**Group Home**

by Fishman

**Installment 7 - The Fourth Week - Sunday Afternoon - The Other Boys Come Home**

Karen knew. Frenchy had told her. She had withdrawn to the bedroom and laid down on the bed.

I found her in the dark. Dressed. Shorts and the same blouse. Socks. The bed was an awful mess. The coverlet spilled onto the floor at the end of the bed. The sheets were tangled; the mattress exposed on one corner. The room smelled like a locker room from the boy's sweat and all the fucking and the smell of her too. I could smell her too.

I wanted to say something but what was there to say. I said: "I'm sorry."

She did not respond at first and then quietly replied, not lifting her head, or turning to face me: "No, you're not."

She was right of course but it gave me a pang that she knew it.

"Are you okay?" Another stupid thing to say.

She shook her head.

"Is there anything I can do?" Another stupid thing to say.

"You've already done it."

I was going to argue with her. It was her fault too. She knew it was. She could have said no. She had stripped in the living room. I should not have argued but I asked: "Why did take off your clothes in the living room?"

She rolled over and looked at me, she had been crying, but now she had a sarcastic smile. "What choice did I have?"

I explained: "No, not in the window. I mean, before that, when I came into the room and you were taking off your blouse, your skirt... you were stripping for Jon before I came in."

She looked at me angrily, but still sarcastically smiling. "What choice did I have?"

"What do you mean? Why? What happened?"

"You don't get it. Frenchy told me. He told me they would tell the P.O. He told me if I didn't do it, they would tell everything. They would make up things. I didn't know." She began to cry again. She sniffled and wiped tears with her fingers. "What could I do? What choice did I have? Frenchy said if I did it for them, if I took off my clothes for Jon and him and let them, you know he said they just wanted to see me . . . without my clothes. . . and then. . . then. . . he said they would let me go. I didn't think. . . ."

"But what did you think would happen?"

"What did you think would happen? You asked for this." She looked at me with accusing eyes: "You wanted this."

She was right, but I could not admit it. "No. Not this. I didn't know."

That much was true. But she shook her head: "I don't want to talk about it." She turned her face away and laid back again. She was cried out.

I put my hand on her hip and she did not respond. I wanted to hold her, but I felt a hypocrite. I also wanted to ask her about how she felt about the sex. I wanted to know: did she like it? It was sick and wrong, but I wanted to know, to hear it in her own words. Because she had looked like she liked it. I had seen her sexual arousal. I had heard her guttural responses to being fucked. I had seen her submissively swallowing cum all red-faced and eager. I wanted to hear her admit it. But I could not ask. Not yet. And yet, it seemed to me that the questions were in the air. She knew what I wanted to know. She knew what I was thinking. She knew that I had relished seeing her completely naked in front of that row of boys. She knew I had masturbated about it; she probably saw me. I am sure. I wondered if Frenchy had told her about me. Had he told her how I had got naked in front of them, aroused like her? How I had sucked on Jon's penis just like her? How Jon came in my mouth too? How I had swallowed his cum just like her? How I had stood on that chair too, displayed naked in the window like her? I dreaded to think she knew it all. Frenchy had not told me he had said anything about it. He must not have. He was saving it. It was another tool he had.

I left Karen to sleep in the dark. She had had little sleep the night before, I knew. I wondered if I she could keep count. How many boys had she sucked off? Three. How many had fucked her? Two. So far. How many times had she been fucked by them? I don't know. Five times. Eight. Ten. More? How many times had Jon and Frenchy cum in her mouth? I had seen her do it four times . . . no, it was five. Then there had been the first boy too. Slider. That was incredible. She had never done it for me. Jesus. And how many times had she sucked them off in the bedroom, times I did not see? Jesus. How could she not think of it? I only did it once and now it was constantly in my mind. Repeated over and over. The warmth, taste, texture of his penis. The jolt of his quick ejaculation into my mouth. That sharp taste of it. I wanted to do it again. And then again, I felt sickened at the thought. I am not queer, but I want to know how she feels doing it. She does it repeatedly. She does it with submissive servile surrender and utter humiliation she shows them how she wants to do it; she wants them to cum in her mouth. I could see that. Did I look like that?

When I went back to the living room, I saw that no one had cleaned up. The other boys would be home soon, and Karen's underpants and bra were still on the floor. Her blouse and skirt beside the coffee table. The chair against the window. And the splat of cum on the glass, dried out now, opaque.

I went to pick up her underclothes, but Frenchy who had been sitting on the sofa next to Jon watching TV looked up and said: "No, dad. . . Leave them there."

"But Larry and Steve. . . They will be home soon."

"I know. Leave it there."

"But. . ."

"Leave it. . ."

I understood. What choice did I have, I thought. Like my wife said. I dropped Karen's underpants and Frenchy told me to set the table for dinner. All the roles were upside down. He was in charge now.

What choice do I have, I thought. And I did as I was told. Passing Jon, the boy looked up at me and cracked: "You wanna suck some dick. . ." I think I looked sickened. But perhaps he saw something else. They both laughed at me.

I set the table for dinner.

I got a beer. I sat on the far end of the sofa away from them and watched TV with them. I was supposed to go to school tomorrow, but I knew then I would not. My life had gone upside down. I did not know what would happen now.

Steve came home first. Frenchy and Jon were excited and talked to themselves. Something was planned. I heard him trudging up the floor. The boys sat back on the sofa with nonchalance. Steve walked into the living room with his usual serious air. He was basically a good kid, not a thief, not a sociopath like these other two. They watched as he glanced down and saw the underpants and the bra. Jon smirked. Frenchy was going to say something, but Steve looking confused just turned and walked down the hall to the boy's bedroom. Jon and Frenchy burst into laughter. I expect he heard it. But I suppose he thought they were just playing another joke on him. They often did. They thought Steve a bit of a goody goody. And it's true. In my imagination I would never have thought to involve Steve in all this, whereas the depravity of Jon and the animal lust of Frenchy made them a natural to my sick mind. Steve always treated Karen and I with respect and courtesy. Of all the kids he insisted on calling my wife Mrs. H------- even though she was barely four years older than him.

Larry came home a little later. Again, the boys feigning disinterest, watching TV, waiting to see what Larry would do when he discovered the underpants and bra on the floor.

Larry, like I said, he's just a kid. He looks younger than he is. Red-haired, pale, freckled. His face is that of a boy. But he is chubby, big and clumsy. His body is a man's body, though almost hairless, as it turned out. He gets erections easily. It even happened a couple times involuntarily when Karen was in the room. Sitting on the sofa. Probably fantasizing about her. She in her shorts and blouse, sitting up beside Frenchy, who had his arm behind her on the sofa.

I wonder that I had not thought of this before. How friendly Frenchy was to her. What else happened? Had I not seen that she lingered in the living room with him alone after I went into the bedroom to study or sleep? Had I not seen Frenchy kissing her goodnight in the hallway, in the dark? Had I not suspected he had a hand up her blouse, down the front of her shorts? Had I not seen him smelling his fingers, smirking with Jon?

At any rate I had seen Larry many times, fantasizing about my wife, looking at my wife's bare legs. Poor Larry sometimes got a hard-on, sitting on the sofa, lost in his sexual fantasies. The boys teased him then, and he was ashamed about it, blushing, denying. Even my wife smiled knowingly.

The boys also teased him because he chronically masturbates. It is the joke almost every morning at breakfast. He has never dated. He has seen pictures of naked women from Playboy. But he has no clue about sex or how to talk to girls. He just looks at pictures and masturbates all the time.

The point is the that Larry obsesses about sex, even as much as I do, I think. But naively, not so sickly. He just thinks a lot about naked girls. That is one of the reasons he got in trouble, something to do with his ten-year old cousin and the woods. So, when Larry saw the bra and underpants, he snatched it up right away, he knew what they were. He did not ignore it and try to be cool like Steve. He hoped right away that it might mean there was a naked girl in the house. You could see his imagination run away. He saw Karen's blouse and skirt and jumped on them. Looking up at Frenchy, holding these clothes, turning the bra over for the cups to show, he looked comically pleased. He did not need to say it. He looked toward the kitchen. Jon laughed. Frenchy said: "She ain't in there."

He wanted to know but did not have words to ask. Now while Steve might have wanted to know, he would have been too embarrassed to ask in front of me. But Larry, half-wit that he was, and naive as he was, just blurted it out: "Where is she?"

"Long gone," said Jon. Larry looked comically crestfallen.

Frenchy punched Jon in the shoulder: "No, she ain't." Larry turned comically hopeful and eager.

Steve came back to room. He had changed clothes. He stood at the archway to the dining room, looking at Larry holding the clothes. Larry held up the bra, grinning: "She's here somewhere . . . naked!"

Frenchy burst out laughing. Jon rolled on the floor laughing. "Shit," said Steve, "Can't you see their fucking with you?"

Larry looked comically crestfallen again.

"No, no. . ." Frenchy said. "She's here."

Steve looked at him with contemptuous disbelief. Larry turned comically hopeful again.

"Really," said Frenchy.

"Who?" asked Steve smugly.

"Mom," said Frenchy. Steve rolled his eyes. He figured they had planted these underclothes to play a joke on them. Larry looked confused.

"No, really," said Frenchy standing up. "It's her clothes. She took them off. Right here. In front of Jon and me."

Steve said: "Bullshit." Larry looked confused and hopeful.

"No, really," Frenchy turned to Jon. "Didn't she?"

"Yup," said Jon nodding.

Steve said again: "Bullshit."

"No, really," Frenchy turned to me. "Didn't she, dad?"

Steve looked at me anxiously. I did not reply. He looked hurt. Larry looked confused and astonished.

"Jon," said Frenchy, "Go get mom."

I think Larry was disappointed when she returned with Jon because she was fully dressed. Shorts, blouse, socks, as before. But now shoes. She looked unhappy. Her hair unbrushed, she had a crease of sleep on her cheek, blinking from sleep. She saw Larry holding her clothes, her bra and she blushed. Steve looked at her with worry. Larry looked at her bare legs, fantasizing.

"Tell 'em, mom," commanded Frenchy, "These are your clothes."

She nodded meekly, looking at Steve apologetically. Steve looked hurt. Larry looked randy.

Steve said: "Bullshit." Frenchy laughed. Jon said: "I'm starving, man. Where's dinner, lady?"

Steve hated the way Jon treated my wife. He glared at him. Karen turned to go to the kitchen. Larry looked after her, leering at her bare legs. I got up and took the clothes from Larry who looked at me in confusion and I said nothing but took them to put them in our bedroom.

When I came back Jon was sitting next to Steve on the sofa, telling him things. Steve looked at me blushing and looked away. Frenchy carried in the beef stew casserole with potholders. Karen brought the bread. Larry brought the milk carton. Frenchy called out: "Let's eat."

It was well after eight before we started dinner, although dinner had been ready for hours, because Frenchy had insisted that we wait until Steve and Larry was home. The sun setting, the living room darkening, Jon turned on the floor lamps in the living room and I turned on the candelabra over the dining room table.

Everyone sat at their usual places except that Frenchy took my seat at the head of the table. Karen sat the opposite end. I had to go get the chair from the living room to make a place for myself. Jon said something quietly to Steve who stared at me when I returned.

I felt like a worm. No one said much at first. The same thing on everybody's mind. Larry leered at Karen. Jon whispered things to Steve. Steve finally moved his chair away from him; he did not believe it; he would not believe it. Jon shrugged and worked on his plate of stew.

It was really too hot for hot food. Everybody sweating as they ate. Even Karen. Frenchy took off his T-shirt, to be bare chested at the table. Jon took the cue and did the same. Frenchy laughing, called across table: "You look hot too, mom"

She knew what he meant. She looked at him with remoteness. The same sad look. She knew what was coming.

"Take your shirt off," Frenchy said. Steve glanced at her, shocked, then looked keenly at me. To see what I would say. To see if I would stop it.

"Take it off, mom," Frenchy looked at her from across the table, grinning. Jon grinned. Larry looked confused but hopeful. Steve looked at her sympathetically. Karen looked back at Frenchy sadly. Resignedly, still looking into Frenchy's eyes, aware of the boys staring at her, at her fingers as she did it, she unbuttoned her blouse slowly. As it parted, she showed that she had put on a bra. I sighed. Steve looked away as she took it off. Larry leered. Frenchy went back to eating. She let her blouse fall to floor and picked up her fork, blushing and conscious of Larry's leer, picking at her food without appetite.

Jon wanted to say something to Steve, but he shook his head and tried to stay focused on his food.

Karen stopped eating. She let her wrists rest on the table edge. Sitting in her bra. She looked down at her plate. Larry stared at her bra, fantasizing.

I avoided Steve's hard glances at me. He could not help himself either, however; he glanced at Karen more than once as he ate. I could see, just as they could see, the swell of rising and falling breasts within the bra cups, the pinch of her bra on the flesh beneath her breasts and on the side, her tummy rolls, the glow of perspiration, the tension she felt.

For Larry it was completely enthralling. For Steve it was completely worrisome. He did not want to believe what Jon said. Frenchy frowned at me.

"You look hot too, dad." I felt sickened and ashamed. I knew what he wanted. I saw Steve stare in contempt. Karen did not look up from her plate. I took off my shirt.

"You still look hot," he commanded. Jon smirked. Steve blushing tried to ignore it. Larry was oblivious, staring at my wife's bra.

I knew what he wanted. Why I did it I do not know. Sharing my wife's humiliation. Thinking of being her. I stood up to take off my pants. My penis thickening in my underpants. I knew they saw. Karen looked at me too. She was breathing more rapidly. I could see this affecting her too. I sat down again and tried to eat. But the food seemed dry. I could not swallow. I felt giddy. I was getting an erection in anticipation. I could not help it. I felt ashamed but I could not stop thinking sexual thoughts.

Steve looked dismayed by my humiliation. I felt anxious and randy.

Frenchy stared across the table and spoke to Karen seriously. The fun was gone: "You too, mom. . ."

Karen looked up, blushing, or flushed sexually how can you tell the difference? She pushed her chair out as she rose. She paused looking at Frenchy with a pathetic sad resignation. She did not act until Frenchy now grinning, now winking at Steve who looked shocked but also flushed commanded her matter of factly: "Take your shorts off."

Her shorts snapped in front above a zipper. She did not look down as she did it. She looked at Frenchy's face blankly, but warmly, color rising to her cheeks, and aware of the eyes that watched her. The eyes watched her hands opening the front of her shorts, showing her underpants, and slipping the shorts down of her hips, till they fell loosely to the floor and her feet. She stood with her arms at her sides as in an interrogation. Fingers on her bare thighs. Her shorts about her feet. She paused a moment for them to stare.

Did she expect him to command her to take off all her clothes now? She would do it if commanded. I could see that. Larry could see that. Steve could see that. They could also see the dark patch of her pussy at the crotch of her panties, the hint of genitalia. And so, they fantasized, both Steve and Larry. Larry was not alone now.

The round tops of her bare thighs pinched by her underpants. The pale skin of her thighs, her tummy. Where the sun never touches her. Her naked navel. They had not seen her this way before. Almost naked. And the look of sad submission, the submissive sexual longing that she imparted with her sad evasive eyes, her parted wet lips. God, it made me ache.

Finally, sighing, she leaned and stepped out of her shorts, looking up at Frenchy as she did and asked: "Can I eat now?" Sarcastically.

Frenchy said: "What's for desert, mom?"

She said she had not made one. "Too bad," Frenchy said, and looking at me, "Put away the dishes, dad."

He waited for me to get up. I was reluctant. I was embarrassed. My erection was so obvious. They all saw it. Karen saw it too. I hurried to finish.

"What's on TV?" I heard Frenchy ask. I came and went clearing dishes. Larry was the only one who did not look at my erection. And Frenchy told Karen to go into the living room. Larry's eyes followed her. Steve looked at me with disgust.

I did not want to miss anything. Like I had before. I hurried. I was not going to wash anything. I put the pot with the stew into the refrigerator as is.

When I came back for the last dishes, I saw that Frenchy had guided Karen to stand behind the coffee table in the middle of the room, just as she had stood yesterday for them. Steve and Larry were standing in front of the sofa on the other side of the coffee table. Jon sprawled on the easy chair. In his underpants. No shirt. He had already taken off his pants too.

Frenchy caressed the side of Karen's bra, circling it with a forefinger, the left side of the bra cup. He slipped the strap of the bra off her left shoulder. His finger hooked into the strap, tugging. Was he going to pull it down? Expose her?

He was talking. His patter. His routine. He saw me out of the corner of his eye and stopped. He turned toward me. I put the last of the dishes back onto the table. He said: "Come on in, dad. You wanna see this. . ."

Before I got out of the room, he said: "Bring a chair."

What? Was she going to exhibit herself to the street again?

I did what I was told.

Karen looked at the floor. Steve and Larry sat down. Larry looked at Karen. Steve looked at.

Jon watched me, grinning.

I brought the chair to Frenchy. Jon's stare on my underpants embarrassed me. It was obvious I had an erection. He did not need to stare.

Frenchy pointed to where he wanted the chair. Behind Karen. In the middle of the floor.

Frenchy went on addressing Steve and Larry. "You still don't believe it, do you?" Steve shook his head.

He turned to me. "Dad?"

I could not look at them as their eyes turned on me. Again, feeling sick and anxious. But not the less sexually excited. My erection was complete. They would see. They did see.

"See," said Frenchy, nodded, "Dad's got a hard-on too. He ain't mad. He likes it." Nodding back a Karen where she stood helplessly pathetically cravenly in her underpants, socks and bra. Ready for stripping. Frenchy animated gestures toward her and then me: "Shit, he wants you see his wife without no clothes . . . Really. Seriously. I mean it, man. He really does."

He looked at my erection and then at Karen. The boys looked back and forth. I looked at the floor. Karen looked at the floor.

"Right, dad?" Frenchy taunted, "That's what you want. Ain't it? Tell 'em. Tell 'em, dad."

I cannot say why I did it. It was that compulsion. I wanted it so much, I gave in to all of it. I said it then, my own voice seeming humiliating to me: "Yes." Frenchy frowned.

He looked at me and stepped back. "Okay. Okay. See?" He said to the boys triumphantly. They looked at him incredulously, but it was obvious this was going to happen. For real. My wife stood there in her underpants and bra submissively. "Go ahead, dad. . . Go on . . ." Frenchy gestured, stepping aside for me. Impresario. Grinning. Gesturing. "How 'bout you, dad? You can do it, dad... Strip your wife.... Strip her for the boys here.... Show your wife naked to the boys.... Okay? You know, like you done for me and Jon..."

I could not. I felt so giddy I felt I might not be able to move. I shook my head. I tried to speak. I could not.

Frenchy smirked at me and shook his head. "Okay," he sighed, "Okay. . . I'll do it. Okay?" He stepped up behind Karen. He looked back at me: "You want me to do it?" He put his hands to back of her bra, he had his fingers on the clasp; he knew how to do it. He must have done it before. I wondered: had he done it to her before? Before last night, I mean? Had he stripped her before?

Steve and Larry looked they could not believe it, but they got earnest and eager to see if he would, if I would let him, if she would let him. They leaned forward on the edge of sofa, as much to hide their erections in embarrassment, I think.

I remember this moment like it is photographed in my mind. I looked over her shoulder from behind. The boys fixated on her body.

