**Candaulism**

by Fishman

**Candaulism Part IV**

*My friends take turns with my wife while I watch*

I had half-imagined it happening. More than half I had wanted it. Karen had known it would happen and she had tried to warn me. Not that she was repulsed by it—it had intrigued her too—but she knew these guys and they would never forget this and their ideas about her would profoundly change and change forever. After this, would she and I ever be the same? How would they treat her? And me?

Now they would always have certain obscene pictures of her, naked, in their memories --and as it turned out, they would have some real pictures too -- and every time they would see her then, those images would be refreshed and looking at her clothed, they would see her naked, and looking at her mouth, they would think of and see her taking their penises into it, and she must see them thinking this.

No doubt everyone would tell stories about her and this night. She would get a reputation that she could not overcome, and she did not doubt that they would seek to coerce her or try to finagle her repeated submission by some blackmail or even threats. She knew Jon had an appetite for bullying her. He proved it that night to my own eyes. She was right. But I did not care at that point. I was drunk with my fantasy. Her ambivalence, fear, and reluctance—these all fed my lust, rather than discouraged it. I did not sympathize with her. I relished her humiliation.

Seeing him now, guiding her to sit down on the coffee table so that she was the right height, a bit sideways bo that I could see her face, her mouth as she did it, I wanted nothing to stop this. She looked plainly unhappy. Maybe she wanted to refuse but was not sure she could stop them. She watched them as all of them undressed. Sitting on the sofa, stroking their dicks. Or, standing up, blatantly stroking them. Pricks of different sizes, different angles of erection. But all circumcised and all stiff. She could not help assessing them. I wondered what she was thinking. Does she have a preference? Does she think about how it would feel in her mouth, in her cunt? S

He told her to spread her leg and he reached to feel her cunt. Lifted his hands to her tits. he sat back on her haunches and looked down. She leaned back and put her hands down on the coffee table, openning herself to his fondling. Not looking up, she waited as they spoke with each other quietly.

Jon sent one off to the wet bar to bring her a glass of water. Then Jon leaning reached down and took her chin and lifted her face to look up at him; she looked up at him sadly. He said: "We all know you have done this before. We know all about Steve. Yes?"

She nodded, almost with shy dutiful response like a little girl. Jon asked: "And the other boy too..... What's his name?"

"I don't remember," she said.

"Yeah, well, okay...." Timmy came back with a glass of water that he put on the coffee table for my wife.

"How many others then? Besides your husband."

She shook her head.

"Too many to count?"

"No," she said, "Do I have to tell you?"

"Yes"

She hesitated. Then she said: "Seven."

"Besides your husband? That would be... with Steve and Larry... That would be nine?"

Nine! Who? I knew of only two more besides Steve and Larry... Craig and the Cabbie made four. Then, if she counts the two Frat officers. But that still leaves three more I knew nothing about.

"So what's another six?" Jon asked cynically, looking around the room.

All of them undressed now. Some completly. Gary. Jon. Only keeping their socks on. Some stripped to underpants and t-shirt. She watched them undress. She looked keenly at thier penises, more or less erect, some poking in underpants.

Jon stepped up. He said nothing. He stroked his penis before her face. His was larger than mine. Not much longer, but thicker and heavier. Dangling like a hose. She s took it lightly in her hand and pumped it a little, looking at it, like she remembered it. Had she sucked off Jon some night out on our sofa--sometime I didn't know.. "Suck it" Jon siad. She glanced to the window. Jon looked up at me and grinned. I Ducked down. I heard before I saw it: that she had put her mouth on it and was bobbing her head, sucking it. Just his glans stuffed her mouth and sucking down only part of the shaft pressed beyond her lips. She blinked. He did not force her to take in more of her cock. As he promisd. He let her do it. Her eyes were closed. I could hear the sounds of her mouth.

He said simply: "Suck.... suck it, Karen... Then I'll cum in your mouth...." He took hold of her head with both her hands and her eyes fluttered open and looked up at him as she kept sucking: "I ain't gonna fuck your mouth."

She looked up at his face pathetically.

"I promise."

She was flushed. She closed her eyes again. She dropped her hands and sucked gently. Jon said something sarcastic to the boys who watched, something that I could not hear but which was meant to shame Karen. But she did not take her mouth off his penis. "Don't talk with you mouthful," Jon joked. They laughed.

Karen opened her eyes and drew her mouth off his penis to take a breath and blinked at his spit wet glans. She drew her hand down it, so it seemed to rise, to stiffen to her. She licked the pee hole. This, particularly this, got to me: she wanted him to cum in her mouth.

Jon grinned and winked in my direction, as if he saw me watching. Jon said: "Yes! "

And it's true we saw her tongue swirling on his glans, and mouthing his glans, like a plump fruit, and teasing him to cum, feeling his scrotum, holding it like she expected it to discharge.

Sucking deeply again, she was flushed, eyes tightly closed, her cheeks sucked in. Jon his right hand on top of her head and held her as she bobbed her mouth on his prick, taking it more deeply into her mouth, while teasing with hard sucking on the glans, as if that drew his cum into her mouth like through a straw. She dropped her hands from his penis, to lay in her lap, folding them. With his left hand, leaning over, Jon toyed with her tits. Jon joked some more with my friends. He said something crude to Karen. Her face seemed to darken with shame and body showed defeat in hunching.

