



THE
HAREM

Cabin

BUNDLE

MYRA DUSK

Hey there—welcome to Barry’s story. He’s a rugged outdoors type who’s working at a cabin in the woods, and he’s going to have a lot of fun.

So are you! So get in there.

Myra

Table of Contents

1. Harem Cabin: Book 1
2. Harem Cabin: Out in the Woods
3. Harem Cabin: Storm Shelter



HAREM

Cabin

Myra Dusk

Harem Cabin
Book 1
by Myra Dusk

All rights reserved ©2024 Myra Dusk

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, or distributed by any means or in any form without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical review and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

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

Cover Photo © [VitalikRadko] / DepositPhotos

It was a beautiful day. In fact, the whole week had been beautiful. Despite that, though, there weren't as many hikers as Barry had expected. It was his first week working as the cabin keeper at "Nature's Nurture," a quaint little cabin rest stop along a fairly popular hiking trail in the forest near his city. The place was owned by the park service, but they contracted out security and maintenance to the firm Barry worked for. There was a six-month rotation at the cabin up for grabs, and he'd always put in for it when it came up.

Finally, he'd gotten it. Six months out here in nature, living in the quarters at the back of the cabin, getting to take in the woods, keeping the place clean and stocked with simple refreshments for weary hikers, and answering questions for anyone who stopped by (that wasn't part of his duties, but as a bit of a nature nerd, he looked forward to it).

It was the start of the day. Barry took a little walk around the public part of the cabin. It was pretty big, meant to temporarily house up to fifteen people at a time comfortably. There was a fridge stocked with water and fruit, which he took weekly trips into the city to refresh on the service's stipend for the place. Next to it was a little kitchenette stocked with dry snacks, and a two-burner stove and small sink where he took care of his cooking and dishes. There were two bathrooms, and a small janitor's closet between them with a mop that got a lot of use (hikers tended to bring in mud). There was also a utility shower set into the wall next to that, so people could wash their gear in a drainable area.

There were three sets of bunk beds set into a recessed part of the wall, taking up most of that side of the room, for those who needed more serious recovery. On the opposite side was the main rest area, with an assortment of nine comfortable chairs around three short tables. It was reminiscent of a small airport terminal, except that it was set inside of a log cabin and the sandwiches didn't cost seventeen dollars.

Confirming the place was clean and ready to receive visitors, Barry stepped outside with a memo in his hand. The memo had actually been at Nature's Nurture when he had first arrived a week ago, but in his excitement to be there, Barry had missed the envelope entirely, knocking it to the floor of the small office at the back of the cabin when he had set his things up in there. He'd just found it on this sweep, and he had decided he wanted to read it out in the sunshine.

"Can't have been too important, or the boss would have called about it," he said to himself. The screen door of the cabin swung shut behind him, and he breathed in the fresh air. If he had to read some memo, it would be better to do it out here among the trees and the grass and the blue of the sky.

Barry unfolded the paper and gave it a look. It was nothing out of the ordinary, really. Mostly, it was going over things and procedures that he already knew for security of the cabin. He ran down the paper quickly to confirm that everything he was doing was correct, which it was since he had been briefed before coming here anyway.

However, at the end, there was an addendum with some information he had not seen before.

He read aloud to himself: "The following statement is from the park service: There have been sightings of a new vegetative growth near the trail that leads to the Hikamer Forest rest stop #7. It is only one patch, and is about 300 feet from the entrance to the cabin. The species has not yet been identified, and when first observed, was only in the budding stages of growth. As a safety precaution, do not interact with this plant, and advise any hikers to do the same. A sign has been posted to keep people at a distance."

Weird, Barry thought. Nature's Nurture was rest stop number 7. It was weird for such a strange warning to be issued, and also he hadn't seen any posted sign. Barry tucked the memo into his pocket and turned left to go down the beginnings of the trail. Typically, the way that he was going was the way hikers approached the cabin, if they started at the southern end of the trail, which most did. Once he left the small clearing where the cabin stood, the trail narrowed significantly.

That was where Barry headed, leaving the cabin clearing and looking for the supposed patch of mystery plant that had sprung up on the trail. He had walked the trail plenty since he'd been here, but really, he hadn't been here that long, and now that he thought about it, he tended to go north to explore just because he had initially come from the south when he had first arrived.

He moved down the path, stepping over some fallen branches and doing his best to not disturb things and leave them as they lay. Truth be told, he hiked quite a bit, though admittedly not in this specific forest as he had other spots he was more familiar with. At first glance, Barry could be mistaken for a lumberjack, or perhaps a gruff park ranger. He had a thick black beard and was in good shape, since his security job kept him very active in his mid-30s. If he was holding an axe, most people would be willing to lay down money on a bet that he was a lumberjack. So he knew his way around a forest pretty well and knew to leave things as undisturbed as possible.

When he did come across the patch of flowers, he was surprised that he had missed them at all. The plants were about 6 inches tall and had open faced petals, bearing an interesting pattern of yellow and blue upon them. The whole patch of wildflowers was probably about ten feet wide, and didn't show any signs or interest in spreading farther. Either that, or the park service had taken some measure to contain it to the spot, while still making sure it could survive.

"It must not be truly dangerous if they haven't roped off the trail," Barry commented, looking over the flowers. "If they were poisonous or something, this whole trail would be shut off, and they probably would have just told me to watch these flowers and nothing else."

So Barry wasn't particularly fearful when looking over the unidentified plants, and he wondered what the concern really could be. He read over the memo quickly again, but didn't glean any new details. He checked for the sign, and saw why he hadn't noticed it before. The small, wooden sign post, no more than two feet tall, had fallen down into the patch of wildflowers and been covered up by the budding petals.

Barry considered stepping into the flowers to fix the sign, but he had a size 14 pair of boots on, and he knew that going in and out of that patch, he would not be able to avoid trampling a whole mess of a new species of flowers. And that was the last thing he wanted to do. He reassured himself again that if the flowers were actually dangerous, the park service would have done something more serious than stick down a sign that couldn't even stay up on its own.

"Well, that's that," Barry said, and he turned around and made his way back to the rest stop cabin, doing his best to even place his footprints in the same spots that he had placed them when he came down this way. He probably would have looked a little crazy to a bystander, but even a nature nut had to keep themselves entertained out here all alone.

Back at the cabin, Barry entered, keeping the screen door closed but the main door propped open to let in the fresh air of the woods. It was still pretty early in the morning, so he didn't expect any hikers to make their way past quite yet. He went to the small kitchenette and made himself a breakfast of coffee and an English muffin, taking his food outside to the front patio of the cabin to eat.

Barry remained alone at the cabin for the next half hour or so, and was about to take a quick walk around the perimeter that constituted the cabin's grounds when he heard voices coming from the southern entrance of the trail.

From the sound of it, it was a woman. Well, more than one woman, because she probably wasn't just talking to herself. Although he had seen that out here plenty of times. He didn't want to be absent for the first hikers of the day, so he decided that he would do his perimeter walk later. He went back into the cabin to make sure everything was in order. Not everyone who was hiking stopped

by the rest stop, of course, and many people weren't familiar with its functions, so it was best for him to be there for any questions.

There was a little desk with a computer near the back door that led to his quarters and office, where Barry could sit to be available for visitors, while not being too obtrusive and still able to get any work done on the computer that he needed to get done. He sat down behind the desk, powering on the tower and remembering that, of course, he did have weekly reports to file, and somehow it had slipped his mind that morning. He rolled his eyes and logged into the computer, waiting for everything to fully boot up.

As he was opening their report database, the door to the cabin did open, and in walked a pair of women who looked tired, but in good spirits.

"Wow," one of the women said, looking around the cabin. "This little place looks really nice!"

"I think they remodeled it or something since I was here last year," the other woman said. She looked around the cabin as well, and then her eyes caught onto Barry. "Oh! Hi there!"

"Hey," Barry said, getting up from the desk and walking over to the common area where the two ladies were standing. "It sounds like you've been here before?" He addressed the woman who had just spoken. "My name is Barry, I'm handling security and maintenance here at the rest stop. Please help yourselves to anything you need."

"That's so nice," the familiar visitor said. "I've only been here once, but I resolved to hike a lot more this year. I'm Jill, and this is my friend Annie."

Annie gave Barry a little wave, seemingly a little shy in the presence of a new face. Barry smiled at her. Annie was petite, with short, dark hair and blue eyes. Like her friend Jill, she was dressed in tight-fitting workout clothes and sneakers good for hiking.

Jill, on the other hand, radiated energy. She was also noticeably bustier than her friend Annie, with her large breasts pushing at the sports bra she likely wore underneath her top. Jill clapped her hands together once, excitedly.

"We've been going for a couple hours," Jill said, theatrically bringing a hand to her forehead to wipe away a few drops of sweat. "A little rest is just what we need."

Barry nodded. "The place is yours. You're the first hikers I've seen today. If you need anything, I'll just be working at the desk back there."

Barry left the women to their devices, heading back to the desk to do the work that he had forgotten about. It was his least favorite part of the job, but then, every job had to have a least favorite part, and the other parts of this one were pretty rewarding, so he could deal with some paperwork, digital or otherwise. Meanwhile, Jill and Annie got themselves some water from the large water cooler, and Jill grabbed a banana. The two of them went to the larger seating area, finding chairs to lounge in while facing away from Barry, looking out the windows of the cabin.

Barry kept himself busy for a few minutes, plunging through as much work as he could, but it was hard not to be distracted by the view out the window or the two women talking, which didn't bother him. He could take care of this work anytime. It was only Sunday, and the reports just had to be filed by Wednesday.

The next time that he looked up at the two guests, he noticed that they had set something down on the table that was between their two chairs. The table did have a small vase with some flowers in it, and at first Barry thought that they had knocked it over, but then he noticed a familiar hue, and realized that one of them—probably Annie, since he hadn't seen Jill holding anything—had picked a wildflower bouquet, and mixed into the bouquet were a few of the unidentified plants that the memo had mentioned.

He almost said something, but figured whatever harm was done, if any at all, had already been done, and there was no reason to ruin the ladies' leisure. Before they left, he would say a friendly goodbye to them, and then he would just let them know to stay away from those flowers as they were being observed by the park service and they needed to make sure they were safe. Again, he

wasn't too worried about any actual danger, considering how lax the limited security measures put in place by the park service had been, and he was certainly in no position to question how they handled things.

Jill and Annie's talking slowed down some, as he noticed out of the corner of his ear, as his mother liked to say. It seemed the two guests were leaning more into the relaxing purpose of the rest stop, and if they dozed off in the chairs, Barry could hardly blame them. He'd done the same thing himself. Those chairs were damn comfy.

He kept himself busy with report work, typing things up and double-checking dates and times. At a certain point, each woman got up to visit the restroom, then came back to sit down in her chair and relax. Barry began to feel a little tired himself, wondering if he needed a second cup of coffee or if he just hadn't gotten enough sleep last night. He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands and looked out the window next to his desk, lazily eyeing the tree line which was maybe a hundred feet away from the wall of the cabin. Stifling a yawn, he stood up and cracked the window to let some air in, and also turned on the little fan that he kept on the desk. Cool air blew into his face, and he closed his eyes. He definitely needed to get more sleep tonight.

Eventually, he decided that he did need that cup of coffee, and he went over to the kitchenette to pour himself what remained of the brew from earlier in the morning. It was kept warm on the coffee maker's burner, and it wasn't old enough yet to be terrible, so he went for it instead of making a new pot.

"Oh, wow, that smells delicious," came Jill's voice, rising up from her chair.

"It's old," Barry said, finishing the pour into his mug, "but I'd be happy to put a fresh pot on for you if you'd like."

"I wasn't talking about the coffee, silly," Jill said, walking up to him. "I was talking about this sexy man standing here in front of me and not telling me how good I look. Isn't that crazy, Annie?"

"Yes! Totally crazy!" Annie cried, getting out of her chair as well. And now Barry got a good look at both of them, and he wondered what the hell was going on.

The two women looked completely different. Well, not completely, totally different. It was still clearly Jill and Annie, but without a doubt, they had changed their clothes at some point while they had been here. The first thing that he couldn't help but notice is that both of their chests seemed huge, like what they had worn before had been hiding it, with even Jill looking bustier. The women were both sporting massive pairs of tits. Not something he could tell the size of just by looking, but he had to say that Jill was going beyond DD, and Annie was close to it. He was amazed they had somehow hidden it with their outfits before. Their new shirts could barely accommodate them, and the swooping curve of the neckline of the workout tank tops showed deep, ample cleavage, clearly made to show off their chests.

Both of the women had big, happy grins on their faces, like they both just gotten the best news of their lives and were ready to celebrate. Jill's hair looked long and big and curly, and Annie's short hair had turned out to be just tied up and had been let down, flowing over her shoulders and displaying a gorgeous sheen. Even their hips had were more lovingly hugged by the pants they were wearing, hinting at the shape of luscious backsides for both of them.

"Jill, he looks confused," Annie said, her former shy energy having pretty much entirely evaporated. "I think you better tell him what's going on. Hurry, hurry! I wanna ask him!"

Jill came up to Barry slowly, walking elegantly, and knowing exactly how to push her chest out and sway her hips so that Barry couldn't possibly take his eyes off of her. She put her hands on his shoulders and leaned in close to him.

"My friend Annie and I have decided we're not going to be shy about what we want anymore," Jill said to him. "Look at you. You work out. You're a grown man. So you must know that women have needs just like men do, and sometimes, we do need to *ask nicely* for those needs to be met. Right?"