Frenchy unfastened her bra easily, winking at the boys over her shoulder. Popping, it sprang apart in back and slouched in front, slipping, letting show the plump slope of the top of her breasts.

I stepped to the side. I wanted to see her face as it happened. I wanted to see the boys expression.

Karen glanced up at the boys faces but then quickly looked away as her bra loosened and slid sideways off her breasts in front, revealing nipples to them.

Frenchy flicked her bra away from her, tossing it toward the window. Her tits jarred, jiggled. Larry made a happy gasp. Steve was speechless. Both goggled. Her nipples slowly puckered up. The pink pinch where her bra had creased her skin gave her a vulnerable look. She looked ashamed. She looked aroused too.

I goggled too. Frenchy looked over at me as he leaned and slipped his fingers into the tops of her underpants.

Frenchy took hold of her underpants at the waistband and inched them down a little and asked me: "Underpants too? Right, dad?"

She looked up a moment of shameful anxiety on her face. I myself was ready to cum in my pants.

But then, stopping, grinning, mugging at the boys who watched his hands he let go off the elastic of her underpants that he had poised to pull down; they snapped audibly; he stepped back and then walked around to the front of her. Her eyes followed his. She raised her hands and covered her breasts, cupping them. She looked so vulnerable that way.

Cocking his head, grinning, looking up at her sideways: "What's the matter, Mom. You embarrassed?" He winked at me and then to the boys looking at her. Then back at her and said sternly: "Put your hands down."

She looked at him sadly. She wanted to say something. But she did not. She lifted her hands away from her breasts, holding them out to the side.

"Okay, Mom, you do it. Drop your panties for the boys."

She looked at him pathetically. She glanced at me with sadness. Then, dropping her gaze to the floor, she bit her lip, and at length, turning her head away to avoid looking into their eyes, she put her fingers to the waist band of her underpants. Then, hesitantly, and looking down at the front of herself as she did, she pushed her underpants down, bunching it, until it slackened at her thighs, went limp, and she let go and her underpants slipped out of her hands and fell to the top of her feet. She looked over at Frenchy as she let go her underpants. He smiled at her, nodding.

All the boys at once dropped their eyes immediately to the front of her, between her legs. She glanced up to see this also, but seeing how they stared at her, she turned her face quickly away in embarrassment.

Still, she did not cover herself again like she had done before. Did not even try. And she said nothing.

She hesitated in this awkward posture, stooped over, then lifting her face, boldly addressing the attentive faces of the boys, she straightened up, leaving her underpants splashed about her ankles.

Brushing back the hair that that had fallen over her shoulder, she looked around at the boys on the sofa looking back at her nakedness; she looked back at them as frankly as they looked at her. Arms at her sides. She faced them naked. She had given them what they wanted. She looked uncertain, like she worried if they thought she was pretty or too fat (as she thought of herself).

But for his part Frenchy was very pleased and clapped his hands so that she was startled and said loudly: "Thanks, Mom. You look good naked..." and he stepped up closer to admire her nakedness even more intimately, looking down at her florid nipples haughtily. Ignoring her pathetic upturned face.

Frenchy stepped around behind her and playfully slapped her bare buttock. She flinched, gasped, surprised. Frenchy slapped her buttock again. She blinked away some sudden trickling tears of shame. The sexual tension had finally burst in her. I myself ejaculated in my pants. This was, after all, what I had always wanted to see, what I had fantasized.

He said: "There you go, boys. What you think of Mom naked? Not too bad, huh?"

They drank her all in, seeing her totally naked, from her blushing face to her stocking feet, her underpants about her ankles, but then returned to fixed feeling gazes on her tits, loving her ruddy nipples, leering at her hairy pussy and what was hinted hidden there. Larry stared there a long time. Steve looked away from her nakedness at first, but then soon turned back to stare like the rest of them and did not care if I knew it, his eyes just as large and eager as the rest of them; he had the same satisfied smirk on his face that they all had. Excited to see my wife completely naked, who herself looked awkward and ashamed, looking down at the floor and not at them, biting her lip, arms at her sides limply; but they also saw how she did not try to cover herself, how she gave them the free show that they had all wanted and had talked about. O, I was sure of it: lying in their bunk beds in the dark, talking trash about us, playing one-up-against the other with dirty notions about how cruelly they would command her to make her strip in front of him.

This was it. This was the epitome of my obsessive fantasy. I had been thinking about it ever since we moved in. I had imagined it so many ways. And I had hoped for it, wanted it just like this. Her humiliation. Coerced by them. Undressed for them. Presented completely naked in front of them. Ashamed but aroused for them. She wanted this too, I could see that in her face. She wanted them to see her naked, I was sure of it. Could they see it too? I was sure they could.

Still she played her part as I hoped she would; she would not look up into their eyes. Ashamed. And they could not take their eyes off her body. I openly felt my erection watching this; it was the poignancy of her shame and her reluctant sexual arousal, the arousal which she could not hide, shown in color to her cheek, the points coming to her swelling nipples, the obvious trembling like she was cold -- but it was so hot that all of us were sweaty --and how her eyes furtively glanced to meet theirs, then avoided them in shame, because those boy's naughty eyes were mostly fixed on those popping nipples, fleshy breasts, her bare belly and the triangle of pubic hair and the unseen secrets between her legs, then rose up curiously to her flushed face to see eagerly how her feelings were piqued by their indecent molesting stare, how ashamed and how aroused she was being naked for them.

Frenchy watched me, watching this sexual show, seeing the pleasure I took from her humiliation. "You too, dad. You gotta be naked too."

Again, I cannot say why I did it. It was the same compulsion. But not what I had imagined. But I felt the same pang I had felt seeing Karen stripped for them. I gave into to all of it, anything. I did it, exposing myself to them, my erection arching, tensing and bobbing in their eyes. I felt my nakedness felt like hers, somehow. Like I was a girl, naked in front of them. Their eyes on my penis arousing me as she must feel aroused by their eyes.

And so, my wife, naked, her underpants at her feet, and I, naked, stood facing them. My erection fidgeted. She saw. She looked away.

"Get on your knees," he said to both of us. Karen stumbled awkwardly as she did, her tits wobbled and all eyes went to her pathetic desirable nakedness, to the underpants twisting at her ankles and to her lush nipples. I knelt next, my prick presented hard and arched. Larry remained fixated on my naked wife; but Jon enjoyed my humiliation every bit as much as hers. Steve's eyes flit between us; my hot cock, her lurid tits and pussy. Frenchy stood back behind us, the lordly ringmaster.

Jon got up. It was his queue. Frenchy would make me do this in front of my wife. Jon pulled down his undershorts and stepped out of them and his dick sprang out. Steve was astonished. Larry was excited; he began masturbating. Karen looked at Larry worriedly.

Then Frenchy surprised me. He told Karen to suck my cock. She was surprised as well. She did not do it until he said it a second time. Larry got up to step closer to see her do it. Karen crouched and getting on all fours, crawled awkwardly (underpants still tangling her ankles) -- all eyes on her bobbling tits -- and positioning, kneeling, put her mouth onto my upright erection without ever looking up at me. Larry shoved his pants and underpants down, masturbating openly now.

Frenchy said: "Okay, dad. You know what to do. Suck his cock." Karen peered up; her mouth poised on my penis head. She watched. Again, Jon sarcastically grinning, again stepping forward to present his penis to my mouth. I saw Steve looking at me with disgust. I saw Karen's shock. But I wanted this. I put my mouth onto his penis and this time I moved my tongue on it to please him and this time I let him fuck my mouth. And as he fucked my mouth noisily Karen sucked me eagerly; as she watched him fucking my mouth, she sucked me; I saw her warm fascination; did it excite her as much as it excited me? And I felt myself ready to cum. I hoped, I wanted, I craved for Jon to cum in my mouth at the same time I came. And when I came in Karen's mouth, she closed her eyes and whimpered and swallowed and I closed my eyes and almost immediately Jon came in my mouth. More than before. Like my own in Karen's mouth, several generous repeated ejaculations. Filling her mouth once, twice, and a little more. Jon squirting into my mouth, then again, then a third time and then more. She saw it. The more he came in my mouth, the more I came in hers. She swallowed all I gave her. I swallowed all that he gave me. She saw that too.

Jon pulled away. I watched his erection bobble as he pulled away with a satisfied sigh, drawing a trailing slime of his cum from my mouth and lips, dangling from the head of wet penis and dripping onto my thigh. I saw Steve look at me. I did not care what he thought. Karen had looked up. She had seen Jon's penis pulled wet out of my mouth. Her mouth, like mine, was wet, abused, slimy with cum. Had she cum when we came?

Almost immediately, although I felt still ashamed and self-conscious of my own humiliation and nakedness, Karen and her nakedness became the center of their attention. We'd had the Hoochie Coochie on the Midway. And now the Freak Show was over, so the crowd turned to the main event of the evening. The boys went under the big tent and the hot lamps for the center ring circus of her real live sex show. The carnival of my naked wife, the circus of continuous sex acts humiliations and coarse sexual teasing, pitiless cock-sucking and servile cum-swallowing, rounds and rounds of these boys pretty pricks poking and popping in my naked wife's tender mouth, with comic intervals of silly spankings, and serious fucking, serious serial fucking, relentless serious fucking. She would sweat like a horse in her exertion. She would moan and whimper. She would cry like little girl. She would collapse, be picked up, and get used again. The smell of all the randy animals was raunchy and intoxicating under the tent. Frenchy cracked his whip. She danced.

During the Freak Show Frenchy had taken off his pants and now stood behind me in his underpants. Larry was also now completely naked. I saw him rubbing his small stiff pecker. Almost hairless at the scrotum. Blond down around his balls. Steve had taken off his shirt and his jeans popped open to ease his hard-on, but he was the last to strip. Jon stayed naked, sitting back onto the easy chair, wiping his cum and my saliva from his slack penis, smearing it across a thigh. All eyes on Karen who stayed crouched on her hands and knees, her head dropped, hair hanging hiding her face. Underpants still tangled her ankles. Dirty bobby socks. Otherwise completely naked. Her tits hanging beneath her looked like ripe fruit, randy lurid points drawn down obscenely. Her hair obscured her face. Did she have her eyes open? She was listening. She was waiting.

Frenchy put a hand on my shoulder: "Go away, dad." My prick had not flagged. Karen did not move. I saw the sweat on her back, the glow of it on her bare buttocks.

I stood. Leaned. Picked up my underpants. Went to the dining room for the rest of my clothes. Turning I watched. Frenchy looking down at my naked wife. The rest of them looking at my naked wife. I turned off the dining room light and dressed, watching from the darkness.

Frenchy leaned over behind her and roughly stripped her underpants off her feet, tossing them backwards toward the window and the place where her bra laid on the floor, then one by one he stripped her socks quickly off her feet, tossing these all away toward her underpants. She did not resist.

"Good girl, Mom. . ."

He slapped her buttock. She was surprised, hurt more by humiliation than the spanking itself, still it was a sharp smack, she looked up and over at the boys, tears in her eyes. Frenchy spanked her again. She said: "Please, Frenchy. . ." Plaintively. Frenchy said: "Again?" She looked at him pleadingly. He spanked her again. The boys, even Steve, tittered. Spanked her again. She said: "Ow. . ." He laughed. "Nice ass," Frenchy commented, mugging at them.

He reached down and took hold of her under her chest, grabbing both her tits with his hands, and drew her up to stand manfully sheer strength I had not noticed before how small she is beside him and how muscular he is, stringy and tall, but his body is sculpted with muscles. He turned her roughly to face the boys. Dropped his hands from her tits. He brushed the hair from her face. She was flushed. She had been crying. Tears on her face. He stepped around in front of her and put his arms about her waist, groped her buttock, grabbing up each cheek, and pressed himself hard against her, looking into her eyes hotly, she returns the look, leaning her head back.

He rubbed his erection against her belly, against her mons. Then he kissed her deeply, and she returned the kiss warmly. This was not pretended. At least not by her. She felt passion for him, I could see that. The boys could see that. I think it made Steve jealous. I think it hurt his feelings.

Larry thought it all a game, however, and said "Yeah, Frenchy, Yeah!" Congratulating him.

Jon hooted. I felt sick at heart. The shame of it beginning to overtake me, as my sexual excitement lessened. Suddenly seeing my naked wife held in this boy's embrace as he forcibly kissed her and squeezed her buttock, fingered her, I felt how violated she was.

Frenchy stopped kissing, put his hands on her hips, looking at her, saying something to her quietly. Standing in the dark, the scene was remote to me. Now again my own obsessions came back. Standing in the dark the scene was like an enactment of my imagination. And my penis thickened again, the sexual longing returned. Her face looking up at Frenchy, her moist eyes, her nodding to what he said, gave me a pang of sexual craving. I drew out a dining room chair and sat to watch.

When Frenchy turned aside, presenting my wife naked to boys again, holding out her arm by her hand, gesturing with his other hand toward her nakedness, talking about her, it felt unreal. Like watching a movie. But it was real. It was real. He let go her arm which she let fall slowly to her side as she looked down at the floor. She played her part perfectly. Shame and sexual arousal mixed in her face. Frenchy looked down at her, leering, commenting, lifted her left breast and jiggled it, describing it to them. He flicked at the erect nipple with his finger. Teasing her. Making her nipple snap like rubber, her tit wiggling. He laughed at it. They laughed. He repeated it teasing her. Doing it with both.

He spoke to Larry. He invited him to come and "feel her up." She looked up at Frenchy and shook her head. Larry was too young. This was wrong. "He seen it," argued Frenchy, "He should feel it." She tried to get away. Frenchy grabbed her arms, turned her, he held her by the arms. Larry was uncertain as he approached. Naked himself. She looked down involuntarily at his nakedness, as his short stiff red-capped prick, which he was compulsively feeling, danced in his fingers, seeping fluids for fucking her.

Frenchy held her tightly, drawing her elbows back and together so that her tits thrust out for Larry. Seeing Larry's expression almost made me cum in my pants. The eager amazement at seeing my wife, this woman, his group home mom, completely naked in front of him, right in front of home. Having never seen a real woman naked before.

"Feel her tits, Larry." Karen squirmed and pleaded: "Please, Frenchy . . ." Larry looked uncertain, worried. Frenchy said firmly: "Go on . . ."

She watched as Larry got closer, looking down at her body, and reached up to feel her breasts. First one hand. Then both. Pinching, feeling, pulling on her nipples with his fingertips. He laughed delightedly, almost giggling. Jon laughed at his laugh. Frenchy said: "You like her tits?"

Larry nodded engrossed, his eyes on what he was doing. Steve sat forward. To hide his erection, I was guessing. He glanced at me in the darkness. I ignored his stare.

When Frenchy said to Larry, "You wanna feel her cunt?", Steve looked attentively there. Larry looking down, then back at Karen's face; she was crying. Frenchy said: "She's ready to cum, man. Feel her. . ."

Larry stood back to look at her belly her, pussy. He used his right hand, three fingers, feeling about the edges, the crease beneath, the fleshy folds, and dipping his fingers found and felt the warm slit of her, found and felt that it opened, found and felt that it was curiously wet and featured, folds of flesh, smooth, and when he tried to put his three fingers in as far as he could, she stiffened and drew her breath. He liked that.

He took out his hand. He looked at it. Glossy with her wetness. "Did she come on me?" wondered Larry. He looked at her face, but her eyes were closed, her head turned away.

Frenchy shook his head, smiling from behind her, letting go of her arms now. "No," he explained, "She gets wet like that when she's ready to fuck you."

"Can I fuck her?" Larry asked with amazement.

"Sure, but don't you want her to suck your cock?"

"O, yeah. . . " Enthusiastic. Karen clenched.

Karen was still crying tears when Frenchy turned her around toward himself to comfort her; he kissed her, stroked her hair, and cooed at her, saying that first she should suck Larry's cock and then she should suck Steve's cock too so that everybody has been treated the same: "It's only fair. You want to be fair, don't you?" Talking to her like she was a little girl. He made this sound like a game of spin-bottle or post office, games that kids play for kisses. Only she was not going to give kisses. She was going to suck cock. She was still crying quietly, her head on his shoulder, he is feeling, caressing her buttock and along the length back. I did not hear her reply, but I saw her nodding at last.

So, when Frenchy let her go, she sniffled and I heard her say a soft "yes" to something he said and Frenchy pulled the chair up from behind himself, and said for her to sit and she looked back over her shoulder and incredulously said: "Thank you. . ."

"Your welcome," he replied, winking at me.

"Get closer," he told Larry who took baby steps closer to where Karen sat and Frenchy said: "Feel it, mom." She had been looking at his prick as he stepped closer. She touched it carefully and it danced. Her fingers were tender and tiny. Feeling the slippery seeping head of his penis with curiosity and craving, I could see it in her face. Larry saw it. Strange to have a girl touching you like that. Strange and electrifying that it is a woman, and a naked woman.

Larry looked down, astounded and delighted at my naked wife, at the top of her head, the part in her hair, her moist eyes fixed on his penis, her parted moist lips ready to taste him, the twin swells of tits with twin cones of lurid nipples, the dark nest of her mysterious pussy in her lap. Full hips. Thighs. The warm aroma of her nakedness.

Her teasing touching caused him to ejaculate unexpectedly. His ejaculate shot suddenly and enormously to her chin and between her breasts, a spout of creamy cum, some falling onto her lips, another ropy loop onto her belly, and a third near her navel. Three, four spurts that bathed her. . I was astonished. Jon laughed loudly. Frenchy chuckled. Steve, amazed and embarrassed, looked worriedly and sympathetically at Karen, who also looked amazed and embarrassed.

Frenchy reassured Larry, "That's okay. It's okay. . ." Then he commanded: "Suck him till he comes again, mom." The back of Karen's hand was wet with cum that had run down the shaft onto it. She could smell it. She did as she was told, closing her eyes, she liked it off her hand and then holding his penis lightly between the fingers of one hand, she put her mouth over the wet head, tasting his cum, circling her tongue about the cap of it, then sucking deeply on the last of his ejaculation seeping from shaft of the penis.

Larry got quickly firm and got larger in her mouth and very soon he was squirming and delightedly giggling, like it tickled. Her lashing tongue, the warmth of her mouth, her tenderness, the fingers feeling him, now pumping his slippery prick quickly, urged him: he soon came in her mouth, as much as before, if not more and she made a small mew, a sympathetic pleasure; she herself flooded with sexual release, I think. Frenchy would later show them her gooey creamy cunt.

Larry was pleased with himself and eager to do it again. He asked: "Can I fuck her now?"

Frenchy said: "Not yet. Steve's turn." Steve was reluctant. "Come on, Steve." He shook his head.

"Shit," said Jon, "Then I'm gonna. . ." He swung out the easy chair and bounced up and his hardened prick waggled under Karen's eyes. He stepped up, straddling her legs, pressing his belly up so close, Karen leaned back. And she turned her head away to refuse him, but he grabbed her by the hair and turned her head and pushed her head down and she opened her mouth to take his cock. He used his grip on her hair to bob her head on his prick. He talked to her: "Suck it, fatty. . . Suck me . . . Suck. Suck. Suck."

