**Jolene Listens**

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**Jolene Listens Ch. 01**

My wife never used to listen to me, which, ironically enough, led to our current situation. Let me explain. A couple of months ago we went into the city for a street festival. It was a yearly thing, but we hadn't gone before and didn't know the area very well. None the less, we were having a good time walking down the street, checking out the shops and sampling the local food. I saw a small tobacco shop and wanted to check out their cigar selection, but of course Jolene didn't want to go into a "smelly cigar store", so I told her to stay close and I would be back soon.  
  
The store had mostly pipe tobacco and was not well stocked with cigars, so it wasn't long before I was back out looking for my wife. Naturally she had not listened to me and had disappeared somewhere. I was thinking that she had to be close and was scanning the street when I heard her voice off to my right. I turned and took a few steps to find myself at the entrance to a small alley.  
  
Looking down it's length I saw one of the most frightening scenes of my life: my wife and two tough-looking men. One of the men was pulling on Jolene's purse and the other was growling at her to let go of it, but she was resisting. For a moment I was frozen; not from fear, but from shock. Then the man pulling on her purse hit my wife in the face with his closed fist. She collapsed like a rag doll.  
  
I don't remember making a decision, I was just sprinting down the alley towards my wife and her attackers. At this point I should tell you that I have been training in mixed martial arts since I was 17 and although I was no Randy Coture I did have some skills. I was also well motivated.  
  
Now there were two of them; they looked street-tough and the alley was pretty narrow, so I knew that if they did not run I would have to end it quickly. That meant using high-energy, one strike knock-out attacks. The problem is, these are risky techniques if you are up against a trained opponent because they also leave you open to counter attacks.  
  
They didn't run, and I just hoped that they weren't trained. The way they were positioned I was going to wind up facing one and having one at my back, so with my last step I leaped into the air and kicked savagely backwards with my left foot, while punching forward with my right hand. This is a real showy move, but it can be effective, if nothing else for the surprise factor.  
  
I hit the man behind me squarely in the solar plexus, which was exactly where I had aimed. I drove my foot deep into his midsection and heard the air forced out of his lungs making a deep "oof" sound. Meanwhile the man in front of me managed to step back from my punch, but I didn't really expect it to connect. I threw it mainly for balance and to hopefully push him back a bit, and for that it worked perfectly.  
  
I landed automatically into a fighting stance and immediately blocked a big looping right aimed at the side of my head. He did not follow up with another punch, probably because he was used to taking out his opponents with that first hay-maker. As I countered with a right cross and left jab I could hear the guy behind me hitting the ground; I wouldn't have to worry about him for a little while.  
  
None of my punches landed, and the way he ducked them told me he had some boxing experience. I barely avoided a left jab, but absorbed a glancing body shot from his right hand. I didn't want to box with this guy, so I decided to go downstairs and see if he had any kicking experience.  
  
I threw an experimental kick to the outside of his lead leg. It landed with a satisfying thud on his thigh. That seemed to confuse him as he didn't counter, so I threw another kick to the same area and landed it again. Clearly he didn't like that and threw a wild right. I ducked that easily and rewarded him with a punishing right to his ribs.  
  
I felt the tide turning, but I needed to finish him off before his buddy behind me got his breath back. I could see he was glancing down, looking for that leg kick again, so I looked down at his leg, hoping he would take the bait. Most people will drop their guard a little if they think a kick is coming, and he was no different. As soon as I saw it drop I shifted my weight onto my right leg and put all the power I had into my left leg.  
  
I'm not as limber as I used to be, and head kicks are not easy to execute, but this was not a normal situation. It seemed to happen in slow motion. I watched my left foot arc up into the air, higher and higher. It seemed like it had a mind of it's own as it accelerated towards the side of his head. Unlike me, he never saw it coming. When it hit, his head snapped to my right and his whole body went limp. I'm sure he was unconscious when he hit the ground.  
  
I let the force of the kick spin me around so that I was facing the first guy who by now had regained his feet. Then he made a big mistake: he rushed me. There was not much room for him to get up to speed, so I just braced myself and let him run into me. Since I was ready he did not knock me back like he had hoped.  
  
I grabbed him looking for a throw or a take-down of some sort, but he had some grappling experience and managed to stay on his feet. This called for a different strategy, so I reached up and put my hands behind his head, lacing my fingers together in a classic Mui Tai move and pulled his head down. He was not expecting this and didn't know what to do. I did. I quickly brought up my right knee, directly into his forehead. This stunned him, but I was not done. I quickly followed with my left knee and then the right again. One of those vicious knees, I'm not sure which, must have connected with his chin because he collapsed like a sack of shit.  
  
I quickly checked the other guy and he was still out. The fight was over. I don't think it lasted more than 30 seconds, but I was already starting to breath heavily. With the adrenalin surging through my body I stepped over to my wife to check on her injuries.  
  
I leaned over her and said "Jolene, are you OK?" Her eyelids fluttered, but otherwise she did not respond. "Just hold on." I grabbed my cell-phone and punched in 911. I told the dispatcher where we were, and what the situation was as quickly as possible.  
  
One of the toughs that I had knocked out was starting to stir, so I snapped my phone shut and used one of my shoe laces to tie him up. I did the same for the other one as well.  
  
I returned to my wife and held her head while I waited for the police and paramedics to arrive. I couldn't help muttering "I wish you would just listen to me. If you would just do what I say everything would work out better." In fact, I think I repeated this a number of times.  
  
Now don't get me wrong, I wasn't really blaming my wife, I was just upset and high on the adrenalin and letting my subconscious thoughts get through.  
  
The police arrived soon, sized up the situation, and cuffed the two thugs. While they were busy with that the paramedics arrived and checked everybody out. I insisted they look at my wife first and told them I was fine. I gave my statement to the cops while the paramedics tended to my wife. The toughs tried to tell the police that I had attacked them, but one look at my wife's bruised face was enough to convince them that their story was bullshit and they were arrested.  
  
The paramedics were concerned that my wife had suffered a concussion and wanted to take her to hospital for an MRI and observation. She didn't want to go, but I thought it was wise so I told her that she should take their advice. To my shock she just looked at me and said "OK." She never gave up without a fight, but I didn't question it and rode with her in the ambulance to the hospital.  
  
When we got to the emergency room Jolene was whisked away to get an MRI. After they brought her back we had a chance to talk a bit as we waited for the doctor to give us the results.  
  
"What do you remember?" I asked, curious as to how she ended up in that alley.  
  
"Some of it's kind of fuzzy," she replied, "but I'll do the best I can. I remember waiting for you outside the tobacco shop. I was watching the people pass by when I saw a woman with some really neat look boots walk past. I wanted to know where she got them, so I tried to catch up with her. She disappeared into a crowd of young people coming the other way, but I didn't want to follow her through when I saw a couple of the boys grab her butt. To avoid them I backed out of the way and I guess I accidentally backed right into the alley. This really was a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire."  
  
If she can still make jokes, I thought, maybe she's really OK.  
  
"Then I heard someone behind me. I turned around and there were those two awful men. They grabbed my purse and tried to take it away, but I held on and they wound up dragging me down the alley further. I guess I should have just let it go."  
  
"Why didn't you?" I asked. "You didn't have that much money in it and the rest could have been replaced."  
  
"I know, it's just that, it was an expensive purse and one I really liked. I didn't want to lose it. I guess I really wasn't thinking clearly." She answered.  
  
Duh! I thought, but kept my mouth shut.  
  
"Then one of the men hit me." She continued. "I remember the pain; it felt like my face had exploded. I don't remember much after that, I think I was knocked out for a little while. I do remember dreaming of you having a sparring match at the gym with a couple of guys though. The next thing I knew I was laying in that dirty alley with you calling my name. As my head started to clear I saw my attackers on the ground out cold, and that's when I realized that I didn't dream it: you took them both out. You saved me. I did something impulsive and stupid, which you are always warning me about, but you saved me. At that moment I loved you more than ever before and I resolved that from then on I would listen to you."  
  
By this time we both had tears in our eyes and we held each other tightly for a long time, as if something bad might happen if we let go.  
  
Finally a doctor approached us and introduced himself and said he had the results of my wife's tests. "When you arrived here we determined that you had a concussion." He told my wife. "However it doesn't look like it was the result of the initial blow, but rather from the fall. We found a small cut on the left side of your head and some contusions, so we think you hit your head on the ground and that's what caused the concussion. After a head injury like this we like to use a Functional MRI, or FMRI. This shows us where blood is flowing in the brain and helps to spot abnormal activity, which can be an indication of brain damage. The good news is that I did not spot any bleeding or any outright damage." he said.  
  
"But." I said suspecting there was another shoe to drop.  
  
"But," he continued, "I did see some unusual activity in the cortex. This area is not usually associated with concussive type brain damage, so it's probably nothing, but I'd like to keep your wife overnight for observation. I have scheduled another FMRI in the morning and if that comes out clear she can go home."  
  
Jolene didn't want to stay, but I said she should, and again she relented. Maybe she was going to keep her resolution to herself and listen to me a little more from now on. That would be nice, but I didn't think it would last long.  
  
The next day the doctor told us that the MRI was clean and that Jolene could go home. The left side of her face was still swelled up a bit and very black and blue, but she was in good spirits. They gave us a prescription for some pain medication and discharged her.  
  
It took a few days, but things more or less returned to normal, except that she seemed to be more willing to take my advice or accept my choices when decisions had to be made. I liked it, but I kept expecting it to end.  
  
After a couple of weeks we were talking about going out to a movie or something and she complained that all her nice clothes did not fit her anymore. I had noticed that over the last couple of years she had put on a few pounds, but I didn't say anything; you know how it is with women and their weight. As cooperative as she had been lately, though, I decided to take a chance and sent up a trial balloon.  
  
"You know, we could both stand to loose a few pounds. Maybe we should stop buying deserts for a while and watch what we eat." I offered.  
  
"Hmmm, you're probably right." She replied.  
  
Time to push it I thought. "I should also probably get to the gym more often as well. I'm not in the best of shape. I really got lucky with those two guys in that alley."  
  
"You're in better shape than me!" Jolene answered.  
  
"Actually, they are starting a new self-defense class at my gym this weekend. It's based on Krav Maga, an Israeli martial art. It's supposed to be relatively easy to learn, very street-effective, and a good workout. I think you should sign up for it, especially in the light of recent events." I said.  
  
"That's not a bad idea. OK, let's do it: the diet, the gym, the whole thing."  
  
So we started the diet right away by throwing away all the ice cream and other sweets in the house and changed our shopping and eating habits. Nothing drastic, just a better balance of different foods, smaller portions, and a no eating after dinner rule. That weekend Jolene started her self defense classes and I took my martial arts training more seriously.  
  
A couple of weeks later I had lost 10 pounds, but Jolene had shed 15. She was serious about losing the weight! To celebrate I suggested that we go out to a bar I knew about that hosted some of the better local bands. Normally my wife is not to crazy about going to bars, but she readily agreed this time.  
  
We went though her "skinny clothes" and picked out a nice pair of jeans, frilly black underwear (for later she said), and a nice blouse. I spied a different blouse in the back of the closet. It was a peach color, which is one of her favorites, but it was also pretty sheer. I grabbed it and said "How about this one?"  
  
"Oh, I don't have anything to wear over it, and it's too sheer to wear alone."  
  
"Why?" I asked innocently.  
  
"Don't be silly," she admonished me, "this bra will show right through it."  
  
"That's kind of the point." I said. She gave me a stern look, but I could tell it was more playful than anything else. "How about we switch out the black bra with a white one?"  
  
"I don't know..." she started.  
  
"Let's just try it and see." I offered.  
  
