

## The Tome

Work started like any other day at Between the Lines. I showed up a few minutes early; my coworker Debi showed up right on time; our boss Layla strolled in twenty minutes late with her usual half-hearted apology. We didn't care. She didn't care about our tardiness either.

None of it mattered, really. We all knew that the store didn't have long to live. Once again the only customer in the place was Kylee, as usual taking advantage of the daily free coffee she'd won in last fall's giveaway that, per my warning to Layla, had done nothing but cost us money as we doled out beverages to the Indian girl as she browsed whatever book she was reading on her ebook reader. One she had not bought from us, featuring stories she had not bought from us.

But it was a paycheck, and aside from needing that, I simply enjoyed a life working around books. They beat working around people, hands down. Cheaper, quieter, and when you got sucked into their drama, you could close them any time you wanted. It was the life. I said hi to Debi, who made a pleasant but unintelligible half-response, having already settled in behind the register to browse social media on her phone, as she would for most of her shift whenever she didn't feel like shooting the breeze with me to pass the time. Then I checked as always to confirm Layla had no special projects for me, and when she (like always) did not, I headed for the shelves.

It was a shame, really. Between the Lines had at one time been a neighborhood institution with its own curator of rare books. Layla's grandmother, in fact, and that back in an era when my gender had held hers in academic contempt. She'd done well for herself, as had her daughter, and now Layla, already an heiress with more money than she had aspirations to spend, simply kept the doors open out of obligation, not really caring that every day her ledgers grew redder.

It was going on eleven – 10:54, to be exact – when I first laid eyes on the tome. Or at least, first paid it attention. I browsed the shelves looking for old and rare tomes whenever I had time, and in the four months I'd worked here had unearthed books which had netted the store tens of thousands of dollars. Layla's grandmother had laid hands on all manner of works, and there was no telling where they might be stored. One day I'd found a six hundred year old hand-scribed copy of the koran wedged between a vegan cookbook and a photo album belonging to Layla's aunt. It had sold for two thousand dollars. Someday I hoped to get into the business myself, but for now, I was content to work for Layla.

This, however, was something altogether different. I glossed past it initially but then realized the cover wasn't merely dull but in fact quite old. Perhaps ancient. Thin cracks spider-webbed across its surface, so thick that they might have obscured the title had there been one. Instead, the front cover bore only a brass emblem, a symbol I didn't recognize, and a clasp that sealed the book shut. I was still working on my anthropology degree, but whatever this was, it was something special. I took hold of the brass pin clasping it shut, but right as I was about to open it, I heard the cringe-inducing ring of Kylee's bell.

Her coffee was out.

“Debi?” I called. “Can you get that?” Usually it was my responsibility, and usually I didn’t mind. Kylee was quite pretty, after all, tall and slender but with ample breasts and a very pleasing face, and I didn’t mind opportunities to interact with her, however little attention she paid me. We’d had to get her the bell, in fact, as she’d repeatedly proven too taciturn to approach the staff for a refill, and Layla had insisted on honoring her all-you-can-drink offer. Nevertheless, right now, my attention was elsewhere.

“I’m kind of in the middle of something,” Debi responded.

I sighed. Debi was a fun girl to work with, and sweet, but she wasn’t the hardest worker. Not that this place required much work, really, yet even what it did call for was a strain on her. I kept the book in hand, worried I’d lose track of it among the thousands of other books in the store, and went to get Kylee her refill. It was surprisingly heavy for how thin it was.

“Cream, two sugars, just how you like it,” I said as I handed it to her. Like I said every time I’d gotten her one for weeks now.

“Thanks, Barry,” she said, taking it from me. As she went to hand me the refill, however, she paused. “What’s that?”

She was pointing at the tome. “This? I’m not sure, honestly. I just found it in the back. I was about to check it out.”

“It looks old.”

“I think it is. No title, though, so I don’t have much to go on.”

“Is there a title on the inside?”

Since she was showing interest, I sat down on the other side of the loveseat. Nervous around a strange man, she subtly nestled back into the far corner. I rested the tome on my lap and finished undoing the clasp. Inside, the front cover bore only another symbol, distinct from the first but no more familiar. The pages, the edges of which had been obscured by the closing mechanism, I was surprised to see were actually thin slivers of wood, and instead of letters, they had intricate carvings cut into them in shapes that I fast recognized as letters, albeit not in English. There were also holes, roughly rectangular, carved here and there, which had the effect of allowing words on subsequent pages show themselves on those prior. It was dizzying. Kylee watched with me in obvious curiosity as I flipped between the wooden sheets, marveling at the ingenuity of this script.

