**Group Home**

by Fishman

This story is based on true events of my young and naïve wife, her weak (sick) husband, and a very corrupt Group Home of delinquent boys in Minneapolis in 1972, and honestly told; details and names are fictionalized to obscure identities of real persons and events.

The ages of most of the persons told in the story were technically legal ages of consent in the state of Minnesota (for that matter in almost all states at the time). While the sexual activities described here involve "teenagers," these boys were not preyed upon by anyone, or coerced in anyway. If anything, these " boys" were predators to my wife.

In 1972 I was 29 and my wife has just one month away from turning 21. My wife, Karen, was having trouble finding work and was unhappy, actually pretty depressed, and she found it hard to go out looking for work.

We had become Group Home parents for the Hennepin County Probation services, providing a living place for a small group of teen-aged boys--ages 16 to 19 or so, who were sent there because they served some jail time, or it was somehow a better fit environment for them. We were called "Group Home Parents." So naturally the boys called Karen "Mom": ironically, of course, since she was only a few years older than them.

The PO took it of her when we first applied. Oddly, he did not take one of me.

He showed it to his buddies in the office before he put it away in the file. They all liked it.

They had come to interview us too even though it was a Sunday. Though truth to tell, they gave most of their attention to Karen. She was flattered and a bit flustered, but she liked the attention.

She shows in her face, I think, the naiveté and the submissiveness that I liked so much and that I took advantage of.... that the PO would take advantage of. He saw it too. His buddies saw it. They liked it.

She always wanted to please those she loved. She loved me.

At least at first.

The Group Home was on Hennepin Avenue. The street has changed a lot. But in those days, this was the neighborhood.

Installment 1--In Which I Explain How it All Began and Why

In 1976 I was 29 and my wife has just one month away from turning 21. My wife, Karen, was having trouble finding work and was unhappy, actually pretty depressed, and she found it hard to go out looking for work.

I was in grad school to get a PhD. in EnglishLitt.

We had been married only a year and a half when this whole thing happened. I suppose I had different ideas about life and things than my wife did. I had married her right after she got out of high school. She had no real ambitions but to have a family. Something I was not ready for.

The honeymoon was short lived. She was desperate to please me and to be sure that I loved her; she would do anything for me and maybe that was the problem. I don't know what I expected of her. But I didn't like how she was so needy and how little she did to help us. I resented it. I think it showed. That depressed her too. She only wanted me to love her. I ended up exploiting that to get her to do things she should not have done.

She sat home alone while I was at school, watching TV and eating. She put on a little weight during this. Not fat, but a bit pudgy for sure. She still had a young girl's body and firmness, but her boobs got some heavier, had some heft to them now, and her nipples seemed bigger too. I liked that fleshiness. I liked how her tits hung when she leaned over and swayed when I did her doggy-style. And while her legs stayed lean and lovely, she got a bit boxy in her torso, and had swell above her pussy, and when she put her knees up to chest--if say, I coaxed her to show me her splayed cunt or if she squatted to suck me off she had a cute crease and a little roll of fat.

But I want to emphasize she was not really fat, although some of the "boys" teased her and called her fat, but that was really just to humiliate her. Frenchy of course told her she was pretty. Frenchy always played for her sympathies. Thinking back on it now, it was a trick, I think, to get her to do what Frenchy wanted. Frenchy was nevermeanto her in the way the other boys were. Deliberately. On the other hand, he had his own ways--worse ways--to humiliate her.

No, Karen was not really fat, and in fact she'd been a little too skinny before. I liked her like this. But she was more self-conscious when she was naked for me, almost ashamed to be seen naked. Frankly I liked that too.

But all of this of course depressed her even more, thinking she was not attractive to me. And to tell the truth our sex life was not much good at the moment, but that had nothing to do what she looked like; she was attractive; in fact, I had a very active fantasy about her, and I often masturbated thinking about her in that fantasy. No, if anything the fantasy was the problem.

No, our bad sex life was really my fault, though she felt it was hers and I admit I took advantage of her unhappiness to do what I wanted.

I can't say understand the psychology of my fantasy. I was hung-up, I guess, having a wife reminded me of living with my mother, and the both of them were so emotionally needy. I really put distance between us and could only make love to her with a heavy fantasy in my mind. Like I was another person. Or she was forced to do it reluctantly. The whole mentality of it was not healthy but it took a long to time to work it out and what was going to happen was like the worst nightmare for my problem.

Anyway, we also had bad money problems. My grad stipend was pretty lousy, and her not working made matters much worse. I resented that she did not work. We had arguments. I made her feel bad much of the time. All this made for a pretty unhappy marriage at the time.

When I heard of this job being "parents" for a group home for delinquent boys, it seemed like a good deal. We got a house without paying rent. We got money for food and utilities. We got paid a salary on top of it. All we had to do was babysit these kids.

Actually, they were not really "kids." They were older teenaged boys who were in transition from juvenile detention into living on their own. They had a probation officer who was supposed to help them find jobs or monitor their schooling and so on. The probation officer was also our boss.

We interviewed for the job and he seemed a little worried that Karen was so young. The kids were between 15 and 17; one of them had actually just turned 18, and they would look at Karen like she was somebody they could date, he told me candidly. "Can you handle that?" he asked me.

I could not see why not. Karen had misgivings but she said nothing. I really did not know what he meant. He said the last couple had problems. They left without giving him a chance to work things out. Left him high and dry, he said.

The "boys" were all in juvenile detention, waiting to come back to the Group Home. We took the job. We moved in right away. It was just about the beginning of July. We would not last through August.

The Group Home was on north Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis, not too far from Lake Street, not too far from Washington High School. At the corner at the traffic light, there was fast-food restaurant across the street, a burger chain called the Red Barn. On our side of the street at the corner was a little grocery store. We were just about halfway down the block from all of this. There was a gap in the tree line here because the elm trees had got diseased and had been cut down. So, the house stood out and the yard was bare and weedy. The house is a real estate office now. In those days it was a duplex. We lived in the top half. The bottom half was empty.

The top half has a floor plan that deserves its own little drawing so that my descriptions are not so hard to follow.



This is only a rough sketch, not true to proportions. The central hallway was not this wide of course.

The boys had their own room with three sets of bunk beds, enough for six boys, although we would have only four.

The place was furnished, except for out bedroom furniture which we moved in, putting our bed under the window. I moved my desk in there to, intending it to be my place of study. I had some summer classes.

The living room had one big picture window with two sidelights, which opened on cranks. The sofa was against the wall there and faced the TV set in a corner nook between the living room and the dining room.

We put our aquarium against the far wall where the door opened to go downstairs to the front of the duplex.

The dining room had a big table, and chairs for twelve.

There was no art on the walls. My wife added some touches.Plants and such. We repainted the rooms to make it "ours." But, as we would learn, the boys owned the place, not us.

We had a week to get settled before the "boys" came home. Being July, it was hot and humid and there were no air conditioners to the place. We, all of us, dressed pretty light, for the weather, and that proved to be an issue.

Actually, there were issues right off. And I was not prepared to handle them. I had no clue how to assert my authority. I made the mistake of trying to be their friend. And Karen made the mistake of trying to be their "mom." They called her "mom," even though she was only a few years older than them. She liked it. She liked talking to them. She wanted them to like her too.

So, let me introduce the "boys." First of all, there was Frenchy. He was the oldest. He had lived there the longest. It had been his "home" for two years. Frenchy was 17, almost 18, but not released to be on his own yet, because he had one more year of high school to do yet. He was taller than me or Karen. A tall lanky kid, taller than me or my wife by far. The probation officer was vague about why he was in detention, but the kids all told stories that were hard to believe. About him trying to kill his stepdad in North Dakota, a sheriff who they said beat him, or tried to. Frenchy was the natural leader and charming. He was a true sociopath. Frenchy was the first to start calling Karen "mom."And wanting a "kiss" goodnight. A real manipulator.

Then there was his buddy, Jon. Jon was 16 and had the words "Fuck" and "Hell" tattooed on his knuckles. He was short. Shorter even than my wife. He was tough and he was a bully. He could scare the other kids, but Frenchy. Frenchy could persuade him to do anything. Karen was afraid of Jon. I thought he was creepy.

The other kids were almost normal. Steve, also 16, could not get along with his divorced mother, whom he lived with, so that is why he was there. He was polite. He tried to please Karen and Me. He called me Mister, and so on. He wanted to me a Marine and wished he could still fight in Viet Nam like a brother of his who had got killed there. He had "muscle" magazines that he kept under his mattress and liked to look at; so, the boys sometimes called him a "queer."

Then there was Larry, the youngest; he had just turned 15, but he acted like a ten-year old. He had got sent up for setting his house on fire. Larry was a fat red head.Not very bright. He always looked confused.

That was it. We had a couple more boys come and stay over one weekend for a trial, as you will hear, but these four were ours.

The Third Week: It's Hot All the Time

I should have noticed things. I should have been more suspicious. Frenchy insisting on kissing my wife goodnight. And Karen being so easily interested in his attentions. She was not attracted to him. It was not that. I was not jealous.

He was exactly the opposite of me. Maybe again this is why he had the effect on her that he did. He fawned on her. I tended to be dismissive of her ideas. He listened to her. They would do the dishes together after supper. He would ask her about herself and ask her opinions. I never did.

I was pretty self-absorbed. Actually, I was worried about my future and I did not think by grad advisor liked me and I did not know what he wanted.

Karen would watch TV with the boys on the sofa, while I studied in the bedroom. I left her alone with the boys and it never occurred to me that they might get ideas. I trusted her. But there were temptations. These kisses good night were getting wet. And I wondered if Frenchy didn't try to cop a feel. I heard Karen discouraging him.

It was so hot and humid and uncomfortable, even nights, that it was easy to excuse, but both Frenchy and Jon took to going about the house wearing nothing but their underwear. Frenchy had an obviously big dick and I saw Karen glance at it his "bulge" more than a few times.

Anyway, they sat on the sofa together. Frenchy and Jon in their underwear, Steve never. Larry neither. Steve thought it offensive. Larry was embarrassed about it. Frenchy would tease Karen and say to her she ought to sit in her underwear too. Wasn't she hot wearing all those clothes? She blushed and laughed it off, but I thought it provocative that he said these things in front of me, and he actually winked at me like he thought I would think it a joke too. Like he thought I might go along with him and tell my wife to go about the house in her bra and panties. It was astonishing. He really seemed to think he could con her or wheedle her into taking off her clothes.

It got me thinking about it of course. And this was one of the problems I had. To tell the truth I was not a very good lover. I was a bit cold to her and she was probably frustrated. We had had a lot of sex when we first married and then I got hung up on her being my wife actually. I found it hard to make love to her without fantasizing she was someone else, or that I was someone else doing it to her. Actually, role playing became the main way for me to get excited about her. And I liked especially the bondage games. I would blindfold and tie her hands behind her back, pretending in my own mind I was a stranger and telling her that preposterous lie, that I was going to let a stranger fuck her. I elaborated on the fantasy, going out of the room and coming in again and trying to act like a different person. Undressing her as she was tied up helplessly. Feeling her. Finger fucking her. She went along with it and even seemed to believe it, I think she liked that fantasy, and she even trembled and protested meekly. Then I would make her suck my cock. She liked that humiliation especially.

Now we had not made love for nearly five months. I had been worried and preoccupied and now that we were in the group home, I could not see how I could do any bondage games. But it got me to think. I started thinking about actually doing it. Blindfolding her. Tie her hands behind her. Pulling her shorts and underpants down, shoving up her bra. Leaving her like that, her tits bulging under her bra, sitting on the edge of the bed and then going out and getting one of the boys to let them feel her up.

This was really wrong. I knew I wouldn't do it. I didn't have the courage. I thought of all the consequences. We'd lose the Group Home job for sure. I might get into some kind of other trouble.

But then I thought: if it was Frenchy, it was okay. He's old enough. Actually, I went to the library at the University and looked it up. In Minnesota age 16 is consensual for teenage boys. As long as they are not forced. And they would not be forced. They would want to do it. If anybody was forced to do it, it was my wife. But she would be blindfolded, she wouldn't know who it was. And anyway, I was thinking, she wanted it. She always enjoyed the fantasy. She would like it. I saw the way she looked at Frenchy's crotch and the other night Jon had got a hard-on while they sat for dinner at the dining room table.

I should tell about that. That is what tipped me over the edge. We had been here for a week and Larry and Steve had gone home to visit their parents. Frenchy and Jon were alone in the house with us until Sunday night. This was the routine every weekend, I found out.

Both Frenchy and Jon had slept late that Saturday. They didn't get up until almost dinnertime. It was the usual hot night. They came to the table in their underwear. I took a beer out of the refrigerator and Frenchy asked me if he could have one. I knew I should say no, but I shrugged so he went and got one for himself and brought one for Jon as well.

I said nothing. Karen served up a hamburger hot dish.

She had on short shorts and a shirt. She was barefoot. She was glowing (as they say of women sweating). Frenchy complimented the casserole. They are it up quickly. Shoveling it done with a noisy and nasty crudeness. I would learn later they had by smoking pot all day.

The boys went to the kitchen. Karen and I went in to watch TV, to sit on the sofa. The boys were supposed to wash the dishes but instead they were helping themselves to my beer.

Frenchy and Jon emerged with beers in their hands and stood at the threshold of the living room, under the arch to the dining room, watching the TV.

