**Jolene Listens**

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**Jolene Listens Ch. 05**

My mind was still reeling from the events of the previous evening. Three of my friends from work actually got my wife to strip completely naked for them, and one actually had sex with her. My plan had worked well, until the cops showed up. The strange part is that while it was exciting watching my wife under the control of my three coworkers, it was even more of a turn on when I couldn't watch. My imagination went wild in the back of that police car, thinking about what might be happening. It was like an intense tease, a weird type of foreplay. When Jolene finally told me what had actually happened I was so turned on that when we fucked I came harder than I could ever remember. I didn't understand why I reacted that way, and it scared me a little.  
  
At work I acted normally as if nothing had happened and the only thing my three friends had to say was that they were still amazed that I had actually hypnotized my wife and wished they could do the same to theirs. They said nothing about what happened after I left them alone with my wife, not that I expected them to. I listened for chatter and rumors around the office for the next few days, but it appeared that they had kept their mouths shut as they promised. I felt relieved at that and decided not to involve people from work in any more games with Jolene. It was just too dangerous.  
  
At home our sex life was very active and satisfying at first. But after a week, then two, things began to cool off; the edge from Jolene's adventure with my coworkers wearing off. I tried to see if I could regain that edge by playing some less extreme games. One of the things I tried was having Jolene ride topless in the car while I drove down the highway. At first it was fun, but the excitement didn't last long, maybe a couple of days. So I tried to heat things up more my having her strip completely while I drove next to semi trucks. Again that was a thrill, but it faded quickly.  
  
Next I tried an old standard: I ordered a pizza for delivery and had Jolene answer the door in a short robe with a loosely tied sash. As she handed over the money and reached for pizza she made sure that the robe fell open and exposed her naked body to the delivery boy. I watched from a hidden location as his eyes got big and his mouth fell open. Jolene pretended to fumble with both the robe and pizza, managing to actually drop the robe completely. Of course a smart person would have dropped the pizza instead, but then a smart person wouldn't have answered the door in only a robe. This was about exhibitionism and fantasy, not realism. Anyway, at that point after having given the delivery man an eyeful, she quickly ducked back into the house and slammed the door.  
  
We had great sex after that, but the next day all we had was a cold pizza. It was then that I finally realized I wouldn't be satisfied with these little games; I needed something more daring. But what? I thought about going back to the bar and raising the stakes, but I couldn't go much further than I did last time without having her just strip naked right in the bar, and that would probably get her arrested. Besides, Jolene and I had to live in this town, so I couldn't risk sullying our reputations.  
  
A few days later I was still thinking about this while watching the local news. They had a report on a protest against a proposal to allow a strip club to open in town. That's when it hit me; nudity in a strip club is normal, maybe even for the patrons. There weren't any in our town, but there was a larger city about a thirty minutes away that had a number of such establishments. I would need to do some research to select a suitable club, and I would need to make some small adjustments in Jolene's conditioning, but now I had a plan.  
  
It took me a week to put my plan into motion. I had found a strip club that seemed to have a pretty relaxed policy on female patrons that wished to disrobe, at least partially. It was in a somewhat seedier part of town, but was clean inside and appeared to have good security. I had planted the idea in Jolene's mind that visiting a strip club would be exciting and that watching women strip would be a sexy turn-on. I also modified her "Shazam" trigger so that when it was used she would be inclined to follow suggestions if they were just asked in a polite manner. The use of the word "please" would still create a much stronger compulsion, of course, especially when repeated. Finally I added a new instruction that she was to get bitchy and resistant if someone was rude or physically abusive. I felt this was necessary to balance the other directives, especially given where we were going.  
  
I thought about all this as we pulled into the parking lot of the strip club, making sure in my own mind that this was what I really wanted and was ready for it. I had not told my wife where we were going and when she realized that this was our destination, and what kind of place it was, she looked at me with a kind of expectant, questioning expression. I was nervous, but I tried to smile confidently. I just said "Let's go." And climbed out of the car.  
  
Jolene was wearing a stretchy, clingy top that showed plenty of cleavage and a short skirt that barely covered her ass. Underneath that she had on a small pair of black thongs, but no bra. This wardrobe was at my insistence, so I allowed her to pick out the shoes. She had selected a semi-conservative dress shoe with a two-inch heel; for comfort she said. I was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. This was her night to show off.  
  
I could feel the sexual tension between us rising with every step we took towards the club. The night was warm and a slight breeze teased Jolene's hair. The shape of her breasts were clearly visible under the thin top; the protruding nipples evidence of her arousal. Having never had children they had little sag and jiggled provocatively with each step. Ahead the neon sign flashed "Exotic dancers" and "Totally nude" in garish red light.  
  
"You look incredibly sexy. This is going to be so much fun." I assured her. "Trust me, you are going to have a blast."  
  
As we neared the main entrance I could hear the music throbbing from inside. When I opened the door it was almost deafening compared to the relative quiet outside. As Jolene stepped through the threshold I noticed how tight her ass was and how toned her legs were thanks to all the time she had been spending in the gym the last few months.  
  
I paid my cover charge, which was waived for Jolene, and we made our way into the club. I found us a table a few rows back from the stage. My wife turned plenty of heads as we made our way there, despite the naked girl dancing on the stage. As Jolene was looking around, taking it all in, I flagged down a cocktail waitress and ordered us each a drink. With that done I settled into watching my wife; I was really interested in seeing her reaction to everything. After she was done checking out the club and the crowd she focused on the nude dancer. After studying her for a few seconds she turned and looked at me, her eyes twinkling devilishly.  
  
"What do you think?" I shouted in her ear.  
  
"Of what?"  
  
"For starters, the dancer." I replied.  
  
"She's OK, I guess, but I was expecting..." She trailed off, glancing at the stage.  
  