“Wow, what language is that? It’s beautiful,” opined Kylee beside me.

“Coptic, I believe.”

“What’s that?”

I glanced up, but only briefly. “It’s a dead language. Kind of a mix of Egyptian and Greek. I’ve studied my dead languages some at school, but not really sure what it says. Or how to read it, honestly. Like, I can sound out the words – Coptic is a phonic alphabet, at least – but I’m not sure if words and characters are meant to be read through the pages, or... I don’t know.”

She sipped her coffee, making that same face she always made that said she wasn't quite pleased, but as always refused to revise her stated preferences. "What's it sound like, then? I've never even heard of that language."

I cleared my throat. "Here goes..." It turned out to be easier than I'd expected. In fact, once I got going, it was actually fairly easy. I didn't understand a lick of it, but whenever I realized I'd been going on for another page, I'd see Kylee was staring in apparent rapt fascination, so I went on.

The book was only a dozen or so pages, all told, and only one-sided since the carvings on the back sides were merely the same characters in reverse. As such, it didn't take more than a few minutes before I'd read the whole thing. When I finished, I gasped in air, suddenly realizing I'd hardly been breathing during my recitation. How could it have gripped me so intensely?

But if it had arrested my attention, it was nothing compared to how it affected Kylee. No sooner than I had caught my breath than she reached out her hand to touch the brass symbol emblazoned on the front cover, and to my astonishment a pulse of yellow light flashed for an instant, echoing within her eyes.

"What the...!" I dropped the book and stumbled back. It tumbled onto her lap, spilling her coffee all over. Bizarrely, the drops of coffee ran right off the cover of the tome.

"Oh shoot, I'm so— darnit! Sorry. Ugh, hand me... wait, where's... here, come on, get that cleaned up for you..." The usual box of tissues that sat by our reading nook appeared to be empty, so I darted to the counter, seizing the roll of paper towels we kept back there for dusting off the counters.

"Something wrong?" Debi asked, eyeing my haste askance.

"No – err, yes – I – there's this..." I composed myself. "I'm taking care of it."

She chuckled, eyes sparkling with amusement behind her glasses. "Don't let me stop you, tiger."

When I returned to where Kylee was seated, however, I was in for a surprise. The pretty Indian girl was sitting in her same place, only now in nothing but her bra and panties. Sitting in her lap were the removed garments, the coffee stains on both blouse and slacks face-up. She looked entirely embarrassed, squirming in discontent in her seat.

"Wow, you... why did you...?!" I stammered, trying not to gape.

She held the clothes out to me. "You told me to hand it to you so you could clean it up. Was that not what you wanted?"

"No, I... but why would you..." I glanced at the nearby storefront windows. The blinds were positioned to keep most of the sunlight out and the heat in, as in this weather both proved problematic. Still, there was the occasional pedestrian outside, and any moment one might notice the mostly naked woman sitting in our storefront.

"You told me to," she said, in a tone that said she was a little annoyed to have to spell out something so obvious.

“But I didn’t...” Had I? I’d been sputtering such that I hadn’t been choosing words carefully. Either way, it didn’t explain why she’d actually *do* something like this. Unless...

“Did you feel something, when that light... sparkled?” I was at a loss as to how to describe what had happened.

“Yes.”

“What was it?” I prompted, seeing she wasn’t going to say more without it.

“Your power. You spoke the words, I grasped the seal. Your will is my own.” Her words came in a dreamlike way, but when she’d said them, she blinked and shook herself out of it. “Are you going to take my clothes now?” She was still holding them out to me.

I took a moment to try to process this. It was all happening so fast – I’d have thought she was pranking me somehow if not for what I’d seen when she touched the book, or the fact that she’d always been so timid around the staff here. My will was her own? What could that mean? It seemed like it could only mean one thing, and with her standing there in her underwear holding out her outfit to me, I had to be sure.

“Set those down,” I said. I was so nervous that my voice broke on the last word.

Kylee set them on the vacant cushion beside her. Her chin was tilted down in obvious shame at her state of undress. “I still have coffee on me,” she said in a soft voice. “If you wanted to clean it.”