In spite of himself, and because of her teasing tongue and sucking and slurping, Jon could not help but take hold of my wife's head in both his hands again and now in spite of his promise he forcibly poked his cock in and out of her mouth; he was fucking her mouth, though he said he would not. He became more aggressive. Her eyes opened. She looked up at him with anxiety and muffled a mild complaint with the longer strokes that plunged to her throat. Her eyes fluttered and she teared. Her face got very red. I could hear her noisy breathing even outside where I peeked in. My friends surrounding her were fascinated. Her mouth abused by him with deep and gagging strokes.

I had the perfect angle of view, looking down in my crouch from the darkness, my wife squating in front of Jon frontal but sideways to my view from the corner window, and, Jon, seen from above and behind but to the side, so that I could his horn-like cock pumping in and out of her mouth, drawn out wet, poking so as to gag her a bit. I was so close I could hear the noises of it. Her muffled complaints. His snotty sexy reMikes. Her sucking and slurping.

So I saw the very moment that Jon came in my wife's mouth in perfect technicolor, how her eyes opened wide and surprised, how her cheeks puffed up, filling suddenly with a shot of cum, how she coughed on the stuff, but how the rapid repeated squirts refilling her mouth forced her to swallow quickly and repeatedly, how earnestly she tried to swallow all of it--murmuring plaintively but swallowing, her hands raised up from her lap like a pathetic gesture surrender. Such humiliation, but no one felt sorry for her.

Bob laughed out loud. Timmy laughed too. Bill shook his head grinning. Gary and Howie looked on with astonishment.

Her mouth parting to take a breath at last, she drew her mouth away and she showed her mouth full of his sperm as she took a breath, looking up at those watching her pathetically, but also almost apologetically. Jon ejaculated still; a shot looped toward her face; a glistening stringy dollop shot squarely into her open mouth and onto her lower lip and oozed down her chin and dripped off to her belly. She put her mouth back on his penis to take the last of it.

Seeing this, Gary said: "Jesus..." Andy looked upset but intensely focused on her humiliation.

When Jon, laughing also, drew back as he felt himself finished, he pulled his flagging dick from out of her mouth; it popped up, angling before her wide eyes, all slimy and actually dripping with his cum and her saliva; my wife had not expected his withdrawal; she had not finished swallowing, showing a mouthful of cum, her eyes rising to follow his dancing dick--a slippery sting of cum and saliva drooled from her mouth, dangling like slime from her lower lip; with an expression of embarrassment, like a naughty girl caught eating what she should not, she tried to hide what she had in her oozing from her mouth; reflexively. she put her hand up to catch the it with her fingertips and tucked it back up into her mouth and swallowed it;

Seeing my wife do this delighted my friends, who commented rudely and encouraged her; my wife (glancing up at me) looked to the floor. She dropped her head in shame seeing how my friends leered at her and mocked her for a slut. Jon, astonished like all the rest of us, at the submissive pleasure she had taken from eating his cum, was smugly gratified, thinking it his due, patted her condescendingly on her bowed head and asked sarcastically: "You like that?"

He nodded at Timmy who keenly watched still holding the glass of water, who handed it to her. She lifted her head but would not look at them. She took the glass of water -- glancing aside at Jon's proud wet upright erection which was before her face. Looking up at the boy, she thanked him quietly, blushing; she drank the glass of water in a long thirsty gulps while they looked on. Jon stoked his cock.

He spoke to Karen: "Here." I could not see it, but he bent his cock over toward her face where he presented an ooze seeping out of the tip of his penis. He held it for her to lick. She did it. They laughed at her. She finished the drink as they kibitzed over who would be next.

Receiving the emptied glass from her, Jon went to the wet bar to refill it while Gary insisted to be next and stepped forward, presenting his short thick red-capped prick to her face and her mouth. She looked at it intensely, and then took hold of his penis, holding it tenderly, feeling it, she looked up at Gary, seductively smiling, and he said: "You know I have I've always wanted you to do this." She nodded wistfully. She licked the head of it teasingly, tonguing the hole of it, slathering it, while peeking at his face, smiling wickedly. I wondered that he might ejaculate right then. She expected it too, seeing his face get red, and she immediately put her mouth on it and closed her eyes. He did ejaculate very quickly, and she swallowed the first flood of it warmly, like she loved giving him this slutty pleasure, like she relished the indecency of it, the nastiness, drinking his cum secretly sexually pleasuring her. For his part Gary enjoyed it and showed it openly. His legs stiffening, he had put both his hands on top her head and held it tightly, her mouth forced on his prick as he spent himself into it, he lifted his head, eyes closed, and uttered moaning satisfaction with each throb of his ejaculation.

Jon, returning with the glass of water, paused at the spectacle and shook his head to see her gulping so willingly and warmly. He stood holding the glass until she had finished. Her hand pumping his prick intently to coax all the semen he could spend into her mouth. Gary exclaimed "Jesus Christ", as he looked down at her licking and sucking up his glans to sip the last of the cum from head of his penis. When at last he was limp but still long, she let his penis slip from her mouth to dangle before her. Looking up at it contentedly and then raising her gaze to his, my blushing happy wife smiled coquettishly. Gary said he would always love her.

She made to stand up then, but Jon physically restrained he and said: "You ain't done, honey." A glance around her reminded her of what she must do.

Jon handed her the glass of water, but she shook her head and looked up to see that Bill had stepped forward. She looked at him more uncertainly and uncomfortably. She did not like Bill, and he did not like her. Bill looked at her with indifference, but his erection was offered to her mouth and she took it warmly, closing her eyes, sucking, bobbing her head on it. He put his right hand on top of her head. His left hand reached for a tit.

