**Ashamed**

by Fishman

I am ashamed of this but at the same time I admit that it was the most sexually exciting thing I had ever done.

I am ashamed because it hurt my then young wife. Ultimately, we could not go on. She did not love me anymore.

I am ashamed because it was something involved with young boys. Not that they did not know what they were doing or that they did not want to do it. And I am guessing that to this day they remember it as vividly as I. Like any boys that age it was something they talked about and had fantasies about. It was the best thing that happened to them that summer and they probably talked about it endlessly.

But I wonder how it affected them. I wonder if it became an object of sexual fetish for them as it had been for me. I wonder if they were inclined some way to relive the experience, coercing their own girl friends or wives.

On the other hand, I cannot say my wife was coerced exactly. I did not threaten her. I did not ask her to do anything that she did not do willingly. But I took advantage of her love for me. She did it as much to please me as anything. At least that was true at first because she was reluctant and afraid.

But then I saw that she was submissive to them and that she was obviously sexually aroused, and she was easily coaxed to do things I hoped to see her do.

Here is how it started. I was just twenty-two and my wife was just 19, right out of high school--innocent, even a little stupid about sex and life. She had a dreamy idea of marriage. Sex with her was nice and we did it a lot, but she was barely awakened to her own feelings.

We talked about our past sex lives of course. She told me about her boyfriends. How they tried to undress her. How they tried to get their fingers into her pussy. Sometimes they did but she always stopped them from taking off her clothes. They might suck on her tits, and see them, dimly exposed in the half dark with her shirt open and her bra pushed up. They might see the white underpants her mother bought for her, her jeans shoved down to her thighs; they might feel the curly hair on her pussy or get two fingers into the slippery plump slit and they might go home with fish smell on their fingers and a tale to tell, but she never gave herself to anyone but me and that was only after I promised to marry her.

She had played doctor with her cousins when she was little. She was ten and should have been too old really. She was beginning to have pudgy little titties even.

It was the usual story. A treehouse in the backyard at her cousin's house. They were just seven and eight and she was ten. They had the idea. She doesn't remember how it all happened. Except that in the end the two boys had taken off their clothes and were squatting on the floor near the door and looking at her and she was standing at the back of the treehouse. She glanced at their penises. They taunted her and told her she had to take off her clothes too. Or it wasn't fair.

She said she took off her shirt and then her shorts and they egged her on to take off her underpants but she refused and then she said they crawled over to her and while one held her arms, the other pulled her underpants down and took them off her feet. Then they sat in front her staring at it. She said they wanted her to touch their penises and that she did it, examining them gently and thoroughly. She said one got a hard-on. They wanted her to sit Indian style, so her legs spread open, so they could see between her legs and show her sex, see it pop open a bit to show her wetness and raw wanting. They touched her too. They had a flashlight. They liked showing the wet-looking mouthӊ between her labia and asked her how she peed. She showed them the place. They touched it too and she said it made her twitch. She said they also squeezed her little pudgy titties and pulled at her puffy nipples. In the end the boy with the three-inch hard-on got up and danced about in front of her and waggled his little stiffy near her face. There was nothing more. But she remembered the waggling stiffy. She said she had wondered what mine looked like.

And it is true that when we were first married, we would take turns teasing each other sexually where one of us would cover our face. with a pillow or the sheet, lying naked, exposed, with the light turned on above the bed, the winner just slowly plays with the victim. She liked making my erection jerk with a little touch of her fingers. Sometimes she snapped it or made it waggle and she giggled at it. I usually could take no more and then took her aggressively. It was what she wanted, I learned.

It was a couple things that brought out the idea. It was because I found how she liked to be submissive, how she got more sexually excited by that, and then it was the story of her cousins.

I don't know. It was like I wanted to see it. I wanted her to do it again.

And then it was just the coincidence of where we lived -- he neighborhood, the boys who lived there and the way they looked.

They were streetwise kids. Their parents left them to do what they wanted and though I suppose they might grow up to be like hoodlum gang, now they were just mischievous boys. A bunch of them -- maybe eight or nine or so -- all lived within the same city block where we had our apartment. They looked to be older than they were. Dirty clothes. Often in the summer shirtless. Tanned. Scrawny.

They were various ages but mostly about eleven, twelve -- the in- between age for boys. Not yet teens. Some were probably sexually maturing. Some maybe were already masturbating. But I was not sure. What I did know is that they were sexually curious.

I had seen them in the alley, hanging around the dumpster behind our apartment, just shooting the breeze. We had a little grocery store on one corner of the block and my wife would go there now then and to shop. She would go out the back door of the apartment and walk by the dumpster and then come back with groceries. Anyway, she was the object of the boy's eager quiet study whenever she did.

I remember one time especially. I was fixing my carburetor, bent over the hood of my car, I don't think they knew I was there at first, the hood being up. My wife came back with groceries and smiled at them and one of the boys offered to help her take her groceries. She declined. But after she left the boys made comments that I overheard. How they'd like to take in her groceries and searching for double-entendres said they'd like to help her with her melons, they'd like to eat her pudding, they'd like her to peel their carrots, they'd like to see her cooking.

It was innocent if silly. But I actually got a hard-on myself thinking of it.

There was a leader. A boy whose name I did not yet know. He was not the oldest, I think. Thirteen, he said. But a little tall for his age. Gangly. Being bigger made him leader, I think. And he was tough too. A scrappy kid. I had seen him fighting another kid once and he was relentless and brutal. He also had a foul mouth. He said fuck and cunt and so on like an older kid. The others admired him for it, though I gathered their mothers slapped them if they talked like that. This kid had no mother and his Dad didn't seem to mind him at all. He was often the last one home after dark.

It happened really by a queer circumstance. I was going out with the trash and this kid and a few more were hanging out and I just asked them if they wanted the Penthouse magazine I was throwing out. They took it. I watched them squat down and paw through it, commenting on the Tits and pussy.

The lead kid then looked up at me, sneering, and said sneering: "So, then…. what your wife look like without no clothes on?"

He meant to embarrass me. The other boys were certainly embarrassed and got quiet but some sniggered. He had said it to put me in my place.

I said: "You want to see her without her clothes on"

"Yeah… sure…" the kid stood up and walked toward me. The others flocked in.

