

# **Harley's Harem 2**

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Waking to her hips being lifted and a huge dick being shoved so deep the head slammed against her cervix, Emma let out a long, guttural groan as the events of the previous day came flooding back. “UHN! UHN! Oh god damn!” Looking left, she saw her new friend and fellow submissive, Hanna.

“Morning, babe,” Hanna said, lips curled into the sweetest of smiles. “Great way to wake up, right?”

“Uhn... Y-Yes! So... y-yesterday... uuhhnn... it all really h-happened?”

“Every gloriously submissive second of it. Will you eat me out as Master fucks you?”

“Get in front of me.”

“Thank you.”

“Your puppy training will begin today,” Harley said as he fucked the newest member of his harem. “Hanna, since this little bitch can’t have a litter you’ll take my seed instead so get head down and ass up next to her.”

Just about to slide into place, Hanna stopped, gave Emma a disappointed look and then moved to her side. “Yes Master,” she said.

“My loss,” Emma grunted.

“You want to eat her out that badly, slave?”

“Yes Master,” Emma answered.

“Do you want to do more to her, slave?” Harley asked, his dick slowly sliding in and out of his newest submissive.

“Yes Master. I want to do everything to and with her.”

“Is that what you want too, slave?” Harley asked the youngest member of his harem.

“Yes Master!” Hanna exclaimed.

“I’ll agree to let the two of you play however and whenever you want if Emma agrees to go off birth control so that I can breed her like a good little bitch.”

“I agree, Master,” Emma said – the words out of her mouth before she could even consider the weight of her decision. No sooner were they out, then she felt her clit throb with excitement.

“You sure about that, slave? Because if you agree then I’ll expect you to stop taking birth control and eventually have my baby. Refuse and you’ll be tossed from the harem.”

“Breeding me is a lot to ask so I want permission to play with every member of the harem however and whenever I like without question.”

“Deal, but if you’re not pregnant in six months you’ll be tested.”

“Yes Master.”

“Then we have a deal, slave.”

“Get in front of me so I can eat you out, Hanna,” Emma said.

Getting a nod of approval from her Master, Hanna quickly scrambled in front of her new friend and was greeted by an eagerly lapping tongue. “Mmmm... I love how eager you are to please. I love you, Emma!”

Tongue tending to Hanna’s engorged clit, Emma looked up into her new friend’s beautiful green eyes and it just came out. “I love you too, Hanna.” She had just met the young woman the day before but after everything they had been through, seeing herself in the introverted nineteen-year-old, she genuinely felt affection towards her. It was in that moment, as her teeth sank into Hanna’s inner labia, that she realized that while she might love her best friend

Abbie, she was not *in love* with her. “Abbie is going to be pissed, but I love you, Hanna. I... do you want to be my girlfriend?”

“SERIOUSLY?”

“Seriously.”

“YES!” Hanna said as her orgasm covered her new girlfriend’s face. “Will you be upset if Master breeds me too?”

“How can I be upset when he’s breeding me too?”

“Thank you. Now please eat me!”

“With pleasure.” And with that, Emma buried her orgasm-covered face into her girlfriend’s crotch.

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Hanna eating the load from her girlfriend’s pussy, Harley pushed his large spent dick to the back of Emma’s throat and started peeing. Resisting the urge to choke, she did her best to relax her gag reflex so that the warm, salty fluid could go down easier. “From now on you’ll keep a plug as thick as my cock in here and ready to be used to stuff your baby-maker every time you’re bred.” He said as he watched her eyes glass over. “You’ll also throw out all normal panties and only wear ones of the vibrating latex variety that I can remotely control throughout the day. Is that understood?”

Once the last drops of pee were in her belly and her Master’s cock had been sucked clean, Emma looked up into his stern eyes. “I understand, Master, but I’m a cop and can’t have such distractions so please don’t turn them on while I’m working.”

“Trust me, slave, no one will hear the vibrations.”

“I’m more concerned with someone seeing the look on my face when they start vibrating, Master.”

“Then you’ll need to learn to conceal your expressions, slave.”

“I... yes Master,” Emma said as the thought of such humiliations outweighed the risk of losing her job for doing something so profoundly unprofessional.

“Good girl. Now, I’ve got an announcement to make so let’s go get the others.”