Bill fucked her mouth. He held her head tightly. She looked up at him in abject subservience. He mocked her with a cooing: " You like sucking cock, fatty. Huh? You know that's all you're good for. You're fat but you got a nice mouth. That's what we want. We all want you to suck us. You know that? That's what we all wanted. It's why we came here tonight. We talked about it. Okay, we wanted to see you naked. We saw that turned you on. Didn't it? Stripping for us. All the lights on. Okay. You like us to see you naked. You like that, huh? Okay. We see you naked. But what we really wanted, what we all talked about is for you to get down and suck cock. All naked. All naked and sucking cock. And then cum in your pretty mouth...." She blinked, she began to silently cry. She saw it was true. She cried, not because he had hurt her, but because he had told the truth and she saw it. This was none of it anything like lovemaking.

He laughed at her tears. She heard the others laugh too. This was just fucking her mouth for a slut. This was making her suck cock like some sad sack who'd do anything to be loved. This was degrading. They didn't like her. They didn't even think she was pretty. This was intentionally abusing her sexually. She was not pretty. She was just some chubby housewife they'd duped into getting naked. Not because she was pretty. Timmy was fucking her with a beer bottle. Someone else put his middle finger into her rectum. She squirmed. Bill taunted her: "You like that?" He pulled on her nipples.

They only toyed with her to get her to this. They only let her think they really wanted to see her naked, so that they could coax her into sucking cock. She saw that now. I saw it. No one had any sympathy for her. They laughed at her. Bill mockingly stroked her hair. Then, grabbed her hair, held her head tightly. He said cruelly: "Come on, fatty. You know you want it. You want me to cum in your mouth..."

She saw then no one pitied her, and she felt fat and ashamed of herself. She saw they had only wanted to see her get naked out of a nasty sense of humor, to mock and humiliate her, not aroused by her sexually except for her pathetic humiliation and her obvious embarrassment--they laughed at her chubby body and they had deliberately worked her up with their fingers and tongues just to yield to this, to push her to let them put their penises into her mouth (which no good girl should ever do, she knew) and suck till they came in her mouth (only an oversexed slut let a man do that) and then they'd all go out and brag to all my other friends how they'd done this to her, how she'd actually taken all her clothes off for them.... without them asking her to do it... how she did it because she wanted it, they guessed -- why else would she? And then what? What did she really want? She stood there stark naked under bright lights for the whole bunch of them, and they had fingered and felt her up while her husband was upstairs sleeping; she'd let them feel her up and all, and so naturally they did to her what they'd always wanted to do her. Naked and kneeling. She'd taken their cocks in her mouth, willingly, obligingly, stupidly sucking their knobs, knowing full well what they meant to do, what they wanted, how they meant to ejaculate in her mouth, of course, and cause her to swallow the stuff while they teased her about the nasty thing and made abusive comments. She feebly complained. But she did little to resist, except to sometimes gasp and turn her head until he mashed his penis back into her mouth as she whimpered pathetically . They saw how easily she was coerced. She would not admit it, but they saw how much it excited her to be mistreated this way. The coercion to suck cock especially excited her. What a jerk her husband was. Naked wife sucking cock while he slept upstairs. Jesus!

To be sure she understood what she was doing, she wanted it, Bill thought, seeing her tears. He teased her then and said: "Here, fatty, swallow this... " And he grimaced, and I saw her face respond, he came in her mouth. Tears streamed on her face. He squeezed her tits hard in fists, he fucked her face vigorously so that she got red and out of breath. But she did just what he said. She shed her tears but sucked and sucked and she swallowed eagerly and shamelessly , while he sneered triumphantly, "Yeah, keep sucking... suck it up..."

When he finally stood up, a bit up wobbly, his prick flopping from her mouth, half-hard and glistening with stringy cum and her saliva, she gasped with wide-eyes, red-faced, her open-mouth milky with his sperm, lips smeared with it, eyes shiny in tears, and he lorded over her submission, looked down and nodded in nasty satisfaction: "I always figured you'd suck cock... You look like the type...." The men laughed. "Don't she look it?" Bill asked for affirmation.

Gary said: "Yeah."

She dropped her head, ashamed.

When Bill backed up, Timmy dropped the beer bottle between her legs and stepped up, straddled her kneeling thighs, and crouching over, put his cock into her mouth with insolence, looking on at her surprise with a sneer. Bill meanwhile squatted down beside her, his dick still bobbling, and smirking tugged on her nipples like they were cows teats and slapped her chubby tits to make them wobble ridiculously. Giggling at his manipulations of her, Bill took up the beer bottle from the floor and shoved most of it up her cunt, fucking her vigorously with it, and she was squirming, protesting and whimpering disingenuously, for she was obviously jacking herself against this empty beer bottle, sexually reciprocating his pumping thrusts, so the neck of the bottle went up deep and the bottle bump and grind her clit, grunting with his thrusts. Her wild eyes showed her feelings. But she pushed Timmy away and she made to get up, complaining, begging.

But Jon, grinning wickedly, took hold of her hands, while Timmy and Bill forced her back to her knees, and Jon drew her hands behind her back, and retied them at the wrists with the strands of my ripped-up t-shirt. She closed her eyes and tears trickled down her flushed cheek, with a beer bottle shoved up her cunt, pumped in and out. They stared at her with the intensity of animals wanting to eat her alive.

Timmy remounted her mouth. With no announcement but a big grin and a nod and grimace and a shout, Timmy shot off plentifully into her mouth and she, eyes wide open now in surprise, took it placidly and unresponsively. But she refused to swallow it; when he withdrew his softening slimy penis, she let her mouth slacken and let his cum run out; it flowed from her mouth and down her chin and she drooled his cum, dangling in a soupy oozy strand from her lower lip to puddle on the sofa cushion. Inside her mouth I saw the thicker pearly goo of it, like she had a mouthful of tapioca pudding. This is when I ejaculated onto the lawn a third time.