Frenchy guzzled his beer, Jon too and then Jon went to get another one. When he came back-- that is when I saw that he had a hard-on. Karen saw it too and got red-faced. Frenchy laughed. When Jon came back, his dick, which was stiff and upright in his underpants, showed its shape, and Frenchy commented: "Did mom give you a hard-on, Jon?"

"Yeah," Jon said. Sipping his beer. Leering at my wife. "I like her legs." And she does have nice smooth longish legs, pale. She does not go out in the sun. She is shy about public display of her body. Not that she is prudish really, she just does not think she is very pretty. Jon and Frenchy obviously thought she was pretty. Frenchy agreed with Jon: "Yeah, she's got nice legs."

Jon leaned against the doorjamb of the kitchen and tugged at his beer. He looked very pleased with himself. His erection was swelling. Karen looked over. She looked longer than she should have. I know she had never seen another man's erection, no man but I had ever seen her naked, and she had never seen another man naked. So, as Jon stood there, and his erection enlarged the head of it protruded from his undershorts.A thick little red-capped dick. Jon saw her look.

She turned away. Frenchy, taking all this in, said: "It's okay, mom. You can look."

He looked back at Jon and nodded. Jon straightened and sauntered to the coffee table and stood between my wife and me on the sofa. He faced her. He put his beer down. on the coffee table. She looked at the bottle.

He said nothing. He just pushed her underpants down in one motion and my wife, flushed, a look of surprise and curiosity on her face, and stared open-mouthed at his stiff prick, not a foot from her face. Frenchy laughed uproariously.

I did not know what to say. I stood up. I said: "What are you doing?"

Karen had stared a lot longer and more keenly than she should have, but then turned her head away because she thought she should.

Jon stepped out of his undershorts and went back to sit at his chair, his stiff dick waggled.

She looked at me with desperation. I had completely lost control.

Now Jon looking at Karen said: "You can watch if you want," and started to masturbate, licking his fingers and wetting the head of his penis and looking at my wife with a seductive leer. I did not know what to do.

Frenchy laughed hard and Karen looked at him angrily and left the room. She went to our bedroom.

I said nothing. I did not know what to say. The whole thing was incredible.

Frenchy got up and went after Karen. She had not locked the door to the bedroom. He threw it open. I saw him, heard him standing in the doorway when he said to her: "Fair is fair, mom. He showed you his. You come out and strip for us."

I was shocked. And confused. Frenchy saw me and laughed. I heard Jon laughing. I said: "Frenchy . . . what are you doing?"

He ignored me. He spoke to Karen: "Well, mom?"

She must have gone to the door. It slammed violently. Frenchy laughed. He winked at me.

He opened the door and went into the bedroom. I followed.

I found him sitting next to my sobbing wife on our bed, cuddling her, soothing her with words of comfort, while she was protesting, but not resisting his embrace. He said to her that he was sorry. He did not mean that she would be so upset. He said he thought it would amuse her. He thought she would like it. He thought that Jon had a nice prick. "Don't you think so, mom?" he asked her, smiling, mocking her.

She was speechless. Seeming ashamed.

I said plainly that this was wrong, and he should leave but he did not listen to me.

He let go of her, but first he leaned and kissed he mouth, and I saw how she responded. It gave me a strange pang.

Then he said again he was sorry and would go tell Jon to put his underpants back on. They would all watch TV together and be like a normal family. She would come out. "Please?" She nodded. He said he would see her later. Again, he winked at me as he left the room. Karen looked at me abjectly and burst into tears, and I went to sit beside her and hold her. She cried in my arms.

She did not go out of the room for the rest of the night. I brought her iced tea. I went out to the living room to find that Jon was sitting on the sofa and had not put back on his underpants; he still had a hard-on. He masturbated openly. I was speechless. Frenchy asked when Karen was coming out. I said she was not going to come out.

I said nothing more. I went back to the bedroom. I think they went out in the middle of the night. I said nothing to them about it and neither did Karen. We really were in over our heads.

When Steve and Larry returned, I had no doubt that they told them all about it. Steve predictably did not believe them, and Larry just gave big wide eyes in wonder at it all.

I pretended it had not happened, which was enough for Steve, but Frenchy obviously thought me a fool and Jon treated me with contempt. Karen was afraid of being alone with him. She confided this to Frenchy, however, not to me, and she depended upon Frenchy to "protect" her and he "promised" he would.

**Installment2 - In Which the I Lose Control**

**The Fourth Week - - - Friday -- Discovery -- Saturday Afternoon: My Mistake**

Suspicions and anxiety grew. And most certainly did my fantasies. My suspicions were my fantasies; my fantasies my suspicions. Frenchy was making moves on my wife. I could see it. I could imagine it. The more I imagined it the more I thought I saw it.

Then I found this out-of focus-polaroid of Karen without a shirt on. Karen in her bra. Taken where? In the kitchen? It IS really the kitchen!

I found it on my routine search of the boys bedroom. Something I had to do. Looking for pot and so on. Usually finding just some smutty magazines. But then I found this polaroid.

Under Jon's mattress.

Who had taken it? Jon? That was hard to believe. I don't remember taking it. Maybe it was mine but I did not think so. And besides I didn't own a polaroid camera.

Whose camera was it?

When had it happened?

She had taken off her shirt. What else?

Had she taken off her bra too?

Had she taken off all her clothes for them? For who?

There is no doubt of it. This is really her in her bra. Was she standing in her underwear?

What happened then?

I admit I took the polaroid into the bathroom and sat on the toilet and masturbated looking at it.

Thinking about it. Imagining. Imagining her taking her clothes off in front of the boys. In their bedroom. Or in the living room.

Jesus, I began to really obsess about it.

I began to sneak about and peak at my wife and Frenchy.

Of course, I had to put the polaroid back under the mattress. But more than once I got it out and looked at it, took it to the bathroom. Then, it was gone.

I knew then that the coming week was going to be really strange.

Jon was contemptuous of my permissiveness, as I said, how I permitted Frenchy to use my wife. Or I supposed he was using her. I saw his contempt now in a new light. and Frenchy always insufferably fawning on wife. Making me very suspicious.

He helped Karen with the dishes every night while the rest of us sat and watched TV on the sofa. Kisses in the dark and what else.

Jon and Frenchy both often sitting in their underwear to watch TV. Jon even flaunting his hard-ons in my wife's presence. She tried to ignore it, but it bothered her.

Steve, seeing Karen was uncomfortable with it, tried to be gallant, tried to say something to him, but Jon actually started to pummel him, and I did not know what to do. Frenchy intervened and stopped Jon. Karen looked at me with some disappointment and I suppose I did seem the coward. But really this sort of behavior was beyond me. I had always been a loner and a bit of a nerd. Jocks annoyed me. Boys like Frenchy and Jon were intimidating to me, I suppose, but I avoided them in high school and looked down my nose at them. I wondered if Frenchy and Jon sensed this.

Frenchy for his part would put on a show of admiration for my "brains," saying he wished he had my "brains." Jon would laugh at this and Frenchy did overdo it.

I did not trust him. And I shouldn't have. On one of the nights late in the week while we were all watching TV and Karen and Frenchy were in the kitchen doing the dishes, I went in to get a beer and when I came around the corner I saw some shuffling and awkwardness between them, and I swore I saw that Frenchy had pulled his hand out from the back of Karen's shorts.

It looked like he had been feeling her bare buttock. And Karen seemed embarrassed. Frenchy as usual made some comic remark, laughed and left, saying he'd be back to help her later. I asked her then whether maybe Frenchy was becoming a little too familiar. She shifted her eyes back to the dishes in the sink and said he was sometimes "naughty"—that was the word she used—but she shrugged and said: "He's just a boy."

I asked her if she wanted me to say something to him. She said she'll think about it.

Later we were in bed. I was fondling her breasts, toying with one of her nipples. I like her nipples—largish, swollen, something about them makes you want to put your mouth on it. She turned to look at me. She said: "Maybe you should talk to him." She turned over to sleep and said nothing more.

So, I think it was that next morning, that Friday, when I decided I had to talk to him. It was awkward for me. But of course, he did not seem the least uncomfortable. We went out for lunch, crossing the street to the Red Barn for a hamburger and fries. Frenchy wanted a chocolate milk shake. He did not make it easy for me. He sucked his straw as I tried to bring up the subject. I told him that he need to treat Karen with more respect, and that I was counting on him to set the example. He asked if this was about what Jon had done. I said, yes, and other things too. He sucked on the straw noisily, grinning at me. I asked him what was so funny. He said: "You know, she's like a Mom to me. I love her. I really do. Like a Mom. I would never do anything to hurt her." He put down his empty shake.

"Well, sometimes, how you kiss her . . . you know . . . " He looked at me seriously: "Did Mom say something?" I shook my head, and said no, but he interrupted me: "She likes it . . .." he started to say. Then he stopped and laughed. It was so weird.

Then he winked. "You think maybe . . . You ever wonder . . . " he started to say, and I asked him what he was trying to say. He shook his head grinning.

"The boys think . . . " Then he laughed and said: "She is really pretty."

I looked upset, I suppose, but he added quickly: "I really do love her. Like a Mom."

He got up to go and I followed him. On the street back to the house, I asked him about seeing him put his hand down the back of her shorts. He laughed, and looked at me queerly, stopping in the street, and asked: "Is that what you think?"

He shook his head. He said: "We're running out of beer. Maybe you should get some." I nodded and oddly enough I did what he asked. He went back into the house. We spoke no more about it.

When I brought back the beer and put it in the refrigerator, Karen seemed to know I had talked to him. She said Frenchy came home and he was really upset and seemed to be angry with her. She asked me if I had said something to him that hurt his feelings. I tried to explain. We argued a bit. I said I was just doing what she wanted. She shook her head at me. She went to their bedroom to talk to him. I drank a beer standing in the dining room watching the boys watch TV and got a little pissed off. I went to see what was going on. I found him sitting beside her on his bunk bed, holding hands. Frenchy grinned at me. Karen looked up at me harshly.

I left them and went to study in our bedroom. Karen later came in and said she was sorry she got upset. She said it's just that Frenchy has emotional problems and she worried about him. I listened, but I wanted to tell her that he shouldn't be trusted. I said: "He says he loves you." She nodded.

"Do you . . .." I started to say. The way she looked at me—offended—stopped me.

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The next day, Saturday, Steve and Larry left early for their weekend visits home. As usual Frenchy and Jon slept in late. Later that day, Jon got dressed and was going to leave. I reminded him about the curfew, and he said: "Fuck you." I felt angry but said nothing. Frenchy heard it and took Jon aside as they went down the stairs to leave. I saw them speaking out the window. They saw me watching them. They turned away as they spoke and then Frenchy came back upstairs and said Jon was sorry, he got mad, and that he'd be home when he was supposed to be.

So, Karen and Frenchy and I would be home alone all day. I studied quietly in the bedroom but came out now and then for a beer and checked to see what they were doing together. In spite of myself I was thinking things I should not.

Karen, barefoot in her short shorts and shirt sat with her legs tucked up, sat next to Frenchy curled up on the sofa. He had his arm across the sofa behind her. He grinned. He had me get him a beer. I asked her if she wanted one. She seemed very happy that day. She said no.

When I came back to the room with Frenchy's beer, I saw that his hand had dropped to her shoulder and she had leaned up against him. I went back into the bedroom. I couldn't study for thinking what I was thinking.

As I look back on it now, I know it was just the pressure of all the circumstance, and maybe something in Frenchy's manner, but also the fact that I was hung-up sexually speaking. The whole fantasy about my wife being sexually humiliated, reluctantly submissive. It was an obsession. I had even taken to writing about it. I masturbated about it. I thought about it often and it even disturbed my sleep.

And that fact that she seemed to be easily manipulated by Frenchy added to it, I suppose. Still I cannot really explain how Karen responded as she did. You have to wonder if she had such fantasies too. How else do you explain it?

Anyway, it was getting late in the afternoon. Jon was supposed to be home by eight o'clock. Karen was supposed to make dinner soon. I acted on the impulse. I came out to find her nestled under his arm though it was pretty hot to sit so close. She seemed a bit nonplussed that I "caught" her, but Frenchy was cheerful and confident and asked for another beer. I said I'd have to go get some more. I told Karen I wanted to see her, to come to the bedroom.

I closed the bedroom door as she sat down on the bed watching me. I explained what I wanted. She responded exactly as I had hoped. She sat on the bed quietly. She was not shocked; she flushed as I explained what I wanted her to do. She nodded when I asked her if she was okay. She only asked me if this was really what I wanted. She seemed to be more sad than worried. She did not say she was worried, though both of us should have been; what did we think was going to happen after this happened?

I reassured her as I unbuttoned her blouse. She looked at my eyes. She seemed almost tearful. She asked again if I was sure as I removed her blouse and standing, holding it, looked down at her, and nodded and asked her if she wanted to do this too? She looked up at me and said: ""Is this what you really want?" I said I loved her and kissed her. She said nothing else.

I went to the door and opened it. I turned back and said: "Okay?" She nodded. She stood.

She unzipped the front of her shorts let them drop to the tops of her feet and stood, hesitating to take off her bra.

I stopped her. I told her: "No, take it off when he comes to the door."

She nodded in understanding. She sat down on the end of the bed in her bra, underpants and bobby socks.

She held her hands at her lap. She looked at the floor.

I added as I leaving: "And then take off your underpants." She looked up at me anxiously. "Are you sure?" she whispered. I did not answer her. I could not say it. I said: "I'll be right back."

I went to the living room and asked Frenchy what kind of beer he wanted. I then pretended to leave out the back door.

Making noise to that effect, while I crept back into our bedroom and hid behind our open door. Karen looked up at me.