“Yes Master,” Emma and Hanna said in unison.

“You’ll remain on all fours,” Harley said to Emma. “And from now on you’ll only speak if the response requires more than a yes or no answer. From now on you’ll give one bark for yes and two barks for no. If you need my attention to ask a question you’ll sit up like a begging puppy. Is that understood, slave?”

“Arf!” Emma barked as she carefully crawled off the bed.

“Good girl. I’ll get you a collar to wear at all times.”

“Because they’re concealable I’ll wear the panties, Master, but there’s no way I can get away with wearing a collar at work,” Emma said, reluctantly putting her foot down. “I’ll happily wear it all other times, but not at work. If you can’t accept that then I’ll have to rethink this arrangement.”

“If I may, Master, what about a thigh band like you let Serena and Brittany wear at work?” Hanna offered.

“I was just going to say that, slave.”

“Sorry Master.”

“It’s okay. You did nothing wrong.”

“Thank you Master.”

“Do you have a problem wearing a band with magnetic clasp around your thigh, slave?”

“Arf, arf!” Emma barked twice for no.

“Then that’s what you’ll do. I’ll get the measurements and have it made just for you. Now let’s go see the others.”

Everyone gathered in the living room, Master Harley stood before all but one of his harem – Abbie being on vacation in London while her best friend Emma watched her house. “I’ve been thinking about it for a while and I’ve decided that I will now begin marking all of my submissives and sex slaves. Before you say anything, this isn’t up for debate. If you are not willing to wear my mark then you’ll need to find another Master to serve.”

“Mark us how, Master?” Twenty-eight-year-old Brittany Wolfe asked. “And where?”

“You will all have Harley’s Harem tattooed on your mounds so that only those that see you naked will see it. Emma here will also have canine unite tattooed on her left breast. That being said, I’m going to ask each of you whether you accept my mark or not. If not, then your training ends and I’ll give you ninety days to find another place to live. Emma, for this you may use your human voice. Do you accept my marks to remain part of my harem?”

“Yes Master, I accept,” Emma answered.

“Serena, will you accept my mark to remain part of my harem?”

“I accept, Master.”

“Hanna, will you accept my mark to remain part of my harem?”

“I absolutely accept, Master.”

“Brittany, will you accept my mark to remain part of my harem?”

“I don’t like the idea of receiving that sort of tattoo, Master, but I love serving you so I accept.”

“Renee, will you accept my mark to remain part of my harem?”

“I accept, Master.”

“Michelle, will you accept my mark to remain part of my harem?”

“I accept, Master, but assuming you’re going to have me doing the work on the others, who’s going to tattoo me?”

“I’m sure you know someone at the shop that’ll gladly do it for you,” Harley replied.

“Yes Master.”

“I’ll ask Abbie when she get’s back in three weeks but I have a feeling she’ll accept as well so, with that being said, Michelle, I’d like you to get whatever you need to do the work. Tattoos and pierced nipples all around.” Getting no complaints at the addition of pierced nipples, Harley continued. “Renee, Brittany, I’d like the two of you to go do some shopping. Get enough food for all of us for the remainder of the weekend.

“Master, may I tell everyone the good news?” Hanna asked.

“The good news?”

“About…” Hanna said, eyes drifting to the kneeling Emma.

“Right. Of course.”

“WE’RE GIRLFRIENDS!” Hanna shouted. “Emma asked if I wanted to be her girlfriend and I said yes!”

“Didn’t you just say yesterday that if you were to ever date another woman it’d be your best friend?” Renee asked.

“I did, but as much as I love Abbie, I’m not *in love* with her. I am, however, very much in love with Hanna. Don’t ask me to explain it, I just do. I love her innocent perverseness. I love the way she looks at me, the way she touches me. The way pleasuring her makes me feel. Yes,

we've only known each other a day, but all that matters to me is that we're both in love with each other and I think that's obvious," Emma explained.

"Congratulations!" Michelle said.

"Thanks!" Hanna beamed. "Emma is being trained as Master's puppy now so can't speak but I think she's appreciative as well, right, babe?"

"Arf!" Emma barked.

"There's more!" Hanna excitedly continued. "Master is going to breed us! And Emma is allowed to play with us whenever and however she wants without Master's approval first. That's what you agreed on, right, Master?"