She relented and found a nice white bra that was, if anything, more sexy and less substantial than the first one. I enjoyed watching her undress and put on the white bra. For a 35 year old woman she still had the tits of someone 15 years her junior. They were a nice C-cup with nipples that pointed up at a slight angle and they had little perceptible sag. I still loved looking at them, even after all these years.  
  
Once she had the blouse on I was still able to see the bra in bright light, but it would not be visible in the dimly lit bar, which I demonstrated by turning down the light in our bedroom.  
  
"See," I said as I turned her towards the mirror, "in this level of light you really can't see through it at all."  
  
"I still don't know."  
  
"Please, just wear it." I demanded more than asked.  
  
"OK. For you." She said as she turned and kissed me on the cheek.  
  
That was easier than I thought it would be. This was going to be a great night I thought as I got dressed.  
  
It being a Wednesday night the place was not too busy; it mostly looked like regulars clustered near the bar. We selected a booth in a dark corner not far from the door, but across the room from the bar. The band was not too bad, not quite our taste in music, but good enough to dance to.  
  
I had a couple of beers at the start of the evening, but cooled it after that since I had to drive home. Jolene maintained a steady pace and got tipsy, but never sloppy drunk. As the night wore on a few more couples drifted in and we were not alone on the dance floor, but the place never really filled up.  
  
Around 11:00 the crowd started thinning out and the band played their last number. It was a weekday after all. So even though we didn't like the song too much, we still took the dance floor to get one more in.  
  
When we sat down I noticed that my wife was sweating slightly, so I said smiling, "You look hot, why don't you undo that second button."  
  
She looked down a her blouse and said "That sounds like a good idea."  
  
I was a little surprised when she reached down and popped the button loose. Surprised, but happy. As we talked over the course of the next few minutes the blouse opened up a bit more at the top and showed off more of her upper chest and just a hint of cleavage. Now this particular blouse had six buttons, so having the top two undone did not expose much, but it was daring for my wife.  
  
Jolene seemed so comfortable with the situation that I just had to see if I could push it further. "You really look sexy tonight." I said, blatantly buttering her up. "But do you know what would really be sexy?"  
  
"No, what?"  
  
"If you would just pop that third button." Now understand that the third one was just above the center clasp on her bra. If it was unbuttoned then her full cleavage would be on display as well as some of her bra.  
  
"I don't think I should."  
  
"Oh, come on. Nobody will know except for me. Pop it." I challenged. "You know you want to." I just threw that last part in to tease her since I didn't know if she wanted to or not.  
  
"Now you're reading my mind." She giggled, but her hand moved towards the button. In my mind I was thinking 'Do it, do it'. When she reached the button there was a slight hesitation, and then she quickly undid it as if she might chicken out if she did it slowly.  
  
My cock was hard in my pants and the blood pounded in my ears. I thought for sure everybody could hear it, but nobody paid any attention to us. Jolene just looked coyly at me and sipped her drink. Over the next few minutes nothing was said, but the blouse opened up considerably when she reached out and squeezed my hand. I don't know if she was trying to get it to open or if she just wanted the reassurance of my touch, but I loved it either way.  
  
All of her cleavage was now exposed along with the top swells of her lovely tits. I could also see the tops of her white frilly bra peaking out. I told her she was a goddess. She laughed, but said she loved me too.  
  
We were flirting like teens and I was really enjoying our game, but I wanted to take advantage of my wife's playful mood and see how far I could take it. "You're sure acting a little wicked tonight." I observed.  
  
"Hmmmm, wicked can be fun." she replied with a sparkle in her eye.  
  
"But if you really wanted to be wicked you would go into the ladies room, remove your bra, and put it on the table when you get back." I explained. "Keeping all three buttons on your blouse undone, of course." I had thrown down the gauntlet, now how would she respond?  
  
"That would be wicked, but I don't think I could do it."  
  
I was disappointed, but was not willing to give up just yet. "You underestimate yourself. I know you could do it, and I want you to. Be wicked tonight. You know you want to." It was a risk using the same gambit as before, but it HAD worked before, so I thought I had nothing to lose.  
  
Jolene didn't say anything for a moment, she just sat there looking past me, deep in thought, but I couldn't read her face. Suddenly she downed the rest of her drink in one big gulp and stood up. Still remaining silent I watched as she walked across the floor towards the restrooms.  
  
I sat there wondering if she would really do it or not. She was only gone for a couple of minutes, but they seemed to drag on for an eternity. Finally I saw the door to the ladies room open and my wife emerge. After she took a few steps I could tell by the way her tits were moving under the sheer blouse that she was indeed braless. Then I noticed that something was clenched in her left hand; it had to be her bra. She did it! She really did it!

Watching her walk that short distance across the floor to our booth was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen, and certainly the hottest thing I'd ever seen Jolene do outside the bedroom. When she sat down she reached out and dropped the bra on the table near the middle. I looked at it, then I looked at her, and then I looked at the bra again. Even wadded up it was obvious what it was and anybody looking would know too.  
  
The blood was pounding in my head again, actually both of them. I was so hard my cock ached and I was sure I was leaking precum. Jolene was a bit flushed, but she also looked radiant. I was speechless, but my wife was not.  
  
"Could you get me a nightcap?" She asked. This was her way of telling me that she was nearly ready to leave. Hell, I wasn't going to argue; I just wanted to get home and fuck like rabbits at that point.  
  
I went to the bar and ordered her favorite nightcap. The bartender looked over at our booth and asked "Is that your wife?"  
  
I nodded in the affirmative.  
  
"You are one lucky guy, she's smoking hot." he said with a wry smile.  
  
I agreed with him, paid for the drink and returned to our booth. "The bartender thinks you are a smoking hot babe." I said as I slid in opposite my wife and put the drink down in front of her. I noticed the bra was still laying where she had left it.  
  
"Did he?" she replied, blushing even more deeply. I watched as the red color spread across her chest and her nipples visibly hardened under the blouse. When Jolene is excited they stand out like pencil erasers. They look so fucking hot that way.  
  
"It's not polite to point." I said as I looked directly at her tits.  
  
She smiled. "Somehow I don't think you mind."  
  
"In this case, no."  
  
We played the flirtatious word games until Jolene finished her last drink.  
  
"Shall we go home now?" She inquired.  
  
"Do one more thing for me before we go: undo another button." I requested.  
  
She looked over towards the door, I'm sure thinking about the fact that we would have to walk past the bar on the way out. My wife looked back at me, licked her lips nervously and asked "Are you sure?"  
  
I looked her right in the eyes and said as calmly as I could "Yes."  
  
She reached down and popped out the fourth button on her blouse. Now it was open almost down to her navel and only two buttons were holding it together. Mustering her courage she stood up and said, "OK, let's go."  
  
I stood up, grabbed the bra off the table, took her hand and started for the door. I tried to look straight ahead as nonchalantly as possible, but I couldn't help glancing over in my wife's direction. I could see the edges of the two halves of her blouse fluttering and threatening to blow completely apart as we walked. Only those two little buttons were preventing it from rendering her effectively topless. As it was her tits would be exposed to anybody with a direct side view - like the bartender and anybody else sitting at the bar that happened to turn around at the right time.  
  
Her tits jiggled provocatively under the loose blouse, her distended nipples clearly detectable. As we passed the bar I saw the bartender grin, but none of the other customers turned around. What a shame.  
  
When we got to the door I held it open for her and as she passed through the threshold into the dim parking lot, a small breeze blew in and caused the blouse to billow out like a parachute. Momentarily her tits were completely exposed to view from the front and I thought the final two buttons might give way, but alas they held and the breeze abated. Her blouse fluttered down to a more modest position and we headed for the car.  
  
Once we were on our way home I had a little chance to think about what had just happened. My wife had exposed herself in public to a degree I never thought was possible, and I loved it! In fact she still had not attempted to button up her blouse and when I looked over to her I could see almost all of her right tit through the gap. "Why did you do all that?" I asked.  
  
"What, unbutton my blouse or take off my bra?" She teased.  
  
"Both, actually."  
  
"Because you wanted me to." Was her simple answer.  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Well, you said you wanted me to be wicked, and when I thought about it I realized that I wanted to be wicked for you. I thought it might be fun." She explained.  
  
I digested that for a moment. "So, was it fun?"  
  
"More than fun: it was exciting."  
  
This was unexpected. "What was the most exciting part?"  
  
She didn't hesitate to answer. "Walking out. I could feel the bartender's eyes burning my flesh with his lustful stare. And also when the breeze at the door almost blew my blouse off. For just a moment I wasn't sure if there was anyone out there or not. What if there had been?"  
  
I took that as a rhetorical question, but I didn't have an answer for her anyway. We both mulled that over for a minute or so before I had another question for her. "If I had asked you to undo the next button in the bar, would you have?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"What if I had insisted?" I pressed.  
  
"Yes." She admitted quietly as she looked down.  
  
Wow. I was starting to think that my wife had a submissive side that was emerging for some reason. "Unbutton it now." I ordered.  
  
She complied and now had only one button holding the two halves of her blouse together. I asked the next logical question. "What if I had told you to undo the last button, again while we were still in the bar?"  
  
"Yes." Again quietly while looking down. Clearly these admissions embarrassed her, but from her breathing I could tell she was getting even more excited as well.  
  
"You know what I want now." I said.  
  
Jolene reached down and popped out the last button. Now her blouse was just hanging off her shoulders with nothing to hide her treasures except gravity and a lack of wind. "And you would have walked out of that bar, past those people, just like this?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer.  
  
"Yes." This time barely a whisper.  
  
I was hyper excited now, the image of her walking out of that bar with the two halves of her blouse swinging loose, her tits on display for anyone to see. I struggled to remain calm. I had to drive after all. I was having trouble maintaining speed, so I put on the cruise control on and pushed ahead with my questioning since I might not get another chance. "What if I had told you to remove your blouse and hand it to me?"  
  
Her head jerked up in surprise. Apparently she had not expected this question. "What, in the bar?" She asked incredulously.  
  
"Yes, right there in that booth."  
  
Jolene looked past me, a riot of emotions passing across her face. Finally confusion settled in. "I don't know. Maybe. I guess it would depend."  
  
"Depend on what?"  
  
"On whether my lust could overcome my fear and humiliation." She answered in a thick voice.  
  
Unexpected, unexpected. I could sense we were at precipice in this particular journey, but was I ready to take one more chance? Yes, I decided I had to go for it. "Take off your blouse and hand it to me." I demanded with as much authority as I could muster at the moment.  
  
She hesitated, and then slowly, with trembling hands, my wife slipped off her blouse and handed it to me. I took it from her and flipped it over my shoulder into the back seat. Now she couldn't grab it easily to cover up; we were committed.  
  
Jolene wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. It was actually quite warm in the car, so I knew it wasn't the temperature that was causing the shivers. I had pushed her as far as she could go, and maybe a little bit further and now she was overwhelmed. Hell, I was feeling it as well.  
  
"You are the bravest, hottest, sexiest, most wonderful woman in the world." I told her. "If I loved you anymore I would go insane."  
  
She looked over to me and gave me one of those beaming smiles that makes life worth living and melts your soul. I heaped more praise on her telling her how must I adored her for indulging me.  
  
"We are almost home now." I said as I exited the highway and pulled onto the county road which would bring us to our house in a few minutes.  
  
"Good. And when we get there you had better be ready to fuck me good and hard."  
  
I was stunned. Not because she wanted fuck, so did I, but she never vocalized it like that before. She saw the look on my face and said "Hey, you wanted wicked, buster. Well now you've got it!"  
  
We hardly even got into the house before we were ripping each other's clothes off. The first fuck was on the sofa; we didn't even make it to the bedroom. Her pussy was wetter than I had ever seen before - it was literally dripping. When I mounted her I was able to sink my cock in all the way to the hilt in one go. I lost no time in fucking her. It was fast and furious and over way too quick.  
  