Right, I had told her I’d meant to do so, hadn’t I. I sat down next to her, and seeing she didn’t flinch away this time, I grabbed a wad of paper towels and began to dab at the dampness on her skin, the coffee nearly the same shade as Kylee’s skin. She let me sponge at her, raising her arms so I had unfettered access. My pulse quickened as those words and what they connotated reverberated around my skull. *Unfettered access to Kylee.*

I went higher up her toned belly until my knuckles were grazing the underside of her plain beige bra. She didn’t flinch, though after a moment, she did point out in a quiet tone, “Um, there isn’t any coffee up there.”

Had I gone too far? Had whatever it was worn off? I didn’t know, but I was sure as hell going to test the waters before getting out of the pool. “Take your bra off.”

She obeyed. Bless whatever powers had conspired to create this moment, but she obeyed, unclasping her bra and sliding it down her arms. Two perky bulges of rounded flesh capped by two conical near-black nipples emerged into the open air. “Oh my gosh, this is mortifying,” she muttered as she discarded the bra atop her other clothes and draped her arms across her chest.

“Oh come on, you’ve got an amazing body. It can’t be that bad. Get those arms out of the way and let those puppies breathe!”

Her left arm fell to her side, but her right pointed to the storefront window, where a man was standing across the street staring at us. At her, really; I doubted he was aware I existed. “People can *see* me,” she whined. “*All* of me!”

I laughed. “Not yet they can’t. But let’s fix that. Stand up.” She complied, folding her hands in front of her crotch. “Atta girl. Now let’s give them something to see. Ditch those

panties, Kylee. And to make thing interesting – more interesting – I’ll give you an option. You can do it facing me, or facing the window. Your choice. But I want you to do it without bending your knees.”

She sighed, but it was a sigh of resignation. She only took a moment to decide, but the next thing I knew, she was turning to face me, her backside now pointed at the window. Her thumbs hooked inside her panties at either hip, and with a motion that was neither hurried nor leisurely, peeled them down. She was close enough that her hair brushed against my pants, and I couldn’t help but take advantage of the proximity by taking hold of either breast. When she realized she couldn’t stop out of her panties without revoking my access, she simply held in place, bent double, her bare ass exposed for any and all who might walk by and take a gander. She was lucky our block didn’t have much foot traffic this time of year.

There was only so long I could settle for groping her boobs when there was so much more to enjoy. “Turn around,” I ordered. “Without standing up.”

I couldn’t help but giggle as she awkwardly pivoted, shuffling from heel to toe, until she’d spun the full 180. Kylee was a tall one; her butt was right on my eye level. With her grabbing her ankles like this, her cheeks were splayed wide, revealing a taut brown pucker of an asshole above two dark but gorgeously symmetrical labia. I fingered first one, then the other, and while she mumbled another gripe about how exposed she was to the window, I gave those cheeks a few appreciative squeezes. She had a cute little mole on her left buttock that was simply mesmerizing. Then, just for fun, I gave it a nice hard slap, laughing as she squealed in surprise and shame.

“Are you turned on?” I asked her.

“No.”

“How do I know you’re not lying? Maybe you really like being a little slut like this.”

“I cannot lie to you. Believe me, this is nothing but humiliating on my end.” Still, she didn’t move. I craned my neck to confirm her admirer was still there.

“So why do it?”

“Your will is my will,” she said again.

“Well, right now my will is for you to—”

But I didn’t get to complete my sentence, because right then Debi came around the corner of the nearby shelves. “You get everything cleaned up back here? What was that... YIKES!” The skinny girl jumped back in surprise so fast her glasses nearly fell off.

Kylee didn’t even flinch.

“Debi, wait, I can explain!” I insisted. But could I? What was the explanation – that I’d found a spellbook on a shelf and compelled the woman’s obedience? But there might be another way...

I snatched the book and with Debi still trying to find somewhere to fix her eyes where she could look at me without seeing our naked customer, I began reading it again, sounding out that Coptic script as best I could. This time, I was more aware of the way it drew me in, of how

words were repeated and omitted as the pages turned, how the chant was like a circle of words familiar and varied with each rotation, spiraling into the center, drawing the mind like moth to flame.

