**After School with the Boys**

by SexiMom

**Chapter 1**

"Hey, Mrs. S, let's play some basketball !" With that, Mike, the confident middle school boy came up to me, his friend's "hot milf mom", while I was gardening. I was dressed in gardening short-shorts and was bra-less in my midriff tied tee shirt. He pulled me by the hand to the driveway, where the basketball net was mounted against the house. I noticed my husband watching from the house while his son and 3 other boys played with me. I liked to play, as they had learned. My husband observed the boys attentive eyes. I knew I was hot. 5'4", slender, 36D breasts. I later learned that was not lost on the boys. People said I had a beautiful body, great breasts, and eyes that sparkled. And though a mom, I knew I was young.

I had little understanding of my effect on the boys. In my innocence, I thought they were too young to notice. But clearly they watched my body throughout the game. I was only somewhat aware how their eyes locked on my tits when I jumped for the ball. My husband later told me their efforts to block my passes looked orchestrated. My breasts bounced while ducking and dodging. The brushing of hands against my body seemed like chance encounters. Hands would touch my breasts or ass, in what I mistook as game play. I concentrated on the game, while my husband stood inside observing the participants.

This same story had played out in numerous earlier games and other encounters. But this time the sensuality seemed more apparent.

The boys visited that house every day after school. It was on the way home from school. And my son enjoyed having friends over. The boys were welcomed to play on the computer in his room, or to watch videos, either in his room or on the large screen set in the living room. So all were comfortable and almost lived at the house. My son often had other after school activities, but all were still welcome to visit... he could join later.

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That night after the game, my husband was very flirtatious. In bed, he whispered how any boy would do anything to glimpse my hot naked female body. I realized he was horny, seeing these boys all over me in the game, and by my naivete. Normally, I was pretty worldly. Sex turned me on. My husband's whispers, intended to get me hot, were working.

In bed, I was eager to passionately embrace. Once lust takes over, anything goes. So he got me to the point were I was nearing a sexual trance, with him sucking my breasts, feeling my cunt... and then he asked "Did you see how excited those boys were getting?" Puzzled look in response. He said, "They WANTED you." "They are BOYS," I responded. He smiled. "Yes," and said "I remember how much I wanted a chance to see or touch a hot woman like you, when I was that age." I looked back quizzically. "Seeing you in those short shorts, with your tits practically bouncing out just about made me come." I smiled. He continued, "They tried to touch your body every chance they had." With that, as he massaged my pussy, I lightly shook as a shiver of sexual impulse coursed through my body. "They WANTED more," he said.

He went on, "At that age, I would have given anything to spy on a gorgeous naked female body like yours!"

"Really?" I asked? But, I now realized it was true, and was imagining being the subject of such voyerist desire. The idea of exciting them all was entrancing me, and driving me crazy, as were the caresses of my husband.

He told me "I used to imagine I'd walk by the partly open door of a woman napping. I'd stop, and realize she was sound asleep, her nude body only covered by a thin sheet. I'd slowly push open the door." (My breathing became more intense as he massaged my body and visualized myself being spied upon by innocent sex crazed boys). He went on, "My heart would be pounding, but I couldn't stop myself. Slowly I'd reach to the sheet, and ever so lightly and slowly pull it down, watching her nude body revealed to me..." I imagined my own body being exposed and violated by lustful boys. With that my husband climbed on top of me and started fucking, harder and harder as I imagined being watched by the boys. I came to an intense orgasm. Now I was a believer. It was as though they all were watching and taking turns with my nude body being fucked in front of them. It was like a match just been lit, setting fire to my intense hidden desires. ....

My husband had accepted a new job requiring a relocation. He would start, and my son and I would move down just after the school season completed. I felt safe with the situation, knowing there would always be company around the house with the group of boys dropping by regularly. What could the coming days bring?....

**Chapter 2**

On my husband's return after the week long absence, he expected to hear some stories from on the theme of the boys' sexual interest. I was afraid to raise the topic. We had great sex that weekend, and he replayed his youthful voyeuristic fantasy, again setting me off into wild sexual passion. I'm sure my husband could see the boys were eager to play basketball, again with eyes glued to me. But I sensed he expected to hear more from me. But I wasn't ready. The boys had discovered XXX web sites, and were told by me not to visit them. I now did know he was right about their interest.

My husband's mind kept playing through his great youthful fantasy, which he repeated. My god. Wouldn't the boys seek opportunities to see or touch her he would wonder? He needed more. Was he trying to encourage it, I wondered? The idea continued to excite me, though I couldn't dare...

That weekend he pulled out a notebook he had put together with personal photos of us. There were screen captures from our homemade sex tapes. Attentively he flipped through the pages. At the end of the weekend, I found he had accidentally left it out on his desk. (Was it an accident?) His office was a normal passthru from outside into the house. I worried: Would the boys see it? I was afraid the photos of my body and my sexuality would be exposed, but, somehow strangely, it excited me. I wondered how their sexual interest would be aroused and how they would react. I didn't consciously decide to leave it there, but I did walk away without moving it.

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Little did any of us know what was in store later that week. The next day, I subsequently learned, the boys cut through my husband's office at home. My son had gone to visit his girlfriend and wasn't with them. They found the looseleaf binder. Papers partly obscured the notebook, but part of the cover caught their eyes. One of the boys slid the papers over to the side. I intimately knew all the photos in the book. The cover had a picture of my face, with a big smile, a partly openned mouth and partly closed eyes. It took little experience to recognize the look ecstasy. They had never seen that expression on my face. But they certainly had seen web sites featuring women aroused like that. They could not contain their curiosity, and Sam flipped open the notebook. On the first inside page, was a photo of me, pulling a hard cock toward my mouth, with an ecstatic sparkle in my eyes.

While I was upstairs, I was wondering why the boys hadn't come thru the study into the living room. Wandering in that direction to see, I could overhear hushed voices.

Sam turned to his friends. "Guys!", he whispered out while waiving them all closer. Today Tom was also over with Mike and Andy, and all approached and looked at the photo. "Oh my God," Mike said. "That is sooo hot!". Tom's eye's locked on the picture, while Andy said "we shouldn't be doing this." "Like hell," said Mike, "This is great." He reached to turn the page. The photos exposed other positions. Stark naked. Tits exposed. Nipples showing. Shapely hips. Nice butt. And yes, the boys continued to flip pages, and even my pussy was graphically exposed to all. The idea I was an unreachable prude evaporated; they guessed I was addicted to sex. Each and every single photo was returned to. The photos revealed how much I was addicted to sex and how much I enjoyed posing in graphic photos, even while not knowing who might later see them. The boys couldn't tell whose cock was in my mouth and up my pussy (or how many different cocks?), but in the photos I seemed hypnotized, entranced and willing to do anything. Legs spread apart fingering my pussy. Taking the cock right into my pussy. Licking cock. Sucking cock. Jacking it off. Sucking balls. Running my tongue under his balls. These photos were as good and as graphic as any they had seen, but, more exciting to them: they knew who was doing it! The boys had felt me up through my clothes while playing ball. They saw me daily. Playing basketball, I had finally realized they were deliberately brushing against my tits and touching my body. When they tickled me, I now was recognizing it as sex play! But, I couldn't admit it. God, how I now knew they wanted to see it all in person. And now they must have decided it was possible!

Hearing my son arriving home they quickly hid the notorious notebook back under the papers on the desk. Sam said, "Guys, I'm gonna surf the web for some good porn videos." All went upstairs and my son joined them in the computer room across the hall from the master bedroom. Before long they were engrossed in a triple-x web video. Not knowing how excited they were from just seeing my sensuality, I walked by and overheard sexual conversation about the web. I stopped and realized they were watching and talking about web site porno that was on their computer screen. Stepping further down the hall, I looked into the room. Not wanting to acknowledge it, but unable to avoid it, I said "You boys shouldn't be doing that!" They laughed and joked, then feigned compliance, moving off of the pornographic web site. I left to the bedroom. well aware of their sexual energy. A couple minutes later, I walked by and saw they had returned to the porno site. I stepped into the room and more emphatically said "Boys, you shouldn't be doing this!" Instead of hiding, they continued viewing and made a joking response. The sexual energy in the room was palatable, as I glanced at the screen. I felt an involuntary flush of excitement as my eyes fixated on the images and sound. There was some more sexual banter, as I felt their excitement. My son decided I had been in the room long enough, and escorted me out, as I limply tried to suggest they must get off that web site. I returned to the master bedroom knowing these boys were more sexually aware than I had realized. And now, they seemed to want me to know it!