Neither of us was satisfied, but I needed time to recharge so I carried my wife to our bedroom and proceeded to lick her pussy until she came on my tongue. Then I pulled out her only vibrator and slowly fucked her with it, occasionally flicking it over her sensitive clit. Eventually I brought her off again by which time I was hard once more. While she was still enjoying her post orgasmic glow, I pushed my cock into her which cause her to groan loudly.  
  
I pounded her for a long time, varying the tempo, position, and technique. I used every trick I knew in order to give her as many orgasms as possible. I wanted to see if I could find her limits. At one point she was on top, but she was on her hands and knees and I was doing all the work, pounding into her relentlessly. She started whimpering with a high-pitched "uh, uh, uh" sound and almost hyperventilating at the same time. When this happened I thought that maybe I had reached her limit, but she never asked me to stop. In fact, when I tried to slow down she started pushing back against me in an effort to keep up the tempo I had been maintaining.  
  
I was sure she was building to an earth shattering orgasm, but I couldn't hold out any longer and I came hard, almost painfully. After my cock was finished convulsing she collapsed on top of me and we just held each other for a while. Eventually Jolene rolled off of me and we had a nice pre-sleep cuddle.  
  
While I was waiting for the sandman I reflected on the evening. I wondered what had gotten into Jolene. Why was she so willing to do what I asked, not only tonight but pretty much since the attack? What did it mean and how far would she go? I had lost count of how many times she had cum, but surely it was a personal record. And yet, I was sure she had not reached her limit. Was she truly insatiable or did she have a limit? If so what was it and how could I get her there? Did I want to?  
  
I drifted off to sleep.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 02**

The next few days were pretty normal; we went to work, worked out at the gym, did domestic chores, etc. What we did not do is talk about Wednesday night at the bar. There never seemed to be a good time to bring up the subject and Jolene seemed reserved when we did have some quiet time together.  
  
On Friday afternoon I decided to put my psychology minor to work and look at the situation objectively. Obviously something was bothering Jolene, and it was probably her behavior at the bar. I loved it, of course, and I know that she was excited at the time, but perhaps she was feeling different about it now. Clearly I should try to get her to talk about it, but most likely that would fail. My only real option was to put her into a hypnotic state in order to make her more open to answering questions. Now, I have not done this since college, and I didn't have much success then, but I had reason to believe that I had an advantage now.  
  
That evening after dinner I came up behind my wife as she sat in the easy chair watching TV and started giving her a shoulder rub. I encouraged her to relax as I worked on her muscles. It wasn't long before her breathing slowed and she became very relaxed. I stopped the massage and guided her into a deep hypnotic state. Now I started to carefully probe her mental and emotional state, concentrating on recent events.  
  
As I suspected, something happened when she was attacked in the alley. As far as I could tell her mind became very open to outside influence. Normally a healthy mind has filters to reduce the weight of outside ideas or even reject them completely in favor of it's own internal beliefs and ideas. This is the basis for free will. Apparently when she suffered the concussion that part of her brain was temporarily suppressed, making her very susceptible to suggestions from others. That was probably what the doctor saw in the FMRI.  
  
Now recall that I repeatedly told her during that time period that she should listen to me and do what I tell her. Jolene must have taken that deeply into her cognitive center and it is now part of her decision making process. That explains why she is now inclined to do what I ask, or tell her, to do.  
  
This sounds great on the surface, however now that her "free will" center is working again, it is at odds with this new directive to listen to me, creating a psychological stress. To make matters worse she has feelings of guilt and shame associated with sexual enjoyment apparently caused by an incident when she was 14 years old involving a boyfriend and her younger brother. From what I could tell it was some kind of sexual assault, although I don't think she was actually raped (penetrated), it still created feelings of shame and guilt.  
  
So I helped her dump some of the shame and guilt as much as I could, but I knew that something this deep would take time to address. I also planted the idea that just because one feels shame or humiliation during a sex act that it is not necessarily bad. If one trusts their partner or partners and also feels excited, then it may be something to explore and that could turn out fun. I also encouraged her to talk to me about her past experience, telling her she would feel better to have it out in the open.  
  
While I was at it I made it easier to put her into a hypnotic state just by speaking a pass-phrase. In Jolene's case I made the pass-phrase "wicked tarts wear tiny shorts." And it only works if I say it, so I don't have to worry about her inadvertently being triggered, as if that would be likely.  
  
Then I told her to forget about being hypnotized and to instead remember that she enjoyed the massage and that we chit chatted for a while. I didn't want her to become alarmed at having an hour unaccounted for. Then I told her to wake up.  
  
She was definitely more relaxed and cheerful after that, so I knew I had done some good. We made love that night and Jolene had at least two orgasms, so I know she enjoyed it as much as I did.  
  
Over the next week I put her into a hypnotic state every evening using her pass-phrase. At first it only put her into a light hypnotic state, but I strengthened it every time so that by the end of the week it would drop her instantly into a deep state. This made it easier to make little changes quickly.  
  
I kept working on her shame and guilt issues, of course, but I also added a few other things. I started conditioning her to believe that it was OK to show her body a little more, convincing her that I enjoyed it when she did. This was made easier now that she was getting into shape and had lost some weight. I also deepened her desire to lose that last ten pounds or so and keep it off by staying with the self defense classes.  
  
I couldn't help planting a suggestion that doing housework was not so bad and that she should do her fair share. It's not that she didn't do any chores around the house, but I've always felt they were not split equitably between us.  
  
Now at this point you have to be wondering how I could take advantage of my wife's situation and screw with her mind. I had considered this myself and given it serious thought. In the end I decided that while there was some risk of abuse, I was helping her to be happier. Of course, I would be happier as well, but there's nothing wrong with that. It was just a classic win-win scenario.  
  
Over the course of several sessions I got her to talk about the experience she had with her brother Mick and his friend Dominic, who everyone called Dom. I knew that Mick was her family's black sheep and that he was a troubled man with a past of drug abuse and scrapes with the police, but that's all. Jolene told me that Mick was always troubled, but she loved her brother and wanted to help him. That was one of her failings when she was young, she was always trying to help others in need, from a bird with a broken wing to boys from broken homes.  
  
Dom was from a broken home and had an abusive father. Jolene felt sorry for him and thought that if she showed him some affection and tenderness it would heal him. Naive, but then again she was only 14 at the time. So she started "going out" with Dom, which meant they went to some movies, maybe McDonalds, and hung out together, and often with Mick in tow.  
  
When the relationship started turning physical Jolene resisted at first, but Dom pouted and complained that nobody loved him and she would break down and let him have his way. Eventually though, she did not let him go as far as he wanted. This angered Dom and by now he had figured out that she was only "dating" him out of pity. To complicate matters Mick had been turned on watching Dom neck with his sister and he wanted some action of his own. His teenage hormones and the affection Jolene had shown him over the years must have overrode any qualms he had about her being his sister.  
  
So Mick and Dom hatched a plot in which together they physically overwhelmed Jolene while the three of them were listening to music in her family's basement. If her mother had not come home early that day, they would probably have raped her. As it was she got away after being groped thoroughly, but it still left her with a lot of guilt and shame. She felt as though maybe she was partially responsible; maybe if she had been more resistant earlier in her relationship with Dom, or perhaps dressed less provocatively that day, it wouldn't have happened. Also, some of the physical sensations were pleasurable, despite the situation. She didn't understand how that could be unless there was something wrong with her. She didn't understand how something so wrong could still feel good, even if on only a purely physical level.  
  
Jolene never told her mother what had happened, afraid of what her reaction would be. In fact she never told anyone. Later, Mick apologized and begged her not to tell anybody about what happened. Jolene was a little stunned, but realized that the boys were afraid of what would happen to THEM if they were found out. So she agreed on two conditions: that neither of them ever touch her again, and that they never tell anybody else. If they did brag to their friends and it got out she threatened to tell the police have have them arrested for attempted rape. This seemed to scare Mick, and he readily agreed to her conditions. And thus it was covered up, but never resolved for Jolene.  
  
She had several good cries over the days that she related this sordid story to me and although it did traumatize her somewhat, I could tell that it lifted a burden she had been carrying since that day. I felt like she was finally over feeling shame and guilt about sex.  
  
Things continued to improve after that. Jolene had lost enough weight that it was time to go out and buy her some new clothes. I told her it was a reward for doing so well. I didn't have to push much to get her to buy more revealing outfits than she did in the past, including a pretty skimpy yellow bikini. She was doubtful at the time that she would ever wear it outside the house, but I was planning on it.  
  
My wife always looked good, but now she looked fantastic and seemed to enjoy showing off her hot body a little. The extra fat was about gone and the work at the gym was firming her up and giving her a bit of an athletic look. I started shaving her pussy, only leaving a little tuft of hair right above where her labia came together at the top. Jolene did not really like the idea at first, but has come to like it almost as much as me.  
  
It was now three weeks since the night at the bar and I decided it was time to do it again so that I could gage her improvement. When I announced that we were going out for the evening she was upbeat about it, not tentative like last time. This was a good sign. Unlike last time, I had Jolene wear a short skirt instead of jeans. It wasn't a micro or anything, it went down to just above her knees, but it showed lots of leg and looked really sexy on her. I stayed with a button-up blouse like before, except this one was silk and more form fitting.  
  
When we got into the car she asked where we were going and all I said was "You'll see." Before we got there though, she guessed what our destination was.  
  
"What are you up to?" She asked playfully.  
  
"Oh, nothing much. Just some drinking and dancing. Like last time."  
  
"Like last time, huh? Will I be dancing on the table naked by the end of the night?" She asked sarcastically.  
  
"If you want to," I answered, "I won't stop you."  
  
She laughed in a way I hadn't heard in a long time. "I bet you wouldn't!"  
  
When we arrived we saw that the same booth that we used last time was empty, so we sat there again. We had a few drinks and danced a bit. The band was not as good this time, but we still enjoyed ourselves.  
  
Jolene was more relaxed and confidant than I had ever seen her. We engaged in the kind of playful banter we did when we were dating. It was a lot of fun. After a couple more dances I decided it was time for the games to begin. "You look hot," I said, "I think you should pop another button on that blouse."  
  
"It is hot in here." Jolene replied. Since this time she had started out with the top two buttons on her blouse already open, the third one was next which would show a lot of cleavage. But without any hesitation she casually unbuttoned her blouse nearly to the front clasp of her bra. What really blew my mind though, was when she winked at me.  
  
My wife looked so sexy as she sat there with the tops of her breasts practically on display. She continued to chat and sip her drink as if nothing had changed. I couldn't believe how relaxed she appeared to be. There were more people in the bar this night than the last time and I was contemplating what the next step should be or whether to wait a little longer for some people to leave. The problem was, it was already starting to get late.  
  
"A penny for your thoughts." Jolene interjected.  
  
"Hmmm, are you sure they aren't worth more than that?" I asked playfully.  
  
"Perhaps," she answered, "but I won't know until you tell me what they are."  
  
"Alright. I was thinking how sexy you are tonight, but was I also thinking a dash of wicked right about now would be even better."  
  
"So, does that mean you want me to go to the bathroom and remove my bra?" She asked with a hint of excitement in her voice, but no fear.  
  
"No."  
  
"No?" She sounded confused and disappointed.  
  
"Not wicked enough. What I really want is for you to go to the ladies room and remove your bra AND panties." I said evenly as I looked directly into her eyes.  
  
"Oh!" She exclaimed quietly. I continued to look into her eyes and she blinked twice in rapid succession, but held my stare. Then, taking a deep breath, she stood up and started out in the direction of the rest rooms in a walk that did not betray whatever emotions she was feeling.  
  