"That's right. If Emma wants to play you'll play. So long as it doesn't interfere with anyone's job, training or scenes in progress," Harley clarified. "Now, Michelle, Brittany and Renee, you have your duties. See to it. Hanna, Serena, you'll get this place cleaned up. Emma, you and I will go to Abbie's room to get you in gear."

Sitting back in a kneeling position, Emma raised up a bit and then with elbows at her sides extended her forearms and let her hands drape like a puppy begging for attention.

"Yes, slave?"

"Before we do that, Master, I need to feed the dogs. Actually, I'm late feeding them and that's on me for oversleeping but I won't let it happen again. Will you permit me to go feed and water them?"

"Of course. And then you'll get ten swats for making them wait."

"Yes Master. For the record, I will need to stand to wash their bowls and then get stuff from the closet and fridge."

"You are permitted to stand to feed and water them."

"Thank you Master." Crawling into the Kitchen, Emma was just leaning back to get to her feet when Scout entered through the large doggy door and then went to his bowl. Seeing it empty, he gave Emma a look so sad it almost made her cry. "I'm on it, buddy. Sorry for making you wait." Getting up, Emma quickly washed and dried the bowls, filled three of them with cold bottled water. Placing them in their wire frames, she grabbed cans of wet food from the small closet and then filled the remaining three bowls. As if they had been waiting for this moment all their lives, Ranger and Biscuit scrambled in through the doggy door and bee lined for their bowls – scarfing down breakfast thirty-eight minutes late. Dropping down onto all fours, she crawled back to the living room and then followed her new Master to her best friend's suite.

"You may kneel at the foot of the bed and I'll get your gear," Harley said as he walked towards Abbie's huge walk-in closet. Having been in it numerous times, he knew exactly where to find exactly what he was looking for. Going past bars filled with normal shirts, blouses, skirts, dresses and pants and others with dozens of latex and leather, he stepped in front of a row of shelves lined with boxes labeled with pictures of animals. Grabbing one with a picture of an akita on it, he tucked it under his right arm. Next, from a shelf on the other side of the closet he grabbed a package containing a pair of latex panties with two large vibrating plugs built into them. Returning to the bedroom, he put the box of puppy gear on the bed and then opened the package containing the panties. "We'll start with putting these on," he said, holding the garment out to his new slave.

Taking them without question, Emma gave the latex and silicone panties a once over before sitting on her butt and putting the panties on. When the plugs hit her vulva and asshole, she slowly slid them in. Kneeling, biting her lower lip to stifle the moan, she gave each plug one final push, adjusted the panties and she sat back down with ass on heels.

“How do they feel, slave?”

“The panties are a little tight, but the plugs feel good, Master.”

“First time wearing latex, slave?”

“Arf,” Emma barked in reply.

“Good girl. Well, it definitely won’t be the last. In fact, most of your gear will be latex. We’ll start with the thigh-high boots,” Harley said as he began unpacking the larger box. “Once you’re dressed we’ll go for a nice walk while the others clean and get things ready for later.”

Hearing she would be taken for a walk, Emma immediately raised up into the begging position.

“Yes?”

“You’re taking me for a walk, Master? As in outside in full view of everyone?”

“Correct.”

“I can’t do that, Master. Are you trying to get me fired, or what?”

“You’ll be wearing a mask so no one will know it’s you.”

“Unless someone calls the cops because they see a woman being paraded around like a dog, Master. If that happens and they show up I’ll have to show my face and that’ll be it. I’ll be fired and I can’t risk that. I’m sorry, Master, but I’ll have to add public walks to my hard limit list. Also, don’t think I haven’t noticed you calling me slave. I’m not a slave, Master. I’ll happily walk around the house and even a fenced-in yard, but not in public.”

“I’ve walked each and every one of my harem without issue, but if you want to make it a hard limit then I’ll honor it.”

“Thank you Master. I can tell you’re disappointed, but I just can’t risk getting caught.”

“I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t disappointed, but a hard limit is a hard limit and I’ll honor it. But since you’re okay being walked around a fenced-in yard, that’s what we’ll do. Here and at my estate. Go ahead and put these on,” he said, handing her the boots.

“Yes Master.”