I was surprised. He stood up very close to me, squaring me with a grin. I said something like: "I suppose you would" and walked away but the kid said something to his buddies he intended me to overhear. "Bet she sucks cock." They laughed at this. Laughing at me.

I pretended I had not heard and went back into the house.

After this whenever I saw the boys the kid would always make the same remark: "How's the wife?"

And then once or twice: "I'm ready when you are." That always got the boys to laugh.

And then once I saw out the window my wife talking to them at the dumpster when she had taken out the trash. She was smiling and animated. The kid looked like had a put on a suit; actually, it was just a clean t-shirt, but he was talking so nicely to her, obviously complimenting her, she was sort of charmed.

I asked her when she came back in what they were talking about. She said they told her how I had given them a Penthouse. "They wanted to know if I ever posed nude." She smiled.

It gave me a pang. My wife of course dismissed it as just cheeky flirty boys. I began to obsess over it.

I finally approached her during some of our usual sex play. This time, she was naked on the bed, all the lights on, face covered, while I teased her sexually. I made her fantasize that the room was full of those boys from the street. That the kid was instructing them to touch her. That the kid was touching her.

She shivered and bit her lip. She was thinking of it, I was sure.

Then before I made love to her, as I had her aroused, I said to her: "They want to do it."

I paused: "They told me." I felt her breasts. I put my finger into her and rubbed her.

I paused: "Would you do it?"

I repeated: "Would you do it?"

She put her hand on her bare belly and stopped my hand. I was watching for her response. Her face was still covered beneath the pillow. She turned and looked at me

"Do you want me to?" she asked.

I thought: "Why would she say that?

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure?' she asked-- teasing me, I think. I could not tell.

She was not refusing. So, I pursued: "If you want to…"

She rejoined; she would not let me tease her: "Do you want me to?" It was coy. It was maddening. Would she?

I kissed her nipple and put my hand between her legs. She was wet and ready. I quickly mounted her. We fucked.

A couple of days later I saw the boys out at dumpster. Truth to tell, I had been looking for them. I could not stop thinking about it.

So, I watched for them. I got some trash to take out and pretend I just came upon them.

They stopped talking as I came up. I threw my trash in. I looked at the kid: "Saw you talking to my wife."

He laughed and looked at his buddies. The others laughed too.

I said, "You really want to see her?"

The kid grinned.

 "Take off her clothes?"

I repeated: "Do you?"

He swept around and asked his buddies: "You guys wanna see his wife without no clothes?"

Nobody said anything, but they were obviously eager.

"Sure, Mister," he said looking back at me. Not believing me.

"What will you do, if she does?" I asked.

"We won't tell nobody, " he promised.

"No, I mean, what will you do to her if she takes off her clothes for you?"

"Nothing much." he shrugged.

The boys tittered.

"Whatever we want." he challenged me.

"You won't force her?" I asked.

"Nah," he said, "Nothing she don’t want…"

"I don't know," I honestly said. "She is afraid of you."

The kid said: "We'll be nice."

"You got to pay," I don't know why I said it. I guess I thought it absolved me.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifty dollar." I said. I don't know where I got the number. I immediately regretted it because I knew it was too much. I was making this impossible.

"For what?"

"For taking her clothes off," I paused and then added, "… and whatever… you know… what you want…" Trying to sweeten the deal but also wondering how I would explain this to my wife.

He nodded and looked at me contemptuously and said: "Okay…" He paused; "But you pay us."

"I should pay you?"

"Yeah," he grinned, " A hundred bucks."

"What for?" I was incredulous.

"To strip your wife and do her," he said. The boys were as incredulous as I was. But he was serious. I was nonplussed. Without thinking I replied: "Fifty." I meant of course that he should pay me.

But he took my hand and shook it and said: "It's a deal. She strips for us. You pay us fifty bucks." He looked about himself, mentally counting the boys and thinking: There be ten of us, so that'll be five bucks each of us. Right? Make sure you got it in cash, Man, or no deal."

I was flummoxed. He had somehow tricked me. I should have left. I should have said no. But he asked me: "When do we do it?"

I said without thinking: "Tomorrow"

He asked: "Noon?"

"Okay"

"Where?"

"I don't know." I couldn't think. This was unbelievable.

"How about in the basement of your apartment, in the storeroom down there. There's a good light down there and an old mattress and some chairs and you can lock the door from the inside with a bolt."

I was shocked. "How do you know that?"

He shrugged: "He's got a fourteen-year-old sister…" and he nodded at a pimply boy to the right of him.

Then he grinned back at me and added: "Maybe she sucks some cock too. Okay? No extra charge."

I felt a pang of anxiety and anticipation. I shook my head, but the boys laughed.

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I could not and did not tell my wife about the money. I would not have told her if I had gotten paid and I sure couldn't tell her that I had paid them. But I knew it would set up a bad situation. The kid could blackmail me with the fact. But I wanted it so badly I did not think it all out, or if I did, I think I relished the coercion I felt. Again, I was absolved somehow. Now it was just up to my wife. If she did it, it was her choice.

That night again, during the usual sex game, again she the naked one, I teased her with the fantasy again. Again, she seemed to enjoy it. Especially when I pretended to be one or more of the boys. Pretending I was watching from beyond the bed.

Again, lying beside her, caressing her, I told how the boys wanted to see her take off her clothes. Now I explained: "They want you to come to the basement, tomorrow. Down to the storeroom. They'll be waiting."

She said nothing. I could see she was thinking of it. I said: "You come down… about noon…"

"What do they want?" I caressed her nipples.

"Take your clothes off." She paused. She thought.

"Will you be there?"

She did not say no. Was going to do it?

"I'll be there," I assured her.

She paused again. I caressed her between the legs. "Is this what you want?" She touched my hand.

I leaned on my elbow and looked into her eyes "It's what they want?"

She looked back me, seeking reassurance: "Do you want me to?"

"If you want to…" I said, avoiding her eyes: "Do you? Want to?"

"If you want me to…" she said. She would make this my problem. But I thought about it-- she did not say no.

"Will you do it?"

She thought. She rose up on elbow. She looked at me thoughtfully, I thought a little sadly. 'Are you sure?"

"Yes," I said and kissed her.

She laid her head on my chest as I stroked her hair.

"If you want…" she said softly.

"Yes…" I said.

"Okay..." she said and so I lifted her face to me and kissed her.

