**Group Home**

by Fishman

**Installment 11 — The Fifth Week — Wednesday - The Boys Get Karen and The Girls Get Me**

Frenchy left in the middle of the night without saying a word to me. I did not see him go and I did not know when he would be back.

Before he left he got Jon out of bed and brought him to Karen. He explained what he wanted her to do solemnly. She listened. Jon grinned. He said: "You do whatever he wants... I'll be back in a couple days." She looked worried. He laughed and kissed her. He told Jon to be nice to her.

Jon had no intention of being nice to her. No sooner than he left he pulled her out of bed. She was wearing only Jon's T-shirt and her underpants which showed beneath them. This time barefoot. Her hair uncombed, her face swollen with sleep. She blubbered but he hushed her and pushed her into the dark hallway. I did not hear them. I was exhausted and slept like the dead. Jon pushed her to the backdoor and down the back stairs to the door on the alley. It was cool outside. Moonless. But pools of lamp light in the alley showed them, as Jon shoved her along. She, holding her shirt down with her hands, to try to cover her underpants, and advancing only when pushed, hurting her bare feet on stones.

Jon brought her around the alley to the front of our street and the corner store where old man Hanson was still open, past midnight, with one of his buddies sitting on his stool in front of him, as he stood behind the counter.

Karen stumbled through the door into the well-lit store. Jon grinned at Hanson who looked at my wife happily. "Mrs. Harris how nice to see you again?" He nodded toward her, glancing at his friend, "The little housewife I was telling you about..."

His friend grinned broadly and stood. "Yeah...." he looked her up and down, "Nice..."

Karen clutched her breasts, cowering. She refused to look at him. His eyes dropped to the crotch of her underpants and the hint of her sex.

Jon said, "Mrs. Harris here needs some cigarettes."

Hanson nodded. "Sure, sure..." He reached for the pack of Marlboros in the hanging shelf above his head.

"Two," said Jon.

"Sure..."

"You got money to pay for it?"

"Put it on account..."

"Sure..."

This was strange subterfuge, bringing my wife down to get the cigarettes he wanted. He wasn't afraid of abusing her, presenting her half-naked to the grocer. But he didn't dare to buy the cigarettes illegally. Hansen, though, said: "She ain't got to pay, if she'll strip off for my friend here."

Jon laughed and looked at my pathetic wife, whose head lowered in misery, half hid her flushed face in the curtain of messy fallen hair. He nodded, grinning, and said to Hansen he wanted a beer then too.

Hansen said: "Sure, sure..." He went down the aisle to the cooler. The old man, his friend, asked Jon: "Is she really your group home supervisor?"

"Mother..." said Jon.

"Mother?" said the old man, "How old is she?"

"I dunno. Twenty? I dunno. Yeah, she's our Group Home Mother. Ain't you, mom?" He smirked at Karen who glanced away. Karen looked upset by the naming of herself, the exposure of her nakedness was worsened by being known for who she was. He explained it to the old man: "You know she does what any good mother does. She makes us dinner, washes our clothes, cleans the house, then if we want, we can tell her to take off all her clothes, and she does it whenever and in front of anybody we want, sucks till we cum in her mouth or lets fucks us any way we want. A good mom." Jon said proudly.

The old geezer shook his head. "And her husband knows?"

"Sure.." Jon grinned: "He likes to watch. When we make her take off her clothes for us, he sits and watches; he takes out his hard-on and jerks off... he shoots off just seeing her standing there naked in front of us. His idea...."

"Jesus..." the old man said, swigging his bottled beer.

"Yeah", said Jon.

Hanson came back and handed him a cold bottled beer of his own. "Okay," Hanson said. He winked at his friend: 'You're gonna like this."

Jon leaned at the counter with an elbow. "Okay..." He leered at my wife, then turned and looked at the old geezer and teased him "So, you wanna see her naked, huh?"

The old guy sat back on the stool. "She'll do it?"

"Sure," Jon bragged.

He looked back at my wife smugly. "Won't you, mom"

Karen said nothing.

"Drop your underpants for the old guy, piggy."

Jon said my wife must be numb to it by now, stripped in front of so many now. She looked at him without expression. She felt for the hem of the t-shirt and then just lifted it up, over her head, and dropped it to the floor, her hands at her sides. Her eyes now had an expression of regret.

The old guy whistled at her tits and Hanson said: "Yeah, I told you..." "Nice tits," the old geezer gestured. "Go ahead and feel 'em." "Oh yeah," he hesitated. "Sure, what's she gonna do? Cry?"

My wife would later say it was like she was half-asleep. She felt no excitement and felt only a little embarrassed. Obedient. Sullen. Hopeless. the old man stepped on the stool and put both hands on her tits, feeling them, tugging and teasing her nipples. He tried to kiss her, but she turned her head.

Hansen laughed and said: "Take off your underpants, honey."

She looked at the floor. She paused a moment and then pushed her underpants down, down her legs, bending over, to leave them lie on the top of her feet; then rose, looked up at the man for a glance to see his satisfaction and lust, and stood still, arms at her sides, limply, fully naked for the old man to gawk at, who whistled another long whistle and commented in whispery voice: "Jesus, man... She ain't got no pussy hair... "

Hanson said, "Yeah I told you you'd like it..."

"I ain't never seen nothing like that... It looks like somebody just fucked her too."

"Yeah," said Jon, "She likes when we take turns."

"I'll bet," the old guy studied my naked wife, "It looks kinda sore."

"Nah..." said Jon, "We rub her cunt with some petroleum jelly... you know... Makes it feel better and easier to fuck her too..."

"Yeah, I can see that..." the old guy was astonished how pliantly my wife stood naked before them, underpants at her feet, face raised but eyes at the floor. She was aware of his gaze but did not engage it.

"Maybe, she'd like to get fucked right now..."

"Yeah, sure," nodded Jon, "She sucks cock too...."

"No shit?"

"No shit," the old man said again in amazement.

"Yeah, really, no shit at all," Hansen laughed. It was a joke. He explained that Frenchy had promised to clean out her rectum with a douche and an enema before they brought her to the bar for her an all-nighter of repeated ass-fucking.

Karen shivered noticeably, folding her arms underneath her breasts; her nipples, as if cold, wrinkled and stiffened, aligning her forearms. The men commented again on her greased-up cunt lips. Jon downed the last of his beer. "Okay," he nodded at my wife.

Karen pulled up her underpants and picked up Jon's T-shirt and pulled it on. She glanced back at the old man curiously as she was turned when Jon shoved her toward the door.

Jon took her a round-about way home, going out of his way down 26th Avenue. She felt anxious about it, looking wildly for spectators. Jon teased her about how she was just about known to everybody in the neighborhood, how he'd heard others talking about her.

That's when they met these guys in an alley.

One thing led to another. There was no way they would let her go home without a little fun. Jon let them do somethings but not others. Mostly, they just expressed their surprise and delight at her humiliation. They called her a skank, although some said she wasn't bad. Jon said she was pig. He said she oinked when you fucked her butt.

They took her to the Mueller Park two blocks away, down 26th. She is shoved in her bare feet. It was so late and so dark they were not to be seen. Cops would not have cared even if they had seen.

At the edge of the park Jon turned her to face them and they grabbed her hands and pulled her into the park, then amid much taunting and teasing, and tugging on her t-shirt a couple of the boys stripped it off of her, and fighting over it ripped it to rags for good.

She stood so, showing her tits under the lamp light by a bench some twenty feet or so into the cement promenade that led into the darker depths of the park. They examined her tits, admired them, touched them. She stood placidly. She obviously would not fight them. They saw that.

So she made no effort to resist and showed no reaction when when one of the boys jerked her underpants down to expose her bald cunt, and she left them to cling to her thighs as they celebrated see her her slit. So of course the same boy now jerked her underpants all the way down and off her feet so that she tripped and fell forward into one of the boys arms who of course grabbed both her tits. The one who stripped her dropped her underpants and the one with hands on her tits pushed her back up to stand so that they could all get a good look of her naked, and they walked around her gawking at their prize. Grinning.

Without comment they took turns taking bold of her naked body and kissing her mouth and groping her and in the end they bent her forcibly over a park bench and spanked her. Hard. Smacking spanking. She made muffled whimpers but endured. They teased her nastily as they spanked her. Calling her "skank."

They shoved her about to guide her to bend over the park bench. Then took turns alternately spanking her and finger fucking her with a wedge of fingers deeply. They spanked her until her butt smarted and reddened from slapping. One of them finger-fucked her vigorously until she started begging and sobbed loudly.

"She cried real baby-girl tears," Jon would tell me.

She got up to run but they caught her and pushed further into the park to where they had been before at a picnic table drinking booze and bull shifting. There she was joined by other men drinking in the park, very glad --- very very glad -- to see he, completely naked as she was. They gathered up as she ran toward them, and spread out as she dodged, so to bar her escape. Dodging in front of her when she she tried dodging away. Laughing and groping for a tit. Slapping her ass. Liking how her tits wobbled, they asked the other men closing in who she was and how she got naked. They told her she did it herself. She pathetically pleaded to let her go.

Finally, Jon said, one of the original group grabbed her by the shoulders. Guiding her actually holding her with a grip about her neck with one hand, he finger-fucked her hard with the other hand. The new-comers laughed raucously at her frozen attitude, her yielding to this masturbstion, at the stupid look on her face. Two shoved up to the picnic table and she fell over it and both now kept finger-fucking her while a new-comer fished his cock out of his pants -- actually several did-- and she saw but said nothing; they were beating off looking' at her naked but before she knew it or could say anything, the new-comer behind her poked his cock into her cunt and was fucking her hard from behind, bent over her as she bent over a picnic table. He fucked her so hard her tits wobbled, and she moaned in spite of herself. "Pig that she is," commented Jon. Jon said he gasped out oud when he shot off inside of her. He grunted, taking a couple more shoves of his cock up her cunt, and slapped her buttock as he withdrew, his slimy cock, saying she was a good fuck. Another was behind her and inside of her before she could stand. He shot off too.

The rest of them might have fucked her too, but she slipped off the table to her knees, Jon said, and she collapsed to concrete apron at the table, turned and sat, clutching hernaked self, and refused to get up, shaking her head, resisting with dead wieght when they tried to force her, pulling her about, slapping her. She began to just weep.

In the end they left her sobbing sitting on the cement, legs splayed; they laughed at the humiliation of her. Jon said they ended up escorting her out of the park naked, taking away her underpants with them as a trophy.

Jon said he helped her up and tried to guide her safely home, but she broke away from and ran back to scoop up the ragged t-shirt and finding it useless to put on, she clutched it cover herself and ran down the sidewalk toward our busy street.

She ran across the street against the traffic lights as cars came , catching her in their headlights.

A couple horns honked and she suddenly frightened and ran off across the street in front of it, bare naked in the glare of headlights and the horn honked loudly again. Some loudmouth stuck his head out of the window and called for her to come back.

Laughing, Jon chased her back to the house, giving the thumbs up at the happy driver in the honking car.

She ran up the stairs. I saw her naked myself. She ran to our bedroom. She locked the door.

Jon left her alone while he told me the whole adventure. Later on he forced the lock on the door with a screw driver. He found her under a sheet, ashamed, exhausted, teary. He yanked the sheet off her and slapped her face and ordered her to lie face down and fucked her from behind while she lay flat like that, covering her face with her hands.

Jon stayed with her all night. Doing whatever he wanted to her. I heard her crying. I slept fitfully on the sofa, occaisionally getting up to listen at the door.

The next day everybody got up late. I made breakfast for myself. I remember thinking, feeling sorry for myself, that Jon was probably fucking my wife while I was sitting there alone, eating at the dining room table. Who did I have to blame for it, but myself? But sitting there, obsessing about it, thinking of the days, I got an erection. Imagining his raw red boner poking her slick slit and she is panting, she is clasping the back of his head, she open-mouthed pulling him down to kiss her, and twisting, thrusting herself to take his erection harder and deeper.

Jon got up while I was doing dishes. She got up right after him and went straightaway to the bathroom. I heard the shower run. In my imagination I obsessed about her washing the cream of his cum out her swollen vulva.

Jon came out into living room in his underwear to eat his cereal—obviously still half-hard, obviously having fucked her; smug, he does not even look at me. He turned on the TV. He did not speak to me.

He put down his bowl on the armchair and looked me over contemptuously. He saw by my posture I was hiding my own erection.

He demanded: "Who said you could get dressed?"

I shook my head. This was me, not Karen, he was talking to. Why should he care?

"Take your clothes off, dad." He picked up his cereal bowl and began eating again as he watched me stand up. I knew what he wanted. I felt I wanted it too.

I said: "I don't understand."

He said: "You will."

I took off my jeans. I lifted the t-shirt over my head. He stopped me. He waved at me, gesturing. "Go stand on the chair."

He meant the one in the window. Stand there in my underwear. My penis was thick, it was beginning to poke awkwardly. He saw and nodded with a wicked grin.

But I didn't want to do it. I was sure I would be seen. I felt sick at the thought. I didn't move. I didn't reply.

Jon sighed: "If you do what I want, I'll let take a turn when we fuck your wife in the ass."

I was stunned. My dick moved upright. He laughed to see.

He repeated himself: "Do what I tell you. When we do her in the ass, you can have a turn."

I looked toward the chair: "I can't do that. . ."

"Just go over next to it, dad. . . They won't see."

I saw that he was right or mostly right. The window's frame touched my thighs below my crotch but from outside and below you could not see anything from that angle, except that I did not have a shirt on.

He said with a whispering: "Take off your shorts, dad."

As with all of the sexual things that I did or that Karen did, I cannot explain our humiliating submission. It was not that Jon was so seductive or intimidating, although his instructions to us—nasty as they were, degrading as they were—felt forceful and compelling. It was the extreme sexual tension of them, the gripping incessant concupiscence—what the dictionary calls "a compulsive desire of the lowest appetite contrary to reason." I think I had an erection more or less constantly, often as hard and urgent as I could stand it or was in a state of immediate anticipation of an erection. I think Karen felt the same, except when she was asleep, and even then restless in her sleep, she dreamt about it.

And so doing at last what Jon told me to, revealing my erection, so stiff, my scrotum tightened up, I looked out on the morning street and wanted someone—a pretty girl—to see it. But there was no one there.

Jon said: "If you want them to see you, you have to stand on the chair."

If some girl had been out there, I would have.

Jon studied my hesitation. He saw how I compulsively touched my erection, stimulating myself.

He wondered as he watched me: "Can you lick your own cock?"

I turned to face him. If no one else would see, he would see my erection. And even that aroused me, I don't know why; perhaps because he looked at it so intriguingly, perhaps because he had an erection too and taken off his jockey shorts, feeling himself for me.

"Frenchy can lick his cock. He can even get it in his mouth and suck himself off." His eyes gleamed with the thought. "I've seen him do it. He likes it."

Feeling his penis tenderly, touching the head of it, he rubbed the slime of pre-ejaculate on his glans, causing it to look wet and inviting. He asked me casually: "How 'bout you, dad? Do you eat your cum when you jerk off?" He licked his own fingers of the pre-cum he had rubbed on the head of his penis, his eyes gleaming, smiling seductively.

I made no reply. "Come here," he said.

He lay sprawled on the easy chair, one leg draping the arm, his other on the floor, legs spread, feeling his erection. I did not think how Karen might see this. How Larry might come in.

He said: "Suck me and jerk off."

I knelt and took his penis in my mouth. I liked it better than the first time. The size of it. Feel of it. I know I blushed like a girl. I felt ashamed but more aroused than ever. I masturbated and getting more and more aroused was more and more passionate with my mouth on his penis. I wanted him to come in my mouth and thinking of it, as I was feeling myself, I soon ejaculated. He had been watching my masturbation and when I started to cum he pushed my head off his penis and told me to catch my cum in my hand. I cupped my hand; I caught a pulse of it, the first having looped onto my knee where I had been crouched. He said: "Eat it." He said it urgently. I was curious and still aroused. I don't think I would have done it except for him and because of him. I liked it. It has a slimy cool feeling. Licking it, I tasted it and tasted the palm of my hand. I was unsure of it. But it tasted like his too. He laughed at me. He sat up and drew up his shorts. I wanted to finish him, I wanted his in my mouth. He saw my disappointment and laughed at me. He got up.

Karen was standing at the threshold of the kitchen fully dressed. She had witnessed the whole thing, or at least, I saw by her expression, she had seen me sucking on Jon's dick, seen me masturbating, seen me catch and eat my cum while Jon beamed at her. She looked at me coldly.

She turned away when Jon approached her and went back into the kitchen.

I was more and more alienated from my wife. My craven voyeurism of her humiliations, how she saw my obvious pleasure at her use by these boys, and now this—a second time—seeing me sucking this boy's penis and seeing my relishing my own masturbation, eating my own cum. God, I do not know how we could stay married after this! Suddenly I felt profoundly ashamed and desolate. But even as I put my jockey shorts back on I still had an erection, and I trembled thinking of it all and I could taste my own cum in my mouth. I put on my t-shirt. I did not put on my pants. "I am as much their toy as she is," I felt.

I went to the bathroom; still steamy from her shower, I could smell the shampoo she had used and the talc she had put on her body afterwards. I felt more poignantly in love with her at that moment than ever. I felt more hopelessly lost from her than ever before.

I found her in the kitchen washing dishes. Jon sat at the breakfast table wearing nothing but his underwear. She looked lovely. Her face pink, hair freshly washed and brushed. I sat next to Jon. He was explaining to her the order of the day.

Frenchy would be back tomorrow. He would be in charge until then. He spoke matter-of-factly but he had a wicked glint in his eyes. He liked to see our discomfort.