Debi, I fast realized, had ceased her apoplectic sputtering and was listening with undivided attention, slowly shuffling closer until, as I spoke the last word and shut the tome – why did I do that? had something made me? – she pressed her hand to the brass symbol, and once more, it glowed bright for a moment, then faded.

“Debi?” I asked, waving a hand in front of her eyes as they slowly refocused.

“Yeah, Barry?”

“Are you OK?”

“Uh, not really. You’re sitting in the front of the store with a naked woman.”

Soon to be two naked women, I told myself. “Try and touch your nose with your tongue,” I said. Why that was the first test of obedience that came to mind, I couldn’t say, but as her tongue succeed easily at making contact with her nose, she eyed me like I was the weird one for asking.

Kylee, meanwhile, was still bent in what was surely an uncomfortable position, though I noted she hadn’t shifted yet. “Debi, I want you to take your clothes off like Kylee here.”

“Uh keh,” she said, tongue still in its weird position, but she was already obeying. I granted permission to put it back to normal as I watched my coworker strip for me right there in the entryway of Between the Lines. She was a lithe creature, with long arms and legs and hardly an ounce of fat on her. Her build had always been pretty obvious despite her tendency to dress in baggy clothing, but only as her red silk bra came into view did I realize one of the particulars I hadn’t before.

“Did you get your boobs done, Debi?”

She gave me an exasperated look as she wriggled out of her jeans. “No. Everyone always asks that, but no. That’s just what they look like.”

Before I could ask for – demand – a closer look, the chiming of a bell arrested everyone’s attention. Standing in the doorway was a middle-aged man, bearded and with his hair in a long ponytail, a true hippie from the look of him. “Uh…” he said, taking in the sight of Kylee’s body naked and bent, Debi on her way to join her. “Are you open?”

“We sure are,” I said. “Debi here would be happy to show you anything you wish. Tell him, Deb.”

She dropped her bra on the ground, her fair skin coloring almost as red as her bra as the stranger gaped. “I sure would. What can I show you, sir?”

“Come on, don’t be coy. Make some suggestions. What do you think he might like to see?” I folded my arms behind my head, unable to resist leering as Debi’s panties joined her bra. Her ass was so tight and narrow that it was hardly there at all, but it suited her, somehow. It was a real ass, not some pornographic badonkadonk.

“Well, you seem to be enjoying my tits,” she said in her customer service voice. “You’re welcome to browse, or if you’d rather, we have a slightly broader selection in international tits over here.” She gestured to Kylee.

“I grew up in Texas,” the woman answered, annoyed, but did nothing to stop the man from admiring the way her boobs were sinking towards her chin. “What about me seems ‘international’ to you?”

“Or, if that’s not your thing, we also have a variety of pussies and—”

The man, shocked beyond the capacity to respond, left, the bell chiming again behind him. “Might have been too aggressive there,” I rebuked her. “And hey, I said get naked. So... get naked already.”

“What? I’m... oh,” she said, noticing her shoes. Kylee seemed to realize her socks at the same time, and both girls removed them in unison. Debi, I noted had each dainty toe capped with a bright red-painted nail; Kylee’s feet were tiny little things, narrow, the soles pale and lightly wrinkled.

I walked over to Debi, and a quick check found her pussy every bit as dry as Kylee’s. Time to see just how far my control went. “Girls, both of you, get turned on right now.” I guided my coworker next to our customer and bent her over in the same position. I gave a little wave to their admirer across the way, who was now recording with his phone. Good. Something this amazing ought to be preserved. Back on the couch, Debi’s tiny ass was on display next to Kylee’s, their respective rose and umber holes open and available above pussies that, even as I watched, were moistening. A thin trickle of arousal soon trickled down Kylee’s inner thigh.

“How you feeling, ladies?” I asked, sliding a middle finger into either slit. Debi was so damn tight I could only imagine how she’d grip my cock; Kylee wasn’t as snug as that, but she rippled around my digit as if to greet it.

“Horny,” said Debi.

“Sore,” said Kylee.

Oh yeah, I’d had her bent like that for several minutes now. Oh well. I liked the view. “You think you’re sore now...” I teased.

“Are you going to fuck us?” asked Debi. She didn’t sound afraid; more curious, and maybe just a little annoyed. Or maybe it was just her voice being affected by her head hanging upside down.

I teased their pussies with my fingers. “I can’t see why I wouldn’t.”