Jon slapped her face. She looked startled and stung. He demanded she swallow it.

She did. Still mutely crying.

I am not going to detail how she sucked off each of them. It was done quickly, for these were young men and they came quickly, her mouth so deliciously aroused them. I will tell it as I remember it, in a flood of sharply featured moments, a composite of the sexually intense images.

But I could see that none of my so-called friends were troubled by her mistreatment.

In fact Gary watched it all with sadistic satisfaction. He was giddy to be the next one at her mouth again. Howie took up her masturbation with the beer bottle. And Bob was chatting up Bill about my wife with some enthusiasm. He had some plans.

Now Gary did as the others had done, fucking her mouth with insult, while Howie did as the others had, teasing her tits and continuing to masturbate her with beer bottle, until when Gary again had spent himself in her mouth and it was now his own turn; he let the beer bottle slip out of her cunt; it slipped sideways to lie between her parted kneeling legs on the sofa cushion.

Howie came quickly, followed by then by Bob. In fact all that I remember of this was how quick it was. Timmy did it again. She was herself exhausted and looked dejected; she did not seem to know who or how many had cum in her mouth. She gasped and sucked and gasped, swallowing, also drooling; her chin was slimy with it, the wet stuff (saliva, cum) was gleaming on her neck and the slopes of her breasts where it had streamed from out of her mouth after each withdrew. Still, Jon taunting her, threatening her, she did dutifully try to swallow all that she could.

When the last one--I don't remember who--was triumphantly lording over her, admiring his sloppy accomplishment in her lax and drooling mouth, they were gathered around to discuss what to do next—some wanted to keep fucking her mouth—when she said something quietly, her head down, which made them pause. Jon knelt and undid her bondage and gave instructions to Gary and Timmy to help her up. The two of them, escorting her like they might a beaten prisoner; holding her arms and guiding her weak steps, they took her from the room.

Jon explained to the others who had not heard her: "She's feeling kinda sick."

Outside the guest bathroom near the kitchen, her guards heard her vomit up her rum and cokes mixed with swirls of cum. She spat into the toilet. They heard her pee. They heard her washing. Using a warm washcloth to clean her face, her neck, washing her breasts, then wiping the top of her thighs. She wiped between her legs. She drank cold water from a glass slowly, looking at her face, her naked torso. Putting down the glass, she cupped her breasts with both hands, feeling her hardened nipples tenderly, glancing at her own face to see the expression that they saw when touching her. When at last she opened the door, Gary smirked and asked if she felt better, while Tim ogled her refreshed naked body before she switched off the light, studiously, as if he had never seen her naked before. They brought her back to the basement, still clutching her arms like she might try to escape.

Meanwhile, I laid on my back as close to the open window to listen to their conversation, wiping my semen on the grass.

"What if he comes back?" Howie worried; he meant me.

"He won't," said Jon. How could he be so sure?

"What if he finds out?" Howie worried.

"What's he gonna do about it?" Jon sneered.

Howie was silent but not satisfied. Bill said, "It was her idea."

Jon agreed.

Howie recalling it said: "I just don't fucking believe it. She just stood there and took off her clothes. Not a word. Did you say anything? Did you tell her to do it? Jesus. And then.... What was it she said?"

"She said, "Is this what you want?" recalled Bob. He had no compunction about any of this. He blurted enthusiastically something that he had been trying to pose to Jon for half an hour: "You think she'd do it for the softball team?" Jon shrugged. "I don't see what choice she'd have."

Bob gloated over the thought. I did not know what he meant exactly but I knew that Jon was a jock; he probably had a regular group of guys he played softball with; Bob was probably one of them.

I heard the door to the rec room open. I rolled over to look. Karen was advanced before her escorts toward the lights over the sofa. Timmy had let go of her and was following looking at her from behind. Gary let go of her arm, and she approached them slowly, aware of their gaze. They smiled approvingly.

Jon stood up from the sofa: "Feeling better?" She nodded.

"Sit down..." he gestured to the middle of the sofa under the window where he had been sitting. They had put the seat cushions back on the sofa while she was gone. She took her seat. No one sat beside her. They watched her. Smiled at her.

"We've been thinking," Jon finally said, "Your folks—I mean John's folks—they got a Polaroid camera, don't they?"

She told them where they kept the camera and the film—in the credenza in the family room upstairs. Gary sat beside her and fondled her breasts; Karen said nothing to him about it.

Bill and Timmy went off to get the camera.

"What are you going to do?" Karen asked.

How could she not know? Sometimes her naivete was utterly unbelievable; but perhaps it was a defensive pretense she desperately needed—to make a barrier to the shame of her willing participation in the sexual things they wanted her to do, about which she so little protested or resisted; she would mewl and say meekly she did not understand what they wanted, but then she would submit to them with hidden thoughts.

Jon explained that everybody wanted a picture of her naked for a souvenir.

"You don't mind, do you?" Jon smirked. What could she say? She said nothing.

I moved away into the darkness on the lawn in case they might see me when the lights went on. The lights went on upstairs. Good thing I moved, because a rectangle of the light fell across the back-yard lawn from the upstairs picture window.

When they returned with the camera, they had not turned off the light. After cursing my bad luck, I decided I had to run in and turn it off myself, or else I could not keep spying on them. I risked the chance that they would notice. Luckily for me they were preoccupied, snapping pictures of my naked wife as she sat beside each one, one by one, on the sofa.