I wanted to ask her again if she was okay. I almost could not do this. But I persuaded myself it was almost innocent, contriving for Frenchy to see my wife naked like this. Like it was an accident.

Frenchy did not disappoint me. He did what I thought he would. When Karen did not return, he came to look for her. I heard him approach. Karen looked up as he came to the open doorway. I spied him through the gap along the doorjamb. He grinned. He said: "Mom!" Glad to see her.

Karen stood up, as I had asked her to do, and looking into his eyes, she smiled sheepishly.

Frenchy asked wickedly: "What are you doing, Mom?"

She unfastened her bra and lowered it to expose her breasts to him. She ignored me. She did not give me away. but she was obviously uncomfortable.

Holding her bra in her hands, uncertain what to do next, she smiled at Frenchy foolishly, a flickering anxiety in her eyes, but also revealing a kind of yearning for him, aware of his eyes on her breasts.

She said stupidly, pretending nonchalance: "I was going to take a shower." And then looked down at her own nakedness, where her nipples showed her true feelings.

She did not look up until he spoke. "You ought to go about the house with no clothes on all the time."

He took time looking her over, grinning. She fidgeted.

Finally, stepping a little into the room, he made a gesture toward her, and said: "Ain't you gonna take off your underpants, Mom?"

I squeezed my hard-on. I really wanted her to do it. But she hesitated.

She glanced at me anxiously, and her glance gave me away.

Then Frenchy spied me out, saw me hiding, through the gap along the doorjamb, but quickly looked back at my naked wife and went along with game and said: "You wanna come out and play, Mom?"

Karen shook her head.

Embarrassed now, ashamed of herself, she covered her breasts with both hands. "You should go." She looked genuinely ashamed.

"Yeah," he nodded, "Before Dad comes back and finds out..." He laughed.

He glanced back at me through the crack of the door and winked.

He left. I shut the door. I stripped off her underpants and pushed her back on the bed.

Karen embraced me and we fucked and kissed passionately. She was as turned on as I was.

I fucked her twice.

I do not know why it did not occur to me what was going to happen next. The immediate thrill was the titillation of seeing my wife stand almost naked in front of another man, in this case almost a boy, who stared at her pouty pointy tits excited for him. And she, not altogether reluctant, hiding how she wants him to see her naked. I was certain she did. She wanted to fuck. Soupy wet between her legs. She held me tightly as I fucked her. She came when I came. She said nothing when I was done. She went to the bathroom to clean up, going out the hall naked as she was.

I went out and down the back stairs and hurried to get the beer from the corner store as I had promised and I returned in maybe ten minutes by way of the front door, pretending I had just got back. Frenchy was watching TV on the sofa. He kept up the pretense too. I gave him a can of beer as I passed into the kitchen to put the six-packs into the refrigerator. Karen was making supper. She was dressed again in her short shorts and had put on one of my T-shirts; I could see she had not bothered to put her bra back on. She looked at me guiltily. I wondered about that look, but I supposed it had to be because of what I had just made her do. I had not been gone so long that something else could have happened while I was gone. Was I gone that long? But then how long would it take to give her a quick fuck if he'd caught her going naked down the hallway?

I had to know. I asked her: "Did he touch you?" She looked at me with shock and indignantly. She shook her head but she also obviously blushed and she looked away: "You know." I was confused but then Frenchy sauntered in and sipping his beer asked what was for supper. She smiled at him, still blushing, and said: "What do you want?"

He said: "You know what I want."

She looked away and said: "I mean, what do you want for supper."

He winked at me. I ignored it. I got myself a beer and sat and watched them. He put his hand on her shoulder and leaned and trying to kiss her mouth, because she turned her face away, he kissed her cheek. "Anything you want," he told her.

She dodged away from his caress as his hand fell on a breast, and he saw what I saw and said: "You aren't wearing a bra . . .."

He came over to where I sat and whispered so as to be half-heard: "I can see your wife's nipples."

He stepped back to see my reaction. "Don't that bother you?"

I still pretended nothing had happened, that I had not heard him, or did not know what he was talking about. He turned and cupped and squeezed a cheek of her bottom, slipping his fingers up underneath her shorts, to feel the naked crease of it, and walked away, throwing me another wink.

I asked her again: "What happened?"

She turned and looked at me red-faced, obviously very angry and obviously incredulous. She said: "It's what you wanted . . .." And she began to cry, and turned away, and when I tried to comfort her, she shrugged me off. She sniffled and washed a head of lettuce in the sink: "Leave me alone." She sulked. So, I left her and went to sit with Frenchy.

It was an awkward long time sitting there. But not that long, because Jon came home, and he announced that he had seen a couple guys that Frenchy knew down at the Red Barn and wanted to know he wanted to come out with them.

Frenchy said it was almost dinnertime, and Jon said: "Shit."

"No really," Frenchy said, "Mom's making dinner." Karen had heard Jon come in and was setting the dining room table.

"So-the-fuck-what?" Jon said.

Karen looked exasperated and was picking up the place settings in a pique, but Frenchy came in and said: "Mom. . . Mom . . . it's okay . . . "

He motioned to Jon. Jon cursed and followed him. They went into their bedroom and had a talk. I can guess what he told him.

Meanwhile, I got worried about the whole thing and told Karen she should put on some different clothes. She almost threw a spoon at me, but she went to the bedroom and slammed the door.

Jon and Frenchy came out, joking, and grabbing beers before they came back to the living room. Frenchy asked: "Where's Mom?" Jon piped in: "Yeah, I want to see her too." Frenchy winked at him.

I said: "She's changing her clothes."

Karen did as I asked. She always would. She'd decided to give me what I wanted and put on a blouse and skirt, as well, looking like she was dressed for work.

Seeing her, Frenchy asked: "Where are you going?"

She looked at me, peeved, and then replied sharply: "He thought I was not dressed decently."

Frenchy laughed. "Hey, Mom, I liked you better the way you were before . . . You know . . ." He winked at me. She blushed. I suppose I blushed too. Jon got the joke; he laughed with Frenchy.

"What's for dinner?" I changed the subject.

Frenchy said he would help "Mom." And Jon and I sat on the sofa to wait. Actually, it made me nervous, Karen being alone with Frenchy, and Jon sat looking at me wisely and nodding and saying things under his breath. He said: "I don't believe it."

I said: "What?"

He said: "You know."

"What?" I said again.

He laughed, " That don't bother you?"

 I said again: "What?"

He shook his head. He sat forward on the sofa. He leaned to look at me closely. "Guys seeing your wife without her clothes on . . ." He squinted at me, cocked his head. "Or maybe you like that."

I did not know what to say. "What guys?"

"Any guys . . . my friends . . . You want them to?"

I pretended I did not understand. He shook his head.

**Installment 3 - - - Dinner and a Show**

Frenchy announced dinner was served. Karen had made another hot dish. It really was too hot for this. Everybody sweat as they ate. Once again Frenchy elaborately complimented Karen's cooking, and we all knew he was talking about something else entirely. "I really want my friends to come over to get of some this," he said, winking at Karen.

She blushed. She knew what was up. So did I. I began to feel almost sick. I could not eat. I was too hot to eat anyway. I got another beer. Again, leaving them at the table with her alone made me feel queasy. What did I think was going to happen? I did not know. I felt already things were out of control.

When I came back they had been leaning in at her where she sat, whispering to her; they backed off when I returned. Karen was flushed and looked anxious. She was perspiring of course like the rest of us. Frenchy said: "I think she's too hot in those clothes, Dad."

I ignored him. Jon laughed, studying my indifference and Karen's anxiety with an evil intention.

I said I needed to study. Karen looked at me pathetically. She really was unhappy but she said nothing. Frenchy said he would help Karen wash the dishes. Jon said he would too.

I had to keep up the pretense, so I went to the bedroom, but ten minutes was an hour and a half-an-hour was long enough that I might have missed the whole thing. My mind was like a speedway. It roared with thoughts and images. I imagined things I wanted and things I said to myself I didn't, but things I probably did or I would not have obsessed on them. I got a hard-on that I tried to suppress but squeezed in spite of myself. On the need to get another beer I came out to go to the kitchen but took the long way 'round, and walked up through the dining room to go to back the kitchen and get another beer. And I saw they had not cleared the table. They were not doing dishes. The TV was on.

It was getting to be twilight. The living room was dark. The curtains were drawn shut, even though it was hot. Obviously they didn't want people to see what they were doing.

The glow of the TV bathed the sofa where the two boys sat raptly looking at my wife who stood before them in front of the coffee table in the center of the living room.

I was certain what it meant. I stepped back so that I would not be seen. I listened but could not clearly hear. Frenchy was telling her to undress, I was certain. Jon said nothing. She was not arguing. She said something. She looked at the floor sadly, fixedly. Frenchy continued to talk to her, sitting forward on the sofa, his elbows on his knees. Jon sat forward. Karen turned to look at the side of her skirt, in my direction; I could see her intensity. She could have seen me. But she did not. She was undressing. I felt sick with anxiety and more than this I wanted her to do it.

Her skirt dropped to the floor, splashed about her feet, her bare legs bathed in the glow of the TV. She looked at them and then slowly she was taking off her blouse and revealing that she had put back on her bra, as I had told her to do. And in an instant she stood before the two happy boys in her white bra and underpants, looking at them sadly but intently, while Frenchy leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, speaking sweet encouragements to her.

Jon saw me. He laughed. Karen surprised, half-turned to see me, but she was not as surprised to see me, as I was to see her. She seemed more dazed, or confused. Jon leapt off the sofa and grabbed a chair from the table. "Just in time, Dad," he said.

Frenchy had got up and came around the other side of the coffee table to take Karen's hand and help her step out of the heap of her clothes. She had already taken off her shoes. She was in white stocking feet, white bra, white underpants, underpants like little girls wear, high-waisted cotton whites, almost up to her belly-button. She tripped, hooking her skirt with her foot, and dragged it on the carpet as he drew her away from the heap of her clothes.

He drew her forcibly over to stand near the center window, directly in front ofthe larger picture window, where she could seen from the street. Jon, laughing, then suddenly yanked the cord and openned the curtains to expose her.

Daylight fading, the sky glowed gold with early dusk and shone on her, giving her gave her that tinged glow. She looked down, out into the yard and into the street. We are little back from the main avenue because a another street is wedged in and makes a triangle of grass between two sidewalks that meet there. Still, anybody walking by would see her in her bra and underpants.

Jon now dragged a dining room chair into the living room and swiveled it about so that its back abutted the wall and window panes right underneath the center window, right in the middle of it.

Meanwhile, Frenchy had gone to a side window and had called out to someone in the front yard. He was talking to someone in the yard. More than one. Looking up at my wife who stood dociely, arms at her sides, stunned. They taunted her. She turned her head aside, looking away from their stares.

I recognized the names Frenchy used. Friends of his. Some of them I had been to the house. They had met Karen and me. They must see her.

Jon was at the other window talking down too. Karen folded her arms and now turned and peered down while glancing nervously at traffic on the street. She could see the boys they were talking to. They obviously saw her: they called out to her. Jeering.

Frenchy laughed at what they said, which I could not hear from where I stood. I stepped under the archway between the living room and dining room, behind my wife.

Frenchy said to the boys in the yard: "Yeah, she's taking off her clothes for us. You wanna see my Mom take off her clothes?"

There was a general loud approval of this idea. Karen put her hands down. She looked at Frenchy who in turn looked at her and said, grinning: "Okay, Mom . . . Get up on the chair." Jon approached her for intimidation, I supposed; she put a hand up to resist him but he took it and pulled it and yanked her toward the chair. She complained: "Frenchy . . . .Please . . . . No. . . ."

This got to me then. I was in the room. She knew I was in the room. She had seen me. But it was not to me that she appealed. It was to Frenchy. He was in charge. Jon had an obvious hard-on. Frenchy's own dick was thickened and made a tent in his front of his underpants. I put my hand in my pants to shift my erection. I did not care if they saw.

Jon slapped Karen on her bottom. She flinched. "Please," Frenchy" she protested. But Frenchy said: "Get up on the chair, Mom . . . ." She put her hand to the back of the chair, looking down at the boys looking up at her. She stepped up onto the seat. She crouched as she stood, her hands clasped in front of her; her head turned to the street and the corner where the Red Barn. "They can see me . . . ." she whined. Frenchy said: "That's the whole idea, Mom."

"But . . . ." she protested. Jon stood behind her, his hand on the back of her legs. He insinuated his fingers into the crotch of her underpants. She looked at Frenchy, and back at Jon. Jon said to Frenchy: "She's already creamed herself, man."

Frenchy nodded: "Yeah . . . "

He called down: "See?. . . . I told you so . . . ."

They were not content.

"No . . . No . . . " he replied to them, "That's enough." Frenchy reached into the curtain and began to close them. The jeering got louder. He stopped when they were half-way. Frenchy was underneath the bobbling curtains taunting them. The room was darkened by the half-closed curtains, except for the patch where my wife stood on the chair in her underwear and bra, on display.

Jon was obviously fingering her vagina between her buttock, slipping fingers up into it from behind, while feeling his own stiff upright prick now pulled out over waistband of his jockey shorts, tucked down under his balls to free it. Frenchy was enjoying his tease. He turned inside the curtain and lifted it away. Seeing me, he laughed, then got a serious look on his face, almost a menace and looked up at Karen and said: "Turn around, Mom." He came out of the curtain and stood in front of her. She was half-crouched, covering herself with her hands.