I has having trouble containing my own excitement, though. I was also a bit apprehensive because of the greater number of people in the place. I looked around and it was mainly couples scattered about, but there were a couple of small groups of men as well. I wondered what the reaction would be to my wife when she returned. It would be obvious that she was no longer wearing a bra, and from the side it might be possible to get peeks at her tits as she walked because of the three undone buttons.  
  
I thought all the men would appreciate it, especially the single ones, but the women might not approve. I decided that I couldn't worry about that. There was no way they would kick us out for that level of exhibitionism, and I didn't really care what the other women thought.  
  
When Jolene finally emerged from the ladies room I was mesmerized. The silk blouse made it much more apparent that she was bra-less than the other one had! Even from across the room I could tell that her nipples were erect, probably a result of them sliding across the smooth silk as she moved.  
  
At first there was no reaction from the room, however by the time she made it half way back to where I was sitting I noticed some heads turning and mouths coming open. A few of the single guys nudged their pals and pointed in Jolene's direction. I imagined them saying something like "Look at that hot babe, I wish she were with me tonight."  
  
I saw at least one woman poke her man and say something to him causing him to look away. Probably jealous. Hard to blame her though; Jolene looked absolutely smoking hot. As she neared I could tell she was blushing which only enhanced the effect.  
  
It seemed to take an agonizingly long time for her to reach the booth we were sitting at, but she finally made it and deposited her underwear on the table as she sat down. I looked at the two small garments, but did not make a move to pick them up. My wife was breathing faster than normal and took a large swig of her drink, but she still looked excited, not afraid.  
  
"Wow." Was all I could say for a few seconds. "You are incredibly hot. I am the luckiest man on the planet." I wasn't kidding either; that's how I felt.  
  
"I guess you liked that, eh?" She teased. She knew I did.  
  
"Oh yeah. I'm pretty sure the rest of the men in the room did too, and maybe a few of the women." I answered.  
  
"Oh, I doubt that."  
  
"Don't." I asserted quickly before I realized the ambiguity of her statement. Did she doubt that the men liked her performance, or the women? Before I had a chance to follow up on that thought a young man approached our booth.  
  
"Excuse me," he said politely, "I don't mean to be offensive, but my friends and I have a bet, and I need your help settling it."  
  
"We'd be glad to help out if we can." I replied. "What's it about?"  
  
"Well, um, you see, when your woman came out of the bathroom my friends thought that she had removed her bra while she was in there." He explained and then paused, a little embarrassed I think.  
  
"And you bet she hadn't?" I prompted.  
  
"Oh no, I agreed with them." He stated and smiled at the memory. Jolene blushed even more deeply.  
  
"So what's the bet about?" I queried.  
  
"Well, um, it looked to me like she was carrying it in her hand, but I thought it looked to me like she was carrying something else as well."  
  
"And what did you think that was?" I pressed, amused at his and my wife's embarrassment.  
  
"Um, I thought it was her, um, panties." He stammered and looked at the garments still laying in the middle of the table. "They didn't believe me, so I bet them $20 that she, um, removed those as well."  
  
I was enjoying their discomfort and decided to extend it a bit. "Why don't you just ask her directly?" I suggested to the young man.  
  
He looked at my wife. "Ah, did you remove them, I mean your, um, panties in the restroom?"  
  
Jolene looked down and said in a husky voice, "Yes." Then she looked back up to him, humiliation and sexual excitement showing in her face.  
  
"Thank you, and I'd just like to tell you that me and my friends think you are one of the hottest women we've seen in a long time."  
  
As he was turning to go I said, "Hey, don't forget your proof." I scooped up my wife's damp panties and handed them over to the young stranger. He looked stunned, but he flashed us a broad grin and returned to his friends. I could see him drop the panties on the table and put his hand out. They exploded into laughs and repeated variations of "No way" and "I don't believe it". Eventually they each handed over a twenty dollar bill, however.  
  
"That should put to rest any doubts that the men noticed." I quipped. "And from some of the hostile looks you are getting from some of the women, I think there's little doubt on that front as well."  
  
"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" Jolene accused me.  
  
"Guilty as charged, but if that's a crime then I think we'll be sharing the same cell." I answered.  
  
She smiled, but she didn't deny it. We bantered for a while enjoying Jolene's mild exhibitionism as people slowly drifted out, most of whom were not replaced by new patrons. The small group of men that had possession of Jolene's panties were still there, however, probably waiting to see what would happen next.  
  
With fewer people in the place, especially other women, I decided to turn up the heat. "I have something else I want you to do for me." I told my wife.  
  
"Let me guess: another button."  
  
"No, not exactly." I informed her.  
  
"What do you mean, not exactly?" She asked.  
  
"I want you to unbutton all three." I responded.  
  
"Do you want me to take my blouse off too?" She asked sarcastically.  
  
"Not yet. For now I just want you to undo the remaining buttons." I answered more calmly than I felt.  
  
It looked like she shivered, but after only a brief delay she started popping open the bottom three buttons on her blouse. Since it was not tucked in it would now be free to open up completely, and since it was light-weight silk, that wouldn't take much. Jolene sat still and was very careful of her movements after that.  
  
I noticed that the table with the young men were nudging each other and taking furtive glances in our direction. I think one of them may have spied what happened, and from Jolene's movements might have been able to guess that she was unbuttoning her blouse. From their angle it was hard to tell what they could see though.  
  
We chatted for a while longer before I announced that it was time to leave. Jolene wanted one more drink, "for the road." Thinking that a little more "liquid courage" might not be a bad idea I went to the bar and got her one last drink. When I returned to our booth I saw our young friend retreating back to his table. I put the drink down and asked Sherry what he wanted.  
  
"He just wanted to thank me."  
  
"For what?" I queried.  
  
"That's exactly what I asked. Do you want to know what he said?" She teased.  
  
"What did he say?" I played along.  
  
"He said: For making it an interesting evening."  
  
"What did you say to that?" I asked.  
  
"I said: You're welcome, but it may get more interesting yet." She divulged, with a gleam in her eye. "And he said: I'm counting on it."

"Drink up." I instructed. "We don't want to keep everybody waiting."  
  
My wife was not much of a drinker. It didn't take much to get her drunk, so she usually nursed her drinks. This time, however, she drank it down much quicker. That's not to say she gulped it down; more like the amount of time a normal person takes to drink one of those "fru-fru" drinks she likes. You know the kind - made with sugary liqueur that doesn't have a high alcohol content.  
  
When she finally finished her drink a few more people had left, but her young admirers were still there. "Time to go," I announced, "but before we leave I want you to do something for me."  
  
She gave me a concerned look, obviously thinking that I wanted her to take off the blouse. But that wasn't what I had in mind - not yet at least.  
  
"Unzip your skirt." I demanded.  
  
"What?" Clearly she was not expecting that. "How far?" She stammered.  
  
Her skirt zipped up the side from the waist all the way down to the bottom edge. I wanted her to show more leg and potentially some pussy.  
  
"All the way up to the waist, but leave an inch or so, I don't want it coming off at the wrong time."  
  
She hesitated for a long moment, hoping perhaps that I would grant her a last minute reprieve. When I didn't she reached down and shortly I heard a long unzipping sound.  
  
"How much did you leave?" I asked, since I couldn't see yet for myself. Sherry lifted her hand up in front of her with her index finger and thumb held about two inches apart. "Good, let's get going then." I stood up, stepped over to my wife's side of the booth and held out my hand. As she slid out her blouse rustled a bit and her skirt parted to show lots of leg - almost all the way up to her crotch. I was loving it.  
  
She took my hand and slowly stood up, a bit unsteady on her feet. From the alcohol or the sexual tension, I wasn't sure; maybe some of both, but she held onto my arm with a fierce grip as we moved towards the door. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the group of young men get up out of their chairs. Apparently they were leaving now too.  
  
As we moved, the one side of her blouse was kind of pinned against me, but the other side fluttered a bit as it hung loose, clinging slightly to her tit. I whispered to her to not adjust it. She clenched my arm tighter, but left it alone.  
  
By the time we came even with the bar her blouse had slipped a little and I'm sure that the bartender could see her entire bare tit in profile. A couple of men sitting at the bar with their backs to us must have seen the barman watching us because they suddenly turned around. Their mouths dropped open and they gaped openly at my wife's near nudity.  
  
I felt a shiver run though her body and I thought she might pass out right there, but she managed to keep going. We finally made it through the gauntlet by the bar and turned to go out the door. Once again her blouse billowed out from the light breeze when I opened the door, but this time it almost blew off completely. And once again there was nobody outside to see it!  
  
We walked to the car in the dim parking lot illumination, Jolene's blouse completely open leaving her tits on display. Her unzipped skirt was showing almost all of her legs and every time she took a step the zipper clicked up another notch. By the time we got to the car is was almost ready to fall off.  
  
Usually I unlock the doors with the remote before she gets to the car, but not this time. When she tried the door it was still locked so she just stood there facing the car waiting for me. I motioned to the group of men that had followed us out to stop. They were perhaps twenty feet away. Then I turned to my wife, stuck out my hand and said "Give me your blouse."  
  
She must have been expecting this because she quickly shucked it off her shoulders (which wasn't difficult since it was falling off anyway) and handed it to me. Now my beautiful wife was standing in the parking lot of a bar, topless, and in a short skirt that was ready to fall off.  
  
"Now the skirt." I demanded and held out my other hand. Jolene surprised me by hardly hesitating and with trembling hands she finished unzipping the skirt, causing it to fall away from her body and exposing her ass to the small crowd of onlookers. Almost dropping it, she handed me the small piece of material.  
  
"Don't you think you should wave goodbye to your admirers?" I asked her. She looked at me, indecision written all over her face. I helped her out. "Go ahead."  
  
She didn't exactly turn around, but pivoted at the waist to face the group of men behind her. They now had a clear view of her succulent tits, the nipples hard as diamonds and pointing up at a tempting angle. She flashed them a brilliant smile and gave them a small wave. They went wild, encouraging her to show them more, telling her she was hot; that type of thing.  
  
As I walked around the back of the car, I opened the trunk and tossed in Jolene's clothes. Now she would have to ride home nude and would not have anything to cover up with.  
  
When I got to the drivers side I unlocked the doors and Jolene slid in casually as if we were just returning from the grocery store. She put on her seat belt, the shoulder belt neatly sliding between her tits. It looked sexy in a strange sort of way.  
  
I started the car, pulled out of the parking lot, and headed for home. I considered stopping for gas, even though I didn't really need any, but I figured that I had pushed my wife's exhibitionism as far as I dared for one night. After driving for a few minutes in silence I asked her what she was feeling.  
  
"Hmmm," she considered, "embarrassed. Maybe humiliated a little."  
  
"Excited maybe?" I ventured. "Sexually?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
I could see her nipples were hard, but I wanted a better indicator of her arousal. "Spread your legs." I ordered. "Good and wide." She complied and I could see the moisture on her labia. Christ, it was even dribbling out. I'd never seen her that wet before.  
  
"Put your hand on your pussy and check out how wet it is." I demanded. When she did I said "Now tell me how turned on and horny you are."  
  
"Oh god I am!" She moaned. "But that's so wrong. How can this be happening to me?"  
  
I noticed that despite her protestations she was still playing with her juicy pussy. "There's nothing wrong with you. In fact, this is probably the real you finally coming out, casting off some repression and inhibitions." I reassured her.  
  
"But how can that be? How can I really be a slut?"  
  
"You aren't a slut, you're just a woman with a high sex drive. You've just suppressed it until now." I said.  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Absolutely." I assured her.  
  
She started pumping two fingers in and out of her cunt while pulling on her nipples with the other hand.  
  
"Oh god this feels so good." She moaned. "I can't stop."  
  
"Then don't stop." I replied. "Cum for me."  
  
"But it's so wrong to do this here, now. I should stop." But she didn't stop. Instead she increased the pace of her finger fucking and started rubbing her clit with her thumb. She was making nice squishy sounds and filling the car with her scent.  
  