We fucked. We fucked twice. I could hardly sleep. But my wife slept very soundly.

I woke early. I felt giddy and almost nauseous. My wife, Karen, woke late almost 10:30. She had languished in bed. I had looked in on her. I woke her finally to remind her: "The boys will be there at noon." I had told her before. She looked at me strangely. She seemed almost annoyed.

She took a long shower. She washed her hair and dried it with the blow-dryer. It worried she would be late. I began to wonder what she should wear.

It was almost noon when she came out of the bedroom. She had on her usual short-sleeved summery blouse and some jean shorts, white socks, but no shoes. She smiled.

She got a glass of milk from the refrigerator.

I drank it as she looked into the open refrigerator.

I watched the clock. It was after noon.

I fidgeted as she rinsed the glass and put it on the counter.

I went back into the bathroom. She went to the toilet. It was ten after noon, now. Would the boys think I had chickened out? Would they leave?

I knocked on the door and reminded her it was after noon.

She did not answer me. When she came out, I saw that she had put on some eyeliner and eyeshadow, and a touch of rouge and lipstick, red lipstick. She never does this unless we are going to a wedding, a funeral or a theater. Which one was this?

She smiled at me coyly when I held open our apartment door for her.

In the hallway we did not speak.

There was one of the boys on lookout at the back door and the stairway to the basement. When he saw us-- actually he only seemed to look at my wife -- he went down the stairs in leaps and bounds ahead of us.

When we were going down, we could see through the gloom of the hallway the entrance to the back storeroom. The door was wide open. The light, a single 100-watt bulb in the center glared onto the floor and beneath it in strong contrasts five of six of the boys looking our way.

I let Karen go in first. I entered and two of the boys shut the door and one of them slid the bolt over hard to lock it. Karen looked a little anxious then. But she tried to be composed and relaxed. She looked resigned. She knew what this meant.

The kid introduced himself to her "Brian…."; he introduced the others. Gave names for all of them to her. There were nine as it turned out. Each nodded politely.

He asked me my name. I told him: "John."

"And what's your name?" He asked my wife.

She said nothing. She was obviously uncomfortable. I thought she would quit, turn and run upstairs.

Fortunately, Brian did not then ask me for the money. I had it, but I didn't want to be found out.

He looked at my wife intently. He was not discouraged by her reluctance. It seemed to amuse him. He nodded his head, looking her up and down. He sort of strutted in front of her as he looked her up and down. "You look very nice," he said.

"Karen," my wife told her name belatedly.

"Karen," she repeated when he did not reply. "Yes," he said." We know…we prefer to call you Missus H#####."

He winked at the boys over his shoulder. He played the impresario now.

He stepped up to her and though he was in fact a little shorter than her, he kissed her fully and deeply on the mouth. He kissed her and put his hands up and cupped and squeezed her breasts. He kissed her warmly and solidly for a good minute, as we all looked on. She had her eyes closed and seemed in the end to be kissing him back.

When he withdrew from her, she looked surprised. She looked embarrassed. She was flushed. Her blouse looked mussed. A button had popped. Her eyes glistened.

He took her hand and drew her to where he wanted her to stand; she seemed stiff and uncomfortable.

What she expected and what happened were two different things. Different than I had thought too. I thought she was just to go there and while they sat quietly on the floor she would then stand there and just take off her clothes for them.

For one thing the boys all stood facing her. And she was not asked to undress. Brian was in charge.

And Brian had ideas. He drew her over to stand where the light was cast on her, to stand right in front of a work bench. He leaned behind her and pulled the cord for a fluorescent light above her. He positioned her. The light behind would cast a down on her backside and shoulder tops. He top of her head reflected its light.

He never said anything. Nor did my wife. But he unbuttoned her blouse all the way down the front and then stepped behind her and took it off from behind to expose her in her plain old white bra. He lay the blouse on the work bench. Then he turned back to her and from behind her he unfastened her bra. It went slack, slipped a bit in front; and now dramatically with both hands he wiped the bra straps from her shoulders and her bra simply fell away in front of her. The boys stared at my wife's exposed tits. They ogled the nipples. She has wide burgundy nipples, puffy, but they point when she gets excited. She was already excited. They commented.

Karen for her part looked up distractedly at the ceiling rather than their faces. What was she thinking?

Brian stepped around in front to see for himself.

He put his right hand under her left breast and jiggled it. He used a finger then to circle the nipple and his stimulation aroused it. He flicked at it. He strummed it. Like it was rubber. Her breast wiggled with his teasing.

His hand slipped over to her right breast and he did the same with it. Then he put his mouth on that nipple and sucked it up hard so when he withdrew, looking back at his approving friends, her nipple looked bigger, was wet with his spittle and gleaming under the light, distended from the sucking.

He liked his command of my wife.

He stepped back, folding his arms. The boys now all closing up next to him to look at my partially undressed wife.

"You like to suck cock, Missus H######?" Brian taunted her. She looked at him with shock.

"How 'bout taking it in the ass?" Brian wondered. She shook her head. "Never been fucked in the butt?" She shook her head. "No?" She looked truly upset. I thought now she might cry or try to leave. But still she just stood there. Docile. Ashamed. But submissive.

I could not believe it. It was perhaps what I had imagined. But this was more than I had expected.

Brian said: "That's okay.... It's all good...."

The boys tittered nervously. Brian looked over my naked wife smugly.

"Sucking lots of cock... Fucking you in your asshole... You never had it so good...."

The boys laughed now at Karen's obvious dread, how she bit her lip.

Brian sauntered back to her and stood before her and looked up into her miserable face.

She looked at him sadly, frightened. But she said nothing. She shook her head again: "Please..."

Brian said: "Say what, Missus H#####? Say, Please?"

She shook her head.

"I don't think you mean it. I think you want it."

"Please," she said again pathetically.

Brian replied: "Okay... Let's see it. Show us what you got for us."

She looked down at his hands as he unsnapped her jean shorts and unzipped them, and they flopped to the floor.

He bent over the helped her step out of them and just tossed her jeans back into the middle of the room in front of the boys.

He stood up close to her again. Grinning. He leaned in and kissed her again. She stood absolutely still. Arms tightly at her sides as he kissed her. She did not kiss him back. She kept her eyes open defiantly.