He laughed at her and said: "We ain't gonna let you get down 'till you do it." He dipped down his jockey shorts now too and showed his prick to her. A long prick like his long body, and not yet half-stiff.

"Okay, Mom . . . You take off your clothes too . . . ."

Karen, whose gaze was on his penis, looked at his face now. He grinning, she sheepish, ashamed. She pleaded with him: "Frenchy . . . I can't . . . ."

He pulled his underpants back up and expressed his exasperation. "Why not? You did before . . . " He argued.

He was not going to quibble. He was tall enough and she was crouched so that he could easily reach up and taking hold of the straps of her bra he tugged slowly, grinning into her shocked and dismayed expression, while did not resist but mewled pathetically "Please . . . please . . . "

Frenchy coaxed her . . . . "Come on, Mom . . . you got nice tits . . . . The boys wanna see . . . ."

He was resolute and tugging firmly, her breasts spilled out and her bra was pulled forward drawn down her arms, she took her hands out of the straps as he complimented her, her droopy tits obviously teased up to sexual excitement. She straightened as he told her. He left the bra to dangle about her waist.

Jon stood aside to gawp at her. It is the size and color of her nipples that surprised him. Like those of a mom.

Frenchy looking at him said: "What did I say?"

"She's fat . . . " Jon said.

"No . . . well, maybe . . . but she's got great tits. . . . Look at 'em."

Karen looked at me now. I did not notice. I was staring at her "tits" too and the whole scene. Looking up I saw her expression. Ashamed. Embarrassed. Ready to cry. But also abject in her submission. Clearly she would do anything Frenchy asked. Frenchy looked up and said: "Now your underpants, Mom . . . Show 'em your pussy, Mom. . . ."

She looked at him when he spoke. She did not respond. She looked like he'd slapped her face. Shocked. Speechless.

Jon said: "What the fuck, lady" and reached up and grabbed the waistband of her underpants and jerked it down, just exposing her hairy pussy to us and showing off her bare butt to the boys below. They cheered. Karen covered her face with her hands.

She looked up at Frenchy pleadingly and had begun to shed real tears from eyes open wide. But neither of them felt any pity for her. And I am ashamed to say that I didn't either. I believed, in fact, for all her tears and whining she really wanted to do this. She did not fight them. She was ashamed of her nakedness but she was obviously sexually aroused, I thought. That undeniable feeling deepened the shame she felt for herself. And, perversely, in turn, I think her humiliation intensified her sexual arousal. Her mouth parted.

Frenchy looked at her and nodded slowly with great self-satisfaction and turned to me and said: "She's real pretty, Dad . . . . I can see why you married her . . . ."

He looked back up at her where she had covered her face in shame and said: "Don't cry, Mom. I love you. I really do. I want you to be happy."

He looked back at me: "She like to suck cock?"

"Chubbies are always good cock-suckers," he told Jon, who had come back, naked, feeling his erection,. Karen stared openly at his erection. Jon saw this and nodded and added: "This is gonna be good."

Looking up at my wife who pathetically looked at me, Frenchy agreed with a nod in return, and then looked at me where Karen was looking and asked: "You like this, Dad?"

Karen looked angry then and turned her face away from me and would not look at me for the rest of the day, as a sort of punishment. Obviously she blamed me, but she had started this now; I had not asked her to do this; I'd found her stripping in front of them—so, what did she think was going to happen then? She was responsible for this too.

Frenchy winked at me and ducked his head back under the curtain and went back to taunting the boys below.

Karen wiped her eyes, sniffling, and put down her hands. She could not bear to look at me. Flushed. Obviously-- I mean, very obviously -- sexually aroused. She avoided my eyes. Ashamed of herself. Jon was looking at her from the side, studying her pointy nipples, the messy nest of pussy hair, and was eagerly masturbating himself. She saw this. She stared fixedly at his raw prick. I thought he was going to ejaculate. I think she did too.

Meanwhile, the boys outside were still shouting and I heard some one say they wanted to see the rest of her. Frenchy went on teasing them. "What you think? Nice ass, don't you think? You guys wanna fuck her?"

They threatened to storm into the house. Frenchy looked at Jon and whispered: "Go lock the door."

Jon went off to do as he was told, while Frenchy, stepping back and drawing the curtains wide again, looked up at my wife and said: "Okay, Mom . . . Turn around and show 'em all you got. Tits and all."

She hesitated. So Frenchy made a sharp slap to her buttock that startled her, and sounded with a crack, and made her tits jiggle and made the boys below all cheer and laugh. She put her hand to where it stung and looked at me with an accusation of fault, and ashamed and blushing she turned to face them, keeping eyes closed, to show herself naked to them.

When she opened her eyes, she looked down to see the crowd of boys grinning and gawking at her, and saw for herself how anyone else in the street below, any of the several cars passing, anyone walking by, even some across the street, as far away as the Red Barn on the corner, could see how she was naked in the window

For what seemed like several minutes, she stood on the chair in the window, facing her astonished audience in the yard, almost naked--naked in all practical terms—her bra pulled off to show off her tits, her underpants shoved down to show off her hairy cunt. Her hands spread on the back of her thighs, thrusting her nakedness forward.. I could see how her legs were actually trembling, begging Frenchy to stop it. But her ordeal lasted just a few minutes, if that.

A car horn sounded. She reflexively covered hers breasts with her hands and crouched down on the chair, peering at the street.

Frenchy bent over in laughter. Jon tried to force Karen to stand up again and display herself again. But she had stepped down off the chair and ducked behind the wainscoting and stayed crouching, refusing to stand up, even when he spanked her and yelled at her.

Then there came knocking at the door, Jon left her and Karen had pul led her underpants back up and was clutching her breasts with her hands to cover them, her bra still pulled down about her waist.

Frenchy moved her away from the window, grabbing her by the shoulders and guiding her to the center of the living room She turned toward the door as Jon let in a crowd of boys, all about the same age, all boys that we had met, friends of Jon's and Frenchy's.

With cheesy grins and wisecracking remarks, they shuffled in like boys who had been caught doing something wrong, but were not ashamed. Some looked plain amazed and bug-eyed, their eyes going up and down my wife's body. There were five or six of them; I did not count, but they filled the half of the living room where they stood craning to see my wife, muttering. As the boys came in, Frenchy put his arm around her shoulder and grinned, pleased to show off his naked "Mom."

**Installment 4 - - - "You Wanna Fuck her?"**

I did not know there had been so many boys outside. When they started to enter, I was shocked. One, two, then three more, and another and another. Seven I counted. All about the same age as the boys. All eager to see her. My wife was presented to them in her underpants and socks, bra dangling about her waist, her hands cupping her breasts, obviously half-naked against her will; she looked like she might cry. She looked pathetically frightened. But that did not disturb them. They saw how Frenchy grinned and they grinned too.

Frenchy, nodded his head at my wife, and asked proudly: "You wanna fuck her?"

They generally and universally wanted to do that. And said so loudly and eagerly. Frenchy raised a hand to quiet them and said it was twenty bucks to fuck her. They protested. He was adamant. She could not bear to look at them while she was being bartered.

She said something quietly to Frenchy who kissed her mouth as she tried to protest. She turned her face in embarrassment to his shoulder and closed her eyes. He put his hand up to cover her face and caress her face kindly, saying soothing things to her quietly. He said something to her I could not hear but she nodded against his shoulder, eyes still closed, and at his suggestion, it seemed, she let her hands drop to her side so that once more they could see her naked tits—falling full and warm from her hands as she released them to view, randy tipped, her nipples erect, aroused for them.

The boys gaped at them in awe.

Frenchy asked: "She'll suck cock for ten bucks."

They looked incredulous. I was too. Karen looked alarmed, and tried to protest to Frenchy, and cupped her breasts again, to cover them, but he insisted: "I know you want to, Mom." and squeezed her shoulders and nuzzled her neck. She squirmed beneath his affection. I should have protested, but I did not. I have to admit: I had not expected it but I wanted her to do it; the more so, since she gave me a look of acknowledgment when Frenchy said she wanted it. What did he know?

 I drifted from the corner from to where I could see her do it and I saw how Jon smirked at me.

Then Frenchy added cheerfully to close the sale, this lurid advertisement: "And you can cum in her mouth."

She never had done that for me. As far as I knew she had never done it. Period. I was sure. Unless Frenchy? No, it could not be.

Karen now blushed like a little girl, obviously uncomfortable, her eyes darted. She was very unhappy. Why did he say this? I knew why. But again I—the boys too—looked at her hungrily.

Still she did not say anything; she did not resist. Frenchy turned her to embrace her in a hug. She let Frenchy embrace her, still clutching her breasts.

She looked up at him pleadingly. Frenchy looked down at her with sadistic pleasure. I got a hard-on seeing this, thinking of her being used by these boys. I could not help it.

Certainly, none of these boys was going to refuse an offer like this. But again, Frenchy demanded more money than any of them had.

Some of the boys had observed me standing at the edge of the room. They easily figured out who I was. It made some of them nervous. Others looked at me contemptuously.

Jon, standing next to some, seeing their glances, explained who I was to a curious one, and he and some others who overheard his explanation, looked at me, and by the way he looked at me and how they joined that look, I felt sick; they saw that had a hard-on just like most of them obviously had too.

They argued and complained. But Frenchy would not budge. He warned them that if they didn't decide soon, he was going to: "...take Mom back to the bedroom." Finally, they proposed amongst themselves to pool what money they had between them and offer that up. About eleven dollars and some change.

Frenchy reluctantly accepted: "Okay. You can all see her naked, but she's only gonna suck off one of you; so, you decide who."

Jon, delighted, laughed and teased Karen, saying he'd always wanted to see her suck some cock, left me and hurried about and turned on all the lights in the living-room. We all realized that while this had been going it had been getting dark. It was after eight o'clock. The living room was lit by floor lamps. Two beside the sofa. One by the TV. And in the far corner, next to our aquarium, one of those pole-lights with three spots. Jon turned all of them toward where Karen and Frenchy stood.

Frenchy got a better idea. He took Karen by the shoulders and guided her forcibly to stand in front of the front door, and naturally the boys shifted with their positions, gathering to face her as Frenchy turned her toward them; they stood about ten feet away in a rough line, like a firing squad.

He laughed and positioned her to face them squarely. She still had her hands up, cupping her breasts. He laughed, shaking his head: "What you so shy about. They already seen 'em."

He pulled at her hands and held them out form her body. She only resisted a little, half crouching as if that hid anything in the spotlights on her. "Put your hands down," he demanded. She looked at the floor and relaxed and he let go of her hands and she dropped them, head bent down.

Again, to avoid looking into their eyes, she looked sideways to the floor.

He stepped beside her and reached behind her and fiddled with the back of her bra dangling about her waist; it went slack and fell from her waist to the floor beside her. Then, he stepped back, admired her, and paced in front of her looking over. He winked at me and went to stand behind the boys.

Being behind them all, I could see her face. She followed his pacing. She did not want to look at the boys gawking at her. Though obviously self-conscious. She looked so very unhappy.

Frenchy said: "You can look but you can't touch."

He went to the pole light and turned all the spots toward where she stood.

He stopped in front of her and grinning at her declared: "We wanna see everything, Mom."

He said it matter-of-factly, as he stood by the lights. Jon swiveled all the spots now to shine onto my naked wife.

She looked up. Haloed in the glaring lights she saw the shadowed faces of the boys and she recognized some of them now. They had visited Frenchy and Jon before, just a few days ago, in fact. Had this planned?

I saw her reaction. Or rather the lack of reaction. She looked like she was simply in a stupor. Yet she also seemed intensely self-aware. She herself would later admit to me that she could recall every detail of this night vividly. She had never felt herself more keenly sexually alive.

He joined the crowd facing her, her eyes following him. He gestured. "Drop your underpants. Mom."

I thought she would resist, complain, object. But she said nothing. She did not look at Frenchy but over the heads of audience in a distracted way and then her fingers felt along at the waistband of her underpants; she glanced over at me; I looked at Frenchy; he winked at me; she saw that.

She looked away from the stares of the boys, whose eyes went to her underpants and her hands; leaning slightly, she pushed her underpants off her hips and exposed herself to them, aware of their stares, and pushed her underpants down to her ankles and straightened up, pushing her hair back from her face and dropping her hands to her sides.

Without instruction, she put her hands behind her back and did not look at them but at the far wall where the spotlights glared at her.

She left her underpants bunched up at her feet, like she expected that to see her naked once was all that was wanted. They would look. After a minute she would pull up her underpants and they would go, or so she thought.

So, tucking her hands behind herself, she faced the boys naked, for this moment of humiliation, while the boys gawked in amazement and lust; she faced them naked submissively, abashed, while she looked down at the floor, self-conscious, aware of their stares and the lewd appreciative and deprecating comments.

"She's kinda fat."

"Nice tits"

"You can see her cunt."

"How old is she?"

"Why is she doing this?"

"I wanna fuck her."

"She ought to fuck us all."

This was the fantasy I had thought of so often, but never had I imagined it to be like this, so clearly, so completely, and something even as it happened, I had not really expected. My wife undressed for a group of guys. My wife completely naked in front of a crowd of men, better yet a gang of eager teenagers.

One whom I took be the natural leader of the group, who had done most of the talking, and was gathering the money, must be a friend of Frenchy's; he called him by his nickname, Slider, but I had not seen him before, or any of them for that matter. But Karen knew him.

So, I should not have been surprised when he said, nodding toward my naked wife, as he handed Jon the collected money, several bills and some change: "Who is she really, Frenchy?"