"Hmmm, maybe I need to give you some more stimulation." I teased. "Maybe I should stop and get gas at a busy station."  
  
"Ohhhhhhh, no." Jolene moaned. "Not that."  
  
"I don't know. Sounds to me like you might like that." I observed.  
  
"Oh god, oh god, I'm cumming!" She squealed, thrashing her head back and forth as her orgasm washed over her. I was having a difficult time watching the road, but who could blame me? I had a naked, sexy woman squirming on the seat next to me as she enjoyed a powerful climax with her own fingers stuffed in her pussy.  
  
Jolene slumped down in the seat after her orgasm subsided. "Get me home. I have to fuck you NOW." she said urgently. I didn't have to be told twice as I sped up. Hopefully I wouldn't get pulled over for speeding, but then again that might be interesting too.  
  
Back at the house we fucked in every position possible and in nearly every room in the house. I especially liked the dining room table action; the blinds on the sliding glass door were partially open, but Jolene did not close them or object in any way. I came twice and I lost count of my wife's orgasms. But what now I wondered? What now?

**Jolene Listens Ch. 03**

All day I thought about the previous night and how far Jolene was willing to go at the bar. She seemed to be as excited by it as I was. The sex afterwards was fantastic, including this morning when she woke me with a blow-job.  
  
When I questioned her about what happened at the bar she didn't seem to want to talk about it. Even when I pushed she only gave short, sometimes one word answers. So I used her pass-phrase to put her under and interrogated her. This is more difficult than it sounds since not all of the conscious mind is available in this state.  
  
Still I was able to eventually discover that she was intensely sexually excited by the events at the bar and thoroughly enjoyed the sex we had after. In fact, she was looking forward to the next time. The problem, of course, was that she felt ashamed of her actions and guilty that she enjoyed it. This conflict was causing her avoidance behavior.  
  
The source of these feelings was primarily the sexual assault when she was 14. Because of her upbringing she was not able to cope with the experience and deal with the resultant feelings.  
  
I decided to try something out of nature's play book. Sometimes when a person has experienced something painful they either forget about it or remember it as if it had happened to someone else. Repressed memories had a way of resurfacing and causing more problems, so I discarded that option. Memory transference, though, could work. If I could convince Jolene that the assault when she was 14 actually happened to someone else, and she was just remembering the account of it, it may lessen the emotional impact enough to allow her to deal with the feelings in a more rational manner. Eventually she would come to understand that it had happened to her, but by then, hopefully, she will have dealt with it well enough that it will no longer have power over her.  
  
I also increased her arousal to exhibitionism and her comfort at being naked. Compared to all the other changes it seemed like a small thing to increase her interest in looking at other men and the desire to flirt with them. That should make our next night out more interesting.  
  
As always I made sure that any changes I made were small and specific. I didn't want unintended outcomes due to sloppy language on my part. The human mind is incredibly complex and very flexible so I had to be careful.  
  
My last suggestion was that she had taken a refreshing nap and was now feeling revitalized and ready to do some yard work. The back yard DID need some work, and I wanted to have some more fun exhibiting my wife - this time to the neighbors.  
  
"My, that was a nice nap." She said upon waking. "But I think it's time we got some things done in that back yard."  
  
"Sure." I replied. "But it's pretty hot out, so we better dress lightly."  
  
We went upstairs to get dressed and Jolene automatically pulled out a halter top and shorts. In the past it would have been a t-shirt, so the halter was an improvement, but I had other ideas. I took out the small yellow bikini that we had recently purchased and offered it up as an alternative.  
  
"I don't know, that's pretty skimpy." She responded.  
  
"Oh come on. I'm dying to see you wear it." I countered.  
  
"Yeah, and who else?" She asked playfully. This was going well.  
  
"Maybe nobody. Maybe a few neighbors."  
  
"Like maybe the guy next door that keeps telling you how sexy his wife looks." She teased.  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"OK, OK. You are just incorrigible." She laughed. "You know that don't you?"  
  
"That's one of the reasons you love me." I answered as I pulled on a tank top. "I'll see you out there."  
  
I left my wife to put on the bikini, a little happy, but surprised that she gave in so easily. In fact, not only was she not resistant to wearing it, she seemed to be in favor of it. The hypnosis was working better than I could have hoped.  
  
When I got out to the yard I started working on pulling some weeds in the landscaping. No matter what was done with the cover, be it crushed granite or wood chips over plastic, some weeds always found a way to grow. After a few minutes I heard the door open and I looked up to see my wife come through the door. "Holy Shit!" I thought. "She looks fucking hot in that bikini." It looked less substantial on her than I thought it would and really showed off all the hard work she had been doing at the gym. It certainly did not leave much to the imagination. I was hard instantly.  
  
"All right, pull your chin off the ground and get back to work." She admonished, chuckling. The change in her demeanor was nothing short of astonishing. Before today Jolene would never have come outside wearing so little and acting so nonchalant about it.  
  
We worked for about an hour, with me watching her as much as I could get away with. A couple of times she caught me and scolded me to get back to work, but I could tell by her tone of voice that she enjoyed being watched.  
  
"Hey Pete, what's up, getting some..." I turned around to see my neighbor Mac (short for MacPherson) looking over the fence between our properties. He had stopped in mid sentence and was staring at Jolene.  
  
"Yes?" I said, interrupting his leer.  
  
"Um, getting some, ah, yard work done?" He managed to get out.  
  
"Yeah, it's a nice day for it." I answered and looked over at my wife. "Looks good now, don't you think?"  
  
"Uh, what?"  
  
"The yard. It looks good now, don't you think?" I played as if I didn't notice him ogling my wife.  
  
"Yeah, sure, it looks great." He answered, looking down and around; anywhere but where Jolene stood trimming a bush. I enjoyed his nervousness and furtive glances at Jolene as we chit chatted about yard work, landscaping, etc.  
  
Finally, in the middle of the conversation I decided to drop a bomb. "So, what do you think of my wife's new bikini?"  
  
"Um, well, you see, um...what the hell do you want me to say?" Was his flustered response.  
  
"Just tell me the truth."  
  
"Shit, it's fucking hot. But how did you get her to come outside and parade around in it? I could never get Gwen to do that. Not in something that revealing." He answered in a rush.  
  
"I didn't have to do anything." I lied. "She's been working out and wanted to show off the results." He was staring at her again. "If you take a picture it'll last longer."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Go ahead, take a picture or two." I encouraged him.  
  
"Just a second." He called over his shoulder as he ran back into his house. He returned about 30 seconds later with a decent digital camera in his hand.  
  
He pointed the lens at Jolene who was till trimming the bush across the yard and showed no sign she was aware of what was going on. "Are you sure?" He asked, hesitant.  
  
"Go ahead." I responded, waving my hand in my wife's direction. He snapped off a few shots and then showed me the results on the LCD screen on the back of the camera.  
  
"Not bad, but your zoom is not high enough. She doesn't even fill the frame." I said.  
  
"You take what you can get." Was his response.  
  
"Not today." I said and turned toward Jolene, raising my voice. "Honey, would you please come over here."  
  
My wife turned around, looked at us, smiled devilishly and started walking our way. When she got within arms reach I said "Pose for Mac, he wants to get some pictures of you in your new bikini."  
  
She looked at me, then at Mac. "What's the magic word?" She asked.  
  
Mac looked puzzled at first, but then he got it. "Please!"  
  
"That's it." Jolene chuckled. Then she posed for a couple of tame shots which Mac quickly took, obviously not sure when his luck would run out. Jolene surprised me next by striking a few slightly more provocative poses; nothing by modern magazine standards, but not completely casual either.  
  
Mac ate it up and snapped pictures as fast as the camera could store them on the memory card. I just watched as Jolene's poses became more suggestive. The final shot, as it turned out, had her back three quarters to the camera, bent over at the waist, legs straight and kind of looking over her shoulder. Now THAT looked like it could be in Maxim or Playboy.  
  
"OK, I think that's enough for now. I have to get back to work." She said as she walked back across the yard. Mac and I looked at each other, probably wondering the same thing: what did she mean by "for now"?  
  
"What's gotten into your wife?" He wondered.  
  
"I'm not sure, but I like it." I said. "Say, could you burn those pictures onto a CD for me?"  
  
"Sure, no problem. I'll even throw in a couple of Gwen from my private stock that I think you'll like, as long as you keep them to yourself." He offered.  
  
"Thanks, I appreciate it." I said.  
  
"No, thank YOU."  
  
"Well, I suppose I should get back to work. Can't make Jolene do it all."  
  
We worked for about another hour and then went inside for a break. We were sitting in the kitchen sipping lemonade and trying to decide the schedule for the rest of the day when there was a knock at the back door. Jolene got up and answered it. She came back in a minute and said it was Mac from next door delivering the promised CD. She handed me the jewel case with the CD in it, a quizzical look on her face.  
  
"These are the pictures he took of you earlier." I informed her. "Let's go take a look." I walked to the den with my wife close behind and popped the CD into the computer. There were two directories, one labeled Jolene and the other Gwen. I clicked into the Jolene directory first and displayed each picture, one at a time from first to last.  
  
"Those really came out great." I commented. "Especially those last few. It looked like you were into it too."  
  
"Yeah, it was more fun than I thought it would be."  
  
Then I backed up and clicked into the Gwen directory. There were about a dozen pictures in there. They were pictures of Mac's wife Gwen, of course. It looked like each one was a sample from a different photo set. In a couple she was in a bikini, a few were short dresses, one was a skimpy halter. Even though Mac and Gwen were a few years older than we were, she was still fantastic looking and some of the pictures were undoubtedly a few years old. When the last picture appeared on the display I was a bit taken back. She was laying on a soft white rug, probably animal skin, her hands behind her head. Her jet black hair cascading over her shoulders and a sexy 'come hither' look on her face. What surprised me though, was the fact that she was topless. Her tits were large, at least D cup, with large oval shaped areola. The picture was softly focused and had a classy, but still sexy look.  
  
"Oh my." Jolene whispered. "He must have given that one to you by mistake."  
  
"Maybe. Or he might be hoping for some reciprocity from us." I opined.  
  
"Hmmm, maybe."  
  
"What do you think, should we get some boudoir shots of you and share them with Mac?" I asked.  
  
"That might be fun, but I'm not sure you can get results like that." She said pointing at the computer monitor. "You have to have the right equipment, lighting, and whatever. You also have to know how to set it up as well."  
  
"That's all true. I'll have to ask Mac who did that picture for him. Maybe we can use the same photographer."  
  
"I think you just want to show me off some more." She accused me playfully.  
  
"You know me all too well." I answered, pulling her close and giving her a long, wet kiss.  
  
The next day I went next door to talk to Mac. He seemed a little surprised to see me at the door; we had not exactly been the best of fiends up to that point, but he invited me in.  
  
"I wanted to thank you for the CD. Especially the, er, bonus material." I said as I looked around for his wife.  
  
"Don't worry, Gwen is visiting her mother and won't be back for a few hours." He informed me. "So you liked her pictures, eh?"  
  
"Oh yeah, especially that last shot on the rug. Very nice. You are a lucky man."  
  
"I thought you might like that one." Mac chuckled.  
  
"Who took that one?" I asked.  
  
"I did."  
  
"Really? It looks professional. I thought you worked for a construction company." I said.  
  
"I do, photography is just my hobby." Mac explained. "The consumer level equipment available today is pretty amazing, especially the higher level stuff. If you know what you are doing you can get near professional level results with it for a lot less than what the pro gear costs."  
  
"Wow." I exclaimed. "Would you be willing to take some classy boudoir shots of Jolene, like you did of your wife?" I inquired.  
  
"Absolutely. When do you want to do it?" He asked excitedly.  
  
"I'll have to talk to Jolene, but I think we are free all day today."  
  