There would be visitors today, he said. The boys were coming to be paid for the pot. Since Karen liked the pot so much, he said: "I'm gonna give them you." He laughed. She did not turn. She stopped washing the dishes. She asked almost inaudibly: "How old are they?"

"Old enough to know what they want," Jon laughed. He peeled a banana and started to eat it. She washed dished. He added: "I dunno. Some are ten. Mostly in seventh grade. What does that make them? Twelve? Thirteen? Some got hair on their dicks. Some get little stiffies. Is that what you want to know?"

She sighed. She said quietly: "I can't"

Jon laughed: "That's what dad said."

He looked at me mouthing his banana obscenely and biting it off to show the goo of it in his mouth. Swallowed and replied to Karen: "You will do anything they want, piggy, or we'll strip you naked and spank your ass down the street."

"And send pictures to the PO," he added laughing, finishing the banana.

Karen did not reply. My dick was hard at the thought.

Jon looked at me and said: "And I got something for you too." I felt sick. He meant me to do things with these boys? I could not. I would not.

He winked, looking under the table to see my erection.

Finishing the dishes, Karen turned, her eyes teary. She asked: "When are they coming?"

"I dunno," Jon shrugged, "When they get here."

Larry came in. He wanted his breakfast, though it was nearly noon.

Karen set to her tasks as mother and housewife without complaint. She was so kind to him and she looked so lovely just then, as I said; it added to my guilt to see her so sweet for Larry, though Larry told Jon as she was serving him again that he wanted her to suck him off. He could not demand of it her. He asked Larry or Frenchy when he wanted sex with her. Then he did not look at her face. He'd strip her of clothes without regard to her feelings, paw her tits, and did what he wanted, but he did not kiss her the way Frenchy did—Frenchy kissed her like a lover; but neither nor did he gloat wickedly over her embarrassed nakedness or smirk in satisfaction to raunchy sexual abuse he'd made of her, the way Jon did. He treated her like he might treat a cow he'd fuck.

Finishing Larry's bacon and eggs, she stood by the table. "Do I have time for a nap?" she asked. Jon smirked, winked at me: "Kept her up." Larry leered at her while eating eggs that dripped the runny yolk from the fork.

"Sure, piggy," he said and watching her go, he said to me that he's not tired of fucking her yet and she can't get enough cock.

Everything he said was meant to make me feel small. But I was preoccupied with his threat that I had to "treat" the boys too. I did not ask him what he meant. I did not want to know what he meant. I considered leaving, but I wanted to see what the boys would do to my wife. Sick bastard, that I was; I thought only of myself.

My wife went to bed feeling sick and exhausted. In the days that followed, after the whole ordeal ended, she told me how she felt. The sex with the boys started out as a shock and humiliation, had progressed into a cynical self-abuse in which she relished how it humiliated me and even enjoyed the wild sex—as I could see for myself; she admitted how much she liked Frenchy fucking her, the feeling of his cock moving in her so deliciously obscenely full and deep, how senselessly and shamelessly she orgasmed, moaning the first time that he spent himself freely in her mouth, so warm and so much of it, tasting like milky gravy—she had wanted more and kept sucking till he laughed at her and stopped her—and then he and Jon took her off stumbling to our bedroom and tag-teamed her naked on our bed, fucking her every which way they could imagine, fucking her to the point of tearful exhaustion, so that she pathetically pled them to stop. But it was that very first night that she was stripped of all her clothing by Frenchy in the living room for all the group home boys to see her naked—standing in the lewd lamp light naked in front of them—they grinning at her, leering at her—she will remember that night vividly, being completely naked to her bare feet for all them, breasts and vulva freely felt by all them; then, being taken repeatedly by all those boys in the living room, one after the other, so quickly, so urgently, so helplessly, had been an irrepressible passionate release of aching sexual longings that she had denied, which had been pent up since the first time she had had sex with me; our wedding bed, even some kinky moments, had only piqued her appetite and nothing had satisfied her sexually until that moment in the living room forced to fuck and suck all those boys; she described it as discovery of herself. After that she was obsessed with the feelings of it. She wanted more. So the day after—when Frenchy had her stripped for Slider, his brother and his uncle, and then what she did with the dog, and later what Mr. Hansen did to her—she felt no restraint in herself, and she did not think I would stop them; they could do anything to her that they wanted to do and she would let them; she wanted them to force her.

She had seen my wallowing in her abuse; she despised me for it, though she felt ashamed and guilty for her own submissiveness. She said she had been shocked seeing me suck off Jon but thought that it was simply an abuse meant to match her own. She had not thought I enjoyed it. But when she saw me in the living room this morning, naked, crouching on the floor in front of the easy chair and sucking off Jon again, then receiving my own ejaculate into my hand and licking it off, eating it from my hand—she thought I was lost to her. She thought she was alone and had no longer any escape, any way to refuse them anything; she thought I had become one of them.

I mention all of this partly to explain how isolated both of us were, how both of us had becomes victims of the boys, how both of us had become consumed sexually, compulsive to their whims, degradations, humiliations, and neither saw the other clearly.

But I also tell you this by way of explaining how I did not see what the boys would do to my poor wife, because Jon separated us and busied me while she was abducted by them to another place. I only learned about what happened to her several weeks after we both escaped and had had some time to heal and rebuild out trust. Of course she never completely healed, and she never would love again, but I shall explain all that later.

About six in the afternoon a group of the boys arrived. Five or six or seven clambering noisily up the stairs. They did not all come in.

I was sitting in the living room. In my underwear as Jon insisted. No shirt. No socks. The leader, Curtis, whom I had heard described to me, looked even younger looking than I expected, skinny, in white t-shirt and dirty jeans; his hair was a blond mop; he had fine pimples on his cheek.

"That her husband?" he asked, seeing me. "He knows what we're gonna do?" Curtis looked amazed, looking back and forth between us. Jon laughed, nodding: "Yup."

"You know what we're gonna do, mister?" he paused between the sentences, waiting to see my response.

"To your wife?" (Pause)

"We're gonna take off her clothes. "(Pause)

"I mean we're gonna take off all her clothes, man." (Pause)

"In front of these here boys." (Pause, gesturing at the sniggering gang of pre-adolescents.)

"Take off all her clothes and keep her naked so we can all get a good long look at her without no clothes on." (Pause)

"Play with her titties and like that." (Pause)

"Don't you care?" Studying my face, I remained impervious. Cool. But I am sure I looked as sick as I felt.

"What's wrong with you, man?" he sneered at me. Almost all the boys in the group looked at me contemptuously, like I was some old drunk on the street. Some looked worried. Some looked like they were afraid they'd get in trouble for this. But who was going to tell? And who would they tell?

"Where is she?" Curtis asked. Jon took him to our bedroom to wake her.

The other boys waited. I had no desire to do anything sexual to or with these boys. I would not do it. For their part they were not interested in me. They self-consciously ignored me, looking about the room, though there was little to see. A couple came in to stand and watch the TV while they waited, a cluster of others talked among themselves near the front door. They were, like Jon had said, not more than twelve, eleven years old, but had a hardened look about the eyes, like street kids do. They thought of adults as enemies, but this was a chance they would take. Frenchy had told me that they'd seen Playboy pictures and the like, but none of them had ever seen a woman with all her clothes off, face-to-face and in person in front of them; and none had ever even seen a woman's bare tits until my wife had been forced to show hers to them the other day. So this was a big event for them. It was worth the $75 dollars that they would have gotten for sale of the pot they gave Frenchy.

Curtis came out and spoke to the cluster and the two in the living room joined them to huddle up and scheme. Karen came out with Jon behind her, holding her shoulders, guiding her like a robot into the room. Bewildered, a bit damp from lying in the heat of the bedroom in her clothes, she looked sleepy, uncomfortable and unhappy.

She was dressed as she had been, skirt and blouse like she might wear to her parents' house, her hair a bit tousled from sleep, a sleep Mike on her face where she had laid, so exhausted that she had not moved for hours.

"She's got zits," he said. I saw. She did. This was odd. She had broken out on her chin. Why? Too much sex. Chaffing from too much cock sucking. Or just the oily sweat of so much sex? Or maybe the stress of it. I don't know.

Oddly, it made her look the more pathetic to me. And she herself felt the more ashamed to be looked at.

Curtis stepped out of the huddle: "Tell her to take off her blouse."

"You heard 'em," Jon told her. He shoved her forward into the room. She stumbled. Her rude mistreatment—a model for how they should handle her which they quickly learned—caused the boys to snicker and poke each other and comment and caused her to feel her humiliation afresh, causing her a vivid blush, and causing for me a sharp pang of sexual anticipation.

It had been how long now since I had coaxed her to present herself naked to Frenchy? Saturday. This was Wednesday. Just four days? And now here she was commanded by an insolent little twelve-year old boy to take off her clothes. And she would do it too!

She did not reply to him but unbuttoned her blouse slowly as they eagerly watched. She drew it off slowly, as they made comments to each other, and dropped her blouse to the floor. She faced them, frankly, looking at them without emotion but revealing her humiliation, her hands inanimate at her sides trembled, waiting for the inevitable instructions to take off all her clothes for them.

"Do the skirt, lady," said Curtis, pointing at it, grinning, enjoying his power over her. She looked up at him poignantly—if he could have felt pity for her (which he did not). And again without resistance or reply, if a little hesitant, she fingered about to find and, taking in a breath, twisted to unbutton the waist, unzipped the side of her skirt, and lowered her skirt to step out of it, leaving it to drape on the floor at her side, falling from of her hand. She stood, brushing back her hair, looking over the tops of their excited faces; standing in her white cotton big-girl panties, her plain white J.C. Penney's bargain-basement bra, her white bobby socks—and once again no shoes; she looked like some high school girl. In that fantasy they had all had. Shoved out from the girl's locker room in front of the boy's gym class. With the teacher gone. Trapped. Prey for them.

Her skin had the gleam of sweat on it. She pressed her hands to the front of her thighs. Curtis nodded: "Okay... that's good. Come on...."

She did not understand. Neither did I. He held open the door. "Come on..." he repeated with annoyance. He looked to some boys standing by, who had not gone out ahead of him, also looking uncertain: "Go on... Grab her and let's go."

Karen was taken by her two hands, pulled by four, arms drawn out, not resisting but not cooperating, to the door and then out of it. I heard them on the stairs. Jon went after and called down the stairs: "Bring her back by morning." He returned and shutting the door, laughing, said to me: "They're gonna have a good time with her."

He changed the TV channel from what I was watching and said: "I 'spose you're sorry you can't watch 'em. I kinda wanna see what they'll do to her too."

I was sorry to miss the show, but I was also relieved that I had not been included in the sex games. It had made me nauseous to think of it. But I was not to be neglected. Jon had other plans.

It was past suppertime. Jon said no more but called for Larry who came out of the bedroom (where I 'spose he had been jerking off to magazines—later he would have Polaroids of my wife). Jon gave him ten bucks and said: "Go see a movie." Who knows what he did? But he left the house and I did not see him until the next day. Jon left the living room, left me alone; I heard him on the phone. When he came back he had dressed in his jeans, still bare-chested and barefoot, but it made me wonder. Who had he called? Why did he get dressed?

After eight o'clock it was beginning to be twilight. Karen still was not home. They had had her now for two or so hours. I began to worry. I asked Jon if he knew where they had taken her. He shrugged.

A little after that came the noises of the kids climbing the stairs. I assumed—I guess I hoped—that it was the boys with Karen. But when the door opened it was group of girls. One, who was taller than the others, I recognized, it was Jon's girlfriend. The others were younger. Three of them: teeny-bopper—too old for dolls, too young for dating. Spent their days in fantasy on over-sweet romances and barely disguised curiosity about sex. Not like the boys who had my wife, who were explicit in their fantasies. These girls would hardly speak the words out loud, even if they had the thoughts.

They collected at the door. They were looking at me cautiously. They were whispering behind their hands while glancing at me. In shorts and short-sleeved shirts, pony-tails that held back their hair for the heat. One was a bit tubby with dimples, shapeless, shy and blushing, almost seemed to try to hide behind the other two, though she was too big for that. The other two were shorter than her, skinny legged, cute, also shyly spying at me while I tried to ignore them. High small breasts in cupless training bras. The tubby one was plainly flat but also obviously wore a training bra to be like her more sexually mature skinnier friends. But her hips were widening, while the two skinny ones still looked like little girls about their waists and hips. All of them, except Jon's girl, had tan legs from hanging out at the pool most of the summer.

Giggly. All of them giggling. Including Jon's girl who said something about me, I was sure. But the way she looked at me, looked at me sitting in nothing but my jockey shorts. Seeing me in my underwear was funny to them. And awkward and embarrassing for me. I put a throw pillow over my lap.

Jon's girlfriend joined Jon at the threshold of the hallway when he got up to greet her and he pulled her by the hand down the hallway as she was about to speak. Out of sight, I could hear them talking but could not make out what they said. The girls at the door were clustered there just as the boys had, looking at me from the same space that the boys had looked over at Karen. It was unsettling.

I tried to ignore them, though I was self-conscious. When I reached for a beer on the coffee table, the throw pillow slipped off to the floor in front of the sofa and they giggled. They were watching me. I did not want to call attention to it, so I did not pick up the pillow. I felt uncomfortable. I guessed that Jon was hooking up with his girlfriend. When he came back in, he introduced her to me, or actually, he nodded at me and said: "That's him." She looked back at her girlfriends and nodded at them and toward me and said: "Come on, you wanted this . . ."

Jon said by way of explanation: "Her sister. Her sister's got a pajama party tonight."

They giggled stepping awkwardly into the pool of the floor lamp by the TV. The short one was quite pretty. They all smiled with embarrassment. Jon's girlfriend, Shelly, referred to me as "that man." No name. No explanation of who I was. Just "that man." Her sister's name was Vicki. I did not learn the names of the others. They never learned my name, unless someone told them later. It was not important. They knew who I was by reputation. They knew who I was by what was happening in the house. Jon had told Shelley and Shelley had told her sister and her sister had told her friends and so they had got this idea to have a "pajama party" and to sneak over to the Group Home after dark. It was their idea, Jon later insisted.

"Stand up," he told me. "Let them sit on the sofa." Confused and embarrassed by his request, but after all it was the better manners to let them sit—I was going to leave the room, but he insisted that I stay. He said: "They came to see you."

They seemed just as embarrassed as I, blushing, taking their seats hesitantly. Shelley, looking at me, looking at my half-swollen cock in my jockey shorts, whispered to her sister who looked at me—looked at the same place—and whispered back. I saw then that all the girls were fixated on my protuberant penis and my jockey shorts. But I still did not understand. And I felt largely more embarrassed and awkward than anything sexual. I did not anticipate. I did not guess.

Jon then just said it plainly: "Shelley says her sister and her friends want to see your boner."

The word was funny to them. They burst out laughing and Shelley hit Jon's arm for telling it to me.

I did not respond. I could not comprehend. It was a joke. He meant to tease me. To embarrass me. I was going to leave. Jon stepped up into the archway, blocking my way, although I did not step his way; but I had turned and for that reason he had moved to discourage me. But again I was mostly confused until again he just said it plainly: "Take those off." He pointed at my jockey shorts.

"Go on..." He directed me. "Stand over there." He pointed to the center of the room in front of the coffee table, where I should face the three girls squarely. "They wanna see."

I did what he said uncertainly. I did not say anything. Again, I cannot explain myself. But seized again by the pang of sexual urges, gnawing craving for feelings of it. Thinking back on it now, I feel ashamed. But at the time I rationalized even as I felt the anxious urge to submit to this; again, not thinking of consequences or of the succession of cause and effect that I was falling into.

I drew my undershorts down in front of these girls; my penis, already swelling, snagged on the elastic of my jockey shorts and snapped up, bobbling half-hard and pointing out toward them.

The three younger ones gasped and giggled, hands to their mouths, all goggle eyed.

I took my underwear all the way off, stepping to the side of them.

As my penis swelled it rose and moved oddly. Sideways, and upwards. It jerked and bobbed, causing the wide-eyed girls to comment with embarrassed realizations that it was their attention that was arousing me. And it is true that I as I followed their gazes fixed on my penis it did arouse me, hardening my erection, rising up in steady throbbing from my tightly clenched scrotum, so that soon it arched stiffly upwards, standing up at an acute angle against my belly, wooden, straight, larger by three times. My circumcised knobby glans thickened, swollen on the head of it and my penis rose upwardly, stretching, extending. They were fascinated. They were also deeply embarrassed. They covered their faces to not look at it, but they parted their fingers and could not take their eyes off it.

Now thickening and hardening, my penis lengthened, rising and getting larger. Like a thing with its own mind. Its own life.

Jon's girlfriend, Shelley, laughed out loud and said to Jon she liked my prick. She got up from the sofa, keeping her eyes on my rising erection the whole time, and approached me, then stood in front of me, looking down at and studying my now fully stiffened erection.

I had never before been naked like this for a girl. And she relished it. She wanted me to feel naked. She looked at me wickedly smiling, then seriously looked back at my erection.

She commented: she told the girls that some men did not get so hard as this one. She said some men had small dicks (she looked at Jon mischievously) and she said that I was sort of ordinary, but she liked how my dick stood up so hard and straight. The girls giggled at the description.

"Makes you want to touch it," she said looking back over her shoulder at the girls, who looked more worried than intrigued.

She touched me. The girls were fascinated to watch her. She touched the tip of me with her index finger. She felt about the hole. She felt about the glans. And of course my prick jerked at her touch.

She stepped back again and just stared at it.

