cut through some of the sexual tension in the air. It was thick enough that he could have spread it on what was left of the bread. "Thanks for bringing me to this place. I'll definitely be coming back."

"Oh, it's our favorite around here," Rebecca said. She had her hand on his at the table, her fingertips brushing across his knuckles in a lazy, dreamy way. "There's a lot of stuff in this city that we could show you. Don't you think, Lacey?"

"I can think of a few things I'd like to show Jared," Lacey answered with a grin. "If he wanted to see, of course."

"Me too," Rebecca agreed. "Quite a lot of things... Right up in our room on the third floor here. Lucky it's so close. What do you think, Jared?"

This time, she moved forward in her chair so that her knee could go deep up his inner thigh, just an inch or two away from feeling the strained fabric of his jeans with his dick pressing hard against them. Jared swallowed, trying not to let out a little whimper of desire.

"If you still have time to meet," he let himself say, finally giving in and pressing his own leg up against Rebecca's, watching her smile grow as

he did so. “I’d be happy to give both of you as much time as you need.”

“It’s settled, then,” Lacey said. She looked around, finding their waiter and waving him over for the check. Jared offered to pay the bill, or at least throw in for his meal, but they both waved him off so quickly and put a credit card in the billfold so abruptly that there wasn’t any time to argue. The waiter sensed their urgency and hurried back with the bill once it was taken care of.

“Come on, Jared,” Lacey told him, getting up and smiling demurely. “And don’t forget your case.”

He certainly would have forgotten it without that mention. Jared took it from the floor and the three of them left the restaurant, saying little quips that were forgotten forever five seconds after they left their lips, giggling like they were drunk even though the drinks had worn off. It wasn’t the alcohol affecting them, but it was the items from the boutique, and Jared realized that once they were in the elevator together, going up to the third floor to get to their hotel room.

I didn’t think...if they were just handling them, trying them...Anna and Julie bought their stuff, I figured if any of this really was real, then they had to—I don’t know—own the stuff for the, the...magic to work.

But if the magic was real, then he was clearly wrong about how it worked. Once they wore something from the boutique—or maybe something specific, he wasn’t really sure—they just got...jeez, there was no other way to put it. They got horny.

The elevator crept upward, a little slow for a modern hotel. Jared took the opportunity to say something.

“I know this is going to sound a little crazy,” he said, “but Jill told me something about the store...about the effect the items might have on people. On women particularly. I just want to say—”

“Hush, Jared,” Rebecca said, putting a hand on his chest. “Lacey and I know *exactly* what’s going on. It’s why we were excited to see a man running the place, and a good-looking one at that.” She ran her hand down over his stomach, stopping at his waist. “The question is if *you’re* okay with what’s happening, and I’m assuming since you’re here in this hot little box with us...you are.”

They knew. Jared’s mouth dropped open. *They knew, and they wore the stuff on purpose. Holy shit.*

“Well?” Lacey asked, drawing out the word. The elevator slowed to a stop.

“You leave the elevator first so I can look at your asses while we go to your room,” Jared said.

Lacey and Rebecca both giggled, and the elevator doors opened for them to grant his wish. The two women exited the elevator, with Lacey pulling her skirt tight around her bottom so that the shape of her ass showed more clearly to the watchful Jared.

“Like what you see?” Lacey asked, giving it a little shake. In answer, Jared reached out and squeezed her butt, getting a handful of delicious meat.

He followed them as they took a turn down the hall and went to the room, his eyes sliding between Lacey’s firm ass underneath her skirt, and Rebecca’s ampler one that filled out her jeans in such a way that made Jared wish he was a pair of her pants.

Lacey reached the door first and keyed it open, and the three of them went inside. The room was a suite, nicer than Jared’s, with two queen-sized beds and a kitchenette. That was all the detail he cared to take in, because once the door shut behind them, Rebecca grabbed him and pulled him into a kiss while Lacey slid her skirt down off her legs.

Rebecca’s mouth was hot and her tongue was wet as it slid between his lips and found his. Her hand went around and grabbed at his ass while she kissed him.

“Mm,” she said when she pulled away. “Good kisser.”

“Let me see,” Lacey said, and leaning into it now, his apprehension gone, Jared grabbed Lacey by the arm and pulled her to him, pressing his lips against hers. He tasted her tongue while her blonde hair brushed his face, and he ran his hands down her back till he felt the waistband of her little blue panties and grabbed the cheeks of her ass with both hands, squeezing.

By the time they parted, he saw that Rebecca was completely naked, and she told them both to catch up. Her big breasts had light-brown nipples that looked practically as hard as Jared was right now.

“Let’s help each other,” Lacey said. “To move things along.”

She pulled up Jared’s shirt from the bottom and he lifted his arms so she could slip it over his head. Before he had even thrown the shirt on the

floor, she had his belt undone and yanked it from the loops, letting him undo his fly, and then she pulled down on his waistband so he could slide everything off and stand there with his excitement obvious.

“Your turn,” she said.

Lacey was already down to her underwear, but instead of reaching for her shirt, Jared hooked his fingers in the waist of her blue panties and slid them down her legs, showing off her neatly-trimmed pussy. Then he ran his hands back up her legs and got her top off, letting it fall behind her and at the same time unhooking her bra from the back to free her C-cup breasts and excited pink nipples.

Jared took in both of their beautiful forms for a moment. Lacey stood right in front of the bed, and with a grin, Jared gave her a push so that she landed on the bed on her back. He slid up on her and hungrily sucked one of her pink nipples into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the stiff bud. She groaned and dug her fingers into his hair, scratching at his scalp.

Jared’s hard cock pressed against Lacey’s mound, and he adjusted himself so that his stiffness slid along the slickness of her lower lips. She ground against him, rubbing into the friction and quivering in pleasure.

Rebecca got on the bed, coming around the back of Lacey and squatting down over her head, straddling her and getting her knees on the bed. “Use those mouths on me,” she told them, taking Jared’s head in her hands and bringing it to her tits.

Jared was smothered by Rebecca’s huge breasts. He licked the soft flesh and pulled one of her big nipples into his mouth, teasing at it with his teeth. Rebecca threw her head back as Lacey began to eat her pussy from underneath her. She ground her crotch into her friend’s face while Jared sucked and pulled at both of her nipples, still teasing at Lacey’s clit with his hard cock.

“Eat my asshole, Lacey,” Rebecca commanded, adjusting her rear end so that Lacey could get better access to it. “I want to make sure it’s ready for Jared’s cock.”

Right before she buried her face between Rebecca’s fat cheeks, Lacey said, “Fuck me while I rim her, Jared.” Then she dove into Rebecca’s asshole and Rebecca moaned and groaned and twisted as Lacey lapped at it and pressed her tongue inside.

It was so intense, Jared hardly had time to think about what they had said. He was a vessel with a hard cock and an insatiable lust that overtook him. Immediately, he slipped inside of Lacey's hot cunt and buried himself in all the way, making her scream into Rebecca's ass. Still sucking and pinching at Rebecca's nipples while she rode her friend's face with her big ass, Jared slammed himself into Lacey's soaking wet pussy while her hips thrust against him for more. He pulled back for just a second so that he could watch Rebecca's big tits bounce as she forced Lacey's tongue deeper and deeper into her asshole. It was the hottest thing he had ever seen.