"Expecting what?" I prodded, looking over at the nude form on the stage.  
  
"Oh, I don't know, beauty maybe." She said. "She's just kind of plain looking."  
  
I had to agree. The current dancer, while not homely, was definitely not pretty either, and her body was nothing to write home about either. To top it off she danced with a kind of indifference, almost mechanically.  
  
"Maybe some of the other dancers will be better." I shouted back. Actually I knew they had better dancers since I had already spent some time at the place while I was checking out the clubs. Our drinks arrived and we both took a big slug; probably for the same reason: to calm jittery nerves. Soon after that the music ended and the dancer left the stage. She began circulating in the audience trying to convince someone to pay her for a lap dance, but there appeared to be no takers.  
  
Jolene and I took the opportunity to chat a little in the relative quiet between the dancers. As we were talking I noticed her eyes wander to our left where a couple of clean-cut young men were just sitting down. She caught me watching her and quickly looked down. Was that a little bit of a blush I saw spread across her neck and face? I glanced back to my left for a moment. They appeared to be in their early twenties, short cropped hair, and in good shape physically. If I had to guess I'd say they were in the military.  
  
Another song started and a new girl strutted out onto the well-lit stage. She was definitely much better looking than the last dancer, and was much more voluptuous. She was introduced as Vicki. Her costume was a cow-girl thing complete with a cowboy hat, an unbuttoned shirt tied at the bottom, Daisy Dukes shorts, and knee-length swede boots. Jolene seemed much more interested in Vicki and I wasn't surprised. What did surprise me was the the two men to our left seemed to be watching my wife as much as the dancer. I was having a hard time keeping an eye on everybody without making it too obvious.  
  
Vicki didn't take too long getting down to her g-string. She had marvelous tits. They were at least D-cup size, maybe DD, with large areola and prominent nipples. From where I was sitting they looked completely natural with just the right amount of sag. Jolene finished her drink and tried not to make it look like she was not too interested in Vicki, but I think my wife was fascinated by her large tits and the way the bounced as she danced.  
  
I flagged down the waitress and ordered us each another drink. While I did that I stole some glances at the military men to our left and caught them staring at my wife a couple of times. Things were getting interesting, yes indeed. When I looked back up to the stage Vicki had her back turned to the audience and was teasing it by sliding her g-string down over he ass, and then pulling it back up. After she had done that a few times she slowly and sensually pushed it all the way down to the floor. Now she was only wearing the hat.  
  
When she turned around and revealed her pussy I could see it was completely shaved except for a small strip above the 'V', very much like I kept Jolene's pubic area. The rest of her routine was very good; Vicki was quite athletic and showed off her assets creatively and erotically. When the music ended, Vicki, like the girl before her, walked out into the audience to sell some lap dances. I had a feeling she would sell quite a few.  
  
Our drinks arrived and I caught Jolene looking at the two men to our left again. I decided to turn things up again and leaned into her whispering "Shazam" in her ear. Then I told her to invite the two men to our table. I could see the wheels turning in her head and then she made eye contact with one of them and motioned with her hand to join us at our table. They readily accepted and introduced themselves as Jake and Randy.  
  
We chit chatted for a little bit and I found out that they were in the Army and had recently returned from Iraq. Right now they were on a ten day leave and were visiting family near the city. They didn't have a date for the night, so they decided to come here. They were friendly guys, especially to my wife, not that I could blame them. In fact, I liked they way they looked at her.  
  
Vicki finally made her way to our table and asked if anybody wanted a lap dance for twenty dollars. Jake and Randy exchanged a few muttered words between themselves.  
  
"Yes." Jake said and handed her a twenty. "But not for me. For her." He pointed at my wife.  
  
Jolene gasped and looked at him in surprise.  
  
"Go ahead, it'll be fun." I intervened before she could refuse. "You'll see."  
  
Vicki came around the table to Jolene's chair and looked down at her. My wife looked up, right into Vicki's bit tits.  
  
"Like what you see?" Vicki asked in a sultry voice and shook her big boobs.  
  
Jolene turned red with embarrassment and looked down. Vicki began dancing and pushing her tits into my wife's face. Jake and Randy cheered them both on. While this was happening I got up and pulled Jolene's chair out from the table. Vicki lost no time in sitting down on my wife's lap, facing away from her. After grinding her ass into Jolene's crotch for a while she turned around so that she was facing her. Vicki put her hand under Jolene's chin and brought her head up. As Vicki was gyrating on my wife's lap she lifted up her tits and rubbed them across Jolene's face. It was a very erotic sight for me and from the look on my wife's face and her increased breathing rate, I was guessing that she was enjoying it as well.  
  
Vicki leaned forward and whispered something in Jolene's ear. My wife responded by nodding yes. Vicki reached down and lifted Jolene's top up exposing her bare tits. I almost gasped; this was unexpected, but I loved it. Vicki rubbed her tits across Jolene's, making her nipples even harder, if that was possible. As the dance neared an end Vicki leaned in quickly and placed a big kiss on Jolene's lips, leaving a surprised look on my wife's face. I really owed our new friends for that.  
  
After Vicki climbed off her lap, Jolene just sat there for a few seconds, flushed and breathing hard with her tits still exposed. Jake, Randy, and I just sat there looking at her with silly grins on our faces. Suddenly there was applause from a couple of the other tables around us. That snapped Jolene out of her reverie and she pulled her top back down. I hadn't even realized that she was giving a show to so many men; what a turn on!  
  
"Shit, that was so hot!" Randy exclaimed.  
  
"You're right about that, bro." Jake agreed.  
  
Jolene was embarrassed by their remarks, but I could also tell that she liked it.  
  
"You are one lucky son of a bitch, man." Randy told me. "If I had a sexy woman like that at home, with great tits like that, I'd have her topless all the time."  
  