Jill leaned in even closer now, pressing her lips up against Barry's ear. "Now I'll let Annie tell you what we want."

"Yay!" Annie clapped her hands together twice. "We want to get fucked by a big, strong man like you. Oh, god, we *need* to get fucked! What do you say?"

Barry swallowed. This had all come out of nowhere, but there was no denying how hot these two women looked, with their huge tits and the way the crotches of their sex-ified workout pants disappeared between their legs, showing the clear outlines of what waited between them. As soon as he thought about it, he realized he was half-hard in his pants, and that arousal wasn't slowing down.

"Jill, Annie, this all sounds crazy," he started, then continued, "I mean, look at the both of you, you're beautiful..."

Jill and Annie both smiled.

"Hell with that. The two of you are hot as fuck." Barry shook his head, and both women giggled, very pleased. "But are you sure—"

Jill shoved a hand into his chest with a thump, cutting off his words. "Don't act as though the two of us don't know exactly what we're doing," Jill told him, making a tsk tsk noise and wagging her finger. "We both work at the Melarre building and saw you working security there a few months ago when that was your site. And we both found you very, very, attractive, but just didn't know what to say."

"Then before we knew it, you were gone!" Annie said with a shake of her head. "It was a lesson learned—that we need to speak up and at least try to get what we want before we lose the chance. Jill finally worked up the courage to ask your firm about you and where we might be able to find you, and now we're here. So like she said—we know what we want! And now we're asking you..."

Annie licked her lips and leaned forward, letting Barry stare down her cleavage.

"What do you want to do right now?"

Barry didn't have to think about it long. "This big, strong man wants to fuck both of you, right here and right now."

"Oh, fuck yes," Jill said, and she grabbed a fistful of Barry's shirt and hungrily pulled herself into him, locking lips. Her kiss was hot and intense and her tongue found its way inside Barry's mouth immediately, circling around his own.

She pulled away and asked him, "Do you have a place? Somewhere here?"

"Yeah," Barry said, somehow out of breath from the intensity of the deep kiss. "Quarters. In the back."

Annie stepped up next to them. "Don't hog him, Jill. Lead the way, Barry," Annie told him, grabbing the right cheek of his butt and giving it a squeeze, making him jump.

Damn, I've never met two ladies more into it than these two, Barry thought. *My dick is kind of leading the way here, but I hope I'm not in over my head.*

He then quickly decided that he didn't care, and he led the three of them to the back of the cabin, opening the back door with his key, and turning left in the short hall that led to his sleeping quarters.

"Ooh, nice," Jill said once she stepped inside and Barry closed the door behind them. "Looks like they give you a queen-sized bed. I was a little concerned about us having to do this on a cot."

"I'd make it work," Annie said with an excited little laugh, "but this is much better."

Annie hopped onto the bed and got onto her knees, quickly shedding her workout top despite how tight it was against her breasts. Her bra was simple and black and threatening to burst. She slid it off as well, then laid down on her back and motion for Barry to come over.

"I want you to suck on my tits, Barry," Annie told him.

Barry got a very good look at them first. Huge supple mounds of pale white flash with surprisingly small pink nipples, one of which was already hard. Before he could toggle them any further, Jill pushed him from behind to get him onto the bed.

“Chop chop,” Jill said, dusting her hands off before she started taking her own top off.

Barry sprawled himself over Annie, whose long, dark hair feathered around her shoulders and onto the bedspread. He met her blue eyes for a moment before diving into her tits, feeling their warm flesh on his face. He found her right nipple with his lips and engulfed it in his mouth, Making Annie squirm with pleasure and grab at his shoulders. He sucked on the hardening nib of her nipple, going hard on it, his resolve steeled and his hesitation completely melted away. He grabbed her other breast with a free hand needing the flesh before finding her other nipple and giving it a nice, firm tweak.

“Oh, yes,” Annie cooed, wiggling and pushing her breasts into Barry more firmly. “He knows what he’s doing. We were right to go after this one.”

“Don’t mind me back here, Barry,” Jill said. He felt her hands on the back of the waistband of his pants, before she quickly slipped around to the front to undo his belt. “Don’t slack in your work. I’m just making sure that you have some breathing room down here.”

“By all means,” Barry said, breaking away from Annie’s tits briefly to speak, then diving back in and getting both his hands working on her tits while she squirmed underneath him.

Jill got his pants undone and pulled them down, boxers and all. He had kicked his boots off right as soon as they had come into the room, so it was easy enough for her to yank his pants off completely, leaving his bottom half bare while his uniform shirt was still on.

“Mm, that’s nice,” Jill said, laying her hands on Barry’s ass and giving the firm muscles a hard squeeze, which felt good. “Mind if I eat your ass, Barry?” Jill inquired.

It was a sentence Barry had never expected to hear in his life. Startled, he hesitated to reply, and Jill gave him a smack on his rear, not gently. “Pretty please?” she teased, digging her fingernails into his ass meat.

“It – it’s all yours,” Barry told her.

Jill wasted no time. She hopped up on the bed, getting her knees around her friend Annie’s feet, before quickly bending down and getting to Barry’s back door. At first the wet tickle of her tongue made him jump, but then, after just a second, it was purely pleasurable, her wet tongue massaging his asshole with such skilled and deliberate movements that it made pre-cum start to drip from his cock.

“Fuck,” he moaned, unconsciously bending and arching his back so that she could get better access. “That feels fucking amazing, Jill.”

Jill licked and probed at his asshole for a little while longer before pulling away and saying, “Well, what can I say. I just love using my mouth.” Then without a moment’s delay, she dipped down lower between his legs and dragged her tongue along the back of his balls, then found his hard cock and slurped it into her mouth, quickly taking all eight inches all the way to the back of her throat and further.

Barry almost choked, it felt so good. Jill slurped up and down his cock despite the backwards and upside-down angle. It was incredible what she could do.

Upstairs, Annie seemed to have gotten her fill of Barry sucking on her tits and nipples, and pulled herself further up the bed so that his face was lined up with her crotch.

“I think you like to use your mouth too, Barry,” Annie told him. “Show me how much. Jill, can you help me with these pants? I got too excited and forgot to take them off before I got on the bed.”

Barry could smell Annie’s arousal through her pants easily, so he had no doubt that she really was excited. Barry himself hooked his fingers into the waistband of her yoga pants and pulled them down her hips, and then Jill’s hands came snaking up and did the rest of the work, all while his cock was still in her throat. Jill pulled Annie’s pants all the way down and off her legs, throwing them to the floor.

Annie spread her legs open for Barry, giving him a full view of her smooth-shaven pussy that was already glistening with her arousal. When he went to go down for it and taste her, she clenched

her legs and caught his head in her knees.

“Actually,” Annie said, sounding coy and playful, “I’d like to do it the other way around. Get on your back, Barry, and let me ride your face.”

Barry didn’t take much convincing, but Annie helped him along anyway. She used her knees to lock his head and bring him down to the bed, pulling his cock free of Jill’s mouth while she retreated to allow them to rearrange themselves. Barry got spun around so that he ended up on his back and Annie was straddling his face, so fast that he wasn’t quite sure how it had happened.

Now he stared up at Annie, her big tits hanging down above his head and her smooth, wet pussy right up against his face, rubbing against his chin.

“Take a deep breath,” Annie told him, and then she slid her pussy over his face

Her wet clit brushed up against his nose, and he immediately jammed his tongue up her cunt, tasting her and pushing himself up into her tunnel. Annie pressed her weight down onto him, forcing his tongue deeper inside, then dragging herself backward so he could work her clit with his mouth. He sucked on her clit, flicking his tongue at her folds, and she moved back and forth on his face, putting him where she wanted him to be.

Jill found his cock again, taking it into her mouth. At some point, she had gotten her own pants off, so now all three of them were completely naked and writhing on the bed. While sucking on Barry’s cock, Jill worked her hands upward to grab her friend Annie’s ass, squeezing and pinching at her cheeks while Barry ate the pussy that was being rubbed into his face.

Putting her hands on the top of his thighs, Jill pulled herself up Barry’s body, releasing his cock from her mouth with a wet slurping sound. She wiped the spit from her mouth with a quick motion, then got herself up on Barry’s crotch, where his cock stood tall and proud. He was rock hard and dripping with his own precum and Jill’s spit, his cock aching to be put inside of something else again.

“Hold steady, Annie,” Jill said, getting one hand on her friend’s back to help her keep her balance. “I’m getting on!”

Barry would have said some words of encouragement to her if he had been able to, but as it was, his mouth was a little full. He laid back, pinned down under the two gorgeous women and half-drowning in pussy juice in the best way. His face was smeared with Annie’s essence, and Annie was grinding and panting on top of him, stopping only to let him breathe for a second before going back in for more.

With his top half being worked by Annie, Jill took to his lower half, using Annie to steady herself while she lined her needy pussy up with Barry’s cock. She raised herself up over his midsection and said, “I’m getting you all the way inside me in one try, you hunk!”

Jill put both hands on Annie’s back, swayed slightly, then dropped herself down carefully but quickly onto Barry’s cock. He felt his steel rod penetrate her soaking, wanting hole immediately, all the way down to the base of his cock. Just like she had promised, in one fell swoop, he was completely inside of her love tunnel and feeling every inch of it.

Barry moaned into Annie’s pussy, involuntarily thrusting upward at the fantastic sensation of hot, wet penetration. Jill purred in approval, happy for Barry to force as much of his cock into her as he could.

“God yes!” she cried, feeling him fill her up. “Oh, Barry, my god, did I want this. Did I need this! You have no idea what you’re doing to me, unh!”

“You’re—making me—jealous,” Annie panted, still humping herself onto Barry’s face with wild abandon. “But I still think—I’m going to—cum on his…face!”

Barry brought his hands up, finding Annie’s big tits and hard nipples through his obscured vision and helping her along toward her goal, pinching hard on her nipples while she moaned in delight and begged him for more. Her moves became more urgent, more focused, pushing her clit into his lips and pressing down against his own pressure to increase her pleasure, while her breasts bounced in his hands.

Jill was starting to ride him now, too, slamming herself deliberately down onto his cock with wet, heavy sounds of sex and passion. He could feel how soaked his own crotch was, with both of their juices mixing together and creating a sloppy, slippery pool of delight. It was easy for his length to disappear into her over and over again, and since he was pinned down by the two women using him for their pleasure, it was Jill who was in control of his cock. He just had to lay there and let her do what she wanted, and it was pretty much exactly what both of them wanted as they were awash in each other's pleasure. Barry's dick got familiar with every inch of Jill's cunt, and her own tunnel crept across every hard inch that Barry had to muster. Over and over, harder and faster, with their wet flesh slapping together.

Annie reached down and grabbed Barry's hair, slipping her fingers through its short length and locking her grip onto him, while she moaned, "Oh fuck, yes, right there Barry, suck my clit, don't stop, ah, ah!"

Annie gyrated on his face, and Barry gave her everything he could, grabbing her by her hips and yanking her down even harder onto his working mouth to make sure her orgasm shook her to her core.

Annie came hard, putting one hand on Barry's shoulder while the other was still entangled in his hair, using him as leverage and balance while her world and body were rocked by her orgasm. She threw her head back and cried out in delight as her pussy spasmed on Barry's face. She humped herself into him ferociously, squeezing every last drop of pleasure out of the sex toy that was his face. She yanked on his hair and dug her fingernails into his shoulder, leaving marks.

When it was over, her juices were all over Barry's face, and both of them were panting for air and trying to recover from the intense orgasm Barry had given Annie. But Jill did no such thing, still dropping herself down on Barry's cock over and over again, riding him like he was hers and she had broken him down.

"Climb off there and help me out here, Annie," Jill said, still using Barry's pole. "I am so fucking...close..."

Barry had thought Annie was wiped out, but apparently she had more in her. She gave his face one last good, hard nudge with her pussy, then turned around so that she was facing Jill. She still straddled Barry's face, but now she bent down and laid her stomach across his, her tits squishing into his navel and her nether regions spread open over his face so that he had a full view of her glistening pussy and wet, pulsing little asshole.

"Oh yeah, girl, you're looking hot down there," Jill said. With Barry's cock still inside of her, Jill leaned back, pulling Barry's dick forward while tilting herself back so that Annie could reach Jill's clit with her mouth.

Before Annie could dive in, she wiggled her ass in front of Barry's face, making her cheeks jiggle firmly in front of his hungry eyes.

"Go ahead and eat my asshole, Barry," Annie suggested, knowingly rubbing the flesh of her sensitive pussy across Barry's chin. "It'll make sure I do a good job on Jill."

"Yes, Barry, eat her ass and help me cum!" Jill cried.

Barry did as he was told, with both he and Annie leaning into their meals at the same time. Barry tasted remnants of Annie's own juices on her ass, her essence having made it there during the wild pussy eating ride on his face. Barry happily got his tired tongue into Annie's asshole, fighting past the aches and exhaustion that his mouth had been through during this wild encounter. He would do anything to keep the intense pleasure on his cock from stopping.

Barry licked up and down her ass, feeling Annie's asshole pulse underneath his tongue, and then was quick to press his tongue into her tight ring, eliciting a squeal from her as she wiggled her ass back onto his face in encouragement. Barry grabbed her ass with both hands, getting the meat of her cheeks in his palms and spreading them apart so that he could get deeper into her hole with his tongue. He loved eating ass, and Annie had an amazing one spread open right in front of his face.