Rebecca looked down at him, panting and grinning while she listened to the wet slap of Jared's crotch against Lacey's as he slammed himself into her tight pussy over and over.

"She wants you to cum inside her," Rebecca said to Jared, and in approval, Lacey pushed herself even harder against Jared's pounding.

"Oh fuck," Jared moaned, the command from the two of them pushing him over the edge almost instantly. He hadn't even realized how close he was to cumming, and then he was spurting inside of her, slamming deep within her tunnel and filling her with his cum. It was so intense that he could barely hold himself upright with his arms, and he felt Lacey spasm below him as her own orgasm swept over her, helped along by Rebecca's hand reaching down and rubbing furiously at her clit while Jared fucked her.

When his seemingly endless orgasm finally released him, Jared pulled his still-hard cock out of Lacey, and Rebecca got her ass off her face as well. She stood up on the bed atop the two of them.

"You have five minutes to get ready again, Jared," Rebecca told him. "Then you're going to fuck me in the ass."

Lacey, panting, sat up on the bed. She was eye level with Rebecca's cunt as the latter stood on the bed. "Open up your legs, Rebecca," Lacey instructed. "I wasn't done eating you."

Lacey looked at Jared past Rebecca's legs. Her nipple, pink and still wet from Jared's suckling, rubbed against Rebecca's thigh. "You keep working on her ass, Jared. I didn't finish there, either. Make sure she's good and ready for that dick."

Jared could practically hear Rebecca's smile as she stood wider on the bed so that both of them could get access to her nether regions. She tilted

her hips forward a bit and reached behind herself to spread her ass cheeks open, showing Jared the glistening pink beckoning of her asshole.

It didn't matter that he had just cum his brains out a minute earlier. Jared had an appetite for that pucker, and he was going to eat all that he could. He sat up, putting his legs between Rebecca's and over Lacey's, intertwining the three of them in an almost tantric position of intimacy.

Rebecca braced herself on the wall behind the bed while Lacey immediately began sucking at her clit and licking her soft folds. One hand on the wall supported Rebecca, and the other spread her big white ass open for Jared to bury his face inside. He did so with gusto, pressing his tongue up against her hole and finding it quite lubed up and loosened by Lacey's ministrations. He spread her ass further with his hands and took big, long licks up her ass crack, bathing her asshole with his tongue. He went extra low on purpose, tasting her pussy and fighting with Lacey's tongue as it did the same.

With the tip of his tongue on her hole, Rebecca pushed back to force Jared's tongue inside. Her tight asshole clenched around his tongue as he penetrated it, and he spread her open and went as deep as he could, wiggling his tongue inside of her while her knees buckled from the pleasure as Lacey sucked on her clit.

"No more!" Rebecca said, straightening. "I've had enough teasing. I need my ass fucked."

She pulled her hand away and let her cheeks close with a smacking sound, then she bumped Jared's face with her bottom, making him fall backward onto the bed. Lacey got out of the way as Rebecca got down on the bed on all fours, her ass in the air. Her big cheeks showed just a hint of her well-prepared hole hiding between them, ready for more attention.

Lacey slipped between Rebecca's knees so that they were in a 69 position. "Put your cock in my mouth, Jared. I'm going to make sure it's nice and wet for Rebecca's ass."

Jared had stood up and gotten off the bed to let them arrange themselves, and now he got back on, resting on his knees with his cock right above Lacey's upside-down head. Instead of taking his shaft in her mouth right away, she licked at his balls, getting the remnants of her own juices off of them and pulling them into her mouth. Jared moaned in pleasure, putting his hands on the side of her head. Then he pulled back,

popping his balls out of her mouth, and pushed his cock down into her waiting throat.

Lacey sucked at it immediately, and he shuddered at the contact on his sensitive flesh. But soon the cliff's edge of sensitivity teetered over into pleasure, and he started fucking himself into her throat. At the same time, he got the fingers of one hand wet with Rebecca's pussy juice, and pushed one, then two fingers into her tight asshole.

Rebecca was greedy for it, immediately pushing back on his fingers so that they buried into her ass all the way. He pulled them out slowly, eyeing the small gap of her pink tunnel, and then popped his cock out of Lacey's mouth. He heard her gasping for air below him.

"I'm going to fuck your ass deep, Rebecca."

"Fucking do it!" she begged, wiggling her ass while her pussy dripped down onto Lacey's chin and neck.

Aiming to please, Jared positioned his cock against her asshole and pressed. Even with the loosening, it was slow to get in, as she gently wiggled her ass back onto his cock little by little while whimpering. He felt her tight hole spread open to allow more and more of him inside, until it was wide enough to take him, and then a couple inches slid inside and made her scream with pleasure.

"Hold still for a moment," Lacey said to Jared. "She'll try to jam you inside too fast and then she'll end up sore."

Lacey reached her hands up to grab the cheeks of Rebecca's ass, pulling them apart and pushing them together, massaging the entry of her friend's asshole around Jared's cock, a sensation that made Jared's core muscles weaken.

At the same time, Lacey brought her head up and licked at the bottom of Jared's balls, then went back to feasting on her friend's pussy, tickling her clit with her tongue, and then jamming her tongue as deep as it could go up her love tunnel.

"Oh, fuck yes," Rebecca cried.

Unable to speak while she pleased Rebecca's cunt, Lacey tugged on Jared's balls to urge him further into Rebecca's asshole. He slid in slowly, deeper and deeper until his hips pressed against the round white globes of Rebecca's ass. It was unbelievably tight and hot, and suddenly it was Jared getting used to the sensation instead of Rebecca.

Rebecca was done waiting, though. She moved herself back-and-forth on Jared's cock, urging him to fuck her better than she could fuck herself. Jared put his hands on her hips and started to fuck her ass in earnest while Lacey ate her pussy down below. His hips smacked into her ass, and his balls smacked into Lacey's face, which she loved, and showed her appreciation by going back-and-forth between Rebecca's pussy and Jared's sack.

Rebecca had one hand clenching a fist full of bedsheets, and the other shoving three fingers inside of Lacey's pussy while she ate her out. Rebecca's fingering squished some of Jared's seed out of Lacey and down onto the bed. All the while, she slammed her ass backward against Jared's forward thrusts, getting his cock as deep inside of her asshole as it could possibly go.

Jared lasted longer than Rebecca, possibly because he had finished inside of Lacey just a few minutes ago, but no doubt the pleasure that Rebecca was receiving was so intense that it could not be fought against. Rebecca came hard while Jared fucked her ass, burying her face down into a pillow and screaming while still rocking back-and-forth on his cock. Her asshole clenched and spasmed around his shaft and she gushed her juices all over Lacey's face down below, who eagerly drank them up.

By the time Rebecca had finished writhing on the bed, Jared was close, and she was slamming her ass back on his cock harder than ever before.

"Shoot inside of me," Rebecca begged. "I want everything left inside of you up my ass."

She was going to get all of that whether she had asked for it or not. Jared grabbed her hips firmly and fucked her hard and deep, reaching the point of no return within a few thrusts, and then shoving as deep inside of her as he could as his second orgasm jetted out of his cock, painting the inside of her ass with all of Jared's seed. He shot in her for what seemed like an eternity, leaning over her big ass and giving into the pleasure, his cock throbbing and twitching long after he had run dry.