"I'm still thinking about them." Jake said as he looked right at my wife's tits.  
  
"After such nice complements I think you should give the guys another good look at your tits, honey." I suggested to my wife.  
  
She knew it was more than a suggestion and without hesitation pulled her shirt up over her tits, exposing them again in the crowded room.  
  
"Oh yeah! That's what I'm talking about baby!" Randy hooted. This got the attention of all the other tables near us and soon she had quite a few men commenting on how hot and sexy should looked. After a minute or so she lowered her top again.  
  
"Do you really think I'm hot?" She asked Jake and Randy.  
  
"Shit yeah!" Randy said.  
  
"You're hotter than any of the strippers I've seen here so far." Jake informed her.  
  
"Really? Don't you think Vicki was hot? I mean, she has bigger boobs than me." Jolene replied.  
  
"Yeah, but size isn't everything. Yours are much nicer." Randy explained. "A sexier shape and hotter nipples."  
  
"Oh you're just saying that to be nice." She said coyly and smiled at him.  
  
"No, really." He insisted. "I'd much rather get a lap dance from you."  
  
"Oh, I doubt that." Jolene demurred.  
  
"Actually they have private little cubicles back over there" I pointed off towards the back of the place "just for private lap dances. They allow any couples to use them as long as you pay the twenty dollar fee." I explained. "I think if the guys are willing to pay the fee, you should give them the chance to prove it, Jolene."  
  
"Absolutely! And I have a twenty right here." Randy said as he slapped a twenty down on the table.  
  
"I'm not sure that's a good idea." Jolene replied.  
  
"Please, I'll be a good boy." He begged. Bingo! He used the magic word.  
  
"And I'll tag along to make sure he is." I added, although I really just wanted to watch. In fact, I was kind of hoping he would be a bad boy.  
  
"OK, OK" She giggled. "Let's go."  
  
The three of us walked back to the private area. The hired muscle there gave us the rundown: The man has to keep his clothes on and he can't touch the woman; he must keep his hands at his side or in his lap. The woman could only strip down to her panties; if she didn't have panties then she had to keep her pants or skirt on. The woman could touch the man, except for his genitals. They would get five minutes and they would be on camera the entire time, although he explained that they don't usually watch the entire performance; it was just there for spot checking as required by law.  
  
When I tried to go back with them he informed me that only two were allowed in the cubicle at a time. I told him that I was her husband and just wanted to make sure her "friend" did not break any of the rules. He led me into a small locked room with a monitor and punched up the camera over the cubicle that Randy and Jolene were in. The view was directly overhead, which was optimal for watching something like this.  
  
Randy was sitting in an armless chair, hands in his lap, palms up. This was actually pretty clever because when Jolene sat down he would be effectively holding her ass, but it wouldn't be a violation of the rules because technically she was touching him. As long as he appeared to remain passive he would probably get away with it, although I had no doubt he would take maximum advantage of it.  
  
My wife danced briefly in front of him before taking off her top. It was very erotic watching her shake her bare tits at him, and at one point leaning over him and dangling them right in front of his face. After that he said something to her, but I couldn't tell what it was since there was no sound, only video.  
  
Jolene backed off a step and started wiggling out of her skirt. Randy seemed mesmerized as she slid it down her shapely legs and dropped it on the floor. From the overhead camera I didn't have the best view of her snatch, but I knew what Randy was seeing. The thong was pretty small and barely covered her shaved muff. It was probably also wet with her juices by now, so it would look even hotter.  
  
Now she began a sensual little dance where she not only gyrated her hips at him, but she began running her hands over her tits and down over her pussy. Randy was squirming in the chair a bit, obviously finding it hard to sit still while my sexy wife was just inches away strutting her stuff wearing only a skimpy thong. I even observed him adjust his pants to accommodate his stiffening cock.  
  
Their time was about half over and I think Jolene sensed it because she turned around and sat down squarely on his lap. Her bare ass was in his hands and I don't have any doubt that he was squeezing her wonderful cheeks. For her part my wife wiggled and ground her ass into his lap, pushing back into his crotch as well. I'm sure that felt good on his engorged manhood.  
  
After teasing him like this for about half a minute, Jolene stood up, turned around, and sat back down, fully astride him. Again she was sitting on his hands, but now as she ground into his erection it was with her pussy. She also began to rub her tits into his face; he had to look down and kind of hunch over for it to work, but it looked like he was more than willing. After a bit I noticed that her nipples appeared to sparkle like they were wet. At first I thought it was a trick of the light, but eventually realized that he was sneaking his tongue out when she ran her tits across his mouth.  
  
By the end of the "dance" she was shamelessly dry-humping him and he was even thrusting back a little. I could tell that he was almost holding her up with is hands and had a good grip on her ass. But the music stopped and a little buzzer sounded to mark the end of their time in the cubicle. They both looked disappointed as Jolene climbed off of his lap and started to get dressed.  
  
When they came out of the private area I could clearly see that the front of his pants were wet! I didn't know if this was leakage from him or my wife's juices; probably some of both. So far this night was turning out better than I had hoped.

On the way back to the table I notice a tall quiet guy sitting directly behind us. I was a little surprised to see someone there because I had not heard from him like some of the other tables around us. But I put him out of my mind; if he was not enjoying the show, fuck him.  
  
After we were all seated again Randy bragged that he was right: Jolene was a fantastic lap dancer. He said he almost shot his load in his pants. Then Jake asked her for a private lap dance too, pulling out his own twenty. Jolene sighed and acted reluctant, but I knew better; she really enjoyed grinding on Randy's lap and wanted to do the same for Jake. From my point of view Jake was the better looking of the two, although they were both far from ugly. From the way that my wife had been watching them I think she agreed with my assessment.  
  