Before Annie could get too distracted by her deep rimjob, Jill grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face into her clitoris. Once Annie began licking, Jill began riding, slowly at first to allow Annie to develop a rhythm in eating her, and as they both grew more comfortable with the arrangement, Jill began to go up and down Barry's cock faster and faster. Barry clenched his eyes shut, trying to stave off his inevitable earth-shattering orgasm and last as long as possible. He craved release, yet at the same time, didn't want this to end.

Annie's asshole clenched at his tongue as he forced it deeper inside her back door. He moved his hands from her ass to her hips, pulling her rear end a couple inches back toward him just so that he could taste more of her. He wiggled his tongue inside her, and arousal from the deep anal stimulation started to get his face wet with her juices once again as her pussy rubbed against the hair of his beard and gave her more pleasure.

"Suck on it, Annie," Jill begged, panting and whimpering and riding Barry's cock while his hard eight inches hit that special spot inside of her again and again and again. "Don't stop!"

Annie leaned into Jill's pussy, pulling herself forward enough that Barry's tongue slipped out of her ass and left the wet hole twitching before him. She sealed herself against Jill, making sure that her clit never left her mouth. She sucked and pulled and nibbled while Jill slammed Barry's cock into her cunt, Annie's face getting smeared with Jill's juices. Annie even found a way to snake her tongue down and lick at Barry's slick shaft during the brief occasions when it wasn't buried all the way up inside Jill, and Barry could feel her hot, wet tongue tasting him and Jill during those moments.

With her fingers buried in Annie's dark hair, Jill came, her pussy spasming around Barry's cock, and all the while, Annie didn't give her an inch, keeping her clit in her mouth like her life depended on it and sucking on the sensitive nib while Jill shook and humped herself against Barry's cock, pounding her own G-spot senseless.

It was all too much for Barry, whose resolve broke cleanly in half under the stimulation of Jill's tight cunt and Annie's skillful tongue. The orgasm was so intense and sudden and powerful that he didn't have time to issue any warning or even say a single word, simply bracing himself against the impact as his balls released inside of Jill. He pumped his cum into her, thrusting his hips upward, his body not belonging to him anymore, but belonging to his cock and the pleasure surging through it. He shot stream after stream of cum up Jill's cunt, coating her insides and filling her to the brim, so much that his load leaked out of her pussy, dribbling down his dick. Annie was quick to lick it up, swallowing the cum that she could get to with relish.

When both of them had stopped twitching and pulsing and clenching, Jill got up and popped Barry's cock out of her with a sigh of contented exhaustion, releasing the rest of his seed to spill down and make them both even messier.

Annie hopped off of the bed, surprisingly energetic. She had ecstatic energy, fully recovered from the orgasm she'd had all over Barry's face a few minutes ago.

"Wow, Barry, that's very naughty of you to do on the clock," Annie teased, finding her clothes on the ground near the bed and slipping back into them. "I think you two are going to need a little more cleaning up before you get dressed."

"I'm going to need more than cleaning up," Barry groaned, letting the bed take him as he stretched out. "I might need a fucking casket to sleep this one off."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Jill said, getting herself up off the bed. "You have your own bathroom back here, right?"

Barry sat up with great effort and gestured that it was out the door and to the left, and Jill gathered up her things and got herself cleaned up and dressed in the small private bathroom in the back of the cabin. She came back soon, fully dressed and refreshed. Barry didn't know how the two women were able to recover so quickly. He literally felt like he could peacefully pass away.

Annie sat down on the bed, and Jill got back shortly. "Thanks for indulging us," she said.

"I feel like I should be the one thanking you," Barry responded.

“Men always feel like that,” Jill admonished with a shake of her head. “But I think we got even more from you than you got from us.”

“You definitely got a lot from me,” Barry joked. He eventually did find the strength to get up and get dressed, and luckily his uniform was clean, though he’d need to take a few minutes to give himself a real wash as soon as possible.

The three of them went out to the main cabin area together.

“So, um, come back anytime,” Barry said to them. “You know, not just for sex. Hiking and all that.”

“You’re cute,” Annie teased. “God, I feel so much better. How long are you stationed here?”

“About the next six months,” Barry said.

“Oh, that’s great.”

“Yeah!” Jill agreed. “Annie and I are taking this class, well it’s almost like group therapy, I guess? But it’s what spurred us to quit waiting around for good things to happen, and instead make them happen ourselves. And let’s just say, from the conversations we’ve had, we’re not the only women there who have these kinds of...needs.” She put a hand to her mouth and giggled. “If you’re open to it, we could, you know, send some of our new friends your way out here. Not a guarantee or anything, but if it sounds good to you?”

Holy shit, Barry thought. Don’t overthink it.

“It sounds good to me,” he said. “As long as I don’t miss too much work.” He let out a laugh.

“Great.” Jill beamed. “We’re gonna refill our waters and get going. That was a great rest, but we have quite a bit of the trail left, and I want to make sure we still have time to go and get lunch when we’re done.”

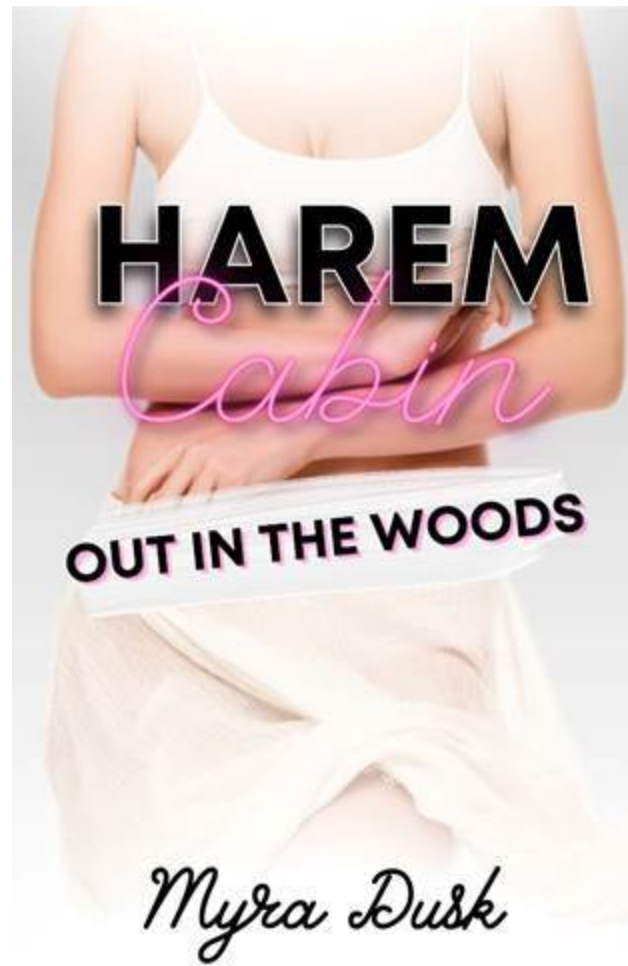
Annie leaned in and planted a kiss on his cheek. “Thanks, Barry.”

Still somewhat stunned, he watched them go, very aware that the shapely asses retreating in those yoga pants were all over his body just minutes ago. He was worried that by tomorrow he would think it had all been a dream.

He sat down heavily in the chair behind his small desk, looking out the faraway front windows of the cabin. Annie and Jill were gone, and it might be a while before new hikers came. Maybe now would be a good time to grab a quick shower.

He wondered if he’d really see more women like Annie and Jill. One thing was for sure—if they walked through that door, he wouldn’t be saying no.

THE END (of book 1)



HAREM

Cabin

OUT IN THE WOODS

Myra Dusk

Harem Cabin: Out in the Woods
Book 2
by Myra Dusk

All rights reserved ©2024 Myra Dusk

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, or distributed by any means or in any form without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical review and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

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

Cover Photo © [AndrewLozovyi] / DepositPhotos

Barry sat back in his desk chair at the hiking trail rest stop cabin, content. It had been a smooth day so far, with a few hikers stopping by the cabin. He had chatted with the chatty ones for a while, enjoying their company, but he also didn't mind when the cabin was empty and solitude was his.

Barry worked for a private security firm, and the park service had contracted his firm to station security guards at this public rest stop meant for hikers on the trail through the woods. Barry had been very excited to land this assignment, being a person who loved nature and being outside. The cabin was nicknamed Nature's Nurture, and he would be here working this assignment and living in the cabin in the forest outside the city for the next few months.

It had been almost one month since Annie and Jill had come by the cabin with the express purpose of fucking his brains out, and he still thought about it almost every day. He hadn't seen them since, but he remembered what Jill had told him before the two women had left.

Apparently, Annie and Jill were part of some class which they described as more of a group therapy session, which had encouraged them to free themselves from their inhibitions and go after what they had wanted. Namely, that had been Barry, whom they had seen working security at another site before he had been stationed at the cabin. They had thrown caution to the wind and been completely honest with Barry, and he had been very receptive to their advances. The rest was history.

Jill had said that there were other women like herself and Annie in the class, and that those women might be interested in doing exactly what he, Annie, and Jill had done. She had asked if it was okay to send them to the cabin while he was stationed here, if the women were in fact interested, and Barry had no problem saying yes to that.

It seemed a little too good to be true, though. He didn't really expect a hoard of women to come through the door, grabbing at his pants with a mad desire for him to fuck them, so he let his expectations temper and just focused on work and enjoying the forest.

He didn't always have to be at the cabin if visitors were to come by, and patrolling the area that constituted the grounds of the cabin was part of

his job, too, so Barry changed over to some rugged hiking boots and left the rest stop cabin, setting out on what he expected to be a short patrol.

"Well, maybe not too short," he said to himself as he stepped outside into the warm sunshine. "I think I'm due for a nice, long walk in the woods."

It was the early afternoon, and the rest stop was empty. Per regulations, he left the basic instructions for newcomers on the screen door, pinned up for anyone who might come along, and there were other signs in clear vinyl stands around the place just in case anyone got confused or wandered out of the public area and into the personnel quarters.

Out on the grounds, Barry didn't see nor hear anyone approaching, and he turned to the north to start his patrol deeper into the woods, where the main trail would veer off shortly away from his direction. The rest stop cabin sat in a clearing among the trees, although the tree line and the growth of the forest wasn't far away, and part of his duties were to keep the clearing free of too much invasive growth, without going crazy like some land development company and causing more damage than was necessary. He'd taken care of that pretty recently, so there was no need to go into the small tool shed behind the cabin today.

Barry circled around the northern edge of the grounds, making sure there wasn't any litter scattered about and ensuring that the posted signs marking the small plot of land hadn't been disturbed. Occasionally they'd get torn down or marked up and would need replacement. So far, everything seemed to be good, so he turned up to the northern trail to indulge in a little hiking himself.

His phone rang about that time. There was actually pretty good service out here, even this deep into the forest. He pulled it out of his pocket and saw that it was his boss, so he went ahead and answered.

"Hey, Jeff," Barry said. "How you doing?"

Barry proceeded along the trail while the short small talk of employer and employee continued. He stayed off to the side, trying not to let himself get too distracted by the phone call to take in the sights of the forest. Eventually, his boss got to the point.

"I just wanted you to keep your eyes open," Jeff told him, and Barry could hear the clicking of a computer mouse in the background. "The park service got some reports of a group of people visiting the main trail that your rest stop is on over and over again, allegedly approaching from both

the south and north, but they didn't seem like hikers. They clued me in, and I suppose it's my job to be at least a little paranoid, so I thought, if someone is going back to a place over and over while not really belonging there, they might be casing it. I don't know what the rest stop might have to steal, from my logs of inventory it doesn't seem like it's worth anyone's time, unless eighty bucks in petty cash is important to them."

Barry laughed at that. "It is quite a bit of a hike for such a lame haul."

"Right. But anyway, keep your eye out for any suspicious characters, which I know you're doing anyway. If there's any more information on that, I'll let you know."

Barry thanked him and ended the call, putting the phone back in his pocket. He hadn't noticed anything suspicious like that, so he wasn't particularly worried. The flowers that the park service had had the concern about had turned out to be harmless, as well, as he had expected. After almost a month here, and plenty of time spent hiking these trails before he was stationed here, he knew the area pretty well. His instincts were usually good.

Barry did leave the grounds of the rest stop officially and continued proceeding along the northern trail, not technically something that he should be doing, but something he indulged in anyway. Further up, there was the beginnings of a deer trail that he liked to walk by and see if they were still using. He had never seen the deer, but somehow it was nice seeing evidence that they were going to and fro in the woods, living lives that mostly went completely unseen.

He had reached that area, standing a few dozen feet away from where he could see the deer trail begin, when he saw three people coming the opposite way on the northern path. He gave them a short, friendly wave and didn't let his gaze linger. He was in uniform, and when they saw him, most people assumed he was a park ranger. That was fine and all, but he knew seeing an authority figure out when you're supposed to be isolated from society by the insular nature of a hiking trail kind of spoiled the fun a little bit, and tended to put people on guard for no reason. Even working security for as long as he had, he still felt that way on occasion. So a quick greeting, and then don't make the people feel like they're being watched. That was the ideal interaction unless somebody needed help or wanted to chat.

With his focus back on the deer trail, he looked closer and thought he might see some antler shedding that he couldn't resist getting a better look

at. He headed toward the trail, already having put the hikers coming his way out of his mind, and was surprised when he heard one of them call out.

