**Candaulism**

by Fishman

**Candaulism—Part II**

*My wife's "boyfriend" arranges a surprise for my gullible wife and my compulsive teenaged fantasies are reawakened.*

She told me that she never repeated this sex act with the cabbie; she explained that Craig did not ask her to do it. But I wondered what she would have done if he had asked. I think she would have done it, but Craig was also very sensitive to her feelings and he knew she felt ashamed of what she had done, though very happy to have given him pleasure, and admittedly very sexually aroused. I was right about my suspicions, as I would later discover.

I met him once myself, when he came one night to pick her up. He was younger than I had expected. He was very polite. He asked me about myself as we waited for my wife to finish dressing for her night out. I felt myself embarrassed by the exchange, thinking of how he had seen my wife completely naked and randy, and how she had so meekly submitted to him, letting him cum in her mouth. It was as though the two of us had the same images about it in our minds as we stood in awkward silence waiting for her. And when my wife came to the door to leave, the three of us briefly shared those same thoughts. For him it was a dirty agreeable satisfaction; for she and I, a humiliating apprehension. After all, might he not again insist on her submission to him at any time?

I did not know that he had, until later.

Shortly after my wife's 21st birthday, which occurred in July, the turning point of this story and of my married life occurred.

I have to admit that the stories she told me about Craig's exposing her to other men had already re-awakened my old teenaged fantasies. I had made my comment to her about Craig liking to see her naked for other men out of sympathy to that interest, and from jealousy: I wanted to see her like this myself but did not have Craig's nerve. I imagined that it aroused her sexually and she admitted as much concerning the cabbie at any rate, but then of course he had also touched her and more; and she had been very drunk. But would she do such a thing—take off her clothes before a group of men when she was sober, freely or reluctantly, and would she feel sexually excited to do so? Or was this just some fixation of my neurotic quirk?

Craig had taken her out for her birthday one Friday night. He often took her out on Friday nights. Unexpectedly, they did not come home. He kept her with him for two days and two whole nights. He had never done this before, and it both worried me and provoked the worst of my obsessive sexual fantasies. I imagined her given sexually to some group of his friends, kept naked and used and abused sexually for a night, a day and a night. How many? Who? What did they do to her? It was insane, the things I thought. And yet when she finally did come home, she was suspiciously underdressed and suspiciously exhausted, and barely took the time to kiss me before she went off to bed in the middle of the day.

At about 10 am, midst rattling noise and high hilarity, she and Craig came busting thru the door. She stumbled in wearing one of his t-shirts, which barely covered the front of her, obviously wearing nothing else, not even her socks. She was cheerful and seemed radiant in happiness.

When I asked her, disguising the sarcasm that I felt—"Did you have a good time?"—she beamed and said honestly, "Yes." And off she went wearily to bed, leaving me to sit at the kitchen table with Craig, wondering, with my dick in my hand, so to speak.

I could not help myself. I had to know: "What did you do?"

Craig grinned. "Went to a bar. Celebrated."

"I mean... You know what I mean."

He did not answer me. He shook his head. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes," I said.

"I did nothing."

"What did you do to her?"

"Nothing."

"What did she do?"

He laughed.

"Are you sure you want to know?"

"Tell me."

"Do you want pictures?"

I was speechless.

"Wait," he said, "I'll be back."

He left. He didn't return for several hours. I went into our bedroom and looked at my sleeping wife. She was out like a light.

I went and napped on the sofa. I had had little sleep while Craig was gone.

When he returned about an hour later, he let himself in. I heard him and got up and joined him at the kitchen table.

He explained himself when he sat down. "So, I know this guy who knows this guy. I set these things up for him. Anyway, she was in my apartment when he came asking. He looked at Karen, and said 'How about her?' And I laughed and said, 'why not?' She had no idea. She is so gullible; I couldn't help myself. So, we all three went. That was the night before last."

"You know the place—Omega Something Pi—or like that. You know, over on University Avenue. Big old mansion, they turned into a Frat House. They changed the ballroom into the dining hall. Big room. That's where we took her."

Then, he laid a large glossy photograph on the table: my wife completely naked. Up on some table or something. Surrounded by young men looking up at her. I mean, she had nothing on. No clothes at all. Not even socks. And smiling. Smiling? It shocked me to see it.

Craig laughed at my speechless expression. I felt and looked distressed, the more so as I geeked on the details of the picture, fixating on her nakedness, on the men in the photograph, and then again astonished and giddy the more so as I realized the full implications of the details that I saw— what it was, what it meant. I felt sickened but also aroused; this was after all the fulfillment of my own sexual fantasy, to see her used this way.

Craig watched my face with cynical amusement as I drew all the obvious conclusions.

On some stage in front of many men who are staring at her. My wife. Completely naked. Head to toe. Some guy is up on the stage with her, his hand on her bare back, touching her. She is smiling.

I felt choked: "Where... Who are these... ?"

"Why.... How?" I stammered.

He explained broadly grinning: "It was this guy's birthday, the guy in the photo here with her on stage, see—turned twenty-one too, just like your wife. And you know the type, all these college kids with rich parents. They can get anything they want. They saw her, they wanted her."