So off we went back to the private area with me watching on the surveillance camera. Jolene stripped much quicker this time and was grinding on Jake's lap before the first minute was out. And just like Randy, he had his hands under her ass the entire time. Not only did she dry-hump him and rub her tits in his face, but she also kissed him deeply for a long time.  
  
Near the end of the dance she stood up and rubbed her pussy in his face. She still had her thong on, of course, but it looked like it had been pulled up into her slit, so effectively she was using her bare lips. The guy monitoring told her to sit back down after a few seconds, but Jake's face by this time was shiny from her lubrication.  
  
The song ended soon after that and again they both looked disappointed that it was over. When we returned to our table some of the men in the tables around us started asking for a lap dance too. Jolene laughed and said "maybe", but she had to go to the ladies room first.  
  
After she sashayed towards the back where the restrooms were, Randy, Jake, and I high-fived each other and agreed that my wife was one hot bitch. Then a new act was announced: Kris. I was intrigued when large portable shower stall was wheeled out on the the stage.  
  
"This could be good." I commented and both men agreed.  
  
Kris was a beautiful blond with shoulder length hair and a killer body. She was clad only in a short robe, which she removed quickly once the music started. Then she started the shower and stepped inside. I've always found it erotic to watch a woman shower, and this time was no different. There's something really sexy about the way the water runs off their body and makes it glisten in the light.  
  
But that was just the tease. Next she picked up a bottle of liquid soap, turned around and squirted a big gob of the bright green goo onto her back, right between her shoulder blades. It started slowly running down her spine, of course, as she undulated her body in time with the music. Her exaggerated hip motions caused the green liquid to alternately slow down and then speed up on it's journey down her back. Finally it rolled into the crack of her marvelous ass, following that heavenly canyon until it dripped erotically onto the floor.  
  
It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen on a stage before. But it was about to get better, because then she turned around and squirted more green soap onto her chest. This time though, she ran a heavy line of the bright green liquid all the way across, so that it ran not only down between her tits, but over them as well. I was captivated watching it drip off her nipples and the undersides of those wonderful globes.  
  
The small green river running across her perfect belly got my attention as well. We all watched with rapt attention as it flowed down and over her small pubic hair "landing strip" and onto her hot pussy. Just like her ass, it pooled into her slit and continued downwards until it dripped off the bottom of her cunt lips and onto the floor. Drip, splatter, drip, splatter.  
  
For some reason the spell that Kris had me under broke and I realized that my wife had still not returned. I looked around, but I did not see her, so I decided that I had better find out where she was. In her current state of mind there was no telling what might happen. It didn't really register with me at the time, but the table behind us was now empty.  
  
I walked back to where the restrooms were, but I didn't see Jolene anywhere. I knocked on the door to the ladies room and called out to see if anyone was in there, but received no answer, so I walked in. There was nobody in sight and the stalls were all empty. Now I was getting worried and started to cuss myself for not keeping a closer eye on my wife.  
  
I walked out of the ladies room and looked around. I noticed the bouncer over by the private area and went over to talk to him.  
  
"Hey, man, remember me?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, sure. What do you need?" He responded.  
  
"Have you seen my wife around?" I asked. "She went to the bathroom a little bit ago and now I can't locate her."  
  
"Yeah, she went outside with some white guy." He answered, pointing towards a door I had not noticed before.  
  
"Did she go willingly?" I asked with more urgency.  
  
He gave me a wounded look. "What do you take me for? I wouldn't have let him drag her out. I even stopped them and asked her if she was OK. She said she was fine, so I let them go. Sometimes couples go out back to fuck, you know."  
  
I had one last question. "How long ago was this?"  
  
"I don't know, maybe ten or fifteen minutes."  
  
Shit, they had a big lead on me. "OK Thanks." I said over my shoulder on my way out. The door had a dingy "EXIT" sticker on it and was not well lit; no wonder I had not noticed it before.  
  
I found myself outside in an alley. I looked up and down the dark channel between the buildings, but I didn't see my wife. I did notice a wino sitting on the ground nearby. I approached him intending to ask if he had seen Jolene and which way she had gone when I noticed that he had something partially sticking out of his pocket. It looked out of place so I looked at it closely. It was black and delicate looking. Then it hit me: it was a pair of thong panties, just like the kind my wife was wearing.  
  
"Hey, where did you get those?" I demanded to know, pointing at the underwear in his pocket.  
  
He reflexively put his hand over them. "They're mine." He declared defensively.  
  
"Don't worry, I'm not going to take them." I assured him. "I just want to know where you got them."  
  
"I didn't steal them, if that's what you think."  
  
"Look, I'm not a cop, I just want to know; did you get them from a sexy gal wearing a tight top and a short black skirt?"  
  
He looked at me through slitted eyes. "Maybe. What's it to ya?"  
  
I flipped out a twenty and dangled it in front of him. "Just tell me how you got them." I said.  
  
He licked his lips as he looked at the twenty. "OK, I'll tell you. You're right, this skinny white guy and foxy lady come out of the titty bar back door. I sit here on Friday and Saturday nights because sometimes people come out into my alley to fuck, they get so hot watching the girls dance. Don't know why women go to titty bars, though. Pretty fucked up if you ask me."  
  
"The panties." I reminded him.  
  
"I'm getting there. Anyways, this couple comes out and when the man sees me they come over. Sometimes they wants an audience, so I just stay cool and maybe they'll feel sorry for me and give me some cash. So he asks the fox to show me her tits, and she does. Nice rack too. Then he asks her to lift her skirt and she does that too. I said I liked her undies, so he tells her to take them off and give them to me. I didn't think she would, but she stripped them right off and handed them over. She had a sweet cunt, shaved smooth and all. This gave me a woody and when the dude sees that he tells me that if I ask her nice like to give me a blow job that she might. I figure this is bullshit, but what the hell, know what I mean?" He stopped his narrative and looked at me. I just nodded and he continued.  
  