"Sorry, um, sir?" came the voice, and Barry pulled his attention away from the deer trail and looked to the group, three women who were coming up to him tentatively. They looked to all be in their late 20s, fit and honestly beautiful, though definitely not dressed for a hike. The woman speaking to him had long brown hair that was twisted into a braid and hanging over her shoulder.

"Can I help you three with something?" Barry asked them, putting on his trademark friendly smile. The three of them looked nervous and quite uncertain, so he asked them, "Did you get turned around? Need some directions?"

"Not exactly," another one of the women said. She was blonde, and her hair was shoulder length and curly, framing a sweet face with blue eyes. She had on a T-shirt that was tied up at the waist like she was a cheerleader at a college football game, showing off her tight stomach, and highlighting the generous curve of her breasts. "My name is Beth. This is Taylor—" Beth nodded her head at the girl with the long braid, "and Madison."

Madison had brown hair as well, though nowhere near as long as Taylor. Hers was short and scooped neatly around her neck. Her blouse was bright yellow and showed a lot of her cleavage.

"Actually, we're not really lost, but there was a specific spot we're looking for that we heard about in these woods and we haven't been able to find, although I thought we were in the right area..." Beth looked around, raising her shoulders in a short shrug. "But I guess we passed it by, or just haven't reached it yet. There's supposed to be this area with three big bat houses that we had seen online, but no luck yet. You wouldn't happen to know the place, would you?"

"The bat houses..." Barry thought for a second. He definitely did know the place, but he hadn't stopped by there in some time, since well before he was ever stationed at Nature's Nurture. After a moment of reflection, the location did appear in his mind. The ladies were on the right track, but they had passed it a little while back. He couldn't remember where exactly it was, but he would know it when he saw it.

"If I remember right, the entry path there had gotten a little overgrown," Barry said to them. "Hard to find. I guess fewer and fewer people were going over there specifically, and nature took its course. But

long story short, yes, I can get you there. Now, I don't remember specifically where it is well enough to just point you along, but I know it's back the way you all came from. I can take you there and once I lay eyes on it, I'll know we're in the right spot."

"Oh, that's great," Madison said, nodding and making her short brown hair bob. "I was gonna ask—I mean if you could—just because, well, yeah, we got turned around. No way we were going to find it if we already passed it. Like I told you, Beth."

Beth shrugged. "When you're right, you're right. Thanks, um...?"

"My name is Barry," he told the three women. "Anyway, I shouldn't be away from the rest stop for too long, so I'll go ahead and take you all there now if it's all the same to you."

"Please lead the way," Madison said.

The nervous energy of the three women had faded some by the time Barry walked past them to direct them back down the path they had used. He supposed it was just hard to break the ice and ask for help, and they were warming up to it. If he remembered right, the secluded little clearing with the bat houses wasn't too far away, and it shouldn't delay his return to patrol by too long, as long as he actually did remember where it was and wasn't just fooling himself so that he could spend some time with these three hot women.

No, come on, you're better than that, Barry, he chided himself. You're doing this out of the goodness of your heart. And while that is true, it doesn't change the fact that all of them are practically hanging their cleavage out into the air, and the blonde one, Beth? I didn't know they sold shorts that short. No one said you're not allowed to look—it would be pretty hard not to.

Barry started them back the way they had come, while behind him the girls talked quietly amongst themselves, nothing that he could really hear. He really did love it out here, and if there weren't any noise behind him, it was possible he'd forget about the women behind him completely.

Well, not really. They really did look damn good, and he was definitely tempted to turn his head back to get another glimpse, but he didn't want to be a creep. He definitely couldn't go around thinking that every woman who came into this forest was like Jill and Annie, visiting with the express purpose of getting fucked by Barry. Plenty of women had come and gone and there had been no prurient activity, or even flirting.

Okay, there had been some flirting. He was a burly, bearded, good-looking guy, and women tended to take notice of that. Barry loved some good-natured flirting, and it got his heart rate up just as much as it raised any woman's who engaged in it. Nothing like some harmless, mutually beneficial fun.

Focus, man. You're supposed to actually be looking for something right now.

Barry got more of a bearing on his surroundings. The trail curved very gradually left for the next three-quarters of a mile, and there was a steep drop-off down to a ravine if you strayed more than a hundred feet or so off of the trail. Since it was such a regularly-used trail, there were signs posted warning of it, but he still checked back to make sure his companions were aware.

They seemed to be, safely on the right side of the trail a couple dozen feet behind him, and still looking gorgeous. He brought his gaze back forward, making sure to step over the creeping roots of the large trees that pushed upward into the surface of the trail. That was something you always had to keep an eye on—twisting your ankle and not being able to walk back while all the way out here was no good. On a bright summer day with people around, it wasn't so bad, but worse situations had befallen people whose attention slipped for a second. There was an ATV back at the rest stop, but it was pretty much just for hauling tools short distances and wasn't equipped to rescue anyone in an emergency. The park service took care of that.

"I'm pretty sure it's not much further up," Barry called back to the three of them. He lifted an arm and pointed ahead, indicating a tree with some branches broken around the bottom. "That ash tree there is the marker that I remember. Just up past it a bit I'll be able to find the trail there, even if it's overgrown some by now."

"Great!" one of them responded—Barry wasn't sure who.

True to his word, a few hundred feet past that ash tree, there was a tiny branch-off from the main trail that no one would have noticed if they didn't know exactly where to look. Barry grinned. That was what he had been looking for.

"I found the spot here," Barry called back to them, excited. He hadn't been to the spot in quite some time either, and he was looking forward to seeing it for himself. "Come on, this way."

He went over to where the path began, and the three women followed him, talking excitedly amongst themselves as well. He guessed that he wasn't the only one who would get a little thrill out of visiting this secluded spot. He wasn't sure if the bats still used the houses here, but it would still be a nice place.

Barry pushed through some of the overgrowth, holding the slender branches of stretching bushes aside so that the three ladies could walk through unhindered. They thanked him as they proceeded, and he released the overgrowth once they were all inside, letting it snap back into place in a rustle of leaves and branches.

The trail itself, for most of it, was much more manageable than the almost-hidden entry. The growth was low, threatening more to snag their ankles than to stop them entirely, and Barry got in front of the women again so that he could use his bulk to clear out anything dangerous.

"Yeah, nobody's been here in a while, that much is clear," Barry said to them, using his boots to snap creeping tendrils that might cause one of them to trip. "I'm glad you brought it to my attention. It's not part of my area, but I'll let the park service guys know that this trail could use some conditioning."

"That's great," Madison said. "I have a feeling we're going to like the spot, I bet that we'll want to come back. Or maybe tell some other people about it."

"The more, the merrier," Barry said agreeably. "Okay, here we are!"

The very end of the short trail was even more overgrown than the entry had been, and again Barry positioned himself like he was the door, opening the way for the three women so that they could walk by safely. They made it into the clearing safely, and Barry let the branches snap behind him once more. He wanted to get a quick look at the clearing before leaving the women to their devices and heading back to the rest stop. He'd been gone long enough already.

Stepping forward, he was glad to see that the area was still in a good shape and most certainly traversable by hikers once the path was opened up. It was a small clearing in the woods, oval in shape but with rough edges since it had been a natural clearing and very little had been done to make it look any different. The main exception were three very tall bat houses on sturdy wooden poles, stretching way up above their heads, perhaps two hundred feet away from where they had come out of the trail. The bat

houses were spaced a hundred feet apart from each other, with housings at the top that looked deceptively small at a distance, but once you got close to them, it became clear that they were pretty big.

There wasn't much else of interest here; not even a bench to rest on. The park service didn't want to encourage people meandering in this particular spot so as not to disturb the bats too much, but they still wanted it open and accessible to the public for educational reasons, hence the small plaque on the 3-foot pedestal near the closest bat house.

"Looks great," Barry said, nodding in approval. "I won't keep you all, just be careful getting back onto the trail with the overgrowth. Hopefully next time you come back here, this will all have been cleared out. "

Barry turned around and stepped back to the entry of the trail, turning sideways so that he could press himself through the slender branches without having one snap into his face.

"Wait!"

Barry stopped, turning his head back toward them. Beth had stepped forward, raising one hand in the air while she called out to him.

"Is everything all right?" Barry asked, concerned.

"Can you come back here for just a second?" Beth asked him.

"There's something I have to say, but I don't want to... you know, shout it through the whole forest."

"Um...sure, sure," Barry said, hesitating for only a moment before backing away from the trail and heading over to regroup with the three ladies. "Is anything wrong? If you three were going to smoke weed out here or something, that's fine, just don't throw anything lit onto the ground and take your garbage with you is all."

Taylor laughed, throwing her head back. "Ha! No, nothing like that. We—well, Beth, you were saying..."

"We're friends with Jill and Annie," Beth blurted out, bringing her hands to her chest. Taylor and Madison gave a little nods in agreement. Beth continued, "They told us about you, and they said you'd probably be okay with...well, us coming here and...can you help me out, ladies!?"

"Seeing if you wanted to have sex," Taylor finished for Beth, surprisingly calm.

"With all three of us," Madison added. "Just to be clear."

"Uh...oh." Barry was caught completely off-guard at this, despite having some sexual thoughts earlier since they looked so good. Come to

think of it, these three looked *really* good, clearly not dressed for a hike, clearly dressed to catch someone's eye, and holy shit how had he not realized this the moment he had laid eyes on them? Thinking back, now that he gave the idea some attention, these three had practically been ogling him any chance they had gotten to look.

"If not, that's alright," Beth said, sounding a little dejected. Color crept into her cheeks. "I know they told you about the group and stuff, and probably we could have, I don't know, called or something instead of springing this on you in the middle of the woods—"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Barry said, shaking his head. "It's just that my mind was elsewhere. Listen...I am never not in the mood. If you all really want to do this thing, then you came to the right guy."

He watched all three of their faces light up, and again felt like he was living in a dream. Stuff like this just didn't happen in real life. Yet, here he stood.

"Let's head back to the rest stop, I have a space—"

"Actually, we wanted to do it outside," Taylor said quickly, cutting it off. "We really did know this place, we just couldn't find it. We had it in mind specifically." She ran a hand down the length of her braid. "Since you're into nature and all, we figured you'd be amenable."

"I'm amenable," Barry confirmed.

"Okay, then, get over here and grab my tits!" Madison exclaimed, the awkwardness of establishing the situation having melted away once they had all confirmed they were on the same page. Then she ripped her yellow blouse off, letting it fly into the grass, and it became very apparent that she was not wearing any kind of bra at all, and again, Barry reflected that he must have been blind as one of the bats in these houses not to have noticed this.

But that was too much thinking, and there was a fantastic invitation on the table just waiting for him. Figuring they were less likely to get caught outside if they just got right into things, Barry went over to the topless and bra-less Madison and did as she commanded, getting his hands on her big tits. Her hard nipples poked between the spaces of his fingers, brown and bumpy.

"Oh, yeah," Madison said, biting her lip. "Don't be gentle."

"If you insist," Barry said, and then he squeezed her big tits in his hands while pinching her nipples between his knuckles at the same time,

making her groan. She put her hands on his hips, pulling him closer.

Not to be left out, Taylor and Beth came around on either side of Madison, groping at their friend's breasts and naked stomach, running their hands across her exposed flesh.

"I always loved your tits, Madison," Beth said, cupping her hand under the bulky weight of Madison's right breast. "God, this is so exciting!"

"Ever since we started with the group, the three of us have had a lot more fun together," Taylor said, making sure to look Barry in the eyes so that she could see his pleased reaction.

"Maybe we could show Barry our favorite thing to do, Taylor," Madison panted while she was worked over by all three of them, Barry's big hands massaging as much of her tits as he could. It still left a lot hanging free for the other girls. Madison was stacked.

Madison dug her fingers into Barry's hips and pulled him into a deep kiss, immediately invading his mouth with her tongue. Her big breasts squished against his chest, pinning his hands there between the two of them, while their tongues swirled around each other and Madison moaned into his mouth. Barry was hard as a rock now, his dick straining at the front of his uniform pants like it had been doing way, way too often since he had started working at the cabin.

Taylor and Beth pulled away, immediately going over to Barry and getting him undressed. Taylor slipped her slender fingers into his waistband, pulling his tucked shirt out of it and yanking it over his head, which forced his hands away from Madison's breasts for the briefest of moments. Once the shirt was off, Madison grabbed his arms and squished his hands back into her tits, wiggling into his touch.

Beth got his belt undone and pants down so fast that Barry wondered if undressing a man was part of something that they went over in this group that they all attended. His cock sprung into the air, feeling the naked openness of the forest, but then it was smashed into Madison's waist, feeling the soft stretch of skin between her navel and pussy. Knowingly, Madison ground into the hard rod pressing against her, making Barry's knees tremble.

"Well, now that he's free," Madison said, working her hips into Barry's cock, "it's my turn to play with something of yours, I think."

Madison pulled on him, waiting for just the right moment when her sneaky little movements against his sensitive cock made his knees weak,

urging him to the ground. Once he was down on his knees, she laid down in front of him, somehow wedging her way between his knees so that it was Barry who was straddling her, his hard cock nestled neatly between her big, bouncy tits. The flesh was warm and soft and inviting, and he couldn't help but shiver at the pleasurable touch.

Madison was completely naked. When the hell did her pants come off? Taylor and Beth must've been responsible for that, too. They really had a talent.

"Feed me your cock, Barry," Madison begged. She put her hands up on the side of her tits, squeezing her soft, warm breasts around his cock, so big that they swallowed his shaft completely. "Come on. Just a little closer."