For the next several days, we were all left to our private fantasies. I found myself repeatedly masturbating during the day, thinking back to the conversation I had secretly overheard. ---

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That Friday, I was innocently out in the front yard gardening when they arrived back from school. My hot pant shorts were comfortable, and I had unbuttoned several buttons on my white blouse, and tied it across my chest. This emphasized my breasts, and exposed my midriff. Unconsciously, it may have been intentional. We exchanged a greeting and they went into the house.

Again they were at my house, but my son was out visiting his girlfriend. Mike & Sam were bored, and Andy was just tagging along. They were alone inside watching me busy gardening outside. They peered out the front window spying on me, and I pretended not to notice. I could barely hear "Did you see how short her shorts are?" Sam asked Mike. "God, her tits just fit in that top!" Mike replied. They were horny, and the proximity of an unattainable(?) sex object just made them more lust filled.

While gently watering the plants with the garden hose, I became conscious of the boys looking out the front window at me. I strained to hear, and oveheard Sam said to his friend Mike, "Mrs. S has great tits!"

"We've got to get a better view. Come on. I'll drag her over to play basketball, and maybe we can steal a good feel while we play!" (My god, they were deliberately feeling my body). Sam and Andy just grinned agreement. Mike had done that in their last game, and apparently bragged later. This time, all had ideas of participating. I braced myself, and pretended to be oblivious.

Running out the front door toward the driveway basketball court, approaching me, Mike hollered "Come on, Mrs. S, you've got to play..." while reaching down to grab my hand and pull me towrd the court. I droped the garden hose, and it swished, soaking Mike and barely wetting me. While being pulled, I protested, "I need to work!" Andy and Sam surrounded me and used my hesitancy as reason to reach out and push me forward. Mike grabbed the hose and said "I'll get you for that" as he turned it on me. The water soaked my white blouse and I felt the fabric cling to my breasts. Glancing down, I was conscious the fabric was more shear than ever, and my braless state was totally obvious to all. My nipples hardened to a point. Sam's hands wrapped around my bare midriff, while Mike kept pulling saying "we need a fourth for basketball!" I laughed and gave in, pretending to be totally unaware of how transparent my blouse had become.

During the game, I could feel their lusty eyes on me, and was conscious that I was being aroused by it. Jumping made my bra-less tits bounce. When I had the ball, their hands and arms would fly, ostensibly trying to grab the ball away, but lustily touching as many parts of my body that they could, whether my teammate or opponents. On one overly obvious grab of my right breast, I hollered "Mike!" and he quickly replied "sorry, Mrs. S", with a big grin. I laughed at his boldness and shook my head, not knowing what else to do. They probably noticed my devilish smile, and knew they all could get another handful of my body. Later, when I held the ball, the molestation was so obvious I pronounced "game's over... I've got to get back to work." They all protested "no" in unison. But now, all three of them were on the same side. They grabbed for the ball and whatever feel they could get. As I pulled the ball into my chest, it just seemed natural to for them to reach my bare midriff and tickle. "Hey!," I protested and ran to the lawn with the ball. Mike tackled me and they all piled on. Even Andy was tickling and grabbing my body while I clutched the basketball, as if that was their objective, and we rolled on the grass. Hands "innocently" grasped my covered breasts, while other hands rode up my bare legs to my ever-so-short short pants. Mike had even been unsuccessfully trying to insert his hand under my shorts. "I give," I yelped, tossing the ball toward the driveway. They worried that they had gone to far with the groping, even while wanting more. "Ok guys," Sam said, "we'll have to let her go and play by ourselves."

I went inside to get some water. Had they really been so blatently feeling my body, as my husband had predicted? It couldn't have been accidental. It push imagination to believe anyone didn't know what was happening. They surely should be reprimanded, but that would acknowledge it happened. They were just boys after all, weren't they? If I was imagining it, was I just so horny to wish it was so? That earlier night when I was in bed with my husband, as he told of his boyhood lust, I had imagined those boys all groping me while my legs were spread and my husband took me passionately. God, that orgasm had felt so good. I realized my hands had slipped between my legs just recalling that night. I played with my body remembering how the boys had grabbed my tits and slid there hands up my thighs. I imagined the groping, had gone further than it had, with hands slipping up my shorts to my pussy. I shook as I came, imagining the play had gotten totally out of hand, and ground myself in a grand orgasm of imagination. But I would replay the thoughts and experience that night, and relive my orgasms repeatedly before falling asleep.

**Chapter 3**

After last week, I didn't tell my husband any more of the boys activities. I am sure he wondered how awakened they were to my sexuality. On his return home that Friday night, he completed some work at his desk and then joined me in the bedroom. I had already slipped into a sexy, sheer baby-doll nightie. He was carrying that fateful not-so-secret photo book of my sexual depravity. "My god," he exclaimed to me. "I left this on my desk. You don't suppose they saw it?" I just feigned a look of surprise and confusion, while I felt my face flush. He just smiled, shook his head, pushed me back on the bed and in a single motion slid his hands under my nightie and grabbed both of my breasts, exposing them and beginning to suck. He looked up into my eyes and asked, "Do the boys still come over while are son isn't home til late?" I nodded yes. "If they saw it, I'll bet they were thrilled. Hard to imagine they wouldn't take advantage of seeing it..."

Suddenly, an irresponsible thought crossed my husband's mind. The boys regularly came over to watch and videotape Japanese anime cartoons. They were Japanese cartoons, but the cute girl was always scantily clad, and very sexy. Why they hadn't given up[ watching these 5 years ago was beyond me... but, they came close to being soft-porn. My husband asked me "What if one of the XXX home movies ,was found by them in the recorder? With you naked and sucking and fucking and coming, orgasm after orgasm" OMG. Would they watch it? Or just be embarrassed and put it aside? Could the tape possibly get put back unwatched? Would they learn it was kept with other XXX home movies in the master bedroom? What would be their reaction seeing their friend's mom having sex?

Would my husband actually put me in that position? OMG. My breath caught. I tried to say, oh no. But the electricity shot through my body and to my pussy, and I'm sure it gave me away. I said, "OMG, you can't do that..." but my actions may have given me away as I engulfed his hard cock. "Don't do it though," I said. But that last phrase was lost on him. He understood "Don't let me know if you do anything like that!"

We were alone in the house, with my son staying at friends. My husband's eyes sparkled mischievously as he hopped up from the bed and opened the armoire cabinet, pulling out one of our personal DVDs. "Let's watch one!" he said, as he grabbed my hand and pulled my nearly naked body down the hall and to the large screen tv in the family room. The screen lit up and the video played images of my lust, tempting, sucking, fucking. My recorded voice described what it would be like if someone was watching. I spoke of of being taken by a stranger...

My husband was obsessed. He imagined himself as a teen, finding a hot woman, and finding pictures, then videos of her naked body, observing her sexual activity. He couldn't stop. Due to travel, with no mid week sexual release, his sexual tension was higher than usual. Now at home for the weekend, with the XXX tape of me, his sexy wife, on the big screen television his sexual intensity was palatable. He was fantasizing about the boys discovering the tape and watching my body in the throws of sex... I know those thoughts now burned in my mind.

In our passion, he announced "Let's go to the bedroom again." He quickly reached up and stopped the tape, shut off the tv, and pulled me toward our bedroom. Stuck in my mind was the last on screen image of me, mouth open, pulling that hard cock toward my mouth. On screen, nipples on my tits could be seen, and my nakedness would be revealed the first second after anyone pushed the "Play" button. That look of total lust and obsession on my recorded face betrayed my innermost thoughts. But he seemed to forget it when turning it off and moving to the bedroom. When our passions subsided, we were totally exhausted, and feel into a deep sleep, not talking anymore about the tape left downstairs.