Everyone got his own picture with her as a personal souvenir. They still had some film left over and so they got off some other shots later—some reprise of what had come before and some new things.

Some months later, almost a year, I got Bill's "souvenirs"—a Polaroid of himself seated next to my naked wife on the sofa in my parent's basement and some others obscener than that—addressed to me and mailed to my parent's house. Fortunately my mother didn't open the letter.

He had folded them up in sheet of paper with a short note on it: "Showed these to the guys. They thought you might want to see for yourself." Signed: "Your friend, Bill. P.S. I'm the guy in the photo next to your naked wife in case you forgot."

On the bottom of the Polaroids he had printed her full name—I crossed out her last name then—he had evidently shown them to the "guys" with her full name. He added comments to them, telling them she "took off ALL her clothes" and "posed naked" and she had "sucked cock and fucked" I think it was his way of telling me what he thought of my wife, and of me too, come to think of it.

I was pretty sure what "guys" he was talking about, The guys he and I knew at work. That was likely. I never saw the S.O.B. again. But this explained some things that happened at work. Comments and phone calls Karen got.

One by one my friends sat beside my naked wife or took up some other posture. They posed. They did things to her and they got their "souvenirs."

When it was done, they compared their pictures. Gary got Karen another rum and coke. She thanked him quietly, and sipped it, holding it with two hands.

Jon spoke aside to Gary. Gary and Howie left, went to the stairs. I retreated into the darkness away from the window. They did not turn on the light. They reappeared in the basement. I crept closer.

When I crawled closer to the window I saw that Karen had stood up, Jon behind her, his hands on her shoulders as they both watched Gary and Howie throw out a sheet and a couple blankets onto the carpeted floor.

They must have ripped these off the bed in the guest bedroom, I guessed. They had not turned on the light near where they had supposed I was sleeping for fear of waking me.

Jon patted my wife's bare ass and said: "Lie down, honey."

She looked up at them, smiling, her legs slightly parted, her hands on her tummy.

Gary was the first. She parted her legs wider for him as he lay on top of her, entering her. I felt a pleasing painful pang to actually see another man's stiff prick entering her vagina, slipping in so easily and completely, she closes her eyes in pleasure as she did, and he murmurs contended satisfaction at doing it. He fucked her in long and short strokes--all of which I witnessed in fascination--his face nestled and breathing warmly at her neck, she smiles vaguely, gently caressing the back of his hair. He did not kiss her. He fucked her more urgently then. He came quickly. She smiled at him as he lifted himself on his arms. He smiled at her and said something. She nodded. He kissed her then and sprang up, his dick wobbly, still half hard, and wet with her. She did not close her legs.

Howie was next, kneeling between them, stroking his dick; she reached for him and drew him to kiss her. He entered her even before she lay back; again he fucked her eagerly and she held his neck to press his face to her breasts, her eyes closed, her mouth parted. His left hand squeezed her breast while his mouth sucked, nibbled her other nipple, swirling his tongue on it, sucking up the point of it, looking at it. He fucked her longer and she was more responsive. She lifted her knees and spread her legs for him to penetrate her more deeply. Her head thrown back, she arched against him. I could hear the fucking. The slapping of his body on hers. I saw him stiffen when he came in her cunt. And she caught her breath and held his shoulders, her fingers pressing. She moaned pleasurably. He collapsed on her and she lay back. The two of them did not move and no one disturbed them.

It was obvious my wife was enjoying this. Being fucked by them. I had not really anticipated this response of hers, but neither was I surprised. I had believed it was true all along. I had been suspicious she liked it when the others fucked her, that she liked it even more than me, because their penises were different than mine or the acts were naughty and illicit and new, or I was just a tiresome habit. I felt unhappy then. Even though I still masturbated to watch to her fuck them.

Bill had got dressed. He stood up and focused the Polaroid camera at her as she lay legs spread. Bob and Jon each grabbed a leg and pulled them wide apart, half-lifting her; she tried to be sporting but they were only interested in her humiliation. "Fuck her, Timmy," Bill told her brother and he crouched as her legs were held and pushed his prick into his first cunt. The violence of his first thrust shocked her. . She felt him deeply at once. (Later she would say it was like he had come up to her tummy—feeling a place at her navel.) Her legs lifted that way posture and his angle of entry had enhanced the penetration. This time the boy had not much effort, some swift and delicious plunges of his prick and he spurt his jism into her. She looked still shocked. When withdrawn, the cum—from him and the two others—back flowed from her vagina and Jon let go off her leg (flopping on the blanket) while Bob held his to stare at the sight. Jon tossed the rag he had made of her underpants to her said: "Clean yourself up, Karen." Bob let go his leg too and Karen looking ashamed, sat up and knees akimbo, leaned to examine and wipe away the cum; sitting up, forced it to ooze out; her belly creased across her middle where she is fat. For me she looked the more sympathetically beautiful that way; not the perfect body of a playboy model, nothing air brushed about her, nothing artificial in her breasts, but breasts that sag over a belly too plump, and nipples that look sucked on.

Bill told her to get up and lean over the coffee table. I crept closer to the window. She leaned, her breasts hanging heavily. Bill took another picture, from behind and at an angle to get both her spread legs and her hanging tits.

Jon spanked my wife. She whined and simpered in weak protests, then just closed her eyes, bit her lip, and muffled her expression. He spanked her again. Smartly. I heard the crack of the smacks. Both cheeks. First one cheek and then the other. He slapped her buttock with his palm with sharp and deliberate whipping. She never resisted his abuse. I was astonished. Howie and Gary got up to stand behind her and watch. Color rose on her buttock. Karen began to silently tearfully cry. Still, while now open mouthed and unrestrained in her misery, letting out pathetic "ows", she stared up into the window and simply silently cried tears and endured it.