She opened her mouth.

It was one of the most inviting and irresistible things that Barry had ever seen. He moved himself forward, his heavy balls dragging across her chest, the smooth flesh of her stomach pressing at his ass once he settled down within reach of her needy mouth.

Immediately, Madison took the head of his cock into her mouth, craning her neck forward so that she could get as much of it into her as possible. She moaned around his hard flesh, at the same time pressing her tits into the parts of him that she couldn't fit past her lips, massaging all of his cock. Barry tensed, his breath hitching in his throat. Her tongue swirled around his cock head, and her greedy lips pulled and sucked at the most sensitive part of his cock. He immediately started thrusting into her, feeling like an animal whose instincts were completely out of his control. He just wanted to shove more and more of his cock into her.

While he did that, he felt movement behind him. The other two women had gotten themselves fully naked as well, and Taylor had settled down on the ground between Madison's legs. Madison has spread them open, inviting her friend to work on the rest of her while she worked on Barry. Taylor nuzzled her chin into the same short, trimmed pussy hairs that Madison had rubbed against Barry's cock, and then she dove into her friend's pussy without any other foreplay.

Madison made an indiscernible noise of pleasure around the cock that filled her mouth, tensing her stomach muscles under Barry's ass and thrusting her crotch into Taylor's mouth, or at least as much as she could, anyway, while being pinned down by two people, pleasuring one while another plunged her tongue deep inside of her. Taylor sucked hard on

Madison's clit, making her squirm with overstimulation before backing off right before Madison screamed, and licking up and down her sensitive labia. She definitely knew what she was doing, and how to tease and torture her friend with just the right amount of pleasure.

But then her focus diminished some, because with her ass stuck up in the air while she bent down to eat Madison's pussy, Beth got in behind Taylor and started working on her exposed pussy, shoving her tongue deep inside of her hole. She was at a perfect access point to get penetrated deeply by Beth's expert tongue. Together, all four of them undulated, pushing their nether regions into each other's mouths, maximizing their pleasure while engaged in some kind of gamesmanship to make the other person cum.

Finally, Taylor pulled up from Madison's pussy, watching Barry fuck her tits and mouth for just a moment longer before saying, "All right. It's my turn with Barry now."

The difficult shuffle of engagement in group sex is mostly avoided when people are clear with their expectations and desires. And physicality is often the quickest and clearest way to express those desires.

Taylor shoved Barry over, sending him sprawling onto the grass, his dick flopping with the motion and sending the leftovers of Madison's saliva flinging into the air. It was easy to do, because Barry had been avoiding putting all of his weight onto Madison, and so he was off-balance. Madison sat up, panting. Her neck and tits were soaked with her own spit and Barry's pre-cum.

"Flat on the ground, Barry," Taylor told him, which wasn't hard to achieve, what with how she had pushed him down. Not that Barry minded one bit. He laid flat, and in a flash, Taylor was on top of him, her pussy and ass in his face while she stared hungrily down at his cock.

But this time, Barry was the first to dive in, his mouth finding that Taylor's pussy was extremely wet, as of course she had been being worked over by Beth this entire time. He lapped at her folds, plunging his tongue into her hole on occasion, noticing that doing so made her shove back down on his face, so he partook in it more.

Taylor wasn't far behind him in getting started, taking all of his cock into her mouth and practically making him choke. The combination of Madison's mouth and tits on his long shaft had been heavenly, but there was a little that could compare with having your entire length swallowed up into someone's mouth and throat. Taylor bobbed up and down on his cock,

clearly having a good time, and Barry withdrew his tongue from her pussy to lick at her asshole and make her squeal and wiggle with delight. She pressed back on him, and he forced his tongue inside.

Then he felt a hot, wet tongue on his balls, as Beth had grabbed his thighs and pulled herself up into his crotch, working on his sack while Taylor sucked his cock up and down.

While the hungry mouths worked, sucking at each other's flesh, tongues licking and stabbing and probing and swirling, Madison got down on her knees by Barry's head, getting an eyeful of him working on both of Taylor's holes. She leaned over Taylor, and her big tits squished into the top of her friend's rump, a beautiful merging of flesh that was satisfying for Barry's eyes to behold.

Madison whispered something to her friend that Barry couldn't hear, and Taylor seemed to nod enthusiastically in the form of sucking Barry's cock a little faster. Madison leaned back up, a mischievous smile on her face. She reached down behind herself, feeling for something in the grass, what might have been a pair of pants, and came back with a small bottle in her hand.

"You're going to get a front row seat to our favorite little thing that we like to do," Madison informed Barry, flipping the cap open on the small bottle that she held in her hand. She poured the substance over her right hand, and as she worked it up and down her skin, it became clear that it was a bottle of lube.

Barely waiting for Barry to get out of the way, Madison rested one hand on the small of Taylor's back, then leaned over and shoved three fingers into her friend's pussy, making Taylor start and jerk, her mouth freezing on Barry's cock. After a few seconds of getting used to the intrusion, Taylor started to press herself back onto the fingers while resuming the blow job. All the while, Beth licked expertly and hungrily at Barry's balls, sucking on them and taking them into her mouth.

Three fingers soon became four, and then Madison added her thumb to Taylor's pussy, spearing her fingers into her friend's stretching hole. Taylor groaned in delight and frustration, wanting all of Beth's hand inside of her, but not quite ready for it yet. Barry relaxed on the grass, enjoying the sensations of two women working on his cock while he watched Taylor's pussy get stretched to the limit just a few inches from his face.

Madison forced her fingers forward, working Taylor's hole open with a practiced motion. Barry watched more and more of Madison's hand slip inside of Taylor's cunt, until finally, with a small scream from Taylor, the widest part of Madison's hand made it past Taylor's resistance, and her whole fist disappeared inside of Taylor's pussy up to her wrist.

"God, I love being inside you," Madison said, using her free hand to smack Taylor on the ass and leave a pink mark.

"Yes, yes," Taylor was agreeing, possibly half-delirious with the intense pleasure and feeling of having Madison's entire fist inside of her. "Fist me, Madison, oh, fuck my pussy!"

Taylor had leaned up, arching her back and focusing on getting fisted by Madison, leaving Barry's cock free to be engulfed into Beth's mouth, the blonde swallowing him up even better than Taylor had done. God, Barry could feel her throat muscles working on the head of his cock as she took him down to the hilt.

On top of him, Madison started to fist fuck Taylor. Her fist squelched inside of her pussy, Madison going as deep as she possibly could, with a couple more inches of her wrist disappearing into Taylor's canal. A combination of lube and mostly pussy juice dripped down onto Barry's neck and chest as Taylor was fisted right on top of him. It was something Barry had never seen before, and he drank in every little bit of it, both figuratively and a little bit literally, depending on where the drips landed. He watched Taylor's pussy lips stretch farther than he'd ever seen a woman stretch, the way that Madison pulled back so that her fist was almost ready to pop out of Taylor's pussy again before she shoved it back in, making Taylor shudder and groan and plead for more. The only distraction from this spectacle was the work that Beth was doing on his cock and balls, switching between his shaft and his dangling sack, like she couldn't choose which one she loved the most. The stimulation was incredible. Barry rested one hand on Taylor's side, feeling her muscles work while she was fist fucked.

Beth slurped her mouth off of his cock and said to all of them, "Let's flip this around. Get Taylor on her back, and then Barry can use that dick on me."

Barry didn't understand immediately, but Madison and Taylor seemed to, leading him to wonder how much time they really did spend writhing around in a bed together with all three of them. It would be a thought worth

lingering on if there weren't much more real things happening around and to him right now.

Without letting Madison's fist escape her pussy, Taylor rolled off of Barry so that she was on her back in the grass, Madison adjusting so that she was still able to work her magic on her. Taylor laid on her back with her legs up, and Madison was on her hands and knees, one hand planted in the grass while the other was planted between Taylor's legs. Beth moved around to where they were arranged, getting on her hands and knees herself while playfully bumping Madison off to the left so that she could be a little bit more central. She wiggled her ass in the air, looking back over her shoulder at Barry.

"Come on, big guy," she said to him, titillating. "Aren't you dying to bury your cock in me?"

"Like you read about," Barry practically snarled. He'd had his cock almost constantly sucked for the last god-knew how long, and it had been like a drug, sedating him and keeping him docile. Now that there was treasure in front of him ripe for his plundering, his needs overwhelmed his body, and he knew that Beth was right. He had to fuck her right then and there.

Getting into position behind her was easy, though with Madison essentially attached to Taylor at this point, they were all in a very tight set. Madison's calf pressed against Barry's as he nestled into the grass next to her, lining up his hard, dripping cock with Beth's hole, then grabbing her by the hips and shoving himself forward into her, not too quickly, letting himself feel every inch of her as he slid inside.

Beth let out a moaning growl of pleasure, dropping her head down and lifting her ass up to make sure that Barry wasn't inhibited by anything as he hilted his cock inside of her. His groin hit against hers with a wet slap, as Beth had been dripping her own arousal this entire time, waiting for someone to come and give her some treatment. Barry started to fuck her, relishing how tightly her pussy gripped him, wondering how long he could possibly last as he watched her blonde hair bounce with the motion.

Hardly more than a few inches away, Madison resumed fucking Taylor with her fist, and the latter had reached a hand down to play with her own clit. It bulged and tipped slightly upward with the displacement of Madison's fist and Taylor's own arousal. The instant that Taylor touched it,

she shivered, holding off for a second to find the right stimulation before diving back in and frigging herself.

Barry had wondered how long he might last, but it turned out that Taylor was the one on the edge. Perhaps unsurprisingly, with what Madison was doing to her. Taylor groaned, then grunted, then screamed as her rubbing on her clit took her past the point of no return and her orgasm gushed around Madison's fist, squirting and soaking the ground below her ass with her juices. It was a hell of a sight, watching Taylor clench down on Madison's fist to enhance her orgasm, squirting and writhing and eventually bringing a hand to her mouth to stop herself from yelling any more while her tits bounced with the undulations of her body.

"Leave it in," Taylor panted when it was done, putting a hand on Madison's slick wrist where her hand was still inside of her. "Leave it in."

Barry had started to fuck Beth harder now, slapping his cock into her with full length strokes. Beth was working on her own clit, rubbing at her sensitive nub while gyrating her hips around Barry's cock, slamming her ass backward into him.

"Give me a hand, Barry," Madison said, her voice muffled. She had started masturbating too, her shoulder planted in the grass with her cheek resting on the ground, her other hand still inside of her friend. "I am so fucking close."

Madison's exposed rear end was well within Barry's reach. He slid his fingers, already wet, up the lips of her pussy, feeling it move as she rubbed at herself. His fingers found her hole, soft and wet and inviting, and two had slipped in before he even realized, followed quickly by a third once he felt that he hit his mark, and Madison groan and pushed back.

"Yes! Just like that! Fuck me!"

Barry had no problems multitasking, especially considering it only made everything feel better. Beth slammed into him and he slammed into her in return, the wet, slapping sounds of their fucking echoing through the clearing. He wasn't sure which one of them came first. It was close enough to be a photo finish, but Beth's orgasm lasted longer, which, if it had been a competition, would have made her the winner in Barry's eyes. Right around the time that he felt Beth tense up and then start spasming around his cock, Madison did the same thing, shoving back against Barry's thick fingers and angling herself so that their combined girth pounded her G-spot relentlessly. It turned out that Beth was a squirter, too, her flowing juices soaking both

of their crotches and dripping down onto the forest floor, while Madison's pussy squeezed Barry's fingers hard enough that it hurt in the best way.

When Beth could manage to speak again, still perhaps unconsciously humping at Barry's cock, she told him, "Pull it out and cum all over my ass! I want to feel that hot cum on me!"

For Barry, it was the last straw. Amazed he'd held on this long already, Beth drop kicked him right over the edge of the cliff with her command, and he felt his balls and stomach tighten as the inevitable orgasm pressed against his resistance with the force of an avalanche.

He ripped his cock from Beth's pussy, wrapping his other hand around it even though he'd already started cumming the split second that he had pulled out. He couldn't stay quiet about it, moaning and repeating "oh fuck, oh fuck" as he shot his seed all over Beth's ass cheeks. His cum splattered against her asshole and pussy, and painted her cheeks and the small of her back. Even once he was completely spent and there was nothing left to shoot, he still kept pumping his cock, riding the waves of pleasure that persisted far beyond the contents of his balls.

Barry couldn't stay upright any longer, even on his knees. He toppled over into the grass, more completely exhausted and worn out than he had ever been in his life. Around him, the women fell over like dominoes, the sexual energy that had kept all four of them bright and bushy gone now, leaving their bodies to lie slack in the grass.

The smell of sex in the air faded, still leaving behind a ghost of itself, but the forest air was quick to take over. Barry felt certain that there was no better place to fuck, and no better place to collapse in recovery after it was done. If heaven had a lounge and a forest, he'd choose the forest.

I don't think you're going to heaven after this one, Barry, he thought, and smiled.

"Wow," Taylor finally said. At some point Madison had indeed slipped her fist out of her, and Taylor rolled over in the grass, weakly reaching for her clothes and pulling them over to herself, while throwing her friends' clothes to them where they lay. "I was worried that we weren't going to be able to go through with it. This was, what, like our sixth time here?"

"Something like that," Beth sighed contentedly.

Chuckling to himself, Barry remembered the phone call from his boss. "Six times? Yeah, you drew some eyes. Next time you should

probably dress like you're going for a hike."