I was not sure what to do. I wanted to touch myself. My cock tensed and bobbed reflexively, and they laughed to see it moving teasingly, like it was sensitive to their gaze, which in fact it was. Seeing these girl's naive stares study at my penis so keenly made it involuntarily tense and bob, jerking for them as they giggled in shocked amusement, they pretended disgust at the sight of the obscene thing, and Shelley teased them to get closer. I could not help but touch myself.

The girls looked embarrassed for me: they knew what it meant instinctively--why I wanted to touch myself--had they ever touched themselves?

They had never been told about an ejaculation, I supposed. I suppose they did not know it happened.

I pumped myself. I wanted to ejaculate for them.

Shelley stopped me. She told me not to touch myself, at which the girls giggled again.

She told me to "parade around" for them. Walking made my prick to bobble, of course. Which is what she wanted. Causing them laughter and humiliation for me.

Again, I cannot tell you how I gave in to these things. I was enslaved to my own sexual cravings. I would let him make me do anything.

She told me to stop and let them look. She told me where to stand--just like Karen had stood--right before the coffee table, facing them naked as they sat looking at me from the sofa. My erection involuntarily jerked. I had never felt it so hard. Even so it is a little lop-sided. From masturbating I always guessed. And Shelly told them it was funny how it leaned to one side. They did not laugh. She laughed.

The girls bunched up together on the sofa as I stood facing them. Feeling the edge of ejaculation approaching, wanting it but still also wanting to prolong it.

I faced them, looked up at them; they huddled together on the sofa staring up at me naked, at my erection. Glittery eyes.

Mixing wonder with embarrassment. Mixing desire with repulsion. By the expression on their faces I saw that they could not decide if my erection was attractive or disgusting or just laughable. They avoided looking at my face. Except for Shelley. She liked my embarrassment. She licked her lips and winked at me.

Shelley knew of course that her sister was innocent about sex. She had told her things. She had told her about erections. Now, seeing that I reflexively felt myself, she explained how boys masturbate like that. I took to cue to continue, as a demonstration.

She told her sister and the other girls now about ejaculations, that the boy with an erection would rub himself 'till he couldn't help himself but squirt cum out of his penis. They looked shocked, amazed, and perplexed. Shelly knew her sister had never seen such things, even in pictures. And how can you imagine such things?

She asked them: "Do you want to see him cum?"

Shelley saw and understood my readiness to ejaculate.

She said cruelly: "Stop that. Don't do that. You can't cum yet." I took my hand away from myself.

The little girls of course laughed, thinking she was reprimanding me for my naughty touching.

My erection jerked. They saw the bead of pre-cum seep from the head of it.

Jon said: "What's that?" Mocking me.

Shelley laughed. The girls looked at me almost anxiously. Shelley tilted her head and teased me: "Eat it."

I did what she said. The girls looked shocked. I did it a second time when more appeared. I did it a third time. The girls were speechless.

Shelley took charge.

Shelley stood up and approached me, while her sister and the two others sat and leaned forward eagerly, grinning, embarrassed but eager.

Shelley mocked my erection. She told them I was not as big as many, but bigger than some. She asked them if they wanted to touch it. She said they should. They shook their heads in pretended horror but. fascinated, watched as Shelley leaned forward and I felt her small cool hand pulled down my erection and let it go so that it sprang back and slapped against my belly, and waggled.

Repeating this, Shelley laughed, and the girls leaned closer also laughing. Now taking hold of my erection she drew it out sideways and let go of it so that it sprang back sideways; of course causing it to waggle and then stiffening to stop, a rubber toy, and then it jerked reflexively.

She repeated this several times. Each time the girls laughed at it.

Turning sideways to her sister, Shelley said to her: "You do it..."

She was hesitant and at first merely feeling me with her fingertips. Then the chubby one did it also, taking her turn, very gently but curiously touching me. I felt her fingers feel the head of my penis, she felt the wetness there with her fingertips. The other girl sat back with her hands pressed between her legs, watching the game intently. Then I felt Vicki, the younger sister, pull my erection down toward her and let it go and again it slapped up against my belly and then waggled and again stiffened up. They each did that too. They laughed as they did it. They did it several times now--making it slap on my belly or waggle side to side--and it excited in girlish laughter so see how it waggled so silly and stiffened up in response.

When they had toyed with it this way for several minutes, when it waggled back and stiffened, I suddenly ejaculated. I could not help myself.

My erection seemed to explode cum; I gasped; the first of it spurt a shot, spattering a line of cum outwardly where it looped to the floor; they girls squealed and shrank away from it in astonishment; a second spurt came quickly after; the girls squealed again.

Then my cum flooded out of my erection in several repeated pulses, flowing from the head in gooey masses of the stuff, drooling off the head of the penis in syrupy lengths onto the floor. Pooling there. Pulse after pulse. Making a pearly, goopy puddle, contrasting to the dark carpet. And I with my eyes shut milked myself for them, hands free, my cock rising and drooping with the cum I tried to give them. Red-faced. Ashamed. And never more aroused.

And as my dick drooped (but did not get completely limp) the last of cum oozed at the head and dripped off, I opened my eyes and turned to look at them and I saw that they had all watched my ejaculation eagerly, not with disgust but astonished pleasure. Shelley's eyes shone merrily. The three girls on the sofa fixed on the creamy ooze at the head of my penis, mouths agape, eyes-wide. So I did not get soft. The attention kept me aroused. I was soon stiff again.

Jon told me: "Lick it up!"

I did not need to turn to see his face. I knew that grin.

Shelley glanced at him with a wicked knowing look. The girls seemed confused. I had lost the edge of my excitement; I would have to do it coldly. Still, my erection remaining, the excitement of the audience of girls teasing me sexually, I did it for them.

Shamefully. Kneeling over it, lowering my face to it. Looking as I did it. I put my mouth where it had plopped. I slurped it. Cold.

The girls whined: "Eewww!"

Mocking me in disgust for what I did, but also pleased to see me do it. I licked the rest with my tongue. I have never been more humiliated nor more excited. I would stand up then again. Too ashamed to look at them but aware how their eyes darted to my mouth and back to my erection.

Shelley said: "Do that again, mister."

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Meanwhile, my wife in her ordeal felt much the same as I did, she would later tell me. I never did admit to her what I had done, but I think that Jon told her. In fact I am sure he did. He would want to. But she never asked me about it.

On the other hand I was obsessed to know all that happened to her and in the days that followed our escape I insisted that she tell me everything and I was so fixed on knowing details I think—well, I know—she must have understood that I had not given up my compulsions to see her sexually enthralled and humiliated by these boys.

They forced my wife in her underpants and bra and stocking feet out of our front door, into the sunlight, blinking, and moved her by the mob of boys shoving her around to the side of the house, not really wanting the neighborhood or the passing cars to see what they were doing with a women in her underwear in broad daylight. It was funny for them. They were laughing but they did not want to get caught or get in trouble. They knew this was a naughty thing to be doing.

Holding her in the cool shadows between our duplex and the apartment building next door, some went ahead to scout out the alley, to make sure there were no people or cars. She shivered. She told them she was cold. They laughed at her. Some pitied her. Some felt uncomfortable about what they were about to do. But Curtis told her she ought to be glad they didn't strip her. The scouts came back and said the way was clear.

I would have thought they'd take her to their clubhouse—the old garage they had but they had other plans. There was another group waiting.

They led her quickly down the alley to a nearby apartment building on the same side of the block and guided her down some back stairs into the basement and down a dark hall into a laundry room where there was a crowd of boys waiting. She said there were twelve or fifteen altogether. All boys of our neighborhood, all boys of the same grade in school, except for a few older brothers who had been invited. The oldest was fifteen, as old as Larry. A couple of these were that old. But the rest were twelve or thirteen.

The room erupted with yelling when she was brought in. It frightened her. Perhaps it was meant to. Some jeered her with obscene comments and teasing but others were complaining to Curtis and his gang. They all had been waiting a long time in the basement, it turned out. It was supposed to have started hours ago. But Curtis had come late because he had sales of pot to make and these had delayed him. He shouted back at them, he gave as good as he got. He shoved my bewildered wife ahead of him toward a darkened corner of the room that had been prepared for her.

A plain kitchen chair sat there, against the corner, its back touching the two walls. And a bare 100-watt light bulb overhead was unlit; it had dangled over a workbench that the boys had moved aside. An old woolen army blanket lay on the end of the workbench, folded neatly, and on top that, arrayed like instruments of surgery, several objects were placed beside each other—two plastic flashlights, a wooden chair leg, a wooden spatula with a rubber blade like she used with a mixing bowl. She was so rushed to her place and turned so roughly for presentation to them that she did not see at once what they were.

The boys had only quieted when Curtis said to their complaints: "Shut up. She's here. What the fuck do you want?"

Several groused they had to go home soon. It was late. He said: "You'll all get a chance."

She felt cold. The floor was cold. Though it was hot outside, it was chilly in the basement and there were no window. Curtis tugged hard on the pull-chain and snapped on the light overhead. It swung like pendulum, making silhouetted shadows to rock on the walls.

Curtis was annoyed and grabbed her arm, squeezing it hard enough that she said: "Ow!" He did not explain he just shoved and nodded. He wanted her to back up.

She had no resistance left in her. She felt ashamed of herself but did not know how she could refuse him. She backed up and the boys in the room became silent. She turned toward them. They had sat on the floor like school kids for storytelling, cross-legged, all eagerly look up. Except the two-fifteen-year-olds, who stood back the door, smirking, speaking secrets to one another, or perhaps watching the hallway for intruders. Curtis looked up at my wife with self-satisfied pride. She was his prize. She was his to use. He saw she looked cold. She clasped her arms across her belly. Hunched, because she was cold, she seemed more vulnerable this way to all of them. Curtis was pleased. He could bully her. She saw that look in him.

The boys were quiet as church. Curtis looked her up and down: "Put your hands down."

She saw the threat in his half-raised hand if she did not do what she was told. He had the same nasty look that Jon had. Somehow he seemed even more ruthless and mean, because he was that much inferior in size and so he put on a haughty belligerence to keep his place. He swaggered. He bragged. He hurt people and liked it.

He wanted to hurt her. She saw that. He looked at her like he thought of her as someone he disliked. She did not know why. He would later say that she looked a lot like the female student teacher he had had last year, who had made him feel so stupid, who had called him stupid. This would be vicarious revenge.

When she dropped her hands, feeling intimidated by his manner, he said: "You gonna do anything we tell you to do."

She felt like she might cry.

He said: "First of all... We wanna see what your husband married you for..."The boys tittered. My wife was confused. "I don't understand."

Curtis grinned. The boys crowded him. Getting closer to her bare legs. He had to shove them back. He turned back and looking up cocked his head and explained: "We wanna see you without no clothes on..." The boys tittered again and would not back away. They could touch her; they were that close. She clutched herself defensively. Visibly edged away.

"Yeah.. Show us... Take it off (pulling on the elastic of her underpants) ... socks too..."

My wife was shocked. But Curtis grinned maniacally at her. Nodding. "We already seen your tits, you know..." He turned to acknowledge the approval of the boys. "Right?" The boys vocalized rudely. She was obligingly shocked and dismayed. The boys loved it. They jeered. Curtis said, "Strip, lady..." He liked the word. "Strip for the boys..." She hesitated. "You show some of us your tits... So, it ain't nothing now. Show us the rest... we wanna see all of it... what you look like... with all your clothes off... tits and pussy... and all... naked ... We just gonna look, you know... just wanna see you what you look like... then, you can go..." The boys tittered again. Curtis reached up for her underpants and tugged them so her hip exposed. She resisted, pulling it up.

"Stop it," he said, "You gotta do it... We paid for it... You gotta do it... they all paid to see it... (he gestured at the eager boys)... you know, to see you, without no clothes on, that's the deal... Come on... Let's see it..." He touched the crotch of her underpants.

She looked uncertainly at him, cowed and worried; she looked plaintively at the boys. She asked absurdly, "But why?" They laughed. Curtis wisecracked: "Why you think?"

"Oh, come on, they ain't never seen a real live woman like you, naked and showing it all. They just wanna look at it. You know." Then Curtis stepped back and told the boys to sit; they did, like a classroom of students. Curtis stood among the sitting boys, standing among them where they sat, like the teacher before them, he laughed at her sneeringly, then gestured at her and said: "Come on, lady. It's okay. Just take them things off ... Let's get a good look... Okay?"

She felt a hot flush of shame and anxiety. She hesitated in response. She looked at him as if to beg but could not speak; there was no point. One twelve-year old boy took up the menacing chant, menacing as he urged: "Make her get naked, Curtis! Make her strip..." Not loudly. But insistently. Hissing. "Yeah, you gotta make her !" Another said from another quarter. The boys crowded her where she stood.

For reasons of sheer emotion, feeling suddenly so helpless and frightened, or so ashamed and debased, or because she wanted to take off her clothes, she closed her eyes and let trickles into tears—literally she said—tears trickled down her cheeks as she looked out at the boys leering like animals, complaining. Threatening her.

She shook her head, but Curtis put his hand up. The boys stopped. Curtis looked at her seriously. He said it quietly and firmly: "Do it, lady. Go on....Get naked!" Curtis threatened her, threatened to hit her, he shouted" "Now! "

Her hands felt cold on her own skin as trembling and nodding at him, sobbing a silent assent, sniffling tears that she tried to stop by will. Looking up at the bare light bulb (so as not to see their leering expectations) blinking tearfully at its harsh glare, she reached behind herself and she unfastened her brassiere and first hesitating as it popped loose, she drew the right strap of it off with her left hand crossed in front of her, with a slow deliberate stroke, and felt it slide sidewise and loosely down one arm and then the other arm, dropping away, exposing her breasts for the boys. Her brassiere fell limply to the floor in front of her. The boys said nothing. Silence. They stared at her tits. She held her hands in the air while they stared, eyes glittering tears.

Curtis smugly approved: "Some nice tits!" A titter of agreement rolled through the boys looking up at her, whose angle of view gave her tits and her florid nipples the more large and lewd appearance and sexually aroused them.

Curtis then looked down at her crotch and said: "Now . . . Your underpants, lady. Take off your underpants... " He laughed. The boys laughed too.

She saw his leer, the leer of others too; it gave her a sexual pang. Sighing and looking down at herself as she did it, she nodded and slipped fingers into the waist band of her underpants at both sides of hips and drew them down, frontwise to the tops of her thighs, tugging to show them what they wanted to see, glancing up to see how their eyes followed her hands to see her shaved vulva revealed for them, heard their surprise, their whispers, and leaning pushed her underpants to her feet and stepped out of them, stepping on them as they lay on the floor.

She straightened, put her hands to her head and drew back her hair, exposing her flushed face and again they saw a trickle of tears of shame on her cheek. Sighing she bent over and stripped off her socks as well and let them lie on the floor. Another time naked. To be completely naked for men, now even for some dirty-minded boys.

Abject in her surrender to them, feeling humiliated, ashamed and debased. But also sexually aroiused. She said: "Okay? This is what you want?"

Curtis said: "Yeah!"

The boys giggled. She looked at them now, subbmissive, defeated, dazed, like she couldn't believe this was happening to her. But Crurtis told Jon it was obvious to him that she had got really horny showing herself naked for the boys. Obviously, she got a real sick sexual kick out of it. Although she still cried real tears in her humiliation and shame. "Confused 'cause she liked it," Jon explained to me.

She brushed back her hair, sniffling, wiping her tears. She looked out at them, their eager gaze on her nakedness, and sighing in resignation, she closed her eyes. She said she stood naked in front of them, eyes closed, wiping her cheeks of tears a second time, not wanting to see their leers anymore. But still she did not cover herself, and she stood this way self-consciously for what must have been a long time, facing them, aware of them, but not opening her eyes to see them staring at her nakedness.

They for their part they gazed with fixation on her tits, on her shaved slit and her plump cunt lips, the whole of her naked torso with its soft protruding belly, rounded thighs, her navel deep as a thimble: all of her pretty pudgy nakedness from blushing face to bare feet. Completely naked for them but for her wedding ring on the hand that touched her naked thigh which reminded them of who she was—someone's wife, not some slut, a woman willingly surrendering to take off all her clothes for them. They gossiped indecent remarks about my wife's nakedness. They spoke without regard to her embarrassment or shame to each other—commenting obscenely about the parts of her naked body that they liked or thought curious.

Her breasts, her warmly colored nipples appealed to them. Her shaven sex, the labia showing pink and plump, hinting what was hidden, especially fascinated them. Several wanted to touch her. They began to agitate. Curtis saw and motioned.

Several near the front got up and she felt them approach before she opened her eyes; they guided her, someone touching her bare bottom, some taking her hands, to draw her and force her to step forward, to step into the group of them who had stood up, mostly shorter than her, and they all began reaching and feeling her. Hands went immediately to her breasts. Teasingly circling them. Fingering her nipples. Plucking, pulling on her nipples. She was guided into the crowd of them where they swarmed about her. Surrounded by small boy's eager hands touching her all over her body. Hands over hands. Hands underneath those hands reaching for her. Touching, feeling, cupping breasts, fondling buttocks and groping thighs, fingers thrust between her thighs, between her buttocks. Her breasts were squeezed and laughed at. Fingers found the wetness between her legs and boys shouted. She was made to straddle several probing hands between her legs. She felt warm now in their midst, with their bodies pressing against hers, pushed about and manhandled by them, as they competed to feel her, groping her all over, exclaiming their pleasure. Warmth aroused by her feelings. So many hands on her, so many fingers slipping into her vulva, poking her, roving her buttock, cupping flesh; many hands gliding on thighs on belly, squeezing her breasts, plucking her nipples, pulling them. She admitted she felt giddy with the sexual excitement. Her shame, their naive eagerness to see her naked, to feel her nakedness in such innocent curiosity and delight, gave her warmth of blush and concupiscence. This showed on her body in color. This showed in her face. Her mouth opened half-smiling. Her eyes darting, astonished at lust of boys who may not have yet felt the pleasure of an ejaculation, for whom she was the first true sexual adventure—apart from childish games among themselves.