"It'll have to be in the next couple of hours, because I don't think Gwen will be supportive, if you know what I mean." He replied with a grin.  
  
I made a snap decision. "OK, you gather up your equipment and come over and set up in the living room. I'll get Jolene ready."  
  
I returned home and told my wife that we would be doing the photo shoot now. Instead of acting annoyed or resistant, she actually seemed excited about the prospect. While she worked on her hair and makeup, I picked out some lingerie for her to wear and Mac set up his equipment. When Jolene was finally done she walked into the bedroom to see what I had picked out for her to wear. I pointed out the three outfits and told her what order I wanted her to wear them. She had a gleam in her eye and I was sure she was looking forward to posing for the camera. She started getting undressed and as much as I wanted to watch her I wanted even more to see Mac's reaction when she came down the stairs wearing practically nothing.  
  
Mac was still adjusting the lights he brought, a nice camera was mounted on a tripod nearby. Everything was setup by the fireplace and he had even scrounged up some pillows from the downstairs guest bedroom. It did seem like he knew what he was doing. I had my back to the stairs, but I knew when Jolene appeared because Mac froze, looking intently in my direction, but past me. I didn't turn around, I knew what she was wearing; I wanted to study Mac's reaction. I watched as his eyes opened wider, his breathing quickened, and the edges of his mouth turned up just a little. Yeah, he liked what he saw.  
  
"OK, let's get this started." I announced. "Mac, I'll give you general direction, but you are in charge of the details. You tell her where and how to pose, and she'll do her best to follow your instructions. Right babe?"  
  
"Sure thing sweetie." My wife answered. She was wearing a purple bustier that showed plenty of cleavage, matching panties, fishnet stockings, and pumps with four inch heels. She looked very hot.  
  
Mac started her in front of the fireplace with some tame standing poses and progressed to some provocative ones laying on some pillows on the floor. Sensing we had gone as far as possible in that outfit I told Jolene to go change into the next one.  
  
I could tell that Mac really liked this one. It was a semi-transparent black body suit that Jolene had not worn for quite a while because it didn't look very good when she had gained weight. Now that she was trim again it looked great. Mac was a little more aggressive in positioning her now that he could see I wasn't objecting to the more sexually explicit poses. He was still going slow though, feeling out how far he could go. Speaking of feeling out, I think he was also copping a quick feel of my wife here and there. Not a lot, it was always fleeting enough that he could claim it was an accident if he was called on it. It was turning me on, so I didn't say anything. Jolene didn't say anything either, so I assumed she either hadn't noticed or was enjoying it as well.  
  
While Jolene was changing into the third set of clothes I had laid out for her, Mac and I reviewed some of the pictures on the camera's LCD. I had to admit they were pretty good; my wife never looked so hot in a photo before. In a couple of the body suit pictures he got the angle just right so that you could see her tits pretty clearly.  
  
When she came down for the last set of pictures Mac must have thought he had hit the jackpot. My wife was wearing a cute red and white baby doll nighty with matching bottoms; nothing else. The top was held up with two thin straps and came down to about her belly-button. There was some white fringe and a small red bow across the top which covered her tits but showed a little cleavage. The bottoms were basically high-rise briefs, but not all that skimpy. While it may sound tame compared to the other two, this outfit was perfect for the effect I wanted to create. Jolene looked innocent and playful, not slutty, which would make the set even hotter when the poses turned nasty.  
  
I outlined my plan quickly to Mac. "Start out nonsexual, I want to capture that sweet innocent look. Then slowly turn up the heat; the contrast should be really fun."  
  
"How far do you want to go?" He asked.  
  
A fair question. "Well, I'd like the last few pictures to be really slutty, but we'll have to see how far she'll go." I answered. I was sure I'd at least get her topless, but I didn't want to tip my hand to Mac; not just yet.  
  
He gave me a big smile and a wink. "OK. Then let's get going."  
  
Just as I had requested, he started out with some conventional shots that made her look cute and innocent. Slowly he positioned Jolene in ways that were more suggestive, even getting her to change her facial expression to match. Picture by picture she transformed from a playful girl into smoldering temptress. Finally it was time for her to show some more skin. Mac had her put her hands under her top, cupping her tits. This raised the hem up revealing her entire belly. Then he had her tilt her head to the side and close her eyes for the next shot. It was really hot.  
  
"Now pull up the top and tease us." He told her. When she hesitated he said "Not all the way, or it won't be a tease."  
  
She complied and held the top up so that we could almost see the bottom of her tits, but not quite. Mac took the shot and then had her turn sideways but holding the same pose.  
  
"Now turn back to me and pull it up and off slowly and I'll get several shots in a row." Mac instructed.  
  
My wife looked at me and I nodded my approval. She took a quick breath and pulling the top up slowly exposed her magnificent tits to the two of us. Mac took about five pictures of the entire process. When she was finished she stood there flushing furiously, her top dangling from her hand.  
  
"Get that." I said, and Mac took another picture.  
  
Next he had her lie down on the floor with the pillows and started setting up more and more explicit scenes. First just touching her tits, and then eventually holding them and pinching her nipples. I was curious as to how much further he would try to push it and how far she would go. Then my cell phone rang; it was the office. It must be an emergency if they were calling me at home on a Sunday. I didn't get good reception in the living room so I told them to continue, adding causally that Jolene should follow his instructions. I didn't think I would be gone long.  
  
I answered the phone in the kitchen where I knew I had better reception and took care of the problem pretty quickly. At least I thought it didn't take long, but when I looked at my watch I realized I had been gone for almost ten minutes. Hurrying back to the living room I wondered what Mac and Jolene were up to. I figured that she had probably quit soon after I left. I couldn't have been more wrong.  
  
As I rounded the corner, coming in behind Mac, I couldn't believe what I saw. My wife was on the floor on all fours, naked as the day she was born. She had her head down and her butt up high, a classic porn magazine shot, and damn if she didn't look slutty hot. I knew I should probably have stopped the shoot right then, but I didn't want to. I wanted to see how far things would go, so I held back and watched.  
  
"OK, roll over onto your back, please." Mac said. To my surprise Jolene complied. "Now open your legs please, that's it, a little more. Great."

The camera flashed. "OK, start playing with your nipple with your right hand. Yes, like that. Oh, that's so hot, you are so beautiful." I watched as he took a couple more pictures. "Now move your left hand down to your pretty pussy." She hesitated. "Please?" Mac implored. Her left hand started to move down her body slowly. Mac took a couple of pictures of the trip it took. Finally it rested over her mound. Jolene was breathing heavily now and was visibly aroused.  
  
"Now start playing with it." Mac instructed. "Come on, you can do it. Just start by running your finger up and down the slit." He encouraged. "Oh, that's great honey, just keep it up."  
  
I saw Mac rub the front of his pants several times while he took pictures of my wife masturbating for him. My own cock was rock hard, but I was afraid if I touched it I would cum, and I didn't want to do that just yet.  
  
"OK now put your finger inside." Mac instructed my wife.  
  
"No, not that. I can't. I shouldn't." She wimpered.  
  
"I know you want to. I can see you need to cum. You do want to cum, don't you?" Jolene bit her bottom lip and nodded slightly. She was trembling, on the verge of doing what he had asked. "Then just do it, slip your finger into your hot little hole and make yourself cum." He hissed forcefully.  
  
Suddenly she was finger fucking herself with wild abandon, first one finger, and then two. She was pulling and twisting her nipples with her other hand, building up to her climax. Sweat glistened on her nude form, her fingers making squishing noises in her pussy as she slammed them in and out. She abandoned her tits and started rubbing her clit with her right hand. Her hips came up. High pitched sounds escaped from her open mouth and then finally her release came as her entire body tensed and then spasmed for a few seconds. Mac was taking pictures as fast as the camera would cycle.  
  
When it was over she collapsed, breathing hard, her eyes clamped tightly shut. I was stunned, but Mac stepped over to her and knelt down. He caressed he face tenderly. "Are you all right?"  
  
Jolene's eyelids fluttered and she looked up into his face. For a moment their eyes were locked, a lustful expression on her face. Then it suddenly changed as her eyes went wide. She pushed him back, scrambled up onto her feet and ran upstairs.  
  
"Don't worry, she's OK." I said as I entered the room, startling Mac.  
  
"I just, I mean I didn't..." He stammered.  
  
"It's all right." I reassured him. "Get me the CD as soon as you can, but right now I have to go fuck my wife's brains out."  
  
He looked relieved but I didn't stick around to chat. I had some serious fucking to do. I found my wife in the bedroom looking a little distraught. She opened her mouth to tell me something, but just pulled her to me and kissed her passionately. She quickly got the idea that I didn't want a conversation at that point. I tore off my clothes and fucked her. We shagged, rutted like animals, but we didn't make love. No, that would come later. I was rough and fast, but after only about thirty seconds we both came hard.  
  
I never even got completely soft and soon we were at it again. This time I lasted much longer and we enjoyed multiple positions. I lost count of Jolene's orgasms, but all good things must end and eventually shot my second load of the afternoon into her seemingly tireless pussy. We napped for a while and when we were both fully awake I asked her about the photo shoot.  
  
"You seemed to enjoy it." I stated.  
  
"So did you." She countered.  
  
"So I did." I answered. "What I really like to know, however, is what happened while I was away on the phone. I mean, I know you wound up naked, but that's all." I lied a little.  
  
Jolene blushed. "At first we waited for you to return, but after a while Mac was worried I might be getting cold so he thought we should continue. I wasn't sure, but he said you'd be back soon and he reminded me that you told us to continue without you. So he took more pictures of me touching my, uh, breasts. Then he had me lie down on the floor and took some more there. Then he asked me to get onto my hands and knees and look over my shoulder like I was trying to entice you. Stuff like that."  
  
"Go on," I prompted, "I know there's more."  
  
"So then he asked me to lower my panties. I said I couldn't do that. He said he just wanted to get a picture of my ass for you, and said it was a lovely ass. He was so polite, and you did say I should follow his instructions, so I lowered the back of the panties just enough to show my butt." She related haltingly.  
  
"OK, what happened then?"  
  
"He took a few pictures and then he said that it would look better if I just slipped them down to my knees. That didn't seem like such a big deal. I had already shown him my butt after all, and he was so polite about it." She continued.  
  
"That's the second time you said he was polite. In what way?" I queried.  
  
"Oh, he was all 'please' and 'thank you', like he cared about my feelings. I guess that just made it easier to do what he asked. Anyway he took a few more pictures and then wanted me to turn so he could get some from a different angle, only that was difficult to do with the panties down by my knees. He suggested that I just take them off to make it easier. That seemed reasonable, so I did. Was that wrong?"  
  
"No, not at all. That was the reasonable thing to do at the time." I reassured her. This is about the point in the shoot where I came back. It would be interesting to see what she admitted to. "Go on. What happened next?"  
  
"Well, he took some more pictures and then told me to roll over onto my back. I wasn't sure if I should, but he was so nice about it and my knees were getting sore, so I did. He asked me to open my legs a little and it felt so dirty, like at the bar, but I couldn't help myself. Every time the camera flashed I imagined other men, strangers, looking at me naked and spread out, and it got me hot. Oh, you must think I'm terrible for feeling that way!" She cried.  
  
"No, not at all honey." I insisted. "I think it's the sexiest, most wonderful thing I've ever heard you say!"  
  
"Really? You don't think I'm a slut?"  
  
"No I don't think you are a slut." I stated pointedly. "I think you can be slutty, and I love it when you are, but that's not the same thing as being a slut."  
  
"You think so? You really like it when I act like that?" She questioned.  
  
"I love it. It really turns me on to know you can be a normal married woman one minute, and a hot, slutty wench the next."  
  
"Wow. I didn't realize..." She said as she digested that bit of information.  
  