Exhausted, he pulled his cock out of Rebecca's ass with a plop, and her asshole gaped wide, showing him her coated tunnel and the dribble of semen coming out the bottom. The three of them collapsed onto the bed, drifting in and out of consciousness as their bodies recovered from the

intense threesome. The pendant and bracelet the women still wore sparkled in the soft light of the hotel room.

Eventually, one by one as they each recovered at a different speed, they visited the bathroom of the hotel room and got cleaned up and got their clothes back on, although all of their muscles ached from giving each other everything they had. Still worn out, Jared sat in one of the chairs by the desk against the wall, leaning his head backward over it.

“That was incredible,” he said, the first words any of them had spoken in almost 30 minutes. “You two are wild. And here I thought you parading around in lingerie at the convention was the craziest thing that would happen this weekend.”

“God, I was hoping it would be more exciting than last year,” Rebecca said. “I had the worst lay of my life at the last convention.”

Lacey laughed. “You can go ahead and forget about him forever now.”

“Gladly.” Rebecca, fully dressed, got up from the bed. “I don’t know about you two, but I am wiped out. We’re here for the weekend; Jared, how do you feel about having the actual business meeting here tomorrow?”

Jared grinned. “You sure this won’t happen again?”

Rebecca shrugged, then smiled. I can promise will at least talk business for a little bit first.”

“Deal.”

As Jared was ready to leave, Rebecca said she’d walk to the parking lot with him, since she needed to get something out of her car. Julie waved them on, relishing the opportunity to stay lying down in bed a little longer.

“I really am serious about the business meeting,” Rebecca said, nudging Jared with her elbow. The elevator left them down onto the lobby floor. She whispered, “I wasn’t just using you to get my ass fucked.”

Jared barked out a laugh. “That’s a relief. Though I admit, I wouldn’t have minded terribly.”

Rebecca started to say something as they walked through the hotel, then stopped. “Ugh. I spoke of the devil earlier and made him appear.”

Jared followed her gaze across the hotel lobby to see none other than Burly, the guy who had confronted him earlier in the conference because he had talk to Rebecca. He couldn’t help but laugh.

“Oh, wow. Was that guy your bad lay?”

Rebecca sighed. “I was hoping he wouldn’t be back this year.”

Jared waved at Burly, who saw the two of them together. He watched the shock and anger ripple across Burly’s face, and the man promptly turned in the other direction and disappeared.

“Wait—do you know him?” Rebecca asked.

“Not even a little,” Jared said, “but he seemed pretty jealous that I was talking to you on the floor earlier today. I think seeing us come out of the elevator together will let him know he’s barking up the wrong tree.”

“Aw. My hero.” Rebecca clung to his shoulder playfully, then gave him a little shove. They left the building and stopped by Rebecca’s car, who had a much closer parking spot since she was working the convention.

“Lip balm,” she said, pulling it free of the glove box. “I can’t believe I left it in here. After all that fucking, I am so dry.”

She spread it on her lips, then gave Jared a kiss on the cheek. “Plus I wanted to thank you for the good fuck. I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? And keep your hands to yourself,” she added playfully. “I know the effect of the boutique’s little magic, or curse, or whatever you want to call it, wears off after a day usually. So I should be less handsy tomorrow, myself. Though when I’m into someone...I’m handsy no matter what.”

“You’re too much,” he told her. “But I’ll deal with you anyway.”

Rebecca shut her car door. “Good first convention for you. You better come back next year.”

“You can count on that,” he promised.

Once the convention was over (he and Accoutrements did reach a nice arrangement, and nobody got fucked, either literally or metaphorically, on Sunday), Jared decided his next task would be to get to the bottom of what caused the strange attraction of the Gems and More Boutique. He'd need to go through his items and see what any had in common. He'd explained that to Rebecca and Lacey, promising he'd return their jewelry, since it was a gift, and they let him borrow them back so he could do his investigation.

But to really get to the bottom of it, he would need to call up Anna and Julie and get their help. The sooner he could figure this out, the better. He'd be calling them very soon.

THE END (of book 2)



Harem
BOUTIQUE:
Anna and Julie

MYRA DUSK

Harem Boutique: Anna and Julie
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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The trade show was over, and Jared had returned to the Gems and More Boutique. He had ended up landing on a pretty good deal with Rebecca and Lacey, and their supplier of lingerie would be shipping him a few of their less-racy items within the next week. He wasn't quite set up for a full, sexual display of lingerie, which wouldn't really fit the tone of his store. Similarly, his designer friend would be sending them some jewelry.

But that wasn't Jared's main concern right now. He had to figure out what exactly was going on with his boutique, and which items were causing women to behave the way they were. He'd had two threesomes in the last few weeks, and while that was most definitely awesome and something he would never forget, it wasn't the memories of the sex that kept him up at night. It was wondering how he could get control of his store.

After all, he had a business to run. He couldn't be fucking everyone who came in the door.

It was a Tuesday morning, and he had just opened the shop. The town shopping center in the little village area where his shop stood was pretty quiet in the morning, so this was usually the time that he got some accounting and other menial work done before he had to deal with many customers. Jared put that to the side for now, resting his elbows on the front display counter, looking out the front window while not really watching anything, and thinking.

"Okay, first thing," Jared said to himself. "Not everyone who has bought something from the store has tried to get in my pants. That has to mean something."

Outside, a couple walked by, holding hands, perhaps on their way to or from breakfast. They glanced through the window of his shop, slowing slightly, and Jared straightened, expecting them to come in. But they kept moving, and he went back down on his elbows.

"But what does that mean?" he asked himself, looking slowly around the store at the various things he stocked. Did it have something to do with the person who bought the item, or was it only certain items that had the effect?

He realized there would be no real way to tell without some kind of large study done, and that wasn't something he was equipped for, nor did he

have the time for it. Regardless, Jared felt a responsibility to get to the bottom of what was going on if he was going to keep his store open to the community. He wasn't forcing anybody to have sex with him; really, it was quite the opposite, as both pairs of women had been quite insistent on what they wanted from him. Not that it had taken much to say yes. But it still felt weird.

That was why he knew he had to call Anna and Julie, as awkward as that conversation was going to be. So much so, in fact, that he was happy to put that off for a little while longer and work on something else.

Jared went to the jewelry display and slid open the back door, kneeling down so that he could get a good look. Looking over the pieces didn't tell him much. He had a few from his friend who designed them, sure, but that wasn't what either Anna nor Julie had taken. He had plenty of other jewelry, too.

With a sigh, he closed the jewelry case, realizing that he had no real idea where to start. He walked out from behind the counter and went over to the rack of scarves, which had been getting more and more popular as the cold weather neared. Julie had gotten one of these scarves, and clearly it had the same effect on her as Anna's pendant had.

Jared lifted up a scarf from the rack and let it run through his fingers. He shrugged. The garment didn't make him horny, nor did it put any thought into his head besides the questions that were already there. He had everything here right in front of him, and yet it was still a dead end.

But he had to start somewhere. Jared pulled all the scarves of the same make as Julie's off of the rack, putting them on the front counter in a pile. He did a once-around the racks to make sure he had gotten every single one, then went over to the closest jewelry display and sifted through it to find pendants like the one Anna had bought.