"So I asks her real nice, but she shakes her head no, so I figure that's it, right? But the skinny dude tells me to say 'please', so I ask again if she will please blow me, and can you fucking believe it, she crouched down and sucked my cock like a pro. She had a great mouth, that one. Popped my cork too quick, but I sure as hell enjoyed it while it lasted. She swallowed it all too! Yeah, a real pro." He finished and grabbed the twenty.  
  
My heart was beating fast now and I was worried what else this pervert was going to do with my wife. "Where did they go?" I asked.  
  
He held out his hand and I peeled off another twenty.  
  
"The went that way," he pointed down the alley, "and went into the pool hall door." He said. "It's about half way down."  
  
I gave him the bill I was holding and headed quickly in the direction he had pointed. I looked at each door I came to looking for some indication that one was a pool hall. I had to find Jolene quickly; it was my fault she was in this mess. If anything happened to her I would never forgive myself.  
  
About half way down the alley, just as the wino had said, I came across a door with the name "Al's Ballards" stenciled on it. I pulled on the handle and it opened with a squeak. I stepped inside the pool hall. It was well lit and reasonably clean looking. A little surprising for this part of the city. I looked around quickly but didn't see my wife.  
  
I spied an older black man cleaning up around one of the pool tables and I walked over to him.  
  
"Hi there." I addressed him.  
  
"Hello. What can I do for you?" He asked.  
  
"I'm wondering if you've recently seen a skinny white guy with a sexy looking woman wearing a short skirt." I queried.  
  
"Sure have mister." He said carefully. "What's it to ya?"  
  
I was really starting to get agitated. "She's my wife and I've got to find her before something bad happens." I said angrily.  
  
"Oh shit, sorry man. Yeah, I seen her. She came in here with that white trash Daryl. I thought something was fishy, the way she looked and all." He said almost apologetically.  
  
"What do you mean, the way she looked?" I asked.  
  
"Her eyes were kind of glazed over, you know, like maybe she was drugged or something." He replied.  
  
If only he knew it was more my fault than Daryl's, I thought. "So where is she?"  
  
"I don't know." He answered.  
  
"Well, what do you know?" I asked, exasperated.  
  
"Hey, don't get mad at me man, I didn't do anything with your wife." He responded.  
  
"OK, OK. Please just tell me what happened." I said apologetically.  
  
"Well, when Daryl and your woman shows up Daryl asks if Tyrone is around. Now Tyrone is a brother, but a bad dude, if you know what I mean. Anyway I tell Daryl that Tyrone is in the back shooting pool with some of Daryl's white trash friends, so he heads back their with your lady. I'm kind of suspicious, see, so I follow them back and start cleaning a table nearby. I wasn't close enough to hear what they said, but I can tell you what I saw, yes sir, I can tell you that." He paused dramatically for no obvious reason.  
  
"Go ahead." I prompted him.  
  
"Well, that Daryl went right up to Tyrone and started talking to him. I could tell he was up to something, because he wasn't usually so bold around Tyrone. Like I said, I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I could tell they was talking about your lady because Tyrone kept looking at her. But whatever Daryl was saying Tyrone wasn't buying it because he said "Bullshit" loud enough for even me to hear it. But that skinny white-trash just smiled and said something to your woman. I about shit my pants when she lifted her top and showed those boys her nice titties. Tyrone was surprised, he was, but I guess he wasn't impressed because then Daryl said something else to the lady and she lifts up her skirt. Shit, she wasn't wearing anything underneath it either. Man she has a nice ass." He proclaimed.  
  
I just looked hard at him.  
  
"Oh, sorry man. Anyways Daryl and Tyrone take a couple of steps away and start negotiating for something. I can always tell when they doing that. Daryl kept shaking his head 'No', but after a while he agreed on a price. Then Tyrone pulled out a big wad of cash and peeled off a whole lot of bills and handed them over to Daryl. Then Tyrone left with your woman."  
  
"What?" I shouted.  
  
"Hey, he didn't force her; she went willingly. In fact, she was smiling. And besides, what could I do, I couldn't go up against Tyrone, Daryl and his posse." He explained.  
  
"OK, OK. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell at you." I apologized. "I'm just worried about my wife. Do you know where Tyrone went?"  
  
"No, but Daryl does, and he's right over there." He said and pointed to a back room. "Good luck."  
  
I walked into the back room. There was a single pool table in the small room with three young men around it. I looked at the tall one and recognized him as the guy that was sitting behind us at the strip club. "Are you Daryl?" I asked him.  
  
"Yeah, what's it to you?" He answered in an arrogant tone.  
  
I walked right up and stood in front of him. "Where's my wife?" I demanded.  
  
"Ah, of course, you're Jolene's hubby. Well Tyrone has her now dude, but don't worry, he'll let her go when he gets tired of her -- in a few days!" He laughed.  
  
"Tell me where Tyrone hangs out." I said, my voice dripping with venom.  
  
"I don't have to tell you shit, dickless. Now get the fuck out of here before we kick your chicken shit ass." He threatened as his two friends approached me, one from the side and the other from behind.  
  
I knew that I was in for a fight, and I had to win. This meant that I had to strike first and hard. I didn't care about Daryl's 'posse', but I had to keep him conscious. So I used a powerful side kick to take out the guy to my left. My foot struck him right in his breadbasket, taking the wind right out of him. This took them by surprise and I used that to my advantage to punch Daryl in the stomach. I knew the guy behind me was starting to react to my attacks so I tried to take him out with a spinning heel kick, but he blocked it with his forearm, probably because he had it up to grab me. Even so, he still closed the gap and tried to grab me. I didn't let him pull me down, I had too much practice in dirty-boxing to allow that. I threw a couple of shots to his body and then landed an elbow to the side of his head. That stunned him enough to allow me to get a good grip on him for a judo throw. He crashed right into Daryl, taking them both out for the moment.  
  