I watched with rapt sympathy. I watched knowing how both felt. How his penis felt in her mouth, in my mouth the taste, the seepage, the texture of the skin, the plunging bulbous head bumping the back of my throat. Almost gagging. Then feeling it with my tongue. How her mouth felt on my penis, on his penis the wet warmth of it, her feeling tongue, her shameful readiness to swallow my cum, his cum. My shameful readiness to swallow his cum.

Frenchy had moved to sofa to talk to Steve, private conversation, making comments as they watched. Larry stood to the side masturbating while he gawked at my wife's mouth and Jon's cock pumping in and out. I sat in the dark watching from my side. Karen was crying again, but this just excited Jon. "I don't give a fuck, fatty . . . Go ahead and cry, you pig . . . Suck me. Suck it."

He grabbed her head by both hands and lifted his own head and holding her head firmly on his erection he ejaculated into her mouth. He shouted: "Yeah. Yeah. Eat it, piggy. Eat my cum, you fat slut." He held her head tightly. As she breathed loudly through her nose, whimpering, obviously gulping and noisily sucking. Red-faced. And when he let go of her head she gasped and leaned forward with her hands on her knees, catching her breath, as he strutted away.

Frenchy now had stood, and Steve stood. Still talking to him, looking at Karen. Steve pushed his jeans down and stepped out of them. Embarrassed. Jon came up to stand beside me.

"She likes sucking cock," Jon said to me, looking back and watching as Steve and Frenchy advanced to where Karen sat, who seeing them approached looked up sadly. And Frenchy spoke softly to her. "One more, mom," he said, touching her lips. She looked like she would cry again. Steve looked uncomfortable. Frenchy said: "Close your eyes, mom." She did what she was told. "Don't fucking cry, or I will spank you some more." Her blind face upturned nodded.

"Open your mouth."

She did. She held it open.

"Hold up your tits for Steve." She did. Holding her breasts, cupping them, her big nipples lifted toward them.

Frenchy nodded at Steve, gesturing toward Karen. He did not say anything. Steve, aware of me, did not look my way. He had the same attitude of contempt for me now that all of them had, except maybe Larry who just sex crazy.

Steve paused to look down at my naked wife, who held her tits up for him, eyes closed. She wanted this; he could tell. He simultaneously touched both her offered nipples with fingertips of both hands, circling, teasing them, pulling lightly on them Her mouth parted. She seemed to anticipate.

Steve did not lower his underpants but pulled out his prick much bigger than mine or Jon's or Larry's, longer and thicker, though not as long as Frenchy's, but stiffer than his it pointed out at her mouth, straight as table leg. He guided it, touched her cheek with it, she turned her face and it went easily into her open mouth. She made a sound of some surprise. Also pleasure, I thought. His uncircumcised glans occupied her mouth, like it was meant to fit. He pushed a little in. She felt how large it was. She made a worried sound, but Steve was tentative and gentle, and Frenchy said: "Do it, mom. Suck his cock. Suck nice."

My wife held her tits for him, eyes closed, and she willingly, wantonly did what she was told. She bobbed her mouth on it. She felt it intently with her tongue. She knew what would happen and soon it did. And again, she started with the first sudden gush of it, some flowing out of her mouth, spilling off her lips to her lap, but she immediately swallowed and did not take her mouth from it. Steve for his part reflexively took hold of her head to keep her mouth on his ejaculation and saw how her eyes opened wide at it and glittered at his face. She looked like she enjoyed this. He felt pleasure at this but also distaste. He had liked her. Now he thought she was a slut. Like Jon said she was. She deserved this. They'd fuck her. He'd fuck her too.

When he stepped away, he pulled up his shorts and Frenchy slapped his back: "Good, yeah?"

He called out to where Jon stood beside me: "Bring me a beer . . . And a beer for mom." But Karen, blinking, drooling cum, her hands trembling on her knees, shook her head. "No?" he asked her. She said something I didn't hear and called back: "Bring her a glass of water." Jon did as he was told. Frenchy made Larry sat, still feeling his cock. Steve walked by me without a word.

He returned with a beer too. He'd never done that. He was lost to me now too.

They sat drinking beers and looking at my wife as she sipped her glass of water, wiping cum off her lips, her cheek, her chin. Cum also glistened on her belly, between her tits, where Larry had prematurely ejaculated.

She did not look at them. They looked at her. Frenchy teased her: "You like that, mom?" She did not answer.

"Get up, mom. Put the glass down." She sipped again. She stood and leaned toward them as she put the glass on the coffee table, aware that they stared at her dangling tits. She brushed her hair back as she straightened, facing them naked.

"Did you cum to?" She shook her head.

"Sure, you did," he teased.

"Sit on the floor, mom." She looked behind herself.

"No, over here," Frenchy pointed to the place before Jon and the easy chair, under the floor lamp, in the pool of its light.

She did what she was told and while I could not see, seeing her from behind, I could how she moved her feet apart and let drop open her legs as Frenchy told her, and I heard him laugh and saw him point and say: "See that cream in her cunt . . . "

She sat that way for him as long as Frenchy taunted her about liking to suck cock. And I heard her meek and soft replies and I know he had made her admit she liked them to cum in her mouth. Steve stared at her gaping cunt with the same mocking leer as the rest of them.

And in the end, they took turns fucking my wife in front of me too. Enthusiastically. Sarcastically. Mocking her. Mocking me. They delighted in the rudest comments. They liked to tell me about the details of her anatomy that pleased them. They liked embarrassing her about her sexual responsiveness. They liked bragging about putting their pricks into her and how it felt, what they were doing to her, how much she loved it being done to her.

First, they gave her to Larry. Making her bend over and hold the coffee table, her butt to the sofa, making her drop to her elbows, crouch with trembling legs as Larry got up behind her and fucked her. Quick to cum. Then Jon slapping his thighs noisily against hers, fucking her hard. She moaned --outloud-- and they loved that.

He pulled out for Steve before he came. Steve's turn now--he had been holding back, but both Karen and I had seen him stroking himself, had seen how much bigger and longer his cock was than the others--not as big as Frenchy but he as limp and Steve's was upright, hard as wood. She looked at it with animal fascination. And being bigger and longer and randy red, her lewd curiosity showed on her face as he pushed it all the way in in an easy entry to the hilt, his balls against her cunt, and she gasped and again her unashamed vocal response to his long deep strokes encouraged them (they laughed at her) and now he fucked her with vigor and abandon. He grinned.

Jon got in front of her and put his cock up to her mouth and she took it in her hand and held it and put her mouth on it without command and then sucked it eagerly like she wanted it. She obviously did want it in her mouth. Jon finally could not hold himself and shot his sperm into her mouth and she mewled and swallowed, slurping noisily, and at the peak of her abject degradation, Steve began to ejaculate at the same moment, grabbing and holding her hips tightly to him in a hard thrust, to spill himself deeply inside her and he obviously massively and repeatedly ejaculated, it seemed, as Karen unashamedly moaned and trembling nearly collapsed, held up by Jon who insisted she keep sucking his spending cock; then she obviously orgasmed as Steve climaxed inside of her. Uncontrollably. She had held back for so long. All three of them made the most pathetic noises of sexual release. Yes, my wife shamelessly with them. Frenchy winked at me. I myself ejaculated without touching myself.

Jon let go with a smug comment. meant to demean her, then stood up, and she wobbled but she held herself on shaky arms and remained docile against Steve's thrusting prick. She glanced furtively out at the room. Unseeing. An animal look as Steve kept fucking her. Steve finally withdrew his long cum-slathered cock, slipping it out of her slowly, with prolonged teasing pleasure, smiling at himself, and Karen, flushed and exhausted, out her forehead head down onto the coffee table, her mouth open, drooling. Spent cum on her wet lips. Cum glistening inside the folds of her chafed cunt. Catching her breath. Her ass still raised up in the air, poised to be fucked again, as if she wanted them to fuck her some more.

And in fact, they were not done, and simpering as she was forced to get up and go lay flat, face down on the floor, once more, one after the other---Larry, Jon, Steve, then Larry again---would fuck her. Each again laying down on top of her and fucking her and fucking her and fucking her more. She had put her fist to her mouth, like a child, sucking her knuckles in her open mouth, flushed, emoting to their pleasure and her own.

It was well after midnight when the last one, Steve, got up wearily from her sweaty body, after one more climax, including her own shameless moan in concert with his last thrusts and groan. The only one who had not fucked her besides me was Frenchy. Instead, he had pimped her to all the boys. He stood back and watched her with satisfaction, almost pride.

After it all stopped, she lay exhausted. She had been fucked What? Eight times? Ten times?

They left her at last to lie naked on the floor like the sprawled victim of a gang rape. Wet with her sweat and their sweat. Her cunt splayed and swollen and clogged with loads and loads of cum, oozing out onto the rug. Jon turned on the TV and turned up the volume indifferent to her feelings, while Larry sat on the floor staring between her spread legs, his slight erection in his hand. From the sofa Steve stared at me.

Frenchy had got his fourth beer by then and announced that mom would sleep with him that night. Dad could have the sofa. He looked down at my wife and said: "Get up, mom."

She was weary but she did what he said obediently, if abject and exhausted. And she went from the room, passing beside me in the dark, Frenchy pulling her along by the hand, she looked at me sadly with such a strange resignation. She was lost to me now.

**Installment 8—The Fifth Week—Monday: The Tease**

Jon hung around naked on the easy chair long after Steve and Larry went to bed. I think he wanted me to suck his cock again. But I did not want to. It did not appeal to me. I had only done out of sexual compulsion.

Still I thought about it. Seeing him sitting there and as I laid on the sofa, I looked at his penis and my looking at it aroused him. I saw it slowly thicken and rising. Part of me wanted to do it. And he was aware of my thoughts.

I closed my eyes. I ignored him.

He got tired of intriguing me. He left but did not turn off the TV. I got up after I was sure he gone and found the whisky I had hidden and got smashed as quickly as I could. Again, Karen's underclothes in the living room reminded me of what had happened.

Drunk or sober, I could not stop thinking of it. Images of it. Seeing her from behind sitting on the floor, arms behind her, legs up, dropped open, their staring at her gaping cunt. Tears on her downcast flushed face, Frenchy holding her arms tightly presenting her naked to the boys, her breasts, her erect nipples made to thrust this way. Her eyes open, taking Larry's little cock into her mouth to suck.

I feel asleep eventually.

When I awoke, the TV was still on, but nobody was up. I got up to pee but found the bathroom door locked. Someone was taking a shower. Passing the boys room, I saw that the three of them were still asleep in their bunk beds, Larry above Steve. Jon above where Frenchy should be. I peed in the kitchen sink. Going back the bathroom, I listened at the door. Frenchy was talking. He was talking with Karen. I could hear her soft replies. She laughed at something he said. They were in the shower together. He was washing her naked body. She was washing his. Washing his penis. Feeling it grow in her sudsy hands. Of course, all of this was imagination. The shower stopped.

I hurried back to the living room. I pretended to sleep. Half an hour later, Frenchy came out. He saw me sleeping. He whispered to Karen. She said: "I don't care." She sat on the sofa. From the motion, I guessed she was drying her hair with a towel. I could smell the bath on her. Frenchy saw that I was awake. I pretended to awake.

He smiled at me: "Morning, dad. How you feel?"

Karen looked at the floor, her head leaning, her hair damp falling to the side; she toweled it. She looked truly beautiful, radiant, fresh; she smiled mildly. She looked happy. I felt a poignant flood of love for her, a deep longing and intense desire, like that I had felt when I first married her. This was the lovely little girl I had married.

Frenchy was fully dressed, but Karen was not; she wore her underpants and was barefoot, but she also had topped off with a man's T-shirt. She used to wear my T-shirts when were first married, I remembered. She tossed her hair back, to fluff it, her chest thrust, showed nipple tips. She was not wearing a bra.

Frenchy smiled at her with admiration and she smiled warmly back at him. She stood up. The bottom of the T-shirt dropped to her mid thighs, covering her underpants. It was not one of mine; it must be one of Frenchy's.

She leaned over where she stood, feet spread, and bent at the waist, flipping her hair forward and shaking it to dry it in the back of it at her neck.

I love the smell of her freshly washed hair. It gave me distressing jealousy, thinking of how Frenchy and she had bathed together like newlyweds, their shared intimacies. Her intimacies no longer mine. This was not what I intended.

"I want breakfast, mom," announced Karen. "Some eggs and bacon maybe and toast." She dropped the towel and stood up, tossing her head to flip her hair back behind her, smoothing it with her hands, as she stood, her face radiant and pink, and looked pleasantly at me: "You too?"

I could not fathom her cheerfulness. Frenchy asked if the boys were awake. I said no. He said: "It's late. They need to get up." Karen was passing to the kitchen and Frenchy called after her: "Make breakfast for all of them."

The boys came reluctantly from bed. Jon naked. Larry in his underwear. Steve in his pants but bare-chested and bare foot. Karen was sweet as she served them. She kissed Larry on the head and patted him. Steve, perplexed, looked at me with questions he could not ask. I did not know how to answer them anyway. She was overly sweet and strangely flirtatious. Except to Jon. She still did not like Jon. But after she had cleared the table and washed the dishes, she sat on the sofa next to Frenchy, tucking her feet up under her legs and leaned against him. He put his arm around her. He tipped his head to look at her fondly, she looked up at him, beaming. They kissed warmly. He felt her breast grossly through her T-shirt. He said: "You wanna suck my cock?" She coyly smiled.

He winked at me.

He got up. I expected him to pull down his pants, but he did not. He said he needed to make a phone call. Karen sat back, closing her eyes. We were alone.

I wanted to talk to her. But what could I say? I asked again, foolishly: "You okay?"

She did not open her eyes. She was smiling strangely. I asked again: "Really. . . you okay?"

She tipped her head and opened her eyes to me, not smiling: "What do you care?"

I was nonplussed. I paused too long to reply. She looked hurt, then contemptuous, closed her eyes and leaned her head back again.

I said: "I do care."

She smiled mockingly. I repeated myself. She turned her face away.

Jon came into the living room naked, his dick half-thick, and flounced on the easy chair. Seeing the TV off, he got up and turned it on, and returned to flounce on the sofa.

He watched TV for a bit, his dick swelling up to an erection. He looked at me grinning. Then he looked over at Karen, who had held her haughty pose, eyes-closed, ignoring him, and said smugly: "Suck my cock, piggy."

Karen looked over at him sheepishly.

He said it again, slyly and cruelly: "Suck my cock."

She did not get up. She said nothing. He got up and sat next to her with a heavy threatening attitude, took hold of the hand in her lap and put it down on his penis. She looked at it and played with it idly and as it responded, as it stiffened up, she squeezed it with her fist.

He shifted to sit up and raised his hand to the top of her head and said: "Suck it, piggy," forcibly drawing her reluctant mouth toward his lap and his erection. She did as she was told. As she did, Jon reached over her, grabbed the hem at the back of her T-shirt, and drew it up her back, exposing her and drew it inside-out over the top of her head, bagging her head and draping his lap, showing her drooping and dangling tits, which I could see from beside her and behind her.

He smirked at me as he felt her loose tits, tugging down on her distended nipples, while her head moved around under the T-shirt. He said to me snidely: "Chubbies suck good." He slipped his hand into the back of her underpants, slipping fingers around her hip and down under her belly, stretching out to find and feel her slippery slit.

Larry came in munching from a handful cookies and stopped short of the sofa, to watch her. He stared at her tits. Both of us heard when she started to swill and swallow Jon's ejaculate. He waited for her to finish, telling her keep sucking until he was satisfied that she had sucked out every morsel of sperm, and all the last leakage. Then he pulled the T-shirt off her head and tossed it across to the easy chair. Karen sat up, bare-breasted, her tousled hair, red-faced, eyes watery with tears of frustration or shame.

Jon said: "Your turn, Larry." Still eating a cookie, Larry sat between me and my wife. He grinned at me. He leaned back, smiling with cookie in his mouth. "Suck his dick, piggy," Jon said, twisting one of her nipples hard. She grimaced, he really hurt her. Larry stopped eating, looking at her with worry. But she nodded and sat up on her knees, her tits displayed like that drew Larry's keen attention, and Karen's painful self-consciousness; it still embarrassed her to girlish blushing to be naked in front of him. It would always embarrass her, for him especially if only because of the naive intensity of his gaze; but for that matter in the days to come she would be forced naked in front of many boys and men and every time she showed embarrassment, awkwardness, and discomfort, if also private neurotic longing to be seen naked by them. That was the secret I had counted on; what I always knew about her.

She turned about on the sofa on her knees, looking down at Larry's comic red-capped pecker, standing up like a miniature mushroom-topped bottle in the chubby wedge of his thighs and lap of bulging balls, out of his blubber by not more than six inches, but stiffly erect, already seeping pre-cum, looking raw and sore from his compulsive handling. She wanted to put her mouth on it just to comfort the poor thing.

He looked at her meaty randy nipples the way he did at his delicious cookies, still clutched in both hands, while for her part—her parting mouth showing the pearly cream of Jon's unswallowed cum—her own fixed stare on his penis was vulgar and hungry and shameless.

After she had finished turning, she flipped the curtain of her falling hair back from her face with her hand, over and behind and on top her back, exposing tits nicely again, and settled with a long sigh, getting closer and kneeling near (her knees to touch his thigh) and leaning over it as she looked at it she gently touched his penis, which danced at her fingers, feeling the seeping head of it, her fingers lubricated with the seepage; she examined it with open curiosity and warm sympathy in the clear frank daylight—its little slitted hole on the mushroom cap and its generous liquorish seepage—just as Larry, mouth-open, gorged himself on the clear frank daylight view of her hanging tits, her wide mommy nipples grazing the tops her thighs with their plunging conical points, touching where she knelt—oh, god—so very wonderfully close to him. He thought she was as lovely as I did. He ached for her just as I did.

I had the birds-eye view of her dropping her head slowly now to take his penis into her mouth, opening her mouth for it, and with her slathering tongue extended out beneath it, feeling and tasting it's wetness as she did, closing her mouth on it lightly, and slowly sucking up his cock with some energy that the boy felt thrill him, then bobbing her head lightly on it as she sucked. I saw why they called it cock sucking. She really was sucking deeply for all the drink she might take from it. Her right hand holding his penis, lightly feeling it with her fingertips, lightly and gently pumping the shaft, encouraging him to cum in her mouth.

As it always was with Larry, it was remarkably short work. I don't think she had her mouth on his penis more than a minute when Larry got a funny look and stiffened and breathing through his open mouth, made a little squeal of pleasure. And Karen looking seriously stopped bobbing her head and held her mouth over his spouting cock, swallowing and swilling noisily. And as usual it was a lot of cum. She gagged on the flood of the second large mouthful, gasping and letting out a lot of it to spill out around his little dick and onto his balls. Then she tried to just hold her mouth on it as it spewed more and more and swallowed as much as she could. When he had mostly finished, or she had had enough, she drew up, gasping, drooling cum from her open mouth, looking back at the mess of cum and spit about this small red dick pointing up from in his chubby lap.

Jon laughed at her: "What a nice chubby cum-sucking piggy. Oink for us, piggy."

She looked over at me guiltily. She was herself again. I felt sick at heart. But still I felt my obsessive passion for her humiliation. She looked like she might cry. She got up suddenly, snatched up the T-shirt, and ran from the room wearing nothing but her underpants. Larry looked hurt but went back to eating his cookies and watching TV.