"So what happened next?" I prodded. "Come on, I'm going to see the pictures soon anyway."  
  
"Then why do you need me to tell you?"  
  
"Because it turns me on, silly."  
  
"OK. Well then he had me, um, masturbate for him. I really didn't want to, but he was insistent and I was going crazy imagining other men jacking off while looking at the pictures. I just had to cum, so I fingered myself and rubbed my clitty until I came." She sighed. "After that I ran upstairs to the bedroom."  
  
I didn't ask her about the look she and Mac shared just before she bolted since I didn't think she'd tell me anyway. I decided that I'd have to find out at the next hypnosis session. The photo shoot was great, but I wanted to go further, and for that she'd need more conditioning, and more men.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 04**

As soon as Mac brought over the disc with the pictures from the previous day's photo shoot I sat down at the computer and checked them out with Jolene at my side. As we went through each set I asked her what she had been feeling at the time, but I didn't get any more out of her than I did before. By the time we finished, my wife was blushing, but she did stay and look at every picture.  
  
I had to know if she had hidden anything from me, so I put her into a hypnotic state using her pass-phrase and questioned her again. The only thing she had held back was what had happened right at the end of the shoot, after she had cum. Here's what she said in her own words:  
  
"I was just enjoying the whole-body tingling I get after cumming hard and I felt a soft caress on my cheek. I thought it was you and I was going to beg you to fuck me, I needed a cock in me so badly. But when I opened my eyes, there was Mac looking at me with such lust in his eyes. For a moment I wondered what his cock looked like. I noticed it was very hard while he was taking the pictures. Then I wondered what it felt like, what it would feel like in my pussy. I knew that if I pulled his head down and kissed him that I would find out. I almost did; I needed a cock in me so much. Then I realized that I couldn't and ran upstairs before my resolve broke."  
  
Wow. It was hard to believe that this was my wife talking. Not long ago all everything that happened yesterday would have been unthinkable. Hell, that included everything that happened at the bar too. When this all first started all I wanted was to get my wife to be a little more adventurous and to enjoy sex a little more. Now that I had achieved that, and more, I found that it wasn't enough.  
  
I had an idea of what I wanted, but I needed to make some additional changes in Jolene. I lowered her inhibitions to showing her body to other men even further by telling her it was OK if she was home because she was safe at home. While this seems weak, it actually makes sense to the unconscious mind. I also told her that it was normal to wonder about other men, what their cocks look like and feel like. Finally, the really fun part: I planted a deep suggestion that when she heard me say the word "Shazam" she would feel compelled to do anything anybody asked her as long as they said "Please". Repeated utterances of "Please" would increase the compulsion. Normally this would be difficult to do, but she had already shown an inclination to respond positively to polite requests, and my influence on her mind was considerable now. Even so, I planned to repeat that suggestion several more times before I tried using it. As always I told her that it made me happy when she obeyed my suggestions.  
  
I knew that I was walking a fine line at this point, but the excitement from what I was planning burned so strong in my mind that I just couldn't help myself. I rationalized that this was the last time, that after this I would reverse most of the changes I had made to Jolene and would return her to a more "normal" state of mind. Yes, just one more time.  
  
After a few more days, and conditioning sessions, I felt my plan was ready to put into motion. I invited three of my friends from work out to lunch at a local Hooters. Fred, Harry, and Ben were all too glad to take me up on my invitation since the waitresses there were exceptional. I had picked this particular place for lunch because I knew the conversation would eventually turn to sex, and I was right.  
  
"Man, look at that ass." Fred whispered. He was usually the one to start it. "I'd love to get into those shorts."  
  
"You're such a horn-dog, Fred." That was Ben, the most reserved of the three.  
  
"You'd have to hypnotize her to do that." I snorted.  
  
"Yeah, if only hypnosis was real." Was Fred's retort. The other two agreed.  
  
"Well, actually, it is real, if you know how to do it and you have a receptive subject." I answered. That was the hook, but would they bite?  
  
"Bullshit!" Harry exclaimed. "Prove it."  
  
"Yeah, prove it, man." Harry added.  
  
"Well, actually, to tell the truth, I could prove it." I stated.  
  
"How?" Fred asked skeptically.  
  
"I've done it."  
  
"You? You've hypnotized someone?" Harry asked incredulously.  
  
"Yes I have." I stated flatly.  
  
"Bullshit." Fred said.  
  
"No, really." I insisted.  
  
"OK Pete, who and when?" Fred demanded. They all three looked expectantly at me.  
  
"All right, I'll tell you, but you have to promise not to tell anybody else." They all agreed. "OK, I hypnotized my wife, a couple of months ago."  
  
"Let me get this straight," Fred said, "you hypnotized your wife Jolene? To do what, cluck like a chicken?" They all laughed.  
  
"Yes, I hypnotized Jolene. At first I just wanted to get her to do a little more housework, you know?" They laughed again. "It worked so well, though, that I decided to loosen her up in bed a little. Then, that worked so well, that I just continued to get her to do more and more until now she'll pretty much do anything that I ask."  
  
They weren't laughing anymore. All their mouths were hanging open, but Fred recovered first. "I don't believe you."  
  
"Care to put your money where your mouth is?" I asked. This was the final setup, hopefully they would go for it.  
  
"A bet?" Fred asked. "OK, I bet you twenty dollars that you are lying."  
  
"How about fifty dollars. Each." I countered. I figured they might not buy it unless I upped the ante.  
  
"How would you go about proving your claim?" Ben asked.  
  
"You guys can come over tonight after supper and I'll say a code word to her and then she'll do anything I ask. I'll ask her to do a few things that she normally would not do in front of other people, and when she does them, you guys have to pay up." I explained my plan, at least the first part.  
  
"What kind of things?" Harry asked.  
  
"All I'll say now is that you will be convinced." I said as I winked.  
  
"OK Pete, I'm in." Fred called. Harry quickly agreed.  
  
"What about you Ben?" I asked. "It's all three or none."  
  
"I'm not sure this is a good idea, but I don't want to be a kill-joy. I'm in." He answered after a few seconds of reflection.  
  
At supper that night I told Jolene that I had invited my three coworkers over to look at some of the pictures from her recent photo shoot. She seemed a bit alarmed by that but I quickly added that I wouldn't show them the nude pictures, I'd probably just stop at the topless ones. She still blushed a bit, but didn't object to that plan.  
  
Jolene was cleaning up in the kitchen when the three men arrived, so I just led them over to the computer as I had planned. I showed them my wife's pictures, including a couple of the topless ones. They all had their eyes glued to the monitor, gazing at a picture of my topless wife looking back with a lustful look in her eyes.  
  
"So what do you think?" I asked.  
  
"Very nice," Fred opined, "but that does not prove you hypnotized her." The other two agreed.  
  
"So you want more proof." I said and they just nodded their heads. One last chance to back out, I thought. But no, I didn't come this far to quit now. I led my coworkers into the dining room and called my wife. When she came into the room I stepped up to her and whispered "Shazam" into her ear. She showed no outward sign that anything had changed, but I new that everything had just changed for both of us.  
  
"Jolene," I said in as normal a voice as I could muster, "please lift up your shirt for us."  
  
"OK." She said and then my wife, who used to be too shy to be naked anywhere in the house except the bedroom and bathroom, casually grasped the bottom edge of her t-shirt and pulled it up to her arm pits. She stood there exposing her wonderful tits encased in a nice white frilly bra. Even though they had already seen more of her in the pictures, the real thing had a much bigger effect on my friends. They stood there with their mouths agape, dumbfounded at what they were witnessing. My wife just stood there with her shirt held up as if it was a normal thing for her to do, although I could see she was starting to blush.  
  
Fred recovered first. "Doesn't prove a thing. You convinced her to do that for the hundred fifty. Hell, I bet she shows more at the beach."  
  
"A hundred and fifty, what's he talking about Peter?" My wife asked me with a confused look on her face. I shushed her and said I'd explain later.  
  
I knew that Fred would try to push it, but I was counting on that. "OK. Honey take the shirt off please." I ordered. I wasn't surprised when she did. But I wasn't done, and before Fred could say anything I told her "Loose the bra too. Please."  
  
Their eyes got big as Jolene reached between her tits, unclasped the bra, and slid it down off her arms. The sound it made when she dropped it to the floor sounded like a bowling ball hitting concrete, the room was so quiet.  
  
"I don't believe it." Fred whispered.  
  
"What are you guys staring at?" She asked, giggling a little. "Haven't you ever seen a topless woman before?"  
  
She was breathing a little faster now and her nipples were hard, so I knew she was getting excited by this. I stepped over to Fred, and in a conspiratorial voice said "Try it yourself, tell her to do something." He looked unsure, but then spoke up.  
  
"Come over her, Jolene, and kiss me."  
  
"I don't think that would be proper. I hardly know you." She answered.  
  
Fred gave me that "what the hell" look. Chuckling I told him that I just wanted to prove that she was operating under a sophisticated type of the hypnotic compulsion. "Try again, but use the magic word."  
  
Fred thought for a moment before he understood the hint. "Please come over her and kiss me, Jolene."  
  
Now she crossed the dining room, stepped up to Fred, and gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Do it again, but with much more passion, please." He demanded.  
  
This time my wife put her arms around him and starting kissing him with real sexual energy, opening up her mouth to accept his tongue when he pressed it against her lips. He also put his arms around her and stroked up and down her bare back. I glanced at my other two friends. They were mesmerized by the sight of my wife kissing Fred like that. Ben actually looked a little shocked.  
  
"OK, OK, break it up you two or I'll get the hose." I joked. Fred reluctantly broke the kiss and my wife stepped back from him. "So, do I win?" I asked as I reached into my pocket and pushed a button on my cell phone.  
  
"All right, what's going on?" My wife demanded.  
  
Fred looked at Jolene, who was now breathing a little bit heavier, and then back at me. "Well, I guess..."  
  
My home phone rang. I was expecting that since the call was coming from my cell phone. I grabbed the cordless phone before my wife could and answered it. I then pretended to talk to someone on the other end. "OK," I said to the nonexistent caller, "I'll be there in thirty minutes, call me on my cell if anything changes." I hung up the phone.  
  
"We have an emergency database problem at one of our select sites, and I'm on call tonight, so we'll have to call it a night. Just leave your money on the table boys and I'll talk to you tomorrow. You can let yourselves out, I gotta go." Before anybody could say anything I hurried out, got into my car, and drove off.  
  
This was the part of my plan that only I knew about. I had left the cordless phone in "room monitor" mode so that I could use the other handset, which I had already stashed in my car, to listen in on everything that was said while I was gone.  
  
"What the hell is going on?" My wife wanted to know.  
  
"Well, I guess we should be going too." Ben said.  
  
"Not so fast, not so fast." Fred jumped in. "It would be rude to leave so soon. Jolene, please tell tell us you want us to stay and keep you company."  
  
"Oh, could you stay and keep me company?" My wife responded as if it was her idea.  
  
I arrived at my destination; only a block away, but from this vantage point I could see into my dining room through the sliding glass doors using a pair of field binoculars. I had left the blinds open for just this reason. Now I could see and hear everything that happened and still race home quickly if needed. As I had hoped, Fred was taking advantage of the situation.  
  
"Why do you want us to stay?" Harry asked this time.  
  
"Well, um, I'm not sure." I could tell she was a bit confused. "I guess because you are nice polite men, and I, ah, think I'll enjoy your company."  
  
"Please tell us the truth, Jolene; are you turned-on standing here topless with three horny men you just met while your husband is away?" Fred inquired.  
  
She looked down, deeply embarrassed. "Yes. I am." She looked up a little startled and put her hand over her mouth. "Oh, my! Did I just say that? What's gotten into me tonight?"  
  
"You have the sexiest legs I've seen in a long time honey; it's a shame to cover them with those pants." Fred noted.  
  