He nodded at my unspoken realization: "Of course, she had no idea what was up. The place was crowded. There must have been more than twenty, maybe nearly thirty guys in the room. A committee for the thing came and escorted her into the center of the great dining hall like she was some queen and lifted her up onto the top of a couple banquet tables, put together as makeshift stage. She looked dazed, like she had just woke up."

He looked at my shock and laughed: "She looked just like you do now."

He asked for some coffee. I made some in the kitchen while he watched me and went on with his story. "They could see right off she wasn't the usual. She just stood there, stunned, and did nothing. She smiled in a silly way, trying to be nice, and took a drink they offered. What she thought she was doing up on that table, surrounded by all those men, I can't guess. She is incredibly stupid about things like that. When she didn't just do it, it was obvious to them she had to be told.

Someone shouted it: 'Strip,' and the crowd looked up at her for her to do it.

The whole crowd was absolutely silent, expectant, but they were growing impatient and starting to mutter. But she just stood there, looking confused, and embarrassed. "

He took the coffee from my hand and we sat at the kitchen table. He sipped and said: "Some guys began to complain. 'Strip,' another one shouted out and she saw he was serious, and she realized, looking out across all these college guys ogling her, that this is what they all expected her to do. She blushed like a little girl. Cute. Shy. Gave us all hard-ons to see her hesitating. Like she was really embarrassed. Which she was. Teasing them, some of them thought. But I knew she was actually really scared. And embarrassed. You know, come to think of it... I bet she recognized some of these guys."

He sipped more coffee: "No, I don't think she would have done it, but I think she got the idea that it was something I wanted her to do. She looked at me searchingly, you know, and so I nodded at her. All serious like. They started chanting: 'Strip! Strip! Strip!' Pounding on the tables. And she turned beet red. The guys loved her reluctance and embarrassment."

"She looked at me again for reassurance. I shrugged. She knew what I wanted. The crowd was loud and looked fiercely determined. Intimidated, she started unbuttoning her blouse, as they kept up chanting and pounding on the table. They cheered when she finally pulled off her blouse and dropped it. Some of them slapped dollar bills on the table at her feet. It confused her. But she would figure it out. Again looking at me, I nodded and while she seemed to be asking me why, she reached to the side of her skirt and unhooked the waist, unzipped it, and let her skirt fall to her feet; now standing there in just her underpants and bra, they went nuts. Jeering, taunting. She looked frightened and worried and unsure what to do. But they kept screaming and pounding: "Strip! Strip!" I shouted up to her: 'Sorry.' But she didn't hear me. Hell, I didn't really mean it anyway."

He paused and sipped his coffee. "Good coffee," he approved.

Agitated, I had to prompt him again: "So... standing in her underpants and bra?"

"O yeah," like he remembered where he had left off, "Standing in her underpants and bra. She just sort of froze and that got them mad, although it also got them really excited. I mean it was so obvious she was no stripper. Just some stupid housewife. They saw her wedding ring." He winked and nodded at the photograph. I could see it too.

"One of the Frat officers," he continued, "came over to pay me and asked me: she your wife? Hell, no, I said. He leered up at her, and asked me, "Where you'd get her?' So I told him your name and that she was your wife, told him Karen's name, how old she was, how long you been married and like that. He looked astonished, like I'd hit him in the face; he said he actually knew you, heard you'd gotten married, but had never met your wife. Strange how these things happen. Anyway, he was really intrigued now and had to know how I knew her and had to know: 'How'd you get her to do this?' I tried to explain she had no idea what was going on. But he didn't hear me over all the yelling. He was turned away and watching her timidity on stage as she felt the waistband of her underpants, like she was thinking of taking them off, but she didn't. She said something to a guy who reached up her bare leg. She looked like she might cry. Then another officer came over--the one who is the friend of my friend--and he was very annoyed at her hesitation and reluctance, and yelled angrily: 'is she gonna do it, or what, god damn it?' I thought her hesitation actually added to the excitement myself. So I told them both a cock and bull story about her."

Craig looked sarcastically at me, looking for my pained reaction, then shrugged. "I told them how your wife owed me some money and she couldn't pay it back, so she had to do what I wanted, and this strip show would just about get me paid back. She had no choice, I told them; then, I told the fella who knew you he mustn't ever tell you about her doing it. He said he doesn't ever see you. Knew you in college."

I was going to ask his name, but Craig continued.

"They wanted me to tell her to take off the rest of her clothes. Everybody was getting a bit testy. But before I could pick my way through the crowd and get over to tell her what was what, a bunch of the guys took initiative and shoved the big grinning birthday guy over to the stage and hoisted him up on the banquet table to stand up on it next to her and he mugged a while on the stage and said something to Karen that seemed to worry her. Like I said she didn't know what was going on, although by now and because of what he must have said to her, she understood what they wanted. She was still hoping to get out it. She looked for me in the crowd, but I was back in the darkness. And they egged him on, coaxing him to "open" his birthday present. So he grabbed Karen in a big bear hug and gave a big long French kiss and while they were kissing and they shouted out instructions, he fumbled at the back of her bra with big clumsy fingers trying to get the clasp unhooked, and frustrated, he looked her in the eyes and just grabbed the back straps of her bra by two hands and yanked hard and just burst the backclasp apart. They cheered, and shoving her away from him, he pulled her bra right off the front of her; her tits spilled out for all of them to see. The crowd cheered some more, and he threw her bra out into a sea of hands fighting for it."