“I have a fiancé,” said Kylee.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. We’ll have been together for two years in March.”

“So you’re saying you don’t want me to fuck you, then, huh? Saving yourself?”

“We’ve had sex, but I don’t want to cheat on him.”

“Debi, how about you? You want me to fuck you?”

She shrugged. I think. Hard to tell in that pose. “I mean, if you want. I’ve never really thought of you like that. You’re not really my type.”

I laughed. “Well then. I tell you what. Let’s play a little game. I’ll—”

For the second time that morning, I was interrupted mid-sentence. This time it was my boss, Layla, calling for my colleague as she roamed the store looking for her. “Debi? Debi, there’s no one at the counter. I told you, you can’t wander off, hon, no matter how slow... we...” She rounded the corner to see one of her employees finger-fucking another, their only regular customer joining in. “What in the heck is going on here?!”

I rolled my eyes, withdrawing my fingers and snagging the book. (I didn’t bother wiping off my fingers; if it was coffee-proof, it’d be pussy-proof as well.) “Girls, each of you shove a thumb in the other’s asses. Get those suckers ready.” Without standing up, they complied, awkwardly shuffling until they were bent over hip to hip, blindly fumbling with their hands until they found their partners’ asshole and slid their thumb in. Kylee whimpered in discomfort, but Debi took it like a champ.

As Layla gaped at these events, I began to read. It was easier each time I read it, though it was still far too complex to conceivably memorize, even if I were fully conscious of the words coming out of my mouth. Sure enough, as if sensing these words were specifically for her ears, Layla stopped moving, listening slack-jawed.

I finished. She touched the symbol. A pulse of golden light, and she was mine.

“Debi, you probably shouldn’t be naked at work,” she said, as if puzzled about how to handle Debi’s misbehavior without contravening my will.

“Barry told me to,” she said defensively, using her free hand – the hand not knuckle-deep in Kylee’s ass – to hold her glasses in place. “Just ask him – it’s not my fault.”

“Layla, from now on, what Debi’s wearing is the dress code, understand?”

Our manager looked at her naked employee, quickly processing the implication of my statement. “Oh. I see. Well then, I guess I should model good behavior then, eh guys?” She smiled, though it was a forced smile, and began disrobing. I’d always preferred more slender girls, but as I watched our short, curvy blonde manager strip for me, I had to admit there was some appeal. Huge boobs, huge butt, and if there was more midsection than I might prefer, there was plenty to entice the eyes elsewhere. She looked more than a little self-conscious about her nudity, but I didn’t really care right then.

“Now, as I was saying,” I continued. “Kylee, you’re going to have a chance to save your pussy for your fella. Now, you and Debi are each gonna get a turn on my cock...”

“But you just said I could save my pussy for Allen,” she protested.

“Don’t interrupt the guy in charge, sweet meat,” I replied.

“Technically, I’m in charge,” Layla said, chuckling. I smiled at how she could maintain her usual pleasant demeanor despite these recent developments.

“Not any more. Layla, now I’m the manager here. Understand?”



“Oh. Uh, all right. Does that mean that I’m, like, fired...?” She shifted her stance awkwardly, frowning. I knew she had enough money not to have to worry about it, but no doubt felt weird handing over control of her grandmother’s business to a former subordinate.

“Tell you what. You can put that pretty little mouth of yours to good use and convince me to let you work for me.”

Layla tapped her chin pensively. “Sure. Well, let’s see. I have experience working in bookstores, as I know you know, and, um, I’m a hard worker and I have a really positive attitude. One time, I–”

“Oh gawd, Layla, he means to suck his dick, for crying out loud,” said Debi.

Our erstwhile manager froze. “Oh. Is that what you...?” She saw in my eyes it was exactly what I’d meant. “Oh. Well then nevermind. I don’t want this job *that* bad.”

I laughed. Without an explicit command, they were still basically free-willed, their old selves plus this new complication. “Yeah you do, Layla. You’d do anything to be allowed to work for me. You can’t wait to get my cum in your mouth.”

Suddenly, she was rushing forward so fast I recoiled in surprise, but the buxom blonde was merely throwing herself at my feet, skidding the last couple feet across the hardwood floor. I barely had time to lift my ass off the seat so she could get my pants off before my cock was in her mouth, her head bobbing up and down frantically, a look of profound determination on her face. I’d never seen Layla work this hard at anything before, frankly, and I was beyond stoked that this new peak was on such a personally satisfying task.