Now the first guy I kicked was just recovering so I ran at him and jumped up hitting him with a flying knee right in on the chin. He was out before he hit the ground. I turned and kicked Daryl's other friend in the side of the head as he was trying to untangle himself from Daryl on the ground. That took all the fight out of him and he crawled under the pool table to hide. I grabbed Daryl as he tried to crawl away too and pulled him to his feet, putting him into standing kimora, a nasty arm/shoulder lock. If you know what you are doing, you can get out of this hold, but he didn't have a clue.  
  
"Ow, you're hurting my arm, man." He complained.  
  
"I'll tear it off and beat you with it if you don't take me to Tyrone." I hissed at him through clenched teeth and twisted his arm a little more.  
  
"OK, OK, just don't break my arm!" He whined.  
  
I let up the pressure on his arm a little. I looked around and saw the black proprietor looking at me in awe. I pushed Daryl out of the little back room and into the main part of the establishment. Then I got behind him and grabbed his belt.  
  
"If you try to run or pull anything on me, I'll break your neck." I told him. "Do you believe me?"  
  
"I'll take you to Tyrone, but you're on your own after that. He's a crazy bastard." Daryl answered.  
  
"Just take me there." I snarled and pushed him out the front door.  
  
He led me down the street for about a block and then around a corner. A block later he stopped and pointed to a bar on the corner. "That's where Tyrone and his posse hang out. Now let me go."  
  
"Not just yet." I said as I studied the place from across the street. I doubted that Jolene was in the bar and even if she was I didn't want to just rush in the front. From my vantage point it looked like the building was quite deep, much more than you'd need for a corner bar.  
  
"What's in the back?" I asked.  
  
"Just offices and an old warehouse." Daryl answered.  
  
"There must be a back door. Show me." I demanded.  
  
"You can't get in that way, they have a security system." He objected.  
  
"Don't worry about that, just show me." I barked. He walked around the corner and led me down an alley in back. About twenty feet off the street he pointed to a heavy steel door with a small set of stairs in front of it. Next to the door was a card reader for the security system.  
  
"OK, give me your shoe laces." I ordered.  
  
"What? Why?"  
  
"Just do it or I'll break your legs." I snarled.  
  
When I had his shoe laces I used them to tie him up to a electrical conduit attached to the building. "If I find my wife and get her out of there I'll come back and untie you, but if you were lying to me I'm coming back to start breaking bones." I told him.  
  
"I didn't lie to you, this is Tyrone's place. I'm sure he brought her here." He whined.  
  
"For your sake you had better be right." I warned and walked up to the door.  
  
I had recognized the security system. It was made by a company I used to work for. These systems had a maintenance mode that was on by default from the factory and most installers were lazy and left it enabled. When this mode was enabled a specially encoded access card would open any door and I just happened to still have one of these cards. You never know when something like that could come in handy. I pulled the card out of my wallet and presented it to the reader. This was the moment of truth. If it worked the light would turn green and the door would unlock, otherwise it would flash red.  
  
The green light came on and the lock disengaged with an audible click. I pulled the door open and slipped inside. I was standing in a short, dingy hallway illuminated by a bare 100 watt bulb hanging from the ceiling. I crept down the hall and found it took a 90 degree turn to the right. I followed it a little further and came out into a larger room that was stacked with old crates. This must be the warehouse that Daryl had mentioned. I could hear some sounds, maybe voices ahead so I kept moving forward, slowly.  
  
As I emerged from the crates I saw something that will forever be burned into my memory. It was a bizarre scene but the most erotic I had ever seen in my life up until then. A corner of the warehouse had been emptied of crates. In their place were some chairs and leather benches around the periphery. On the one wall I could see clearly there were some racks and hooks containing items that might be more at home in a horse barn. There were whips, riding crops, ropes, and leather harnesses of different types. And there were some items that I couldn't identify immediately. The area was well lit, although I hung back in the shadows among the crates I had been moving through. There were a number of people present as well, but the one that had riveted my attention was my wife, Jolene.  
  
She was buck naked and suspended above the floor by her arms and legs using ropes that went up to pulleys attached to the rafters. There were leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles and the ropes attached to the cuffs. Both of her hands were held above her head with a single rope, and there was a separate rope on each ankle such that her legs were bent back to the point where the heels of her feet were almost touching her ass. This forced her body into a posture where her chest and hips were thrust forward.  
  
It didn't look particularly comfortable, but she wasn't complaining; she was moaning in pleasure. This was probably because a black man was standing behind her thrusting what looked to be a long thin cock into her pussy. There was also a black woman in a latex dominatrix outfit standing in front of Jolene alternately whipping her tits with a riding crop and licking them. I had never seen anything like it; I never even imagined that anything like it was possible. My cock got hard so fast that I became light-headed.

I knew I should stop it, but I couldn't move. My arms and legs felt like they were made of lead. My heart was hammering in my chest and my mouth was as dry as cotton as I watched my wife being brought closer and closer to the brink of a massive orgasm. The man had amazing discipline, keeping up a consistent pace without cumming. The woman was expertly working Jolene's tits and clit with her riding crop and tongue. I could tell that she wouldn't last long now; the telltale signs of her impending climax were apparent. First she started trembling, head to foot. Then her hips started jerking uncontrollably; weakly at first but building stronger as the assault on her sexually charged body continued. Finally her entire body went stiff and she moaned loudly, thrashing her head back and forth as she reached her climax. The man and the woman, however, continued their stimulation of my wife causing a series of spasms to rack her beautiful sweat-covered body even after her orgasm was done.  
  