My wife looked distressed. Frenchy laughed. "It's my Mom."

Slider did not believe it. None of the boys did.

"Really," Frenchy explained, as they expressed doubts, giving the money over uncounted to Jon, who went off to stash it somewhere.

He beamed at her proudly: "She's my Group Home Mom." They all looked on at her in amazement and she is blushing felt their stares shamefully.

Then Frenchy nodded toward me. "And that's her husband standing over there." Everybody turned or looked over their shoulders to see me now. Even more astonished by this, than having this naked woman in front of them. They looked back at my naked wife. Then back at me. Then back at my naked wife again.

"No shit," Slider said. "What the fuck?"

"Yeah," Frenchy said. Slider was speechless. Frenchy shrugged.

Slider was skeptical. "She's really gonna suck my cock?"

"Sure," Frenchy said, grinning, "and you can cum her mouth." Karen seemed about to cry again.

Slider looked at me, they all did. "In front of him?" he asked

Jon was back. He added his opinion: "He wants to see you do it." Frenchy laughed.

"Shit," said Slider.

Frenchy went to Karen and lifted her face to look at his. "You ready, Mom?" She said nothing.

"Take off those underpants."

We watched now as she in submissive perplexity did as she was told. Leaning over, tits dangling, jiggling, as she worked to push her underpants off her feet. She blushed now truly. She stepped out of her underpants, straightened up, and uncertainly held them, looking at Frenchy for what to do. Jon, shaking his head--saying "stupid fatty"--came over and snatched her underpants away from her. She flinched and gasped. Jon laughed.

Jon tossed her underpants high into the crowd of boys, over their heads, who were startled but eager to be the one who got hold of them. Two fought over them briefly and actually tore them apart.

Frenchy, watching this, laughed and then approached my naked wife who had raised her hands to cover her breasts again and stood sort of hunched over. He slapped her hands away from her front and paused to look at her bare breasts approvingly, then put his own hands on both her breasts, squeezed them, toyed with them and leaning to her face he kissed her. She closed her eyes. I swear she kissed him back.

Frenchy put his arms around her and pulled her against himself, slapping his bare chest against hers, and kissed her obscenely, giving her his long probing tongue. His hands went to her buttock, cupping them, spread them, and felt between them as he kissed her, slipping his fingers into her cunt, and showing the boys (showing me) that she was ready to fuck him. She obviously and warmly kissed him back. Her eyes closed.

The boy's eyes shot back and forth between watching this and looking at my reaction. I tried to show no emotion. But I am sure I blushed as much as my wife did. We were both sheepish and stunned. And both the sexual prey of these boys.

Frenchy looked over at me as he stopped kissing my naked wife, she looking up at his expectantly at his face, said something so softly that I could not hear it, and he shook his head in reply, then said out loud: "No, no, you got to do it right here . . . . in front of us. . . so we can see you do it. We all want to see you do it." He winked at me.

He stepped back as he pushed on her shoulders. "Get down on your knees now, Mom. . . ."

She did not resist, but she was reluctant until he insisted; he pressed on her shoulders and forced her, telling her she should do what he said, or he'd go ahead and let all of them fuck her anyway.

She said plaintively: "Frenchy . . . ." and then whatever else it was she said to him so quietly that I could not hear it but Frenchy did not care what it was, he just shook his head smiling at her as she settled on her knees, and replied: "You know why...."

Frenchy stepped back and told her firmly to put her hands behind her back; she did what she was told.

He nodded to Jon who was beside me and who understood the gesture and went to stand behind her. Jon crouched behind her and grabbed her hands; he held them tightly because they all assumed, she would resist, but I guessed that she would not.

Frenchy, grinned at her submission; he winked at me--like there was some secret between us--it made me feel nauseous, especially because all the boys in the room saw it and were looking at me--like I had planned this--and Frenchy saw what they all thought and shrugged his shoulders and then turned to his astonished friend and said, gesturing toward my kneeling naked wife: "Okay, Slider . . . . She's all yours."

The boys stepped up closer to encircle them as Slider stepped close to the front of my wife. She looked up at him sadly, sitting back on her haunches gave her thighs emphasis. Slider stared at her tits and between them at the wedge of her pubic hair.

He had no shame or hesitation in taking his prick out of her pants. He opened his jeans and shoved them (and his underpants down to mid-thigh and held his prick out. Already hard. Half standing. Poking straight up toward her mouth.

She stared at it passively, if disguising her interest. Trying not to show her feelings, but I could guess her feelings; it gave her tingling. It gave her sexual longing. I could tell even if she looked so ashamed.

It was only the second penis she had ever seen up close--well, not counting when Jon showed himself off to her. But that was just a glimpse. Slider enjoyed showing his prick to her, stroking it, and she looked at it keenly, inches from her face. She put his right hand on the top of her head as she looked up at the knob of his prick held out for her mouth, his hand holding the shaft of it poised, positioned.

It was a bigger prick than mine.

The glans of it would fit her mouth nicely like a big ripe strawberry.

She looked at it frozen in the moment before Slider feeling frustrated gave her a sarcastic choice : "Well? Suck it, or fuck it?"

She looked up at Frenchy who grinning, nodded, and Slider simply pulled her head forward with both hands to take it into her open mouth unwillingly. She made muffled protest and a defeated plaintive mewl and closed her eyes, and sighed, as Slider now griping her head both hands shifted her feet apart and bent to put his prick in her mouth and began to fuck it and said again: "Yeah. . . like that … like that."

Karen was uncertain what he wanted. She got off her haunches as he drew her head to take more of his prick. She knelt rigidly. Jon still holding her hands tightly behind her back.

When I had urged her to suck on my penis, she had always been so tentative. Now Slider wanted her to actually "suck" and she really did. Like she really wanted him to cum in her mouth.

I could hear her sucking on it.

I could see it--how her cheeks sucked in with sucking it.

Was she getting anything in her mouth? She closed her eyes We all watched eagerly. We all listened to her slurping and her muted unhappy whimpering. Could she taste him, his preejaculate?

Jon let go of her hands and reached around from behind her to fondle her tits, fiddling with her rubbery nipples, and then without asking or saying what he would do he stood and pulled down his undershorts, his short springy dick jerking to view, and he squatted behind her and wanted to fuck her right then and there but Frenchy shook his head at him and so he contented himself to press himself against her naked. She felt his erection against her back, his hands came around in front of her to grope her tits, and one dropped to finger her cunt.

Meanwhile, Slider had begun to earnestly fuck my wife in the mouth, and she put her hands up and pushed against him, gagging, getting read in the face, at what was too much dick for her throat. Frenchy said: "Be nice, Slider. You can't fuck her mouth like that. She don't know how to do that."

Slider withdrew and stroked his slippery wet prick, wet with her mouth, and she gasped when he withdrew and looked up at Frenchy pathetically, to beseech him but he laughed and reassured her: "Suck, Mom. Use your tongue . . . feel it . . . suck like you was sucking on a popsicle, okay . . . Yeah, suck it like that. . . . And when he comes?"

He touched her shoulder to get her attention. She looked sideways up at him, her mouthful. "When he cums?"

She looked worried. He explained: "Really, Mom. You let him cum in your mouth . . ."

The boys tittered. She blushed.

Frenchy paused for effect. He grinned: "Swallow it."

The boys laughed coarsely, and I felt ashamed. Karen looked ashamed.

My wife had never done that, I was sure. She had never had mouthful of cum. She had never really tasted the stuff, even if she had maybe licked my cock head once or twice. She looked anxious. I felt the boys looking at me with mixed contempt and shared shame, but they wanted this. They wanted her humiliation and they wanted to see my reaction.

"You do that, Mom?" Frenchy reassuringly patted her head.

Karen looking up at him, doe-eyed, sighed resignedly.

Frenchy instructed Slider like a father: "You be nice to Mom."

Slider said: "Shit . . . ." And took hold of head and guiding it, he gently rocked, moving his dick about her mouth, while Karen, closed her eyes and let him use her mouth, let him move her head on his penis.

Jon was frustrated. Karen kept moving his hands off her and he wanted to fuck her.

Frenchy shook his head at him and said: "You got her all night, Man. Let her do this." Jon got up and put his underpants back on while Slider finally finished.

Gripping her head tightly, Slider exclaimed: "O yeah. . . " and shot off in my wife's mouth.

Copiously.

 Like a young boy would. I swear you could hear it.

Squirting in her mouth.

Karen had not expected it. She had not anticipated. She started, eyes suddenly wide and darting up at him;

She put her hands up to his body to push him off, and complained, but he held her head, held her mouth on his spurting prick, and she mewled and sighed but swallowed his ejaculation involuntarily and completely and noisily -- you could really hear it, slurpy, sloppy -- the boys laughed at her and at her humiliation and the pathetic look on her face -- all that was spent into her mouth, several pulses, she swallowed repeatedly. I saw her swallow it, twice and then again and sucking in-between. Like she was getting mouthfuls.

She let a gasp out at last when he let go of her head and she drew back and away from his body to look at the wet prick that had cum in her mouth; some of it now drooled from her mouth, dribbled on her tits, but Slider pulled her head by the hair back onto his prick and she closed her eyes and kept sucking as Jon egged her on.

Slider laughed and said again: "Jesus . . . Shit . . . ." He stroked her head, smoothing her hair.

He repeated: "Jesus . . . . " Karen sucked more slowly and deliberately now, moving her head on it like she was kissing, as his prick softened, discharging the cum in his prick that oozed out from the penis as it shrank, and when he withdrew his penis it was limp and looked really sucked on. It really did. Like she'd deflated it. I was amazed.

She looked at as it slipped out of her mouth and dangled in front of her face. Then she looked up, looked up to see all the boys grinning at her, looking lecherously at her wet and swollen mouth, and she just burst into tears.

I was surprised. Slider said again: "Jesus . . . ." He was actually troubled by her reaction.

Frenchy reassured him: "She'll be okay. It's just that she never done that before."

Slider said: "I thought you said?"

Frenchy said: "No man, she's just this guy's wife . . . just a fucking housewife is all . . . She never done this . . . "

"Shit," said Slider. The boys looked almost sorry for her.

Jon, however, did not feel sorry for her. Karen leaned over and wept into her hands. Frenchy said: "You guys go now. I'll call you later, Slider. It's okay."

"Jesus," Slider said again and the group all left while my wife crouched on the floor and cried like a child.

Frenchy laughed when he shut the door and said to Jon: "Good thing she started bawling . . . I don't know how we could've got them to go. I think they would have stayed and fucked her all night . . . "

He stood over Karen, looking down at her, who hearing this, had quieted and softly sobbing, listened as he told Jon: "And I want her for myself." Jon looked disappointed. "And you too. For us, Man." He paused and Karen had composed herself but was still crouched, her hands on her face, sniffling, and he said to her: "You got that Mom. You gonna fuck and suck cock all night long."

**Installment 5 - - - The Fourth Week - - - Saturday Night: Frenchy and Jon Take Turns**

Frenchy stood over Karen, looking down at her, who hearing this, had quieted and softly sobbing, listened as he told Jon: "And I want her for myself." Jon looked disappointed. "And you too. For us, Man." He paused and Karen had composed herself but was still crouched, her hands on her face, sniffling, and he said to her: "You got that Mom. You gonna fuck us and suck us all night long."

Jon wasted no time.He stripped his undershorts down and his dick sprang up, stiff as ever and he got own behind my wife and knelt, who was still defensively crouching on the floor, her own underpants beside her where she had taken them off.

Jon slapped her buttock: "Get up on your hands and knees, fatty."

Still crying sheepishly, Karen craned to look back over her shoulder and up into Jon's smirking snide expression.

"I'm wanna fuck you," he said and grabbed her hips and hoisted her as she submissively responded, raising herself on her outstretched arms.

And looking ahead, tears still staining her face, but no longer streaming, she waited for him to enter her.

He bent his erection down to point at her cunt and guiding it Jon slipped his whole stiff prick quickly and easily and completely up inside her cunt.

She dropped her head submissively and closed her eyes.

Jon began fucking my wife with eager pleasure, grabbing her fleshy hips. Grinning up at me. Triumphantly.

Karen looked up at me sheepishly, aware of my watching; she looked stunned. She did nothing to resist; she made no sounds and showed no feelings except that what I saw her face gave away her feelings. I saw that her mouth opened, wet as his slick dick. Wet with her own spittle, and, yes, I was sure, smeared with that other boy's cum, which I supposed she could still taste in her mouth. She was placid and submissive to this fucking—the first guy other than me to ever fuck her. I stepped to the side of her to see this—to see the short shaft of this boy's penis poked into my willing pathetic naked wife. His fucking shoved her, jostled her, but she made no sound or no response until at the moment Jon started to cum inside her, she whimpered and lifted her head, as he grunted and ejaculated.

He shoved his thrusts to spend himself inside her, grabbing her buttock, pulled her to himself and pumped a few more times, deep and hard, getting her to involuntarily grunt too. Finally, smugly satisfied he pulled out, popping out of her cum lathered well-used hole waggling free, wet in the light. He stood up to lord over her, and smirked at me, his wet dick still stiff and proud--he could obviously fuck her again, if he wanted to--and looked down at her spread legs and buttock to admire proudly at what he'd done to her.

Frenchy who had watched all this with pleasure and encouraged it with nasty comments, and had himself been fondling his own dick as Jon fucked her, said: "I think she likes you Jon."

"I don't give a shit if she does . . . ." replied Jon, eyeing her hole with smug satisfaction, and left the room with his dick still stiff and upright, ready to fuck her again as I supposed.