Behind her Curtis threw the army blanket up into the air, to settle out wide on the concrete floor. She saw him over her shoulder while jostled by the many molesting hands of boys. With help of another two boys Curtis folded the blanket over for her comfort, to make it a sort of bedding and then told her to get down on it, on her hands and knees. He took her hand and drew her from the crowd of boys who reluctantly parted and drew back their hands from her body.

She saw the two boys had taken up the two flashlights. She knelt facing the wall, dropping to her hands; Curtis told her to spread her legs. She did but he was not satisfied. He slapped her buttock and said: "Grab your ass and show your cunt." The beams of flashlights were brought to the attraction. The grip of her hands on her buttock pulled them wide. But still Curtis wanted her more abjectly displayed and pushed her to lean over, to lay with her cheek on the blanket, her ass in the air; and so her cunt gaped and the flashlights aimed to show her parting vulva, wet folds opened and exposing the deep hole of her vagina, dark and moist and ruby inside, looking like the inside of a mouth; they moved the light to illuminate inside of it. The boys gathering astonished and one put his finger into it, and she murmured. Curtis laughed. He took his finger out. The gleaming wetness seemed indecent; she should be ashamed of herself; for without knowing why, they knew this wetness meant she wanted them to fuck her.

Without knowing why they were transfixed. Another boy moved in behind her, holding one of the other "instruments" from the workbench. It was what they could find for the purpose. They had looked around the workshop and had found several possible things to use but they had decided on this because of its shape. A wooden chair leg that was found in the wood box. Long, slender and straight with baluster turning, balls of wood enlarging in series above the tapered foot. It would feel bigger as it got deeper inside her. They had washed it well in the laundry tub. They'd even used soap. And Curtis had seen that they had rubbed lots of three-in-one oil on it. It gleamed. She did not know what they were about to do.

When it entered her, she knew it was not one of their penises because it was cold. She did not however complain. She closed her eyes. She held her buttock. And they fucked her with the chair leg—without really knowing what they were doing. But the humiliation of it was so funny that they laughed. Especially as Karen moaned at the pressure of it. One ball of wood had popped into her, the second ball pushed against her clitoris, her labia caved in about it. "No," she begged.

But they did not believe her. She admitted to me it was more anxiety than discomfort she felt. She felt herself also wanting to say yes.

She let go of her buttock, her hands trembling in the air. Curtis nodded at the boy who pressed the chair leg so that it pushed past the straining tightness of her vulva, the lips of it sucking in with the second wooden ball and my wife groaned like a cow. The boys laughed merrily. My wife cried tears.

Curtis then nodded to stop the boy. It was enough. It was not so deep as offensively large in her. But she was not hurt; it was not even uncomfortable so much as humiliating. Especially now as Curtis and the boys took hold of my wife and drew her to stand, so that the chair leg still stuck inside her, stuck out between her legs; Curtis held it to keep it in the front of her, and the boys turned her to face the crowd who were wide-eyed and amazed while my wife covered her face with her hands in shame.

Standing so, Curtis then began to manipulate the chair leg, fucking her with it, where she stood straddling it. He ordered her to put down her hands. He said: "We wanna see your tits. We wanna see your face when you cum."

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Shelley said: "Do it again."

I stood at the end of the coffee table. My erection rising upright as they stared. All hot blushes and girlish whispers. They had clutched each other, legs tucked up on the sofa, like they were afraid I would touch them. But I could not even look at them for my own shame. Still I was compulsively aroused, and their whispering and their own embarrassment only made my erection thrill. The thrilling showing in involuntary humiliating jerking up and bobbing. Which only amused them the more and caused more blushing and whispering.

Shelley said: "Do it again."

I understood what she wanted even if the girls did not. It was what Jon had told me to do in the morning. This was why. He had been preparing me.

And truthfully now I wanted to do it.

And so I began to masturbate for these teenage girls on the sofa. Sideways to them. Until Shelley told me to face them. To step closer. She pushed the coffee table aside to let me step in front of them. The girls shrank back but stared wide-eyed. I watched their eyes as they watched me masturbate.

I wanted it to last. I wanted myself to linger on it. They were not impatient. They were fascinated. They watched the changes of the color, the swelling glans. They saw the pre-cum. I tasted it for them. Rubbing it to wet the head. Tasting it with my fingers. They said nothing. They smiled watching me, watching me taste it. One—the other skinny one—smiling bit her upper lip, eyes dancing. She liked this. I was masturbating especially for her. She saw that I did. I watched her reactions as I realized I would soon ejaculate. I held my erection tightly, letting it strain upwards and out toward their faces, and as Jon would have wanted when I felt the jism ready to pop I put out my other hand, cupped for it, and shot the creamy discharge into my palm, catching it, with a gasp and involuntary whimper. They also whimpered and gasped involuntarily. The girl whose face I had been watching turned beet red. If she had been older, I would swear she had orgasmed too. Perhaps she did. I think she did.

I did not feel the same uncertainty as before. And my erection softened but was still hardened by the girls' attention. I brought my cupped hand to my mouth and ate my cum.

Shelley looked triumphant. Jon grinned. The girls astonished did not make noises of disgust as they had the first time. The skinny girl whom I had focused on smiled at me warmly.

But the fat girl made a face at me and commented: "That is so icky... why does he do it?"

Jon said: "He likes the taste. You wanna taste it?"

Now all the girls squealed and squirmed.

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Standing with her legs spread for it, several boys clutching her by the arms to help her (or to force her), one groping her tits, my naked wife stood awkwardly straddling the chair leg shoved up her cunt, as Curtis in front of her manipulated it teasingly, fucking her with it, twisted it and pumping it easily, Curtis hissed into her flushed face: " We wanna see your face when you cum."

"Cum for us," he hissed. The boys who stood got in the way of those sitting, so now all were standing and craning to see. Curtis got angry with them because they jostled him; he made them all sit again which they obediently did, like school kids cross-legged on the floor as before, for story time, for seeing my naked wife forcibly sexually climaxed in front of them. Better than any story. Better than any movie.

Curtis saw my wife was docile and responding sexually to the teasing and poking of the table leg, so he made faces at the boys holding her, told them to let her go and sit. They boys around her were sorry to take their hands off her. They liked the sense of power and feeling her flesh. But Curtis saw she was ready to go it on her own and he wanted her to do this thing all by herself, all by herself in front of them--to do it because she wanted to do it, not because they had forced her. When they had stepped away, leaving her naked and hers arms spread helplessly and foolishly, seeming astonished as they looked up at her, perplexed by their avid stares but obviously sexually aroused by their attention and her submission Curtis grinned and held the chair leg fixedly thrust up her cunt and stoked her and teased her with it, but added instructions for her to copulate with it by grinding against it, which she did, shuttering, and obviously taking lewd pleasure in it herself. He leered at her; she gasped; he looked into her flushed sappy face, her swimmy drunk eyes and hoarsely commanded: "Squeeze your titties, lady." And she did it. Shamelessly. Making her lurid nipples poke out of her fists like squirts of dough.

She looked back at them, staring up at her sexual humiliation, with such sexual craving showing in her eyes, her mouth wet and open: yielding servile surrender, she cupped her breasts for them; and seeing their approval she squeezed them, popping out her nipples, thrusting, seeming larger and more colorful. Held for him like this by her, Curtis leaned and slathered first one with his tongue and then the other. Then looking back at his friends, grinning, then back at her, he drew attention her gleaming pointy nipples.

He said: "Play with your nipples, Lady." And Karen, aware of all the eyes on her, yet focused her gaze on his eyes—his eyes focused on her fingers—used her fingers to feel and to arouse her nipples for them, scissoring them, rubbing the nub of them, plucking them for them.

Curtis withdrew the table leg from her cunt slowly as my wife looked at him with surprise and disappointment. (She said she had been near orgasm and did not want him to stop.) But of course he saw this, and he wanted her to linger in the tantalizing torture of sexual climax teased and denied to her. He held the chair leg like a trophy, admiring its wetness. He saw the pearly discharge of her own cum on it and showed the goo to the boys.

Karen had reflexively put her hands to her crotch as he withdrew the obscene dildo they had crafted for her. Feeling how it had left the cavity her vagina enlarged, and she soothed her chaffed labia with her own caresses. And seeing this Curtis grinned and commanded her then: "Rub yourself off, Lady."

She had never done anything like this in front of me. In fact she masturbated rarely, and always in private and never standing up naked, always half-clothed in bed alone with a blanket over her in the dark, always ashamed. Now she was masturbating completely naked before a dozen boys, wanting them to see her do it, and seeing them watching her aroused her to do it for them.

One hand drew apart her labia and her other rubbed her clitoris. Or one hand felt a breast, pulled a nipple hard, as the other hand rubbed her clitoris or dipped into the soupy juices of her cunt. She had closed her eyes. She felt her knees give and she trembled to stand and could not help but bend her knees, straddle her own fingers so that she fingered herself more rudely and deeply. But then taking a breath, biting her lip, she straightened herself and stood stiffly, legs clenched, and three fingers on one hand on her slit rubbing vigorously, her other hand spreading her labia to expose the swollen clit, her thighs flexed, tightened, hard, and she gasped loudly and shuddered strangely and again and almost lost balance a moment and whimpering came on her fingers. Her fingers coated with an unexpected glossy creamy flow that was spent on them, pulsing warmly from her vagina as she came for them. It was something she had never seen, though she had felt it before—and I remembered that Frenchy had made her show it to the boys that first night, spreading her legs for them on the floor. But I had not seen it, being behind her; and it had never happened when we were making love. Now she saw it herself in disbelief. She looked down at herself breathlessly. She told me it felt like and looked like a man's cum on her fingers.

She stood before them stunned. Beautifully naked: a woman with a little girl's pubes, but pubes swollen with her desire and oozing sexually. Someone's wife. Someone's wife who had surrendered to be naked for them. Obviously aroused to be seen naked by them. These boys would never forget this. They would probably obsess on it all their lives. And they were all aroused themselves. Some who had never ejaculated would that night.

The two fifteen-year-olds at the door could not wait any longer. This had been fun, but they had to leave. It was nearly ten o'clock. Most of the boys were late getting home and would be in trouble.

But they would all stay to see this part of the show. One of fifteen-year-olds, a boy from the neighborhood whom my wife knew, who had talked to her when we first moved in, chatting her up nicely, never dreaming of this moment, even if he had had a passing sexual fantasy like all teenaged boys do, told Curtis they had to go and so Curtis looked at my wife and explained: "They're gonna fuck you." She looked over at them with a flash of anxiety. She would speak but Curtis spoke and told her to get on her hands and knees on the blanket. He leaned and positioned her so that her rear end was angled for best view by the crowd of boys who wanted to watch. They could see it all this way. Her dangling tits, her wet open cunt and boys cocks slipping in and out of that cunt. All they could not see was her face.

Before anyone else spoke she felt the first boy kneeling behind her, his jeans and underpants shoved to bunch at his calves; she felt his dangling penis being held and probing her between her legs. She closed her eyes as he leaned and pushed it into her cunt.

Humping and thumping her, his thighs slapped hers noisily, and she grunted with his thrusts. And so several giggled and she felt ashamed but could not help herself.

Her tits swayed beneath her as he fucked her hard. Leaning over her he fondled them.

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The girls squealed in their disgust at me; and, no, they certainly did not want to taste it. But they liked seeing it happen; they liked seeing it suddenly spurting out of penis, nasty as it was, it excited them to see that.

Shelley asked them if they wanted me to do it again and they agreed excitedly, and though I stayed half hard, and stroked myself for them to get it to stand up stiffer, she grew impatient and told me: "Let us do it."

I dropped my hand to my side. She sat down by her sister, squishing in amongst the clutch of them on the sofa, and reached out and took hold of my erection and drew me closer, pulling on it like a handle. Shocking them, titillating them, intriguing them: they covered their faces and squirmed. But none of them got up. None of turned away.

Shelley showed them, delighting in the response of my erection to her fingers, lurching. And again to amuse the girls and humiliate me she played with it and teased it. She slapped it so it waggled. They giggled. She pulled it down and let it go to snap up and slap against my belly, then jerk as it stiffened up. They giggled at it. She invited them to do the same. Her sister was the first to slap it. Then the fat one took a turn. And a second time too. The skinny other one did not, shaking her head. Then Shelley's sister felt it as her sister had—with her fingertips, curious and teasing, and she put her fingers on the glans to feel it; then seeing a clear bead of pre-cum emerging in the slit, she bravely put her finger on it and rubbed it around on the shape of the glans; my penis jerked when she did but she did not stop. She put her fingers around it and squeezed and commented: "It's so hard." The fat one felt my scrotum, making my cock bob, and laughing at this and feeling the hair about it said it was messy, and they all laughed again. Shelley told them: "You'll all get pussy hair too." Her sister shook her head objecting, "eewww." The fat girl, however, blushed. A second bead of pre-cum oozed out of the slit and ran down the shaft, and Shelley's sister removed her hand before it touched her.

Letting go of my penis it danced for them. They pushed at it, gingerly, ashamed to touch it, and to made it wobble and dance. They giggled and squirmed. The two of them now both felt it with their fingertips, feeling the shaft lightly to see it jerk, touching about the glans to see how it tensed. And said ewww. My prick jerked, it was like a living thing. A thing they beckoned. Being excited and stiff because of them.

"I think he's going to cum again," said Shelley. And she stroked my cock a few times. Then told her sister to do it. And she did, and as she did it, I began to ejaculate, but less forcibly than before; the cum rose up inside and overflowed in spasms and trickled down the shaft in creamy runs, but she removed her hand before it reached her and the cum dribbled to my scrotum. With the other girls she watched keenly as my penis throbbed and spent again and again; cum pumping out of the slit as my cock jerked in ejaculation; cum running down, cum dribbling off the head, cum drooling onto the carpet. Shelley and the girls watched closely and this time I did not eat it. I let it freely flow. That is what they wanted to see.

When it was done, they had me sit on the coffee table facing them, the semen in a goo in my pubic hair, or glistening the shaft, and they wanted me to sit there naked for them and keep myself hard for them as long they might want to look at it or play with it. They did not insist that I ejaculate for them again, but neither did they let me relieve myself, but they kept me sitting there, hardened and randy for an hour or more, and put me in various positions—squatting, kneeling—so they could see it in various ways. On my hands and knees again, John thought it funny to put pencil in my anus, and having gotten laughter for this, he put the handle of a wooden spoon into my anus. They liked making it jiggle in my anus. They snapped my erection to make it dance and snapped the wooden spoon to make it dance.

Eventually without my hands on it but with their teasing and toying I ejaculated again and then they let me alone and gradually my penis became flaccid and shrank and yet still the girls did not let me put my underwear back on and wanted me to stay naked and kept me standing before them until they decided to go home.

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Humping and thumping her, his thighs slapped hers noisily, and she grunted with his thrusts. And so several giggled and she felt ashamed but could not help herself.

Her tits swayed beneath her as he fucked her hard. Leaning over her he fondled them.

He was not long in fucking her. And she felt his ejaculation jet inside her and when he withdrew some ran down the inside of her thigh to the boys excited response; they clapped their hands. The next boy had taken off her pants and undershorts and got behind my wife squatting and pointing his erection toward her soupy cunt he easily entered her, and she groaned to take it. Fucking her hard the boys leaned in and gathered to see her tits swing, his slick wet cock poking it's length in deeply and drawn out teasingly, the ooze of juices about the shaft, her face with her eyes tightly closed and open mouth, her hand to it like a baby sucking on her knuckles.

The descriptions of much that happened as she gave herself over to them sexually, I take more from Jon's nasty stories, what he said that Curtis said. And he liked to add the details about my wife groaning as they fucked her or mooing like a cow. He liked using terms that humiliated her. But I did not doubt what he said was true in fact because Karen later admitted to me the same sequence of things in much the same way and confessed to feelings that Jon's chosen words mocked.

She felt a slut. She acted a slut.

The first fifteen-year-old who had fucked her too fast now wanted a second turn and he was ready when the second finished, so he got behind her again and this time he took longer but his second ejaculation, like his first, was another strong jet that she felt inside her, hot and sharp. When he withdrew the mixtures of boy's cum (and her own) oozed out of her and drooled from her chaffed cunt to the floor. My demoralized wife, leaning on her elbows, her face hidden between, caught her breath but did not move until she was told she could move.

The two older boys pulled up their pants and complained about having to leave. Their younger brothers left with them, but still more than a dozen remained. She did not know. She did not count those who used her nor remembered the numbers of time one or another used her.

Curtis left her to wallow in her shame and catch her breath as he saw his friends out and Karen remained obediently crouched, waiting for more. The boys standing around her in a circle looked down at her, watching the creamy drool of cum onto the blanket with fascination and amused sneering. She heard their nasty comments. She felt the coolness of the wet cum on her genitals.

Curtis was up to something, but she did not look up to see. The boys were laughing at her again. She felt it before she was told about it and when she felt it she rose up on her outstretched arms and turned to see. Looking back between her arms, her dangling breasts, she saw boys crouched behind her sniggering, as one of them had put the handle of the spatula into her cunt and twisting it. She lifted her head and braced as he pushed it in further. It did not hurt. It felt like it was a hard and pointy thing, not warm and supple like cock; it did not fill her so much as it poked her. Still she did not complain. She would do anything they wanted, just as Curtis said she would. She did not want to show her emotion to them, but she made involuntary physical responses and murmured at the surprising feelings. Then Curtis took the spatula from the boys and slapped her bare buttock with it so that smacked loudly and smarted. She involuntarily yelped. The boys thought it hilarious to spank her with it and Curtis continued and she did not try to stop him. The welt of the spanking rose on both buttock and she whimpered but did not object. When she came home her buttock still showed rosy on each cheek.