Shortly the man threw his head back, thrust his cock into my wife's pussy one last time, and groaned loudly. The dominatrix reached under Jolene and fondled his balls as he shot his cum deep into her womb. I was very glad she was on the pill. After he was empty he withdrew his cock quickly and even from where I was I could see his jism pour out of her cunt, leaving a puddle on the floor. I couldn't believe that someone could cum that much. Maybe some of it was Jolene's lubrication mixed in too, but it was still an amazing sight.  
  
Even though my wife was in pretty good shape I could see she was starting to cramp from that suspended position, and perhaps her captors did as well because they lowered her down onto a bench that they had just pushed under her. That's when I noticed a guy with a video camera coming in for a closeup of her dripping pussy. In fact, when I looked around I saw a couple of other cameras on tripods off to the sides. Shit! They were recording this, probably for sale on the Internet. Somehow I had to stop this now.  
  
I peeked around the crates I was hiding behind and saw a couple of other nude black guys, waiting for their turn with my apparently compliant wife. Then in the other direction I saw another big dude that looked like a body guard. I had to take him out first if I was going to rescue my wife. I used the crates to sneak up on the guard, circling around him. Over his shoulder I could see the dominatrix in a sixty-nine with Jolene, keeping him and everyone else distracted.  
  
When I was in position I slipped my arm around his neck and cinched in a perfect rear-naked choke. He went limp in seconds, demonstrating the power of a blood-choke. I left the choke on for a few seconds longer than I would in the gym because I wanted him out for a while and lowered him quietly to the floor. I frisked him and not surprisingly found a hand-gun; a Glock G-19 nine-millimeter semi-automatic, to be precise. I was very familiar with this weapon. I owned one myself. I quickly checked the clip; it was full.  
  
I stepped out into the light. "OK, that's enough!" I shouted, making sure they saw the pistol. "Nobody move." Even I winced at the cliché.  
  
They all looked at me like deer in the headlights. I waved the pistol in what I hoped was a menacing fashion at the three naked men. "Get down on the floor and put your hands over your heads or I'll kill every one of you bastards!" I screamed. I almost called them 'fuckers', but I caught myself in time. I wanted them scared, not laughing at a stupid unintended joke. Two of them laid down so fast that it almost looked like I had shot them, but not the third one. Tyrone, I guessed.  
  
"I mean it!" I said with as much authority as I could and pulled back the slide on the Glock to chamber a round, but Tyrone just smiled at me. That's when I saw Jolene's eyes go wide out of the corner of my vision, but before she could warn me I felt someone grab me from behind. It must be the guard; I must not have choked him long enough and he came to.  
  
He wrapped both of his arms around my upper arms, pinning them to my body. He tried to crush me hard enough to make me drop the gun, and although he was strong I didn't let go of the pistol. Tyrone seized the moment and rushed towards us. I couldn't let him reach me, and although I couldn't really aim very well I still squeezed off two rounds in his general direction. The sound in the small warehouse was deafening. I saw Tyrone dive for the floor, but I didn't know if I had hit him or not because the guard spun me around in an effort to keep me from shooting at his boss. In the process he also managed trip me and we fell to the ground in a tangle.  
  
The pistol went spinning away, but I didn't need it, I was a good wrestler and a purple belt in Jujitsu. As we hit the floor I was already scrambling for position. He was strong, I'll give him that, but he was outclassed in grappling and soon I had him in an arm-bar. Normally in the gym an opponent would tap at this point admitting defeat and I'd let up before breaking his arm, so it was a strange feeling when the guards arm snapped. He howled in pain and anger, which I rewarded with a vicious elbow to the face and a heel to the ribs. I think that heel may have cracked one of his ribs because he curled up into a ball and stopped trying to fight me.  
  
I sprung up and looked around for the pistol. It was about ten feet away and Tyrone was crawling towards it. I ran over and easily got to it before he did. When I pointed the weapon at him he stopped and just glared at me menacingly while holding his leg. It looks like wounded him with one of my shots, but it didn't look life threatening. I looked over to where I had last seen my wife. The dominatrix was sprawled out on the floor, out cold it looked like. Jolene was holding a police baton and standing over the other two men, one of which looked pretty beat up. The other one was just cowering in fear. It looked like that self-defense training had really come in handy.  
  
I knew we didn't have much time, someone will have heard those shots. So while Jolene got dressed I grabbed all the tapes out of the video cameras and warned them that anybody that followed us would get shot. Then I led Jolene quickly out the way I had come. When we got outside I cut Daryl loose and also warned him about following us, waving the Glock in his face. He ran out of the alley in one direction while we went in the other.  
  
I was a little turned around because of the strange way I had gotten there, but after a few wrong turns we managed to get back to the strip club and our car. I'm telling you I got out of there as fast as I could without getting into an accident or attracting the attention of the police. A few miles away I stopped by a big dumpster and threw in the pistol after wiping it clean and removing the clip. It was probably stolen and I didn't want to have any more to do with it.  
  
We drove in silence for a while and then Jolene started crying. I pulled her to me and held her tight.  
  
"I'm so sorry this happened to you." I said.  
  
"It's not your fault," she sobbed, "it's mine. I should never have gone with Daryl. I shouldn't have listened to him."  
  
"No, I should never taken you to that place, and for sure I should never have taken my eyes off of you once we were there." I countered. "You just acted the way I've been asking you to, the way I like it. It was that creep Daryl that took advantage of the situation, but I should have been protecting you, so it's his fault and mine, but not yours."  
  