She felt his hands slip into the back of her underpants, and his hands grab hold of her buttock, his fingers now felt between the butt crack, a finger pressed her anus. She stiffened. He kissed her warmly putting a hand on her tit and feeling it and moving his hand to the front of her underpants and slipping a middle finger into her slit. She looked flushed but she said nothing, and she did not respond.

He stepped back then and looked her up and down. He said: "Ready?" Her eyes darted to some of the boys whose own eyes had fallen to her underpants.

Brian stepped up and looking up into her eyes he put his fingers into the waistband of her underpants and slowly, teasingly drew her underpants down to expose her hips, to show her hairy crotch and then looking down at her belly and leaning as he did he examined her pussy closely and drew underpants down to the tops of her feet.

He stood aside, turning and gesturing with a nod of his head to encourage the boys to look, whose eyes had already fixed on my wife's pussy.

She is a brunette and her pussy hair is even darker, kinkier, but it's thin enough that you can actually see pudgy cunt lips showing at the cleft between her legs.

He nodded at her cunt and then looked up at me. He sighed and shook his head at my humiliation, then leaned in and kissed her pussy lips. She raised her hands, surprised. The boys laughed.

As he crouched, he told her to lift her feet, he pulled away her underpants and tossed them back to where some boys scooped them up in hilarity and hijinks to fight over them.

He paused, glanced back up at me and said: "We want her totally naked."

He smirked at me and then looked up at her face to see her reaction. She looked down at him; she said nothing; she looked blank, but she was flushed in her face, her body. He pulled a sock down, nudging her, she lifted her foot; one at a time he stripped her socks off her and tossed those back to the boys too, who again took them up as prizes.

Brian stepped away from her now, leaving her to stand naked in the well-lit room, to make her the center of their attention, grinning and looking her up and down. He said to the boys: "What you think? You like this, Missus H#####?"

They were giddy and delighted. I am sure that for almost all of them this was the first time they had ever seen a completely naked woman. Not a picture but really naked.

For my part here was my fantasy fulfilled: my wife completely naked in front of a bunch of boys. Completely naked, except for her wedding ring. I cannot say why it aroused me so. It was like her being naked for them secretly aroused her and I knew it did and that aroused me.

They responded to Brian's question with rude comments: "I like her tits;" "You can see her cunt;" And so on.

Someone said" "I think she's kinda fat." But another said he didn't care. They laughed. Karen obviously blushed. She always thought she was fat and was ashamed of it.

The boys looked as stunned as she looked. Looking at my naked wife like she was something amazing.

Generally, the boys were hushed and only got animated when Brian pointed out that she had to stay naked as long as they wanted.

Many of the boys had already got erections and three or four of them had no shame in feeling them, hands in their pants, pants coming unzipped. One had his cock out, exposed, and Karen glanced at it and looked away

They saw and laughed at her.

I admit I got an erection too. I could not help but feel my own cock seeing her naked like that -- the look on her face, stunned or anticipatory -- and watching the boys eagerly looking at her naked, following their eyes, as whispering, they grinned and talked about her.

Occasionally one or a couple of them would look my way to see what I was thinking and seeing my fondling myself they made jokes and pointed at me too.

She stood naked before them while they leered and now joked and began to tease her, feeling bolder and more and more eager in her humiliation and their triumph.

She did not fidget; she did not try to cover herself. She showed no modesty. Ashamed. Surrendering to their gaze, to the molestation she anticipated. Submissive, if perhaps coerced.

She stood like someone captured, someone surrendering to an interrogation. Her hands tightly at her sides. Her eyes glittered with tears that almost came. She looked up and away, anxious; she could not look at the faces of the boys now, but eyes darting, now and then fixed on one whose eyes rose to hers, then again looking away in shame. It was obvious that she was sexually aroused by her nakedness. She wanted to do this. They could see that too. I guessed that she would not resist them now in anyway. What would they do? What would she do?

Brian commanded her to turn about and show herself and talked about her like she was slave at auction. Gesturing with his twirling finer, he insisted she turn sideways. To see her that way. Pointy nipples. Mussy pussy. He told her then to turn and show herself from her behind. They commented on her buttock mockingly. Some said her butt was fat. Brian said that made it better to fuck her.

What did she think of this? I could not see her reaction, being turned away from me. But I imagined her shame. She said nothing.

Then Brian had her turn back again to face them. He had her hold up her tits for them, like she was offering them to them. They commented on the color and size of her nipples. They commented on her pussy, on how her pussy lips showed.

Brian said to me: "Your wife looks pretty good naked. You should sell pictures of her. Plenty of boys would pay to jack off looking at your naked wife, I bet."

Brian sauntered back to her and stood in front of her staring into her face and put his hand over his pussy and began to rub it. His middle finger slipped in, hooked in the slit, ran up wet against her clit. He rubbed it. He talked to her as he did: "You like that, Missus H#####? Huh?"

She looked at him intensely but did not reply.

Brian sucked on a nipple while he fingered her, and she closed her eyes. In a moment, trembling, she put her hands on his shoulders and lowered her head and almost seemed to lose the strength to stand. I knew she had an orgasm. I wondered if the boys understood that.

Brian winked at me.

Brian looked back hungrily at her flushed face as she looked into his.

Then she leaned and kissed him. She kissed him warmly. She kissed him like a lover.

I was astonished.

Brian pushed her away. She looked hurt. And she glanced at me; she looked ashamed of herself; she had not admitted to herself that she would succumb to it sexually. But she had. And now she was anticipating. She would submit willingly.

Brian missed none of this. He saw and understood this whole scenario in the exchange of our glances and the look on her face. He smiled sarcastically at my wife and announced: "Okay, boys, take your turns with the bitch…"

What followed was like it was planned. Like they had talked out what to do. It was organized. And went on for hours. I didn't get back up to the apartment until well after dark myself. And she only got back the next day -- almost 24 hours with the boys.

It started with the boys going up one and by one and approaching my naked wife like a predator on prey. Circling her, feeling her. Some stroked her buttock, her thighs, felt her pussy hair. Some waggled her tits.

They all felt her tits. Sucked her tits. Slipped fingers into her slit. Frigged her with their fingers.

Someone toward the last three got her to squat so he could look into the hole of her cunt. and made her spread back her labia so he could see the raw flesh, the wetness, the hole and he put his fingers in as deeply as he could. Karen held her breath a moment. Her breathing quickened in spite of herself.