At this point, my husband was already traveling to the new location during the week, and returning home weekends. My son's girlfriend required more of his time, and he went to visit her almost every day after school. So three or four boys were regularly coming over after school under "my" supervision for three hours of computer play, video games and perhaps basketball (but of course, sneaking to watch porn on the web). -----

The next week after school, the boys came back to the house with my son. I was already dressed to garden in my hot pants and midriff tied top. The notebook had disappeared, but they apparently hadn't told my son about the photos. They went to the kitchen to prepare a snack while I prepared to go outside. I could overhear conversation indicating plans to record some Anime tapes. I could sense their anticipation of seeing the scantily clad Japanese girl. My heart pounded wondering what may come. I prayed they wouldn't hit the play button with my tape still in, but knew I secretly wanted it. As I headed out to garden, I left the sliding glass door to the porch open so I could listen to any conversation from outside.

Through the window I could hear my son announced "I'm going upstairs to shower and change. Why don't you guys get the recorder set." In a somewhat bored voice, Mike answered his agreement. Finding a tape in the recorder, Mike said "We better check to make sure we can record over this tape." I froze. My mind was already playing every single frame of the video in slow motion. Would they eject the tape and read the label, or just play it?

Sure enough, they pushed "play", and my completely naked body appeared on the big screen, with a big smile on my face! Oh my god. I couldn't believe I was secretly allowing this to happen. Mike hollered, "Wow! Look at this!" Sam said "This is great! We better keep this secret!". On screen me body was totally exposed as the camera panned over it. My voice was talking about playing with my body in public, and I was obviously getting very turned on. In the video I reached toward the camera, and the cameraman's cock (could they know whose?) came into view as he said "You can't keep away from it, can you? You just have to have cock." "uh-huh", I nodded in agreement. He said "Any cock, as many cocks as you can have, right?" And again, "uh-huh", I nodded in agreement, with flushed face. Outdoors, overhearing this made my heart race even faster. My body was exposed, but so was my lust and depravity. They were hearing me say I wanted ANY cock.

On screen, I pulled his cock out and began to suck it, looking right at the lens through the camera. He talked about pulling me into a restroom and fucking me against the wall. I asked "What if we had an audience?" He said, "once you were in there, you would be committed..." I said "You think!" but was obviously turned on by the idea of being watched. Then, he climbed up on top of me, knees by my naked breasts and put his hard cock in my mouth, fucking it.

The shower upstairs turned off. Sam suggested turning it off, but Mike objected, saying "we can watch a couple more minutes."

On tape, my husband asked, "Would you have wanted to suck my cock there?" "Um-hum, yes!" was her eager response. He went on "Would you have wanted to take all your clothes off?" and she answered "yes", breathlessly. In the tv room, comments rolled, like "She's HOT" and "I want some of that". The camera angle then moved to get a great shot as he slid his cock down to my pussy, and rubbed his hard cock on it, then pushing in, to the sound of my gasp. A close-up of my face showed a wild eyed lust filled whore, eagerly being filled. My recorded moans and gasps betrayed my most inner lust. Then, it's as if I was compelled to turn him (and us) on more. On screen I smiled and opened my mouth making it clear I wanted more cock even while sounds of his hard dick rhythmically penetrating were heard. My tongue pushed out and licked my lips in the most suggestive manner, eyes flashing. "God, that's not fair, " my lover said. The camera panned down to my pussy being fucked, cock sliding in and out. Panning back up to my face, I was going into ecstasy, mouth wide open, then teeth clenched, then eyes and mouth closed, gasping, eyes wildly flash open as I started climaxing.

Mike muttered "Fucking whore. Alright!" "God I need some of that." The video cam pulled back, showing my naked body, beautiful breasts, excited nipples, and a big smile of satisfaction. Sam hit the Stop button, and I could hear the tape eject. "God, she loves to get fucked!" "Oh my god, what a horny piece of ass." "I didn't know any woman could need it soo badly."

I could hear Mike turn to Andy and quietly say, "When I give this tape to Mrs S, make sure you follow her and see where she stashes it!"

Mike then asked Sam to give him a blank tape that he apparently was holding. I could hear the tape put into the recorder and the channel being changed to the Anime cable show. Over the tv noise I could hear the clambering of my son coming down the stairs. He asked "Is the tape set-up guys?" They answered "Oh yeah", and my son son said, "Ok. I'm going to head out." Then hollering outside, "Mom, I'm going to my girlfriend's" I replied "Ok. Have fun."

But I was worried about what the boys would do next with the tape, and how out of hand it might become. So I put down my gardening tools and went inside, not quite sure of my next step. Entering the kitchen, I poured myself a cold soda, slightly unsure of how to get the tape. Mike solved my dilemma, asking "Mrs S, where should I put this tape?" as he walked into the kitchen holding the tape so that the label faced me. Obviously my face must have shown concern, since he next added, "We didn't watch it." (Liar, I thought). "It was in the recorder when we put in the blank tape."

Quickly I said "I'll take it." But just as quickly he replied, "Don't trouble yourself. Where should I put it?" I laughed, held out my hand for the tape, and shook my head, saying "Right. So you can watch it later? I know you boys! I think I'll just put it away upstairs myself." My eyes were surely giving me away, sparkling. My heart was racing, knowing just minutes earlier he had watched me in sexual ecstasy. He had a big devilish grin as he handed it over. Out of the side of my eyes, I saw Andy sneaking up the stairs.

Torn between concealing the hiding place, or letting Andy spy the location, I headed upstairs. My heart raced and pussy begged to be touched, answering my own unspoken question. Walking down the hall I avoided looking into the bathroom that I knew Andy was hiding in. I left my bedroom door open as I walked into the room. Opening the armoire cabinet, anyone could see several other tapes. Andy would be reporting that back, too. I knew they all wanted to watch each and every moment of every pornographic "home movie".

--- Later that week, when my son was away, they had their chance. Mike stole into the master bedroom, and grabbed an x rated tape. They put it into the player, and I recognized the sounds of it playing quietly while I was outside an open window. They watched as I fucked and sucked and begged for more cock. They were saying it was more exciting than any video they had ever watched before. When they heard me come back in the house, they turned the volume down and I pretended not to hear anything. I stopped near their door and my heart raced knowing they were watching me in crazy sex.

That afternoon, when they challenged me to more basketball, I couldn't resist. During the game and in the inevitable post game chase, their hands grabbed and wandered more than before. It was all I could do to try to pretend their groping was innocent game related play, as I let myself be molested. ---

The next weekend I kept the new activities secret from my husband. Curious, he went to check the tape. It wasn't in the video player. He did find it in the armoire, where the tapes were visibly kept on top. He hoped to vicariously live his fantasy. While at home alone, he put it in the player, to see if it was still positioned on the same scene we had left it. No. In fact, he learned it had been played to near the end! He knew someone had watched the graphic scenes of my complete sexual abandon. Since I hadn't mentioned it, he was sure the boys had watched, and asked me. I plead ignorance. But, who put it away? Had they seen the other tapes? I said I must have absentmindedly put it away.

That night, he seduced me, repeating the fantasy of the boys spying on me. I was quickly very wet, and had a grand orgasm. My wetness was only explained by realization that more basketball meant more copped feels. I certainly was aware of their deliberate effort to grab my tits and feel my body, and my husband was benefiting with great sex. He didn't ask about the tape, though I am sure he was curious. I still didn't share any stories. Yet, I obviously was easily turned on by the thought of their voyeurism. He surely wondered if I would try to get a reaction by exhibiting my body. He knew he could wait another week to hear a story. At the end of the weekend, he was off traveling again.

**Chapter 4**

Another week began, as my husband left town for his new job. The boys were still coming over daily, and my son still departed to visit his girlfriend, leaving my at home alone with them.

My husband had seen the teen boys playing basketball with me. I was too naive (or denying) that their bumps and feels were more than accidental, until he pointed it out. My husband's tale of fantasy as a youth, where he spied on a naked woman, brought us both to climaxes and raised my curiosity. When I overheard the boys find and flip through a photobook of me in sexual abandon with my husband, I learned how sexually aware they were. Then they discovered and watched a videotape of my arousal and climax... it was as if the events lit a fuse and compelled me to more intense desire.

**Chapter 4**

My thoughts kept returning to the boy's watching me on the videotape. My mind was filled with the orgasm I had to my husband's description of spying on a naked woman. At that last basketball game, and the chase after, the boys seemed to let their hands grab and wander more than before. I knew they were turned on. Well, could I investigate, without really crossing any lines? My son was again out at his girlfriends, leaving the friends free at my house. My curiosity became intense. I went into my bedroom, thinking about it. Almost unconsciously, I shed my clothes, re-imagining the fantasy my husband had described. I knew my naked body was hot, my figure great. I slipped out of my clothes and into my robe, feeling it sensuously drape over my naked body. I wandered to the kitchen, passing the boys across the hall, on the computer.