"But we were going for a fuck," Madison pouted jokingly. "I did see a really cute workout top at that shop in the village, though..."

Their breathing steadied, and over time, their muscles started to work again, helped along by remembering the fact that they were out in public, and with their lust spilled out all over the ground, a dose of nerves came back. Barry had a small, clean towel in the pocket of his uniform that he brought with him on patrols to dab the sweat from his forehead, and it was unused today. Until now, as he used it to clean himself up before he got back in his work clothes. Regardless, he would need another shower. Few things lingered like pussy.

Once they were all up and dressed, Barry said, "It probably goes without saying, but that was fucking amazing. I'm glad that the sixth time was the charm."

"Us, too," Beth said, smiling.

"So being that this has happened twice so far..." Barry reached into his pocket, pulling out his wallet and slipping a business card out from it. "If you three, or Jill and Annie, or some other lovely ladies from your group feel the need to come by, you're very welcome, but my phone number is on here in case it would be better to arrange something instead of slipping into the bushes and fucking." He grinned. "Although, I have to say, I'd do it again."

Beth took the card, looked down at it, and tucked it into her pocket. "Maybe. But spontaneity is kind of one of the key components of letting your spirit free, so don't be too surprised if you get a hand on your shoulder instead of a call on the phone."

"There is nothing on Earth that will ever surprise me again," Barry said with a laugh.

Each of them gave him a kiss on the lips before they left, and the four of them cleared out of the secluded little area with the girls heading back up the north end of the trail with a wave, and Barry returning the wave and heading south back to the rest stop cabin. He reminded himself to contact the park service about opening up that trail again. As much as he might want to keep it as a secret little fuck spot, he knew he couldn't hog it to himself. He would wait a day or two, though. Let the evidence dissipate.

Back at the cabin, he zipped by the few people who were resting there, giving short greetings but not wanting anyone to get a whiff of him.

He got to the back quarters, stripped down, and took a quick shower before returning to his station. Barry sat down at the computer desk and looked out the window at the tree line, wondering what else was going to find him out here in the forest. Or rather, who else.

He said he'd never be surprised again, but he had been wrong before.

THE END (of book 2)

A woman is shown from the back, wearing black lace lingerie. Her hands are raised behind her head. The image is semi-transparent, allowing text to be overlaid.

HAREM

Cabin

STORM SHELTER

Myra Dusk

Harem Cabin: Storm Shelter

Book 3

by Myra Dusk

All rights reserved ©2024 Myra Dusk

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, or distributed by any means or in any form without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical review and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

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

Cover Photo © [voronin-76] / DepositPhotos

Today was not a beautiful day.

Okay, that wasn't exactly true. At this specific moment, it was a beautiful day here at Nature's Nurture, with natural sunlight streaming through the windows and giving the cabin a homey and cozy ambience. Anyone could be fooled into thinking that it would be like that forever, with how serene everything was around them.

But there was a storm coming, and it threatened to be massive. The kind of storm with rain that could only be described as torrential, and gusts of wind that could break windows if they weren't properly reinforced. Barry was now tasked with making sure the hatches were battened, so to speak, and securing the cabin and its grounds for the coming storm.

This was why most of the trees close to the cabin had been cleared out, and why it sat in a pretty sizable clearing. Cutting down trees to offer a service to the park wasn't exactly ideal, but nature was nature, and the cabin wouldn't have lasted very long if it was surrounded by 30-foot tall trees that were ready to drop limbs crashing through its roof every time there was a storm. Once it was over, he would use the ATV out in the back shed to haul away whatever debris he could, though likely the job would be too big for one man in the park service would send in people.

His main task with this pending weather was to inform hikers to head out of the forest immediately, offer shelter to any who were caught in the storm, and do what he could from the inside to make sure the place didn't turn into a big mess. Most people who planned to come out into the woods were well aware of the weather, and from what he'd seen of the TV broadcasts over the last couple of days, he would be surprised if the upcoming storm was going to end up being news to anyone who lived in the city.

But of course, it never hurt to be careful.

It was 12:30 in the afternoon, and the storm was supposed to hit at around three, so it was time to usher everybody out. The cabin wasn't particularly crowded, because, again, most people knew about the storm already and weren't trying to get trapped in the woods in the middle of a torrential downpour, even if it was in a nice cabin with plenty of food and water, and even Internet.

There were three or four people lounging around in the chairs, and one lying down on a cot. It was about a half hour hike down the south trail to get back to the main entryway's parking lot, but he wanted to make sure the people had a good head start, especially if they were wiped out from hiking earlier in the day.

"All right, folks," Barry announced to the cabin, making his voice boom in the way that only large, bearded men could. He clapped his hands together, a portent of the thunder that would be arriving in a few hours. "The big storm is on the way, and the park service doesn't want anyone here except staff when it hits. I'm going to be closing this place up in the next fifteen minutes, and that means locked doors, shuttered windows, and abandonment of any phone chargers or wallets that have been left behind until you can make your way back here once the weather clears. So make sure you have everything, and please get safely back to the parking lot before the rain starts. Everybody drive safe."

There was a little bit of grumbling, but no real protests, because nobody could argue with the fact that they already knew.

"The rain's not supposed to start for a couple of hours," the guy lying down on the cot complained. "We got time."

"You got time," Barry corrected him. "I've got a lot I have to do around here before the clouds roll in, and any more than one is a crowd. Come on, up and at 'em."

The people did clear out, though to Barry's chagrin, it did take them a little longer than fifteen minutes to get all of their things together and exit to the cabin. He was glad he had started ushering them out when he did, because he had considered waiting until 1 o'clock, and that just would've put him even further in a hole.

He didn't lock the door yet, because he did still need and want to be available for anyone who wasn't able to make it out of the woods before the storm started, but he got to work on other things. He did the cleaning he was used to, finding any garbage that people had tucked into the seats or let fallen onto the floor and forgotten about. Normally he chided people when they left things lying about, telling them that he hoped they didn't treat the forest of the same way and having them pick it up before they left, but he could forgive a little sloppiness today in favor of getting people out of there earlier. He got the garbage tossed away and the furniture restored to where it was supposed to be, swapping out sheets or blankets and brushing off the

seating where necessary. When it came to hikers, things tended to get dirty. A surprising amount of his time as a security guard was spent cleaning and straightening things out.

He got the kitchenette area rearranged, giving it a quick restock since it wasn't too empty and it didn't take too long. He was actually a little excited about the storm, as there hadn't been a terribly bad one since he had been stationed at the cabin, but when it did rain, it was always nice being cooped up in here and hearing the sky patter down all around him. The idea of a big, crashing thunderstorm reminded him of being a kid sitting inside while the clouds above belched lightning and thunder loud enough to shake his bones. It was scary and exciting and fun in a strange way, and he felt that childlike anticipation creep into him as the storm neared. The cabin was pretty much built for this, a very modern and sturdy structure, despite its semi-rustic appearance. It wouldn't have a problem holding together during the storm.

Once the minutiae of making sure the cabin was clean and free of tripping hazards just in case the lights went out were done, Barry got to securing the structure itself. There wasn't much he could do to make the cabin stronger, but the place had a lot of windows with exterior shutters to brace them against potential storm damage, and that was what he needed to take care of next.

He went outside and could smell the ozone of the impending storm, the sensation sending a shiver through his body. He jogged through the grounds, looking up and down the southern and northern trails to make sure that there were no people coming to and fro. If necessary, he could give a lone hiker a ride on the back of the ATV to get them to the parking lot faster, but it looked like no one had decided to face the elements today. No one besides himself, anyway.

The afternoon sunlight was beginning to dip into grayness, and Barry hurried back to the utility shed behind the cabin. He checked his phone and saw that it was almost 2 o'clock, and he didn't know where the hell all the time had gone. With a renewed sense of urgency, he pulled open the big double doors of the utility shed and went inside. He started the ATV just to make sure it was working, then turned it off and gassed it up, something he wouldn't want to have to bother with in the heat of the moment if it came to that. He moved some of the tools around, making sure the two-handed axe was accessible for when he would eventually have to break up some larger

pieces of wood to haul away, and checking the weight on the propane tanks just out of habit, though that was something he did every week and he knew he had a good stock if it was necessary.

The utility shed was in good shape and pretty organized, so there wasn't much he had to do besides grab a couple cans of lantern fuel to bring into the cabin, something he had meant to do a few days ago but had forgotten about. He exited the shed and shut the doors, putting the padlock back on them so they wouldn't blow open. He quickly ran the lantern fuel back inside, setting it down on his computer desk near the back of the cabin, then got back outside to deal with the shutters.

The cabin was a lot larger than it appeared at first glance, especially if you spend most of your time on the inside. All around its perimeter, there were a total of fourteen windows that needed shuttering, and a couple of them required the use of a stepladder to reach, which Barry thumped himself on the forehead for when he realized he had forgotten to grab it from the shed. He went and got it, and began the arduous task of shuttering all the windows. They were storm shutters, heavy and strong, and by the time he locked the last set of them into place, his face was beaded with sweat. The humidity before the storm had gathered up into the air, pressing down on him like a blanket and thickening the forest air in the clearing.

But, finally, as far as he could tell, he was as prepared for the storm as he could be. Surprisingly exhausted, Barry retreated back into the cabin, letting the door close behind him. He spotted the lantern fuel cans on the desk, and knew they shouldn't be left out where they could easily get knocked over, especially if things went dark. He hustled to the back and gathered them up, moving them over to the higher counter of the kitchen and putting them up against the backsplash. Then he went to the rear quarters of the cabin where his small bedroom, back office, and bathroom were. The lanterns, four of them, heavy duty things that ran on kerosene so that you wouldn't be screwed if you'd forgotten to get batteries or couldn't power some rechargeable thing, sat on a shelf in the office. Barry gathered them up two by two and brought them out to the front of the cabin, setting them down alongside the fuel and making sure one of them was filled up.

"Okay." Barry let out a long breath and slapped his hands into his thighs, finally letting his tense muscles relax as he looked around the cabin. "I think that's just about everything."

He walked back to the front. There were two larger windows at the front of the cabin, viewing windows which didn't have shutters, but were made of reinforced triple pane glass that should be safe in a storm, even one of this magnitude. Still, just in case, Barry had moved the seating away from them, forming a kind of loose barricade with big open space in front of the windows, just so that if they did break, all the chairs wouldn't be covered with shattered glass and have to be replaced. You couldn't count on getting every tiny bit of glass out of an overstuffed chair cushion. It was better to just get rid of the thing if something like that happened.

Barry looked out the front at the darkening forest outside. The rain hadn't started yet, but it would very soon. He checked his phone again, and the clock told him that it was 2:45 PM. He could already hear the wind outside, starting as a whisper, but now it had warmed up to a howl as it wound its way through the trees and pressed against the walls of the cabin.

He wouldn't have minded standing here for the duration of the storm and watching as things developed, minus the risk that the window might break and slice him into ribbons, but he knew that he should do one last complete sweep of the place before things really started getting heavy. So he did, and it was a good thing, too, because in his effort to secure the public-facing areas, he had pretty much entirely neglected his back quarters. The narrow horizontal window in his bathroom was open, and he slid that shut and locked it, though it didn't have shutters. He also had more than a few things lying around on the floor of his small bedroom, things that would just be dying to trip him up in the event of a blackout. So he got that straightened out and went back out to the main area just at the same time as the front door to the cabin opened and two people walked inside.

Barry couldn't believe that he had forgotten to lock the front door. Of course, he was ready to open up for people in need if they got caught in the storm, but he had planned to spend his time near the front door so he could keep an eye out of the windows or hear someone knocking or ringing the electronic doorbell if they needed to get in, and then he could let them in.

Well, no matter. If they were coming in here, maybe they did need help. Barry moved forward, getting a look at the guests. They were two women, both wearing rain slickers in muted earth tone colors, and what looked like gardening hats with brims to keep out the sun and the rain. Most likely, they had come prepared for a little rain, but perhaps had

overestimated their ability to escape back to their car before the bad weather came.

"Hello there," Barry called out, approaching them across the floor of the cabin. "Excuse the layout here; it's rearranged because of the storm. Speaking of, you seem dressed for it, but what are you doing out here? This thing is going to hit in full force any minute."

It must have already started raining while Barry was preparing the back rooms, since both of the women had rain droplets on their slickers dripping a little bit onto the floor, though clearly the serious rain hadn't started yet. They must have just gotten caught in the pre-storm sprinkles.

"I hope we're not intruding," one of the women said, taking off her hat and letting her hair fall out of it, which had come out of the rain perfectly dry. Her long, black hair fell down her back, freed from the headwear. She looked at Barry with piercing blue eyes and arching eyebrows, making him think for an instant of a teacher he'd had as a kid, Miss Veronica, whom none of the students dared to cross. "It seems our timetable was a little off when it came to the rain."

The other woman removed her hat, revealing curly red hair that also fell down her back, though it wasn't as long as her friend's black hair. She had a few freckles on her face, giving her a younger and kinder appearance than her friend, at least at first glance.

"It's my fault," she said, shaking her head and making her curls bounce around. "I wanted to make sure we saw that heron's nest on the hike, but I didn't realize it would be so far out of the way..."

"Well, whatever the reason, you two are welcome to wait out the storm here," Barry said, gesturing around the main area of the cabin, where every seat was available. "Just stay away from the front windows. They're reinforced, but I prefer anyone here take precaution."