Someone else got a large screwdriver --a foot long and heavy handled--from off the work bench and gave it to the three and one of them started to fuck her with the handle of it

They had her stand back up with the screwdriver up inside her cunt. The metal of end of it sticking out between her hairy pussy lips. The handle wedged inside her. This caused general hilarity.

And so, the next one wanted her to turn around with her back to them and he wanted to put another screwdriver up her butt. She held the tabletop of the work bench, her head bent over, spreading her legs for them. I saw from the side that indeed she was crying but no one cared, and she did not protest as another boy took up another screwdriver and instinctively knew to lick the handle, to slather it good to make it slippery. Then while two giggling boys beside her plied apart her buttock he pressed the handle of it to the tight rosebud of her anus and with only a little pressure, the plastic handle popped in, and my wife made a small involuntary mewl. Clamped by her anus, only showing the gleaming rod. It was in so good the boys let go of her cheeks and they gingerly guided her to stand up straight, her buttock clamped on the screw driver in her butt hole, and guided her to turn, to stand sideways to us, so we could all see my naked wife with one screwdriver sticking out of her butt in back and another bigger longer screwdriver thrust up her cunt.

They let go her hands and Brian started to sing in mockery, Burt Parks:

There she is, Miss America

There she is, your ideal

And he made her turn and walk toward the center of the room and then turn and walk back. The boys cheered and some slapped her buttock. The screwdriver in her cunt slipped out and clattered on the floor.

She turned at the work bench and covered her face with her hands.

She still had the screwdriver in her anus. To make sure one of the boys pressed it in deeper.

And she looked up, red-faced, bleary-eyed, and tried to stop him but he slapped her buttock.

"No," said Brian. "We want it to stay up your butt."

Brian approached her and nodded to one of his minions. A pile of rags or sheets of something was brought. They heaped it in front of Karen, and then went behind her to get something off the workbench.

Brian said: "Get down on your knees, Missus H#######"

She looked at me forlornly. She must have understood what they were going to do.

She had never done more than lick mine to tease it when he had our sex games. I had heard from a friend of mine once, someone who had dated her before me, that she had agreed to suck his cock once because she would not let him fuck her and she felt sorry for him. He told me that he had come in her mouth. He bragged to everybody. But when I confronted her, she said no, he didn't. Who knows? Anyway, she never had done it to me. I had been reluctant to press it.

So, was this something she was ready for or not?

Well, she did not resist. She went down on her knees abjectly like a victim for her execution, and when Brian told her to put her hands behind her back, she was obedient and dropped her head forward, holding her hands behind herself.

Some boy behind her had gotten some duct tape off the work bench and another one grabbed her hands and they bound them up, wrapping them at the wrists.

Meanwhile all around me all the boys were undressing. Some would end up completely nude except for shoes and socks. Some kept on shirts. All of them were naked below the waist. Feeling their erections. Looking at her.

I was shocked. I don't know what I had expected. I did not think they would be capable of erections. I had not been at their age. But, there you go, I was such a naive kid and these kids had crown up in the city and got started at everything at an early age. Most of them drank already. Smoked cigarettes. So, why not this? Some of them were as hairless as little boys, but still they had hard-ons, standing up like soldiers.

Most were feeling their erections. Stroking them and looking at my naked wife. Karen looked on and around the room of naked boys and stiff pricks as shocked as I was. I don't think she had expected this either. So, if she hadn't known what they intended when they had her kneel and bound her hands, she must have guessed it by now.

How many were there? It was too many, we both thought. But they were gathering. They were taking up positions. They intended to take turns.

Brian would be first. He kept on his t-shirt and stood in his stocking feet, his erection like a Satyr's, pointy and angled sharply, circumcised, his glans like a ripe fruit on the tip of the shaft. In fact, all the boys were circumcised and showed randy glans.

He said: "You wanna suck cock, Missus? Hmmm?"

She looked at him sadly. She shook her head, but she couldn't help but drop her gaze to the penis ready held for her mouth. And I saw that keen look--a look of sexual longing, her mouth parted, moistened, her eyes fixed lewdly on the lurid glans of his penis, even if then becoming aware of my study of her face, she turned her head away embarrassed and ashamed.

"No?" he said, mistaking her shame and innocence. He believed she wanted to suck his cock. I think I did too. The boys drew closer to see.

Brian took her head, holding it by both hands at her temples and pressed his cock against her closed mouth. She resisted. She refused to take it in. He rubbed it on her lips.

"We decided," he said as he tried forcing his prick into her mouth, "You gonna suck off everybody."

"And, John," he said looking over at me: "We decided too. We gonna cum in her mouth. That okay? You don't mind?"

I blanched, feeling sick, but I reflexively nodded. Had I agreed? Karen saw my nod but closed her eyes and struggled to resist. when I turned to say something to her. One boy behind her pulled back her arms to make her tits thrust out. Another now grabbed her head, hands on her forehead, holding it while Brian now guided his prick with his hand.

"Okay," he said, "You see?" He said looking down at my wife's upturned face who stared up at him, wide-eyed, whimpering, looking frightened. He mashed his penis against her lips, slipping it between her lips, slipping to the side of her cheek, bulging there, while she still clenched her teeth. "See..." he looked at her expression, "Just give up... He don't care if I cum your mouth."

Another boy now sucked on her tits, leaned over beside her and beneath Brian.

Another boy crouched at her other side and fingered her cunt.

"Come on, open up..." And finally, whether willingly or defeated, she let his penis enter her mouth.

She closed her eyes. She made pathetic sounds of insincere complaint.

Brian said: "Oh, yeah... that feels good..."

The boys laughed. The kept fondling her while Brian began to take his pleasure with her mouth. Frigging her. Teasing her tits. Hands all over her.

Brian worked his prick in and out gently, not to alarm her. But she would no longer resist it. It made liquid sounds. She was letting him do it. Placidly. She was tasting him. He nodded at me contentedly. "She likes it," he said to me.

She did not protest. She would let him do it, I saw. They boys all saw too and the one holding her head backed away, so did the one holding her arms. She would let him do it. He held still for a while and let her suck him without forcing her to do it.