Bob then stepped up, taking hold of her hips, and shoved his cock into her cunt. It was such surprise she made a sound like a cow mooing. Jon laughed to hear it and said to Timmy, "Milk her tits, Timmy. See if the cow will give a quart."

Timmy mockingly made the motions while Bob fucked her, slapping his thighs against hers; she now breathing to the rhythm of her fucking, noisily responding, shamelessly pleasurably responding, embarrassing herself and entertaining my friends. Nothing seemed funnier now than her passionate submission to this degradation. Timmy leaned under one side to suck on a tit, slobbering on it and sucking it so hard that it was obscenely distended, grossly wet and reddened. Gary leaned in under the other side the suck the other one just as hard. Bob grabbed Karen's hair and pulled her head up and back as he jammed his prick hard into her. She moaned to the fucking. Again my friends heard her sounds for mooing and Jon quipped: "Too bad we don't have a bull's cock to fuck her."

Timmy and Gary climbed out from under her to watch as Bob's fucking got more vigorous. The slapping sounds were obscenely loud. Her repeated "oh... oh... oh... oh... " sounds were pitiful and sexually exciting to hear, for knowing that she was so consumed with sexual animation that she abandoned all sense of shame and self-consciousness, heedless of her disgraceful display and her visceral noises—these sounds and her flushed face, her wild eyes, tearful distress, made her the more sexually exciting; I and they—all of us—relished her degrading humiliation. The slapping of his thighs against her caused ripples across the flesh of her hips and buttock. They stared entranced at her responsive body, feeling their erections.

"Look at those tits," Jon nodded and they and I all saw how they flopped, swinging like bags under her, her nipples distended seeming to tug them, swaying them to and fro.

Now brought conscious to her shame, she closed her eyes and dropped her head. Her hands clenched to fists; her tightened lips repressed her rhythmic grunting. But she could not hold her breath and exhaled in a long moan.

Bob for his part was red in the face, perspiring. He grinned as Jon nodded at him and simply let go her hair, almost tossing her head off contemptuously, and pulled his long slick prick out of her with slow deliberate tease—then, with a pop, it swayed about and my wife lifted her head and looked up out the window, as though looking up at me, with an expression of intense frustration. She, breathless, disconsolate, her trembling and gasping was watched unsympathetically, and her sexual want was mocked by them cynically, while Bob was congratulated with admiration. He had denied her pleasure. He had withheld himself to torment her. It was sexual cruelty they all wished to see put onto her again and again.

Jon, behind her, grinning at her spread legs, her chaffed cunt, soupy with sex, smirked and slipped the fingers of his whole hand into it and lifted her buttock on one side and then the other as my friends looked on in mesmerized lust. He felt the cheek of one side, squeezed it, slapped it. He smacked the same cheek again sharply so that it stung, and she whimpered and begged "Please..." and still looking again at the place from which I peered outside, she asked pathetically: "Why are you doing this?" I felt sick. But I could do nothing.

Jon did not reply but spanked her other cheek twice, smartly as before, so that it hurt—the sound of it cracking—and satisfied, said to Bob: "Fuck her some more."

She felt Bob take grip the flesh at her hips and thrust himself deeply and completely into her again. She closed her eyes. She dropped her head. He fucked her vigorously again, and again her breathing quickened to his strokes, and again she murmured pleasurably.

Again he pulled out suddenly, just he was about to ejaculate, or she was to climax.

She did not speak, did not move. She waited for them.

Jon told her to get up, turn around and come over to him. He had stepped away beyond the bedding on the floor.

She caught her breath. Her arms trembled. She looked very sad, as I glimpsed her face as she got up and turned. She faced him, her arms at her side, looking into his eyes.

I saw the color that his spanking raised on her buttock.

Jon had something in his hand, which I could not see. He rubbed something on her breasts, I think. She gazed at his hands as he was doing this.

He finished. He was proud of it. He told her to turn about and show everyone.

I see he had smeared the word "SLUT" in capital letters with red lipstick above her breasts. Where had he gotten the lipstick? Karen hardly ever wore it—and never this color. I realized then it must be my mother's lipstick; they must have found it in the vanity upstairs and conceived of this. Gary's idea? He had gone upstairs with her and could have got it. I had seen him conspiring with Jon. I had seen Gary's smirk and Jon's delight.

Now Jon stripped off his undershorts and she looked down as his stubby penis snapped up, thickening and rising in its angle. He embraced her. He kissed her. He fondled her buttock in his embrace. She kissed him back warmly, as a lover might.

How could she do this? Her vacillating moods bewildered me—crying and whining one moment, hurt by his abuse of her; then warmly receiving him the next. Compelled, it seemed, by her sexual arousal or by her romantic notions, I don't know which it was; or perhaps she confused these—sex and love.

He lay down on his back and gestured for her to straddle his middle and squat on his erection, which he held up like he might have her mount a bottle. She lowered herself on it to the hilt. He guided her, talked to her, telling her to fuck him. I watched as she placed her hands on his chest, looked into his eyes intensely and slowly fucked herself pleasurably on his prick, closing her still tearful eyes.

Bob stepped around behind her, drew her arms behind her, leaned her head back and kissed her. He reached over her shoulders as he kissed her and pinched her nipples; tugging on them he bobbled her tits for my friends amusement.