Frenchy soon returned. "Damn it, Jon." Jon grinned: "What?"

Larry munched cookies and watched the quarrel like a tennis match. Frenchy didn't mind if she sucked his cock, but did he have to hurt her feelings? She was going to get hysterical and then would be no good at all. Jon shrugged. Frenchy said: "Be nice, man." Jon shrugged. Frenchy said she felt sensitive about being called fat. Jon insisted she was. Frenchy said well, maybe she is, but we got make her feel beautiful, so she'll keep doing what we want. Jon shrugged. Frenchy repeated: "Don't call her names." Jon agreed, but pouted.

It was true. It hurt her. It touched her vulnerable anxiety about herself. She thought she was too fat. She really wasn't. A little baby fat left over from her awkwardly lingering adolescence—what she had in common with these boys, as I think of it; she's more like them than me in terms of her true age—but at the same time she had the ripened body of a woman about her, overpowering even the naivety of the little girl who was trapped within it, with her little girl's guileless heart. It was the incongruity of these that tantalized me and the boys, tantalizing all of those who would see her naked: that little girl's shy simper and that woman's lush randy body beneath it.

Frenchy let her stay in the bedroom most of the day, napping, healing her hurt feelings, and like me, I am guessing, she was processing the jarring imagery of all the sex and humiliation of the last few days. These must be rolling around in her mind, as they were in mine. Frenchy stayed with her and held her and fondled her.

I poked my head in to see, with the excuse of looking for some of my graduate work. But in fact, I was too giddy to read, and I just wanted to see if he was doing something to her sexually. I could not turn off those thoughts.

And too, I really cared about Karen. I wanted her overwhelmed by the sexual obsessions, but not really hurt. I wanted her to give way to what I thought her true feelings were. And it seemed that she was, but Jon had distressed her.

The bedroom door was not locked. When I looked in the curtains were drawn, it was dark. They lay spooning on the unmade bed. She was asleep. Frenchy hushed me. I fished in the dark for a book I did not really want. I whispered: "Is she okay?"

"Yeah," he whispered, "Just worn out." I 'spose he winked at me, but I did not see.

Near five o'clock in the afternoon they both got up. I was sitting at the dining room table trying to read the book I did not want to read and waiting to see what would happen. I heard one after the other go and take a turn in the bathroom. When Karen came out of the bathroom after a good half-hour alone, her hair was brushed, her face washed, teeth cleaned—she looked like nothing had happened at all. She even was cheerful with Jon who had finally fully dressed (on Frenchy's insistence) and was glowering at some boring TV show. Larry was still eating cookies. Steve had gone out.

Karen was wearing Frenchy's T-shirt. Dressed like that, I wondered—and I 'spose so did Larry—had she anything else on underneath? Certainly, probably not a bra. But underpants? She had put on bobby socks too. Maybe she had on underpants, I thought.

Frenchy announced they were going down to the corner store to buy some cigarettes and asked if anybody wanted to come. I did, but I said nothing, and I would not go of course. Larry did but did not want to get up, and besides he was only wearing his underpants and would have to go to the trouble of getting dressed. Jon pouted in his selfish grouch and refused to answer.

Frenchy shrugged. Karen looked happily at him and took his hand when he reached out for hers. She started to go with but stopped with a laugh at herself, saying that she did not have her shoes on. Frenchy reassured her: "It's okay. . . nobody cares." She laughed at the lark and out the door they went. I heard her giggling as he chased her down the stairs and out the door. The screen door swung shut with a slam.

Jon announced shortly after that he was going for a walk. He left by the backdoor. Larry and I watched TV. It was getting on toward dinner time and so I asked Larry if he wanted a pizza.

He had not changed his attitude toward me. Though he'd seen me let my wife get stripped naked for all the boys, though he'd seen me suck Jon's cock, though I let him fuck my wife and watched while my wife suck him off—despite all these humiliations and sick perversions, he still expected me to be "dad." He would obey me. He expected me to care for him. His was a simple mind with simple ideas. He did not think any of this was wrong; he was just glad to be included as one of the guys.

I wondered on the other hand whether Steve would forgive me. He liked using my naked wife, but he felt sick at heart about it. When she was sexually degraded and personally humiliated by Jon, he felt especially sick, and yet, as I saw in his abject leer, he also relished her mistreatment. He liked it when Jon was fucking her so hard that she cried out or whimpered, and he even enjoyed it when he abused her physically or shamed her by calling her "fatty" and "piggy." I saw that in him. I saw it in myself.

Once the oven timer went off, half an hour later, I brought the pizza in and put it on the table. He got up to get a piece. I sat on the sofa with him eating pizza and drinking a bottle of beer. We watched a couple reruns of Laverne and Shirley.

At about six-thirty or so, the back door opened, and someone ran down the hall, our bedroom door slammed. I got up to see. Karen had locked herself in the bedroom. I asked what was wrong. She said to go away. Frenchy came into the darkness of the hallway, laughing, shaking his head. He said to leave her alone and asked me if I wanted a beer. I was ready for another.

I want back to the living room and Frenchy came in and handed me a beer and lounged across the easy chair, swinging a long leg out over the arm of it. He said: "You shoulda been there." He took a long gurgling suck at his beer.

He belched.

"What happened?" I played the straight man every time, feeling that familiar giddy anxiety again. My imagination made things up that were impossible, or so I thought. But what Frenchy conceived for her in reality, how they mistreated her was beyond my imagining.

He said they went to get cigarettes and the old geezer shop keeper at the corner store—Mr. Hansen, he says he thinks his name is (actually he knows very well that is his name—the same old geezer saw immediately who she was.

Actually, he knew her very well. Frenchy may not have known this. But I knew because on more than one occasion, buying beer or cigarettes, he has asked politely after the missus, as he called her, saying how much he admired us for taking on the task of helping these delinquent boys and intimating that he knew just how bad they were. Truth is he knew Frenchy very well, though I did not know it. For her part Karen said how nice he was to her, how often he held open the door for her when she was burdened with a sack of groceries, and the kind and complimentary things he said to her. She thought maybe he ever had a crush on her.

So, seeing my wife, dressed as she was, intrigued him. Frenchy guessed what I had been thinking and what Mr. Hansen must have been thinking to—what was she wearing underneath that T-shirt? No underpants, maybe. Certainly, no bra. He could see that—wide dark spots, her nubby nipples, showed beneath the wash worn cloth of the T-shirt. I had not seen it when she was at home, but Frenchy said it was really obvious once she was in outside in the sunlight.

And he saw with amusement that she had come in in her stocking feet and as it turns out he and Frenchy has a special relationship concerning certain interests he had (a relationship unknown to either Karen or I). He had an inkling about this, about Karen, and so he made a remark to her about her stocking feet. "Lose your shoes, honey?"

His informal intimacy with her, his prurient look aroused her embarrassed response: "I forgot."

He did not believe her. The way that Frenchy lead her in, telling her what to do and so on, gave him the idea perhaps. He asked Frenchy: "That your T-shirt?"

The question shocked Karen. Frenchy's unabashed pride offended her. The two seemed to exchange an unspoken conversation as she waited for him to hand over the cigarettes.

"I don't suppose you're wearing anything with pockets."

And of course, she was not. She had not given him any money and she felt foolish. Frenchy laughed and fished some coins out of his jeans pockets.

"Oh, that's the way it is . . ." said old man Hansen, looking at my wife up and down, undressing her with his eyes (she felt), "His money, but your cigarettes?"

He took the money, smacked down the pack of Marlboros onto the counter, but put his hand over top of hers when she reached out to take it.

"Maybe you'd like to check out my backroom?"

Did he say it to my wife or to Frenchy? I don't know but this is the way that Frenchy told me the rest of the story. In his own words, as I best as I can recall them:

"So, I'm thinking. This can be fun. What's this old fucker thinking? Wants to cop a feel of my Mom? Wants a strip show? I don't know but I see how worried Mom is about it all but I'm thinking, let's see what happens. Why not? So, he goes to the door and actually locks the front door and I says, you got maybe some extra beer back there. He nods maybe, depends. And I know what he's thinking, the old horn dog. Shit. Mom knows too. She whispers she don't want to. I says, 'Let's see what he wants. Maybe get some free beer.' She's worried and when we get to the back she's hunched over and got her arms folded like she's cold and it is a little cold back there, that's true, near the door to the walk-in cooler. Hand truck. Stacks and stacks of cases of beer. Mostly empties but some that aren't in the cooler yet. And so, I says what you want for one of these cases of beer? He says: 'What she go on under that T-shirt?' I said: 'You know what she's got.' 'Yeah,' he says, 'You wanna show me?' Well, that spooks mom for sure and she sees the back door and just runs out. I wave to the old guy and he looks really frustrated, coming to door, holding the door jamb and gawking at us, calls out, says, 'Come back here.' I shot back: 'Later, man.' Poor slob came just an arm's length from grabbing her tits.

"Well, Karen is out in the alley heading back to the house and I run up after her and she turns on me, angry, 'Why do you do that?' I didn't do nothing, I says. I try to kiss her. She pushed me off. I says, 'Free beer. . . Why not? What's your problem?' She says I won't. Okay, I say, and hold her and kiss her. Right there in the alley. Feeling her butt under her shirt and she slaps my hand when I try to lift her shirt and she says she's going home but stops.

"Seeing Jon come up. 'Hey' says I. He says he guessed I'd be there. Thinking the same. Always. O, we are good. . ."

Unknown and unseen Jon had returned at well. Standing at the archway between the living room and dining room, he was holding the T-shirt that Karen had been wearing. He said: "Yeah, we're very good. . ." A sneering smile.

I felt apprehension but my compulsive sexual thinking got the best of me: "What did she do?"

Frenchy laughed and finished his story:

"What did we do to her? Well, we was talking. She wanted to go home. And some of the neighbor boys come along. You know the ones? The two little nigger kids and that white trash that hangs out with them. You know. And the cocky one says: hey, what's up, Frenchy. Standing doing his attitude thing, you know, tough looking. But just a little fucking kid. And he's looking Karen over. And the other kids hanging back are giving her a good look. He says: 'Who's the hot mama?' So, tells him: 'My mom.... No really.' So, I have to explain it to him. And mom's getting really nervous with the boys now surrounding her, the whole of gang of them now coming out of nowhere.

"But shit, they ain't but fucking twelve or so. Punks, but they think they're hot shit, 'cause they smoke and drink and talk shit. But they done things for me, you know. Look out and a couple got sisters I like; you know what I mean. [Jon grins and says "Yeah."] So, I cut them some slack. And the leader, Curtis, speaks up: 'What you say we go to the garage?'

"Yeah? Says I. He's got some weed for me he tells me. He says he thinks he can work out a deal. I said I don't mind if I do. So, we go to the garage. It's that old junky place down at the end of our alley, you know the place. Two car garage? Brick? Built long time ago when they still had horses? No body owns it or takes care of it now. The boys made it their club house. Spliced a wire to run electricity in it. Little stove. An old refrigerator. Some ratty old couches. Table and chairs for poker games. The windows covered up with old newspapers so nobody can look in. Curtis even put a padlock on the door at the side so nobody can get in. He carries the key on a string around his neck.

"We walk over there. Mom's almost surrounded by the whole gang of the little shits. Being pushed some. I back them off with a stare. She walks close to me. Curtis pulls the key on the string out of his T-shirt and opens up the place and we all go in. Karen's almost shoved in by the crowd of them behind her. Three or four of them shut the door. It's dark except for the sunlight cracking through holes in the newspaper over the window. It smells like cigarettes.

"Curtis turns on a big shop light over a work bench, and the kids settle into the sofas that all face that way. He opens the refrigerator next to it and gets a beer for me and one for Jon. He takes one too. The other kids can't have one unless he says so. He doesn't offer one to Karen either. He just ignores her.

"We talk shit for a while. The boys all ogling mom, making comments. She's standing next to me, sort of hiding beside me. Jon finally gets down to it. 'Where's the weed? What you want for it?' The little fucker had a bag of it. He rolled a joint and let us sample it and it was good shit. You can try it yourself. Mom did. [This surprised me. Frenchy said she took two tokes and coughed a lot, but got stoned for sure]

"I passed the joint to the boys on the couches. They passed it along. Jon said we'd take it. He asked him how much? And the little shit just grinned at us and said: 'Her.' I looked under my arm at Karen who was hiding up under me now and laughed at her. 'Really?' and he says 'yeah.' I says: 'For what?' And he says: 'For all of us.' "Yeah?' He says, 'Yeah.' So, I says, 'What you going to do with her?' He sort of shrugs and says: 'Play with her.' I nod. I understand says I. 'Tell her,' he says, 'Tell her to take off the shirt.'

"I looked at mom and she looked up at me with big sad eyes and whines about it. And I shake her off my arm and says: 'Take off the shirt.' Now everybody is paying attention. And she's standing by herself up under the light and I says again: 'Take it off. Or they'll take it off.'

"So, when she did, she showed she wasn't wearing nothing but underpants underneath. Jon ran up and swiped the shirt away from her.

Curtis demanded that she turn herself all around - - slow -- in the sunlight spilling into the garage -- so that everyone got a good long look at her hot titties and then of course he wanted her to take off her underpants.

And that's when she ran to the door and somehow pushed the boys away and they grabbed at her underpants and half-pulled them down, showing most of her bare butt, but she got away and, no shit, she ran all the way home, running done the alley half-naked with all those boys shouting and chasing after her. Jesus, it was great! They might have caught her too, but she got into the door of the house and I got there and stopped them from going up the stairs after her."

I think I looked incredulous. He crossed himself like a catholic and said: "Swear to god."

Karen stayed locked in our bedroom for the rest of the night. Frenchy finally persuaded her to open the door for him and once again I slept on the sofa. I considered taking Frenchy's bunk in the boys room but when I looked in Jon was sleeping on it. Steve did not come home, and Larry slept in his bunk.

**Installment 9- The Fifth Week - Tuesday - Slider, Uncle Bob, and Slider's Brother**

In the middle of the night Frenchy got up. He had poured a glass of milk and brought it into the living room to drink it. What he really wanted, I guessed, was to wake me up and talk to me.

He turned on the light and sat on the easy chair watching me wake up. He drank his milk.

When I was awake, he asked: "How you feel?"

I said I was okay. I asked about Karen.

"She's okay," he said. Then, added thoughtfully, "Lots more to come, dad. You know that, right?"

I nodded.

"Okay." He stood up. "Just so you know," he added, "I told her she has to cooperate or it's going to go really bad."

I said I thought she had. He shook his head: "Not today. Curtis and his gang are really pissed off. They got cheated. Jon's pissed too. We still owe 'em for that bag."

He turned to leave but turned back: "Just thought you ought to know."

Why did he tell me this? What did it mean?

"Wait a minute," I stopped him leaving.

He looked annoyed, complaining: "I'm tired. You know," and made a gross gesture with his body, grabbing an imaginary ass before him and humping air; fucking my wife from behind had worn him out, he implied.

"I want to know something."

He preempted me: "Yeah, she cums when I cum."

"No, not that."

"She sucks my cock like a baby sucks a bottle." Exaggerated her swallowing to illustrate. "Sucks my cum from my cock like it was mama's milk."

I raised up my hand. He stopped teasing me, looked puzzled.

"Before this started." He sat on the arm of the easy chair to consider what I would say.

"Before. . . when we first came, did you? Did she?"

He preempted: "You wanna know if I fucked your wife?"

I waited. He grinned.

Then he said: "Naw . . . She wouldn't let me." He paused to look at my reaction and would have gone off to bed but got an idea and added: "But I'll tell you . . . Do you want a beer? I want a beer. I'll get one for you too."

I felt relieved, but there was something. He brought back the beers for both of us, sat in the easy chair, drank some, watched me drink some, then began:

"Yeah, well I saw right away what she was. You must not do it much," pausing for my reaction. "Anyway, she lets me kiss her. She lets me hold her close. She's kissing me back. And all that started right after only a couple days. Then after a week or so, I got a hand up her front, felt at it. And yeah, you were right, I got my hand down the front of her pants too. Inside her underpants too. Got my fingers into her slit and she was wet and ready, but nothing happened then either. She said no, no matter what I tried. But you know it, you saw it. Still nothing really happened. But, hey, she was letting' me do stuff she shouldn't. I knew I could wear her down. And Jon said he guessed she really wanted it. Hell, she even knew he had seen it. He watched. She knew..."

"Is that when you took the picture... the polaroid... the one with her in her bra?"

"Oh, you know about them."

"Yes."

"Yeah, I wondered about that. Well, yeah, sure, Jon took that one... and some more. I should show you sometime, but somebody else got them all now."

I wanted to ask who, but I felt too anxious.

He stopped and sat back, thinking about it too, I guessed. He downed the rest of his beer. I waited. He was done with his story, I guessed, but I was not satisfied: "So, what happened then?"

"What you think?," he grinned. He leaned near to me: "I wanted to make her suck me off. I took off my clothes for her and I tried every way I could to get her to take it in her mouth; I got it in her mouth for a little while and she did it a little, but when I started to give her something to taste, she took her mouth off it and shook her head and pushed me away and started crying and refused everything. I tried to change her mind. I told her again that I loved her, and I said things like, you know, 'I did it to you, mom; now, you do it to me; it's only fair.' I tried finger-fucking her to work her up, so she'd do it. But she stopped me. She got up, still crying, and saying she couldn't do what I wanted, and ran off to your bedroom."

Pausing, he summed up: "Left me wanking on my dick and wondering what the fuck."

He stopped again. Finished his beer. Said he wanted to go to sleep. Got up to leave.

I said: "Wait . . . What happened after?"

"Nothing," he shrugged. "Wouldn't let me do nothing. No matter what I tried. Not even feel her tits. Until, you know, you got her going."

I could not stop any of it, but I had to know. I asked: "What's going to happen today?"

"Slider's coming over with some of his friends." He winked: "He's got the money now."

My imagination ran away with me. "When?" I asked.

"Why?" he smirked. He understood me well. I needed to go to school but I did not want to miss it. I should have to choose between my career and my sexual obsessions. I knew what I would choose.

"Does Karen know?"

Frenchy shrugged.

With a smug smile he off he went to bed, to my bed, and to my wife whom he would wake up to put her submissive mouth onto his cock while he masturbated. I imagined it: her muffled involuntary pleasures, his easy natural dominance. I could not sleep the rest of the night. I think I got a little sleep about dawn.

No one got up early. I ate cereal alone, thinking about all that Frenchy had said. Especially obsessing about the pictures they had taken. Had she been stripped of all her clothes by him after all? Had Jon been there and seen it too? He had said there were more pictures than just the one I had seen. Where were they? Who had them?

Steve had not come home. Larry was the first to get up. He came out looking to see if anything was happening, then got his bowl of cereal and went back to his bedroom, looking at girlie magazines as he ate. I peeked in to see and saw Jon watching him masturbate. Jon looked up to see me and teased: "You wanna suck his dick?" Larry stopped, looked up confused. I looked at his little red dick in his fist.

I left without comment.