I looked back to the other girls, still plumbing away in each other’s asses. “Now, if I can – more tongue, slut – if I can finish what I was saying... You’re each getting fucked. It’s up to Debi to talk me out of fucking that tight little ass, and it’s up to you, Kylee, to convince me to leave little Allen’s precious pussy prize unviolated. Understood?” They murmured their assent. “Debi, you’re up.”

Debi seemed to consider for a moment, struggling to keep her balance in the awkward position. “Uh, I mean... please? I’ve never had a guy do it in my butt before, and I don’t, like, think you’ll fit? Not to be rude – of course if you want, I’d try my best, but her thumb is already stretching like crazy, and from what I saw of your cock before Layla swallowed it, you’re probly at least as big. Besides, my pussy is super tight. You felt it, right? I think you’d really like it. My ex-boyfriend – remember, I told you about how I broke up with Aiden? – he used to complain about how I was too tight, but he had this giant horse cock, so like, I think it was just him. You wouldn’t have that problem, I bet. So yeah, how about give my pussy a try, and... *OH FUCKING GOD YOU’RE FUCKING HUGE!*”

The more she went on, the more I wanted to stick it in her ass just to shut her up. Layla crawled along with me, frantically striving to keep my cock in her mouth right up until I shoved her back on her big behind and stabbed it right into Debi’s ass. Kylee barely got her thumb out of the way in time, and I had to hand it to her, she’d done her job of loosening Debi up for me well.

It was indeed tight, almost uncomfortably so, but the way it writhed and spasmed around my cock, I didn't care.

"Thank me, Debi," I grunted as I started thrusting. Honestly, if not for Layla's spit on my cock, I doubted I'd be able to. My former boss was now lapping away at my balls, twisting herself into a position so her tongue could reach without interrupting my assault on Debi's tiny little back door.

"Thank you, Barry," she said, though her jaw was almost clenched shut from the discomfort and, no doubt, the shame. Fine with me. I honestly kind of preferred her enduring this to her embracing it.

"All right, Kylee," I said, popping Debi's thumb out of her butt with a little *plop*. "Your turn. Persuade me."

Debi had tried to reason with me, however poorly; Kylee, on the other hand, mortified by the prospect of giving her pussy to a stranger, at being unfaithful to her betrothed in a way that was to her somehow worse than the alternative hole, was beyond reason.

"Please, Barry," she said, her voice thick with wantonness. "Please fuck my ass. I know you want to. Hell, I've had lots of guys ask me for it over the years. I know I have a hot ass, and I didn't realize until right now that I was saving it for you. If it's half as amazing as it looks like it is for this slut," she elbowed Debi, and might have knocked her over if Layla hadn't been there to help steady her now-colleague, "then it'll be the best sex of my life. I need that, Barry. *Need it*. I'll do anything for it. I mean, I'd do anything for you no matter what, apparently, but if you agree to give me the gift of a good hard ass-fucking, then I won't just do it. I'll *want* to do it. I'll thank you, and it won't be some fake thank you like her. I'll mean it. Thank you for fucking my ass, Barry. Thank you for—"

I'd wanted to bust a nut in each girl, but I couldn't take any more of that. Like the woman said, she *needed* my dick in her butt. She wailed at the sudden fullness, but I didn't let up. Having been bent down like this for so long, her balance was basically shot, but I drove her over to the front window and tugged her upright by the nipples, plastering her face up against it, the blinds crinkling as her face and tits smashed against them.

"Thank you, thank you, thankyouthankyouthankyou!" she moaned. True to her word. Did the spell do that, or was she really this much of a butt slut? Whatever. I barked an order for Debi and Layla to quit being so damn lazy and to help take care of our customer, and they were there in the drip of a pussy. It was Debi's idea to wrap herself around Kylee's leg, spreading herself so wide that her own cunt came down on the woman's foot. She rubbed herself on those delicate digits, humping for all she was worth. After seeing the way I patted Debi's head, a good dog, an obedient pet, Layla mirrored her on the other side, and if her well-padded thighs couldn't lower herself all the way to Kylee's foot, she had no trouble rubbing her pussy all over her shin and ankle.