Curtis pressed the handle of the spatula back into her cunt, pumping it a few times, causing Karen to flinch when once it poked her, and he withdrew it but now she felt the tip of the handle at her anus. This she did not want. This frightened her. Mr. Hansen's thumbs had felt uncomfortable and she remembered him saying that she would bleed if they tried fucking her there.

She tried to get up. The boys grabbed her. They held her tightly. She did not struggle but she begged: "Please . . ."

Curtis pressed the handle of the spatula into her anus and after a puckering resistance at the surface it slipped easily in with little effort. But letting go, her anus tightened and forced it out. He thought this amusing and repeated it for the boys who were watching. Curtis slapped her buttock with the spatula and said: "Quit fighting." He told the boys to let go of her and said: "Be good, lady. You like it." He slapped her buttock again, three smacks across each butt cheek so that she whimpered and nodded and said: "Okay, okay."

My wife said she did as she told. Eyes-closed, holding a breath, she dropped her head and submitted, mildly groaning as he now put more and more the handle into her asshole, pushing more and more as more and more her asshole accepted it, until he had put seven or eight inches up and letting go the spatula stuck out of her ass into the air. The boys again thought all this hilarious. To emphasize the humor of it, Curtis helped my wife to stand up, the silly spatula still sticking out of her ass, and he made her to put her hand behind herself and hold it to keep it in and to turn to face them, clench her legs and buttock and stood while they came behind to see the thing sticking out between her buttock and laugh at her. He tried to make her walk with it inside her, and this was good joke while it lasted, but after a while it naturally slipped out and fell to floor.

No one picked it up, but it lay there, like a plate of an unfinished meal; maybe someone would pick it up and stick it back up her butt later. Curtis then told her to kneel on the blanket and he and another boy used some duct tape to bind her wrists behind her. Why they thought she'd resist, she did not know. Perhaps it had nothing to do with her resistance, more a pleasure of their dominance, again a matter of humiliation. She saw then that all the boys were taking off their pants and shirts and everyone was soon standing about in his jockey shorts. Curtis as well. Curtis then explained: "Everybody wants to stick his dick into your mouth."

He had supposed she would fight this. And as he had supposed she would fight, he had boys crouch beside her holding her head and arms (and they took the chance to feel her tits and finger fuck her too), while each boy stepped up and cheered on by his buddies pulled down his undershorts to let his stiff little hairless prick wag in front of her face and taking hold of her head mashed it against her lips, and forcibly pushed it between them to pop into her reluctant mouth and then coaxed her to suck and tongue the thing. Which she did. Submissive to the boy's every instruction, indecent though they were. They watched her avidly as she seemed so disgusted—poor innocent girl—by his unexpected ejaculation into her mouth, her head held by boys who laughed at her and demanded her swallow it, goading her abusively to "suck him off "—as they degraded her shamefully by the expression, convinced of her disgusting pleasure in eating the goo, listening for the sound of her swallowing—until they were satisfied she had got all of it and had not refused to eat it all and would not spit out any.

Obedient to explicit instruction. Flushed. Ashamed. Aroused. Karen said that surprisingly almost all of them---even some which were hairless and small---spent substantial amounts of semen into her mouth. And several did it more than twice. Curtis did it five times, he told proudly.

They took turns like this with her mouth for more than an hour. Diddling her as they did it. Fondling her tits, sucking on them, and all the rest; at last sticking the handle of the spatula into her rectum again, up six or seven inches, as they fucked her mouth, finger-fucked her, fondled her tits.

One after the other poked his prick into her mouth and fucked her mouth, vigorously or lightly according to each one's pleasure, until he spent himself and she swallowed each, as each demanded that she do.

They took a lot of pleasure in looking at her face as they shot off and commanded her to "Swallow it!," imitating Curtis's taunt.

They thought her degraded by the command, but they also believed she relished it. So after only five or so spent cocks they released her wrists and then all of the cock sucking she did for them was willing and even helped. She held the penises to her mouth. She caressed them as she sucked them. She stroked them to assist their ejaculations. She seemed to want it in her mouth.

And it is true, she admitted, she orgasmed several times to the sexual treatment of mouth, tits, cunt, hands all over her, defenseless to them because she was naked.

One penis after another was poked into her cum-slimy mouth and spent itself in her mouth, and she swallowed all, and they never thought once to give her water to cleanse her mouth; they liked seeing the cream of their cum in it as she gasped between boys.

Their penises were especially pleasing because they were small, my wife would later admit, ashamed but graphically describing her experience to me. None of them so large as to gag her like some the older boys and men. Like sucking thumbs, she said it was. And in one case she took one boy's whole penis and scrotum together in her mouth and sucked on the whole of it at once and when he spent himself she could lick about his testicles, feeling how they moved with her tongue, and his penis poured his ejaculate into the back of her mouth and down her throat like a cup of warm milk. She said the pleasure of it made her weep. They of course thought she wept because of humiliation. This boy, who as it happened was also the smallest and youngest, was then prized by them to repeat it while they watched. And he did: three times!

And they gathered to watch how my wife closed her eyes and swallowed the whole of his genitals and suckled and slurped and tongued it hungrily like a baby on a milk-filled tit, knowing she was provoking him to ejaculate in her mouth, wanting him too, tearful and ashamed as they ridiculed her and coached her in demeaning details to suck it and swallow it, but she herself moaning and gasping and gulping when triumphantly he once again ejaculated while all the boys cheered him on and slapped his back. It was after midnight before they stopped, wearing out finally, but even after that one of two might get up after ten or so minutes and present his penis for her to suck off again.

This went on intermittently until nearly one-thirty and by then only Curtis and his best friends remained, only five or so boys, She asked if she could go home now.

Curtis said no and the boys laughed.

She asked if she could get up. And Curtis asked what for?

She said she had to pee.

Curtis and the other boys were delighted. They said they all wanted to watch. He and his friends, giggling, helped her stand and placed her near a drain in the floor. She was ashamed and did not want to but could not contain.

She squatted and waited until she simply let herself go and they laughed to see it spurt out in a strong stream from cunt, spatter the floor between her legs, and then trickle down the inside of thighs to drip off and puddle.

When she was done, Curtis had her stand; she wobbled. The boys held her, and they rebound her hands behind her. They molested her some more and one more fucked her.

 Afterwards she was permitted to lay down on the blanket, her hands still bound behind herself. Curtis covered her with another blanket. Exhausted she slept without dreams.

I slept in my own bed for the first time since Friday. The sheets were a smelly mess. Stained with semen.

Smelly with sex and sweat. Tangled. I took a shower and I changed the bed before I got in.

It was dawn before they brought Karen home. Bringing her running through the alley, some geezers in the neighborhood going to work must have been surprised. I wondered who might have recognized her. Jon got me out of bed and brought me to the living room where my pathetic wife stood, still completely naked, not even the socks, her arms folded under her pouty pointy breasts, obviously cold, her bare feet dirty, her hair a mess. Dried flaky cum spatters on her thighs and tummy where it had dribbled from her mouth. I saw how they had spanked her.

 She could not look at me for shame. The boys who had taken her were the same who returned her, standing with Jon in the living room giving her one more self-satisfied last look over. It gave me a pang to see her cowering and how she could not look them in the eyes. Jon got another bag of pot from Curtis in appreciation, who said she'd paid for it all and then some more than enough by her show and he did not want more money from Jon.

Curtis declared they had put a penny in in an old jelly jar that had been used to hold miscellaneous nuts and bolts and emptied for the purpose of keeping a tally; for each time she'd taken a dick in her mouth, they tossed in a penny. He'd brought the jar. It looked nearly a quater-full. He rattled it in front of Jon. He handed it to Jon smirking. Even Jon looked astonished at the trophy.

Jon poured clattering pennies out on the coffee table. They scattered out. He'd leave them there to remind her. As if she might forget. He looked at Karen: "You really are a pig, mom. Jesus, look at that." My wife blushed. How did she have any shame left in her? But later she admitted to me that she was more ashamed of this incident than anything else that had happened because they were just boys, and it was so wrong, yet she had been so unresisting, so compliant to what they wanted and had responded sexually so wantonly.

He counted the pennies after Curtis left and he'd sent her off to go to bed. I tried to follow her but at the bedroom door she shook her head sadly and shut it in my face and locked it.

 "Twenty-three," Jon announced triumphantly when I came out. "Twenty-three cum-sucking blow jobs."

 Grinning at my response: "Jesus God, she really must love the taste of it, Man.

**Installment 12---The Fifth Week---Thursday---A Visit from the P.O.**

Curtis grinned at the pile of pennies. Each representing a dick my wife had sucked on. Most of which had spent cum into her mouth. Mostly thin as syrup, not yet full of sperm. Most of this soupy stuff she swallowed. He lingered with his buddies to tell Jon all about the night Karen had spent with them --- stripping her, teasing and ogling her, feeling her up, making her masturbate in front of them, the big boys fucking her doggy-style and then the long time she spent sucking cocks and feeding her many mouthfuls of soupy jism. She liked it, he told me, and they all smirked at me as they told this all. Jon called her a pig, so they all referred to her that way. The "pig" sucked off cock, they spanked the "pig" until she cried girly tears, the "pig" peed herself, they poked the "pig's" ass-hole with a hammer handle 'till she squealed; then they made the "pig" run home naked.

The next morning, while I saw still sleeping on the sofa, two of Jon's friends came unannounced.

I literally woke up with them standing over me. Grinning and Jon telling them, "That's her husband."

"Where is she?"

"I'll go get her. . . . "

Jon pulled Karen out of bed early in the morning, literally tugging her by the hair, and hauled her, bent over, whining out into the living room to present to his friends, still naked, unwashed, hair a mess, her mouth smeared with boy's dried cum, some gluing hair to her neck; he drew her by her hair rudely to the center of the room, tits bobbling to their laughter, and straightened her up forcibly, twisting her arm up behind her, shoving her pelvis forward with a knee thrust to her buttock, she whinges, cringing under Jon's arm twisting.

Making her a presentation for them, he beckoned them to feel her tits and especially her bare shaved chaffed and swollen vulva, which they rubbed though she complained that it hurt and that really sent them off; they would tease and taunt her, and Jon would write PIG in large letters with lipstick across her belly. Slapping her face, she knelt, crying, and nodding as she cried, she would accept her humiliation and "take her breakfast" from the erections of teen-aged boys presented to her.

I watched the whole thing. In my underpants on the sofa.

Jon pointed out how I had a hard-on watching my wife suck cock, and he demanded I stand up and strip and stroke my dick as they held my wife's red-face, sucking their cocks, and I did what he said.

Jon told me to masturbate as I watched. I did what he wanted.

He told me to say certain things as I masturbated. I said: "Cum in her mouth." He told me also to tell them: "I want to see you cum in her mouth." Things like that, he made me say.

Three would hold her head and cum in her mouth; moaning and whimpering she swallowed all three ejaculations as I watched, urging her to "Eat his cum, Karen. . .."

When they were done, lording over her, sarcastically commenting on her disgusting cum-sucking, her mashed creamy lips, her cum-mucky mouth which she did not try to clear or rinse, she lay curled up, exhausted still from the night before, naked on the floor; her hands went to cover her flushed face, her body also flushed.

Jon draped her with the sheet that he took from where I had slept on the sofa. Covered her like a corpse. And she was a still as one. They sat looking at the heap and Jon got some beers. I stood in the center of the room with my shameful erection; some of the boys smirked at me. One asked: "She suck you off too?"

I did not respond. Jon told them that I let them fuck her and liked to watch them make her suck cock, but no, I never got any. "We gonna start fucking her in the asshole today. . . . She ain't never done that. That'll be fun. I promised he could have go after we got done."

They wanted to do that too. He said that Frenchy was coming back home and he had plans and they weren't part of it. They complained and appealed. Jon reminded them they got their cocks sucked. They wanted a go at fucking her too, said one.

Jon said he didn't see why not. Two got up and pulled the sheet off her and one smacked her buttock and said for her to lie down on the sheet as the other spread it out. I still stood with my hard-on hanging out, reflexively touching it. She saw and looked away, getting up on her hands and knees to receive them.

They went right at her. Quickly stripped off their shoes and tossed away their pants, dropped their underpants, crouched down behind her and beside her, poking their waggling cocks at her butt or her face; she simpered; one fucked her from behind as the other one fondled her swaging tits or felt her body overall. He leaned to kiss her, and she lifted her face to kiss him back, almost taking some comfort in the affection it seemed to suggest, for otherwise they fucked her like a dog. I could see why they called this the doggy position because these boys fucked her like horny dogs on a bitch, one after the other, fucking her till she was sweaty and whimpering and her arms trembling could not hold her up. In the end she collapsed flat on the floor, face down, legs spread wide by them, legs held wide by the other though he did not need to, while another took his turn, laying on top of her, shoving his dick in and out of her, pumping and grunting till he shouted and shot off.

He got up. The pair got up to their feet, staring down at her spread legs, and the ooze of cum. She closed her legs. She curled up. Jon forcibly pulled the sheet out from under her, and she protested pathetically but sat up, looking up at him unhappily. He laughed at her. And pulling the sheet up, she clasped her knees, as if to preserve modesty that she had long ago given up. He laughed again and they others started dressing. He tossed the sheet over her where she sat, covering her completely. "There," he said. Karen sat motionless beneath the sheet. Jon mocked her and then ordered her to lay down: "Take a rest, piggy." She shifted without rising, curling, then stretching out, the calves of legs and bare feet coming out of the end of the sheet, her head enveloped. Turning over, she lay out flat, face down. She seemed humiliated and exhausted. Or so I imagined.

I still stood at the front of the hallway looking on the scene of them, naked with my erection half hard, while now the rest were dressed. One of them, eyeing my prick, joked at my nakedness. Jon told them: "He eats his cum." They expressed disgust and ridicule. "No shit," one said.

"Yeah," said Jon. "Show 'em, dad. . . . " But my erection flagged, and my penis seemed to wither to a worm and Jon shook his head and said: "He likes sucking my cock too. . . . "

I heard noise on the stairs. Jon said: "That's Frenchy. . . . "

He looked at me with a smirk: "He's probably got his girlfriend, dad. . . . You better get out of sight. . . . She'll laugh at your dick." His friends thought this hilarious too. I was confused but also reflexively embarrassed and I turned and went down the hall but wondered why he would not get my wife out of here too.

"Jon," a voice called out. I recognized the voice. It was not Frenchy's voice.

"Who are you?" he addressed the boys standing over my wife under the sheet. They did not answer. They left. I understood why. It was the PO, my supervisor. A spot inspection?

I felt sick. I hid at the door to my bedroom, listening. Then I heard Frenchy ask Jon: "What's going on?"

No, it was not a spot inspection. They had come together. But why was Frenchy with the PO? Had he got busted? Had he reported us to him?

Into the hallway I saw my shadow cast from the light behind me and I worried that it might be seen. So cringing at the doorway I craned to listen, but barely could and could not see. I ached to know what was happening. I felt sick to think the PO would discover what was going on.

Frenchy would later describe what I could not see or overhear.

My wife knew who had arrived but lay still under the sheet. The PO, recognizing the boys visiting, made some accusative comment, supposing they were here for no good.

He saw the bare feet and legs sticking out from under the sheet, and challenged Jon: "What's this?"

Jon shrugged in insolence as he usually does and goes to sit sprawl on the easy chair, to observe the thing with nonchalance. I heard Frenchy laugh and go into some banter. He told the PO it was Jon's girlfriend.

The PO wondered---and this I heard---"Where are John and Karen?"

Whatever he said, I did not hear, but Frenchy said Jon told him we had gone out. He said he didn't know when we'd be back. The PO asked if that ever happened before or happened a lot---something like that. Frenchy didn't want us to get into trouble, so he said "No." But of course Jon said "Yes."

The PO was annoyed. He nudged my wife's leg with the tip of his shoe: "Who's this then?"

Frenchy again tried to joke and explain. Jon spoke up.

"What's she doing here?"

Jon said something.

"Why's she laying here like that?"

Jon made some snotty reply. Frenchy tried to make a joke.

"What's your name, honey?"

Karen did not reply. Frenchy told him that she was shy.

"She got any clothes on?"

Jon said: "Nope." Frenchy tried to explain.

Nothing was said for a moment. I wanted to look but I did not dare.

"God damn," I heard the PO say. Jon had got up and lifted up the sheet to show my naked wife---or at least the back of her---up to her head, where she had grabbed the end of it in desperation to keep him from showing her face.

Holding up the sheet Jon wickedly smirked at his shamed victim and so my wife lay there, naked, face down, her hands up to her face, hoping the PO would not recognize her.

"You were fucking her?" He asked. "She's what? Twenty-three, twenty-five? Ain't she a little too old for you guys. Where'd you get her? She a whore?"

Frenchy laughed and explained she was just some lady from the neighborhood.

"Who?", the PO asked.

"You wouldn't know her," Frenchy insisted.

"Ain't bad. . . . " the PO commented, "Roll over, honey, lemme see your stuff. . . . "

There was a prolonged silence. During it, my wife turned obediently, if reluctantly---what choice did she have?---rolling over onto her back, while drawing the sheet to keep her face covered in shame, but her body below her neck was stretched out before him completely naked and exposed for the PO to see her and enjoy. He saw her shaved swollen cunt. He saw her randy tits.

He liked what he saw. He said so. He asked why they had written "PIG" on her stomach. Jon said something I did not hear.