"I love her tits," he said aside. "So did they." He smiled at the picture, like he was proud of it.

Craig deliberately paused to tease me, looking for my reactions to what he was telling me. He continued when he saw how keen I was: " He squatted down and off came her shoes, off came her socks. Off these flew into the crowd. Then he took his time to move her up and down the table, from one end to the other, and turn her all about for all to see, while they slapped dollar bills on the table for her. Then bringing her back front and center, while she stood there wide-eyed and shocked, looking out at them, her hands raised up like surrender, he jerked her underpants down from behind down to her feet and peeked around front of her to see his prize. They cheered to see her cunt. He bent over and tearing them up, he ripped her underpants away from her bare feet; he flipped them out across the crowd fighting for them too. They cheered the winner. All her clothes got tossed into the crowd. Never could find any of her clothing..."

He stopped again... to aggravate me.

I stared at the photograph that he had laid before me. My wife naked. The birthday boy touching her back. Guiding her? She is smiling.

Chuckling at my shame and bewilderment, Craig slapped down then the second photograph, also large and glossy. Again, my wife, completely naked in center of it. She also looking bewildered as me, but not ashamed. Obviously willing.

Again, up on stage, as I imagined, surrounded by that mocking obscene crowd of lusting leering grinning young men. Facing the harsh light shone on her, a studio light, judging by its intensity. . The front of her body now exposed naked to that large crowd of young men—there where at least thirty of them, Craig said; and many who knew me and many who even knew her by some casual introduction once upon a time; how many had fantasied to her just like this, I imagined—and now all happily gaping at my completely naked submissive young wife.

But it was something else that I saw in the photograph--beyond the thrill of her complete nakedness in front of these men--that gave me an immediate erection, I am ashamed to admit.

I pointed, speechless; I tapped the spot on the picture: she had no pubic hair.

Bare as a little girl but sexually ripe. Enticingly obscene. He had sheared off, then closely shaved off all her pussy hair--leaving it smooth and bald, a bit pink, a bit puffy, showing a markedly deep cleft between her chubby cunt lips where a tufted dark triangle of hair once hid them.

In the photograph she seemed sharply pale in the lurid light shone on her, making her seem yet more vulnerable, more exposed, more starkly naked for their.gaze

More lurid and shameful too because of her naughty hairless cunt, seeming deliberately done for them. And all of those gawking at her saw her this way, I could see it in their expressions. I felt aroused to see them looking at my naked wife, ashamed but also aroused that they saw her naked. The same mixed feelings of shame and arousal seemed revealed in her expression and attitude.

"Geez, she's pretty. Don't you think? Your wife... naked like that," he nodded at the full-frontal nude shot.

"Who did that?" I pointed at her shaved pubes in the photograph.

"O, I did it. I thought it would be a hoot. They loved it too."

"You planned it?"

He shrugged.

He sat back sipping his coffee admiring his photographs.

Why was she holding money in her hands?

"Who took these pictures?"

"Nice, ain't they," he replied.

I wondered how many more of these photographs there were and who had them?

And what they would do with them?

He knew what I was thinking. He would not give the satisfaction of an answer unless I prodded him. I felt too ashamed to ask. I dreaded the answer I might get.

"See that money she's got in her hand?"

He waited until I acknowledged by my stare.

"She got a dollar if she showed her cunt to a boy.... you know.... Bend over and spread her cheeks for him. Or if she let the guy stick his finger into her slit, she got two bucks. The Frat officer--the one who knows you--said you'd gotta feel sick about this, if you knew. He could not believe how she was doing this. He told me that he ought to pay me double. 'Look at her', he said. And there she was up on the stage, naked, bewildered, but looking randy and ready to fuck, getting really randy now, coaxed by the birthday boy to make a wide stance on the stage so the guys crowd up to look up her cunt, and forced by him to shuffle up to the edge of the table, to present her cunt to the one who pays and straddles the up-thrusting fingers of some college boy, poking about her twat and diddling her, watching for her face to show him telltale responses--to flush, to bashfully smile, to flinch when he touches the spot--while the crowd cheers him to 'do it to her'.

"When the birthday boy said he'd had his turn, he pressed a dollar in her uncertain grasp, and she sheepishly accepted, and the birthday boy smacked her bare rump to make her move along and go stand before the next one who's ready to pay. Your wife looked really beautiful up there, all naked, getting felt up in front of all these guys, blushing, bashful, horny as hell; the hot lights and the frigging she was getting was beginning to heat her up to a nice perspiration.

"The Frat officer said she was beautiful too and added how much he loved her shaved pussy. I told him I did it special for them, and he said she's the best one yet and promised to take up a collection to pay me extra."

He said no more. He wanted me to ask for more.

Exasperated with his silence, I finally had to say it: "What did they do to her?"

"Had some fun with her. What would you do?" he laughed. He waited for me to insist on details.

I thought about it. I know what I would do. "What kind of fun?" I asked.

"Do you know the game 'Grease the Pig'?"

He enjoyed telling me this. His descriptions were vivid, if sometimes crude. The spectacle was astounding in my imagination. Had I been there, I would have relished it every bit as much as Craig obviously did. It would spur his second only complete ejaculation with my wife—but of that I will tell later.