Jolene started blushing again. "Thank you, but how did you...oh, the pictures."  
  
"Why don't you take them off. Please." Fred ordered.  
  
"I don't think I should," my wife began as she started unbuttoning her jeans, "but since you've already seen them, I guess it won't hurt." She finished as she pulled down the zip, and slid them down her silky legs. Since Fred had told her to take them off, she pushed the jeans to the ground and stepped out of them. Now she was standing there in front of three men that were virtual strangers with just her white cotton briefs on.  
  
I was surprised at how quickly her mind would rationalize the actions she was being compelled to perform. It was working out even better than I thought it would.  
  
"I don't know if we should be doing this." Ben said nervously.  
  
"Shut up, Ben." Fred snapped. Turning to my wife he said "You are a really nice kisser, honey. Kiss me again, but like I was your husband. Please." Jolene stepped up to him and starting kissing him passionately again, but this time she was running her hands down his back and squeezing his butt. He did the same, but slipped his hands under her panties and was massaging her naked ass cheeks. At first I was a little shocked, but then I remembered that he said "like your husband", and of course that's how we would kiss in that situation.  
  
"Hey, stop hogging all the action." Harry complained.  
  
"OK, now please go kiss Harry the same way." Fred told her. Jolene then repeated her performance on Harry and he too took advantage of her ass, but he also felt up her tits a little before Fred stopped them. I was hard as a rock, and I wanted desperately to jack off, but I didn't want to put down the binoculars.  
  
"This is wrong." Ben said anxiously. "We should leave."  
  
Fred was having none of that. "Jolene, please go do the same with Ben." She stepped over to Ben and started kissing him like she did Fred and Harry. At first he just stood there, resisting the urge to kiss her back, but that didn't last long. Soon he had tongue in her mouth and was running his hands over her nearly naked body as well. Fred stopped them after a couple of minutes.  
  
"So do you still want to leave?" Fred asked.  
  
Ben stammered something, but I didn't get to find out what he said because suddenly there was a light shining in my car and someone was knocking on the window. I jumped back in the seat, dropping the cordless phone handset on the floor and causing the batteries to pop out all over. Someone was shining a flashlight into my car and I heard a voice saying, "Sir, please step out of the car."  
  
I rolled down the the window a little bit and then I could see it was a cop. Shit! "Please step out of the car." He repeated. I noticed another policeman standing in front of my car with his hand on the butt of his gun, which thankfully was still in the holster. I decided it would be a good idea to step out of the car. I put the binoculars down on the seat and slowly opened the door.  
  
"This isn't what it looks like, officer." I tried to explain, but he wasn't listening to me.  
  
"Turn around and put your hands on the hood of the car." He ordered. I complied.  
  
"But officer, I live just over..." I never got to finish my sentence. He jerked my hands around behind my back and snapped on the cuffs. Then he started reading me my Miranda rights as he led me to his squad car. I heard him say something like "fucking peeper" under his breath and I had to try one last time to get through to him. "I live at the house I was watching. Please, just check my ID, it's in my back pocket."  
  
He didn't seem exactly convinced, but he dug my wallet out of my back pocket and squinted at my driver's license, then back at me. He looked at his partner and said, "Let's run him and see if anything turns up." He keys up his radio and calls the dispatcher, passing on my name and address, asking for any "wants or warrants". The time seems to pass very slowly as we wait for the response. I'm wondering what's going on with my wife and my three coworkers. I was afraid and excited at the same time as different possibilities went through my head.  
  
Finally the dispatcher came back and informed the officer that I had a clean record and did live at the address on my license. "So what the heck were you doing spying on your own house?" He asked.  
  
I had already made something up while we were waiting on the dispatcher. "I think my wife has been cheating on me with my neighbor when I went out on service calls, so I was trying to catch them in the act." I said as convincingly as I could muster.  
  
He shook his head sadly. "Look, you should either hire a professional or install some hidden cameras or something, but you can't sit out here with binoculars. It spooks the rest of the neighborhood and someone winds up calling us on a prowler or peeping tom complaint." He admonished me.  
  
I drove away as the two policemen watched me and turned into my neighborhood. As I was heading around the block I speed-dialed my home phone. It rang about five times before my wife answered it.  
  
"Hello?" She sounded out of breath. I was dying to know what was going on.  
  
"Hello honey." I said as naturally as possible. "Are you OK? You sound out of breath."  
  
"I'm fine." She answered. "Are you coming home soon? I'm so horny."  
  
"Yes, I'll be home in about five minutes. Hang in there." I responded as I parked a few houses down from my own and turned off the car.  
  
"OK, bye." And she hung up the phone.  
  
I sat and watched my house. Ben was the first one to come out, walk quickly to his car and speed off. About a minute later Harry and Fred repeated Ben's performance. I started my car and pulled into my garage.  
  
My wife was sitting in the dining room, money scattered on the table. She looked flush and was breathing a little fast. When she heard me enter the room she launched herself at me. "I'm so glad you are home! Let's fuck." She never says the word "fuck", so I knew she was horny as hell.  
  
"Whoa, slow down there. What's gotten into you?" I asked as if I didn't have a clue.  
  
"Your friends have gotten me all hot and bothered, and don't pretend you don't know." She answered.  
  
"What are you talking about?" I continued to play innocent.  
  
"I don't know how you did it, but I'm sure you set this up somehow." She accused me.  
  
"Slow down, slow down. Just tell me what happened after I left, please, and don't leave anything out." I requested, using the please to make sure she didn't skip anything. I could have put her into a hypnotic state and pulled the story out, but it would be more fun this way, making her relive it.  
  
"Well, they seemed like nice polite men, so I asked them to stay and keep me company. They complimented my legs, saying they were sexy. I guess they liked the pictures you showed them because they wanted to see them for real. The older guy, Fred I think, asked me to take off my jeans, and I thought if you were there you would want me to show off my legs, so I took them off." She recounted.

"What were you feeling at that time?" I asked.  
  
"That's exactly what they wanted to know too, so I'll tell you what I told them. I was horny standing there practically naked in front of three men that I hardly new. My nipples were getting hard and my pussy was getting tingly. I could tell they were getting excited too." She said.  
  
"How?"  
  
"By the bulges in their pants. That made me hot too, thinking that I did that. Then Fred said I was a good kisser and wanted me to kiss him again, but to pretend it was you. It sounded like fun, and I was wishing you were there, so I did it. He ran his hands over my body, even putting his hands under my panties. I enjoyed it, imagining it was you. Then I did the same thing with the other two, only their hands roamed even more, playing with my tits and pinching my nipples. I know I should have stopped them, but it felt so good! I was also feeling guilty, but you left me there with them, so it was your fault." She stated.  
  
"I had no idea that was going to happen." At least not exactly, I thought to myself. Just a little white lie, no big deal. "But it sounds like you handled it well."  
  
Jolene snorted softly. "Yeah, sure I did. The next thing I know one of them is telling me that I have a nice ass and that it is a shame to hide an ass like that and that I should take off my undies. I thought to myself, if this is what Peter wants, then that's what he's going to get, and I took them off. It was incredibly embarrassing, but also incredibly erotic to be standing there naked being ogled by three horny men in my dining room. But still I felt safe because I was sure you had set the entire thing up and would come bursting into the room at any minute to drag me upstairs and shag me."  
  
"But you didn't suddenly storm into the room, and they didn't leave either. Instead they complimented me on my shaved pussy and said they had never seen one before in real life. So Fred told to me lay down on the table with my legs dangling off so he could get a closer look. I said that things were going to far, and that they should leave, but he kept begging, saying "please do it", so I thought if I did this one additional thing they would all leave me alone. Besides I knew you would want me to do it if you were there. Right?"  
  
"Oh, yes, I would have. That would have excited me as much as you, and it did excite you, didn't it." I answered.  
  
"Yes. I couldn't help it. My pussy was really wet as I climbed up onto the table. The were all looking at me saying how sexy I was, and how they wanted to feel my 'bald pussy', as they put it. By that point I desperately wanted someone to touch it, so I didn't stop them. The feeling of their hands caressing my sex was wonderful, but it just made me want more, especially when then started opening me up and playing with my button. Then one of them said I was gushing and making a puddle on the table; I believe him, I was so worked up."  
  
I was so incredibly hard at this point that I wanted to tear my wife's clothes off and fuck her right there, but I also wanted to hear the end of the story, so with enormous effort I restrained myself.  
  
"I was trembling from the sexual tension and it felt like every nerve ending in my body was on fire. Then Fred says that he just has to taste me and before I can say anything, his tongue is slashing up and down my gash, swirling over my clit as it passes by. It felt indescribably good and in minutes I was nearing my release. Then he stopped. I begged him not to stop, but he did. Then he asked me what I was feeling. I told him that I was on fire and wanted to cum. And he asked me if I wanted him to eat me until I came, and I told him YES!." Jolene was very agitated now, almost as if she was experiencing the events again. I didn't interrupt her.  
  
"He started licking me again and it made my body sing. Again I was building towards my orgasm, but this time he kept going until I came. It was intense, starting at my pussy, but washing up my spine to the top of my head, and down my feet to my toes. I think I cried out, but I'm not sure. After it was over they marveled at how much juice I had released and kept playing with my pussy, except now they were fingering me. As good as that felt, I really needed a cock." She sighed.  
  
"Then Fred asked me what I was feeling, and I said I was feeling good. Then he said "please be honest", and I blurted out that I needed a cock. I still can't believe I did that! Then he asked me who's cock did I want, but I didn't answer him. He just repeated the question and demanded that I answer. For some reason I didn't feel like fighting him any more so I told him the truth: I told him I didn't care, I just wanted a cock, any cock." Jolene moaned.  
  
I was stunned. I knew that the conditioning had been successful, but I had now idea the extent!  
  
"Fred was finger fucking me, and the other two were sucking on my tits and it was driving me crazy, so when he asked if I wanted him to fuck me, I screamed at him: Yes, fuck me you bastard, give me your hard cock! I felt completely out of control and all I wanted was cock. I heard him unzip his pants and a few seconds later I felt his cock head at my entrance. He hesitated, then pushed it all the way in with no problem, since I was sopping wet. It felt so good to be full of his hot, hard cock. He just left it that way for a few seconds before he started thrusting. Slow at first, but speeding up as he neared his release. He was hitting my g-spot just right and slamming into my clit wonderfully hard and before I knew it I was cumming again, spasming around his cock. He kept fucking me and the waves of pure pleasure kept washing over me again and again. Finally he rammed it into me one last time and came, grunting and spurting his seed into my married pussy." When she finished her eyes were glazed over from the memory. I was ready to spurt into my pants.  
  
"The other two were eying me, probably thinking it was their turn when you called and said you would be home in five minutes. When I told them what you said they got scared and started getting dressed. Before they left they all threw some money on the table, which really made me feel humiliated, being treated like a whore, but Fred said it was just some money you had won on a bet and they were paying up. Then he told me to get dressed, act naturally, and forget everything that had happened since you left. As if I could, but I didn't tell him that. Then he left and you came home. So now what do you want to do?" She asked with a wicked look in her eyes.  
  
I told her to strip and get up on the table where she was for Fred. I didn't last long, only a few strokes before I added my load to Fred's, but I wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot. I was still hard and I planned on a lot more sex before the evening was over. I had her recount her experiences with my coworkers again and again as I continued to fuck her on the table, the floor, the kitchen counter, you name it. When I couldn't get hard anymore I fucked her with a cock-shaped vibrator. I don't know how many times she came, but I'm sure it was a personal record.  
  
The next day we were both so sore and tired that we called into work sick. We still managed to make love twice that day, tenderly and slowly, once in the shower and once on the sofa. My desire to see my wife in sluttier and sluttier situations was satiated. Or was it?