There were multiple jewelry displays, and he went through all of them, pulling off anything that was similar or from the same manufacturer to what Anna, Rebecca, and Lacey had worn. He put these in a neat pile on the front counter as well, then went back behind the counter so he could examine them.

The door chime rang then, and Jared looked up to see an elderly man walk into the store.

“Good morning,” Jared said to him, giving the man a little wave. The man nodded in his direction, and Jared returned to examining the items he had pulled. Feeling more than a little foolish, he checked to see if any were glowing, or sparkling, or exhibiting any kind of a magical presence at all.

None of them were. He shook his head, chastising himself.

“Oh, this one is perfect.” It was the old man, who had come up to the counter and looked through the pile of scarves that was sitting to Jared’s right. He pinched one between two fingers and pulled it free of the pile, a scarf made of various shades of blue. “My wife will love this. It’s her birthday in two weeks, you know. And then my birthday is three weeks after that. Ha! She’s probably already gotten me something.”

“Oh, um...” Jared couldn’t quickly think of a legitimate reason to tell the man that he couldn’t buy that scarf. In fact, it was because he had no legitimate reason, especially when he’d sold hundreds, if not thousands, of items to people already with no cause for concern. So he smiled at the man and said “Well, a happy early birthday to both of you, them. I’m sure it’s perfect for her. Will that be all?”

He rang the elderly man up, and the customer left to the shop with his scarf gift in a little white bag. Jared watched him leave, leaning back against the wall behind the counter and raising one hand to his forehead.

“I’m going to drive myself crazy if I question every item someone gets,” he told himself, wiping his brow. “I must have already looked crazy if this guy saw me pulling a bunch of stuff off the shelves and dumping it on the counter. I’m going about this the wrong way.”

As he knew it would, the idea of the old man coming back to the store and trying to put a move on him crept into his mind. Jared shuddered, forcing the thought away. He had enough to worry about without something like that happening. At least then, he would be able to say no.

Slightly tense, Jared watched the old man until he was completely out of sight, then shook his head again. Forget looking like he was crazy. Maybe he was already crazy.

He cast his gaze over the two piles of merchandise on the front counter before him. Rather than admit defeat and put everything back right away, he left it where it was and instead pulled out his cell phone. He opened up his contacts and looked down at the screen, wondering if he was ready to do this yet.

Jared called up Anna and tried not to think about how she had looked when she was on top of him.

After some pleasantries that weren't as awkward as he had feared they would be, Anna said that she could come by the shop later to talk with him about whatever he needed. He wanted to do it in person, so he didn't give her all the details over the phone. He just told her that he needed her help with something in the shop if she happened to be in the area, but that it was important and had to do with her necklace.

Then he called Julie, knowing that Anna would talk to her soon anyway. He let Julie know that he had called Anna, but that he needed her to come by as well. Julie was free later in the day too, and she agreed to come by at 6 o'clock. Jared thanked her, and when the call was over, sent a quick text to Anna to set the meeting time so they would all be in the store together.

Jared let the issue move out of his mind for now. He took the jewelry and scarves and put them behind the counter where they couldn't be seen, not willing to put them back out for display quite yet in case any of them got picked up again. He wanted as much material as possible for all of them to look over.

The business day went pretty much as normal. The weekdays weren't terribly busy, so he got a lot of scut work done, so he still found himself piling through the scarves and the jewelry, looking for anything that might give him a clue. It didn't yield any results, and just made him more frustrated with the time he was wasting trying to figure it all out.

He started to wonder if it was stupid to pursue this at all. Even though some crazy things had happened, it was still hard to believe that just because something came from his store, it could cause the person who bought it to become insatiably attracted to him, even temporarily. Even so, Jill had said that very thing, though indirectly. And Rebecca and Lacey from the trade show had confirmed the same, much more directly. In fact, they had taken his items and worn them specifically because they knew what would happen. And judging by how that night in the hotel room had gone, they had been very satisfied with the result.

Was it such a bad thing if it was done on purpose? Surely not in the case of Rebecca and Lacey, who had known exactly what they were getting into. But Jared knew that even if it wouldn't lead to solving the mystery or

giving him the answers he was looking for, he still had to talk to Anna and Julie and make sure everything was cool, even if their sex hadn't seemed to bother the two ladies one bit.

It wasn't until Anna and Julie arrive that Jared considered maybe his store, while it was open, was not the best place to talk about something like this. But they came in together through the front door, and it would feel too stupid to just call the whole thing off.

"Hey, you two," Jared said. "Thanks so much for coming by. I know it was pretty out of the blue."

"A little bit," Julie said, moving slowly through the store while she looked at things. The past intensity of their relationship aside, both of the women did seem to really like the store whether the items were magical or not.

"It's no trouble," Anna said. "What's this all about, anyway?"

Jared glanced around. There were a few other customers in the store besides Anna and Julie, and he didn't want them to overhear. In fact he couldn't think of anyone in the world he would want to overhear what he was about to say.

"Come on back behind the counter with me when you're done looking around," Jared said. "It's a little...sensitive. I'd prefer to keep it quiet." He whispered the last few words, making sure only the two women could hear him.

Julie did busy herself for a little while, taking a quick loop around the store while Anna came up to the counter and simply waited.

"I noticed that you were out of town this weekend," Anna said casually.

"Oh yeah," Jared said. "I was away for a trade show."

"Sounds like a blast." Anna smiled.

Jared thought back to the hours he had spent in Rebecca and Lacey's hotel room while the three of them went to town on each other. "Yeah, good enough that I'll go back next year."

Julie came up to the counter then, and Jared waved them both around to the back, where around the corner he had put the arranged piles of scarves and jewelry out of sight of the main store. There was still another person browsing around, so he kept his voice hushed while he began the awkward journey of explaining the boutique's strange properties.

“So, speaking of out of the blue,” Jared started, then he hesitated. He steeled himself and just pushed through. “Remember when we had sex?”

Julie’s eyes bugged out a little bit, while Anna brought a hand to her mouth and stifled a laugh. Whether it was at what Jared had said, or at the look on his face which was most surely somewhat pitiable and at least a little stupid, Jared couldn’t say. He glanced over to the lone customer who was checking the sizes of hats. She didn’t seem to have heard them, thankfully.

“I assumed that the question was rhetorical,” Julie said, trying to hold back a giggle of her own and failing, “but yes, Jared, we both remember.”

“...good,” Jared cleared his throat. “So, this is going to sound crazy, and I feel even worse to keep going on about it, but that night when we all had sex, did you feel compelled in some way?”

“What do you mean?” Anna said, with Julie also having an inquisitive look.

Jared gritted his teeth. How exactly was he going to put this? He cast a sidelong glance at the lone customer again, and figured he was never going to get this over with if he didn’t just do it.

“When I bought this store, the previous owner told me that the items in the store had a strange effect on people. Especially when the owner of the store is a man. The previous owner was a woman, so I guess it didn’t come up very much.” Now that he thought about it, he had no reason to believe that Jill hadn’t the same experience that he did. Maybe she just didn’t want to talk about it so much.

“I’ll just put it out there,” Jared said, turning up the palms of his hands. “When somebody buys an item from my store, there is a chance that they will end up with an urgent need to have sex with...well, me.”

He finished lamely and dropped his hands down to his sides, holding his breath.