Another hour or more, and I smelled them smoking pot. Jon knocked on our bedroom door. Frenchy let him in. Karen was in bed, I was guessing, holding up the covers against herself tightly, because she was naked underneath. Larry went in too. They shut the door. I was guessing they were smoking dope. Frenchy had said he would get mom to do it too. She did smoke some, I was guessing. And in her marijuana high I am guessing Frenchy gently but firmly coaxed the sheet out of her clasp and slowly teased it all the way down and away from her body to expose her to them, and she lay back on the pillows, naked, spreading open her legs, letting Larry finger and ply her splayed cunt, making his fingers slick and shiny with her willing wetness, while she smiled at him sweetly and Jon watched cynically from my desk chair.

Frenchy dressed as all this was going on, I supposed, for he was the first out of the room, leaving the door wide open.

My wife did not care if I saw. She looked at me stupidly from the bed naked, her feet drawn up and her knees shamelessly lewdly dropped apart, so that her cunt gaped for Larry's wide-eyed leer and probing fingers, her cheeks blooming warmly, her dancing eyes glittering with drugs and lust, and smiling mildly in her intoxication at her high and the tender sexual fondling she was receiving. She squirmed on his Larry's fingers with a quick gasp, and giggling, sat up and squeezed her thighs onto his hand, holding it tightly within her own hands pressed to her lap, squealing, then reached up with both hands and drew Larry's chubby cute face down to her own to kiss him warmly with her open mouth and probing tongue.

Frenchy came back and declared: "It's time to get up, mom." Larry looked back over his shoulder with disappointment. Frenchy pulled Karen by her hand, naked, from out of our bed, naked but for the same dirty bobby socks she had worn outdoors yesterday, I saw. He said: "Go take a bath." He smacked her bare buttock sharply and she squeaked at it and put her hand behind herself as he raised his hand to spank her more and laughed girlishly running away from it. Running from the room, her tits bounced. I stepped aside at the door to let her pass. Her glance at me was lovely and happy. But I could see she was stoned. She went into the bathroom. She locked the door. After the toilet flushed, I heard her start the shower.

It was nearly 2 o'clock before all began to settle out. Jon got dressed. They ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Frenchy asked me for money. When I opened my wallet, he reached in and took all that I had - - maybe seventy or eighty bucks - - and called Jon and Larry and gave them several bills and told to go off and see a movie and eat out and not to come home till late. Jon knew what to do. He took Larry with him and Larry never worried or wondered what he would miss.

They left the house and Frenchy went to the phone on the kitchen wall and called someone. I heard him say: "Yeah, she's ready."

And she was ready. Frenchy had seen that she was carefully dressed, her hair brushed - - - he did it himself as she sat on the end of the bed. She was still stoned, sitting in her clean fresh bra and panties, holding her hands on her bare thighs. She asked if she should change the sheets, meaning I supposed to receive these men her bed. He said no and helped her stand and went to our closet, fished for a dress, and brought it to her—a blue chiffon, really too dressy. She looked at it with puzzlement. He helped her put her arms through the long sleeves. She turned to face him. He buttoned it up the front, from the waist to the neck (the buttons actually ran all the way down the front to the bottom of its skirt. He fastened the belt about her waist. He stood back to admire her, nodding, asking my opinion.

She glanced at me vacantly and turned to ask Frenchy why she was wearing this; "Thought being dressed up would make it interesting."

"You look real pretty, mom," he added, and he embraced her, and she kissed him warmly. She acted like she was in love with him. If she was, it was her revenge, but my fault.

She nodded her understanding but looked uncertain and perplexed. He had left her barefoot and though dressed up, no pantyhose. Too much trouble, I supposed.

Frenchy brought her to the bathroom and supervised her make-up. He wanted red lipstick.

She was stoned, not drunk, so she was not clumsy but slow and careful. Finished, Frenchy smoothed her hair and admired her, telling her that he loved her. She wanted to kiss him, but he refused, not wanting her to smear her lipstick.

She seemed to be dressed-up for a formal party. But it was not going to be that sort of party. And she should know it.

We waited. I sat on the far end of the sofa near the window. She sat on the other end of the sofa alone, her hands in her lap. Sitting up nicely like she was the guest of a formal party. Nervous, I thought. Frenchy stood in front of her rolled another joint and lit it and passed it to her. She took one toke, then a second. The third she resisted, but Frenchy insisted.

We waited for a good half-hour without the TV on and without talking. Karen smiled dreamily at the sunny window, thinking god knows what. When the unannounced guests arrived, it was obvious what sort of party it was going to be. When she heard them, she stood up in anticipation; I could see it in her face. The they were noisy, stomped up the stairs, deep voices; the door shoved open and a large black dog bounded through first. Slider came next

The dog jumped up onto the front of Karen's dress, his paws to her chest, and she brushed him off, worried he might tear it. He forced himself on her again and again. Slider had some trouble calming the dog at first; it rudely nosed Karen's crotch with keen interest. She tried to push it off, but it insisted. Frenchy took the dog by the collar while it twisted back to Karen.

Slider and Frenchy laughed; Karen was embarrassed.

With the distraction of the dog, Karen did not see at first what I saw. These were not boys who came in the door. One was a young boy maybe sixteen or so—lean and muscular; he made a sassy remark about Karen to the other man. The other man was much older, a middle-aged man, old enough to be her father, overweight and balding. They came in leaving the door open, grinning and gawking at her.

They leered at her. Slider, nodding, said to them, "This is her. The one I told you about."

She looked up now. The presence of these men surprised her but pleased her. She blushed to see them. Smiling coquettishly. Barefoot.

Seeing her incongruously barefoot in such a fancy dress, seeing her hot blush clearly intrigued them both, especially the old one who seemed to almost blush himself. or was it just the flush of sexual interest?

The older man looked truly stunned; then glancing at me, he became uncomfortable. He been told what to expect, but it was too incredible. Obviously she was a lot prettier than what he had expected and the idea that her husband, standing right there, looking like a beaten dog, was going to tolerate this, just astounded him; and so he said: "I'll be fucked," under his breath to nobody or everybody.

"Yes, you will," said Frenchy stepping forward to clap Slider on his back. They all laughed. Except Karen or me.

Frenchy gesturing toward them introduced her to them. Then he tipped his head over toward me: "And that's her husband." The old man looked at me and shook his head sadly.

The young man said, "Hi," to my wife, like he knew her. She replied, "Hi," shyly, awkwardly. Where did she know him from?

Slider explained his friends to Karen, ignoring me. The dog was his, he said, named "Blackie." The man who was Karen's own age was his older brother. The man was his uncle. He was the one with the money, he said. Again they all laughed. Except for me and Karen (who pretended she had not heard this part and was petting the head of the dog who had escaped over from Frenchy and resumed shoving his nose into her crotch).

Slider took hold of his dog by the collar and told him to sit. He did , looking at Karen with the rest of them. An awkward long silence again, just the group of them staring at my wife who tried to smile bravely and ended up looking the dog whose ears perked up.

Slider finally said: "She looks really nice."

"Like you wanted, right?" said Frenchy.

"Yeah," Slider looked her up and down, nodding toward his friends who seemed pleased as well, "Well, my uncle thought up the dress idea . . ."

His uncle who had stood against the window, arms folded, taking her all in, nodded with a self-satisfied air. "Yeah," he explained, "The dress makes her look like. . . Well, shit, look like what she is . . . some clueless pretty little housewife." They laughed and Karen looked down at the carpet, seeming confused about what he had just said.

While the Uncle leaned against the window, the young man had begun to feel more comfortable, looking about the room, moved closer, stepped about her, taking a look at her from the side, circling her as she twisted to follow with him her eyes as he did, sizing her up, appreciating what he saw, and nodding back at his Uncle he returned to stand with him to face her, both leaning against the window toward which she pivoted.

Karen stood on display in her pretty dress, hands folded in her lap, glancing up nervously at them, then nervously aside.

The old man shook his head again in astonishment. Slider, who understood what they thought without speaking, said: "Yeah, I told you so."

The younger one, who as I saw knew Karen from somewhere, asked her if so-and-so (someone they both knew) had been over to see her. She looked at him anxiously but did not respond.

Frenchy explained she was stoned.

Slider said: "Good idea."

Slider and Frenchy stepped aside but still within her view, Frenchy listened to what he said and said: "Okay, but that's extra." Slider said: "Yeah, yeah." And handed over a wad of money. Frenchy stuffed it into his pants, not counting it.

He stepped back into the room, looking Karen up and down too, and said to the whole group of them now talking privately, in front of her; she with her hands clasped in front of her, in her lap, anticipating. They looked up, facing her, and Frenchy gestured: "Okay, fellas, she's all yours."

Karen knew of course, but she seemed oblivious; then her face changed to a serious self-absorbed expression. She put a hand up almost defensively as Slider approached her.

He wasted no time. He took Karen's upraised hand and swung her about, her skirt flared; she giggled a little with a silly delight and surprise. He said to the two boys with him. "What you think? Nice, huh?" He twirled her about. She still smiled in a stupid way. Was she really that stupid?

"No, you're right," the old man said, "She's nice, prettier than you said."

She was flattered. I could see that in her eyes their smiles and compliments pleased her. How she could not understand what this meant?

Twirling her under his hand, until she was dizzy, and stumbled, giggling, and he grabbed her forcefully and turned toward himself, gathered her against his chest, and kissed her.

Uncle Bob nodded his approval and then said what they were all thinking: "Okay, Slider. You said you'd show me. So do it already."

Karen's eyes widened with genuine surprise. But really how did she not know? She looked stunned. She did not respond to what was just said, and she did not resist either.

Slider let her go and she sort of fell back, smiling awkwardly, pushed her hair back that had fallen in the face; then, refocusing her eyes, as she giggled, saying, "What is it?", Slider pivoted her and holding her shoulders guided her to step forward and be positioned to face the light of day and the picture window where Uncle Bob and the boy stood ready for the show. Bob with arm's folded, leaning against the glass, smirked at her, shaking his head, saying: "I don't believe it."

Slider looked her up and down and then unbuckled her belt; he swept it off her and tossed it behind over the easy chair; he missed; it struck, then slithered over the back and fell away behind it.

Slider looking into her eyes grinned and said: "She smells nice."

Frenchy said: "Yeah, we gave her a bath..."

Then looking into her eyes he started at the neck and began to unbutton her dress-slowly; she said nothing; he unbuttoned it from the neck to the waist, with deliberate speed, and then flipping it open to show her bra, he glanced back at Uncle Bob and the boy. Her dress fell open to reveal her bra and her underpants. He stopped to tease her with this and to tease Uncle Bob and the boy.

Uncle Bob smugly approved, nodding. "Looks like she's gotta nice pair of tits," he said.

"She does," said Slider who now unbuttoned the dress all the way to the bottom and her dress opened to show her underpants, her bare legs.

Slider stepped aside, so the men could see. The old man ogled her. The boy looked nervous, his gaze fixed on the nakedness he could see and what he could imagine.

Stepping around behind her, Slider drew the dress off her shoulders and let it slip behind her and fall away to heap behind her on the floor.

Again he paused to let Uncle Bob and the boy take her in and picked up the dress and laid across the back of the nearby easy chair. Frenchy stood behind watching.

"Oh, yeah," Uncle Bob approved, shifting and now leaning with one hand on the windowsill. I saw the boy already had a hard-on.

Karen for her part still looked dazed. Confused. But she slouched and folded her arms under her bra like she was cold. Feeling embarrassed?

Her face and her upper shoulders were flushed. The swell of her breast, between them was flushed. Was it her intoxication? Was it sexual excitement?

Slider stepped behind her and immediately unsnapped her bra and drew it away and dropped it to the floor in front of her. Seeing the eyes of Uncle Bob and the boy fall on her bare breasts, seeing Uncle Bob fix a smirk at her and wink, she reflexively covered her breasts, crossing her wrists and cupping them in her hands to hide them.

Slider smoothly drew her underpants to her feet and the eyes fell following her underpants and paused at her sex. She looked down where Slider had crouched to strip her underpants off her feet and lifted a foot for him. But her underpants stayed entangled on one foot as Slider stood up and grabbed Karen's arms and drew them back, holding her by her elbows, hands raised, unable to cover herself, even if she had wanted to. He held her firmly this way to keep her hands away from hiding her tits or anything else.

She looked bewildered. Why? This was silly. Did she really not know was going to happen next?

Uncle Bob wolf-whistled, seeing her naked head to toe completely now.

With Frenchy looking on behind her with approval, her hands held up by Slider, Karen stood for the older and the younger man in her forced naked display, embarrassed but not protesting; her eyes almost teary, she looked bewildered and anxious.

Stark naked. As the expression goes. Stark naked. Vividly in broad daylight naked.

It made no sense to the old man: I could see him repeatedly shaking of his head—his incredulity that this young girlish wife so naive, was so casually, so impassively stripped of all her clothes in front of some men she did not know, without any real resistance on her part, nor any expressed objection from her cuckold husband who stood there cravenly at the far end of the room, in the shadows, creep that he was, and looked on at all this—his wife held completely helplessly naked for these leering men—and he, stunned and ashamed, but obviously savoring it, was obviously personally sexually aroused to see her so humiliated and naked in front of them; his eyes darted to their keen leering eyes, then back to her teary eyes, her flushed face, feeding his sick sexual fantasies on the gross sexual craving he saw in their eyes, contrasting to her helplessness pathetic nervous anxiety.

"What a sick fuck, he must be?" Bob thought and almost said out loud.

And then he thought: "Look at her. God knows what else was she'd submit herself to do in front of him? "

His uncle commented over and over again: "I don't believe it."

For what seemed like a very long time, Slider posed my poor embarrassed wife forcibly this way—her legs slightly trembling, eyes bugging out; she seemed to hold her breath fitfully. Slider squeezed his grasp on her arms so that her flesh looked pinched and he warned her not to move—so that these two smirking men leaning at the window could make a long lecherous consideration of her pathetic daylight nakedness and talk about using her body like they were buying a cow for milk.

Asking them crudely for their opinion on her nakedness, Slider told the men that he himself really liked her big nipples. They nodded.

They were not going to tell her outright how pretty she was; they preferred to degrade her in nakedness; and not reassuring her and rather teasing her nastily, she craved to know that she was a woman they wanted, her eyes searched for some kindness, and she saw only insult and leers where their eyes fixed on her nakedness here and there, seeing how they grinned and leered, but she did not believe they cared about her, not really; she felt hurt.

Frenchy watched from the dining room. Always able to read Karen's mind, and anticipate her weaknesses and moods, called out to her sweetly: "Love you, Mom." And she blushed and glanced back at him with a sheepish smile. Still turning back to the men who were undressing themselves, she looked anxious. I still sat on the sofa; she paid no attention to me, like I did not exist.

Both men slowly undressed themselves in front of her while still giving her the eye and bragging to one another about what they were going to do to her.

The first one to be completely undressed—except for socks (all these guys always kept their socks on, for some reason)—was younger brother... the sixteen-year-old; his name was David. I had seen him once or twice myself, I thought. But where?

Uncle Bob—who undressed more slowly, more self-consciously, but whose nudity was even more interesting to my wife, because he was the same age and shape as her father—lived on the same street that we did in a second story apartment over Mr. Hanson's grocery store. My guess is he had seen my wife passing in the street below his window many times, though she might not have noticed him. If she had, she would not have thought anything of his stares, being just an old man. But I imagined, perhaps, he had fantasized crudely something like this, seeing her like this—what old man might not have had the idle thought? But he could never have guessed it might come true.

Her jittering eyes followed their actions, fixing with curiosity on their rising thickening erections when they popped out of their jockey shorts. The old man's cock especially interested her, it seemed. Maybe because she had wondered about it because of his age, or maybe because he was uncircumcised; she had never seen an uncircumcised penis.

Seeing where her eyes had dropped, Slider said to his uncle: "If you want her to suck your dick, Uncle Bob, she'll let you cum in her mouth." He looked astonished but leered and said, "No shit?" and Karen averted her gaze in embarrassment.

Now David, having undressed first and feeling his stiff cock, stepped up to her and Slider let go of her arms. She dropped her arms slowly, her hands still held in front of herself limply, as she looked at David's hands reach out for her and feel her breasts, her nipples, and looked down at him as he leaned and lifted her breasts in his hands and put his mouth on first one nipple and then on the other, making them each wet and sucking them up to pointed tips. She let her hands fall to his shoulders and looked warmly at the top of his head; he dropped his right hand to her crotch; from where I sat I saw his fingers probe and feel inside of her cunt, the fingers getting wet with her, slipping easily. The lips, the florid folds of her cunt spread as he pressed and plied her there.

Then David looked up into her eyes and she returned the warm pleasant gaze. He said something nice to her; she smiled. They kissed. He continued finger-fucking her as he kissed her. They kissed like lovers before us. Warmly. With open mouths. With eager tongues.

But then he stopped with a little laugh and Karen looked up blinking, like she had been caught in a naughty thing, and David turned sideways deliberately to reveal my wife's nakedness in the sunlight to Uncle Bob again: saying in effect, "you turn." She looked up at the older man who was watching her and masturbating. She watched him masturbate with shameless fascination.

He waddled forward toward her masturbating as he stared at the other man's fingers frigging her. Nearing her he put his hand on her hip and felt it, felt behind it, her buttock, his fingers between the cheeks of her buttock and into her cunt from behind joining the others. He kissed her. It surprised her, but it pleased her, I think. He kissed her nicely. He said something to her, and she smiled shyly at him.

He took her hand as he spoke to her and put it on his erection. David took her other hand and put it on his own erection. They stood apart from her, looking down at her nakedness as she looked down at theirs and felt the two erections in her hands, the old man's thick and stubby one touched her belly, the young man's stiff and thin one arched. The young man fingered her cunt. The old man talked to her, telling her how sexy she was.

The three stood in the light from the window naked, mutually masturbating; she is smiling, and they are fondling her breasts, kissing her breasts, kissing her mouth, and talking to her about her body and telling her sexual things they intended to do to her.

Meanwhile, Slider had undressed, and stood behind them listening and watching and masturbating, giving them a good five minutes to get her really worked up, before he stepped in close to her to get what he came for. He put his own hands onto her buttock and then felt along her sides. Pressing closer, touching her naked back with his naked front, his stiff upright prick wedging into the length of the crack of her butt, he reached up from behind and underneath and cupped her breasts, holding them up to where the two in front leaned grinning to suck up her nipples. She raised her head and turned to look at me—a lost stare, an open mouth, a flushed face—and, shifting her legs, widened her stance and stiffened, closing her eyes. Slider had slipped his penis up into her cunt from behind and was starting to slowly teasingly fuck her.

The other men continued to lick and mouth her breasts, frigging her quickly, and helping her hand to squeeze, fondle and pump their own pricks as she was being fucked to distraction.

But Slider's fucking got harder and jostled her, shivering her tits, causing her to whimper, and her eyes closed, and her grip on their pricks lessened, so that at last Uncle Bob gave up and stepped aside, preferring the show of her nakedness, her hot face, her getting fucked; and then young David, taking the example, also stepped back to see and enjoy it.

Her eyes fluttered open, sparkling, to see them stepping away, her empty hands out in front of her, and she leaned lightly at the waist, feeling weak in the knees, and Slider grabbed her hips and pulled her hard onto his prick. Her hair fell over the side of her face; I could not see her eyes. She stumbled forward with the thrust of the Slider's fucking, so Uncle Bob reached out to hold her hand to steady her. Slider's thighs slapped hers, his scrotum mashing her cunt. Her cunt smacked mucky with his rough fucking. Rhythmically her breathing and his matched, whimper and grunt. When he ejaculated, he shoved himself as hard and as deep as he could into her cunt and groaned loudly, and my shameless wife squealed girlishly, and weakening in the knees, she went down on her knees to keep from falling; Uncle Bob holding her hand until she slipped loose of his grip to go down onto all fours in front of him.