"Thanks, Mr..." the red-haired woman squinted, tilting forward to get a look at the name tag on his chest, though he doubted she could read it from as far away as she was. "Barry. Like Gina said, I hope we're not intruding. It looks like you have this place pretty well locked up."

"Well, except for the door," Gina commented.

Barry sheepishly put a hand behind his head. "I was getting to that. You two came at just the right time."

"Well, that's a relief," the red-haired woman said with a big smile. "I'm Stacy, by the way. Thanks for, uh, having us here. Are there any kind of

house rules we should know about?"

Barry shrugged. "Just common sense. Help yourself to any refreshments and let me know if you see anything amiss. I've kind of been scrambling around here getting everything ready, so it's possible a thing or two might have fallen through the cracks. You know, like a locked door."

The two of them laughed, and Barry excused himself to go back to his desk at the back of the main room. He wanted to quickly file a report on the security of the cabin before the storm came in too heavily, or at the very least, get the report started so that he'd have less to do amid the inevitable cleanup once this was all over.

Over the top of his computer monitor, he subtly watched Gina and Stacy get comfortable. The two of them shed their rain slickers and hung them on the hooks by the door, which Barry had gone ahead and locked after they had come in. They were both dressed casually, Stacy wearing a white blouse with a very minimal ruffle on the front, the open V-shaped neckline there obscuring any cleavage. The bright white of the blouse offset nicely with her hair. Gina had on a dark blue T-shirt with a logo for some college sports team that Barry didn't know, and the shirt was tight around her breasts, showing her shapely chest that the rain slicker had hidden. Both of them wore jeans that hugged their hips and showed off their legs.

Barry had dimmed the lights in the main cabin, so the room had more of a soft glow and less of an industrial fluorescence, which it normally carried when there wasn't sunlight coming through the windows. With the rain coming down now and pattering on the roof amid the gusts of wind, it made everything feel a lot more cozy and inviting.

Despite that, once the two of them had walked around and gotten familiar with the place, Stacy came over to him at the desk and asked, "Is it okay if we move the chairs around a little bit, just to find something that's comfortable? Everything's a little..."

She put her hand in the air, flat, and seesawed it back-and-forth, giving her opinion of how Barry had rearranged the place. He flushed a little bit. He hadn't realized it in the heat of preparations, but looking out at everything now, the place was neat, but disorganized. And he had noticed while they walked around, it really had no flow. Every step and a half, one of the women had to take a turn to avoid bumping into something.

"I'm sure you have a better floor plan than I do," Barry said to her, the color in his cheeks quickly fading. "You can go ahead and move things

around. Just keep the front windows clear is all."

"Gotcha." Stacy turned to Gina, who stood nearby and gave Barry a nod. The redhead rubbed her hands together and said, "Okay, let's get that chair out of that corner."

The whole thing was a little unorthodox, but Barry figured if they were going to be stuck here for a few hours at least, they might as well be comfortable. And be able to walk to the bathroom without tripping over something. He was sure that whatever they were going to come up with would be better than his haphazard shuffling of the furniture. He was pragmatic, and by no means did he have an eye for interior design. Girlfriends that he'd had in the past had essentially been horrified by the austere nature of his bachelor apartment, and he hadn't been able to absorb any of their ability to make it cozy. Whatever decorations they'd hung just eventually ended up gone.

Still, as something of a stickler, he knew he'd just get itchy if he sat here and watched them drag things around. Instead, he got up, leaving his work unfinished, and went into the back to take care of some other things. He figured that by the time he got back out, they'd be done with whatever they were doing, and then he could bother to cast judgment if there was a problem. He doubted it would come to that.

Barry kept himself busy in the back for a little while, getting his quarters made up and finishing things on the back office computer that he had left unfinished on the main computer. Hurrah for cloud computing. If there weren't other people here, he would consider changing into his streets since it would be unlikely he'd run into a member of the public with the storm in full effect, but as it were, he stuck with the uniform, curling his toes inside of the boots.

Outside, the storm had most definitely been unleashed, with the rain falling so heavily it was like someone was pouring bucket after bucket onto the roof. The small window in the bathroom streamed with so much rain that it was like a hose was spraying onto it, and when the wind gusted, he could feel it even in the depths of this sturdy cabin. When the thunder boomed and shook the place, he expected the power to go out any second, but it stayed strong. The benefits of buried lines—they weren't hanging wire out here in the forest. It would require far too much clearing, for one, and then any errant branch in this world of branches could take out everything.

Finally deciding he was being a little silly about the whole thing—he'd given them permission, after all—Barry went back out to the main cabin area. With the thunder shaking the air and the walls, and the lightning so bright that it felt like it was striking down from the ceiling, he didn't want to just leave the two women out there while he fucked around in the back doing a bunch of things that really didn't matter. He came through the rear door of the main cabin and back into the public area, stepping forward to get a look at what they'd done with the place.

"Oh, Barry! What do you think?" Stacy asked him, both her and Gina on the side of the main cabin toward the kitchenette and his little desk. "I think we can get a lot of use out of it like this. Don't you?"

"Um. Oh, Jesus," Barry said, blinking. "I should have known."

Stacy's modest white blouse was gone, replaced with a sheer white teddy that told Barry everything he could possibly want to know about the upper half of her body, including the fact that she was not wearing a bra, and that her blouse had successfully concealed the fact that she had hefty C-cup tits, and that her pinkish nipples were *very* excited to see him. In lieu of pants, Stacy had gone for the very simple look of black lacy underwear, the triangle of her barely-concealed crotch standing out starkly against the teddy, which hung down just a bit past her waist.

Gina, just a few feet away from her, had changed outfits as well, though she had gone with a more severe look. Though still incredibly sexy. She wore leather pants, if they could be considered pants, with black leather wrapped around the outside of her legs, but the interior of both legs left bare, very much including her crotch, where her completely shaved pussy was open to the elements underneath the leather wrap of the pants' waist. Her T-shirt was gone, leaving her with a dark red bra with minimal white lace frills, and a garter set that stretched down her naked midsection to connect to the pants. He had never seen anything like it, and he just wanted to see more of it. He imagined that most of her ass hung outside of the back of the pants, too.

"Should have known what?" Stacy asked innocently.

"That you're both from the group," Barry said, giving her the answer he knew that she already knew, but playing into her game because she seemed to enjoy it so much.

Stacy giggled. "Oh, yeah. We definitely know some of the same people."

It had been over two months since Barry had been in a foursome with Madison, Taylor, and Beth out in the woods. Just enough time for him to return to reality and get absolutely gobsmacked when a new set of women from the 'free your inhibitions' group arrived, or whatever it was called. He remembered suggesting to them that maybe they could call first, but the previous three women had definitely seemed dismissive of the idea.

Of course, this all made it sound like Barry was annoyed. His cock certainly wasn't annoyed, nor were his eyes at all displeased with what was before him. He just felt a little stupid. But, hey—there were worse things to wander into.

"Now that that's all sorted out," Gina said, stepping forward to get closer to Barry, who had to really try to force his eyes away from her naked crotch and look at her while she was talking to him. "We did talk to Beth before we decided to come out here, and the way she put it was that you were very 'receptive.' I don't know if you can tell by the leather, but I like a man who is receptive. And willing. So does Stacy. Do you understand?"

Barry smiled, but tried not to make the smile too big. It was a good thing that he had more control over his face than his cock, because every word out of Gina's mouth had just made him harder. "I understand."

"Great!" Stacy shouted, excited. "Now get your eyes off our tits and take a look at what we did here." She gestured broadly over the room, inviting Barry to drink it in. "We arranged these chairs all next to each other since they're the same style, so it's more like a futon, but one that you can't fold out, since you don't have a real couch in here. Then there were a couple chairs without arms that we thought would be more accommodating for what we wanted to do, so we have those nearby, and we made sure to arrange everything around this area rug here, just so nobody's knees get all rubbed up."

Stacy ended her speech and nodded. "What are you still doing dressed? Get those stupid clothes off."

"Yes," Gina emphasized, eyeing him up and down. "Get those stupid clothes off, and do it quickly."

Barry didn't say anything, instead just unbuttoning a couple of the top buttons on his shirt so that he could slip it right off over his head and throw it to the floor. He had on a white undershirt underneath the uniform shirt, and he slipped that off too, leaving his hairy chest bare. The boots came off, the socks, the pants, the belt, the boxer briefs—all of it.

"Is it just me getting naked?" Barry asked, as the two women hadn't moved, simply admiring his naked form before them.

Stacy shrugged. "Until we decide otherwise. Speaking of which, Gina, since this whole arrangement was your idea, what do you want to have him do for us first?"

Gina grinned. "I was thinking that my ass could use a good licking."

Stacy stamped her foot. "I was thinking the same thing about mine! But I already turned it over to you, so I guess you can go first. "

"I'm sure that Barry can handle both of us," Gina said. "Taylor said that you're a very good ass-licker, Barry. Is that true?"

"Very true," Barry said nodding, and his cock got harder.

"Our new couch here will be perfect for this," Stacy said, walking over to Gina so that she could whisper in her ear. Gina nodded as Stacy spoke to her, smiling.

"Yes, that'll do just fine. Barry." Her voice was like a whip crack, her stare severe under her dark hair. "Go and lie down on the couch, face up, as far to the left end as you can."

Barry did as he was told, moving over to the makeshift couch and lying down on the far end, his feet just short of hanging over the edge. This still left about four feet of couch north of his head, and it was made out of deep, armless sitting chairs, ones that were essentially Adirondack chairs with less severe incline. They really did make a roomy couch when they were all pushed together like this.

The two women walked over to him, and Stacy hopped up on the couch above his head, scooting down and rotating onto her back so that her butt was just about touching his head.

"One favor first, " Stacy said, wiggling against him. "Help me get these panties off. No hands."

It took a second for Barry to figure out what she meant, but then he was quick to tilt his head back and press it into the couch so that he could nip at the rear waistband of her panties with his teeth. She arched backward like she was in the beginning stages of rolling backwards, curling in on herself so that Barry could get the dark fabric of her panties between his teeth. She smelled like sweat and rainwater. With a firm grip on the panties, he tugged, making Stacy ooh appreciatively and scoot her body back down. He held her panties in place with his teeth while she pulled herself out of them, gracefully slipping them off her ankles and feet.

"Good job, Barry," Stacy said, plucking the panties from his mouth. "I'll take these."

"Enough fooling around," Gina said, getting onto the couch on the other side of Barry. She stood up, walking forward with tiny steps, moving in between Barry's open legs. "I believe I had a request."

"Oh, yeah," Barry started to say, but then Stacy smacked his cheek.

"Shut up. The tongue is good for one thing."

Barry closed his mouth. Gina continued walking over him, brushing against the inside of his thigh with one foot, but not going near his package. She got a foot on either side of his chest, then turned around, and he saw for sure that her pants had no ass, but she certainly did. It was big and round, two lightly tan cheeks demanding to be eaten.

Gina dropped down on him her hips hitting his chest with a little mercy or restraint. The surprising force of her on him made him gasp, a sound which was quickly choked down to nothing by Gina's ass.

"Go on," Gina said, reaching back one hand to grab an asscheek and spread herself open for him. "Get to work."

The musk of her ass was inviting and powerful. Barry lifted his head up to push in further and found her big hole with his tongue, lapping up and down and massaging its little narrow wrinkles. Gina grunted in approval and pushed back more, spreading her ass open even wider. Barry found his tongue going inside of her asshole without much effort, at least for the first half inch.

"Yes, that's good," Gina said, really leaning into Barry. "But I like it *really* deep."

With that, Gina sat up straight on top of Barry's face and covered him with her ass. It was so hot, feeling her whole weight on him, her knees pressed into the couch and squeezing at his sides. His face stuck between her cheeks, Barry couldn't breathe. All he could do was listen to what she had said, and that was to go deeper. He pressed his strong tongue up against the ring of her asshole, forcing his way inside while she moaned in delight as his tongue squeezed in. Once it was past her tight ring, she squeezed her asshole down on it, painfully.

Barry was running out of air beneath Gina's ass. Right when he was about to tap out, she lifted up off of him, leaving him to take in a few gasping breaths.

"Don't worry, baby," Gina said mischievously, looking back over her shoulder. "We wouldn't smother you. Too much, at least."

Barry almost said something, but then he remembered that the two women were in control and that, like Stacy had said, his tongue was good for one thing. His cock throbbed between his legs, noticeably bare of attention from Gina even though it was right in front of her.

Gina leaned forward, and he thought his prayers might be answered as she got closer to his cock, but then his face was covered again. This time it was Stacy, from the other side. The fabric of her long teddy brushed against his chin and neck. He didn't even realize that she had gotten turned around, and now she was sitting on his face from the top.

"It looked like you were about to say something," Stacy teased, wiggling her ass down on his face. It wasn't as big as Gina's, but her smaller white cheeks were warm, and she sat down on Barry just as hard. "What was it?"

Obviously, it was a rhetorical question, as Stacy wiggled her ass around on his face until his tongue found her little pink back door and was lapping at it with fervor.

"I love how he's not afraid to get his tongue way up in there," Stacy grunted as Barry did just that, and she helped him along by angling herself so his tongue could do the most work. "Ah! Yeah, right up in there, stud. Here, breathe it in."

Stacy put more weight on his face. His nose was lost somewhere in the folds of her wet pussy, and he could taste her aroused juices dripping down to his mouth. All he could do was smell her and taste her, with Stacy deciding how long it would be until he got some air. When she came back up, she left him gasping just like Gina had, as his tongue popped out of her asshole and she winked it above his face. Then, he was only allowed to take a few breaths before Gina settled back down on him, her hole already opened up.