“Okay. Okay. So you’re saying,” Julie said, rubbing one of her wrists, “that we bought some stuff from your store, and the scarf and the necklace or whatever made us magically have a three-way with you?”

“Yeah, basically,” Jared said, giving a little shrug. “Like I said, I know that it sounds crazy. But from what I can tell, it really is the truth, and it felt a little shitty of me to learn this information was real and not say

something to the two of you about it. So even if you don't believe me, hell, I'm not even sure if I believe me, but it's out there."

"So is that why you had us come here?" Anna said. "To tell us this?"

"Yes," Jared said, and then added, "and something else. I'm trying to learn more about whatever is going on with the boutique and this weird magic or whatever it is, so I was hoping to take a look at your scarf and necklace and compare it to what I still have here, and see if there were any commonalities I could find."

"So a scientific approach to magic detection," Julie said.

Jared laughed. "I guess so."

"What do you think, Julie?" Anna asked her friend, turning toward her. "I mean, do you believe that's what's going on?"

Julie tilted her head. "I mean, how many times have the two of us jumped into bed together with another man?" Julie held up her hands and began counting on her fingers theatrically. "Okay, from what I can remember, it's zero times, give or take zero."

Anna grinned. "Yeah, my math comes out to about the same. But what Jared said does raise some questions. I mean, neither of us came into the store that day with the intention of jumping the owner's bones. But after we bought our things...I guess I really was compelled."

"I guess I was, too," Julie agreed. "Now, whether I was just particularly horny that weekend and if that could have been the culprit is another matter—"

Jared cleared his throat, jerking his head to the side. The other customer in the store, a young woman, was approaching the counter with a few items in hand. Jared couldn't stop his face from turning bright red, while he heard Anna and Julie laughing off to his side.

"All set?" Jared asked the customer.

He got her cashed out and on her way, and then the store was mercifully empty except for the three of them.

"Your face is a normal color again," Anna observed.

"Thanks," Jared said with a sigh. "Anyway, back to what I was saying before. If I could just see the scarf end of the necklace again, maybe I could find something in common with the other stuff I have and try to nail this thing down."

Julie opened up her purse and pulled the scarf out, but Anna said, “Oh. I didn’t bring the necklace. You didn’t mention I should bring it when we spoke.”

“I…” Jared thought back to their phone call. “Dammit. You’re right, I didn’t say that. My head was going crazy with all of this, and I only remembered to say something once I talked to Julie.”

“Well, I have the scarf,” Julie said. She held up the piece of winter wear. “Is that enough?”

“Well, the truth is, I don’t really have any details about what’s going on beyond being told that the items have some effect,” Jared admitted. “I’m sure the scarf will be helpful, but I don’t know what it will take to get to the bottom of everything.”

“My curiosity is piqued,” Anna said. “I’d much rather we be able to do as much as we can without needing to arrange a whole thing again. My work is going to get crazy after this week, and I might not be able to swing a fortuitous meeting like this again for a while.”

“So what are you thinking?” Julie asked her.

“Well, I have the necklace back at home. You’re closing up soon, right Jared? And you’ve got the scarf. Why don’t you box up whatever scarves and necklaces you were going to compare ours to, and we go to my apartment to see what we can find.” Anna looked at Jared. “Who knows, maybe it will be hard to tell anything while we’re in the store, if this is where the magic is. If it’s real, of course.”

Jared blinked. “Yeah. Yeah, if that works for you. I don’t want to put you out more than I already have, it’s my fault that I didn’t say anything about the necklace—”

Anna waved him off. “It’s fine. Julie, does it work for you?”

Julie clapped her hands together. “Let’s solve this mystery.”

He was supposed to be open for another hour, but Jared didn’t think that anyone would mind, and this was important. He quickly grabbed a box from the back room and threw the scarves and jewelry into it as neatly and safely as he could.

“I’m parked right on the street out there,” Anna said. “Just follow me and I’ll see you at my place.”

“Gotcha.”

The women left the store first, and Jared walked out behind them, flipping the open sign over and locking the front door. He wasn't sure why he felt nervous. He was the one who had asked them to do this with him, and it wasn't like they were going to murder him.

Or maybe they were. He wasn't sure how they felt about the idea of being magically compelled to sleep with him. They didn't seem bothered by it, but maybe they just didn't believe it. And if they did believe it, then maybe they really were taking him back to Anna's place to kill him.

How about that.

Possible murder aside, Jared went ahead and got into his car, following behind Anna, who seemed to be following Julie. Their little train of cars left the village area and headed more towards the city. It didn't take long to get to Anna's apartment building, which made sense since Jared saw her around the village shopping center fairly often.

They parked in her lot, and Jared got out of his car with the box of scarves and jewelry. The apartment building looked to be about eight stories high or so, made of red brick with air conditioning units poking out of the sides at equal intervals.

"Reminds me of my place already," Jared said to himself. Apartment buildings either looked exactly like this, or they cost five times as much a month and looked like an office building. He preferred the former. Jared walked over to Anna, who was standing by her car while Julie approached from the other side.

"Need a hand with that?" Anna asked him.

"Not until we get inside and empty it out," Jared said. "This box probably weighs, like, three pounds."

"Don't hurt your back," Anna laughed.

"Lead the way, Anna," Julie said when she arrived. "You've got the door buzzer."

"Just making sure Jared can handle the box," Anna said with a wink. She led them to the entry door of the apartment building and buzzed open the door into the lobby. The three of them got into an elevator and headed up to the fifth floor.

"It's number five oh one," Anna said, taking a left out of the elevator while the two of them followed. They passed by an older man walking in

the opposite direction, and he gave Anna a slight nod as a hello, his eyes passing over Julie and Jared with minimal interest.

“Reggie seems focused today,” Julie commented.

“I’ll have to ask him what he’s getting up to,” Anna said. “I still feel like I owe him after he helped me take my old mattress to the dumpster.”

Anna reached the door and unlocked her apartment, stepping inside and holding open the door for Julie and Jared. She let them enter and then closed the door behind the three of them, locking it again.

“You can go ahead and set the box down on the kitchen table,” Anna said. Then she looked over at the table in question, which was cluttered with a variety of things. “Whoops. Just put it on the corner and I’ll get the table cleaned off so we can have a better look at the stuff.”

“Hey,” Julie said, stepping over to the table, “that’s my makeup case. How long ago did I leave that here?”

Anna shrugged. “I was doing some cleaning, and everything I wasn’t sure what to do with ended up on the kitchen table. I was going to tell you about it once I finished, in case I found any more of your stuff.”

“Fun!” Julie picked up the makeup case, turning it over in her hands. “I wonder if that little cherub keychain is floating around your apartment somewhere, too? I’d love to find that.”

Anna shrugged, then plucked the various items off the table, although Julie kept her makeup case and tucked it into her purse.

Anna took a few things back to her bedroom, returning with the necklace that she had gotten from Jared’s boutique before getting the last few things cleared away.

Once the table was cleared off, leaving only a small glass centerpiece with a few fake flowers sticking out of the top, Anna sat down at the table and so did Julie. Jared opened up the box and started piling the items on the table, while Julie got the scarf out of her purse.