Slider went down with her as she went down, crouching over her back and reaching under her to grab her tits, and fucked her his few final strokes of ejaculation, and the two rested, him on top her back, she on hands and knees, catching their breath.

He laughed happily, woozily righting up, and said: "Wooeee . . . God damn!"

When he backed out of her, pulling the length of his dick out slowly, watching it pop out and flip up waggling, shiny with cum and her juices, he looked down where he knelt between her spread legs at her lathery cunt. White cum goo matted the hair about her cunt and about his testicles. Sighing happily he slapped her rump smartly, like a cowboy dismounting his mare after a good ride.

The sex that followed seemed almost planned in the way that the men knowingly cooperated and conspired to share their pleasures so rapidly and continuously. Tag-teaming her. Team-fucking her. Still, looked at another way, for its frenetic heated action, it seemed more a wild free-for-all, a drunken feast on my wife's naked randy body and she moved, positioned, forced as they pleased, docile and ready, succumbing wantonly to her own sexual arousal. The three men moved around my submissive wife, as she poised pathetically on all fours for their pricks, or knelt compliantly before them opening her mouth, or was leaned over the coffee table, or crouched holding or half-laid on edge of the sofa, legs spread, baiting them, holding her buttock open with her hands, exposing her hole. They poked their pricks into her mouth. They poked their pricks into her cunt. They fucked her two at once. They fucked her one by one repeatedly. She sat or knelt or crouched and sucked off one. She sucked them off while one behind her fucked her. She sighed, she squealed, she squirmed, she humped, she whimpered, she sighed, and she finally collapsed naked and exhausted on the carpet and curled up.

My own memories are like pornographic snapshots of the scenes. Uncle Bob's big fat dick in her mouth and her breathing through her nose as he spent himself into her mouth, delighted at her response, her willing swallowing of his cum, commenting, "Jesus. Look at that." Or seeing the boy, the young man, and the old man all taking turns, fucking from behind on all fours. Fucking her so hard that her tits swayed. And seeing how she started to fuck them back, seeing the sweat on their bodies glisten, hearing their thighs slapping loudly against her buttock and the smacking sounds of fucking her already cum-mucked cunt. Watching their wet livid dicks—the two young stiff ones, the old logy and fat one—plunging and poking and mashing into her spongy cunt, her swollen cunt lips sucking back on or folding onto the cock stuffing her; she used the mouth of her cunt like her own mouth on it, wanting it, clinging to it. Or then seeing her straddling that fat old guy while he lay on the floor, her butt and back to his face, as she herself did the fucking, fucking his stubby dick that seemed as wide around a beer bottle, stuffing her good, and she going up and down on that slick stout short plug-like dick with an involuntary moan and a lost look, then leaning over and bracing herself with an arm down on the floor and looking down between her legs at her own belly going up and down, to see his dick going in and out of her own cunt, shoving herself down on it so that prick went up inside up her as deeply as she could shove it and how she arched against it and squirmed with pleasure.

I don't know if it was marijuana, or if she had just given up after all, or if it was that their pricks were so much better than mine, or it was the excitement of fucking men their ages, especially one so much older—but she was completely sexually uninhibited with them. Her eyes glittered wild and bright or were hazed in dreamy abandon; she was so absorbed in keen feelings of sexual intensity, that she did not see me at all even if her unfocused stare turned my way, and she showed no shame for what they were doing to her or how abusively they handled her, my wife become a fuck and suck sex toy.

But when pausing once while they maneuvered her, her focus on the plain circumstance she found herself in returned to clarity, remembering who she was and who they were and the whole sick scene—the living room, the sunlight on her naked body, these strangers, Frenchy grinning, and me on the sofa watching while their hands groped her body to guide her, their crude instructions for her to make another sexual submission blatantly spoken—she looked up at me just briefly at the moment and saw me looking at her, saw me clearly in the pause of action and so for just a moment she came to herself; but then an ironic coy smile came slowly to her face, her frank knowing look at me was sarcastic and unapologetic. She wanted to see how these men fucked her better than I ever had. She was glad that I saw it. She wanted me to see it. And she wanted me to see how much she was loving it.

When she had been finally exhausted—or at least they had been exhausted for the moment and their dicks dropped limp and spent—Frenchy offered everybody beers and brought me one as well, but he did not bring one for Karen who lay on the floor, hunched over near her underpants and bra where they had left her from the last two-way fuck. Her backside and the hump of her hip toward me, her head toward the window, her face turned up to its light, she had drawn her legs half-raised to her chest; I could not see her face from where I sat. But Frenchy standing over her did see her face, and he smiled down at her and asked her knowingly "You like that?" and nudged her with his foot; she rolled over on her back with a long sigh and put her arm over across her eyes and forehead so that I still could not see her face but for a slight smile.

Frenchy nudged her legs with his shoe, he tapped at her calves and told her: "Spread your legs, mom. Lemme see it."

And he stared down smugly at the sloppy oozy cunt that gaped and drooled cum to the carpet.

Frenchy looked over to Slider and tipped his head toward the sight.

Slider nodded and pet his dog and spoke to him. "Go on, Blackie."

All he said and the dog, who had largely been disinterested the who time they three men had been fucking on my wife, now sat up alertly when Frenchy had turned my wife over onto her back and from where he sat in the dining room next to Slider had a riveted gaze between my wife's now spreading legs and what Frenchy had wanted to see.

When commanded by Slider, the dog went immediately to between those spread legs and her gaping soupy cunt and put his snout into it and licked and lapped it up. Karen started as from sleep and I saw how red-faced and oversexed she looked.

She tried to sit up, to reach for the dog's muzzle and fend him off, but Frenchy pushed his shoe onto her shoulder and said: "Lie down. Be a good girl." And she looked shocked and confused but had not the strength to fight him and Slider came closer to intimidate her, it seemed, and soon Uncle Bob—who'd pulled up his undershorts—stood so close that he obscured what I could see, while David had knelt at Karen's head and had pinned shoulder to the floor (though she was not really fighting it) and so she just let her head drop, turning her face away so that I could no longer see her expression; but I had seen it before she had. She was not resisting this.

At Frenchy's instruction she pulled her legs up frog-like to spread open her cunt more for the dog's probing tongue.

Obscene as it was, the men were not cracking jokes nor ridiculing her by side glances or anything of the kind. They watched with serious intensity. And Slider encouraged his dog quietly: "Atta boy, Blackie. That good? You like that?"

Then very soon he said to Frenchy: "You see? See it? What did I tell you?"

Now there was low dirty laughter. Now there were humiliating remarks, filthy jokes, and everybody saw what they meant, but Karen and I. Uncle Bob saw it, and said again: "Jesus, Christ, I don't believe it." Then he stepped aside, looking over his shoulder at me with a smirk and a nod, so that I could see, turning his eyes down in the direction that I should look.

Karen herself had been let up by David, had edged up onto her elbows, half-sitting up, as the dog had turned his attention from between her legs to between his own legs. Under the belly of the dog, the dog's penis was engorging, already thick as a cucumber, a swollen stick of dick lengthening as it swells out of a sheath of fur, extending quickly to the length of that cucumber, mottled in pinks and reds and wet as a cherry popsicle and in fact dribbling from the cherry blunt tip of it, a protuberance at the end, a sort of point that spurt quick syrupy squirts of what I supposed was his ejaculation or his pre-ejaculate—I did not know what—but it was spurting and dripping stains of it onto the carpet and as I watched the engorgement, the length of it unsheathing quickly enlarged, and the dog began a nervous whine. Karen looked up. She saw it before I did. She understood what they wanted before I did.

The dog had stopped licking Karen's cunt, had sat up and turned to his own belly and licking his own erection, licking the wetness of it, stimulating himself. Then, pausing looked up toward me, panting. Frenchy told her what to do—or rather he mocked her: "Come on, mom. You know you want to . . . " She stared intensely at the dog's cock. Slider and David, laughing, squatted behind her and were pushing her some, coaxing her to sit up, to move to where Blackie now had sprawled on the carpet. Frenchy now—the circus master cracking his whip over her head—winked at me and looking at me sardonically as he said: "Suck that dog cock, mom."

Uncle Bob stared in disbelief. Karen whimpered, she used her own weight and ambivalence to resist, responding reluctantly and heavily to their shoves and forcible lifting to get her up onto her hands and knees and edge her closer to Blackie's belly, keeping her eyes on the prize.

Slider took her hand and drew it to the dog's dick, and held her trembling fingers to touch it, to feel it. She never said, "no." That is what Frenchy would always say about this. When Slider let go of her hand, she was feeling the dog's dick by herself. Looking at it and feeling. Touching the tip of it, which was slippery and wet, making her fingers slippery and wet. Stimulating him, the dog's cock danced and spurt a couple jets across his belly. The dog looked up and leaned to lick the drippy pointy tip of it.

Frenchy said again: "Suck it, mom." She did not immediately. She felt it tenderly. She watched it spurt once more before, even as it was spurting, she leaned and put her mouth over it and drank it, closing her eyes.

Bob said: "Jesus." Nobody else said anything.  
  
She put her hand down into her own cunt and fingered herself as she sucked the dog's cock.

"I don't believe it," said Bob.

Frenchy grinned.

No jokes. No wisecracks.

We watched my wife laying naked at the dog's belly, sucking his spurting cock, slathering her tongue on it, submissively receiving the frequent spasms of liberal juices spent by him, her whole mouth engulfing it, warmly taking a large length of it into her mouth, and swallowing eagerly and masturbating idly.

She acted like she loved the taste of it. And in fact she spasmed, obviously orgasmic, at the thrill of exciting the dog and making him cum in her mouth. As she sucked the spewing dog cock, her own hand went down to her cunt, and she masturbated shamelessly as she sucked. Whimpering.

Her face very red, she was obviously self-conscious and aware of her humiliation. Her masturbation was meant to show us how much she wanted to do this.

But she made no obvious sounds of pleasure, except for the eager obscene liquid swallowing. Still she was obviously taking strong sexual pleasures from this.

"Jesus," said Bob again, shaking his head, and it was incredible to watch.

She was swept up and away by her own overwhelming sexual cravings. She would do anything they wanted her to do at this point.

For her part Karen would not remember any of this, beyond the encounter with Uncle Bob and the young man and the shock of Slider stripping her in front of them and the wild intense sex. But not the dog. Never the dog. Or at least she always looked at me completely blank when it go to this recollection. Not that I would ever bring it up, except that in the aftermath, naturally, we talked about all that had happened and in the serial events of this memory, what happened with the dog was the most vividly recalled by me. I could not bring myself to say it, but I expected her to admit it. I wanted her to tell me how she felt, but she did not. Perhaps, it was because she felt this was the point of her greatest shame, although there was a lot more to come.

She continued sucking the dog's cock, the dog's cock spending into her mouth, until seeming to feel sick or suddenly aware of herself in the silence, all of us watching her with fixation and fascination, she withdrew her mouth, holding the dogs penis and looking at it as if she just then realized what she was doing, and sat back, drew up her knees, and put her head onto her knees. Frenchy handed her his beer. She looked up at him. She was crying again. He said: "You like that?" She put her head onto her knees again.

The dog had got up and nuzzled her neck with his wet nose. It seemed oddly kind. But it was something else. He jostled her. He put his paws up onto her shoulders.

The dog wanted to fuck her. They all wanted to see this.

It had been the plan all along, Frenchy later told me.

Frenchy leaned to whisper to Karen, to turn her, to position her for the dog. Slider helped the dog.

Again without resistance or reply she submitted to him. The dog mounted her from behind.

Slider aided the entry. Karen's face lifted, showed the feeling of the entry. Surprise. Shame. Arousal. All of it at once, in the open-mouth and open-eyed expression, tears on her cheeks. "God damn," said Uncle Bob.

The dog's paws about her waist, his chest upon her back, he humped her rapidly, his penis poking her in swift sharp movements for a good ten minutes. It was more than she could stand. Frenchy remarked that the dog's cock was probably larger than anything she had ever felt, even him. The men laughed at the remark.

Karen was breathless and anxious. Frenchy said the dog's getting larger and larger, and described how his "knot" would soon engorge her cunt and she'd be attached to him. "Like any bitch in heat," He laughed, "That'll be good."

She gave into it shamelessly, whimpering and mewling and finally swooning pleasures, moaning little girlish "uhs and ahs and ohs. Out of sync with his piston like pumping of his prick until she cried out, "Oh, my God, my God" because suddenly feeling his cock swelling in her, it burst with spasms of sperm; the dog now stopped his thrusts and pranced between her legs, panting over her shoulder.

The dog obviously was ejaculating inside of her, and Karen looked up into the air with wide-eyed shock and amazement.

The dog ejaculated copiously,; his sperm, clear and syrupy, spilled out of her cunt, running down the inside of her things, drizzling onto the carpet, "Oh God," she trembled.

The dog's ejaculate squirt hot sharp jets repeatedly inside her.

Karen closed her eyes and let out an embarrassing shameless mooing; her arms quivered; she gasped; she orgasmed; she burst into tearful sobs; she sobbed and collapsed forward, down to her elbow, her forehead to the carpet, sobbing.

Though her ass was still raised to his prick, the dog prancing, dislodged from her cunt and stumbling over top of her confusedly he tried to remount her, but he kept missing the mark. No one helped him. They were all laughing.

His pumping prick humped empty air, spraying ejaculation over her thigh, onto her reddened buttock, now glossy with the dog's syrupy cum.

The dog's cock was still swelling. I saw then the dog's knot. Fortunately for my wife she had fallen beneath him before it had lodged in her cunt. Or else she would still be fastened to him, helplessly.

Now the solemn silence gave way to snickering hilarity. Slider and Frenchy acted in tandem with a mutual wicked inspiration. Settling the dog, petting him, Slider got him to lay and lick his dick, while Frenchy, laughing, with a wink to me, picked up my weeping wife by the armpits and with the help of David hoisted her bodily and spread her legs and made her straddle the splayed dog and poised her above it—Slider holding the dog's dick like a stick for my wife's ready hole—and lowered her slowly and neatly onto the long stiff red thing, taking the dick up into her cunt.

She sucked up air as she got it stuck up in her, whimpering, but she stopped crying. She looked down, teary eyed and amazed, at the thing going up inside her and even giggled at herself and the boys egged her on and Uncle Bob too got into the spirit of it, laughing as well.

They helped her fuck the dog's long prick.

Holding her, they helped her to rise and fall on her own legs, fucking the dog's dick, and the dog laid his head down, panting and enjoyed it.

And she enjoyed it too, fucking the dog like that, showing herself like that to the boys, fucking the dog's dick, the dog shooting up repeated hot jets inside of her, causing her own sexual excitement to repeatedly thrill her, to give her hot color and wild eyes, while the both of them—dog and girl—were breathless and peaking sexually.

At this moment Frenchy looked over at me wryly. Slider joined his look at me. Uncle Bob and David. They all looked at me, grinning mockingly, and Frenchy said triumphantly: "Look at your wife, man. Fucking a damn dog."

And my naked flushed wife helplessly climaxed with emotional abandon, impaled on this thick long dog dick, squealing foolishly and quivering on it as it hosed her with hot ejaculation, which gushed from around the dick and cunt hole, like a spill of cream soup, and seeing this obscene perverse display the men cheered her on, teasing her, and laughing.

Embarrassed and self-conscious as her sexual passion was spent, Karen looked up sheepishly, and Frenchy reached out solicitously and helped her to stand up, gingerly withdraw from the big dog's long dick, and step away from it and the dog, which was sprawled on the floor and did not move for several minutes. Karen herself was unsteady on her feet. Frenchy embraced her and spoke softly to her. She rested her head, eyes closed on his shoulders; he whispered to her, feeling round her ass.

They turned and he led her out of the room as the men were dressing and talking about the experience. The dog got up and shook himself. Slider brought him our mixing bowl full of tap water and set it in the dining room for him. The dog was very thirsty. The men all got beers. No one offered to get me one. They glanced at me with contempt, but otherwise ignored me. I myself said nothing and did not get up from where I had sat on the sofa for the whole show.

Frenchy came back after some ten minutes or so, saying that he had put Karen to bed. It was barely seven o'clock. They had been at it for five hours or so.

Karen did not come out of the bedroom until long after dinnertime, almost 10 o'clock. Sleeping, I guess, for the most part. Although Frenchy had gone it to "check on Mom" and did not come out for hours. In the meantime Jon and Larry came home; Larry rattled on about the movie and Jon took up the easy chair in his underwear. About nine or so, Frenchy came out, giggling excitedly, and insisted that Jon join him in the bedroom.

**Installment 10—The Fifth Week—Tuesday Night: Another Walk to the Store**

At ten o'clock the door to our bedroom flew open and Frenchy and Jon exploded out like riotous clowns, laughing shrilly, joking crudely, and dragging my dazed doped-up wife behind them like a rag doll, her limbs quite out of her control. It was only pot, but she looked completely "baked" as they say. She was wearing one of Frenchy's t-shirts, which was so large on her it looked like an oversized white hospital gown, sloppy and soupy all about her body, her arms swam in its sleeves; it hung about her to mid-thigh.

They wrangled her into the center of the room to present her to me and to Larry who had taken up the easy chair after Jon left it., though she did not seem aware of me.

Somehow I had been permanently assigned the farthest corner of the sofa, furthest from the TV and near the window, the spot from which I witnessed the daily and nightly sexual abuse of my wife for day after day and night after night.

From that very spot I had witnessed her, just a few hours earlier, kneeling naked, leaning over the belly of a black dog to suck up the length of his swollen pointy prick, her head bobbing, coaxing him to climax in her mouth. Loudly slurping wet gulps of spouting dog sperm, her eyes-closed, tight in concentration, focused on her perverse oral service. And she—hot, red-faced, self-conscious, aware of the leering men standing over her, mocking her and urging her cynically to keep swallowing and sucking—she was obviously deeply ashamed, but obviously trembling in her own sexual excitement—her indecent arousal taken from molesting a dog's cock, for Christ's sake! In her mouth! The dog cumming repeatedly in her mouth! I looked down at that dog's sappy face; he lay out-stretched on his side, panting with his tongue lolling lazily in his open jaw, as he enjoyed her bobbing mouth on his prick, grunting with gratification he spent his sperm into her mouth freely and repeatedly, raising his head up to see her doing it. And she swallowed all of it and swallowed eagerly again and again. While above her the three men mocked her nastily and teased her to keep going, to keep swallowing the stuff, and joked cruelly with each other about it. The dog had ceaseless ejaculations. Over and over again in her mouth. Jesus God, she and the dog went on like what seemed a good ten minutes! All of us watching her were astonished. The sounds she made—murmuring responsively while repeatedly swallowing spruts of dog cum—I will never forget it.