"Right back inside," Gina commanded, and once his tongue was past her sphincter again, she complimented him. "Good job. Very receptive, as promised."

She made him plunge his tongue in and out of her ass, rocking back and forth in a fucking motion. She smothered him with her big tan ass cheeks, forcing him to breathe only her scent before giving him the air that he needed. He forgot he had arms. He was just a mouth serving his two

mistresses, and a cock begging to be touched, standing straight up between his legs.

Gina looked down at his dick, watching it throb. "I bet you'd like me to suck on your pole there. Look at it twitch."

Barry, with his tongue buried all the way inside of Gina's squeezing asshole, made some approximation of affirmative sound from deep in her ass. Gina dug her fingers into his thighs, studiously ignoring his rod.

"Too bad," Gina said, laughing. "I don't suck cock."

And then he was just back to being their rimjob toy, the two women alternating between bouncing their asses on his face and depriving him of air while rubbing on their own clits as Barry worked their assholes like he was told. When Stacy came off of him after the sixth switch or something like that, his mouth was aching, and he felt that even if he tried to talk, he wouldn't be able to form the words.

"That's enough of that," Stacy said, hopping off the couch and giving her own bouncy little ass a smack where it stood in front of Barry's soaking wet face. He just laid there, trying to breathe in enough air to make up for the last fifteen or twenty minutes where it had been rationed to him.

"I know, I know," Gina said. "You want to get on his cock. Honestly, I don't know why you can't hold out longer."

Stacy shrugged. "He's the one who's at our mercy, not the other way around. And after my ass getting tongued that hard, I am dying for a cock up my pussy."

Gina raised her hands, slowly getting up off of Barry so that Stacy could come over to take her place. Barry could have cried with joy. He didn't know if he'd ever been this turned on for this long without so much as a breeze on his cock, let alone a satisfying touch.

Stacy climbed on top of him, more sensually than Gina had done, her warm flesh rubbing against his own, her thighs brushing against his cock. He groaned, lifting one arm to reach for her, but Gina smacked it down.

"Quiet," she said, then she hiked a leg over his face from the side of the couch. "Eat."

She wanted him to work on her pussy now, the shaved, glistening lips just centimeters from his face. Not wanting to displease them for even a moment lest it prevent Stacy from doing things to his aching cock, Barry kept his words inside and he reached his tongue out like a thirsty man for water, pressing it flatly into the yielding flesh of Gina's pussy lips. Her taste

was strong and wet and she pushed her cunt down into him, her eyes closing with pleasure. She rubbed her clit up and down his lips and tongue, as much feeding him her pussy as he was eating it.

As nice as it was to have Gina's wet pussy in his face, Barry couldn't get his mind off Stacy down by his hips, and he couldn't help but notice that his cock was still out in the open air, just waiting, begging, needing. He couldn't resist moving his hips, trying to find something to rub his cock against.

"Ah-ah-ah," Stacy said, easily pulling herself up to avoid touching Barry's cock. "You lay there and you eat Gina's cunt like a good boy. No reaching for the top shelf. You'll get it when I'm good and ready."

"That's what I like to see," Gina panted, unable to keep her cool one hundred percent while Barry had his lips wrapped around her clit, sucking on it hard.

Downstairs, while his face was getting smashed with Gina's pussy, Stacy went to teasing his cock. Going from no touch to the barest touches was hard, forcing noises out of Barry's mouth which were lost between Gina's legs. Stacy brushed his cock with the insides of her thighs, and then the top of her mound, where the trimmed hairs bristled against the sensitive skin of his cockhead while precum leaked out and smeared along the top of her pussy. She gave his dick a couple more light bumps before nudging it forward with her mound and then sliding her wet lips along it, practically making him scream with how good it felt, so pleasurable it was practically torture as his cock lit up like a solar flare. He put that energy into Gina's pussy, sliding his tongue down to her wet tunnel and sticking his tongue up there, tasting all of her.

Stacy slid back and forth on his cock slowly, dragging out the pleasure while not giving him full satisfaction. Barry's dick dripped with Stacy's juices and his own precum, wet and ready. She leaned forward, lining him up with her hole and pressing down on him ever so slightly. Then pulling back, not even letting half an inch of him inside her.

Stacy laughed at his frustrated grunts and the movement of his hips. "You're not getting this unless I give it to you," Stacy told him, sliding his dick away from her pussy and against her leg again, the head shiny with her slickness. "Don't...get greedy..."

She licked her lips, seating him against her hole again. This time either she felt he deserved it, or more likely, she just needed it herself. Stacy

pressed back against his cock and his head speared into her willing tunnel, her soft, tight flesh opening up around him to let him inside. Together, they both made desperate sounds of delight as their carnal knowledge inked onto their pages. Stacy took him down, down, down all the way to the bottom of his shaft, sitting down on his cock and shuddering.

Tears squeezed from Barry's eyes as he ate Gina's pussy and swallowed her juices. Fuck, it felt so good, and then she was riding him, not waiting too long to savor the initial penetration and instead going right for what she wanted, sliding her pussy up and down his cock. Her walls squeezed precum out of him, making his cock glisten as she rode him up and down, slowly, not letting him approach orgasm. Barry squeezed every muscle he had to keep himself from going over the edge.

"Fuck, oh fuck, you're huge," Stacy gasped. "Goddamn, oh, oh fuck. Yeah. Okay, let me..." After a few more slaps down onto his cock, she got off, turning around so that she was riding him reverse cowgirl, sliding him back inside herself and making his toes curl.

Gina pulled off his face as Stacy said, "Spank my ass! Come on!"

Remembering how his arms worked, Barry looked at Stacy riding his cock backwards, her curly red hair bouncing along with the cheeks of her ass. He brought his left hand into her cheek in a firm smack.

"Harder!" she told him.

Smack! He left her pink, then hit her a few more times and he left her red before switching to the other cheek. All the while, she bottomed out her cunt on his cock. Gina watched from the side, rubbing her clit and biting her lip.

"Gina," Stacy pleaded, giving her a look that her friend understood.

"Oh, fine," Gina said, and she got onto the couch in front of Stacy, turning around and bending over on her hands and knees. Hungrily, Stacy dove into her, eating her pussy and plunging her tongue into her ass while she fucked herself on Barry's cock and he spanked her ass red.

Stacy came just a minute or two after that, screaming her delight into Gina's asscheeks while thunder and wind and rain roared around them and pounded on the roof. The lights flickered and Stacy's tunnel spasmed on Barry's cock, one hand rubbing furiously at her own clit while she came, eventually holding steady and just riding her orgasm out with her tongue all the way inside Gina's ass. When she finished cumming, she slid her tongue

out of Gina's ass and pulled Barry's cock out of her pussy, her legs and arms weak.

"Glad you held it together," Gina said, looking back at Barry and his twitching cock. "Get up and get in this chair."

Stacy slid off of him, taking Gina's place once she got off the couch and resting her muscles for a moment. Gina, meanwhile, still dressed in her leather garter pants, the flesh of her tits swelling against her red bra, grabbed Barry by the wrist and pulled him up off the couch, and once he was unsteadily on his feet, she shoved him in the chest so that he landed heavily in the chair to his right.

He granted as he landed, the attack taking him by surprise. She couldn't even wait for him to sit down on his own. Nor did she wait for him to get settled, as she climbed on top of him, straddling him.

"I guess it's my turn with your needy cock now," Gina said, though she couldn't hide sounding at least a little excited about it. She wiggled herself down onto his cock, and with surprise, Barry felt it nudge into her asshole, and he let out an "Oh, fuck!" which Gina forgave. Her ass had apparently been eaten hard enough by Barry and Stacy to take his cock easily, and the slick juices from Stacy's pussy helped along tremendously.

Gina licked her lips, her eyes rolled back from pleasure as she fucked her ass on Barry's cock. She rode him slow at first, her asshole tugging on his cock as she went up and down on his thick shaft. "Mm, that's so good. Your cock feels even better than your tongue up there."

Her tight hole slid down his shaft, squeezing against it while his cock plunged her depths. Suddenly he felt movement between his legs. Stacy had gotten up from the couch and was crouched between his knees, watching Gina take his fat cock in her big, spread-open ass. She parted her friend's cheeks a little wider to get a good look herself, before tugging on Barry's balls and giving him a little twinge of pleasure-pain.

"Don't cum in her," Stacy said, peering around Gina's wide hips as she rode Barry. She had shed her teddy and was fully naked now. "I want that load on my tits, if Gina will spare it."

"Whatever." Gina's eyes were closed as she rode him, her chest rubbing against his while she sat on him with her knees on either side. "I'm just...almost there..."

Gina was rubbing her clit. Barry, his cock engulfed in her tight ass, hadn't even noticed. She sat down harder on him, slapping her ass against

his balls so his cock could hit the spots deep inside of her. Stacy, between Barry's legs where he was pinned down by Gina, scratched lightly at his sack and gave it another tug, giggling, before pressing a finger against his asshole just to tease him.

"Hold it in, now," she said, tickling at his ass. The stimulation was incredible, and when Gina started to orgasm, burying his face in her tits, he could do nothing but sit there as she jammed herself down on his cock and friggd her clit, grinding against him and breathing harsh, panting breaths in-between muscle tenses as she came with his cock in her ass.

"Up! He's gonna blow!" Stacy said, and she was right. She smacked Gina on the ass and Gina, on the heels of her orgasm, raised herself up as much as she could. Barry's cock popped out of her ass and she laid against him, and Barry yelled into her shoulder as Stacy pumped his cock up and down with one hand while she forced two slick fingers into Barry's asshole up to the first knuckle.

Barry shot so much cum he was worried that he was going to drown Stacy. His cock throbbed and jumped in her hands as she worked all the fluid out of him, nine hot, long ropes of cum shooting onto Stacy's face, her chest, and tits, coating her nipples and giving her a taste of his flavor where she could catch it with her tongue. She jerked him off till all that was left was the last bit she squeezed all the way up from the base of his cock, leaving him empty.

Barry gasped for breath. Gina climbed off of him, satisfied, somehow her long black hair not even a bit frizzy or bent after all this action.

"Goody," Stacy said, standing up and showing Barry and Gina the streaky mess of cum that was all over her. "Looks like everyone had their fun. Where's the bathroom, again?"

It took every bit of energy that Barry had left to lift his pointer finger and croak that it was in back. The storm shook the cabin, and the lights flickered again, but the power remained steady, and the women were able to find their way back to cleanup without having to feel their way along.

By the time they got back, Barry still wasn't dressed. He had slumped to the floor, wondering how he'd managed to use so much of every muscle in his body that he could barely even move. He lay flat on the rug, grateful for its placement instead of being on the cold floor.

When the women came back, they eyed him on the ground, Stacy grinning, and Gina rolling her eyes.

"Some big, strong guy," Gina said. "Didn't think you'd get worn out."

Barry raised a hand, pointing at her, or at least near her. "Just gimme three more hours."

That made Gina laugh. "You are a pretty good fuck, though. No regrets here." She looked over at Stacy.

"What, you really have to ask? Like I didn't just cum my brains out." Stacy gave Gina a playful little shove. She looked out the front windows, where heavy rain pelted the glass. "Hm, I guess we're still stuck here for a little while, huh? We can at least put the stuff back."

"It's fine," Barry said from the floor. "I do like the couch. Just gonna give it a...steam clean...when the storm's over. S'posed to break in a couple hours."

Stacy yawned, stretching her arms up. Both of them had gotten back into their 'normal' outfits, comfy clothes that mostly didn't betray how unbearably sexy they were, though he couldn't help picturing what he knew was beneath them.

"A nap sounds good," Stacy said.

"We should probably stay the night, wait for it to dry up a bit," Gina said, eyeing the weather. "If that's all right."

"I'd give you the deed to this place if I had it," Barry said. "Pick a bed, any bed."

"Don't get caught with your pants down, Barry," Stacy told him, pointing at his nakedness. "Anyone could just wander in."

"Nah," Barry mumbled. "Door's locked now."

He passed out on the rug, naked as the day he was born.

There was no more energy for romps between them, with Gina and Stacy finding cot bunks over on the wall and getting to sleep pretty easily, though not as easily as Barry, and when the morning came and Barry finally put his dick away, he made them all some coffee before they parted ways.

"The last couple times I've said something about making arrangements," Barry said. "I think. It's fuzzy. Anyway...I got nothing. That was great, and you two can boss me around anytime you want."

"Noted," Gina said. "We know where to find you."

"Don't I know it." Barry laughed. The coffee was gone soon, and then so were they, with Barry finding Stacy's discarded teddy at the last second before they left and handing it to her. That would have been tough to explain if someone else had found it.

The storm damage was about what he had expected. No broken windows or debris piercing the cabin, but plenty of branches scattered around and a lot of area to clear. He was sore, but the physical labor felt good, and he got most of it done before the park people showed up with better numbers and equipment.

Just like that, it was another day. It was too bad that he only had a couple months' detail remaining here. He'd push for this assignment again, that was for sure. The nature was nice, but the company was even better.

But with the company gone for now, Barry went for a hike, joining the sun in its re-emergence. Today was a beautiful day.

THE END

Looking for another sexy harem bundle? Click below to visit the Harem Boutique bundle, a 3-book pack of more harem fun, or click my name to see my whole Amazon catalog!

The Harem Boutique Bundle

Myra Dusk's Amazon Catalog

OceanofPDF.com