

Harley's Harem

Alexis Alexandra

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Arriving at her best friend's house long before the sun considered rising above the horizon, Emma got out of her car, grabbed the two large suitcases from the trunk and then walked up onto the front porch – the door swinging open before luggage hit stained wood. “Oh, hey, that was quick” she greeted her friend with a smile.

“Hey yourself. Come on in. Thanks again for coming by so early.”

“I'm just glad I don't work this weekend,” Emma said as she carried her bags into the house. “You know you could've just hid the key or dropped one off last night, right?”

“I could've but there are a few things we need to talk about before I head out. First, There's an envelope on the kitchen counter with enough money to get you through the next three weeks and then some.”

“I told you I don't want money, Abbie.”

“And I told you I wasn't going to let you pay out of pocket to take care of my place and animals. Speaking of which, there's a list of what they eat and how to best prepare it. Please follow the feeding schedule as closely as possible. Three, you can stay in the guest suite. You know the one. Four, If you want to have some friends over, or to throw a party feel free but please don't let anyone in my room and if they break it, they buy it and as a cop I expect you to arrest them for property damage.”

“You're starting to sound like a Karen,” Emma smirked.

“Sorry. I'm not trying to but you know how I am about my things. I don't care if you throw parties. Just don't wreck the place. Anyways, before I leave there's something you need to know about me, a part of my life I've kept hidden from virtually everyone but seeing as how you'll be here for the next three weeks and the urge to snoop will eventually get to you, please follow me.”

“Um, okay.” Curious and confused, Emma followed her best friend into the kitchen and then down to the basement – a place she had only been into once when helping Abbie move in five years ago.

“The washer and dryer are in there,” Abbie said, pointing into a small utility room off to the right of the stairs. To the left was a medium sized finished but unused room with a closed heavy metal door in the back wall. That is where the two women stopped. “Beyond this door is my deepest, darkest secret,” Abbie continued. “It's a lot, but it's who I am and I'd greatly appreciate you remaining calm and asking questions instead of chewing my head off.” And with that, she turned the knob, pushed the door open and then waved her best friend inside.

Stepping into the newly revealed room, Emma's eyes widened as they took in the dungeon playroom sprawled out in front of her. Shelves were lined with all manner of sex toys in silicone, metal and glass. Canes, floggers, crops, whips, gags and clamps hung neatly on hooks. Her eyes darted over kneelers, spanking bench, Saint Andrews, sex machines, cages, pillories, stockaded and other pieces of furniture and equipment. “Holy fuck!

“Only when I dress as a nun,” Abbie joked. “But seriously, I'm very much into bdsm and this is my personal play room.”

“A-Are you dominant or submissive?”

“Submissive to the core.”

“Do you, um, have a Master or Mistress?”

“I do. I serve an amazing man named Master Harley.”

Eyes focused on a massive black silicone dildo easily a foot and a half long and every millimeter as thick as her forearm, Emma gasped. “You use all of these toys?”

“I do.”

“Even that big black one?”

“Not often, but I’ve used it a few times, yes.”

“WOW! I can’t believe you’ve kept this hidden from me. From everyone. Do any of our mutual friends know? Your family?”

“No. You’re the first person I’ve told and I’d appreciate you keeping my secret.”

“Why are you showing me this?”

“Because I know you’ll be tempted to snoop the moment I left and wanted to explain before you stumbled onto my secret.”

“How long have you been doing it?”

“I’ve been submissive for as long as I can remember, but didn’t start practicing until I was eighteen. I met Master Harley when I was twenty and have been serving him ever since.”

“You know I would never snoop, right? And even if I was that type of person you could’ve just locked the door.”

“For safety purposes it doesn’t lock. And come on, Emma, we all know everyone snoops. But that’s beside the point. My secret is out and I’m trusting you to keep it. That being said, now that you know this exists, you’re free to use the room while I’m gone, but before you do please read the rules which you’ll find hanging on the wall to the right of the door.”

“Um, thanks, but this is your thing, not mine.”

“Nevertheless, you have my permission to use whatever you like so long as the rules are followed to the letter. Especially the cleanup portion. I can’t stress this enough, Emma. The toys must absolutely be cleaned exactly as described in the rules. As for where you may clean them, that’ll be through the door back there on the right. The door on the left is a bathroom where you and your friends may shower and freshen up.”

“All those little scars you have and refuse to talk about are from doing this stuff aren’t they?”

“Yes. But don’t get the wrong idea. I’m a masochist, Emma. I get off on pain and humiliation and asked Master to cane, whip and use the cat o’ nine on me. I wear each and every one of them with pride.”

“What is a cat o’ nine?”

It’s sort of like a flogger with only nine tails and designed to inflict intense pain. You see that row of floggers there between the shelves of glass and metal butt plugs?”

“Um, yeah.”

“Go ahead and walk over to it. The five on the right end are cat o’ nines. The others are floggers.”

“Um, I’m good, thanks.”

“They’re not going to bite. Just go take a look.”

“Fine.” Walking over to the row of floggers and cats, Emma eyed each one.