"Greasing the Pig" is a sport from old Dixie played by rednecks out in the farmyard or sometimes for county fairs. Typically played while everybody is drunk. In the original there really is a live pig which the good old boys have smeared all over with bacon grease or the like—ironic if you think of it—and then usually men or boys strip down to undershorts (so as not to ruin their clothes, and also for the fun of it) and chase the pig, wrestling with the slippery wriggling thing to grasp it and win it. It takes hours. Usually the pig wins.

Greasing the Pig with my naked wife was much the same. It started with two selected Frat officers, whom they respectfully called her "trainers", and who, having stripped to their underwear, joined her up on the "stage." They explained nothing to her. She was apprehensive. It was part of the sport to cause her to feel both ashamed and afraid. They poured three bottles of baby oil over her—over shoulders and breasts, flooding her tummy and both thighs, all down her back and over her buttock, then working together they used their hands to smooth the oil all over her body until she was well wet and shiny with it.

"Greasing her up" was clearly a big part of the fun and the special privilege for Frat officers; they both showed obvious hard-ons while doing it; they lingered to smear and massage it on her breasts, her pubes, her buttock and spent much time between her legs, but they also neglected none of the rest of her naked body, even her hands and feet. Her whole naked body glistened beautifully with baby oil.

They helped her off the table because the spilled baby oil made the surface very slippery and she almost fell twice. They guided her through the crowd of men (some of whom reached out to fondle her as she passed) and took her to French doors at rear of the dining hall, flung them open, and pushed her out into the chilly night onto the patio before the empty dark lawn in the back yard.

The backyard is an enormous private lawn enclosed with a high garden wall from the neighborhood, a play field where the Frat house held its barbeques, drank beer from kegs (against the university rules of course) and played with Frisbees or played badminton. But this night the lawn was empty. The two who had oiled her up led her to the edge of the lawn, holding her by the arms, while the crowd assembled behind them. Several other guys were stripping down to their jockey briefs.

Someone switched on the security floodlights that glared in the dark expanse, catching her nakedness vividly in their garish beams and faintly limning the high garden wall that enclosed the large green space.

One of her "trainers" slapped her buttock smartly and pointing to the open lawn, yelled: "Run, little pig, run." She stepped barefoot onto the lawn, turning to look back at them. Some six or seven were spreading out to circle her. She backed away, asking them what they were doing. I wondered too. What would they do when they caught her?

Craig said: "If they catch her they can feel her up, but they're not allowed to fuck her. They didn't pay for that." I didn't believe him of course. I mean, I could see how she looked in the pictures. She was not fighting them.

She turned and ran as the menacing group began to reach for her. Hands groped for her shiny breasts. Another grasping her arm, loses her; her slick arm slips off as she ran away from him. They chased her to the back of the lawn. They fumbled with her. The watchers cheered and laughed.

Out of nowhere, out of the darkness in the back of the yard, a brace of bunnies burst onto the lawn around her, flushed from their den by her trespass. Surprised, she cried out. The boys, laughing at her, closed in on her, where she had halted and was vulnerable. Seeing them, she ran off from them into the far dark corner of the yard. Some bunnies ran where she ran, others bolted away like a spray of fireworks. She was trapped in the corner. The bunnies escaped as the boys circled to approach; she could not. But they were not able to take hold of her and keep her, she slipped from their grip, though several had got to feel her tits, her buttock in the mass tussle.

Some of the men threw off their underwear to run butt naked with her, their stiff dicks joggling comically as they ran. Dressed and undressed, now some six or eight of them ganged and conspired to get her. So that while some might grapple her oily body, some others might feel her up. And when catching her the naked ones mashed themselves against her body, pressing their naked erections against her tummy, or between the crack of her butt.

Running across the lawn bystanders jeered her—calling "Run, piggy, piggy, pig"—or cheered on their friends. A bunny ran out into the center of the lawn, watching intensely.

She was chased to and fro along the back of the yard, against the far wall; sometimes catching her, always losing her, until she was chased out into the middle of the yard and almost into the full glare of floodlights where now some others on the patio ran out to veer her back into the flailing reach her pursuers.

Her breasts bobbed enticingly as she ran. Her complexion colored warmly. She dodged and evaded them for many minutes, but she was tiring.

When at last she was out of breath, first one and then three and then all eight of the mostly naked men on the lawn surrounded her and held her collectively; she surrendered to them, limp and breathless, and they molested her. Several kissing her fingered her grossly. Several pawed and grabbed her breasts and the flesh of her buttocks.

She was swarmed over with fondling hands.

They brought their naked prey back to the patio, laughing, molesting her freely and obscenely.

At the edge of the patio in the grass, in the orb of the bright floodlights for all to see, they shoved her down, to drop her onto her knees, exhausted.

Craig laid out another photograph on the kitchen table, the very scene of it.

"Who took these?" I was amazed; the pictures were professional looking. How had they developed them so quickly?

He winked at me but never did answer me. He continued his story.

Someone had brought out a gushing garden hose and sprayed her where she knelt in the grass.

She gasped, covered her face. They drenched her, head to toe.