I can still get off masturbating on this scene. It's still so vivid in my mind. I don't know how long the dog could have continued—dogs seem to make more and more cum the more they fuck—but Karen must have got a stomach full or felt sick or felt ashamed of herself or just breathless and finally gasped and withdrew, sitting up, bracing herself, while the dog's jerking cock sprayed up, shooting sperm into her lips, dripping like syrup, and wet her neck, running between her breasts. The dog leaned in and took to licking his own dick until it stopped discharging, but still it wobbled above his belly, swollen and large and red and stiff and ready for more for her mouth. For her part, Karen seemed exhausted and had laid out flat on her back and covered up her eyes with the forearm, catching her breath. I could see her fluttering heartbeat throb in her diaphragm; her body a glow of sweat. Of course they were not finished with her. With his brother and uncle each taking up an arm they hoisted my bewildered wife while Slider held the dog's prick upright, they lowered her down, legs spread, to straddle his belly and to take the dog's cock right up deep into her cunt. She groaned. They laughed and began to help her fuck the dog. And once again the dog ejaculated, now up inside my wife's cunt. In the end they let go of her and she fucked the dog all by herself in stupefied sexual drunkenness. Shamelessly climaxing, eyes shut, moaning with dog cock stuffed up inside her. Slider's uncle said he wished he'd brought a camera.

Now, my wife stood in the living room again, brought before me dressed in Frenchy's T-shirt. What would they do to her now?

When they let go of her, she swayed a little. Her eyes glassy, her gaze was distant, but she was smiling, happy. Goofy-looking. High. She giggled as she tried to keep standing up where they had left her alone. She collapsed giggling to the floor, legs jumbled beneath her, the t-shirt splashed about her, her thighs showed. Larry instinctively looked between her legs. I did too. But her t-shirt had not spilled up so far up to show anything he wanted to see.

She sat up, her head wobbling. She said dreamily: "I feel so dizzy." Frenchy laughed. "Put your head between your knees." She drew up her legs, embraced them, to give a rest for her forehead. Then Larry and I saw what he wanted to see.

"What did you do?" I saw but I did not believe it.

Jon said: "Shaved her pussy."

Frenchy added: "Yeah, looks great."

"Just like when she was a little girl," Jon described.

"Yeah, except she's got real bouncy tits on top." Frenchy laughed.

We all stared between her legs. Between her buttocks, the pink scallop of moist bulbous lips. The bare pump labia of her vulva, the star pucker of her virgin anus seen beneath it.

Jon turned off the TV. We weren't watching it anyway. We were watching my wife. We all watched her breathing.

Frenchy said he had just wanted to see her cunt and play with it and got her to lay back on the bed after she got stoned and got the idea to cut away some of her pussy hair to get a better look and started clipping the tufted hair off the top of her pussy. Well, then, one thing led to another. He got more and more trimmed away and liked the way it looked, like the way it felt. "I could see her slit. I could see her clit sticking up."

He came out and got Jon to show it to him then. "So I got dad's razor," said Jon.

"And his shaving cream," added Frenchy.

"So we shaved off all the little hairs and the beard around her asshole too. Shaved her real close. Shaved three times. Took turns. It was fun. And she liked it too. Kept feeling it herself."

"Yeah, she likes feeling herself," Frenchy laughed. Jon laughed at the unstated joke. Knowing glances exchanged. I could guess. Larry had no clue what they meant.

"Smooth as baby's butt." Jon looked in admiration between her legs.

"Pretty and pink," commented Frenchy.

Whether from lethargy or desire, I could not say but at that moment as all of us were staring there between her legs—and she heard our conversation, I am sure—she let her legs fall open. The puffy labia parted with a moist gasp, the succulent center exposed for us, the inner fleshy folds looked chaffed by too much use or touching and within them her deep wet vaginal hole, red as beef steak, glistened with pearly ooze of what I had supposed had to be her own cum or the boy's cum or both. Her aroused clit showed—a pink slice peeking out the top of the slit, peeking out of its swollen hood, shone pointed and pink and glossy like a bit of candy, like the end of a candy cane licked up to a sticky wet nub. She got like this when she was really very sexually excited. I had seen it a couple times—first during one of my early explorations of her body when I had insisted she let me examine her naked with all the lights on, but she was ashamed of it, and she had gotten so excited she complained she could not catch her breath and would sit up and cover herself and refuse to let me go on. She had always tried to hide it after that, whenever I had seen it in the mess of her pubic hair during foreplay.

She lifted her head and looked up sheepishly then and seeing our gaze closed her legs again and put her head down on her knees.

"Nice," hissed Frenchy.

"Makes you wanna fuck her," nodded Jon.

Larry was chewing his lip. He had his hand in his pants, feeling himself.

My dick was hard too. God, I don't know how I can keep doing this. I am not going to school. I am losing her to these boys. Where will this end?

"Taught her to masturbate," Frenchy said proudly.

"Yeah," said Jon, "Wanna see?"

He grabbed Karen's wrist and tugged on her arm, wanting to make her stand; Karen resisted limply, using her dead weight against him; she whimpered and shook her head.

I felt sorry for her. She looked tired. Her hairless vulva looked swollen and sore. Had she been rubbing it for them, like he said? Really?

Frenchy saw my pity and shared it—at least for the moment: "Nah, Jon, give her a rest."

He let go of her arm. She looked up at Frenchy feeling her wrist where Jon had gripped it.

"She looks sore," I said, looking between her legs. Karen, seeing my gaze, drew the t-shirt down, covering herself, holding it to her lap. She looked away toward empty space in the dining room. Thinking what, I wondered.

"Frenchy," shook his head, "Don't think so . . . I put baby oil on her after we shaved her, and she used it too. . . you know, to rub herself off. . . " He shrugged but leaned solicitously, asked her sympathetically: "You're not sore, are you, mom?"

She looked up at him big-eyed like a poodle, wanting only to please him, and said nothing but taking his queue for her lead shook her head slowly. He helped her now to stand with gentleness and care and speaking soothingly to her: "You tired?"

She nodded as he drew her up to stand in front of him and drew her warmly into his arms, put his hands onto her rump, and nodded back at her uplifted face, saying: "You did a lot today, mom. We need to put you to bed, don't we? But first I want you to go get us some beer and cigarettes. Okay? You do that for me?" She nodded, not speaking a reply.

Of course she would do anything he wanted. She had given up. Or she was in love with him. Or she was just wasted. I don't know. It gave me a strange pang. Something of my usual sexual anxiety and craving for her humiliation that I felt, but also an unpleasant sickening feeling, like the misery of finding out that someone you loved no longer loved you. I don't know that this was the case, that she no longer loved me. But I felt guilty and ashamed for what I had made her do, and I knew that she saw how I watched it, how I obviously relished her sexual use and humiliation, and she for her part had been obviously sexually aroused despite her shame. I had seen it.

And she had seen how I watched her submission to them, understanding (even others did not) the secret embarrassed pleasure she took from having their cocks cum in her mouth, getting fucked to sweaty exhaustion, and all the rest of it. And now seeing how she melted into Frenchy's arms like an infatuated teenager, though Frenchy mugged at us over her head on his chest, mocking her, and out of her hearing he would call her a pig, just as Jon did. How could she not know what they thought of her? Did she really believe it, when Frenchy said: "I love you"? His cynical manipulation of her was creepy and obvious. How could she not see it for what it was?

Of course her self-deception was the last emotional refuge she had. I don't know how else to explain it. How she would do whatever he wanted could only be explained by some passionate infatuation, naive as that of an adolescent crush, or no, really it was the passionate and compulsive as the cravings of a nymphomaniac. It was really that sort of compulsive sexual craving that perverted her this way; she only lied to herself telling herself these were feelings of love for him, and so it was out of "love for him" (she told herself) that she gave herself up to any sexual idea that he conceived, to anything that he wanted her to do, as though it was for him that she did it—even sex acts with other men, even sex acts with a dog, for Christ's sake!

And yet, hiding at the bedroom door, or watching her shameless displays in broad daylight, I could hear the real feelings in her mewling response to them. I could see it in her flushed face, in guilty sidelong glances at me, how she only half-deceived herself. In the midst of some craven sex act, in the heat of her wet gasping orgasms, all pretense was stripped off and she showed, she showed nakedly how she was doing these things because she really wanted to do these things.

And I was sure Frenchy certainly saw it too. He commented on this to me to tease me and to shame me for her sake: "Mom really loves what we're doing to her." No, what she did was not just for love of Frenchy, even if she half-believed it was.

Still, couched in his enfolding embrace, small in his arms, she looked a little girl in love. Truly, she did. And I felt hurt by her tender submission to him, her obvious affection for him, even though I thought it must not be really believed. Frenchy kissed the top of her head sweetly, then looked up at me, and asked: "You got any money?"

He did not need to ask. He knew he had taken all my money. He grinned.

Jon reminded him he had the money from Slider and his friends. But Frenchy objected: "We need that to pay the boys for the pot."

"Why pay 'em?" said Jon. "We can give them piggy."

Karen hearing this must have felt anxious. I could see no change in her expression as she pressed her head against Frenchy's chest and he looked down at her and shook his head: "No, you can pay up tomorrow. I got the money for that."

Frenchy then explained he would be leaving in the morning to go see his Parole officer and might be gone until Saturday, but Jon would take care of everything. I saw Karen's eyes open. We both worried about this—intuitively.

Frenchy said: "We'll have to ask old man Hansen for credit, I guess." He winked at me.

"Come on, mom," he said and swept her sideways toward the door. She looked confused. "Where?"

"To the store," he said, "You gotta buy some beer and cigarettes. We're out."

"But I don't have any . . ." Karen protested—I thought she was going to say "money" but actually I think she meant to say "I don't have any shoes;" she was in her stocking feet. Just like the last time she visited the store. Frenchy pushed her ahead of him, and Jon went after laughing. Larry hesitated as they reached the door, Karen shoved ahead, but then Larry lumbered after when Frenchy stuck his head back in and invited him: "You gonna come or not?"

I was alone in the house again. Imagining things. Watching TV and imagining things, waiting for their return and all the tales Frenchy would tell. I looked out the window and did not see them. I went to the front door on the first floor and looked out the yard and down the street, the Red Barn across the street, the traffic light changing red to green to red again before I went back up.

They did not get back for more than half-an-hour.

Almost what I expected: the crowd of them together clambered up the stairs, joking and tussling. Karen came through the door with Frenchy, Larry and Jon right behind her. She was clutching the t-shirt in front of her, obviously stripped naked somewhere out in public. Even her socks were gone. She was barefoot and naked, and they were laughing at her. She looked distressed—teary and flushed. Frenchy snatched at the t-shirt, exposing her to me and to the rest. Her eyes widening welled with tears as she looked at me. And looked down to see her plainly then, completely naked with her shaved randy sex. Standing before me for a moment. Wanting me to see. The bare wedge of her sex between her thighs beneath a bare rounded belly, making a pronounced slit between puffy labia plumped at the swell of her thighs.

She ran out of the room, blushing in her face, the blush radiating across her chest to the tips of her pointy tits, her tits bobbling obscenely as she ran into the hallway. I ached to see her so, so self-conscious in her nakedness. I mean, I ached pleasurably to see her that way, to see the boys leering after her. Our bedroom door slammed shut. Frenchy laughed. Larry wanted to go after her and stood looking down the hallway, considering his chances at pursuing her and winning a fuck or a suck.

Jon carried a couple six-packs to the refrigerator and Frenchy, tossing a carton of Marlboros on my lap, began his story. Larry gave up the chance and took up the easy chair to hear the story, though he had been there. Jon returned with beers for the three of them.

Frenchy had planned it and on the way had confided to her that she would need to cooperate, to do what he asked. She had asked him to explain, but he only laughed and said for her to be nice. He kissed her outside the door of the place.

This corner store, at the corner of Hennepin and 26th, has its entry on the corner of the building. The windows along the front are blocked by the back of shelves that stand behind the counter and cash register at the head of the aisles. The doorway under a little alcove is all glass and passersby might see in that way, but otherwise there is no line sight into the store. Frenchy, Jon and Larry stood out under the alcove while they sent Karen in with instructions. Frenchy had told her to go to the cooler at the back of the store to get the beer, put it on the counter, and ask for the cigarettes. He had explained that when Hansen asked for money, she should ask him to put it on account.

She had supposed that Hansen must have made that kind of arrangement with the group home, with previous group home mom's and dad's. But that was not the case. Frenchy knew what to expect. Karen was surprised.

She asked for credit and he looked her over without replying. He went to the front door, he nodded at Frenchy knowingly, and he turned the bolt-lock on the door.

He came over beside Karen who had turned to face him, looking anxiously beyond him toward Frenchy who was laughing. Jon had crowded up against the glass door to watch. Larry fidgeted behind him to get a place to peer over his shoulder.

Mr. Hansen folded his arms and looked at her stocking feet. He said: "Where are your shoes, Mrs. H?"

Karen told him she had left them at home. Hansen nodded and said simply: "Take off those dirty socks."

Karen was confused by this, said Frenchy, and looked uncertainly and hesitated but when Frenchy nodded at her she did what he wanted and never asked why. Now holding her socks in her hands she glanced around Hansen out at Frenchy who said "I love you, mom" soundlessly through the glass.

Hansen looking at her feet said she had pretty feet. He held out his hand toward her and she did not understand the gesture at first or his implied wish but realized after a moment of silly half-spoken discussion with him that he wanted her to hand him her socks, so she did it after he insisted with a second imperative gesture.

He looked at the socks smiling, folded them, and laid them neatly on the counter.

She should have expected what he wanted. But Frenchy had not told her.

I did not anticipate it. Frenchy had prompted the whole thing with a careful plan. He had an understanding with Hansen, going back a long time. He told me that yes there was arrangement. Yes, there had been "credit" given for the previous group home mom and dad too, the one before us who had left so suddenly (and conveniently for us, I had thought). Yes, in much the same way that Karen now was in debt to Mr. Hansen and his friends, the previous Mrs. So and So (the previous Group Home mom) had been debt and the debt had been satisfied in much the same way.

"Your debt," Frenchy explained, "will be paid off Sunday night. But mom don't know about that yet."

"You don't tell her," he warned all of us. "It's a surprise."

What was happening in the store that night was the deal was being made. Hansen had told Frenchy: "I ain't gonna buy a pig in a poke." Meaning he wanted to see what he was going to get for all his beer and cigarettes and snacks and cash. Because, Frenchy explained, Hansen had been giving Frenchy beer and cigarettes since a week ago and even when Frenchy or the boys had taken money from me for food or milk, Hansen had been putting the cost on account and had let the boys pocket my money.

Hansen asked her if she knew what she had to do. My wife was confused and glanced at Frenchy who nodded and repeated that he loved her. She looked back at Hansen; she shook her head. Hansen said: "He didn't tell you how much you owe me?" She shook her head. "Nearly sixty-five bucks now, seventy with this here..." he gestured at the counter.

"How you gonna pay for all that?" She shook her head. Now Frenchy and the other boys--Jon and Larry--came in the door. She heard the bell on the door knock. Mr. Hansen got up from his stool and stood at the end of the counter, looking her up and down.

"What we gonna do about that then?" She stared up it him. He dropped his eyes from her anxious expression and stared at the front of her, leaned to admire her bare legs. He sighed and asked her plainly: "What you got on under that shirt, Mrs. H? Hmmmm?" He grinned. He glanced up to her face, and she turned her eyes away.

"You ain't got nothing on underneath that shirt, do you?"

She stared and understood.

He grinned: "No bra?"

She did not respond. She blushed.

"I can see your titties, Mrs. H. The boys can too. I wonder..." He craned to look over the counter at her bare legs. "I'll bet you ain't got no underpants on"

She did not respond.

"So the boys can feel you up, I bet," He said: "Am I right, Mrs. H? Hmmm?"

At this the boys laughed. Frenchy winked at Mr. Hansen.

Hansen watched to see her response to his insinuations, but she averted her eyes from his. "Well, Okay. You don't have to say."

He stepped out from behind the cash register and approached my wife, who backed up and into the boys blocking the doorway. Mr. Hansen, coming closer, nodded at her distress and bent over and reached out to her, to touch her leg and to traced bare skin of her exposed thigh, where her hands clutched the hem of the shirt. He tried to lift the hem, lifting the side of it and seeing a bit of her bare buttock, then ducked as if to peek at her exposed thighs, then smiling, shaking the hem slightly: "Come on, now. Mrs. H. Let's take off this shirt. . . Let's just have a look and see what you got under there, Mrs. H. . . Hmmm? Okay by you?"

He gestured, sweeping his arm toward the center aisle and saying that she should go stand there... "So no one can see you from the street."

Karen told me later that Hansen did not look at her face as he said it. He looked at her chest and her legs. She backed up, away from him, into the middle of the aisle. Hansen said: "That's good... Right there."

He leaned back against the counter and folded his arms and stared at her, looking her up and down, like he was sizing her up, like he was buying her.

He said it again: "Take it off, Mrs. H. Show me what you got to offer." She looked at Frenchy plaintively who nodded solemnly, who knew what he meant by it all, but she did not know, and she did not want to do this. Mr. Hansen had been a neighbor, a nice old man. He had always been so nice to her. Why was he doing this? Why was Frenchy doing this?

So, why did she do what he asked, if she was so unhappy to do it? This was over the top now. I mean, yes I had set it up in a way. I had allowed her to be abused. But the other situations were different. She was stripped by the boys then. Against her will. If maybe complacently, I guess. Or she was forced to undress in one way or the other. But now this was her own choice. She knew what was expected. But she didn't have to do it. Did she? Not really. Frenchy said he didn't threaten her. Frenchy appealed to her nicely, he said. She did not have to do it, he said.

I asked her later why she did it and she did not reply; she could not explain it herself. Or she was ashamed to say it. She looked away sadly. She said she didn't remember what she was thinking. And when asked how she felt, how she felt standing naked in front of Mr. Hansen—who now would remember her like this always, who would see her every day and see her standing there naked like that—she looked at blankly at me but blushed, then shook her head in confusion or denial.

The boys, intensely watching from the door, saw her slowly lift the t-shirt up over her head and let it down, holding it in her left hand loosely where it touched the linoleum floor, and finally she just let it drop. Looking away from the gaze of Mr. Hansen. Ashamed of herself. But not unwilling. Obviously not unwilling. This was the story.

So, my wife stood under the florescent lights of the store. Arms dropped, hands at her sides. Looking down at the linoleum floor absently. Completely naked in front of Mr. Hansen. Wondering what he wanted.

She could hear the boys looking on and remarking to her. Hansen stepped out from behind the counter and this silenced them. He leaned against counter and folded his arms. He looked my naked wife up and down.

"Very nice, Mrs. H," he approved.

Too ashamed to look up into his eyes, while he looked her up and down; he nodded at Frenchy, smirking smugly, then looked back at her approvingly: "Yes, she's everything you said..."

He commented that she had nice tits--like Frenchy had told him---and added that he was obviously surprised but also "...very very pleased" to see how Frenchy had "... made her snatch nice and bare... That's very nice too. Very very nice. So the guys can see it...."

He told Frenchy he liked her "that way." He said she looked real pretty "that way." He stepped away from the counter and approached her. She fidgeted. She glanced at him anxiously, then quickly looked away again. The boys tittered; she stood absolutely stiff and still, like an animal that was terrified.

He leaned over his six-foot frame and peered down at her flushed face and asked her some very personal insinuating questions.