“So, most likely, unless the two of you just found me too sexy to resist, the scarf and necklace you bought from me had the strange sexual effect that items from the store have on some people,” Jared said. “So the question is, is it every single item in the store that does this, or is there something we can find between your items and these ones here that gives us a clue?”

“Let’s see,” Julie said, standing up over the table with her scarf in her hand. She looked through the assembly of scarves, while Anna looked for similar pendants to hers and compared the two with one in each hand. Jared watched them both, joining them when they found a comparable piece and leaning in to see if there was anything that stood out.

“Really don’t know,” Anna said, while holding up her pendant and another pendant in front of her face, both of the similarly-colored gems catching the glint of the overhead light. “I mean, they’re all from the same brand, so they do look similar, but they do have differences...”

“Yeah.” Julie twirled her scarf around her fingers. “I don’t really see anything that screams magical to me.”

“This might be a waste of time,” Jared said. “I’m sorry to have bothered the both of you with it.”

“Maybe it just matters who buys the item,” Julie said, “like you were saying, we’re not the only people who have shopped in the store, but how many of those shoppers have asked you out?”

Jared shook his head. “Just you two. And it’s been a while now...you don’t still feel that same urge that you felt before, right? Whatever kind of strange sense of urgency the stuff put on you?”

Anna looked at Julie. Julie smiled, then gave her a little nod.

“What—” Jared started, looking at Julie, but in the moment that his attention was pulled away from Anna, he felt cold metal on his wrist and heard the metallic snapping of a pair of handcuffs. “Hey!”

Jared whipped his head around and saw that Anna had handcuffed his left wrist to her own right wrist.

“I wouldn’t say that we have any special magical urges,” Julie said with a grin. “But we do have some other urges that are perfectly natural. We had a little chat on our phones while we were driving here, and we thought that maybe if what you’re saying is true, that you might deserve a little punishment. The kind of punishment that’s good for all three of us.”

“The safe word is sarsaparilla,” Anna informed him, and at the same time she tugged on his wrist via the handcuffs, forcing him to take a couple steps toward the short hallway in the apartment with her. “You know. If you want to use it.”

Behind him, Julie dropped her scarf onto the table. Anna still held her pendant in her free hand, and she tossed onto the table as well, where it

landed with a loud *clack*.

“We don’t need these anymore,” Julie said.

“Coming?” Anna tugged on his handcuff once more.

Somehow, Jared had already forgotten the safe word, but one glance at the look in Anna’s and Julie’s eyes made him not care about that even a little.

“Coming,” he said, and he let Anna tug him along, Julie following behind. They went down the short hallway and entered a door at the end on the right, which led into Anna’s bedroom.

The space was a lot cleaner than the kitchen had been. Her bedroom was neat and surprisingly big, with two dressers and a small vanity bracing what looked to be a walk-in closet. Her bedspread was a pleasing pattern of blue and white, lending the bedroom a calm aura that was soon to be dispelled.

Behind them, Julie closed the bedroom door.

Anna grabbed the bottom of Jared’s shirt, bunching it up in her fist. She held the shirt with her handcuffed hand, and with her other hand, she pulled a small, silver key from her back pocket. Deftly, she unlocked the handcuff from her own wrist, while keeping Jared’s on.

“Now is going to be your only chance to get this shirt off,” Anna said, not waiting for a reply from Jared before pulling it up over his head and slipping it past the open handcuff. She tossed it to the side, and just as quickly, locked Jared to herself again.

“Help me out, Julie,” Anna said, pulling on the handcuff once more and bringing Jared over to the bed. “I want to make sure that he can’t get away.”

Anna reached into her pocket and pulled out another pair of handcuffs. *Where the hell is she keeping these things?* Jared thought. *Those pockets must be deep.*

Anna tossed the handcuffs over to Julie, who caught them amid a series of metallic clinks. Then Anna hopped up onto the bed, landing on her knees and pulling Jared along with her. She nudged him with one knee so that he flipped over onto his back, and then she was quick to pull free that key once more and unlock her wrist, this time handcuffing Jared to her bed post. There was no getting away now.

On the other side, Julie grabbed his free hand roughly and got the other pair of handcuffs on him, clicking him onto the bed post and making it so that he could hardly move his arms more than a few inches.

“Does that hurt at all?” Anna asked, straddling his stomach.

Julie’s handcuff was still cold, but that was the only discomfort. “Not a bit,” Jared told her. “The only problem is that I can’t help you get your top off.”

Anna smiled and tilted her head. “That’s because you’re not the one in charge, Jared. I’ll take my top off when I damn well please.”

“I don’t really like him giving orders,” Julie observed. She turned away from the bed and went to one of Anna’s dressers, opening the top drawer and pulling out a single sock. “Mind if I use this?” She held the sock up in front of herself.

“Please do,” Anna said.

Julie grinned and walked over to Jared. Without hesitation, she stuffed the sock into his mouth so that he couldn’t speak. It was dry and unpleasant, but it was clean and he could still breathe just fine. Unexpectedly, he felt his hardness grow even more with the combination of restraints and gagging. He was discovering something about himself that he had never known.

“That’s better.” Anna sat back and looked at him. “Let’s see how much you can take. I guess it’s time to take my top off, after all.”

Still kneeling astride him, Anna slid off her shirt and the camisole underneath, exposing her big breasts cupped by the lacy whiteness of her bra.

“Looking hot up there, girl,” Julie complemented.

“Thanks.” Anna flashed her a smile. “But I am feeling a little self-conscious. Maybe if I can see yours first?”

Julie stuck out her tongue, but didn’t protest. Unable to speak, sucking air through his nose and the fabric of the sock, Jared hungrily watched Julie slip her top off to reveal a black bra bulging with her breasts underneath. She reached behind herself with one hand and quickly undid the back clasp, slipping the bra off and letting her tits hang free. Her nipples were big and round and a light pink color that begged for touch. Jared actually reached for her chest with his right hand instinctively, forgetting for a split second that he was handcuffed to the bed. Julie saw this and laughed.

“Look at that, he’s already frustrated,” Julie teased.

“Poor baby,” Anna said, sticking out her lower lip. She put both her hands on Jared’s chest, pushing herself up and off of him. She got off the bed and stood next to Julie.

She put her hands on Julie’s shoulders, and the two of them looked into each other’s eyes. “I don’t think he gets to play yet,” Anna said.

“Hell no,” Julie agreed, and then she put her hands on Anna’s bare sides and yanked her friend toward her, planting her lips on Anna’s. Anna immediately responded with a moan, pushing her tongue into Julie’s mouth. Julie’s big, white breasts squished against Anna’s chest, in full view of Jared, whose dick was threatening to break in half under the pressure at his zipper. He groaned through the sock.

The two women’s tongues danced between them as they sloppily made out with each other. Julie’s cheeks were pink and lust driven, and it was only a few moments before she had her hands around Anna’s back, undoing her bra. The two of them parted briefly just so that Anna’s delicate white bra could fall to the floor between them, then Julie pressed her breasts against Anna’s, their hard nipples finding each other and making both women twitch with pleasure at the stimulation. Anna kicked her bra to the side while the two of them continued to kiss, each of them bringing up hands to fondle, squeeze, and pinch at the other friend’s tits. Jared squirmed a little in the bed, but he couldn’t move enough to bring himself any satisfaction.