My silky robe was slightly above knee length, with buttons. The sash pulled it close to my body. I left the bottom button unbuttoned to allow easy walking. And leaving the top two buttons undone seemed appropriate. The fabric was thin, but not see-through. Several places did have a kind of knit see-through aspect, but that was really quite conservative.

I wandered down to the kitchen, then back again to my bedroom. I didn't know how heightened the boys' sensitivity was to my sensuality. I overheard them laughing, and realized they were quietly checking out x-rated websites. It did turn me on. I had to see if my husband was really right about how horny they were. I just wanted to test the water, and nor really do anything. I was certain they badly wanted to spy on my naked body, in real life, not just in movies.

I interrupted them. "Guys" I said, "try to keep it down", not acknowledging I recognized what they were watching. "I need to take a nap, and just took a sleeping pill." "Ok, Mrs. S," they chimed in. I could see them checking out the robe clinging to me. It was the same robe as the one they had watched in the video, the one I had peeled off to reveal my naked body. Their eyes told me they knew I was naked underneath the robe.

Entering my room, I took care to leave the door slightly ajar. I laid down atop the bed covers, on my side, facing the door. My body was only covered by the robe which I had unbuttoned, and my belt was now off. I placed my head under the pillow, and turned so I could secretly peek out and see if anyone was at the door. As I lay on my side, the robe draped over my body, long enough to cover my most private parts. But it fell open underneath, revealed my leg, my thigh, my hip, some of my stomach, and up to my cleavage. Though modest enough, it was clear my body was naked except for the robe. My knees were slightly bent (as in a fetal position) with knees together. I rested and thought about my husband's story: finding a woman sleeping naked under her sheet. I wondered if other boys really had fantasies like that. My heart raced as my mind played thorough the possibilities. I realized my pussy was getting wet, just thinking about the fantasy of being watched. I felt in control... without moving less was exposed than with the typical bathing suit. On some level, I wanted to dare moving while they watched, exposing as much as I dared. I might now live the fantasy. But I was both afraid and excited, unsure what I might do.

What seemed eternity was probably only minutes. I heard some boys stop outside my door and talk in quiet voices. Sam wanted to sneak in and take the x-rated home videotapes hidden in the cabinet on the far side of my room. He said "I've to watch the video again, and see her suck and get fucked!". Mike noticed my partly open robe and whispered he wanted to pull it back to see my whole body. "That would wake her", Sam whispered in warning. In full voice, Mike called out "Mrs. S". Sam gasped. Mike turned and whispered matter of factly, "See, she's asleep." Sam muttered, "Oh my god." Mike pushed open the door and told Sam, "Go get the tapes." My heart raced as Sam snuck in. Would Mike dare enter and touch my robe?

As they snuck in, they stopped near the bed and whispered more. I knew they had the urge to uncover my 'sleeping' body. I froze, legs tightly together. Mike tapped my shoulder as to get my attention, quietly repeating "Mrs S?", but surely he testing how soundly I slept. He continued ever so lightly tapping, on my arm, my hip, my thigh. Mike slowly, ever so lightly, pulled the robe back off of my legs. Sam, who had taken a tape from the armoire, returned to Mike for a better view. I started breathing a little more quickly, but tried to remain motionless. My heart was pounding. The idea the boys were exposing my body seemed unreal and sent mixed sensations through my body. Obviously I was less in control than I expected. I wasn't deciding what they saw. As they continued pulling back the robe, their breathing picked up, and they got closer to totally exposing me. Mike turned toward Sam while slightly, and again ever so lightly he began to tap on my now naked leg! Whispering to Sam, he said, "She's sound asleep!" My heart raced, my pussy, still hidden between clenched legs, was soaking. But the idea of further opening my robe tempted them too strongly. Mike reached up further, giving a view of a tit and exposing a nipple. His fingers were inches from touching my exposed breast. Inadvertently, I caught my breath, still feigning a deep sleep, remaining motionless, and wondering how far their exploration would go. Mike moved his hand along the edge of the robe's fabric, touching my skin, slipping along my breast and finally resting on my nipple. He believed I remained asleep, while I was almost fainting from holding my breath. "Mike!", Sam muttered, afraid Mike would wake me. Mike felt my nipple, tweaking it lightly, then let go. I could feel it harden, begging for more. Mike whispered to Sam, "Try it!" With no further urging, Sam reached forward and placed his hand over my breast, squeezing slightly, and moving his index finger to my nipple.

Would they do more? I was afraid they would, and yet was afraid they wouldn't. I was now breathing heavily with a racing heart, knowing my body must have been getting flushed but somehow they assumed I was still asleep. Now in a near sexual trance, I was overcome by an urge for more. Defying logic, I rolled onto my back. Doing so caused my robe to separate further, and I spread my legs, pulling the robe off much of my lower limbs and exposing my pussy and other breast.

The boys froze, fearing I would awaken and catch them. Sam gripped the tapes in his hands. "We've got to go!" he whispered nervously. Heading toward the door, he tried to pull Mike along. But Mike wasn't leaving. He slowly ran his hand over my body, touching my leg. Then he slid his hand upward along my leg, circling my pussy as if he was afraid that would awaken me. Mike slid his hand between my legs up to the hair covering my pussy, and continued exploring. Sam was now very fearful of being caught, and told Mike they had to leave. Mike was compelled to touch my pussy, fingering its moist lips and touching my clit. I quivered involuntarily. Sam jumped, and quickly slipped out of the room, immediately followed by Mike. As quickly as it had begun, they slipped away, leaving me silently begging for an orgasm. They swung the door back to its original slightly ajar position while exiting. The slightly open door left my body totally uncovered for anyone walking by.

Other friends were waiting in the other bedroom to see the video. Sam, and Mike were giddy with excitement, and I could hear the "shsh." More footsteps approached the door. Not wanting to spoil a good thing, Mike and Sam apparently didn't mention how far they had gone, and only waived their friends up to the door to look in and spy on my now totally exposed body. The other boys whispered with excitement, not knowing how much they had missed. I was soaking wet knowing how excited they were watching and thinking I was asleep. Afraid I might have overdone it, I rolled away from them, pulling the robe along covering my body. The boys, though now disappointed, could hardly contain themselves about their good fortune,

(Years later, when I finally admitted the adventure to my husband, I said "Oh yeah. It really did happen. It was real." But I still left out many details.)

They departed to watch the video performance of sexual acts. I could barely hear the tape or their conversation, though listening as attentively as I could. I was afraid I had let it go too far, but at the same time I was intensely aroused, and found my hand wandering between my legs while imagining it had going even further. I didn't even close the door, feeling sure they were intently focused on the video. I reached an intense orgasm, then gathered my whits, pulling my robe together and buttoning it all the way up. I knew it was late and they would be leaving to their homes soon. While afraid I may have let it go too far, I counted on my upcoming relocation safeguard my reputation. Things couldn't get too out of hand in the remaining days, could they? Or had they already?

..... Boys watch more video

The next day, the four boys were over visiting again, alone with me. Again, my son was visiting his girlfriend (probably encouraged by them). And again, I was only wearing my robe, naked underneath. They asked "Did you have a good sleep yesterday? We had to leave before you woke up." "I slept really soundly," I lied. "You don't need to stay up on our account," they said hopefully, "feel free to nap today." Once off in the computer room, I could overhear them each coaxed the others into more lascivious thoughts.

I was in the master bedroom organizing laundry and wearing only my robe all buttoned up with the belt tied across the front. Probably best to cool it, I thought. They walked in from across the hall, and Mike asked "Can we watch a video?" "Sure," I answered, distracted by my work. I hadn't anticipated Sam opening the armoire. Mike pulled out a tape labeled "Personal - XXX". He waived it and asked "Can we watch this tape?" Still partly distracted, I answered "Yes", but as I realized what I said, I caught my breath and pretended I didn't notice what he held. They didn't wait to see if I meant it, and just eagerly departed the room with their prize video in hand.