Frenchy stood over my wife looking down at her as she remained abject, curled on the floor naked, and spoke to me: "Your wife is going to be fucked a lot, Dad. Okay?"

She did not respond. I looked at her with an ache of my own lust and anxiety for her, conflicted between feeling sorry, worried and wanting this to happen to her.

Frenchy approached me grinning and put his arm around me: "And she's gonna be sucking lots of cock." Looking at face for my reaction. I suppose my face gave away my feelings. I showed the truth. He saw my humiliated craving to see just that.

Frenchy laughed at me and added: "And anything else I want."

He crouched over her and leaning put his hand on my wife's bare back and stroked her, then smoothed her hair, lifting it where it was damp from sweat against her neck, and said soothingly to her: "You like that, Mom? You like sucking cock?"

He took her hand and drawing it turned her to reluctantly swivel on her but and sit up, revealing her cunt, agape a moment; Jon's cum and her own wetness shone in it, before self-consciously she drew her legs together and put her arms around her knees, her forehead on them, hiding her flushed and tear-stained face.

Frenchy repeated his question, then asked also: "You like it when Slider came in your mouth?" He waited for her reply. He was serious. He wanted an answer. He repeated the question.

"What do you want?" Karen said, her voice muffled, her face still hidden in shame.

"Look at me," Frenchy insisted. He repeated it. She lifted her head. She had stopped crying, but she still looked distressed. He asked again: "You like it when he came in your mouth?"

She hesitated and replied resentfully: "Is that what you want?" She looked at me.

Did she mean this question for me or for Frenchy?

Frenchy caught the ambiguity too and asked me: "How 'bout you Dad? You like it when he came in her mouth?"

Jon had returned with a beer and handed one to Frenchy. He did not bring me one. Karen looked at the beer as Frenchy awaited my reply. Jon goaded me: "Yeah, Dad, you like it when he came in your wife's mouth?" I did not reply but my feelings were obvious, and Karen looked ashamed and put her face down again.

The two stood drinking beers and looking down at my naked wife. It was completely dark out now. I had almost not noticed that we stood in the lights of the room, and it was going on near to ten o'clock. Karen's clothes were strewn in front of the coffee table. Underpants beside her. Her bra in the center of the room.

Frenchy said: "Go get her a glass of water, Dad. So, she can get the taste of cum out of her mouth." She looked up from the floor at him as I turned away to do as he asked. She responded to what he said. He told her to go sit on the sofa.

When I came back in, I heard the TV which Jon had turned on and was standing close to and watching. They had turned off the pole-lamp on the far end of the room. They had turned off all the lights except the one in the corner by the sofa where my wife sat naked beside Frenchy who had put his arm up behind her and was leaning close, looking at her breasts as with the other hand and toyed with her erect nipple, lightly fingering it, pulling on it and jiggling her tit.

Jon laughed--but not at this humiliation of my wife, but at something on TV-- Frenchy flicked the rubbery points on her nipples, to see them wiggle, left one, right one, left one again. My wife looked down at his hands sadly.

Meanwhile Jon was absorbed in watching a rerun of Dukes of Hazard. The General Lee was roaring in gravel road and the good ole boys were hooting it up. Jon said absently, "She's got nice tits," talking about cousin Daisy on the TV show; but Frenchy playing with my wife's tits replied: "Yes, she does."

I held the glass where I stood watching him. He knew I was there. My wife knew I was there. She looked up at Frenchy's face, her eyes watching his, as he had his gaze fixed on her naked breasts and then on her crotch where his hand dropped and his fingers felt, fingers slipping into the slit of her cunt, rubbing, inserting. He looked over at me and winked.

Karen looked up at me too. She looked like she did not see me. I held out the glass. Frenchy said: "Thank you, Dad."

He held it and tipped it to Karen's mouth to sip. She drank a lot of it.

"She must have been thirsty," Frenchy said; handing it back to me, and asked me to get another glassful.

When I came back with the second glassful, Karen had lifted a foot to the sofa, her knees falling open, her cunt splayed and displayed. She had covered her face in shame. Obviously, they had instructed her to do this so they could examine her cunt.

Frenchy and Jon stood before her studying her nakedness, her cunt, her tits, and commenting crudely.

Seeing my presence, my keen interest and awkwardness, he nodded with a sneer and approached her, gesturing what he intended to do, and while she could not see him, she was aware of his intent. He leaned closely over her and carefully and sensitively felt her cunt, examining its scalloped features and wet folds, its wetter hole, and put two fingers into the raw hole of her cunt, twisting them about inside, probing it, then diddling the candy-pink button of her clit with his thumb to make my shameful wife jerk and gasp. He and Jon laughed at her when she did this. She whimpered behind her hands, her covered face.

Jon held out his empty beer bottle toward Frenchy who laughed and took it, winked at me, and looking at Karen's face, watching her reaction, who still held her legs open for him, waiting, wanting. That is how she looked. So, Frenchy put the neck of the beer bottle to the opening of her vagina and Karen turned, surprised, looked down between her legs, and he grinned at her expression while he pushed it up inside her, and began to use it to masturbate her in front of us. She tensed. She looked teary. But again, she said nothing, did nothing but submitted. Her breath was ragged. She responded to the pumping. She took breaths with its strokes.

Frenchy teased her: "You want me to fuck you, Mom?" She closed her eyes. Tears again trickled. She endured her humiliation with silence.

He stopped and put the bottle on the coffee table. I was fascinated with the bottle, shiny with her juices. Karen opened her eyes and looked at Frenchy anxiously. He stood up and at last took off her undershorts. She had seen the outline of it but now she saw it clearly, long and thickish, but not upright like Jon's stick of wood, but sticking out straight and dangling heavily like a limber sausage; he only ever gets that sort of half-hardness, but he makes up for it in the long length, and by the uncanny mastery of his own ejaculations. I would see him withhold his ejaculations and entice them, tease them and explode them exactly as he wanted. He would do that now. He would nurse the ejaculations he would give up to her, just exactly so to exploit her sexually, to egg her on, to pique her, to get my desperate wife so sexually overwrought that she gasped for breath, and then bring her off to wild orgasms.

This was the first time that I saw that. And he did it in her mouth.

He motioned to me to come into the room and said: "Put the glass down. She'll want it after she sucks me off."

Karen looked at him with surprise and misgiving. She was already flushed, having been worked up by the bottle, and she was sweating like the rest of us from the heat. She put her feet to the floor and Frenchy sat back and put his hand on her face, caressing her mouth, putting a finger into it. And said: "You like sucking cock, Mom?"

She looked anxiously at him. She said nothing. He said: "Say you like sucking cock, Mom."

She nodded sheepishly. But he insisted that she say it.

She said weakly: "Yes."

"Yes, what?" he teased her.

She nodded again. Looking at him with genuine servility.

He said: "Say it then."

"I like sucking your cock," she said.

Jon nodded his approval and grinned wickedly. "Yeah," he said.

"Now look at your husband." She glanced at me, then back to him. "Look at him." He slapped her face. She was shocked and hurt more emotionally than physically. I was shocked too. He repeated: "Look at him."

She looked up at me and I thought she would cry again. Frenchy then told her what to say and she nodded. "Tell him."

She looked at me and I felt her helplessness but when she said these things, I wanted them.

Repeating what Frenchy said, she told me: "I want him to cum in my mouth."

Frenchy turned her face to his and holding her cheeks kissed her warmly with a lot of tongue and embraced her kissing her and put his hand between her legs and frigged her hard so that she gasped and pushed him away. He laughed and sat back.

He told Jon to go get him another beer. Then he scratched his nose and looked Karen's naked body up and down and then winked at me and pushed the coffee table away with his feet and told Karen to stand up. He positioned throw pillows against the arm of the sofa so that he could lay back and watch TV. He lay back. Jon handed him the beer and he asked him to turn on another channel. He wanted to watch a horror movie or something. They flipped channels.

Then he told Karen. "Okay. Get up here." And lifting his arm for her, he made room for her to lay beside him on the sofa, her back against it, and she straddled his leg and laid along the length of him, her crotch against his knee, where she wriggled and sighed, and nestling next to his body she laid her head on his chest.

His prick lay long and swollen on his belly, the head of it near her face. She stared at it, and I stared at my wife staring at this boy's swollen prick.

He took her hand and put it on his prick. I watched her looking at his penis, feeling it. She caressed it. She fondled it tenderly as I remembered her fondling mine.

She held it up by the shaft, a logy long dick, floppy like a rubber hose almost, but as long as the cardboard cylinder of a paper towel roll - - if you want to know, that's 11 inches at least and an inch and a half around - - and the head of his penis was large and uncircumcised, the size of a large hard-boiled egg, and like a rubber hose, his penis gets stiffer and stronger when the liquids shoot through it and then she has to bend her head to take it; but as it is idly erect she can lay with her head on his lap and idly toy with it, pleasing herself with it. She bent it toward her mouth, taking the chubby glans up in her mouth, fitting her mouth nicely, like it was made for this. She mouthed it and licked about, feeling it, tasting it, wetting it. She closed her eyes and suckled on the plump head of it with obvious pleasure and surrender.

Frenchy, seeing how intently I watched this, said to her: "Look at your husband, Karen."

She looked up at me, without lifting her cheek from his chest, or taking her hand off his penis. Flushed. The wet head before her open mouth. A little girl caught with her stolen candy.

Jon turned to watch the fun. "Look at him." She looked up at me, as I have never seen her. She was not ashamed. She looked lecherous.

He said: " Lick my dick."

She licked slowly and feelingly about the whole ruddy rubbery head of his penis, big as purple plum, as she looked at me with a strange gleam. Her tongue felt into the pee hole, teasing; she tasted what she took with her tongue what seeped from there.

She looked closer at it, lifting her head, and licked all around the head of it, lapping the slit of it with the tip of her tongue, where I saw she was tasting a generous flow of pre-ejaculation, which had been seeping continuously from it all along—one of Frenchy's many sexual feats.

All the while slathering his dick head with her tongue, licking the seepage like melt on a popsicle, her intensity on the sight of it, close her face, with nervous glances at me, ashamed and worried but seeing my lewd fixation on this—what should be a humiliation for me and an abuse of her—she smiled slightly and wickedly and returned a mocking expression, as if to say, "You want this? You want me to suck boys cocks?"

She looked back at what she tasted with intensity and curiosity.

She squeezed his penis, looking closely at the head of this penis as she did, and seeing more precum bead up at the slit, she licked at the drop of it; she squeezed again and licked again; she bathed the head with her tongue, and now with kissing lips sucked at the very tip of it, as if it were a straw.

And then, still gripping his prick tightly, slowly returned her unfocused gaze on me, as if drunk, and looked back again at the head of his cock intensely, seeing more seepage, and licked at it again, then looked back at me intensely as if to say sarcastically: "Is this what you wanted?"

I felt sick at heart, but it was what I wanted. I wanted to masturbate. Seeing Frenchy looking at me, I was embarrassed and ashamed.

Frenchy, seeing my shame and her provocative expression, laughed at the both of us.

But Karen did not mean that she wanted to do this. She suddenly looked sick at heart too.

Frenchy laid out on the sofa and gestured to my wife. He had her lay alongside him on the sofa, overtop of him, her bare leg draped over his bare led. He drew her head down on his belly, her face on the level of the end of his erection. She reflexively touched it. It jerked up at her touch.

Frenchy put his hand on his prick and started to masturbate, and she watched him with some shock. I had never masturbated in front of her. She had always been ashamed to even discuss the subject. I don't think she had ever masturbated herself.

He lifted himself up to look at her, as he worked on his penis, and said to her: "I wanna come in your mouth. Put your mouth on it, Mom."

She slid her cheek on his chest until she had taken the head of it fully into her mouth. She closed her eyes. She began to suck him hard and bob her head on it. Frenchy stroked his cock.

He meant to masturbate straight into her mouth.

He did not want her to do anything but lay with her head on his lap, her mouth on his prick, and take a shot of cum in her ready mouth and swallow it as it came. Like he was feeding her his sperm.

Frenchy told her just to hold her mouth on it. Then he told her how he wanted her to use her tongue on it.

He wanted her to fiddle her tongue in his "pee hole."

He wanted her to tease the glans, wriggling her tongue around the "knob" and suck."

"Suck it like a baby bottle." Frenchy instructed.

"Give the baby some milk, Frenchy" Jon smirked.

"Open your eyes, Mom." Frenchy said, looking at me, "Look at, Dad."

Frenchy rubbed his prick , squeezed it. "See him watching."

She looked at me as she was told. I felt a pang of intense sexual pleasure in her humiliation, in the look on her face.

"Look at him while I cum in your mouth, Mom."

He was right. I wanted that. I wanted to see her taking the cum in her mouth, the look on her face. I wanted to see her swallow it.

I thought he would naturally explode. But Frenchy had great restraint or practice at this. He rubbed his cock a bit and stopped. He did not stiffen or seem to climax. He sighed, smiling, but it was obvious that he had spent himself in her mouth, because Karen blinked, and I heard her and saw her swallow. She sighed now herself and shifted, supposing that he was done. But he told her keep her mouth on his prick because "...there's lots more."

He repeated this. Maybe three four times in succession. An interval of a half minute or so, he rubbed his prick, squeezed it, and then squirt some more into her mouth. This first instance, he came in her mouth successively, maybe three or four times, before he relaxed, sipped on a beer and told her to keep her mouth on his prick while he watched TV.