Bill got up to take another Polaroid. She looked up at the camera as he aimed it at them. This is that picture. She was on the verge of crying again.

Bob stepped around to the front of her, straddling both her legs and Jon's body and she did not need to be told what he wanted, and she took his erection into her mouth. Bob held her head and fucked her mouth.

Bob ejaculated into her mouth and even from a distance I heard her expressive breathing quicken and heard her swallowing it noisily with pleasure. She must have started to cum herself, because teasing her, Jon pushed her forcibly to dislodge her from his own penetrating prick; Bob's cock popped out of her mouth; the cream of his cum spilling from her mouth dribbled on his arm; she looked shocked. I don't think he had finished fucking her. She, at least, looked surprised and even disappointed.

She seemed poised to say something, but Jon preempted: " Get up. Go stand there."

Jon got a drink. The others seeing his indifference to her followed the example. They all went and fixed drinks. They spoke to each other in the group that gathered at the wet bar, glancing at her, laughing. I could not hear what they said.

My wife meanwhile waited, looking forlornly as the floor, her hands folded at length, resting before her pubes, slightly hunched.

Finishing their conversations, refreshing their drinks, they came in two's or singly back to the places they had sat when it had all began, except that now Jon sat where Karen had sat, and Bob sat next to him where Andy had sat. The conversation stopped like when the preacher in the church steps up to the podium.

"Okay," Jon said, nodding at my wife. She looked up.

"Come stand closer. Right there ... in the middle... there..." He positioned her to face them in front of the coffee table, square to him, but visible by all. For me she stood even more closely than when she had begun this.

"We wanna watch you do it to yourself." Jon explained.

Another first. I had never seen her do this. I had never asked her. They would make her do a show.

She looked at the floor. I did not think she would do it. But Jon had been working her up sexually, especially for this humiliation. They sat back. They drank their drinks. Gary said: "Feel your tits."

Karen did not look up. She lifted her hands, put both hands onto her breasts, cupping them, then drew her fingers out to the tips of them, to feel her nipples. She still did not look up.

Howie said: "Feel your pussy."

Some of them leaned to watch. Some felt their erections, as she dropped her right hand to masturbate, her left still cupping her left breast.

Bill got up and took another Polaroid. She was indifferent now to the flash. She looked right into the camera when he took the picture. She did not flinch for it.

Then she looked right at them, eyes open, and slowly masturbated, responding to their responses, fixating on the several of them who were masturbating openly for her, as she masturbated for them. They all masturbated watching her, as she, watching them, masturbates. It was like something dirty-minded teens might do—showing each other their genitals and touching themselves as they looked at the others also touching themselves. They were rapt in their compulsive gaze and in their mutual display of self-abuse. Timmy ejaculated in front of Karen and she feasted on the sight of it... like she wanted it in her mouth. Then Gary did it and she watched him with the same obscene hunger. She was about to climax herself. We all saw that. It made me ache.

She rubbed herself more urgently, she whimpered, wanting to climax; her face became serious, deeply colored, and her mouth opened; her eyes shut tightly now and when she did climax, like she had at the first, like before she was losing the string in her legs; her legs almost gave way and she gasped, she shuddered, then crouched like she was fucking something behind her. She squeezed her cunt tightly on her hand, eyes tightly shut, making a girlish whimper, her other hand clutching her thigh for trembling support.

Finally, after a couple of jerks, she finished . She did not go down to her knees, but breathless she straightened, her hand still lightly rubbing her sex, like she was wiping fluids from her fingers between her thighs, her breath catching. She did not want to look at the boys watching her, eyes fluttering cast side to side in the room. Why she should be ashamed now, after everything else she had done, I could not understand. But she looked up once with a pitiful expression of hurt, looking to burst into tears, and suddenly she wheeled and ran out from the room and up the stairs. None of my friends went after her. They talked openly and excitedly about what they had seen. They laughed about it, professed their astonishment. Bob said he like to see her again, said he wanted to bring her to some friends of his to fuck her. Gary asked if he could come when he did. Howie listened and drew his underpants back up over his erection, unsatisfied or perhaps spent. It was nearly one o'clock. How long would they keep going? But where had Karen gone? They speculated that she had gone to the bathroom to clean herself up. Jon said Gary and Howie should go get her, talk to her, in case she was upset. She likes Gary, Jon observed. Gary said, "Hell, she likes all of us." They laughed at this.

I lay on the lawn, watching all this; the dew was forming. It was feeling cold where I lay, although it was still a pleasant night. While I had laid there the moon had risen, a half-moon; it cast a bluish glow on the shape of the hill behind me; the moon's shadow shed from the house kept me in darkness.

My wife came softly on the lawn from the side of the house, walking from around the front of the house, unseen by me. She had left the front door open, but had turned on none of the lights upstairs, so was not seen by the neighbors—then again, it was so late, who would be up? I did not hear her approach. Only when she spoke did I know that she stood behind and above me. She asked quietly: "Is that what you wanted?"

Startled I turned over on my back, looking up at her. She was still completely naked. She had washed the lipstick and the word from her chest. Feeling cold she had folded her arms under the breasts, hunching a little. She did not look angry, but anxious. She looked at me anxiously. I wanted to stand and take her in my arms.

But I heard Jon comment and saw that he stood and was looking out the window. They saw her caught naked in the moonlight above me. She saw them see her. Jon said to Gary and Howie: "Go get her."

They pulled on their pants. Pulling on his pants, Timmy followed after them. I did not know what to do. I did not want them to find me. But I could not move, or they would certainly see me.