This time, the boys didn't play it at a hushed volume. I clearly could hear the sounds of the tape. Large gaps of silence... heavy breathing... occasional hushed words of sexual fantasy. And I could clearly hear them commenting. "God, look at that!" "I love her tits." "She just loves to suck cock!" My heart pounded. Certainly they knew I could hear them. They wanted to get a reaction from me. On the video, they were watching me licking, sucking, filling my mouth with cock, holding it, reaching beneath to lick balls. I could hardly breathe, and my head swirled. They certainly knew I could hear! Yet I couldn't ignore it. Without thinking, I hollered across the hall, "Boys, turn it down," but suddenly realized I had just confirmed I knew they were watching my naked body in sexual activity.

They turned it down, some. But continued playing the tape at a clearly audible level. My heart pounded. In my mind I saw them imagining fucking me, being sucked by me. I imagined their hands all over my body, just as surely as I knew that was what they were thinking. Almost against my will, in the privacy of my bedroom, I felt my hand move between my legs as I unbuttoned the lower buttons of my robe and sat down on the far corner of the bed, faced away from the door. I slipped my hand between my legs and felt the electricity as I touched my most sensitive parts and became moist with excitement. I was barely aware the bedroom door was half open. I could feel the intensity of an orgasm arising. I heard whispering. Was it from the room across the hall? Or outside the door? My back was to the door. I couldn't help it; I was breathing harder while my fingers got wet from my soaking pussy. The tape now was loudly playing in the other room. I imagined the whispering I heard was at my door. Or was I imagining? Were they watching me masturbate? The movie was still running. I reached an orgasm when I heard Andy and Tom beckon Mike and Sam, knowing they must be watching me from the door. I was afraid to turn, partly afraid to catch them, and party afraid to be disappointed they weren't really there. My body shook and I caught my breath. Then I heard them dash away across the hall. My heart was still racing.

Shortly after, the video was still playing. In moments it would reach the close-up of fingering my pussy, and then they'd see me take a hard cock. I needed to stop it. I crossed the hall to get the tape and chastise them. But while I was in their room objecting, two or three of them came up to me, and began unbuttoning my robe!

I was taken by surprise, knowing I was totally naked under the robe. I objected and got mad, but my muscles quivered and went weak, momentarily preventing my stopping them. First two, then three of them began reaching under my now partly open robe, feeling my breasts, while the third boy continued unbuttoning, then opening the front up. The forth boy just sat, mouth agape, taking in the eyeful. I could feel my face flush. I knew I had to get out of the room. "Boys!" I complained, while trying to pull my robe back over me. They continued feeling all over my body. This was unlike being molested while 'sleeping'. I couldn't pretend not to know. Afraid of the situation was getting totally out of control, I twisted and turned to break free and ran back across the hall, locking the bedroom door behind me. They were laughing, and hollering out apologies, and praising how great a body I had. I had no choice but to put it all out of my mind and just pretend it didn't occur. After all, wasn't it almost as innocent as them tackling me after basketball and feeling through my clothes? What choice did I have?

I felt dirty, afraid they knew the slutty thoughts I had. I knew I could not let it continue. I ignored their pleas to come out of my locked bedroom, and eventually, they left, one by one, and had to go home.

**Chapter 5**

"Put that away"

The next day, when Sam, Andy and Mike arrived, I was working in the yard, hoping they had forgotten the incident the day before. Yesterday, they had pulled open my robe and groped my naked body, forcing me to run and lock myself in the master bedroom across the hall. I couldn't admit to myself that it really had happened. And I knew if I tried to report it to their parents, I would be blamed as the "responsible" adult. I was both excited and afraid. They obviously had been obsessing about getting another chance to grope my body, and watch more of my private home videos. Just the day before I overheard Mike enthralled by videos of me sucking cock. Talking to his friends, Mike had imagined putting his cock into my mouth and being deep throated. I overheard him say he had masturbated to the thoughts.

After school I was working outside, and they walked up to me as I gardened, They told me my son had gone to his girlfriends again. They were disarmingly polite. The mood was one of fun, and soon I no longer felt threatened. Yet, I secretly fantasized being overpowered. Acknowledging my son wouldn't be home, I started moving to another part of the yard, when Andy and Sam decided to trip me. We all tumbled to the ground laughing. I was vaguely aware of their hands secretly touching and groping more than necessary, but feigned ignorance. As we stood up, I chased after Andy. "I'm gonna get you!" I laughed. And the others took off after us. He ran to a secluded corner in the back yard, and turned toward me. I was tackled from all sides. Groping and feeling intensified; the boys were trying to slide their hands under my clothes. At one point, Andy and Sam held my legs apart, and Mike climbed on top, playing at humping me. The humping motion was too obvious. "Mike," I scolded him.

He rolled off and around, and it seemed a swirling mass of confusion. I tried to ignore hands slipping up my midriff and under my top to my tits to cop a quick feel. I could feel fingers being slid under my shorts in an effort to touch my pussy. Bodies were touching, hands grabbing, when from behind I felt Mike's legs wrap around my head. Sam said, "Mrs. S, look at that!" I turned my head around and discovered Mike had unzipped and pulled out his cock. It was inches from my mouth! They pushed my hand up to his penis,and I realized it had to stop. "Put that thing away," I hollered, when it was too close to my face to deny it. "Stop it," I plead. Afraid they were going to try to pull off my shorts, I broke free and ran inside and into the kitchen. They followed me in, laughing but seemed to know they had gone to far. They instead went into the family room. I overheard Mike say, "I bet she will masturbate to that!", as they laughed. My body was flushed with excitement, while knowing I should be outraged. It was getting out of control. Knowing I had let it go on too long, I now was unable to report them to their parents, or tell anyone else. It seemed I had unintentionally fallen under their control.

The boys talked wild things that I could overhear. It certainly both scared and excited me. They wanted to strip me and have me suck them all. They talked about wanting to tie me down and fuck me. They even talked about bringing friends over to fuck me. Did they think I couldn't hear?

I had to get away from the sounds of their voices. I felt dirty from rolling in the grass and being felt. I headed up to the master bedroom, leaving the boys downstairs in the family room. I didn't think they saw me go upstairs.

"The Shower"

Conflicting feelings and thoughts ran through my head. Obviously, I couldn't suppress a strong urge to have my naked body seen more by as many boys as possible. I felt dirty, and needed a shower. The door to the master bedroom was wide open when I decided to strip for the shower. But the bedroom was supposed to be a private area of the house, where nobody else should be. I entered the master bath, leaving that door partly open too, as I turned on the water. Logically I knew the running shower may be heard downstairs, but denied the observation. Secretly, I must have suspected someone could be attracted to spy.

Entering the shower I soaped my body and enjoyed the sensations. I ignored the first sensation of motion by the door, and continued soaping. As I became more conscious of the shadow at the door, I avoided looking that way, as if that would make it go away. The boy now standing there, was looking boldly in, and I knew he didn't care if I saw him watching. Mike seemed to read my inner most thoughts, that even I could not yet accept. I wanted him to watch.

I turned and looked at him, while trying to cover up, moving my hands and arms over my breasts and between my legs. He continued to stare directly at my body as I rinsed off the soap. While I watched, he reached to his belt and unbuttoned his pants, dropping them to the floor and stepping out of his underwear. I gasped as I looked at his erect penis. Turning off the shower, I grabbed for a towel, and gruffly complained "Mike!". He continued to stand, staring at the towel which now wrapped my body as I stared back. "You should leave," I instructed.

When I stepped out of the shower he stepped forward, grabbing my towel and pulling it off and dropping it on the floor. As he stood naked from the waist down, he began touch me, moving his hands freely over my body. In an instant, he ran his hands all over, touching, feeling, massaging and caressing all, my breasts, my nipples, and between my legs. I felt powerless. Could I report him? Could I tell his parents? Could I yell for his friends to help me? NO! And yet, much as I wanted to stop it, I didn't want to.

"Mike," I said breathlessly, while my knees weakened. I reached down to try to retrieve the towel from the floor. Taking advantage, Mike placed his hand on my shoulder, as pushed down. My knees gave way and I unwillingly dropped to knelling on the floor, facing him.

He pulled my head to his cock. My mouth instinctively opened as he stepped forward and pushed his cock into my waiting lips. He fucked my mouth and I continued to suck until it came. He pushed my head in, forcing me to swallow the gobs of his cum. Torn between the pure sexual emotion and fear of discovery, I said, "Mike, you can't tell anyone. If my son or husband..." My voice trailed off. Mike smiled, realizing he now had leverage. Reaching his hands out, he took ownership of my body, and replied with a wicked smile "Don't worry Mrs. S, it will be our secret, and we can do this every day! You'll be moving soon." I suddenly realized just how big a risk I had taken, and knew he would be using me relentlessly. Mike smiled as he left the room.