I heard the PO say: " Nice tits."

Frenchy asked if he wanted to fuck her.

The PO grunted: "Not now." He told my wife crudely: "Show me your cunt, honey. Lift your legs and spread 'em." And Frenchy told me how my wife pathetically drew up her feet and let her legs fall open, knees akimbo, and trembling, held herself like that so her cum-gummy cunt gaped for them. The PO grunted appreciatively at the obscene sight and put the sole of his shoe onto her cunt and pressed it hard on her clit. Frenchy said Karen took in her breath. The PO told her: "Feel your tits."

With wife cupped her breasts, holding them out for them, nipples popping up, and the PO smirked and said "Yeah. . . . that's the way" and rubbed his shoe on her splayed cunt, putting the toe into her sore hole. My wife whimpered. They all laughed.

The PO said: "She's better than last one, Frenchy."

"Yeah," Frenchy agreed, "She likes it."

"I can see that. . . . " rubbing her clit with the toe of his shoe, "Yeah. . . . "

"Shit . . . . I got to go. . . . " the PO took his shoe off her cunt, but my wife left her legs splayed, her cunt raw and chafed and open to his view. She felt their eyes on her, legs trembling, holding her breasts for them, like fruits to eat. She felt more ashamed now than ever but held her pose for them. She felt certain that he knew who she was, she later told me.

"You still got that camera I got for you. . . . " the PO asked Frenchy. His voice trailed off.

I thought he must have left; there was a long silence.

John must have found the Polaroid camera out in dining room where I had last seen it on the table. He had left it there since taking photos of the scene of Karen with the dog and Frenchy's friends.

There was noise and laughter. The PO said: ""You know what I want. So we got what I need, you know. . . Grab that fucking sheet, Jon. . . . Come on . . . It's no use fighting it, honey. . . . I'm gonna see it all, Mrs.H------- . . . . Yeah, I know who you are. . . . I know everything. . . . Jon, take that fucking sheet away . . . yeah, that's it . . . . You look good, honey."

There was another pause and silence. Some shuffling. Laughter. Low comments. More laughter.

The PO took charge: "Stand up. Go stand over there. . . . Yeah, like that. . . . Put your hands down, honey. Look at the camera. . . . The guys are gonna love to see this; they been talking about you, wondering what you gonna look like without no clothes on . . . Love those tits! What? No smile, Karen? 'Spose we're on a first name basis, now I seen you like this . . . ."

Jon laughed at the sarcasm in the PO's voice.

There was the flash and whirr and buzz of the Polaroid. They took three pictures in succession.[FLASH: WHIRRR] [FLASH: WHIRRR] [FLASH: WHIRRR]

The PO took away two of them. One was given to Frenchy. He showed it to me later. In the picture was my sad looking wife---completely naked in front of the PO---did not smile. A pathetically naked ordinary housewife. Forced to strip for some teenaged boys. Looking so pale, and sexually used. Swollen shaved cunt. The insult "pig" smeared on her belly in lipstick.

Yes, Frenchy would tell me, the PO had all along known it was her, naked under that sheet. Now he had her stand up naked in front of him. Looking her over. Making comments. She abashed. Ashamed. She could not even think of all the implications. I was dizzy with the thoughts.

I heard their voices indistinctly---his and Frenchy's in insinuating and teasing undertones, and her almost inaudible abject replies---What did they say to her?

Then, there was a long silence with noises. I imagined things happening. Was he touching her? More laughter from the boys. Some complaining from my wife. Some low instruction from the PO.

What was it? "Yeah", he said, "Like that... That's good..." Was she on her knees..... sucking his cock?

"Jesus!" he exclaimed.

Frenchy said: "Like I told you."

"Yeah," said the PO. More movements. What were they doing?

"Show me your cunt.... no, not that way... Get on the floor over there . . . . Yeah . . . . Lean back. Spread open your legs, Mrs. H-------. Lift up your legs... yeah.... [FLASH: WHIRRR] Gimme that one too, Jon."

"So how long you been doing her?"

Frenchy said it was since Saturday.

"Does he know?"

"Yeah," said Frenchy.

"And he don't care?"

I did not hear the reply. But they laughed.

"Stick that in her butt..."

More laughter.

"You gonna fuck her in the butt?"

"Damn straight," said Jon.

Frenchy explained about the party coming up. But then the P.O. interrupted, loudly announced that he had no time, that he had to go, and added proudly that he would straight away go and show the pictures of my naked wife to the other agents in the office. They were looking forward to seeing them, he said.

I remembered the scene in the office -- just a month ago -- when we were hired. The other agents, taking an interest in us, assisting the job interview, stood Karen apart from me against the office wall and took several Polariods of her "for the file", they said, but smirking and making comments to each other under their breath, winking and so on. How neat and proper, she had been---dressed in her best church-going dress.

Now they would get out those filed photos and lay them on the desk and compare them; laying them side by side, with these and would listen to all the stories Frenchy must have told the P.O.

I remember how they had made her stand against the wall for a head to toe shot. I had seen the leers. I overheard comments. One had winked at the PO. Another nodded approval at him when he asked rhetorically if they ought to hire us, though my wife was so young---it was at my wife he was grinning knowingly when he gave his approval.

So now they saw her--my wife, before and after -- standing there with one of them - with her clothes on that day and now - in a photo standing there in the Group Home without no clothes on at all, facing the camera, completely naked, head to toe. "When will we see her for ourselves?" they'd ask.

Now I understood. It had all been planned. Frenchy must have told them from the get-go. That's why the PO came with him. Now the PO would bring in the picture to his buddies. They would huddle around and these pictures of her -- for Christ's sake, where was her husband?---naked in front of those boys and in front of the PO, who took the picture himself; he told them as they studied her, about how he had found her on the floor naked under a sheet, while three teenaged boys having just fucked her were talking about her, and so of course the agents in the office would be wanting a chance to fuck her too and would say so.

This was hopeless. This was nuts.

I heard the front door opened and heard someone going down the staircase. Frenchy was taking him out to the street, talking to him. What were they talking about?

When I came out, I found her coming down the hallway, wrapped in the sheet; she would not talk to me; she would not even look at me. She went in the bedroom behind me and shut the door.

I picked up my underpants, my T-shirt, and my pants, and put them on. Jon came back into the living room and said nothing to me about my getting dressed. He turned on the TV and draping a leg over the armchair's arm bit a banana and watched Gilligan's Island.

Frenchy came back, grinning. "Hey, dad, how are you doing?"

"Did he touch her?" I asked immediately.

"What do you think?" Frenchy grins: "Sure. Looked her in the eyes. Handled her tits. Put his finger in her slit. Kissed her, gave her a little tongue, and she kissed him back. She was sorry to see him go." He laughed, shook his head.

"Where is she?"

"In the bedroom." I said.

Frenchy turned on Jon. "What the fuck, man? What you been doing?"

Jon shrugged, still munching his banana.

"I told you to be easy."

"Curtis took her for the pot. And even gave us some more." He looked at the coffee table where was a dime bag. Hadn't the PO noticed that? I wondered. This is nuts.

"And the pennies too. . . . A penny a popsicle. . . . " Frenchy saw the empty jar, the spread of pennies.

Frenchy did not grasp the metaphor until Jon explained that for every cock she took in her mouth that cum a load, they'd toss a pennies into the jar for her--tossing them one by one. "Twenty-three, four, five … make that twenty-six cents. . . . Count it yourself." He laid the banana peel on the armchair and watched Gilligan running away from Mr. Howell and the Professor who chased him to do something foolhardy for them.

"I told you not to do that. . . . " Frenchy disapproved but he was grinning.

"They had her all night," I added.

Frenchy looked over at me like I was not there or what I said was meaningless. He was angry with Jon. I was surprised at that. I supposed he knew. But Jon was off on his own.

Jon laughed and recalled and pointing at me, told Frenchy how his girlfriend Shirley had come over with her little sister and her girlfriends and "Dad here stripped in front of the girls and jerked off for them. . . . "

Frenchy shook his head. "Jon, you're gonna bring down the cops. . . . "

"Ah, fuck it," Jon got up and left the room.

Frenchy sighed and slumped down in the armchair that he vacated.

He looked at me intensely. "You really do that?"

I tried to explain. He made me recite the details. He thought the way the girls played with my "boner" (as he called it) was very funny. He liked how they squealed to see me lose control and ejaculate. I didn't tell him about my eating my sperm.

He commented to the air: "Yeah, you know they complain but they like it. . . . Like your wife. She probably liked what Curtis did to her."

He sat up and said he better go see how she is. She should take a long soaking bath and get some good food and a good long sleep. "Need to let her heal up for the weekend. . . . " I did not know what he meant. I watched the closing credits and song to Gilligan's Island and heard the doors in the hallway signifying that Frenchy was guiding Karen into the bathroom and washing her naked body. He liked to wash her as she stood up in the tub of warm water. Debriefing her playfully about the events of last night and saying soothing things to her as he lathered and gently fondled her. She lay back in the tub and he washed and rinsed her hair. He kissed her closed eyelids and told her how he loved her. She was the one thing about this that comforted her, she would later tell me. She really believed he loved her, no matter what he did to her and what he let others do to her. She would do these things for him.

While she was being bathed, Steve and Larry came home. Steve looked suspiciously at the coffee table and the spread of pennies but went to his room without a comment and a question to me. He would find out from Jon anyway.

When Karen came out of the bathroom, bundled in towels, I could smell the warmth and soapy scents waft out in the living room. Frenchy dried her hair and body in the living room and found clean underpants and bra for her. He changed the bedclothes, taking away semen-soiled tousled sheets, and putting on fresh clean ones. He tucked her nicely into bed. He kissed her as she beamed at him and he promised to make her breakfast.

Frenchy found Larry foraging for food in the refrigerator. I heard them exchange stories of what they had been doing. I overheard then how Frenchy had gone to see the PO and they had done some business.

Larry came back with a bowl of breakfast cereal and switched channels on the TV until he found something he liked and sat on the sofa to eat. He never said a word to me. Frenchy made bacon and eggs for Karen---some toast, a cup of tea. He took it in to her and stayed beside her sitting on the bed as she ate and chatted with her about things that would not bother her.

He drew curtains and left her to sleep in the darkened room under a fresh sheet. She would sleep until night time.

And when she got up, Frenchy fed her again and told everyone that tomorrow Karen would have day of rest and could do anything she wanted.

The point was especially made with Jon in mind, who was ready to give her a go again. Steve and Larry looked disappointed too.

Wearing one of his T-shirts, Karen cuddled next to Frenchy on the sofa all evening as we watched TV and the boys drank beers. At about ten Frenchy led her to our bedroom and took her to bed alone. It annoyed Jon and it angered Steve. It confused Larry, but he stayed and ate popcorn with me and watched an old movie till late. I slept on the sofa again.

**Installment 13---The Fifth Week ---Friday --- Preparations --- Some More of Frenchy's Friend.**

When I woke up, Larry was sitting cross-legged on the floor watching TV, and Steve was eating a bowl of cereal at the table. It was past nine and I wanted a shower and a change of clothes.

I knocked on our bedroom door but there was no answer. I tried the doorknob and the door opened. The curtains closed, the light was dim, but I could see Frenchy's long naked figure spooned against my naked wife, curled up against him, his hand laid over her waist on her belly, his crotch against her buttock in an obvious last sexual embrace. They did not awaken as I went quietly through the room to find a change of clothes. I glanced back at them often. It hurt me to see my wife so tenderly held by this boy, and she so subserviently in this embrace. But it served me right.

I showered and put on my fresh clothes. I made myself breakfast. They did not come out of the bedroom. It was after 11 and I told Larry and Steve I would be gone to school. It had been over a week since I had checked in with my grad advisor. I would have an excuse, but I worried he would be unreceptive to it.

I checked in with my school and spent most of the day in the library working on my thesis. It turned out that my adviser had no concerns for my absence. He presumed I had been working all along.

The difference between my two worlds---this academia and my sordid sex life---made me feel unreal. I felt almost in a daze; while I tried to read, my thoughts kept turning back to the events of the week and the conviction that my wife was now lost to me, and though she was lost to me, the image of her naked in front of these boys and men, her sexual subjugation to them---a cock in her mouth, eyes closed, the startling ejaculations to which she mewled and which she eagerly accepted in her mouth, or witnessing the warm pink flush that came over her whole body, especially coloring her shoulders and neck, while she was being so urgently fucked by these teenagers, her arms tightly clasping the one fucking her, embracing him passionately, to hold his dick in her for as long as possible, to take as much as he could put inside her.

I was obsessed with these images. I got hard-ons just thinking of it.

Meanwhile, back home, following his instructions from Mr. Hansen, Frenchy began to work on the task of making Karen's anus pliant to taking cock and preparing her to be submissive to the humiliation she must endure from gang-butt fucking that was planned for her.

Mindful of the shame she would feel and the abuse these men would , how they would enjoy that, and concerned for the discomfort she might feel as these cocks entered her virginal anus for the first time, he wanted her to understand and accept it. At least she should have some idea of what it felt like. But he would not use his own prick and he would not let the boys do it to her either, although they were eager to do it and said so many times as he explained what must be done. Especially Steve, who always wanted to treat Karen like a mom; somehow he really wanted to fuck her in the butt, see her cry and moan; some sort of psycho-drama about his own mom, I'm guessing. He wanted to rape her in her asshole. So insistent he was, Frenchy had to promise Steve that he would make a special occasion for him later.

Almost noon after letting her sleep in, Frenchy brought my still dreamy sleepy wife out of the bedroom, stumbling and clutching the sheet from the bed; it is all she wore. Naked with Frenchy all night, she had encouraged him to fuck her repeatedly and sucked his cock if he was too worn out.

Frenchy pulled on the sheet to strip it off her, and she resisted--disingenuously, she did not care that Steve and Larry and Jon had all gathered around to see her naked; hell, she still got hot seeing how Larry and Steve looked at her. Frenchy pulled harder and finally yanked the sheet away from her and she stood naked in front of the boys, covering her shaved cunt with two clasped hands, tits squeezed between her arms, popping her nipples; she looked embarrassed, but that was silly and once again, like she had so often: "What do you want?"

Frenchy said: "We gonna teach you to take in the ass." She looked perplexed at first. But Frenchy laughed and she blushed and looked at the floor.

Jon came out of the kitchen with a can of Crisco that he put on the dining room table and a big heavy carrot, like the kind you might cut up for a stew; it must have been eighteen inches long at least, and as big around as a hammer handle. Frenchy took out his pocketknife and pulled out the big blade and chopped off the pointy tip on the dining room table. Karen worried he'd cut the tabletop.

It still tapered a bit too much, so he cut off some more, and got a thick blunt end on it, and thick as real cock head. He joked about that, seeing how she watched him, and so he playfully carved the end of it to look like the knobby glans of a circumcised dick, and turning toward her offered it to her: "Suck it, Mom"

This made her uncomfortable. Still posed in her faux modesty, she sheepishly took the carrot into her mouth as Frenchy put it to her. She did not think it funny. Frenchy did. He insisted: "Suck it." She pretended for them that it was cock. Steve confused. Jon shook his head. Larry felt his hard-on.

When Frenchy told me about it all, and showed me the pictures, I got a hard-on too, I admit.

Jon was impatient. "Gimme that..." and took the carrot from out of Frenchy's hand.

Frenchy laughed and said: "Get on your hands and knees, Mom."

She did as she was told kneeling in front of him, then assuming the doggy position. She looked up at him with big moist eyes.

"No," said Frenchy, "Turn around. Show me your butt."

She did as she was told. She posed. She looked over her shoulder: "What do you want?"

Frenchy looked down at her with satisfaction. He opened the can of Crisco: "What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?" Frenchy grinned. Jon sniggered. Frenchy rubbed a daub of Crisco on the carrot. He held it up like a wand and waved it.

"Why?" Karen asked.

"You need to get fucked in all your holes, honey. Someday we will want to want fuck you like that--one in your mouth; one in your cunt; one in your asshole. Me myself I prefer the asshole. It fights back like a fish on a line. So, we gotta work it in. Gotta go slow. Gotta work it. Get your pump primed first and then.... In we go, all the way, all the way up to our balls, deep in your rectum... and pump and pump... you will feel it, you won't know how to describe it, and then... well, I know how you like us shooting off in your cunt; you gasp; you hold us tight; and I know you get off when we cum in your mouth; I can see it in your wild eyes, how you twitch. But, Momma, wait till we get our cocks deep up your butt and blow hot junk in your trunk! You will never forget it."

Jon laughed. "Let's do her now." Larry nodded. Steve said: "Yeah."

Karen blanched at the thought of it. "Please," she said.

"Hold her," Frenchy told Jon. Jon grabbed one arm and one leg. Steve grabbed the other side of her. Karen begged: "Frenchy..."

"No, not me," said Frenchy. "We'll let you feel Mister Carrot here. See how much you can take. Gotta practice to ride a bike."

Karen dropped her head as Frenchy squatted behind her. He put the Crisco can on the floor beside her leg and put another dollop of Crisco on the head of the carrot. Holding the carrot poised at her anus, "Ready now, Mom?" he asked.

"Please, Frenchy..." She complained.

Frenchy grinned and the boys held her more tightly. He pressed the carrot at her anus. It puckered in. The Crisco came off the end of it in a glob, encircling her anus. He barely got the tip in. He drew back the carrot, showing the bump he had made with it and the goo of the Crisco. Using his forefinger he pressed the Crisco into the sphincter of her anus. He pushed in the goo from three or four sides and each time pushed his forefinger in a little deeper until he had his in her rectum beyond the knuckle. He wriggled the finger, and put a second finger, the middle finger into the hole too, twisting it now, and stroking the two fingers now in and out. Slowly at first. Then more vigorously. Karen whimpered but she did not fight him.