"And when I cum....You don't spit it out. Okay?" When she did not reply -- I think she was still worriedly feeling the cock her mouth, and besides how could she answer him with her mouth full of his cock -- anyway, he suddenly sharply slapped her face. She gasped. Her eyes fluttered open. She looked hurt. He explained: "You gotta swallow, Missus H######. When I cum in your mouth. You gotta swallow. Okay? "He made to slap her again. She nodded pathetically, looking like she might cry. "Say it," he demanded." She nodded: "Yes..."

When he presented his penis to her again, holding her head with his two hands, she looked up at his eyes and then opened her mouth for it and he sighed and began to lightly fuck her face again. She breathed noisily. She alternately closed her eyes, then opened again to look up at his face. When he was nearly ready, she whimpered.

He said to her: "Okay…. Here it is…. Here ya go.... okay…." And he shuddered and she closed her eyes, whimpering, and while he held her head tightly, she kept her mouth on his penis that now ejaculated into it. She started, eyes widened, blinking, as if surprised by the ejaculation-- by what? the warmth? the quantity? -- and then she eagerly slurped and began to swallow. I could see it. I could hear it!

Her face reddened. Her eyes teary. She swallowed, slurping and whimpering as he ejaculated more. Finally, she had to take a breath and gasped and I saw it in her mouth, milky, like she'd drank cream, and she looked up into Brian's eyes and put her mouth onto his penis, closed her eyes, and sucked, truly sucking on his prick, like it was straw, sucking on a straw, sucking up his cum like it was in a juice drink he kept in his scrotum; she kept her mouth on the glans of his penis like it was some nipple, as he discharged little squirts, speaking with comment on it: "Yeah, suck it all up, Missus H#####."

Then, as his penis slowly softened, the dregs just leaked out into her mouth giving her whatever more she could nurse from the rubbery tip. He really liked how she kept at it. And she really acted like she liked doing it.

He looked at me, his dick still being suckled by her mouth and announced to everybody: she sucks cock good."

Then to her, he said: "You really like it?"

She looked up at him sheepishly and sat back on her haunches, the penis flipping up out of her mouth with a drool of saliva and sperm falling from her wet lips. She dropped her head, ashamed. Her lips were glossy with saliva and sperm. She breathed through her open mouth. Breathless. Looking hot. Trembling, Unfulfilled. Still sexually aroused.

Another boy stepped up and pushed back her forehead roughly. She looked up at his face with anxiety but then stared at his engorged penis in front of her and he guided her by the top of her head to put her mouth on the knob of it. He held her by the top of the head. She closed her eyes again. He did not fuck her face. He pushed her head down on it. Then he let her do all the work, bobbing her head on his erection and when he ejaculated, just as with Brian, she whimpered urgently and mewled pathetically and swallowed eagerly.

I was astonished. The boys were animally aroused. She would do whatever they wanted.

Meanwhile the screwdriver had slipped out of her rectum and onto the floor. Some boys waiting their turn would crouch behind her and press it back in or would press it into cunt. Some would rub her wet cunt and diddle her as she sucked cock. Some toyed with her tits. In the end as each one took his turn to be sucked off by her, my wife had two or three others around her fondling and masturbating her.

Of the nine boys, three were too young to ejaculate but still wanted her to suck on them until they had a dry orgasm. And one of them who had never ejaculated before ejaculated in my wife's mouth for the very time and his load of sperm was so plentiful that she had to swallow five or six gulps and still he spurt all over her face and onto her chest. She was shiny with cum when it was over and looked exhausted. The boys in back unwrapped the binding duct tape and she was helped to her feet and Brian brought over some water in old coffee can that he had found and rinsed out.

While she was recovering and Brian teased her, some of the boys dragged a mattress out of corner.

Brian then guided her to the mattress and told her lay down on her back. He bade her grab her knees and hold her legs so they could look at her cunt. Like with her cousins, how two of the boys brought out flashlights to shine on her gapping cunt and some of the boys knelt down to fiddle with it, pulling back flesh folds, showing a dark mouth, a cherry bud where she peed and took pleasure. They rubbed it. She turned her face away, holding her trembling legs, and gave herself to that pleasure. Again, the screwdriver was plunged into her rectum and now she did wince or resist but seemed to want it. They fucked her with it for a time. Other boys now kneeling on either side of her felt her breasts and bit and sucked on them.

After much of this, Brian motioned for them to leave her alone.

The chosen boy lay on top of her and thrust his erection into her cunt. Her legs came down as she put her hands on his back and she held him and guided him and soon they were thrusting together. She was fucking these boys as much as they fucked her. She embraced him like she would a lover when he came inside of her.

There were two more that took her this way. And she was as passionate with each of them.

Then when it was Brian's turn, he told my wife: " Get on your hands and knees, Missus H########."

She knew why and she did comment.

He looked at me with a sarcastic expression: "Now we gonna fuck your wife in her butt hole."

"Wait and see," he slapped her butt on either cheek, "She's gonna moo like a cow."

Brian had not planned for lube. But he dipped himself into her soupy cunt and stroked a few times and then held his cock and aimed the head at her anus and leaned over and pressed. He pressed a couple times before it passed the sphincter and Karen, feeling it enter her, groaned.

She said "No." But Brian ignored her. And soon her pathetic complaints sounded more like submissive moans.

Brian fucked her butt in long measured strokes. Giving and watching for the lewd effect on her complexion, to her breathing, to her grunting. She did not stoke back at his thrusts but took them like an assault and it's true, with each thrust, as he got deeper, she let out an animal moan. It's true it sounded like a cow's low. The boys now all stood around in admiration of their captain. Taking the anal virginity of my pathetic wife who herself was trembling and herself swept up with it, until she fell to lay flat and he kept fucking her in the butt, laying full out on top of her and finally with a groan himself shot himself deeply inside her anus his long sharp repeating ejaculation, which she received with shameless whimpering and her own helpless orgasm.

There were three more after him, including one boy who had cum in her mouth, her cunt and now her rectum.

When they got up from her spent body, she was limp and unmoving. She was sweaty and they felt triumphant. Brian brought out cokes and they sat around talked about the adventure, drinking, while they looked at my naked wife lying flat face-down. You could see the cum seeping out between her legs, making a slimy wet spot the mattress. Some the cum was leaking from her rectum, I guessed.