Finally, the two women stopped kissing, and Anna pulled away, panting. “Where was I?” She asked herself, before getting back on the bed and straddling Jared again. “Oh, right. I was going to make you work for every breath you take.”

Anna scooted forward, her crotch bumping against Jared’s stomach, and she lowered herself down onto his face, smothering him with her breasts. Jared grunted in surprise behind the sock. The hot, soft flesh of Anna’s olive-toned breasts engulfed his face, rubbing her scent and sweat into him. Her big tits blocked off his air, and she smushed them around his face for a few seconds before rising up, looking down at him and watching him suck in as much air as he could.

“You’re doing great,” Anna teased, then lowered her tits back onto his face and squished them together. She went up and down, letting him breathe

when he needed to, or shifting to the side to run a hard nipple playfully around his lips, a nipple that he couldn't suck with the gag in, no matter how much he wanted to.

While he was being smothered, he felt hands on his crotch. Julie rubbed against his erection through his jeans, and instinctually he thrust his hips upward, grinding against the stimulation. She didn't play with him for more than a couple seconds, quickly moving to his belt and fly, undoing them and yanking his pants off so that he was completely naked. His cock sprung free into the air, painfully hard and agonizingly untouched.

Julie didn't give him any relief. Instead, she gave Anna the same treatment, getting her friend's pants and panties off, forcing her to put her full weight down on Jared for a moment as Julie undressed her. He fought for air under her breasts, feeling lightheaded before she pulled off again.

On top of him, Anna shuddered as Julie, ignoring Jared's hardness, began to eat her friend out from behind. Julie's hands smacked Anna's ass cheeks and she spread them apart and dug her tongue into her asshole, penetrating into her friend's behind while she rubbed at her clit from underneath.

"Oh, fuck," Anna moaned, pushing her ass back into Julie's face. "You're so good at that. Eat my asshole, Julie..."

Anna bent down over Jared, curving her body so that her rump was higher in the air. This allowed Julie more access to her, and she slobbered all over Anna's asshole and pussy, eating her friend out gleefully like she was her last meal. She went low to suck on her clitoris, and her heavy, hanging breasts nudged against Jared's cock, the small stimulation making him twitch with pleasure.

"Careful," Anna panted, feeling Jared's movements. "Don't be treating him too well, even accidentally. This bad man is still being punished for tricking us."

Still, Anna seemed to feel that Jared didn't need to be gagged anymore, and she pulled the sock out of his mouth. Jared took in a big breath and wet his mouth again, easing away the dryness from the gag. Meanwhile, Anna rubbed against him instinctually as Julie buried her tongue in her pussy.

"Stop," Anna eventually begged Julie, getting up off of Jared and turning so that she could look at her. "Jared has to do more work to make up

for what he's done. Get up here and use his face."

Down below, Julie grinned, her face smeared with Anna's juices. She traded places with her friend, Anna giving Jared a firm smack on the cheek before getting off of him. Soon, Jared was staring up at Julie's round ass, her cheeks spread and her trimmed pussy wet as she knelt over him. Before she lowered herself onto his face, she grabbed his cock and Jared moaned. But she didn't stroke him. She just squeezed him hard, painfully, watching the tip of his dick turn purply-red as it engorged.

"Fuck," Jared hissed, and Julie released his cock, but didn't give it any more attention. "That—"

Julie's ass cut off his words as the woman pressed down into his face and her wet pussy met his mouth. Half-crazy with need, pain, and lust, he licked at her pussy. Despite the attentions he gave her, Julie still used him as a pleasure tool, Rubbing her pussy up and down his face, soaking him in her juices and grinding down on him where it felt best for her. His arms hung uselessly, helplessly, in the handcuffs, while this sexy woman used him as a tool for her pleasure alone.

Julie's hands were on his hips now, using him as leverage so that she could get herself off, so the hand that squeezed his dick next was Anna's. She gave him a hard squeeze, making him groan in pain, a sound which was lost in the folds of Julie's cunt. Then she released his dick and gave it a hard smack, like she was punishing it for misbehaving.

"You're so horny," Anna commented, smacking his dick again and making it buzz with pain and pleasure. "I bet that's so frustrating. If you do what you're supposed to, maybe we can do something about that. But we are going to need more from you first."

"He's doing a great job up here," Julie panted, riding his face mercilessly. "But I could go for a lot longer."

Jared plunged his tongue into Julie's hole as she pressed back against him, tasting the metallic tinge of her most inner juices. She pulled back and rubbed her clit against his mouth and chin, grinding her sensitive nub against his face and moaning and groaning with the pleasure that it brought her.

Downstairs, Anna dragged her fingernails across his balls, which felt lovely. Then a slick finger found its way between his cheeks and pressed against his asshole. He grunted, tensing up.

“Do I hear a sarsaparilla?” Anna inquired, and Julie raised herself up off his face for a brief second. Anna’s finger probed questioningly at his back door, and Jared didn’t say a word. Julie settled back down on him, replacing his air supply with her ass.

“Aren’t you so glad I keep lube at my bedside?” Anna asked, and then pressed her finger an inch into his ass. Jared let loose some muffled sound into Julie’s pussy and tried to relax. It definitely hurt at first, but there was pleasure there, too, and as Anna slowly slid her entire finger inside of him, he felt his cock twitching in response.

“Taking it like a good boy,” Anna said wiggling her finger inside of him and making his hips jump a little.

“Let’s see if he can make me cum while you finger fuck him,” Julie suggested happily. She had an amazing amount of endurance for face riding; she must have had a lot of practice.

“Let’s,” Anna agreed. “Get to work, Jared.”

“Yeah,” Julie commanded, pressing back into him. “Suck on my clit good and hard!”

Jared did as he was told, using his lips and tongue to find Julie’s clitoris and get it into his mouth, sucking on her pleasure button and lapping at it with his tongue while she encouraged him both verbally and physically, mashing her pussy into him. Anna, comfortable that Jared’s back door had been loosened up enough, slowly pushed a second finger inside of him. The painful stretching of his rear made him tense, but the twitching, jumping, and leaking of his cock was evidence to Anna of how good it felt, and soon she had two fingers fully buried in his ass.

“Yes! Yes!” Julie cried as her orgasm hit her, and she smashed her pussy hard into Jared’s face, milking as much pleasure out of him as she could. Short on air and not caring, Jared sucked at her clit while her pussy spasmed against his mouth and nose, Julie riding his face to completion.

“Oh, fuck,” Julie sighed, letting her muscles relax and falling off of Jared to the side of the bed, her legs quivering. “Fuck yes, that was a good one.”

“Fuck, oh God,” Jared cried out as Anna wiggled both fingers inside of him. She grinned mischievously from between his legs, her free hand teasing at a touch of his cock, but staying a half-inch away from his sensitive flesh no matter how much he begged her to stroke it.

“You still haven’t put in enough time,” Anna told him. Slowly, she slid her fingers out of his aching ass, again reaching for his cock and then pulling away at the last second. “It’s my turn up there now. And when Julie’s legs work again, she’ll keep you warmed up down here. Just not too warmed up.”

Obviously, there was no room for discussion or negotiation with his arms still handcuffed. Jared just had to pray that they would let him cum at some point, because he felt about ready to explode. Anna got herself in the same position Julie had been, but she had different instructions for Jared.