The water was icy cold. Her nipples crinkled up and she shivered. Her trainers brought out dish soap to squirt on her and now, as they had before smeared oil over her body, they lathered up her body, again savoring the soaping-up of her pointy tits, lubing her plump pubes—fingers deeply feeling within—and hands loving the shapes of her buttock and thighs.

The one holding the hose periodically rinsed her, so they should repeat her washing.

Standing naked as she was, surrounded by so many young men, one of the Frat boy gushed to tell her how beautiful she was. She felt flattered at the adulating gazes so many gave her. Another group of eager Frat boys brought several over-sized beach towels from out of the house, which several draped on her, rubbing her down, stealing fondling of her tits and her ass and slippery cunt while they did; then wrapping her up as she shivered, they dried her hair. Someone brought her a hairbrush.

They brought her a warm drink, a whisky toddy. She sat on a lawn chair to brush her hair and get warm; though the towels fell away from her breasts, she did not cover them. They gathered around, some kneeling, to talk to her, told her she was a good sport. They asked her for her name and asked her who she was married to; she was reluctant to tell them my name, but she recklessly admitted her own. As she felt warm with the towels and her drink, she felt wonderfully happy.

She said shyly: "I need to pee..." whispering to one whom she thought in charge, the Birthday Boy who had first told her she had to strip. He laughed and said: "Go do it over there..." She was confused but they swept the towel off of her and several boys drew her over to the lawn and told her to pee for them.

She hesitated. They wanted a photograph. She objected. They spread her legs forcibly where she stood. She finally gave up and peed and they cheered and took several pictures. It was a strong long-lasting stream of piss. She must have needed it badly.

Craig had one of those pictures too. I was surprised to see her smiling. But it was obvious now that she was enjoying herself. All this male attention.

Midst much talk and congratulations to the "winners" of "grease the pig", they returned her to the house in a group, she once more wrapped in the towel for warmth, and they guided her now quietly and solemnly through a maze of rooms into the holy of holies—the old library—where the Frat officers met and where the hazing initiations took place. She was taken before the Birthday Boy who had been placed in a chair of honor—an overstuffed wing-backed Queen Anne chair beside a fine floor lamp, before a cornering bookshelf, floor to ceiling with an expensive (but unread) leather-bound library of classics.

Undressed, he sat before her under that lamp light with his erection proudly displayed, upright and ready for her. She was formally and reverently presented to him, the towels unwrapped one by one and slowly drawn away to reveal her nakedness to him. In playing her role she clutched her hands before her lap and looked downcast. As it is the custom, the birthday boy was told by the trainers: "Choose your hole."

He stood to size her up. He walked around her, felt her buttock. The flesh of which he approved as firm and "nice." Returning to the front of her he slipped his middle finger into her cunt and declared it "juicy and tight." He kissed her, slipping tongue in her mouth, then stepped back and told her to open her mouth. He nodded, pleased, and asked her plainly, "You suck cock?" She did not reply. She blushed.

Seeing my dismay (or anticipation), Craig explained with a laugh that this was paid for; the only one who can fuck the pig is the birthday boy and he may take her mouth, her cunt or her anus, any hole he chooses.

The one condition is that everyone else gets to watch.

"I want to fuck her in the ass," the birthday boy decided, and immediately the crowd fell back to edges of the library to open a space for them.

Now the second privilege of the honored "trainers," Craig explained, was to prepare the pig for mounting by the birthday boy. This should consist of presenting their penises for her to suck, first the one and then the other, or to insert themselves in her vagina and fuck her to readiness. They played their parts with "assiduous attention"—a big word that Craig used her to sarcastically explain how much they enjoyed themselves with my wife's mouth and cunt and how responsive she was.

"They're not supposed to cum," Craig explained, "But of course accidents do happen."

He implied that an "accident" did happen in her mouth.

Twice.

After censoring these "accidents" (but describing them with an ironic zest, especially her muted abject response, swallowing without complaint), he presented a fifth photograph, upside down, his hand on top of it.

In the case of anal intercourse, he explained, the "trainers" had ritualized the preparation, since so often the girl was unused to this sexual experience and felt apprehensive. They had a tool to force a cavity of her anus and to push the preferred lubricant into it. The preferred lubricant was Vaseline in a jar. The tool looked like a short-handled Billy club.

"Of course I fuck her asshole with a dildo," said Craig. "You knew that right?"

He looked at me quizzically. I nodded. "Yeah, well, she knew what it feels like, but a real dick feels different, goes in deeper; it's a lively fuck, and of course he's gonna cum up inside her, so that will feel funny."

Craig admitted he may have tipped the scales. He had been telling them all along to be nice to her, expressing concern that she might freak out, being that she was just plain ordinary housewife and very young and innocent, and being stripped for them already frightened her; and yes, she was going along with it and looked to be turned on, and maybe she was, but...

He told all this to the "trainers" and the birthday boy as they watched her chased naked around the lawn and while she looked overwrought and ran with energy to escape them, was elusive and determined, once caught she was subdued, whether from fatigue or surrender, could not be distinguished. She thrashed a bit at being caught, but then hung there on her arms limp in their grasp, while all those hands went all over her glistening sex parts.