I did not know what time it was. I had seemed to go so fast but in fact it was almost seven o'clock.

Brian had the notion that I should go out buy them some beer.

I left reluctantly although I do not know what more they could do to my wife that I had not witnessed.

Leaving her, I saw that some of the boys were now getting onto the mattress beside her and fondling her, one put his coke bottle into her cunt. Giggling. She put her hand behind herself to resist but the other boy grabbed her hands. She lay placidly while they fucked her with the coke bottle.

Brian signaled me to meet him outside the door.

After he closed it, he confronted me: "Where's my money?"

I fished into my pants. I suppose he saw I had a hard-on. I gave a wad of bills. Fifty bucks in Fives, as he asked.

I wasn't going to ask for the five dollars back for the tenth boy who did not show up.

"She liked it," Brian said, counting the money.

He looked up at me when he was done and added: "She's a good fuck. Sucks cock good too." Like I was supposed to be happy about it.

I turned back to see some of the boy's tag-teaming and doggy fucking her. Holding her up on her hands and knees while they fucked gleefully her on the filthy mattress. She was totally submissive, totally sexually servile, eyes fixed, vacant, whimpering and trembling.

One finally shot off inside her and they let go of her and she collapsed face down on the mattress on the semen stained mattress. Exhausted. Arms spread. Legs spread. A couple boys, giggling, stuck the screwdriver into her anus. She said nothing. She resisted nothing.

I was gone for about half an hour to get the beer and cigarettes that Brian wanted.

My mind was not present. My thoughts flooded with images of what I had witnessed, vivid and fixated: Brian pulling down her underpants to her feet while she looked out at the boys, embarrassed, naked to their view; standing sidewise, naked, screwdrivers protruding from her front and back; the startled and keen look on her face as the boy whose first ejaculation was in her mouth, kept cumming so plenteously in her mouth, filling it so much she had to swallow many times, almost gagging but unable to refuse because her hands were bound behind her and the boy held her head tightly; and the naked boys, naked boys with erections looking on as eagerly as other boys beside her mocked her, other boys beside her felt her tits, giggling boys knelt finger-fucking her, while Brian looked on smugly.

I got the beer; I almost forgot the change. I carried the paper bag back to me and saw there were other boys now entering our apartment from the back door. Two, then three others who were older -- high schoolers, the older brothers of some of the boys whom they had gone out and told how they had a naked neighbor lady and were fucking her. And shortly, before I got halfway down the block, a couple came it who were just nine or ten years old. I recognized them as brothers of the older ones.

They must have been told too.

When I got to the storeroom, I found the door open; a couple of the original boys had stopped the younger ones from entering. They were arguing. Brian thought it funny. He was encouraging the nine and ten-year-olds to push their way in. Seeing me, the boys ended up letting them in.

In the time that I had gone the room had filled. Two high-school boys were vigorously at my wife on the mattress; she was on her hands and knees. One was behind her fucking her hard and fast, slapping his thighs against hers, making her buttock shimmy, and her tits to waggle beneath her. In front of her the other one was holding her head with two hands and guiding it to bob on his erection, as he crouched over her, his prick at such as angle to take it in more easily. She was crying. Her face was flushed. I felt sick and anxious.

The audience prompted them with comments and teased my pathetic wife.

Obviously, several boys had used her while I was gone.

Now I saw that were, maybe five or six of the original kids, plus the boys of nine or ten or so, squatted around the mattress, watching her fucking and sucking up close. With encouragement from Brian, they were reaching out and feeling her bobbling tits, giggling at her. My wife looked truly distressed, tears running down her cheeks, eyes fluttering.

She closed her eyes when the boy in front finished and ejaculated into her mouth. As the younger kids edged up to watch her swallow cum, she murmured her pleasure or her dismay; it was hard to tell which it was.

Triumphantly the boy behind her let go his ejaculation and my wife letting the penis in her mouth fall out, gasped. A few more strokes and the boy in back pulled out and stood up, slapping her buttock, and my wife lowered her head. The crowd around my wife admired her nudity and her sexual degradation. The talked about it. They teased her about it.

My wife seemed exhausted and looked up wearily and sat back with her legs splayed, awkwardly and obscenely, while Brian pushed his way through the crowd with a towel or rag or something he had found. He crouched down and wiped the sperm from around her mouth and that which she had dribbled onto the top of her tits, some on a nipple, and then wiped her belly off and using it almost like toilet paper moped up her creamy genitals, turning the cloth over a few times to wipe up glossy goo between her legs. Her pussy lips looked chaffed, pink and puffy; her pussy hair still matted with smears of cum, too much of it to be sopped up, it seemed.

Brian helped her to stand and helped to step off the mattress. He positioned her once again in the back of the storeroom, to face the boys naked. Her hair was mussed. Some stuck to the damp side of her cheek. Her nipples looked larger somehow. Her neck and chest, the tops of thighs rosy like with prickly heat. She looked out at the boys with anxiety, frightened.

Brian led the young boys -- the nine to ten-year olds -- so short they only came up to her tits -- led them up to line up in front of her and told them: "You wanna feel her up? Go ahead! It's okay. Feel them nice chubby titties. Feel her juicy slut cunt… it's okay… she'll let you do anything you want."

The encircling gang of them watched the line of them take turns, touching her tentatively mostly, but some of them fondling her forcefully and rudely, giggling and blushing themselves, one after another, midst chuckling and taunting from the older boys, while my wife kept her eyes closed, ashamed, and again trickles of tears flowed on her flushed cheeks; the bigger boys drank my beers greedily and shared rounds of cigarettes. In the end three of the young boys were crouched down together in front of her, each of them rubbing, fingering my wife's slit, peeking up to see how she responded. Her head turned. Her face tensed. Her legs tensed. She seemed to jerk; she shuddered and finally she pushed them away and cowered against the worktable -- crouching with her hands over her face, sobbing.

Brian seemed satisfied.

It was enough. Brian announced: "Show's over, kids. Let Missus H##### be"

General objections were made; complaints especially from the young kids. But after the empty beer bottles were slipped back in the case, and a few took away cigarettes for smoking later, the majority filed out, leaving with a look back and a comment or two. Thanking her. Thanking me. Thanking Brian.

Brian and three others remained after the door was shut. All of us looking down at naked wife, squatting in her protective crouch. Brian said to me nodding at her: "You sure got your money's worth; I think."