I knew it would be a while until the other boys left. It would be longer before my son returned. I had to get dressed, but was unsure what to wear. I could hear the boys laughing and talking in hushed tones. I was both afraid and nervously excited to suspect Mike was sharing his experience. I would normally put on my full length robe, but now I knew they would surely corner me and simply unbutton and remove the robe. I knew I was powerless. I couldn't stop it or even credibly threaten them. I was afraid how far their animal instincts would take them.

The doorbell rang. It was Sam's mom. I felt a momentary sense of relief. I could hear Sam answer the door, and implore his mom to let him stay longer. His mom hesitated, then agreed at his insistence.

"It continues outside"

I decided it would be safer to put back on my gardening clothes and go outside. It would be safer outside, even though I knew my short-shorts and open midriff blouse drew the boys attention. Getting outside seemed necessary.

Walking downstairs, I chastised the boys, "Boys, you need to calm down. I have to do some more work outside. Try not to get too out of hand!" With that I exited to the back of the house, expecting them to remain behind inside. To my chagrin, shortly after, they followed me out.

"Mrs. S, you can't get away that easily," Mike laughed. The taste of Mike's cum still lingered in my mouth. Obviously they were going to pick up the chase game again, where they had left off! "You can't get away again," they said, still smiling and joking. I replied "oh no you don't!" and got up to run. I may have been afraid, but knew I was turned on! They tackled me, and suddenly seemed all over me.

I wished I had started out in the front yard, more in the public view on a trafficked residential street. Though the back yard was open, there were hedges and trees concealing it. I could still taste the cum in my mouth, and despite my conscious effort to ignore it, I was getting wet with the thought of these boys climbing all over me.

Four sets of hands conspired to hold me down and explore my clothed body, only long enough for me to feel fingers exploring under the edge of my blouse and shorts. Almost before I knew, a hand had gotten underneath and was cupping the flesh of my breast, while other hands and legs were holding my arms and legs. I swooned with the thought of being taken, while knowing I could not let that happen, and outside, it surely wouldn't. Mike sat on my chest and arms, while Andy and Tom tried to behave as though this was still innocent childhood fun, tickling and holding my legs and midriff.

Sam had moved toward my head and Mike turned me toward him, as I saw Sam unzip his fly. "Sam!," I implored. His cock was hard as a rock and begging for attention. Mike ordered, "Suck it, Mrs. S..." as Sam moved closer. I felt compelled... as much by my own lust as by their forceful insistence.

As my lips closed around it, I heard a "click" and flash... and suddenly realized Mike had pulled out his cell phone camera. Before the concept sunk in, Sam pushed in further into my mouth. my natural impulse to lick and suck took over, while several more clicks went almost unheard. Mike switched to video mode, and praised my technique as I nearly gagged, while Sam shot his load into my mouth and over my face. "Come on Tom, Come on Andy. Get up here and take your turns," ordered Mike. Mike got off my chest, reaching under my midriff, shoving it up as my breasts popped out from underneath. Almost before I could react, my top was off, too.

The other two boys were more hesitant, but knew they were full participants. Mike's order compelled them. He slid down to hold my legs while Sam took his place grabbing one arm and moving his leg over my body. "You are so hot, Mrs. S." "Boy is she a great cock sucker" "I'll bet you really love this, Mrs. S, don't you?" My head swirled, while my body betrayed its excitement. As Andy and Tom unzipped, Mike leaned to continue capturing the video. I freed an arm, only to hold Tom's balls and guide his cock as I sucked. my unstoppable lust exposed itself. But I was NOT going to let myself be fucked. No way.

As Andy and Tom came simultaneously, shooting over my face and in my mouth, I found myself coming too, and tried to not let it be too obvious, as unsuccessful as my concealment was. Mike put down the camera and I felt his hands reach to the sides of my short shorts, and quickly I spread my legs to prevent being stripped. "Boys! Stop it! Stop it." Mike could sense they had reached my limit, (at least for now, he thought). And the boys had each drained their cum. "Boy, Mrs. S," Mike said, "we should do this more often!" The thought scared but yet excited me. I knew soon I would be moving, and the world seemed like an unreal sexual fantasy.

That night, I worried about the photos and video.

**Chapter 6 - More visitors**

When the boys arrived the next day, they came with two older friends that seldom visited. Already I had nervously consumed a full glass of scotch, not knowing how I would handle their arrival. I had fantasized and masturbated to thoughts of being taken by the original four, though I knew I could not allow it. I regretted that I was still in my robe, naked underneath, and I feared how the newcomers might take it. Mike informed me that my son was again visiting his girlfriend, but added "so we can do what we want." I was afraid I knew what he meant. In my mind, I could still taste the cum in my mouth from yesterday. With his comment, I could feel my heart begin to race, my fear and excitement rising, and my nipples hardening, rubbing against my robe. I didn't respond.

They talked and laughed as I went about my business in the kitchen. I began to feel more comfortable, and refilled my scotch. After a little while, Mike stuck his head in the kitchen and said "the new guys would like to see your video from upstairs, ok?" I suddenly felt faint. He was referring to my private home videos, filmed with my husband, with very graphic sex scenes. When I hesitated, Mike pulled his phone out of his pocket and, facing it toward me, he flipped through several of the shots he had taken yesterday, with Sam's cum over my face. "Mike, don't," I futilely suggested. "Or," he said, "I could just show them these." I thought I better escape upstairs and pretend I didn't know what they were watching, when Mike added "We want you to watch it with us." He turned and went upstairs to fetch the video.

Oh shit, I thought. Do the new guys know about yesterdays group blow job? What if I refuses to watch with them. Will they tell the other two what had happened? If I do allow myself to be forced into watching, will the four from yesterday keep their mouths shut and hands to themselves? I mean, I thought, the video just shows me with my husband doing what all couples do in private all the time. I was very aware the last time I had walked in on them watching the video, they all moved in and opened my robe to play with my nude body, massaging my 36-D tits and grabbing between my legs. I had to run out of the room. I began breathing more quickly and felt like I was being transported to an unreal world. my heart pounded, and I became aware of an undesired tingling between my legs, and a dampness there from excitement and fear. They wouldn't dare rape me. But, I knew I was at risk of blackmail, and had to consent to any demands. Somewhere deep down I was aware of a repulsion and yet a desire to have them take me, to have them tie me down, and just like the the stories I had earlier heard them share, to take me and fuck me, one after another. Quickly, I threw that thought out of my mind and found it totally unacceptable. I knew I could not permit them to even repeat what they had already done. But a chill and sexual shiver passed through as I realized I was not in control. My thoughts were interrupted...

Mike loudly came down the stairs, and stuck his head in the kitchen holding the video-cd. With a big smile on his face, he said, "Come on, we're ready!" and exited to the family room with the big screen tv. I could hear him fumbling with the cd in the video player, as he hollered, "Mrs. S.... come on. We're waiting. Where are you?"

I knew I had to go out, or next he would pull out the photos of my sucking the other boys. I answered, "be right there", but poured myself another tumbler of scotch, chugged half, refilled, and walked out. As I joined them, I feigned ignorance, asking "What movie did you bring?" I knew the video was about to totally expose me to all six of them. Taking another gulp of scotch, I hoped it might just seem like I was drunk and didn't realize what was about to go onto the big screen. I walked in and sat down in the only open seat, on the couch between two of the boys.

I announced "Just so everyone understands before hand, there will be NO funny stuff! Right? We are just watching some videos, and are not going to do ANYTHING!" Mike simply said "Shhhh. Fun's about to start....". One of the boys refilled my scotch, and I gratefully took another large gulp.

As the movie went on, though I was totally covered in my robe, I felt completely naked while that woman on screen, who happened to be me, was striding across, unbuttoning a flimsy negligee, first erotically exposing full 36-D breasts, then dropping the sheer fabric to the floor exposing all of my entirely naked self. Another gulp of scotch was in order. "You guys shouldn't have brought this out." I nervously asked, "If you want x-rated, lets just watch a professional video?" "No way!" was the quick reply. "We like home movies!" The alcohol was actually starting to help. On screen, I laid down on the bed. As the movie progressed, and my husband the cameraman approached and the camera panned from head to naked toe. I was conscious of my pounding heart and increasing level of excitement, while struggling with thoughts of what might happen. God, did I need to make it so clear on the video just how much I loved to suck on cock? When he finally placed his cock in my mouth on screen, I felt as though I was filling my mouth with the cocks of those in the room... it was as if I was sucking each of the boys. "We should shut this off!" "No way" was the instant unanimous reply. My legs slightly opened and closed as my excitement increased. I hoped they didn't notice, and my cheeks began to flush. It wasn't just the alcohol.