Watching this when Craig brought it up: "Choice of holes? Right?" The trainers and birthday boy listened. "Well, she ain't never been fucked in her butt-hole. So if you want to really surprise her...."

An upholstered ottoman was brought forward and put in the center of the room and Karen was guided to it and instructed to kneel on it. The birthday boy's penis had been almost painfully erect for most of the time. He needed no foreplay, but asked for the baby oil and, taking off his t-shirt, stepping out of his underwear, he rubbed his penis with the oil and told Karen what he expected. She was told to lean over to put her elbows on the floor, while kneeling on the ottoman, so that her ass was high and parted to present him her anus and cunt for access.

Craig labored the description of the scene.

How the two "trainers" applied the Vaseline to the "tool" with a glob on its blunt end and pushed it into her anus. Repeating this until she had taken in a lot of Vaseline and they had poked it in a good five inches. How she whimpered. How the trainers then took a turn fucking her in the butt but withdrew before ejaculation and how my wife's arms trembled. The birthday boy stepped up and leaned over her to press his prick into her and it went in easily and deeply and so suddenly that she moaned out loud. He fucked her with deliberate pleasure, taking his time, taking great satisfaction in exciting her, causing her to ask him to stop. And that is when he ejaculated deeply inside her rectum, and my wife, Craig said, gasped to feel it. And she visibly shivered. Triumphantly withdrawing his slick long prick to show her burgundy hole creamy with his cum, he slapped her buttock with satisfaction.

"She liked it," he said.

Craig turned over another photograph.

In a sort closing ritual, he explained to me, my wife was made to hold her position while the boys lined up behind her to see how the cum oozed out of her contracting anus.

After she was helped to her feet and given a strong drink, she was led naked around the Frat House, visiting all the boy's bedrooms.

He winked. "She had a few more." He played his last photo. A full house straight with the five -- no, six! no, seven!--pictures of my naked wife.

Nodding at the last picture: "Beers, I mean" He laughed at my anguished expression.

The last picture gnawed at me.

It gave me a sick and anxious feeling to see my wife naked for them and I got a raging embarrassing hard-on at the same time. Seeing her so casually naked for these horny men. Obviously enjoying their attention. Obviously randy. Her puffy cunt lips looked well-used to me.

How many guys had finger fucked my wife? Feeling her slippery cunt lips, frigging her hardened clit to make her gasp, making her clasp his neck, kiss him hungrily, tonguing his mouth while she squirmed and squeezed her legs on his hand, fingers inside her.

How many guys had buttered up her slit with their slick pricks? How many cum inside her?

How many cocks had she taken in her mouth? Cum inside her mouth? This guy right here. Showing her off like some trophy. Naked. I bet she had sucked off this guy. Swallowed his cum. The one with his arm around her... See the guy staring at her tits... the-look on his face.

Bet they all had hard-ons.

Look at her.. Smiling. Ashamed maybe, but no regret. In spite of what they had been doing to her. She smiles. Completely naked for them. And all the rest of them around her... what? Waiting their turn, I guessed. And someone taking pictures of it all.

And then I read what the whiteboard says. $2.

And looked again at her face. Her used mouth. Her wet lips. Guessing she had just then sucked-off two or three, the taste of many men's sperm still in her mouth and they were celebrating and she was looking sheepishly pleased with their admiration. Giving her a hug. Toasting her for her being such a good slut for them. How many had done it to her?

"Where are the other pictures?" I asked Craig.

In my imagination I could see her fucking holding onto the back of a kitchen chair. A train bof stiff pricks behind her. Getting fucked in her ass. Or fucking on th e table top on her back, legs splayed, knees up, eyes shut tight while some thick dick poked and poked her. Grunting.

Craig smirked at me. He knew what I was thinking.

He admitted it was a real turn-on for him too. He said he liked watching too.

Damn him, he knew I wanted to know more details, to see more pictures.

But I could not bring out the words. And he was not going to tell me all that that had happened. I could see that. He picked up the pictures one by one, watching my frustration. He could see by the way I looked at them that I wanted to keep them. Again, I could not bring myself to say it. He said he had to go.

As he stood up, he repeated with a shrug and a joke how he never could find any of her clothes, not even her socks, must have been taken up for souvenirs, he guessed. So, after a couple hours waiting for her to get done, about 3 in the morning, he said he just forced her out into the street and into the cab naked as she was. Drunk frat boys gathering, ogling and teasing her from the doorway. His familiar favorite cab driver—the Middle Eastern man—was delighted to see her of course. Craig said he scooted her in the front seat next to the driver and he himself got in the back; leaning over the seat he grabbed her hands and held them up and the driver turned on the dome light so people saw her naked at the crosswalks when they stopped in traffic, and all the while he drove with one hand, and barely his eyes on the road while with his right hand he diddled her soupy cunt. Craig said she humped his fingers. Could not help herself.