So, Karen knew now if she hadn't known before. She stood up slowly, uncertainly, weakly, holding the tabletop with her right hand. She leaned and was looking about for her clothes. Brian put a hand on her arm, and she looked at him sadly. "What are you doing?" he said, "You can't get dressed."; She did not reply. She looked at the floor. He idly toyed with her breast, fiddling with the nipple, while he spoke to me: "You go upstairs. We'll bring her home when we're done with her."

I didn't see her until suppertime the next day. Brian brought her to the door, knocking, and when I opened it, she would not look at me. She looked like she felt guilty. She was dressed in Brian's T-shirt, which was so short she had to pull it down in front to cover her pussy.

She went by me without speaking and went to the bathroom, shut the door, and did not come out for a very long time. I think she took a shower.

Brian and two other boys I had not seen before stepped into the living room and slouched on the sofa.

One turned on the TV, flipping channels and finding nothing to watch.

Brian explained to me without prompting where “…your wife’s been since yesterday.”

Apparently, shortly after I left, they looked around for some of her clothes in the room and let her put on her underpants, bra and socks and found her shorts. When she balked at going outside without a shirt, Brian gave her his T-shirt.

It was late for a summer twilight. Almost 9:30. They trotted her down the alley and across to another block to some other guys.

This time before this group of older guys--these guys were about her own age -- in their twenties, I gathered -- Brian's older brother, I would learn.

They didn't believe what Brian told them and so Brian simply told my poor wife: "Take your clothes off."

Brian said she made a little complaint, but Brian insisted. He even slapped her face and she cried a little and then again demanded: "Take off your clothes."

And she did it. Again. Just like before. And this time she did not look at all happy about it. Maybe because the boys teased her as she did it. They like her tits. How they jiggled. They laughed at how her butt had been spanked till it was red.

She took off all her clothes for them and Brian scooped them up.

She stood bare naked in the living room while they ogled her and expressed their satisfaction and lust.

Brian made my wife turn all about like the beauty queen bit. Once more she was passed around naked between the boys. They squeezed and bobbled her titties; they fingered her slit, poked her anus, fondled her buttock. Some even kissed her--kissed her warmly while fondling her. And, Brian claimed, she kissed them back: "I think like she was kinda in love with my brother."

And then Brian's brother wondered out loud if she ever sucked cock.

Brian said yes and then made her admit it. My wife nodded, ashamed but was submissive.

So, Brian's brother stood up and dropped his pants and underpants and out wagggled his half-hard prick. Brian shoved my weary wife down on her knees in front of his brother, slapped the back of her head and made her lean toward his prick and take the tip of his brother's prick into her mouth. He was not long in ejaculating into it and they too were astonished how she actually swallowed his cum, without objection or any disgust at all. She looked up at them almost contentedly. Her face flushed, still showing how she tasted his cum in her mouth.

So, now each of them would get their cocks sucked by her until they came in her mouth too and each time, she took their ejaculations in her mouth, they clapped the boy's back and teased her about it.

For several hours then she had rounds of sex with the three or four in this apartment--sucking off every cock, swallowing cum as they coaxed her; two of them she sucked off twice till they came in her mouth and each time swallowed it as they insisted. They tagged teamed her, fucking her on her hands and knees in the center of the living room, teasing her to complete sexual exhaustion, till they let her sleep naked where she had collapsed. Somebody covered her with a bedsheet out of kindness.

About 1 AM they woke her up, got her up, and wrapped her up in that bedsheet and took her outside again, trotting down the alley and up to the corner bar, at just about at closing time. There were maybe half-dozen old drunks in the place, along with the bartender. He was annoyed to see them; they had been there before to beg booze from him. Still he was intrigued by this young woman in a bed sheet: "What is she doing?"

"You'll see, old man..." Brian said and guided her all bundled up to a little dance floor under a swarm of disco lights next to the glare of the juke box. Karen looked dazed.

"Is she drugged or something?" the old guy asked.

Brian gave his spiel. He bragged about how she was naked under the sheet and for fifty bucks he'd let them get a look-see. They asked who she was. Brian told them. Gave her name. Gave her address. Told them about me and how I had taken money to let her get stripped for some boys. Some of the old drunks nodded, like they recognized her.

Money was paid out--although only about twenty bucks in loose dollars in the end--and Brian smirked at Karen and said: "Showtime."

The sheet was yanked away from her--and truth to tell, Brian said, she did not try to hold onto it. Out bobbled her tits. Her hands up. Not covering herself. Naked to her stocking feet. She stood naked like that under the swirling light, head inclined, eyes cast on the floor.

Ashamed? Embarrassed? Brian said she blushed like a schoolgirl. She recognized them too.

While the boys got treated to free beers for the prize they had brought, the old drunks teased her about her tits and taunted her and somebody put on some sad-ass country western song and told her to dance naked for the patrons. Making her tits jiggle. She looked up at them nearly in tears but tried to dance. Awkwardly. It was not good music to dance to anyway. She just weaved and circled about, so they all saw her from every side.

Finally a couple old geezers got up and felt her tits and then bullied her to feel herself... to feel her tits and then feel herself between her legs and they stood and watched her masturbate herself with her fingers until she felt faint and reached out and held on to one of the men. They took that as an invitation.

Again, she was fucked by a couple men -- old drunks, men old enough to be her father, Brian said she sucked off a few of the lucky geezers. Again, astounding them, when she let them ejaculate into her mouth and swallowed their cum without resistance or disgust, though she seemed ashamed of herself and meekly asked for a drink of water afterwards; they gave her cold bottle of beer instead, thanking her and complimenting her on her body.

In the end Brian took her back to his house, wrapped in the sheet, and snuck her up to his bedroom and took her to bed. He fucked her during the night, had her suck him off till he was satisfied. In the morning his friends came, and they fucked her too. Then they brought her home.

Karen never spoke of the event. I was too ashamed to ever ask her about it. For weeks afterwards she did not leave the house for fear of seeing the boys, who as usual hung out by the dumpster.

I saw them. They would try to engage me, reminding me of thing. I had nothing to say.

One day I came home from work and my wife was gone. I heard from a girlfriend by telephone that she had come to stay with her. She said she did not want to speak to me. I did not force the issue. She never spoke to me again.