Fortunately, seeing them dressing and going to the stairs, Karen ran. She said nothing to me. I do not think she did it for me. I do not think she was afraid. She smiled and she ran off up the hill to the tree line behind my parent's house and there, her nakedness tantalizingly aglow in moonlight, she turned to show them and looked teasingly back, as Gary and Howie seeing her stopped, then whispered a shout to her and chased after. She laughed and ran naked into the golf fairway, disappearing from the crest of the hill. Gary and Howie did not see me. I saw the others now dressing, also wanting to give her chase. Timmy came running by. He did not see me. In the moment that none were looking in my direction, I raced to the edge of the lawn, to the upper lawn, to crouch in shadows of bordering bushes; I watched as one by one they all took to chasing my naked wife onto the golf course. Beyond the hill I could hear them laughing and calling out to her and to each other. I heard her girlish squeal. They had caught her. It was not much of a chase. Then there was silence. I crept to the hill to see.

There below, in the bottom, in the fairway stood my naked wife. Flashlights blazed on her nakedness.

She stood before them defenseless, catching her breath, seeming like a frightened child. Or pretending to be frightened for the excitement of it. Role-playing her rape.

In the flat of the fairway, that was hollowed between two lines of hills, trees on the crests of each, she was trapped by them. Several all around her.

She had nowhere to run. Naked as she was, they milled about surrounding her. The flashlights that several had were all shown on her. Flashes from the camera burst on her luridly. Naked for them. Out of breath. Surrendering. They grinned and laughed out loud. This was even more fun than the basement.

Something about it was primal. Like hunting an animal. Catching a naked woman in the wild. So they would rape her.

Some two or three of them stepped up and embraced her, kissing her, feeling her tits, feeling her between the legs, feeling her buttocks. She did nothing to fend them off but stood placidly, accepting their groping and rubbing with resignation.

Soon they were all stripping off their own clothes, to be naked with her in the moonshine. Soon she was struggling with them, as they grabbed her, but insincerely struggling; she was easily subdued and was made to lean over in the dark grass, and one after another fucked her from behind, taking anus or cunt as they pleased. One by one, each of them fucked her again, her tits waggling beneath her in the obscenity of the garish flashlights, as they laughed and mocked her, fucking her vigorously, their thighs slapping against her buttock.

I watched while several did it to her. I heard the animal sounds of it, their rude reMikes, their guttural pleasures and taunts rise from the hollow, the sight and sound of it like some pagan orgiastic celebration. She played her part, crying and protesting and gasping, but not in any way resisting.

Jon would be the first. He had pent-up his ejaculation, it seems, and she went to the ground under the force of his fucking, lying flat while he completed with bestial thrusts, at which she groaned, and when he came inside her he made loud obscene expressions. When he backed off her, she fell to her hands and knees and spent as Jon, until a couple of the guys lifted her back up and knees, and by some negotiation the next one took his turn.

I masturbated, fascinated with it, to my last ejaculation that night.

I watched three more of them do it to her and when the only two left were Gary and Howie, Jon, who had gotten dressed and had stood watching the others, now turned away and called back to the others that he was going back to the house; he told Gary to bring her when he was done. Bill, Timmy, Jon and Bob then all turned toward my direction to climb the hill home. I scurried back to the darkness of bushes near my house and crouched to watch.

I heard them come over the hill talking about my wife. They liked fucking her. They liked how much she liked it. It was, Bob said, incredible. Bill said: "She's a slut."

Jon laughed and said: "She's not a slut. She just never got it like this before."

Then he stopped suddenly and turned his head and looked in the direction where I crouched in the bushes. "Besides, it wasn't her idea. She was doing it for him." "For who..." Bill asked.

"For her husband."

They all turned and looked in my direction.

"What are you looking at"" asked Bob.

"He's out here," said Jon, "He been watching the whole thing." Bill had turned and went back to the house.

Bob said: "Where? I don't see anything."

"He's out here. He watched her strip for us, watched her suck cock.... watched everything." They watched me where I hid. I did not move.

Then Jon turned away and walked back to the house. Bob stepped closer to where I hid but stopped and turned and joined the others back in the house.

Bill and Timmy left almost as soon as they got back to the basement. Timmy dressed and got a beer for the drive home. I heard his car start and he drove off. Gary and Howie came back over the hill with my naked wife between them. Walking they talked. She talked with them. They asked her what would happen if I found out. She said only: "You won't tell him, will you?" They said no they would not or words to that effect. I couldn't hear exactly. By the time I was back in place to spy on them in the basement, Bob and Jon were dressed and about to leave. Jon was talking at the edge of the room with Gary who was looking back at the sofa where my wife was sitting next to Howie. She was leaning over and sucking Howie's cock.

Jon and Bob left. While Howie got dressed, Gary sat on the sofa next to Karen and while he placed his hand on her head she leaned and sucked his cock until he had one last small ejaculation into her mouth. And that would be that. Gary got up and got dressed and while he did Howie took the bed sheet, blankets and spread from off the floor and covered up my naked wife who had curled up on the sofa, her hands tucked under her cheek, exhausted and almost asleep. Gary spoke to her. Howie looked on as he did. Gary said he loved her, and he hoped she would not feel bad about what had happened. Karen said she loved him too and that it was all right, she was okay. Gary kissed her forehead.

They left.

Watching from the shadow of the garage, I waited for them to drive off before I went back inside the house. I found her naked as she was, curled up on the sofa. Her hair was damp; fixing to her cheek by sweat. I helped to stand and guided my exhausted wife to our bedroom, bundled in the sheet and blanket. She slept until almost noon the next day.