Once they were back at his apartment Craig made love to her right away on the floor. She, face-down and submissive. And for the first and the only time--she later admitted--while fucking her from behind, Craig successfully penetrated and ejaculated into her anus. No doubt aided by the lubricant fuckings she'd already taken. He made a point of telling it proudly, telling me in crude terms that he "...shot my spunk in her trunk" and he laughed at me, seeing my uncomfortable embarrassed reaction. He must have known that I had never done it to her. She probably talked to him about our sex life, or the lack of it, as much she talked to me about theirs. But I am sure he did not know that she had told me about his difficulty achieving an ejaculation. Still, he felt triumphant, having fucked my wife in her asshole while I didn't dare try it, and adding with a gloat how much she moaned when he fucked her like that. I don't think Craig meant to be mean to me; he liked me; but his manhood demanded he crow about it, I guess, like he might if he was bragging about porking some dumb teenie-bopper he'd picked up.

He took the photographs away with him, as I say. I wanted to keep them of course, but he did not offer. But the photos eventually ended up in my possession. Which is how I can share them. Craig gave them to me after the two broke up sometime later, when she and I had decided to live a more normal life and have a family.

I woke her up after Craig left and she admitted that everything Craig had told me was true. She was not ashamed of it, although she felt humiliated and embarrassed at being stripped for so many. She laughed at the "Greasing the Pig" game and blushed at being called a pig. She was ashamed (though aroused) to admit what happened in the library. She told me she was sorry. She would not tell me all that happened either.

She was discomfited by my questions about the anal intercourse. For that was something that I had never attempted with her and I was surprised she permitted it. Craig's fascination with it, I understood, and her acquiescence to his prodding of her anus I had understood to be her tolerant loving response in order that he should be happy; I imagined it uncomfortable and she had always implied that she did not like it. But she admitted to me that in taking her sexually in the library she had been more than a willing. She had been intrigued. She had been so sexually excited to this point that she felt buzzed. The ejaculation inside her anus she described as sharp prolonged squirts that she felt stab and hot. She had an inward gaze as she said this, a memory of curious pleasure showed in her face. It gave me strange pang to see how she must have responded. She reached for me to hide her face next to mine, repeating that she was sorry.

I loved her shaved pussy and would have liked her to keep it, but it reminded her of the Frat house. Again, I was certain, just like the other time with Steve and his friend, she had secretly enjoyed it sexually—but she could not honestly admit to me or to herself— and over time she regretted it deeply and was deeply ashamed of herself the more she thought of it, the more she remembered her own responsive feelings. She swore she would never do anything like it again. She wanted her pubic hair to grow back, so that she would not be reminded of it, and she resolutely refused my suggestions she keep shaving it.

It took the better part of a month for her pussy hair to grow back to where it had been.

Oddly, this event redefined her relationship with Craig. Almost as if, having satisfied his previous failures to fuck her well, having done it finally, the impulse to do it left him. After this event her romantic routine with Craig became more and more mundane and almost entirely asexual. Their relationship evolved into more true friendship with only occasional casual sexuality, losing the intensity that it had had at first when it was new. Like a marriage in a way; and perhaps it was so; she was married comfortably to both of us now. I had her during the week and he had her most weekends.

The Arab cabbie who had got Karen to suck him off and played with her naked body, continued to regularly drive them about, being Craig's favorite. Sometimes he arrived without Craig just to pick her up. This happened quite often for a period of time. It made me wonder if she was up to something like the Frat house stripping show. But she never would talk about it and avoided my eyes and told me: "It was just a dinner date." But it happened at odd hours and sometimes she was gone overnight.

All of this, of course, made my obsessions wilder. I wanted to see this. I wanted to see her naked in front of other men. To see them looking at her. To see her face as they look at her naked.

At this time we frequently housesat for my vacationing parents who lived in the suburbs; on weekends they always went north to their summer cabin. They had air conditioning and we did not have it in our apartment, so it was a pleasant thing to do. Plus we could drink from my father's liquor cabinet. Often Craig joined us. Coming by cab. Staying over the Saturday nights and as was our custom I gave him the liberty to be alone with her while I went elsewhere in the house. Typically they went to the rec room in the basement.

My parent's house was a split-level built into hillside next to a golf course. The neighbors were distant and in back of it was a hill and over the hill the expanse of the fairway. Sometimes golf balls were sliced over it into the backyard. The rec room had a low set of windows in an L on the level of the lawn at the lower level. I could spy on my wife and Craig from there when they were in the rec room, doing whatever. I could lie on my stomach and peer over the wall and into the room from through those windows. There was a TV in the corner of the L and the sofa was against the wall under the long windows. The curtains were never closed because there were no neighbors to look in. From this vantage I could look down on the whole sofa and see anyone sitting there. I could see from two angles—over top of the sofa or from the side of the sofa across the top of the TV there.

If you went out the sliding glass door on the upper level, there was an upper lawn and between in the lower lawn, a retaining wall. If I was careful, I could move out to the lower lawn and look from either angle into the room to the see them; I could see the full length of the room from here--all the way to the back, the wet bar, and the doorway that went upstairs. I worried that the light of the room might catch my face on the lawn, but I had gone down to the rec room several times to check if it was possible for me to be seen when spying on them from outside;, putting an object near the window, within feet from the window on the lawn from where I might be looking--a bucket, I think it was--I looked for it; if all the ceiling lights were turned on at that end of the room, I really couldn't make it out unless I was looking for it. I was nearly certain that the glaring reflection of light on the windows would make seeing me outside almost impossible.

There was another way to see into the rec room as well, but not as good; that was a window in a window-well at the front of the house, next to the front stoop; from there, leaning in far, you could see almost the length room--from the front to the back, just to the bottom edge of sofa up against the far window.