“The biggest differences between the two are the number of tails and as you’ll see the cats have knotted and hard leather ends which greatly increase the pain. Would you like to see the difference yourself?”

“Um, what?”

Walking over to the row of hooks, Abbie picked up a flogger with black and purple tails and a cat with nine red tails with knotted ends. “Pull your shirt up.”

“Um, what?”

“Pull your shirt up.”

“Why?”

“Why do you think? I’ll give you a swat with the flogger and then one with the cat so you can see the difference for yourself.”

“Um, I’m not doing that!”

“Come on. I just told you my deepest, darkest secret. Please, just one swat each. I promise I won’t leave any scars and the welts, if any, will be gone by tomorrow. I won’t pressure you to do it and I understand if you refuse, but it’ll mean a lot if you accepted just two swats. Who knows, you might find that you like it.”

“I’m not... this isn’t...”

“If you’re adamantly against it then just say so and I’ll drop it.”

“Two swats,” Emma said, gulping back her embarrassment as she lifted her tee shirt up to her shoulders. “Is that enough?”

“Go ahead and pull it off so I can hit across the shoulders.”

Too embarrassed to protest, Emma pulled her shirt off and held it in her right hand. “W-What now?”

Stepping up to her best friend, Abbie reached around and quickly unbuttoned Emma’s jeans and pulled the zipper down.

“What are you doing?”

“Sshhh... trust me. If you want me to stop the safeword is red.” Pausing long enough for her best friend to say the safeword a dozen times over, Abbie slowly tugged Emma’s pants and panties down to her knees and then her ankles. A moment later and they were lying on the floor. “Now, I’d like you to assume the wall position. I know you don’t know what that means so let me explain. Put your hands shoulder height on the wall and keeping them there, scoot your feet back until you’re bent at the waist. Then spread your legs and stare at the wall. Don’t hesitate, don’t argue. Just obey.” As she watched her best friend assume the position, Abbie grinned ear-to-ear.

“What are you going to do to me, Abbie?”

“I’m going to give you two swats as agreed, but on your sexy ass instead of the back. For the full submissive experience I’d like you to count each swat and then say: thank you Mistress. I know, I’m not your Mistress, but it is proper submissive etiquette so please say it. And remember, if you want to stop you may use the safeword at any time and I’ll stop. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Great. Try to relax and remember to breath,” Abbie said as she got into position. “I’ll start with the flogger at about a five or six. For the record, the first few are for aiming purposes only and don’t count.”

“Then how will I know when to count?”

“Trust me, you’ll know.” Swooshing the flogger, Abbie landed a series of five or six very soft swats across her best friend’s ass before landing a much harder one.

“ONE! Thank you Mistress!” Emma loudly counted and gave thanks, her voice shocked far more than painfilled.

“Did that hurt?”

“A little, Mistress, but not too bad.”

She called me Mistress without needing too! Nice! Abbie thought. “May I give you another to test your pain threshold?”

“Um...”

“It’s okay to refuse.”

“I... okay.”

“Are you sure?”

“Just do it before I change my mind.”

“As you wish. Remember to count and give thanks.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Fuck that’s hot! Aiming, Abbie delivered another much harder swat across her best friend’s ass, the tips of the tassels wrapping around her left hip.

“Aahhgghhh! Fucking hell! T-Two. Thank you Mistress.”

“On a scale of one to ten with one being the lowest how would you rate that one? Be honest.”

“M-Maybe a seven or eight, Mistress.”

“Great.” Giving her best friend’s ass several more soft taps, Abbie watched as the tassels bit painfully into Emma’s ass and hip.

“THREE! Thank you Mistress! That. Was. About. A. Nine,” Emma panted. “That really hurt.”

Not wanting her best friend to feel only pain, the next swat was much softer than all the previous ones.

“Four. Thank you Mistress. Also, maybe a two or three.”

“You okay, Emma?”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWAP!

“Five. Thank you Mistress. That one was about a six.”

THWAP! Changing it up, Abbie administered another hard swat.

“Six! Thank you Mistress. “That was an eight.

THWAP!

“Seven. Thank you Mistress. Five.”

THWAP! Putting her full power behind the swat, Abbie watched her best friend’s ass clenching as her back arched.

“Eight! Thank you Mistress. T-That... that was a ten!”

“Since you’re so close I’ll give you two more for an even ten.” Getting no complaint or command to stop, Abbie lined up, aimed and then wrapped the flogger around Emma’s left thigh in such a manner that the tips expertly struck her vulva.

Legs clamping shut as she yelped, Emma felt the orgasm gushing out of her at the same time the pain hit her brain. “NINE! THANK YOU MISTRESS!

THWAP! The flogger once again wrapped around Emma’s leg and bit into her vulva eliciting another gushing orgasm.

“TEN! Oh god! Thank you Mistress.”

“Well, that was unexpected. You just had two orgasms. How do you feel?”

“Humiliated and very confused, Mistress. I can’t believe I just... wow!”

“So, how did you like the flogger?”

“Some of the swats hurt quite a bit but the puddle on the floor doesn’t lie, Mistress. I’ll admit it was much better than I imagined it would be.”