“You know, Julie did a great job eating my ass,” Anna said. “If you do at least half as good a job, maybe you’ll get a reward. Now get to work.”

Anna reached back with one hand and spread her ass open, revealing her still-wet asshole that had been bathed by Julie’s tongue. Lying next to them, Julie turned her head to watch the show. Anna wasted no time in pressing her asshole to Jared’s face, forcing him to find it with his tongue. She moaned as he pressed his tongue inside, the slippery slickness of her tight hole grabbing at his probing flesh.

Jared’s cock ached with need as he pushed his tongue into Anna’s ass. He wanted to cum so badly, but he wouldn’t get to do it unless he satisfied both these women. Julie was still recovering from her orgasm, and Anna was working her way up to a big one. She ground her ass against his face, enveloping him in her cheeks while telling him what a good job he was doing and commanding him to go harder and deeper inside of her ass. Her own hand crept up between her legs and rubbed at her clit, first slowly, then harder and harder as her ass opened up to the ministrations of Jared’s tongue.

Julie, recovered, got to where Anna had been between Jared’s legs. The small bottle of lube that Anna had used was still on the bed, and Julie got slicked up and immediately pushed two fingers back into Jared’s ass, making him start. Precum oozed copiously out of Jared’s rock-hard dick, and Julie oohed at the sight.

“Oh, he really likes this,” Julie giggled.

Jared was in no place to respond. His tongue, pained with exhaustion, was buried halfway up Anna’s ass, and she was rubbing her clit furiously now, her breathing getting faster and more high-pitched as she neared orgasm. Julie worked Jared’s asshole, sliding her fingers in and out while

she used the other hand to cradle his balls, mixing pleasure and pain together into a combination that practically drove Jared crazy. Still, she wouldn't touch his needy cock.

Anna's orgasm came as a scream and a gush, her asshole clenching down on Jared's tongue and trapping it inside of her while her quivering pussy sent juices dripping down Jared's face. She pushed back hard into Jared, using his face as a sex toy for the full length of her orgasm, forcing him even deeper into her ass while her pussy rubbed all over him and got him wetter and wetter.

"Fuck!" Anna finally said, pulling off of Jared's face. He gasped for breath, absolutely soaked.

"That's...enough...of that," Anna managed, turning around.

"Yeah," Julie encouraged, still slowly sliding her two fingers in and out of Jared's asshole. "Do it, Anna. I know you still want this hard cock up your pussy."

Anna locked eyes with Jared, looking wild, and said to Julie, "You know me pretty well."

Jared felt Julie grab the base of his cock, helping it line up with Anna as she sat down on him. Jared slipped into her soaking, tight pussy with utter and complete gratitude and ecstasy. He couldn't stop himself from letting out a long moan as her velvety walls enveloped him all the way down to the hilt, Julie pulling her hand off of him with torturing slowness to allow full penetration.

Anna began to ride him, dropping her wet pussy down onto his crotch over and over, and with Julie's fingers still working his rear end, all of them knew he wasn't going to last long. Jared's wrists pulled at the handcuffs. Normally, he might grab Anna around the waist or by the shoulders to try to control the speed of her humping on his overly sensitive dick, but he didn't have that power now. She was going to pull the orgasm right out of him at her own speed.

Jared struggled at his bonds and tilted his head back, restraining a scream only partially as his orgasm erupted into Anna's clenching pussy. He squeezed down on Julie's fingers and shot rope after rope of cum up Anna's twat, all while the beautiful woman's black hair bounced up and down just the same as she did on his cock, mercilessly milking every last drop of cum from him, no matter how much it hurt from the intense pleasure.

His orgasm seemed to last forever, yet despite that, when Anna pulled off of him and Julie pulled out of him, he was still so hard that it felt like his cock could sense the tiniest movement in the air. His chest heaved as he caught his breath, red circles of skin around his wrists from the involuntary pulling at the handcuffs.

“Sarsaparilla,” he panted, hardly aware that he was saying it.
“Sarsaparilla.”

After a period of rest which they all desperately needed, as seemed to be the theme for when Jared had three-way sex, they all got cleaned up and dressed again, and Jared packed all of his things back into the box he had brought.

“Thanks for not leaving my kitchen table a mess,” Anna said as he put the last of the things in the box. “I had just gotten it cleaned up, as you saw.”

“Let me know if you find that cherub keychain,” Julie reminded Anna. “I’ll see you all later.”

“I’m surprised she can still walk,” Jared commented as Julie left the apartment. “It felt like she was on top of me for hours.”

“Yeah,” Anna said. “She’s talented.”

“So were you two really mad at me, or was that just part of the fun?”

Anna playfully shoved at his shoulder. “You don’t get to know. That’s part of the fun of it, too.”

“Ah. Fair.”

Anna shrugged. “So, what are you thinking? Any doubts about keeping the store? You seemed really worried about the whole magical sex compulsion thing.”

Jared stroked his chin. “Well, honestly, I think the two of you helped me make my decision. Even if this magic is real, which it seems like it is, it’s still up to me whether or not I give in to the wiles of those who pursue me, devilishly handsome and irresistible as I am. It’s ultimately my choice, and if I don’t feel right about it, then I’ll make the right choice.”

Anna rolled her eyes at his self-imposed compliments, but gave him a nod. “That sounds all right to me. I’d hate for the store to close. Magic or not, you have some good stuff. And I like seeing you now and then, whether it’s like this or just to say hi.”

“I like seeing you, too. Both of you. Whether it’s separate or together. Not always a threesome, um, I mean...”

Anna held up a hand, laughing. “I get it.”

“Well,” Jared said picking up the box, “mystery not solved, but mystery...shelved. Probably never to be unshelved. But I could stick around and help you with that cleaning you were doing, if you’d like.”

Anna shook her head. “I’ve got it. If you got distracted looking at my tits and missed Julie’s keychain after all this time, she’d be devastated.

“But,” Anna added, “I’d like to hang out some more. You know, as friends. There doesn’t always have to be sex, but there can be, if we’re both feeling it. Or if Julie is also feeling it.” She shrugged. “It’s the twenty-first century. Let’s just have fun before the world burns down.”

“That’s mostly a cheery note to leave on,” Jared said with a grin. “Agreed. We’ll find some fun stuff to do.”

“All right, get out of here,” Anna said, smacking Jared’s butt. “I really do have cleaning to do. Count yourself lucky you didn’t see the second bedroom in here. It’s a nightmare.”

“Have a good night,” Jared wished her, and with a little wave from Anna, he was out of the apartment and heading down the elevator to the parking lot.

So maybe he wouldn’t be investigating the magic anymore. It’s not like he would have recognized what he was looking at even if he found something, anyway. That wasn’t his field of expertise. And what Anna had said rang true with him. It was the 21st century, and he might as well have as much fun as he could.

Jared had loved his business before, but with this new understanding under his belt, so to speak, he knew he’d love it even more now.

And he knew that there would be even more wild adventures down the road. Maybe even some more that he would write down and share with the right person.

THE END

I hope you enjoyed joining Jared on his adventures.
His fun little library here may be expanding in the

near future, and if it does, I'll make a new bundle of his next 3 stories.

In the meantime, follow my author page on Amazon to stay abreast of new releases, and feel free to peruse my catalog for more hot harem erotica.

See you again soon.

Myra

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