It was from that window that I got my first glimpse of my wife and Craig, to see things she had told me about. They had gone down to the rec room where Craig had pulled out the sofa bed to sleep that night. She said she was coming to bed with me, but I said it's okay, take your time. And when she went downstairs with him, I snuck out to the backyard and came around to the back windows, but they had not turned on the lights on this end of the basement and I worried that they might see me or my silhouette on the lawn. Craig was standing with my wife on the farther end of the basement under the ceiling light there. I ran around to the front of the house and ducked my head into the window well. At just that moment my wife stood in the center of the room, this side only illuminated, so that the light was upon her back; she stood before Craig whom, I could see, had stripped himself down to his jockey briefs. She was yet fully clothed. He embraced her, kissing her as they stood his hands upon her shoulders; his hands slipped to the neck of her dress, and he quickly unzipped her dress behind her. The dress plunged to her feet. She stood in the fallen dress, wearing only underpants underneath. No bra. She dropped her hands. She stood still. He leaned, kissing her breasts, I presumed, and after only a moment's foreplay he drew her underpants swiftly to her feet in one stroke. She stood unmoving, as she was, her hands at her sides. He felt her with his fingers between her legs, I guessed, by how she shifted feet, legs parting for him. But then she leaned over and drew up her underpants and then her dress. I was disappointed. She was zipping up her dress as she turned to come back upstairs. So I ran back to the reenter the rear of the house and the living room where she should find me.

She did not come up immediately. I made a drink. I wondered if I should go look again. Had Craig interrupted her? I walked to the lower level and the stairwell to the rec room where the door was closed. I approached listening but could hear nothing. Opening the door, I found them almost where they had been standing but she dressed, and Craig had put his pants back on. She was confused to see me. I was suspicious. All the lights were on. The bed put back into the sofa. He had changed his mind?

I could not bring myself to say what I wanted to say I made some rather confused statement. She left him and went to bed with me. I did not tell her what I had seen.

The following Saturday we returned to my parents. I had been thinking about it all weekend—what I wanted. As the evening wore I told her I was tired and may go to bed early and asked to talk to her.

She followed me upstairs. I took her up toward the bedroom but then stopped in the hallway stopped to talk to her. I said I wanted her to do something for me. I could not think how to say it. I explained it that I wanted to see her with Craig. I wanted her to let him undress her. I explained I would not be in the room. I would see. She would not know that I was looking. "Sit with him on the sofa," I told her. "When he takes off some of your clothes, let him." It was not enough guidance.

I watched from the upper lawn. But moved carefully to crouch on the lower lawn closer to the window. I looked over from the side of the L onto the length of the sofa where Craig sat, bare-chested in his underwear and black socks. My wife stood before him, still fully dressed. They talked. He took her hand and drew her down to sit beside him.

I stood to see better. His hand drew hers to his underwear to feel his penis. All the while I spoke to her in her mind. But I had not told her to take initiative. I had told her to respond to his. I began to masturbate in anticipation. Craig unbuttoned her blouse. She had a bra on underneath. I should have told her not to wear a bra. This was so disappointing. She sat complacently as I told her to do. She let him open her blouse, flipping the two sides away to expose her bra, her tummy; he felt her breasts through her bra; he pulled one bra cup out to tease her. He put a hand into the cup, feeling her nipple inside of it. But then just he sat back. They talked.

This is when I saw his penis. With no foreplay, in the middle of nothing at all, he just stood up in front of her and pushed his underpants down to his ankles. His penis already mostly thick hung before her face. She looked at it, smiling, and then looked up at him. He held it in his hand, still enlarging as he stroked it. It was like she had said, thick, thick around as maybe a hammer handle, but dangling half-hard like a hose, just as she had described it; even if longer than mine, it looked too soggy to fuck her. She put her mouth on the head of it. He stroked it. She closed her eyes, her folded hands in her lap, and he gently held her head upon it, and I could see clearly how she was sucking on it.

I masturbated eagerly watching my wife with her mouth on his penis. This was more than I expected. I wanted to see him cum in her mouth. But just as suddenly as he had started this, he stopped it. He had said something, and she looked up and sat back, taking her mouth off it, smiling, her hands still folded in her lap and he pulled up his undershorts and flopped down next to her on the sofa, and kissed her.

Nothing more happened. She sat with him like this, her blouse open and he in his undershorts for another half an hour, just talking. Occasionally necking. And when he did he sometimes cupped her bra cup. Or put a hand up under her skirt and slipped it down the front of her underpants, feeling her slit. But he did not take off her clothes. Nothing more. I was getting cold with the dew of the night. He turned off the light and sat with her and necked. I could not peer in without now being seen. I ran back to the front of the house to see if I could see from the window well; all I could see was the bottom half of them; Craig guiding her hand inside his undershorts; but she remained fully dressed. In time he gave up, not achieving any sexual satisfaction for either of them, or for me either.

I got tired of looking for something to happen. I eventually went to the door of the rec room and called for my wife. I fucked her as if I had seen something. She asked afterwards how I had seen anything. I told her what I had seen.

I asked: "Was there anything to see?"

"No," she admitted. But now I had a more serious idea.