"Good girl, Mom," Frenchy soothed her.

He leaned and kissed her buttock and put the fingers of his other hand into her vagina and rubbed her there. He found with satisfaction that was ready to fuck. She was enjoying this more than she showed.

As he gently finger-fucked her, he put the carrot head back up to her anus and pressed. This time more of it went in, went in more easily. He turned and pressed it. He withdrew it and scooped up some Crisco and pushed it into the cavity of her anus with his thumb. Then pressed the carrot in again, still finger fucking her with his other hand. The carrot punched more deeply still and now he pressed it firmly and steadily until as much as four inches had entered her rectum. Karen pursed her lips and moaned. He arms trembled. Her eyes tightly closed. Hands clenched.

Frenchy nodded at Steve and Jon to let go of her. "She'll do it now," Frenchy was certain. He knew her well. He knew what she was thinking. He anticipated her sexually always, infallibly.

He withdrew the carrot almost all the way and then pressed it in again, now six inches. She moaned again. Guttural. This was not complaint.

Again drawing out the carrot, he returned it more deeply, more firmly. How much would she take before she complained. Eight inches now. He did it again. Ten inches and now she winced. She shed tears. She sobbed out loud.

"Please..." she pleaded.

"Stop?" asked Frenchy.

"Yes..." she sobbed.

"No," Frenchy replied. And Jon sniggered. Larry worried. Steve's eyes widened; he looked sadistic.

Frenchy began to pump the carrot in her rectum. Slowly at first. Withdrawing it almost all the way. Then pushing it back. She grimaced as it pressed more deeply. She held her breath there as he pushed it in deeper, and then would suddenly exhale and gasp as he pressed it to the point that she could take no more.

He pumped her up that way to an orgasm. Or at least that is how Frenchy told it.

Karen for her part would later say that she began to cry in streams of tears, like a little girl, emotionally spent, sobbing, trembling on her hands and knees--she could hardly hold herself up. She said it did not hurt so much as it made her feel completely ashamed of herself; maybe it did arouse her, but she was ashamed of herself. Of course Frenchy kept up his attentive manipulation of her sex; and even licked her there, as he fucked her rectum with the carrot.

Jon told me that she acted like a real slut. She begged for more, he swore. He said she wanted it like the pig she was.

In the end, as Frenchy stood up to look down at the job he had done--the carrot a good ten inches or more up her butt, the rest of it poking out, held by her sphincter tightly--she followed his instructions to grab her ass and pose for this picture.

Frenchy sent the picture to the PO. It was passed around to all the agents in the office, I am sure.

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I did not get home until well after suppertime, after dusk in fact, having deliberately tried to put myself back on a work schedule and get back some of my lost dignity.

When I came in they were all seated about the living room in the semi-darkness, basking in the glow of the TV; it was still hot and stuffy in the house though the windows were open, all of them in their underwear, my wife included---Frenchy with my wife cuddled against him in one corner of the sofa, bare-breasted, wearing only her panties, and Steve in the other end of the sofa. Jon on the armchair in his underpants with his leg draped on the arm, in his usual tough-guy attitude. Larry on the floor directly in front of the TV, also in his underwear, something he had been too shy to do before.

It gave me a queer queasy feeling to see them all so casually in their underwear and my wife bare-breasted in front of them. I might have presumed they had all been having sex except that Frenchy had persuasively insisted that she needed her rest and they should leave her alone, and she did look rested and not the least ashamed to be bare-breasted.

She did not look at me as stood at the edge of the living room. Actually they all ignored me, watching the TV intently, except for Frenchy who smiled at me and winked, and getting up asked if I had money for pizza and took me to the kitchen and handed me a beer. I went out the back door on my errand to the take-out pizza joint.

When I got back with the hot pizzas, they almost did not wait for me to put them down on the coffee table, they were ravenous. My wife had put on one of Frenchy's T-shirts; she was not ashamed to show her tits to the boys, but evidently I made her uncomfortable.

Frenchy would take my wife off to bed after it was dark but still pretty early on that Friday night, calling her affectionately "piggy," and kissing her on the forehead, and tugging her by the hand---she shyly submitting. But he would shortly return, without having engaged her sexually it seemed, and rejoined us as we drank beers and picked at the remaining cool slices of pizza. The grease of the cheese and peperoni sweat on them. He would tell then about the anal sex with my wife and my immediate reaction, apart from my stiffening dick, was disappointment that I had not been there. Jon had promised me I could do it to her too. I had wanted to do it, and now I began to believe she would not ever let me touch her again. She blamed me for what had happened. Rightly, I suppose.

I sort of argued with her in my mind. I thought resentfully how she obviously enjoyed this, at least that is the way Frenchy saw it and I had myself seen how she submissive she was and gave herself even to sucking on a dog's cock. So it was not all my fault. She was not altogether unwilling, not an innocent victim. But none of this reasoning made me feel any better. I knew she was submissive under the oppression of shame, she was yielding sexually because she felt hopeless and if she found the sex arousing, it was because she felt that she deserved the coarse treatment. She felt herself a slut. Her sexual responsiveness proved she was.

Jon asked Frenchy about future plans. Everything was about the sexual exploitation of my wife. I still did nothing to stop it. It would stop on its own momentum and crashing crisis at some point, I thought.

Frenchy said he left her to sleep alone and wanted everyone to leave her alone tomorrow. She needed rest and relaxation, he said. Sunday was the big day, he explained, birthday party for her at the bar. I said it wasn't here birthday. He asked when her birthday was. I explained she'd turned 21 a month ago. He said that's what this is for. Jon laughed. Larry was not paying attention. Steve looked worried. But then he always looked worried.

Jon reminded Frenchy that they had plans for her tomorrow---Saturday---too.

Frenchy said, "Yeah, but we gotta let her just have a good time... They ain't coming here except to meet her anyway. You know, having heard about it. But I don't want them hitting on her. Jesus, Jon, you made her awfully sore."

Jon objected: "Wasn't me. It was Craig and them kids."

"Shit, you set it up. And you did your own things to her too, yeah?" Jon grinned.

"Yeah, dammit," Frenchy continued: "And what was that when I came home? Those guys in the living room?"

"Yeah," Jon shrugged; he was angry and went back to watching TV while Frenchy turned to me and offered some details to explain it all. She was being set up for two parties they had planned. I knew about the one on Sunday. I knew what was expected. But neither of us knew about the one going on Saturday night. Frenchy said it wasn't going to be like when Slider and Uncle came over, nothing like that. "No dogs either," he laughed. "Though that would be fun... Well, maybe one dog, okay?" his eyes glittered. He laughed at my loathing.

"When?" I was going to ask him when this was all going to end, but he thought I wanted to know details about the party.

He had tasks for me, so he explained his plans in detail.

The next day Frenchy was true to his word. He treated Karen with great care and attention all day. Jon sulked. Steve disappeared again. Larry worshipfully watched her and Frenchy had him serving her all day. In return for sweet kisses. But nothing more.

I went out shopping for them. I was to buy a couple cases of beer and hot dogs and buns and all the fixings, and a bucket of potato salad and a gallon of pickles--- it was enough for maybe two dozen guys. This was insane, I thought. This was too many. They will hurt her. I felt both frightened and excited. I did not want it and I did want it. But that was the plan, a party for all of his friends, Frenchy said. Slider would be there (and his dog, he admitted) but Frenchy insisted: "It's not what you think. You'll see. Just some fun. She knows. She's okay with it."

I did not believe she knew. But on the other hand she was cheerful all day long. She had slept well. It was almost two in the afternoon before she got up and only then because Frenchy went in and woke her. I saw her get a cup of coffee, still in her underpants and Frenchy's T-shirt that she had slept in. She did not look at me.

She took a long shower. Larry went in to "help" her. He loved to wash her body, using his hands rather than a washcloth, and staring at her parts all soapy or rinsed all wet and gleaming. She laughed at his obsession. She kissed him merrily and he wanted to fuck her, he told her. She shook his head. He wanted her to suck his cock. She shook her head, laughing. He had his little stiffy in his hand, pumping it urgently, ogling her. And she, smiling affectionately at him, just let him masturbate while she rinsed herself, turning herself under the warm water beneath showerhead, then washed her hair and rinsed it. He came just as she was rinsing her hair, facing him, watching it; he spurt his cum onto her leg and across ledge of the bathtub.

None of this I saw actually, but Jon told me---Larry had told him. Jon delighted in telling me things to humiliate me. He liked how my wife had become their willing sex toy and how obviously she loved doing it. He liked to repeat to me how she squealed when they fucked her in the ass.

Frenchy greeted her in the bathroom and shooed Larry away.

I was in the living room, keenly aware that the boys freely availed themselves of peeping at my wife in the shower. My dick half-hard by the thought of it, Jon came in. I looked at him worriedly.

I heard our bedroom door shut. Frenchy and Karen alone in there.

Jon had got dressed and come to the living room to tell me the tale of what Larry had done, it amuses him to see me confronted with my cuckoldry. Otherwise, he left me alone. I think Frenchy must have told him to leave me alone.

Larry dressed and was hungry. He told me like he expected me to feed him. I wasn't sure when Frenchy wanted me to make supper. But it wasn't long before Frenchy and Karen came out---despite my fantasies about what they were doing, I think they did nothing. She looked really refreshed and lovely. It was hard to believe that she had been so victimized as she had been.

He had instructed her on what to wear. That same lovely blue dress she had worn when Slider had come over. It was to become a kind of fetish for them. Whenever she wore it, she knew she would be stripping or stripped.

By the boys began to arrive, it was already almost dark. I had been put in the kitchen to tend to be making the food. To hand out beers. To keep out of the way. The boys arrived in couples, in threes and fours. They were hungry. They were none of them 18. Most of them Jon's age, I guessed, 16 or so. They ducked into the kitchen to grab beers, to make hot dogs, to take out plates of food into the living room. I don't think there were ever as many as I had expected but they came and went all night. There may have been twenty or so after all, but at the peak there weren't more than ten or eleven in the house besides Larry, Jon and Frenchy. That was a lot. They had the TV on and a radio.

A couple times Jon would bring in a group---three or up to five at a time---to meet me. Simply to say: "This is him. That's her husband..." "Jesus...." they might say or "No shit!" My willingness to let my wife be stripped naked for them perplexed them and they wanted to see me out of curiosity or contempt.

"When's she gonna do it?" one in the last group asked Jon. He shrugged: "Ask Frenchy." The boy glanced at me guiltily, embarrassed. But others among them sneered at me and made comments to each other as they passed out. I turned back to dishes in the sink.

I heard them soon. Like a guttural chant. "Pig-gee!" "Pig-gee!" "Pig-gee!" The chants grew in volume and participants. A chorus of teenaged boys taunting my wife. Then a cheer.

I understood now what Frenchy had in mind. I followed the group into the living room. The TV, now muted, was the only light on in the room. They had turned off the dining room light as well.

In the bluish glow the boys were looking up from the sofa or sitting on the coffee table watching or leaning against the window watching, as Frenchy standing in the center of the room with my wife, had his arm around her. She had just taken her dress off and it lay puddled on the floor behind her.

She stood in her bra, panties and bobby socks, facing him, leaning against him, her cheek to his chest, looking toward me but not seeing me. She was pretty obviously drunk. Smiling in a goofy way, eyes half closed, like she was going to sleep. Drunk or drugged. She looked the way she had looked the day Frenchy led her out to the living room for Slider, his uncle and his dog.

He was speaking softly to her. She was trying to kiss him, he was moving away. He was trying to persuade her to take off all her clothes. She was coyly, if insincerely, refusing, shaking her head. But he kissed her then, whispering to her, squeezed her breasts, put his hand between her legs and rubbed her there. She kissed him back. The boys cheered some more. They took up the chant again. "Pig-gee!" "Pig-gee!" He backed away from her and looking at her bra and panties, told her again. "Strip, piggy. Strip for the boys." And she looked up at him, wobbly, vacantly smiled and nodded.

Frenchy leaned over and picked up her fallen dress. She covered her face as he left her to stand alone in the middle of the room, the TV light bathing her.

Frenchy held her dress and came over to me. He grinned seeing my dismay. "It's not my idea, dad. Mom wants to strip for them. They teased her and so she did it. She took it off herself."

He turned to look, and Karen had turned to face the boys; the light of the TV showed her in stark relief.

The boys lost patience. Some by the window, who had been from the last group to come and meet me, the ones who sneered at me, looked at each other and then approached her. They would do it to her if she would not do it herself. Enough bullshit.

It was rudely done. Nothing of foreplay or teasing. Nothing of seduction. Nothing of kindness. The attitude toward her was demeaning and the interest in her was simply prurient: "Strip the slut. Let's see her tits, dammit."

All of them now--what a dozen? more?-- crowded around her menacingly to see her getting stripped, as she backed away, slouching, cowering in her underpants and bra. Frenchy was amused. I was worried. Karen looked scared.

One stepping behind her easily and expertly unfastened her bra and yanked it away, her tits flipping out, nipples jutting, her eyes widening. They cheered of course.

Just as quickly, one in front of her jerked her underpants to her stocking feet and she looked up at them the crowd with her goofy smile, wobbling, but she made no complaint, she gave no resistance. "Look at her cunt..." The crowd heaved about her, gawking.

A couple boys burst through the crowd around her, tussling for possession of her bra. More swarmed about her body, grabbing her. She looked really alarmed. She was jostled. She cried out. Frenchy stepped in manfully: "Come on, guys... Give her some room, boys... Spread out... That's right. So the TV can show her off."

I saw then that someone had stripped her underpants away in the melee---or rather had torn it into pieces like a rag---and to make it complete some others had even stripped off her bobby socks; now all that she wore was her wedding ring.

They backed off obediently, forming a neat semi-circle before her, and left her standing for a full view, looking bewildered and uncertain, facing them completely and abjectly naked in the glow of the TV. Again, as in the other times, most of these boys had never seen a naked girl before. Not a real live one. Not one they could touch. They looked as stunned as she did.

She covered her sex reflexively. It was silent as church. Worship of my naked wife. In the electric glow of the TV light. It was "Father Knows Best" in the background. Bud would want to be here: "Golly, Dad, I didn't meant to..." She looked at Frenchy who nodded at her. She moved her hands away so they could see her sex. It seemed a good ten minutes went by, while all just silently ogled my naked wife.

Passive. Stripped. Naked for a dozen teen-aged boys she'd never seen before. Willingly. Wantonly. This was the fantasy I had had always had. Even this way she looked---her shameful docility. They stared and grinned. They congratulated Frenchy. They commented: "Look at her tits.."

Some one of the boys finally complained: "Turn on the lights... I wanna see her good..."

The table lamp lights quickly went on from both sides of the sofa. The floor lamp by the easy chair was turned up three notches. She almost looked surprised to see them all there, surprised to find herself standing naked in front of them. It was almost comical. Some of the boys did laugh.

And she closed her eyes and seemed like she might fall, her head rose and dropped to her chest, she put her hands on her stomach, she felt her bare belly. She sighed. Her hands dropped away to show herself to them.

She looked over at Frenchy and seemed to have lost track of why she was here. She looked at him quizzically. Frenchy laughed.

The boys leered at my naked wife with mocking smirks and many commented on her shaved cunt. That particularly seemed to degrade her. That and her large lurid nipples. Somehow these made her look horny to them. And too she seemed to obviously enjoy this.

And she did. She stood naked like that, underpants at her feet, smiling drunkenly, coquettishly, and reflexively touched her own slit, caressing it, mouth open, looking at them lewdly looking at her naked. Was she going to masturbate for them? In an absentminded way she did.

No one said anything but two got off the sofa then a third came from the coffee table and came over to feel her and then there was a swarm of boys around her. Several kissing her in turns, hands all over her body, fingers slipped into her slit, cupping and grabbing her buttock, pinching and pulling her nipples. And all the while, yes, kissing her and she kisses them.

Frenchy had set ground rules. He told me as we watched her molestation. "You can kiss her. You can feel her up---that's okay too. But no fucking. And she ain't gonna suck your cock either."

They did everything but fuck her. She never got the satisfaction of their cocks, although she was obviously craving it; they all had hard-ons---she could see their hard-ons in their jeans---and she would rub them as they kissed her, but Frenchy would not let anyone take his cock out naked for her, even if she tried to unzip him. It was a night of constant sexual peak without a climax. She looked like she had been in too much sun. They loved it. They loved working her up and degrading her.

If they could not fuck her, they could find ways to enjoy her and she went along with it with a sluttish craving for her sexual use. They took turns to suck hard on her nipples, sucking them till they looked long and stretched out, wet with spit. They teamed up to tease her clit, the rubbing of her cunt, masturbating her while she was held on weak legs between two, rubbing her until she begged them to stop so she could catch her breath.

In one breathless break, Frenchy demanded they give her some air and took her aside to sit, leaning over like she felt faint.

She looked so flushed I worried for her. Can people get strokes from too much sexual excitement? But she also looked happy, if sort of bewildered, or drugged.

Jon insisted then she show the boys how she had been naked in the window. He dragged a dining room chair to the window and Frenchy and Jon taunted her to stand up on the chair and show herself naked to the neighborhood.

She did as she was told. Embarrassed, she giggled nervously.

She would not stay there for long however and jumped down when she was sure she had been seen. Frenchy thought it was hysterical. She covered her face in shame.

Frenchy said she should play the naked maid for the boys and go get them more beers. He helped her stand; the boys all still fixedly gazing at her tits and cunt. Frenchy spanked her bare butt and sent her off: "Go on, piggy. The boys are thirsty."

She made girlish complaint at the smart sound of the smack on her butt and ran off like a little girl.