I felt dizzy when I became aware the boys were unzipping their flies, and each began stroking their own manhood. "Boys!, I said, "cut it out. We are not going to do anything but watch the movie. I am a married woman. No sex!!" I emphatically stated. In a reassuring voice, Mike said, "Mrs. S, we wouldn't want you to do anything you don't want to do. But..." as he stood and moved toward me. He reached down and pulled my hand up and wrapped my fingers around his cock, "but, I do need you to hold this." He slowly moved my hand back and forth, and Sam stood up at my other side, saying "ok, no sex" and he too picked up my other hand and wrapped it around his cock. I was amazed how large and hard their cocks were. The alcohol made the idea of "no sex" seem reassuring as I slowly massaged their manhood. I gave up all control.

Almost before I realized what was happening, the other four were also standing moving toward me with their cocks exposed. One boy picked up my scotch, and moved it to my lips, and I took another drink. Alcohol could be my escape, or my excuse. Their fingers began unbuttoning my robe. Hands enveloped my breasts. The two new older boys had a more aggressive look in their eyes, and when they moved my hands to their erect units, Mike proclaimed, "Guys, remember, NO SEX,...unless she wants it. We're just fooling around and having a little fun." He turned my head toward himself and pushed my mouth over his cock. Mike continued "She may or may not want to fuck, but she does like cock sucking."

The dizzying activity and the alcohol were having their effect on me. It all seemed unreal, like another scene in the movie which was still playing. One mouth enveloped as much of my right breast as possible; the sucking sent electricity thru me. And I was the performer, the center of the action in this real world fantasy. On screen I could hear my gasp, and knew the video showed a cock pushing into my own wet pussy. In my mind, it was like a preview.

Sam said, "hey don't be greedy," as he pulled my mouth away from Mike's cock and turned my head to his, making me suck it too. As Andy and Tom stood near, Mike said to the new guys "come on, give them a chance too", and moved my hands to begin stroking them. The new guys took turns forcefully turning my head, placing my lips against their penises, rubbing them back and forth spreading slippery pre-cum until I opened my mouth. I was dizzy, in a daze. I felt drugged and in an unreal world. My body was taking over and I couldn't wait for them to climax. My robe was being opened, and now was completely open, with hands over my breasts, tweaking my nipples, my body exposed to all; yet my attention was on sucking and licking and the cum now shooting down my throat. I was being pushed back on the couch and my legs were being pulled apart. In my dizziness, I was barely aware which boy's cum was shooting down my throat or onto my face. Two managed to push into my mouth at one time. After the first cum hit my face, it brought others to climax in a dizzying array: in my face, my eyes, my mouth, my hair, my breasts... I swallowed and swallowed. I felt hands over my whole body, vaguely aware my legs had been pulled apart. My robe was now off me, and boys grabbed my pussy, and slid fingers into my cunt. One slid on top, and rubbed his hard cock against my soaking wet pussy, then finding its target, he gave a hard thrust far into me. With mixed emotions I screamed out, in ecstasy or fear or anger. I couldn't tell, but his repeated thrusts felt good. When he pulled out, I objected as the next prepared to take me. Yet waive after waive of orgasm involuntarily shook my body, betraying my lust. I tried to discourage the next, but knew it was useless to resist. I knew I needed it, even more than I wanted it to stop. I vaguely realized Mike had again pulled out his camera phone to record us. I began to gently sob as I was taken by the fifth and sixth. Mike smiled like a proud lion, and said "Gentlemen, I believe we satisfied her." I blacked out until awakened by the one remaining boy, who shook my naked cum drenched body and told me to move to the bedroom before his mother arrived.

Later Mike emailed copies of his cell phone video to each, including me! I didn't want it, but my worst fear was my husband or son would learn of it. Now, I understood the full extent of the trap I had put myself into.

"The Slut Sex Slave"

I knew there was nothing that could be done. I would blamed as the adult responsible... I had to keep it quite. Luckily I would be moving very soon. Surely other boys had heard about the pretty woman who loves to fuck. Luckily my son didn't. One day two boys I had never seen before knocked on the door and wanted to fuck. I was afraid not to. They teased me. I felt very guilty but rather than risk being reported or publicly embarrassed, I gave in to them. Fucking. Sucking. Whatever they needed or demanded. I felt ashamed. And then in the remaining days there were more.

In town, if a boy "accidentally" bumped into me, and grabbed my breast or crotch, I just shut up and took it, knowing they probably knew, and I just had to make it to my move out of state. I became afraid to turn down any older boy's proposition, no matter how crude or offensive, and would let my body be touched or watched or fucked. My mouth always tasted of cum that I was always told to swallow. And I simply counted down the days.

I tried to behave as a normal mom when my son was around. So I walked with him to the nearby weekend school soccer games, hoping nobody there would embarrass me or expose my secret. As we were cutting through he woods, he told me after the game he depart and walk to his girlfriend's. When the games began, my eyes were drawn to the adjoining field where much younger boys were playing. When I observed them talking and kidding, I imagined they were pointing and nodding over in my direction. I imagined they too must have heard. Silly, I thought. Until after the game, when I started walking home alone, cutting through the woods. That same group of young boys were hanging around, and they separated as I approached, but then closed in around me. I stopped and asked what they were doing. One of them said his older brother told him I would show them my tits. I gasped. His brother "guaranteed" it, and said if I didn't, he'd let them have pictures of me. Several began chanting "tits, tits, tits", and the world again seemed to become unreal, as if I were in a dream. I was wearing dumpy old sweat pants, with an old top that buttoned in the front; the shirt was perhaps a little to sheer and a little to snug to be going braless as I was. Now I wished I had not left the top buttons undone. I again felt helpless. I could hear the whispering... "look at the size of those boobs" "I've never seen naked tits before" "oh, this is great" "tits, tits" Knowing I was defeated, I reached to the next button, and began slowly unclasping them. I firmly explained "This is all you're getting." The first boy said firmly, "take it off", and I slipped the shirt off my shoulders and dropped it to the ground. I was embarrassed to see how hard my nipples were getting. I gasped when the first young hand reached up to cup and squeeze my right breast. As I closed my eyes, others crowded around and grabbed... squeezing, pushing, pinching, moving fingers over my breasts, tweaking my hardening nipples. "That's enough," I declared. "You've had your fun, and I'm going now." I turned to see one boy, with a shit-eating grin, holding my shirt up. "Trade you," he said, "for a quick look at your pussy." I quickly reached out to grab the shirt as he pulled away and I lost my balance, falling to the ground. The chant had changed to "pussy, pussy, pussy", and two boys quickly took advantage of my predicament and grabbed my sweat pants, pulling them down leaving me only in my Victoria Secret panties. "No touching!" I said. The boy with my shirt said "Deal, if you let each of us get a really good up close look at it." In defeat, I agreed. And they each took turns within inches of my pussy as I spread my legs and played with myself, separating my pussy lips to show them anything they wanted.

From then on, others would come by the house regularly and hang out. Guys I had never met before, with hopes of getting lucky. Sometimes they would be there, sometimes not. Once, I went out to the front lawn, several boys appeared volunteering to help out with the yard. As usual, the helping quickly included some teasing and tickling. I hadn't meet this group before.

When some of the tickling got aggressive, I escaped across the street. Two of the boys followed. They stopped outside a town garage, where I was tickled more. Entering the garage, it seems some lights were turned off. Two boys cornered me. There they removed my top, then my pants. They pulled out their cocks and had me play with them. Then they laid me back, one entering my pussy and the other placing his dick in my mouth. While the second boy awaited my pussy, I licked and sucked him. As the first boy came, they eagerly switched positions. The second boy quickly entered to get his piece of ass.

Then, as quickly as it started, the two unknown boys laughed and joked around, then left the garage, and I slipped back into my pants, tied my top across my breasts and returned across the street to my home.