It embarrassed her because she remembered how in times past, before this all began, even just last week, when she had shopped there, he had been so respectful and solicitous, like men of his generation had been raised to treat the fairer sex; he had even said how much he admired her for taking on the job of group home mom "for a bunch of bad boys like these delinquents." She thought he was sincere.

He had called her Mrs. H then out of respect or admiration. He liked addressing her formally.

But now? Now what did he think of her? He saw her shame and he said her name with sarcastic formality now to tease her.

Now he called her Mrs. H with sarcasm and irony, as he smirked at her naked body, nodding his appreciation.

"I can see why the boys like you, Mrs. H." He joked. "I sure can."

Frenchy said they all moved in the doorway. Standing before her, smirking. She saw them out of the corner of her eye.

They heard her reply quietly uncomfortably to the four questions from Mr. Hansen, nodding or shaking her head, murmuring: "Yes;" "No;" "No;" "Yes."

Frenchy told me that the four questions that Mr. Hansen had asked my naked wife were these. First he asked: "Have all the boys fucked you, Mrs. H? Hmmm. Many times?" She nodded. He asked her to respond so he can hear her. She did, though weakly. Answering: "Yes." Then he asked her the second question: "How 'bout sucking cock? Do you suck their cocks too?" She denied it. He did not believe her, but he sighed: "Too bad." Then, stepping closer to her to touch her, he examined her left nipple with the forefinger of his right hand, circling the wide aureole, teasing the tip of it; she looked at his hand, watching him. He asked his third question then as her nipple responds: "And have they... have you ever been fucked in the ass, Mrs. H?" He looked at her eyes when she shook her head. The look of anxiety she showed persuaded him she was telling the truth about this. He grinned and nodded: "Okay."

"This is good, Frenchy," Hansen said, turning to him, nodding his satisfaction, "She's really pretty. She's better than that old fat lady you got us before. She'll be fun to fuck dizzy."

He looked down (and her own gaze followed) as he put his hand flat onto her bare belly and slipped the fingers downward, feeling it, down to feel the bare slit and down to slip his middle finger slip inside of it. He asked his last question then, peering up into her eyes for her honest response, as he diddled her gently and she tried awkwardly not to show her response:

"And your husband, Mrs. H." Mr. Hansen asked her the last question, "Does your husband know you're here at the store? Hmmm? Does he know you're down here? Naked like this??" She nodded. She said: "Yes." Softly.

"And he don't mind?" he asked, genuinely perplexed. She shook her head, saying, "He wants me to do it." He could not fathom her look. He could not believe it.

Later, on Saturday in fact, I would have to go down to the store for cigarettes, and I felt sick at heart to see this man who had seen my wife naked and soon would get her to do God knows what to pay the "debt." When I came to pay for them, he raised his hand to refuse my money, and then looked at me quizzically, and said, "..you don't know?" I was embarrassed but I said: "I don't understand." He looked at me pointedly, puzzling it out, and then said: "Never mind." And took my money. He didn't believe I knew what she was doing. He thought she was acting on her own.

Hansen leaned over to take the t-shirt off the floor; with a glance he tossed it back onto the counter. She watched. She stood stiffly without protest as he looked her over again. She did respond when he touched her breasts. Her eyes blinked. She was stiff and attentive, but she did not move, did not raise her hands. He grinned and stepped in front of her. He embraced her, pressing her to his body, and she did not resist; he kissed her; he felt her buttock with a second roving hand while the front of her he felt with his other hand, feeling about her bald smooth plump mons, curling a middle finger up into the warmth and wetness of her slit, while kissing her warmly. She did not close her eyes, she looked up at the ceiling as he felt her and kissed her.

Frenchy said she liked it. He said she could not help herself---old man Hansen stood there fully dressed and making out her as she stood naked, feeling her up---when he tongued her mouth and she closed her eyes and kissed him back, raising her hands to his chest. Frenchy said she kissed him back and I suppose she did.

But when Hansen stopped in the midst of it, and turned away, she stood watching, hands raised, to see him go to the door and let the boys in. She backed up anxiously into the aisle, covering herself with her hands, moving to hide against the food shelves, aware now of the window on the door and aware anyone passing in the street could see her.

Now they all lined up in front of her, giving her the once over; she straightened, as Jon drew the hand away from her breasts, but she kept a hand over her sex reflexively, hiding it, embarrassed at what showed.

Hansen had boys on either side of him. Frenchy was nearly as tall as him on the outside. All of them grinning like horny cats at my poor naked wife, who stared at floor, whose feet were cold and who felt cold and shivered, and wanted to hunch over, but who stood as she was, her hand over her shaved sex.

Frenchy said: "Stick your finger in your slit, mom."

Karen did not look up to acknowledge his command but without reply she put her index finger obediently inside her vagina. The labia spread over it. Plump lips about it, like a bun, her finger like a hot dog in a bun. Frenchy told her to wriggle her finger, he had her slip a second finger into herself, and he had her rub about and finger-fuck herself. He got her to do it fast and vigorously, and when she was getting worked up, when he saw the wet slick on her fingers, he told her to take her fingers out and to lick them. To taste herself. She did what she was told. He repeated this instruction. Three times. Then stopped as she looked up at them sucking on her fingers, tasting her own cunt juices, and liking it, he said.

On his own motion now Mr. Hansen stepped closer to Karen, and she put her hands up as if to fend him off, holding them up, but he said: "I ain't gonna hurt you, Mrs. H." And he knelt and said: "I just wanna get a little taste of your quim myself." He took hold of her thighs and stuck his tongue into the slit of her, pulling her against his open wet mouth, and she stepped forward awkwardly but submissively, her hands still raised, and her eyes widening. He wriggled his tongue up into her and sucked noisily on her slit and she made a start and a gasp at the sharp thrill to her clit when he sucked on it.

He continued while the boys watched. Larry masturbated. Frenchy beamed. Jon sneered.

Hansen stopped, looked up at her, wiped her mouth with his hand, and stood, wiping his wet hand on his trousers and unzipped his pants, and drew out a long uncircumcised dick like limp hose, plumping up slowly and lengthening as she looked at it.

My wife had never seen an uncircumcised penis until she had seen Slider's uncle. Now this one too. And this one was longer, dangling, but like the other had loose skin down to the tip of it, like a sleeve of flesh. But as he got more erect she saw the red glans bulging, his pee hole poking out of end of it. She felt his hand on the top of her head and pressing her to kneel or lean over and heard him say: "Suck it."

As she was pushed to lean or kneel, he lifted his penis for her mouth. She dropped to her knees without a word and sat back on her haunches and opened her mouth for it, and felt it forced into her mouth. Mr. Hansen sighed and said, "Call this payment for your beer here, if you like."

He held her head. She was bent at the waist, her hands on her knees. He fucked her face. She closed her eyes.

"Your husband know what you're doing, Mrs. H?" He asked again.

She sighed. She listened to the boys shifting around her. She felt hands about her, feeling her breasts. She felt fingers on her buttock, her legs being spread, fingers wedged into her vagina, sloppily fucking her. Hansen stopped fucking her mouth and withdrew, stepped back and masturbated as she watched. She looked up, closed her mouth.

He put his hand on top of her head again. Without command she did what he wanted, her mouth opening for the penis that he held for her.

She put her mouth on it, sucking, moving her tongue. Little enough happened but then Hansen grabbed her head and held it and he had a feeble ejaculation which she later told me tasted acrid and strong—I don't know why; I was obsessed with her telling me about what these men tasted, like how she felt about their cumming in her mouth, if she liked it and so on. She liked most of the boys, some more than others; she liked Frenchy; she didn't like Jon. She hated Hansen's penis.

He held her head telling her to keep sucking and then more stuff seemed to seep out into her mouth, quite a lot more than she had expected, tasting not so acrid and thin, almost watery, and she wondered then if he must be peeing in her mouth. She felt certainly that he was. He did not do this for long. But still she was sure that is what he had done by the strength and the duration and the strong taste of the hot stream that squirt into her mouth.

Disgusted, she spat out his sagging penis, spat out urine, yet he peed onto her teeth, into her partially open mouth, on her chin, as she still held his penis toward her mouth.

Until she averted her head and then his pee splashed urine on her tits and ran over her bare belly and trickled onto the floor.

Fumbling to stop himself, grabbing his prick, apologizing and laughing "O, I'm sorry. . ." he waved his penis about, soaking her front and her thighs and said chuckling.

"I really didn't mean to do that. Really. Really." He wet her thoroughly with his pee while the boys laughed.

When I asked incredulously if this was really true, Frenchy shrugged.

But Jon blurted: "Sure he did it. He peed right in your wife's mouth, man; and she let him to. She held it open for him, I swear, man. Pissed right into her mouth."

Frenchy grinned" You are a real bastard, Jon."

But he did not contradict him.

Jon told me for emphasis: "Go kiss her, if you don't believe me."

Frenchy said Hansen told Larry and Jon to help her get up while he strokes his cock, or pinching it to stop his pee, and staring at her tits.

He took hold her tits with both hands and looked at her face while he fiddled with her nipples and told her: "You got lovely nice nipples, Mrs. H."

Frenchy said my wife stood for him silently as he sucked on her nipples, sucking them up and biting the tips of them in his teeth, and said: "Hold her tight, boys."

They each took an arm, turning her back to Hansen.

Hansen easily slipped his swollen prick into her from behind. He commented how easy she was to fuck. "She must like it."

Hansen fucked her a bit.

He added: "You guys fuck her a lot?"

They laughed. Karen's mouth open. Hansen took satisfaction in pleasuring her. Several hard shoves moved her up to her tip-toes. She whimpered as she was jostled and poked by his prick.

And then, Frenchy said, Karen's eyes just lit up wide and shocked, and she gasped out loud.

Jon could not restrain himself. Before Frenchy could say it, Jon burst out that Hansen had peed right up inside her cunt, and swore she moaned but did not fight it; they hardly needed to hold her.

"She liked it," Jon insisted. Frenchy shrugged. Larry looked away when I looked to see what he thought.

Frenchy said Hansen peed steady and nonchalantly inside her, his pee leaking out, ran down the inside of her legs to her feet and puddled on the floor. He stared at her intently as he did with a sardonic grin, a look of contempt and satisfaction.

Jon added with satisfied venom: "Poor piggy began to boo-hoo." He mocked the shame she felt, the emotional blubbing she made. Hansen pissed in her like she was a urinal, Frenchy said. "Funny really. You should have seen the look on her face."

Then, like a water hose bursting from the pressure, his limp penis popped out of her vagina, and urine gushed from her vagina, down her legs, onto the floor. The boys thought it hilarious.

Hansen stepped back, holding his limp dick, and peed some more onto her belly, aiming at her slit deliberately, and soaked her thighs for good measure, and then finishing off, nodded as he looked at her crying into her hands, shook the drips off his dick, and tucked it back into his pants, and zipped up.

Hansen looked her over again and asked once more: "Tell me, hone: Anybody Ever fuck you in the ass?"

She did not respond.

He went around behind her, shoved her forcibly forward to lean, to put her hands on her knees. Using both hands he spread her buttock, she looked at Frenchy pathetically, sobbing. Frenchy said again without saying the words aloud: "I love you, mom," while he watched as Hansen pressed his thumb onto her anus and pushed it in to the knuckle.

She took in a breath, closing her eyes tightly, tears streaking her face again.

Frenchy insisted: "It didn't hurt. She just felt ashamed of liking it. I swear she came."

Jon nodded. I did not believe it. Larry, remembering it, revealed worry in his face about what he'd seen too but he was not going to stop them.

Hansen said: "Our business partners love the girls you bring 'em, especially the young wives, like Mrs. H here, that have no choice and never been butt-fucked. They're gonna love the look on her face when they do it to her. [He smirked, nodding at my wife's shame.] We don't mind her crying some. She can cry 'cause she's ashamed. That's okay. And it feels uncomfortable at first.:

Hansen paused, thinking about, looking at my wife's bewilderment and fear--did she understand what he was saying?

"It's good" he continued, "if she whimpers some. Complains at little. Tears are good--maybe she's a little scared. But then they wanna see her getting hot... getting fucked in her butt... You know.... So put some butter in there... Some Vaseline and then stick a carrot up there so she knows what it feels like... Fuck her a little with that.... But, Frenchy, you keep your monster out of her butt... We want her virgin. You too Jon... She's ours. She belongs to the business."

He tried prying the tip of other thumb into her anus, but she sobbed and went down at her knees to escape him. "She's really tight now. Get her used to something up her ass. But not too much. We wanna see her scared like this."

He let go of her, smacked her bare buttock and went back to the counter where he made a note to himself. He wrote a very long note. They waited, Jon and Larry still clutching Karen like they feared she'd run away. She gripped at them, squirming.

Hearing her, Hansen turned back at last and looked up as though he was surprised to see them all still there. "Sunday then, right?" he said to Frenchy and then addressed my wife saying: "Very nice to see you, Mrs. H. (leering at her nakedness one last time).... Looking forward to seeing you again.... Don't forget your beer, son" Addressing Jon.

Larry and Jon let go of Karen. Jon took up the package.

He took Frenchy aside, telling him she was gonna be really good, looking back at my chagrined wife. They talked, speaking of her and of their business, while eyeing her nakedness approvingly.

Larry stood to the side of her feeling her tits and she stared at the floor passively. Jon got a carton of milk out of the cooler and opened and drank it, smirking at Karen's flushed face. Jon offered her a sip of milk, but she looked away in shame.

Frenchy finished his business with Mr. Hansen. They shook hands.

He took her t-shirt off the counter and tossed it on the floor into the pool of his pee. He said: "Clean that up, Mrs. H."

Karen went down to the floor, hanging her head. Hansen directed her to the places to mop up his pee. She did what he said submissively. This pleased him.

He said: "Frenchy, I don't know how you do it."

Hansen would later explain himself to me. When he did he said that of all the others Frenchy has gotten by his games and blackmail, none had been so sexually cowed as my wife was. He said out loud then as he gave Frenchy the compliment: "She really wants it, don't she?" Frenchy grinned. He looked down at my naked wife, as she looked up leaning back on her knees, her hand letting go the wet t-shirt: "You really do love him, don't you, Mrs. H? You'd do anything for him? Hmmm?"

Karen's bullied surrender caused him to laugh at her touching expression, he told me, and he commanded her to mop pee that she had missed; she did as she was told then stood as all watched her without giving her a hand, clutching herself with folded arms.

Hansen chastised her to pick up her "goddamn" t-shirt. She picked it up, dripping pee, holding it uncomfortably, cringing and reluctant to let the cold wet thing touch her body.

Frenchy guided her naked to the front door and pushed her out into the pool of the streetlight and before a crowd of cars that had stopped at the corner for the light. Despite her disgust with it, the only thing to cover her nakedness was the nasty wet cold t-shirt. So shielding herself with it, she ran away, off up the sidewalk and they all chased her after her, her bare feet smacking on the sidewalk; and catching up to her, spanking her, teasing her, they laughed at her all the way home and chased her up the stairs into the house and through the door where I had seen her run in.

She had dropped the filthy t-shirt on the carpet. I could see how sopping wet it was.

Frenchy finally asked me if I wanted a beer and sent Jon to get more beers all around. Handing me mine, he said again that he would be going to see the PO tomorrow. He seemed to wait for me to respond. I did not know what he meant me to think.

"He wants to know how things are going..." he sipped his beer.

I understood. I did not want to tempt the matter. Frenchy would not say anything that would stop the fun. Still, I wondered what he was up to.

Frenchy turned to Jon and told him to make sure the boys got paid for their pot. Jon had the money he said. He said he would take care of it. Frenchy asked Larry if he was going to go home for the weekend. Larry did not want to. Frenchy said he should.

It was like Frenchy was the real Group Home dad, not me. He told Jon that he expected Steve to come back. He said he'd talked to him on the phone, that he was upset about what they were doing to mom, but he had explained to him that wanted to do it and had told him what she had done today with Slider, his brother, his uncle and his dog. He winked at me: "That was really something, dad."

Jon asked about Sunday. I did not know what they meant but Frenchy and he exchanged details. Then Frenchy told me he was going to take mom out to celebrate her twenty-first birthday down at the local bar. Several things about this were wacky: first of all, bars are closed on Sundays and then too both Frenchy and Jon were underage. But he said that old man Hansen had arranged it all and then he added the name of our landlord to the discussion. He explained how our landlord—Mr. Levinson—who owned a lot of buildings around, including Hansen's corner store and the bar he was talking about—had said he'd pick up the bar tab.

"You wanna come too?" he asked me.

I did not reply.

"Really? Gonna be a great party."

I shook my head, fool that I was. I had met Mr. Levinson only once before. A short chubby Jewish lawyer, who lived out in St. Louis Park, and invested in real estate around here. I remembered how he complimented my wife on her clothes, although she was not really well dressed that day. She was wearing shorts. He liked looking at her bare legs, I think. We had signed the lease at the dining room table, and he had stood up when Karen excused herself to leave the room and had watched her walk away looking at her legs, still white from the winter, and he said to me: "You're a lucky guy. You have a pretty little wife."

Larry got up and turned on the TV, bored with all our talk.

"What is this debt you are talking about?" I asked.

Frenchy laughed, and looked at Jon who said nothing but grinned back at Frenchy.

He sat on the sofa and told me it was a long story. Jon said he was going to bed. Frenchy gave him a nod, then begin with the tale. While he explained, I heard Jon going into our bedroom where, I supposed, he roused my naked wife to fuck him before he went to sleep.

Frenchy said that Hansen gave credit to the last Group Home mom and dad, as part of a deal he had with him. It had started a long time ago, when Frenchy had brought him his sister. "She was just twelve and had no tits, but he liked to look, you know, and she'd give him hand-jobs."

The relationship he had with Hansen surprised me. I said that I didn't know he had a sister, or that he ever had lived around here. He replied that he didn't live around here and laughed and added that he didn't have a sister either.

So the debt started to build and build, and it became something that was really a bigger problem for Hansen than Frenchy, given the trade that the old man was taking for the debt; but Frenchy ended up putting the burden on the Group Home, telling the last Group Home mom and dad that it was their debt. Then he admitted with smug satisfaction how he had seduced that Group mom too, the previous one, but that the dad never did know about it, and so he had got the mom to worry about how her husband might find out and then one thing led to another and that mom had gone down to the corner store too and had done pretty much the same thing that Karen had; only in her case, she had stood in the aisles and taken off all her clothes for both Hansen and Levinson and both of them had fucked her with coke bottle while she leaned over and sucked them off, first the one and then the other.

Hansen himself had made the comparison, thanking Frenchy for Karen, 'cuase Karen was so young and so stupid and the last one had been middle-aged and chunky fat. Karen was a pleasure to see naked. And how she acted naked, so self-conscious, so embarrassed but secretly aroused--that was much better than the last one too who was just ashamed of how fat she was, and it was hard to get her sexually aroused so that she liked getting fucked. No, Karen obviously liked getting fucked; she wanted it.

"They had a party for my last mom at the bar too," Frenchy said archly and asked me if I wanted another beer. Larry got up at last and went to bed.

"I got pictures if you wanna see," he told me, handing a beer when he came back from the kitchen.

We drank our beers. I did not have anything to say. We watched TV. I wondered about those pictures. I wondered if they would take pictures of my wife. Well, of course, they would. Maybe even movies.