The boys watched her almost skip to get them more beers, her tits bouncing teasingly, as she went. Delighting them who followed her. She came back happily, the boys trailing her, bringing them in four or five bottles in a bunch, holding them out to be taken, while hands toyed with her tits, slipped about her thighs and belly, another feeling her buttock as she passed into the crowd.

She laughed a skipped away for some more. Again the spectacle of bouncing tits amusing her and them. When she came in with the next delivery, I saw how she waddled, legs clamped as she walked, as though holding something between them, and boys were following her, looking at her butt and joking; I saw some boys had put a hot dog up her cunt, the whole thing stuffed up; she waddled in with the tip of it, a brown thumb protruding from her bare slit like a fat little pecker.

As she leaned over to deliver the beers, hands on dangling tits, the hot dog slithered out, slathered by her liquid cunt, and plopped to the floor between her legs. They laughed.

The boys following her made her stand up straight, legs together, and worked it back into her slit like it was a rubbery dildo, and once lodged again, asked her if she'd ever been fucked by a hot dog before.

Frenchy said: "She did. She fucked Slider's dog." This would have been a great pun, if it wasn't also true. The boys laughed. She waddled out to get more beers. Frenchy told the astonished boys how in fact she really had fucked a dog.

When she returned she no longer had the hot dog in her cunt. Frenchy took off his shirt and gave it to her to put on. Oddly no one complained. Karen drank a beer too.

Through all of this I watched as an almost invisible spectator. Karen paid no attention to me but seemed preoccupied with the attention of the boys. When she did seem to notice me, her face darkened and saddened and she looked away, becoming intoxicated again with the sexual attention her nakedness brought, or going to Frenchy to lean into his protection, naked in his arms.

After she put on the T-shirt she sat on the floor with it hiked up to her waist, sitting Indian style, shamelessly exposing a raw wet cunt for the boys who sat or stood looking down at her (or looking at her cunt in fact) and talking to her. She sipped at her beer from a bottle and seemed to enjoy the attention and seemed completely oblivious to her filthy exhibition. And while her cunt was obvious object of their attention, they didn't talk about her or her nakedness or her exposed cunt. They made small talk--about what music she liked and things like that. It was so surreal.

Often the boys looked over at me, suddenly aware of my presence, and regarded me with obvious contempt, the way Craig had. They looked at Karen with a kind of pity. They looked at me like I was the whore here.

As it was approaching midnight, Frenchy escorted a group of boys out to the lawn because they needed to leave and they about stood drinking beers in the yard, talking about things, the night, my wife and so on. The party had dwindled down to perhaps four or five stragglers, the oldest ones or the most depraved whose parents no longer cared what they were doing.

One the older boys who had lots of pimples sat down on the floor next to Karen and because Frenchy was gone he took the chance to lean in and kiss her and put his hand down between her legs and slipped his fingers deeply into her wet cunt. Another boy, watching this while, came up behind her and reached over top her of her from behind and pulled the T-shirt off her to strip her naked again, looking down on her nakedness as she looked up at him, eyes swimming in lust; dropping the t-shirt, he leaning over to kiss her and grab her tits; the two them together molested her in front of us without shame or restraint, urgent because they thought Frenchy would come back and stop them. Leaning her back to lay on the floor, each taking a knee and spreading her legs wide, they were openly and freely finger fucking her, both of them at once; both boys lay next to her on the floor, and took turns kissing her, sucking up her nipples, and both of them finger fucking her, while she warmly responded to them, kissing them with eagerness and open mouth.

Dreamily smiling, Karen lay naked on her back on the carpet, splayed like a frog, knees raised, her cunt open and glistening like an oyster for the eating, open to see for the two eager boys feeling it, open and randy for the whole crowd of boys standing over her and staring down. She looked at the boy closest to her seductively and said the words he'd hoped to hear: "Fuck me." She said it like she might say she wanted a glass of water. And that is what it was. She was so used to being fucked. She so much naturally wanted him to fuck her. The boy grinned at the other boy, then looked at me. I said nothing.

Soon the first boy got up onto his knees beside her and as she avidly watched he popped open his jeans, shoved them and his underpants down to his knees and exposed his upright erection to her, he leaned, kissing her nipple and his prick touched her naked belly; she raised her hand to feel it, feeling the slippery knob of it with her fingertips, looking at it hungrily. He rolled over on top her and his prick slipped inside her in one dip. She gasped and widened her legs to receive him and embraced him, closing her eyes, murmuring pleasure.

He fucked her with his arms stretched out, so he could watch her tits slosh about and watch the expression on her face. She closed her eyes, turned her face away, and parted her mouth. She was obviously drunk. She was obviously enjoying it.

She fucked the both of them on the carpet right in front of me and all the others under the bright lamp light, her hands clasping their backs tightly as they made rapid strokes and quickly came inside her. I watched with fascination their dark pricks poking her hole between her pale legs, the flesh of her vulva clinging, sort of sucking on the pumping shaft, lathering with goo. When the second one rolled off her, she looked up at me in a dreamy far off way, sat up and leaned for the t-shirt, slowly putting it back on, drew her legs up, and resumed sipping her beer like nothing had happened. Undoubtedly seeping cum onto the carpet.

The two who had fucked her quickly dressed, went off to the kitchen talking excitedly; they each took another beer or two and left without saying anything to her or to me or to Frenchy, having stolen the lucky fuck they could brag about. Jon and Larry and a couple more were the only ones left. Larry turned up the TV. Frenchy returned. Nobody told him how the two had fucked her. I don't think she confessed it to him either.

Grinning, Frenchy stretched his hand out for Karen and hoisted her up dramatically to spring romantically into the fold of his arms: "Love you, mom." And it seemed to me he really truly meant it. And for Karen's part she fairly sparkled with happiness, flushed with affection for him and also with the supreme satisfaction of her self-conscious sexual prowess. She had never felt so beautiful. She had never felt more desirable. It seemed to me she never looked happier.

Frenchy embraced her and kissed her warmly, his hands cupping her bare buttock, pressing her to his crotch, grinding against her. She felt wonderful. She responded; I think she wanted him inside her. Or at least this is how she seemed to me, the lascivious way she looked at him.

Frenchy leaned back, his head raised, looking down at her, asking her skeptically: "Do you love me?" She smiled and nodded convincingly, though knowing that I witnessed this and knowing it must hurt me.

"Do you trust me?" She nodded without hesitation.

"No matter what I ask?"

"Yes," she said softly. He kissed her again.

"Go get your lipstick, mom"

She looked at him uncertainly, withdrawing from his embrace with her head cocked and a questioning look. "Go on," he laughed and turned her like she was little girl and spanked her. She actually ran off, like a little girl.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. Frenchy winked at Jon who nodded back.

Karen came back with two lipsticks. "I didn't know which one you wanted." Frenchy picked the reddest one---a rich move-star scarlet, the same lipstick that Jon had used to write "PIG" on her body the day before.

He handed the selection back to her. "Do your lips? And bring it back." And again she ran off.

When she returned, she had not only put on her lipstick; she anticipated; she put on some fresh underpants too. Had she guess what he wanted? I don't know.

But when she came back and handed the lipstick to him, he saw what she had done and frowned and said: "Lift up your shirt." She seemed momentarily worried that she had done something wrong, but she did as she was told.

Once again exposing her breasts to all of us---but now in underpants---she held the shirt with two hands above pressed to her throat. "Okay?" she asked.

Frenchy nodded and Jon shrugged. Frenchy made a show of opening the tube of lipstick to a long length of its waxy red length, and with a tongue at his lips, like a child drawing a picture, he applied the color to her nipples, painting them about the puffy aureoles, daubing it thickly on the nubby points. Then as the boys watched and laughed sarcastically he painted lipstick letters on her bare belly. He printed the phrase in blocky letters: "I suck cock."

She did not see what he wrote. She blushed with shame. He admired his work as she stood for us holding up the shirt. Jon fell in his easy chair with laughing. She looked at Frenchy pathetically. He nodded at her and said: "Okay. Put it down." She looked at what was written as she drew the shirt over her breasts carefully so as keep the lipstick from smearing. I think she read it as she did. But she said nothing about it.

Frenchy reached out and squeezed one of her tits at the nipple. The lipstick under the shirt smeared against the inside it; the stain of it showed. Actually the scarlet color of both her painted nipples showed through obscenely beneath the fabric of the t-shirt.

"You look so pretty, mom"

I think for a moment she felt he was kidding her, making fun of her. Especially because of how the boys seemed to know that there was some joke here. She looked hurt. For a moment I saw in her crestfallen look that she no longer felt she was beautiful and doubted that he loved her and understood that she was just being used by him. But Frenchy had such an effectual charm about him, he could just look at her so warmly---I think he even believed it himself---that she would melt for him. She bit her lip and clasped her hands, and looked anxiously at the boys mocking her, and Frenchy turned, stepped between her gaze and these insolent expressions and shielded her from those feelings, embraced her, kissed her eyes, told her she was beautiful, and her eyes moistened with gratitude. I could not understand how she was such a fool for him. She wanted to believe him, perhaps. Perhaps, it was all that could sustain her in her sexual degradation, to think she did this for love of him; if she did what he wanted, he would love her. I don't know. It was insane.

But he led her out and some of the boys, chuckling in the know, followed, as my hapless dopey wife was walked barefoot out the door and out into the midnight darkness. It was in fact a little after 1 AM. The presence of these two she did not know troubled her. To put her at ease, he made it clear that they should leave. They did not want to. They wanted to know what would happen. They guessed that Frenchy was up to something dirty. But they did what he said, if reluctantly, if lingering to see what he was doing.

In fact nothing had been planned. It was just one of Frenchy's wild notions. Jon had guessed. But he was depraved. He would guess. Jon and Larry and I watched them in the front yard talking from the picture window. Frenchy's arm around my wife, whose bare legs should have made people wonder---I mean the t-shirt was long enough, but Frenchy kept lifting it to tease her and show her underpants. The two boys wandered down the street, walking backwards, talking, trying to persuade Frenchy to let them stay. But he ignored them, and they were soon out of sight. Frenchy turned and embraced Karen and spoke to her who looked up at his face, hands held by his hands and pressed to his chest in some serious conversation. She nodded.

Frenchy would eventually confide what he wanted her to do, like it was some private guilty craving, something he of which he was ashamed but which he longed for and begged her to satisfy. In this way he was making an intentional mockery of my own perverse sexual ideas of her humiliation, that same ones that had brought her to this end; but she did not see the irony in it. She loved him and wanted to make him happy---just as she had for me. So she did not see the joke that he was playing on her and me, coaxing her to degrade herself for his voyeuristic sexual pleasure, just as I had done, coaxing my wife to present herself naked before this horny teenaged boy, who now shall plead her to do the same thing for him. She was just flushed with romantic feelings (and private sexual feelings), and she would do anything for him that he wanted; although, to tell the truth, I think that in her heart (and in her sexual self) she knew full well the humiliation she was about to submit to and she really wanted it; it aroused her, even the shame of it.

So Frenchy took her, mocking her, tugging her along against her shy protests and her twisting girlish resistances, coaxing her to go barefoot on a summer night down the warm sidewalk, wearing nothing but her underpants and Frenchy's t-shirt into the flood of the street light, then turned her at the corner and guided her forcibly across the street at the stoplight, before the headlights of amused half-drunk motorists, to the fast food restaurant at opposite corner, called The Red Barn, while she asked without true innocence but in genuine misgivings and embarrassment of anticipation, "What is it? What do you want?" She affected disingenuous bewilderment---she knew what to expect, I was sure.

Jon had disappeared and now reappeared with the polaroid camera.

From across the street the group of boys and myself watched. Frenchy pushed Karen in his t shirt, barefoot, into the crosswalk. There was little traffic. Jon followed, laughing. The boys laughed to see how Frenchy pushed my confused wife through the glass door to the Red Barn. All the lights inside were on. All was easily seen through the plate glass windows from the front of the place where were a row of now empty booths and through neatly spaced aisles of plastic tables and chairs up to the store-length counter where customers normally queued for hamburgers and fries. There were in fact two customers---both older men, probably just out of the bars--waiting for delivery of some food and three teenaged boys in uniforms and paper caps stood ready to take my wife's order, obviously intrigued by how she was dressed.

We witnessed the whole thing from the front window of our duplex.

Frenchy took my wife by the arm to one of the booths against the front window and he hammed it up to show us that he knew we were watching. She did not seem to see this or was so self-conscious she was too preoccupied or worried to wonder; at the booth he would tell her plainly what he wanted. They talked intimately and seriously. Even from the distance, at which I could not clearly see her facial expression, it was clear from her attitude in response that she was unhappy and reluctant. He had his arms around her. He kissed her. She kissed him. They were basically necking, and Frenchy obviously had his hand down in front of her underpants as he pleaded his case. He was patient and persistent. The two customers left, one giving them a side-long glance. One of the teenaged workers went to the door with them, letting them out, locking the door.

Another of the teenaged boys came over to tell Frenchy that were closing up and to ask if they wanted to make an order. Frenchy shoved Karen out of the booth and made her stand up to face him. The teen boy followed behind her, obviously looking at the back of her legs, wondering, I suppose, what she was wearing underneath that t-shirt.

Frenchy, meanwhile, mugging up at us, raised up his hand, holding something for us to see. "He got her underpants," Larry laughed. "He got her underpants off. . .. This is gonna be good. . .."

Frenchy called out an order to the teenaged boys took her order at the counter. He looked away, cleaning the counter, putting things away. The other two had gone to the back, cooking or cleaning.

Karen faced Frenchy and Jon. While the teenaged boy at the counter turned away to tend to tasks, Frenchy was gesturing at my wife, talking to her. Jon had the camera poised.

She lifted the t-shirt up over her head, tossed her hair, and looking up where the boy had been saw she was alone. She looked back at Frenchy who said something I think, and she glanced over her shoulder as the boy was returning to the counter. She dropped the t-shirt to the floor. Jon took this picture. Frenchy gestured. She turned. She walked slowly to the counter.

I have seen her strip for boys several times now, but it always gives me an intense pang; that moment she is exposed naked to them and their eyes fall on her breasts, nipples, cunt, belly. The feeling that I imagine she has, exposing herself to them. Lowering her hands she stood completely naked at the counter waiting for him to see her.

He turned. He stared, astonished, eyes-wide and fixed on her front as he approached. Then loudly, laughing (I think), called out for the others to come up from the back. The other two equally astonished, hesitated in disbelief and then stepped up the counter. The three now crowded at the counter and leered at my wife, naked, head to toe. My wife standing naked in front of them in the full light of the menu marquee. Can you believe their luck?

Grinning like an idiot, the first one spoke. Speaking to her bashfully or stupidly or crudely. Karen herself seemed completely subdued, a deer in headlight. One of them went back out of sight. The lights in the front went out one after the other rapidly until the only light was that shown came from the back and glanced off the countertop and onto my naked wife, putting her in illuminated silhouette. The other two meanwhile had come around the counter. One had a hand on her bare bottom, stroking it. The other must be touching the front of her. She was guided by them to the back and the kitchen. I saw them pass her through a patch of light into the back and out of sight. Frenchy got out of the booth in the darkness and went to the back as well.

Nothing more was seen for a long while. Some boys left. A couple went to watch TV. I was up and down to catch the scene but saw nothing more. Larry kept look out. About 20 or 30 minutes later, almost 2 AM, figures were moving about in the darkness in the front.

My wife, still naked, faintly seen, scooped up the t-shirt from the floor, clutching it to herself, she was let out the door by the boys, still reaching out for her naked body.

Frenchy had come behind her now, and had a hand on her shoulder, holding her from leaving without him and he turned back talking to the guys; my poor naked wife uncomfortable and nervous peered down the street where traffic still passed, barely covered by the shirt she kept in front of her body.

Frenchy would not let her put the shirt on, or for that matter she did not want to lift it over her head in the street. So she awkwardly ran across the street ahead of him and he, laughing and calling her name "Mrs. H\*\*\*\*\*s --- come back!", he ran after her and caught her at the corner in front of Mr. Hansen's little grocery store and tore the shirt away from her, so that once again, now the third time this week she ran home stark naked. Horns honked. Some man called a jeer out the windows of his car. Jon followed taking pictures, laughing.

Once she was home, she ran off to the bedroom and Frenchy came in merrily while Jon held out a beer he had gotten for him.

He sat next to me but ignored me. He knew what I wanted to know but all he would say was: "They read what was written on her tits and just helped themselves."

"I don't understand."

He laughed at me. Jon shook his head: "She likes sucking cock, man. She likes making them cum her mouth."

Jon showed me the Polaroid shots he had taken of it. One by one, one after another, they dropped their pants and presented their cocks and one by one, she sucked, she slurped, she sipped, she swallowed. Frenchy would claim she really liked the feeling of a cock squirting cum into her mouth. She always made cute little girly sounds when it happened, exactly like the squirmy whimpers she made when a cock entered her cunt.

 "And she likes the taste of it too She told me." He saw my disbelief and contradicted me. "Really. She does. Lookee here. See for yourself."

You could see it in her face. I saw it. She liked it in her mouth. He caught it when the boy shot into her mouth.

"Yeah, she gets her rocks off on it, man," nodded Jon.

Then laying a Polaroid out on the coffee table in front of me he sent Jon off for a ballpoint pen and squatted forward and wrote on it.

I read it: "" Mrs. H###### at the Red Barn. Stripped for the boys and sucked them off. 3 of them. Swallows it all..."

Seeing how confused I looked, he explained that he was going to mail this one to the PO for his collection.

I asked him: "Why?" Feeling both sick and afraid.

"He's my PO," Frenchy shrugged.