I came well before I wanted to, but none of the girls showed any sign of my power over them weakening, and so I knew I would soon get another chance. I even tried to stop myself,

pulling out of Kylee's heavenly ass, but it was too late by then, and my cock launched volley after volley of spunk onto her round brown bottom.

To my surprise, Layla whirled around in a flash, lapping at my cum while it was still spurting out of me, jacking me with one hand while shoveling my jizz into her mouth with the other.

"Jesus fuck, Layla!" Debi exclaimed in plain disgust.

"Whuh?" Layla said indignantly, her mouth too full of my spunk to talk clearly. "Ee thed 'oo can' waid do geb by cub ib your moud, wemembuh?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "I did say that, didn't I? But hey, you girls really ought to share the wealth. After all, it was your asses that earned it. Come on, Layla, don't be greedy."

Debi and Kylee shared a look of commiseration, but both sank down on either side of Layla. My former boss turned first to the customer and the two tilted their heads to the side to lock lips in a long, sensuous – and also practical – kiss. A thin line of my cum dribbled out of Layla's mouth to land on her expansive breast, but she noticed right away, scooping it up on a finger and feeding it to Debi. The girl immediately followed by crawling over to Kylee and repeating the kiss, and soon, the three of them were all kneeling before me, mouths open, tongues out, obediently displaying their sharing of my bounty.

"Whuh now, both-man?" asked Layla.

I looked over to where the tome was sitting on the couch where less than an hour ago, Kylee had been casually sipping her coffee. "Now? I have a bookstore to run."

*Six months later...*

As usual, there was a crowd of customers inside the tight confines of Between the Lines. Debi was bustling around pouring and refilling coffee, not bothering to fend off the pinches, pokes and outright gropes of the men filling the store. She never did. Her outfit – what my researches had assured me was the legal minimum amount of clothing she could wear in a business not zoned for adult entertainment – invited it. Practically demanded it. Shorts so skimpy they were basically panties, and a novelty apron so small it didn't even reach the shorts, leaving her boobs bared on either side. And her glasses, of course.

She wasn't the only attraction. Kylee was dancing in her usual spot where her couch once stood, a casual, low-impact dance that was mostly semi-rhythmic squirming. In her bikini top and gauzy semi-transparent dress, it was almost hypnotic. An auditor, dispatched by a competing bookstore as their business was taking a massive hit, had complained that we couldn't justify having an employee semi-erotically dance in the storefront, but he'd had no answer when I'd pointed out that Kylee wasn't an employee, but rather just a big fan of the store.

“Layla, how's it going back there?”

“Almost done – five more minutes, I promise!” she called back. She'd been saying that for the past twenty, so I made my way back to my office where the new printing machine, a top-notch 3D printer purchased with a large chunk of Layla's (now my) inheritance, was indeed putting on finishing touches.

“What's the delay, sugar tits?” I asked.

Layla smiled at the nickname; she'd been my guinea pig for how far the spell would let me transform a woman's mind, and degrading cutesy nicknames were one of her many kinks. The things I'd done to her, she was barely human any more, basically a sex doll that could obey simple commands. “Sorry, boss-man, I can't count how many pages there are, so I keep thinking the next one is last. I'll do better.”

I squeezed her bare tit reassuringly; I couldn't hold it against her after all, being the person who'd told her to forget how to read and count. I hadn't thought it possible, but... here she was. Still, I'd been able to reteach her how to hit the right buttons to get the printer working, and then she only had to use a little glue to cobble each copy together. She usually managed to get it right. Right enough, at least.

I took over the binding this time while she sucked me off, a better arrangement for both of us. Once she'd thanked me for letting her swallow my cum, I bade my old boss farewell and made my way out to where my customers awaited.

“The Tome!” I announced, and the crowd instantly fell silent, all eyes on the contents of my hands. “It does what you've heard, and what you've heard pales in comparison to the truth. Precisely one copy now available, gentleman! Get your checkbooks ready. The bidding opens at five thousand dollars!”

“Six!”

“Seven!”

“Ten!”

In the back, I could hear the printer revving up to begin another copy. Layla’s pleased giggle at having hit the right buttons carried to the storefront, where Debi and Kylee were trying to master the fear in their eyes as I dispensed yet another copy. The whole place smelled of fresh coffee, antiquated books, and middle-aged men with dreams of grandeur.

Just another day at Between the Lines.