She swallowed again and again over half an hour or so on his little studied spouts of ejaculate, making pleasant cooing like child might, and clearly interested in the taste and texture and seemed even fascinated at teasing him to cum again and again. as she tasted it. I felt ashamed for her, but she was not ashamed. She was having obvious little orgasms.

Frenchy winked at me slyly.

Frenchy lounged, sipping his beer, talking to Jon, watching TV, contemptuous of me, contemptuous of my pitiful wife, her mouth on his prick, suckling and tasting, and I was to see that all the while, from time to time, my wife was getting squirts of jism into her mouth which surprised her and which she readily and repeatedly swallowed. For Frenchy was one of those few men who seemed to have many seizures of cum off and on, almost at will, until he wanted to bring himself to a good juicy climax.

So, he masturbated more or less continuously into my wife's mouth for most of an episode of Bonanza. Popping little shots of cum into her mouth, which she slurped on like soup and swallowed. I could actually hear it. The swallows and the slurps. She in the meantime seemed more and more aroused by it, by the relentless ejaculations which usually signaled her own pent-up orgasm and which I saw she was helplessly close to completing but incomplete. frustrated, becoming more and more aroused. Flushed, and aroused as she was, she whimpered when he came in her mouth, and felt a pang of her own near orgasm but was denied it; she squirmed; I knew what this meant, her rubbing her pubis against his knee, humping him. And when she looked up and gasped after eating a fifth morsel of spurting semen, he patted her head and said: "Keep going, Mom. I'll tell you when to quit" and she closed her eyes and put her mouth on his prick again and seemed very eager to have him cum in her mouth. I have never seen her so aroused and so unsatisfied. Frenchy thought it was funny. He had a wry sarcastic look.

He stroked her head and promised: "When you done, we will fuck you good, Mom."

He lifted his to see her face (her eyes screwing up to his) and stroked her head and asked her coyly, winking at me as he did: "You want that? You want us to fuck you now?"

She made a muffled sound of pleasure and capitulation. Frenchy winked at me.

Toward the end of the TV show Frenchy got serious about it and began to work his prick harder and promised her he was really going to do it now. When he did, Karen squealed with a big mouthful she got; it was actually too much to swallow, though she gulped; she could not do it; she gasped and choked, and it ran out of her mouth onto his belly. He shoved her head back onto his shaft so that she almost gagged and continued to gulp what she could. But really what looked like a spill of milk had run out of her mouth and puddled. It was astonishing. Jon nodded at me and mocked my astonishment: "He can cum like a horse."

And that is what it was like. He made Karen lap up the spill of cum off his belly before he would let her sit up and he himself sat up and handed her the glass of water that I had brought in.

She looked ashamed and spent. He looked triumphant. He said: "I can do that all night."

Jon laughed and said: "Yes, he can."

"Stand up, Mom. It's your turn," Frenchy pushed on Karen's shoulder.

She stood in front of the sofa.

Frenchy got up, his spent dick for the moment loose and long, dangling as he went to the kitchen to get another beer.

Jon stood in the center of the living room, admiring my naked wife, as she looked forlornly after Frenchy, not liking to be naked in front of Jon, as she told me later, and for good reason.

Jon, leering at Karen, and stepping closer, began to fondle her breasts while studying her expression and she looked away from him. He leaned and sucked up a nipple, sucked it hard, pulling it with his teeth, and stepped back to grin at her, biting her nipple and she looked at him worriedly, her hands put on his shoulder. He sucked up her other nipple and then stepped back to look at the spit shining nipples and looked again at her flushed face, which she turned away in shame.

He looked over at me, who had been viewing this from the side, and saw my erection in my pants and shook his head and asked me, genuinely and seriously wondering "Don't this bother you? Us taking took off your wife's clothes. Her being naked like this. Right in front of me." He nodded where my pathetic wife stood, abjectly looking at the floor, her hands at her sides, naked but for her socks and her wedding ring.

"My feeling her . . . " He reached out and squeezed her tits in both hands so to make her nipples pop. And striking that pose, and she is turning her face to me helplessly, sadly, he looked at her, her tits, her face, her face, then back at my face and asked again: "Don't that bother you?"

I said nothing. Karen knew the answer. I knew the answer.

"How 'bout this?" Jon asked and put two fingers up her cunt and began to furiously finger fuck her. She put her hands on his shoulders and closed her eyes, pursed her lips. She had catchy breathing as Jon worked her up to force her to cum on his hand and she might have, shamelessly, had he not stopped when she seemed about to.

Frenchy had come back, standing behind me, was watching, sipping his beer. I might not have noticed except that Karen looked at him pleadingly.

Jon laughed at this. I turned. Frenchy winked at me. Jon grabbed her tits again, pulling on the nipples and jiggling them.

"How do you wanna fuck her, Jon?" Frenchy said. Karen's looked pathetically submissive again, dropping her head, Jon still holding a grip on her tits. He slapped them as he let them go. She put her hands to them reflexively.

"What you think, Dad? Should we fuck her in the ass?"

I looked shocked. Karen looked anxious. I almost spoke.

"Yeah, lets fuck the pig in the butt, Man." Jon said.

Frenchy gestured to my wife with his beer bottle: "What you want, Karen? You want us to fuck you in the butt?"

She shook her head miserably. She looked frightened. Frenchy and Jon both laughed.

Frenchy said: "Just lean over and grab that coffee table. How 'bout that? That's a good way to fuck you . . . "

I suppose she expected them to violate her anus. I did.

Nevertheless, she sullenly did what he told her to do. I say again how poignantly sexual it is seeing how her tits hang under her, bent over as she was. She looked back at him from between those tits and her own spread legs, as Frenchy handed me his beer bottle and I saw he was ready to go at her again and stepped up behind her.

But when he lifted his prick to poke her, he pointed it at her cunt and easily slipped it in, leaning, then taking her hips in both his hands, he pulled her back strongly against his belly, so that he plunged his prick into her cunt deeply, smoothly, and all at once. She gasped. She looked up to the opposite wall. Her eyes widened and surprised. It was comical. Jon laughed.

I helplessly ejaculated in my pants.

Frenchy then fucked her slowly and teasingly, while Jon sat on the sofa watching, and I stepped around to the center of the living room to see her getting fucked from the side, to see his slick dick pulling out of her puckering cunt, then pushing in, pushing in the folds of the cunt, in and out, in long strokes, while my wife closed her eyes, breathing with her mouth open, perspiring, both of them gleaming with perspiration from exertion and the heat.

I was rapt. Jon was rapt. Frenchy was rapt. And my wife was lost.

When at last he ejaculated, he did so with quiet drama. He told her he was going to cum inside her. He asked her if she could feel it, but he stopped fucking her, he simply put it into her slowly, as deeply as he could, holding her hips tightly, grabbing the flesh of them, and said: "You feel it?"

And when he ejaculated, his jism must have felt like a hot jet because my wife loudly and shamelessly moaned in her pleasure. The boys thought this was the best ever. I could see the triumph they felt over making my wife openly and shamelessly cum on their cum. I was not surprised. It is what I guessed she always wanted.

Frenchy held her firmly as he did it. He grinned at Jon, who stood up, and while Karen's legs were wobbly, and she wanted to get down on her knees, Frenchy would not let her and said to hang on: "...'cause now it's Jon's turn."

And Jon was ready and tagged off and Frenchy withdrew his long wet dick and Jon was quickly into her from behind and grabbing her hips, fucking her vigorously and loudly, slapping his thighs against her jiggling buttock, and my wife, hardly having caught her breath, had dropped her head, was panting, her tits slopping underneath her with the jostling fucking she was getting.

Frenchy took the beer from me which I had been holding like his stooge the whole time, still rapt in my gaze of them fucking my wife.

Her expression especially, her raw sexual response. I was still hard myself.

So, when Jon quickly did his job, shooting off inside her in matter of minutes, and let go of my wife who trembling stayed standing, waiting for another, Frenchy said: "You wanna fuck her too?"

I looked at him in horror. My wife has a small sarcastic smile, I thought. I shook my head.

"You sure? She don't mind . . . " Frenchy said, but he knew I would balk at it, and he only said it to humiliate me and shame her. So, he handed back the empty beer bottle to me and stepped behind my wife and put his dick inside her again. And again, he fucked her but now with vigor and urgency, wanting to make her make noises and whimper, which she did.

Fucking her now, she became very red-faced, and actually begged him to stop. She collapsed to her knees, leaning across the coffee table, but he persisted, a wide stance over her, fucking her so that he shoved her on the table, where she flattened, exhausted, grunted submissively, until again with a loud groan open-mouthed groan took his shot of cum.

When he withdrew, his cock was gummy with the goo of it. And even from where I stood, I could see how my wife used cunt was sloppy with the backflowing ooze of cum from the repeated fucks of these two boys. Like something from a porno movie.

She did not close her legs, her knees wide on the floor. Frenchy and Jon admired their work. I stood astonished and still aroused.

Frenchy told me to go get beers for everybody. "Bring Mom one too. She deserves it."

When I came back, holding them in a grip by two hands, I saw that Frenchy had knelt behind her and had put the neck of an empty beer bottle into my wife's anus and she was clutching the edge of the coffee table, but meek and mute, she frowned. Frenchy was smoothly coaxing her to accept it, to relax, saying: "See it ain't so bad." She shook her head and said: "Please . . . . Frenchy." He withdrew the bottle as I entered, and stood up holding it, he had got only a fraction of it up into her, but still her anus showed the punctured hole he had forced, reshaping, sealing.

"You ever fuck her in the butt?" Frenchy said taking two bottles of beer. He held out one for Karen who wearily pivoted and sat beside the coffee table, bringing her legs up to her chest, and embracing them, looking at the floor with a pout.

Frenchy said: "Here Mom." And she looked up at him testily and he said: "You said you wanted to try it . . . " and he laughed. Her furtive glance at me meant that there had been conversation I had missed. She took the beer. She sipped the beer and sighed, and Frenchy chuckled. He sat on the sofa behind, reaching out and stroking her hair. He looked up at me and said: "I really do love my Mom." Karen looked away from my look at her face. She looked at the TV vacantly. Jon had turned to watch it. Frenchy looked at me intensely. He said: "I've been wanting to fuck her since I first saw her." Karen listened but pretended she was not. Jon did not seem to be listening. Frenchy was saying this for me and for my wife. He had a purpose. He caressed Karen's hair, and her shoulders, he leaned and looked over the top of her, and reached under and over her tit, to feel it, and kissed the top of her head, then looked up at me, feeling her tit as he spoke to me: "And I tried." He winked.

He felt her nipple. Her nipple responded, distended. Karen pretended not to notice.

"And I got close," he added, "You don't know how close."

He grinned. Karen blushed. I wondered what he meant. But he did not say. He reached further, leaning deeply and looking over her shoulder he put his hand to her crotch where she obligingly let her legs fall open and I saw fingers enter her gaping cunt, slathered with the wetness that it still showed.

Frenchy went on masturbating my wife in front of me, who had closed her eyes and leaned back against him, and the edge of the sofa, her head back. He kissed her. She kissed him. Then he lifted his head, still masturbating my wife, and said to me: "You go sleep in our bedroom tonight, Dad. Jon and I are gonna take Mom to your bed and fuck her some more."

I was stunned. He was serious. He got up. His cock recovered, ready to go again. Jon too had got half-hard again. Frenchy stood in front of my wife who looked up at his dangling turgid penis and then to his happy face—a look of surrender and shy pleasure on her own face—and he held his hand out for her and helped her to stand up. He put his arm about her shoulder and guided her out of the living room. He looked back over his shoulder as he led my willing naked wife away to our bedroom: "Good night, Dad." Jon looked at me sarcastically and shook his head and followed them. I heard the bedroom door shut. I heard them lock the door.

I saw as I passed to the bathroom what the light was on. I listened under the door. I mostly could hear only muffled conversation. Her soft voice intimate in reply to their own louder voices that teased her and mocked her, phrases that were crude and graphic. She cried out once like she had been slapped again. During the long silences I supposed they were fucking her or making her suck them off.

I slept on the sofa fitfully. I was hot and sweaty. I drank beers. I got up several times to pee or to sneak and listen at the door. The light stayed on until 3 am. They must have fucked her several times.

**Installment 6—The Fourth Week—Sunday Morning: How my wife felt after it happened**

I slept pretty badly. I had taken off my clothes, sleeping in my underwear. Sleeping on the sofa. In that humid heat. And fitfully trying to sleep, but compulsively obsessing about what was happening, I kept sneaking down the darkened hallway to listen outside the door of our bedroom under which the ceiling light from above our bed seeped, and like a pervert, stroking on my dick, I listened eagerly to the two boys fucking my wife and her pathetic mewling and whimpering and yielding as they laughed at her, turned her and groped her, positioned her for various entries and egged her on obscenely, instructing her how to do it, slapping her—Her face? Her buttock?—slapping her so that she cried and complained but gave into them, gave in to repeated demands to suck their cocks.

I was up and down several times. Listening. Masturbating. They went at her for hours. I ejaculated twice onto the floor beside the door. When it was finally quiet, I almost got caught when Frenchy came out to go to the bathroom. I think he saw me run back to the living room. Anyway, I heard him laughing at me.

I finally drank enough or was exhausted enough that I feel into a dead sleep and did not wake up until mid-morning when I heard the TV. Jon was sitting in the easy chair next to the sofa in his underwear, holding a bowl of cereal and milk, eating it with a spoon while he watched cartoons. Boing! He laughed at the violence. Bop!