**"Conclusion - I hoped"**

The family had completed its move south. The boys were now a thing of the past. My husband was disappointed to think they hadn't even been caught playing the video, let alone spying on me. But somehow, I had kept Mike's video hidden from him. I didn't feel safe revealing all until much later....

"Epilogue" About six months later on a Saturday, I was in the kitchen with my husband making sandwiches for lunch when my son walked in. He had a big smile and was excited. "Guess what!", he asked enthusiastically, "Mike can come down and visit for his spring break!" I drew a breath and held it, afraid of what might occur if this horny and aggressive teen were to visit unsupervised. I did a double take as my mind started to race. Involuntarily, I thought back to Mikes hard dick pounding my pussy, remembering how he blackmailed my consent. Against my own wishes, I felt my body respond and my panties get moist. Fear of my infidelity being discovered made my heart race. While trying to quickly come up with a reason to block the dangerous visit, I heard my husband say to my son, "That should be fun for you guys."

My son continued, "He can come down next Saturday and stay thru Thursday!" I suddenly realized, "Wait. Your spring break isn't til the following week. You have to go to school, and your dad will be working!" "I know," he responded, "Mike said he'd spend all that time in bed!" Quickly I realized Mike meant he'd be using me all those hours, while teasing and threatening me with exposing those pictures. I was worried he might even leave them out where they would be found. Emphatically, I said "That just may not be a good time." My husband interupted, "Oh come on, our son has been waiting for his friends to visit. We can make it work." Little did my husband realize he was orchestrating the repeated penetration of my body by this horny young man, and the spewing of his cum into my mouth, my pussy, and surely this time Mike would take my ass, too. I could feel his hands roughly all over my naked breasts spreading his sticky ejaculate on my chest, my tits my nipples... Meanwhile, I knew my objections were not being heard, and I was prevented from saying why I really wanted to stop the visit.

**Chapter 7**

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**Chapter 8**

Over my objections, I knew my son would be inviting Mike to visit, my husband would innocently agree, and I would be left "entertaining" Mike alone at the new house from Monday through Wednesday of that week while my son was at school and my husband at work.

"Guys," I explained, "Mike will be bored sitting around alone with only me at the house." Looking at my son I said "Maybe you should skip school for a couple of days." My husband jumped in saying, "No, school is important. Mike can read or watch tv during school hours." My son jumped in saying, "He won't care. Thanks dad! I'll tell him its ok."

The thought of this teenage friend of my son taking advantage of my sexuality again, was both scary and exciting at the same time. I couldn't admit to my husband how Mike and his friends took advantage of me before. The spying. The photos. The molestation. The sex. Part of me loved being the "Mother I'd Love to Fuck" and part of me denied the reality of my horny imagination. I knew it was out of my control, and my inability to affect the situation oddly released me from responsibility for the consequences. Maybe Mike had outgrown his horny teenage obsession with sex, and I was silly to be afraid of the situation?

"Ok," I reluctantly agreed.....

.... The days before the visit slipped by. I couldn't help repeatedly masturbating to my most frightening fears of the trap I was being pushed into. I couldn't help thinking back to those basketball games... to the boys tackling me and pretending to try to steal the ball while copping a feel of my breasts... to their finding my husbands stash of private photos and videos of my sexuality. And as I gained awareness of their interest in my body, I couldn't help teasing their interest by letting them spy on me as I "slept" in the nude. Their innocence and curiosity sparked my exhibitionist tendencies. But their aggressiveness had surprised me, starting with their intrusion while I "napped", expecting only their silent voyeurism of my body, but requiring my feigning sleep as they fondled my body. Later, their photos forced me to exceed to their sexual demands and I allowed myself to be used, first as an object of their learning experience and then as an unwilling victim of their lust. The ultimate humiliation was when they demanded I give in to sexual demands of other boys I didn't even know, while they photographed my humiliation.

..... On the Saturday afternoon of Mike's visit, my son and I went to the airport to meet him. When I first saw Mike, I was surprised by how much he had grown. He was taller, and more muscular, and smiling a huge smile. He greeted me with a hug that was very familiar, pulling me in tight and pushing my breasts against his chest. As we puled apart, his right hand clung long enough to allow his hand to pull across my breast. His boyish hesitancy had been replaced with an experienced confidence and I was struck by the fact he was now clearly larger and stronger than me. He and my son quickly fell into conversation, but I could felt his interest in schedules was learning when my son and husband would be away. ...

The evening and the next day were just taken up by routine. Son, husband and I gave him a tour of the area; ate at a couple of nearby restaurants, and saw the sites. Meanwhile, I knew Monday was approaching. There was a time or two, like in the kitchen, where in a moment of privacy, Mike grabbed my breast and gave a devilish smile. I chastised him silently enough not to give away the offense, but denying him an approval. ...

On Monday, my husband awoke as usual, getting ready for work. As I got up to make coffee, I was wearing the shorty negligee I used to seduce my husband the night before. I slipped on a light robe and went out to the kitchen. My son had come down, and was eating a bowl of cereal as I entered. He was pretty much ready for school. I innocently asked "Is Mike up?" and my son answered "He's taking his time". The coffee brewed as I nervously debated what I should do next. My husband came in to grab his coffee, and went to the office to gather his papers. As my son got up from the table, I could hear another set of footsteps coming down the stairs. "Hey Mike," my son announced rounding the corner out of the kitchen as Mike walked in. I saw Mike leer at my open robe and short negligee as he said "Hi Mom!". His eyes showed anything but a motherly glance. Before I could respond, he strode over to me, slipped a hand down under my robe, lifting my negligee as he took possession of my body, sliding his hand up, pulling me toward him, then moving his hand front cupping my breast and squeezing almost before I knew what was happening. Any thought that I might escape his advances that day quickly vanished. I quickly stepped back, slapped his hand, and glared a disapproving stare. He knew I wouldn't speak out and that I couldn't admit to my humiliating prior concessions to him and his friends. I was trapped. He smiled with glee and looked around to confirm my son and husband had not yet returned to the kitchen. "Don't worry," he said, "we are going to have a great time today!" He turned and left the kitchen as quickly as he had entered.

I felt a chill cross my body, as my husband and son returned to the room, both saying goodbye, and heading out the door. Afraid that staying in the kitchen would invite an almost immediate rape, I ducked out and went to my bedroom. Feeling dirty, and full of mixed emotions, I entered my master bath and decided to shower. After turning on the water to warm, I stripped off my robe and nightie. Did I hear my bedroom door open? Wishing to believe not, I walked toward the glass walled shower and entered. The warm water felt good as I soaped up. My hand wandered between my legs as I recalled the boys spying in on me before our move. It had been incredibly sexy, before I was taken advantage of. I pushed away the thoughts of their blackmail and how horrified I was to be forced to take their friends in any way they could imagine. The good parts had been incredibly sexy. before ...

As I was coming to a climax, I caught a glimpse in the mirror that Mike had just slightly opened the master bath door to watch. I guess I knew it was coming. And it didn't slow the waves of my orgasm. Did I mean to be watched and used? Or had I tried to get away from it? Even I didn't know. But, I did know Mike, a high schooler now, was as big and powerful as any man, and that my options were limited. As I turned my head toward the door, I could tell Mike was now naked, and was slowly opening the door and pleasuring himself at the same time. My eyes were transfixed on his engorged cock, stiffly pointing my way.

"Mike, we can't!" I said, only half believing it. I watched as his cock stiffened and spewed its sticky stream in my direction. He smiled a huge smile, and ordered, "Come here, slut." I pulled a towel around me as I stepped out of the shower. Firmly he stated "Now!". I replied "No, we are not going to do this Mike. Not now, not anymore." He just smiled and replied "Bitch! On your knees!" and grabbed the towel away from me. "I've been waiting to be back in control of you," as he stepped toward me. "I've still got the pictures."

As I dropped to my knees, he pulled my head toward his gorgeous cock. "Do it right", he said. I was certain he gained experience taking advantage of some of the girl classmates he knew. He forced his dick into my mouth, much more to my pleasure than I wanted to admit. He moved his butt onto the counter by the sink, leaned back and said "Don't forget my balls... That's right.... Lick underneath.... more... " and again he said even more firmly "More!. Don't be shy. I want your tongue on my ass." I felt totally humiliated and enslaved. This young man planned to make me use my body to please his every whim. And I knew I was in for at least three more days of this.