I sat up, feeling a little sick. I looked out across the living room and realized my wife's clothing was still strewn on the floor. Her skirt and blouse heaped beside the coffee table. Her bra and underpants further out on the middle of the floor. It was true. I had really happened. The chair she had stood on, showing herself naked, was still shoved up against the center of the window.

Jon looked over at me, seeing what I was seeing, and grinned without comment, but shook his head and finished his cereal. When he was done, he took the bowl to the kitchen and tossed it from the doorway into the empty sink. I heard it crash, breaking.

Returning to the living room, he stood in the archway between this room and the dining room and stared at me. I glanced at him and pretended interest in the cartoon. He finally said: "You got a hard-on."

I did not. I said: "No. . ." I leaned over. I felt my penis thickening.

He said: "I seen it, man. You got a hard-on seeing us strip your wife for those guys. I seen it. You like that. You want guys to see your wife naked."

I said nothing, but I am sure I blushed with shame. I am sure I looked like a creep to him.

"That's fucking sick, man," he shook his head. He laughed: "But I know guys who'd come to see your wife take off her clothes for them. I can call 'em if you want."

I sighed in spite of myself. He laughed, shaking his head.

Frenchy came out of the kitchen with a bowl of cereal, also in his underwear. The size of his cock, even soft, was large. I could not help but glance at it. Jon saw that I did and laughed at me.

"Maybe Dad's queer," Jon suggested.

I did not know what to say. I have never done anything like that. Frenchy, seeing the look on my face, started to choke, laughing, and spewed cereal and milk out of his mouth back into the bowl.

"You wanna suck my dick, Dad?" Jon taunted.

I think I looked sickened and disturbed, but my failure to respond brought them to conclusions I did not like.

Jon stepped forward and drew his underpants down to his mid thighs. His penis, half-hard, thickening, was hardening and rising, pointing at me, rising to arch. I stared at it. My own penis, thickened, stirred, hardening.

Frenchy, eating his cereal, said: "Go ahead, Dad. Suck it."

I looked incredulous. I couldn't do this.

Frenchy repeated himself: "Go on. Suck it."

Jon laughed. His circumcised penis, rising, thickening, jerked, the glans of it looked swollen. Jon said: "He's got a hard-on."

Frenchy, cocked his head, looking under where I sat. "Yeah. . . I see that."

Jon moved closer to me, his penis nearing my face. I leaned back.

Jon said: "Look at that . . ." Frenchy nodding. They both saw my erection in my underpants. "He wants to suck my dick."

"Take off your underpants, dad. . ." said Frenchy, smiling, slurping from his spoon.

I don't know why I did it. I am not a queer. I have never had those feelings or that interest. I don't know why except that I was obsessed sexually. My wife's humiliation and my own made me sexually sick. I would do anything.

I did not stand up to do it but from where I sat, I pushed my underpants off from underneath my butt and feeling my exposure to them, I felt ashamed. Jon grinned. I continued and I pushed my underpants to my thighs; my upstanding erection plain to see. I sat back, showing them.

Frenchy said: "Feel yourself, Dad." I could not look at him. Or Jon. But stared at Jon's fully erect penis in front of me. I put my left hand on to the shaft of my penis. I felt it. I stroked it.

Frenchy said: "Now go on, dad . . . put your mouth on his dick." I hesitated. I stared at it. I thought about it. I felt myself wanting to. He repeated himself. I sat up, still feeling myself. I leaned near, his erect penis near my mouth. I could smell it. I opened my mouth.

I said to myself afterwards that I did it because I wanted to know what it felt like for Karen. I wanted to know what it tasted like for Karen. I was surprised at the feeling. I was surprised how much it aroused me.

"Suck it, dad . . . Suck his dick . . ."

The feel of his cock in my mouth surprised me, firmer and softer and warmer than I thought, and I felt the texture of the foreskin with my tongue, tasted the salty tang of the skin; I felt the shape of the glans, the hole. I closed my eyes just like my wife had done. Having the head of his penis fully in my mouth and sucking it in made me masturbate openly now. I wanted to cum. And in a poignant impulse I felt that I really wanted to make him to cum in my mouth. I wondered if this is what Karen had felt when that other boy had presented his penis to her mouth. She had resisted, but she gave in. She had taken pleasure in it just I was now taking pleasure, feeling his excitement, sensing that he would soon cum in my mouth. Had she wanted him to cum in her mouth like I was now feeling?

And when Jon did, I was surprised just as she had been. There was not so much as she had swallowed. Just a couple sudden spurts is all I got—a couple spoonful's. I wished there had been more. I wanted more. But I tasted it, felt it with a rolling tongue in my mouth— gooey, like Elmer' glue I remember I'd eaten as a kid, but strongly flavored, really difficult to describe—and I instinctively nursed it, sucking and feeling about his glans with my tongue, feeling his pee hole and the plump shape of it. I teased another ejaculation--a sort of plentiful warm ooze flooded from the head of his penis---and I wanted to tease more. I was disappointed when he said, "Okay, dad, that's enough," and turned and withdrew from my mouth. I blinked and gasped for a breath like Karen had, not realizing I had been so tensely holding myself, just like Karen had. And in spite of my shame I wanted to keep masturbating until I came too. I looked up at him stunned, just as Karen had looked up so pathetically and sadly.

I looked at his wet bobbling dick as it was withdrawn with disappointment and longing, I did not understand.I masturbated. Jon pulled up his underpants, laughing, making me feel ashamed of myself. The strong taste of him, the feel of it still in my mouth.

Frenchy looked at me in amazement and shook his head. He said to Jon: "Is he as good as Karen?"

"Shit, no. . ." said Jon. "Doesn't suck enough. No tongue."

"He swallowed it," answered Frenchy.

"Sure. He likes it. . ." replied Jon.

"So does his wife . . . " They both laughed.

My humiliation returned. I took my hand off myself. I was going to pull up my underpants, though I had not ejaculated. But Frenchy raised a hand and said: "No, no, Dad. . . Don't do that. . . Stand up."

I looked at him quizzically. He said: "Go on. . . Stand up." I stood uncertainly, ashamed of myself, my erection as stiff as it ever gets, aroused in front of these boys. I am not queer, I thought.

"Take 'em off. . . " Frenchy gestured.

I said: "What?" Stupidly. I knew what he wanted.

He did not need to say it. I nodded then. I leaned and lowered my underpants to my feet and stepped out of them. My prick waggled as I stripped for them. When I straightened up, to be naked for them—just as Karen had stood naked for them, I thought—Jon was looking at it, grinning. My prick reflexively responded, reflexively repeatedly stiffening and bobbing, stiffening and bobbing in uncontrollable twinges of sexual excitation; his eyes on it made it do this, I thought. I felt ashamed but I could not help myself.

Jon laughed at my sexual humiliation and excitement. Just as he had at Karen's. Frenchy winked at him.

Frenchy, taking a last spoonful of cereal, walked over in front of me and tipped his head to gesture me to follow him and he went to the window. He stopped, standing and looking down at the chair in front of the window. He glanced out the window, then back at the chair. He nodded at the chair, eating his cereal.

I knew what he wanted. I could still taste the boy's cum in my mouth, now an aftertaste a little bitter, metallic. I understood why Karen had asked for a glass of water.

Again, I don't know why I did it. Again, it felt like a kind of sympathy for my wife. Like I wanted to know her feelings. I wanted to feel her sexual humiliation. Was she aroused doing this?

When I stood up onto that chair, standing fully naked, facing the window, exposed to people in the street, just as Karen had done, I felt trembling anxiety and great sexual excitement. My erection seemed harder and stiffer, even larger than normal. I wanted someone to see it. I wanted a woman to see it. A car slowed to stop in traffic; I saw a woman, a middle-aged woman in the passenger side of a car look up. She saw me, giving me a stab of anxious excitement to see her face upturned, seeing me naked, seeing my erection. Frenchy saw this too. The car stopped. Frenchy said: "Jerk off for her." I pulled down on my prick, its head like a candy red lollipop, seeming enlarged and lurid. I stroked just twice more, my grasp around the shaft tugged it down, and I pressed my hand against the base of the shaft, against my scrotum, making my dick rise up, to seem to stiffen and lengthen out, and crouching, like I was presenting her with the view of it, I gasped and jerked and a jet of cum squirt out the tip of my penis in a milky gooey rope and splat against the glass of the window, oozing down; another spasm and another shot of cum, a spurt and glop dropped onto the back of the chair against the window and dripped off it to the floor. More cum pulsed out of the head of my penis and trickled down the shaft dripping off of it onto the chair seat. The woman had watched me, fixedly at my ejaculation. The intense look in her eyes as they looked up now into mine: her mouth slightly open. Had she wanted to watch? She must have wanted to watch. The car drove off.

But I felt immediately sickeningly afraid and ashamed. I suppose I felt just as Karen must have felt, getting off the chair after her naked humiliation, aroused but anxious. The moment after my ejaculation I felt deeply ashamed, foolish and worried. What if someone saw me? I might be arrested. I could lose my appointment to school.

And yet the compulsive sexual situation that I was in remained with me. I turned toward them, once again standing on the floor, facing these boys naked, my erection still unrelenting—naked and humiliated before these laughing boys who schemed to worsen the sexual humiliation of me and my wife, thinking of the days to come, and all I could think of was: what else will they want? There was no question of stopping it. I must do everything. Karen must do everything they wanted too. The taste of the boy's cum was still in my mouth. Frenchy left the room to put his cereal bowl in the kitchen. Jon asked me if I wanted to suck his dick again. I shook my head. He left the room too.

I put on my underpants. I put on my pants. I put on my shirt. My socks. They did not come back. I fell asleep on the sofa. I slept for two or three hours out of exhaustion.

When I woke up, I could still taste the boy's cum in my mouth, or thought I could, so I went to kitchen for a glass of milk.

As I walked toward the kitchen, I saw Frenchy, fully dressed now, sitting on a kitchen chair, leaning on his elbow on the table, talking with someone. He nodded at me as I came in to go to the refrigerator behind him. Karen was at the sink. She was washing carrots and potatoes. She was making dinner.

My thoughts were confused and strange. She was fully dressed too. In clothes very much like she wore the day before. In fact, if I had not seen her clothes were still laying out in the living room, I would have thought she had got them and put them on again. But she did not have on shoes or socks. And her blouse was untucked. And the skirt was not on correctly. Meant to be zipped in back, it was skewed over to one side, like someone had dressed her badly. But she looked refreshed. She looked like she had taken a bath. Her hair washed. She said nothing to acknowledge my presence. I did not know what to say myself.

Frenchy was chatting her up about cooking. Frenchy liked cooking. She was listening and not replying. I drank my milk. I went to put my glass next to the sink to be washed and took the chance to look at my wife's face. She was flushed. She looked angry. She still did not acknowledge me. I asked her: "You okay?" Sympathetically, I thought. She did not look at me. She did not reply.

When Frenchy asked if she was going to braise the brisket before she baked it, she said yes and asked him to help her. I watched as he came beside her, stepping between us, made me back away and he slipped his hand up under her blouse and I could see he felt her breast. She stopped washing vegetables as he caressed her. She closed her eyes, her wet hands trembling. He leaned in to kiss her and she turned her face toward him to receive his kiss. He stopped kissing her and slowly unbuttoned her blouse as I watched. She was not wearing a bra, I saw, as it parted to view bare flesh. He drew the blouse off her from behind and let it fall to the floor. She turned, blushing, showing her randy-tipped breasts to both of us; then, as he reached out and began grossly feeling her breasts, she looked into my eyes with ironic lewd surrender, flashing anger and contempt for me; when he stepped forward to embrace her she bent her head and closed her eyes and opened her mouth for his.

It was a show meant for me. I understood the message. I went out of the room.

Frenchy came out shortly as well. The message he meant to give, he told me explicitly. He told me that my wife understood the circumstance. He had explained it to her. That it was my fault this had all happened, that I had started it with my own behavior, and she was guilty too.

He said: " She's worried, Dad. You know? She's scared too. But hey, what did you think was going to happen? Under the law us boys are all minors and you are adults, and this is sexual perversion and you can go to jail. I told her she might not. But you can. And anyway, everybody would find out. The P.O. Newspapers. All your friends. Your parents. And she does not want that. She blames you, of course. But I told her she was to blame too. I reminded her that she had gone along with it. She must have wanted it. She took off her clothes for me. She stripped in front of Jon. So, I told her what to expect from now on. She cried a little. She begged a lot. But I said it's too late. I told her: 'You gotta do whatever we want.' We fucked her two ways at once. Tag-teamed her on your bed. Jon in front, me behind. Me in front and Jon in back. All night. Jesus. She cried and moaned. We came and she came too. And when we weren't fucking her, she was sucking cock to eat cum. Damn. I only wish I'd let all my friends had a go at her. Maybe I will. Maybe more. She never says no. She'll do anything we want, man. What do you want, Dad? I can think of lots of things to do to her. This is gonna be fun." He laughed. Wickedly.

I asked him: "Where is she?"

"I took off all her clothes, so she ran back into the bedroom to get dressed again. After all the other boys are getting home soon."

I looked at my watch. Yes, Larry and Steve would be back from their home visits in time for dinner. I said: "Whatever you do, don't tell them. You can do what you want but Larry's just 14 and Steve wouldn't understand."

Frenchy said: "Larry's not too young to look. And Steve will be upset, I know. He almost thinks you guys are really his mom and dad, but shit, he'll wanna fuck her once he gets to see her naked. Any guy would. Larry will too."

"Jesus, Frenchy," I said, "What are you going to do?"

He shrugged. "Nothing you don't want. Nothing she ain't ready for."