She clung to me for the rest of the trip telling me how much she loved me. I felt so bad because I knew it was mostly my fault for conditioning her the way I did and then letting her loose in a place full of horned-up men. That wasn't the worst part, though. Despite everything that had happened, I am ashamed to admit I was still extremely turned on. I wrestled with these conflicting feelings all the way home, but eventually resolved to remove the "Shazam" trigger. It was just too dangerous.  
  
When we got home I put Jolene under and started the long process of removing the trigger. Something like this really couldn't be removed, but it could be buried deeply. It would take a number of additional sessions over the next week or so, but I was determined to bury it so deep that it would be impossible to recover it or create a similar one. There would be no more adventures like the one we just had, of that I was sure.  
  
I should have known it wouldn't be that easy.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 06**

The next two weeks were great for Jolene and I. We had sex every day and sometimes more. And almost every time we both had fantastic, mind-blowing orgasms. Whenever it looked like we were in danger of slowing down we just watched the video from the warehouse and off we went on another multi-day binge. We couldn't maintain that pace for long though, and after a couple more weeks we had slowed down to a more normal rate of making love every other day or so.  
  
It was about this time that I started wishing that I had not erased the "Shazam" trigger. Then I would remind myself what had happened at the strip club, and how close we had come to disaster and came to the conclusion that I had done the right thing. But still I fantasized about what fun we could have had if I had not erased it.  
  
Not that I had anything to complain about really. Jolene was almost the perfect wife now. Our relationship was better than ever; we still had disagreements, but we hardly ever argued anymore. She did more than her share of the housework and continued to work out at the gym. In fact, I was amazed at how far she had come in her martial arts. She was now quite capable of defending herself now, if she had to, and getting better every week. Our love life, although it had cooled a bit, was still great. Jolene was a wonderful and imaginative lover. She still dressed provocatively for me and no longer appeared to be self conscious of her body. In fact, she seemed to enjoy showing it off for me. So, indeed, I had nothing to complain about whatsoever, I had everything I every wanted in a wife. Didn't I?  
  
This was the situation when the next shock to our relationship occurred. We were out at one of the local drinking establishments after dinner and a movie. The band was local, but not too bad, and Jolene was dressed to the nines looking as sexy as ever. I was looking into her eyes and contemplating a nice romantic love-making session later on when someone stepped up to our table.  
  
"Excuse me." A male voice said. I looked up into a youthful face. He was perhaps twenty years old and looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him.  
  
"Yes." I said politely. "What can I do for you?"  
  
"I don't know if you remember me," he started a little uncertainly, "but I sure remember you." He was looking at Jolene as he ended this sentence. "My friends and I made a bet, and you helped decide it. I still have the, ah, proof."  
  
Jolene looked surprised, and maybe a bit embarrassed. We really never expected to see this young man again.  
  
"Oh, yes, forgive me for not recognizing you right away. I hope your little prize still brings you fond memories." I said, hoping that it did.  
  
"Yes, yes, it has. In fact, I think about your wife quite often." He replied, now looking a little nervous himself.  
  
"Is that a fact?" I mused. "I'm Peter and my lovely wife is Jolene. And you are?"  
  
"Um, my name is Roger."  
  
"OK, Roger, it's nice to make your acquaintance, again. So what can we do for you?" I repeated my initial question.  
  
"Well, as I've said, I think about that night a lot and I've always regretted that I didn't ask her to dance." Roger answered. "And I vowed to myself that if I ever saw you again, I would."  
  
"Well, I wouldn't want to interfere with a vow. Go ahead and ask her." I said, feeling a little of the lost excitement coming back.  
  
"Would you please dance with me?" He asked my wife politely. My heart skipped a beat on the "please", but I had to remind myself that those days were gone.  
  
"Only because you asked nicely." She replied, but there was a look in her eyes that I'd not seen in a while...nah, it was just my overworked imagination.  
  
They moved to the small dance floor and joined the five or six other couples already there. It was a standard rock beat and I enjoyed watching her dance. Roger wasn't too bad himself, certainly better than me, so I wasn't surprised when they stayed for the next song as well.  
  
After that the band switched to a slow ballad and it looked like Jolene was going to return to our table, but Roger held onto her hand and said something that I couldn't make out. I was surprised when she stepped back to him and moved in close for a slow dance. Several more couples took to the dance floor and my sight-line to her was blocked much of the time, but from what I could see Roger was holding my wife tightly against his young body as they swayed to the slow beat.  
  
A couple of times I could have sworn that I saw his hand on her ass, but I didn't think she would allow that unless she was under some sort of post-hypnotic directive, and I hadn't given her any. Then I also thought I caught a quick glance of them kissing while in a tight embrace. But no, I must have seen a different couple; there were several out there that were kissing after all.  
  
When the song was over the band took a break and all the couples headed back to their tables, except for Jolene and Roger. They were nowhere to be seen! I looked around quickly to see if maybe they went back to his table, or the bar, or the bathrooms. But no, I didn't see them anywhere in the place! I was starting to panic. I could feel my gut tighten just like it did a month ago at that strip club. Those memories all came streaming back with astonishing clarity.  
  
I had just seen her not more than thirty or forty seconds ago, so she couldn't have gotten far. I stood up and quickly strode over to the dance floor, hoping for a clue as to where they had gone. When I got there I scanned the area and spied a rear door. As I walked towards it I realized that it was an emergency exit and not a general purpose entrance/exit. Did she go out this way?  
  
Then I heard a muffled moan off somewhere to my left. I turned and in the dim light saw a stairway leading up that I had not known was there. Probably the way to the business offices, I thought. Then I heard the moan again, and this time I was sure it belonged to my wife. I headed up the stairs quickly, but deliberately. At the top there was a short hallway that led to several offices, but there was light coming from only one, so I headed that way.  
  
When I stepped through the door I was once again treated to an erotic sight involving my wife. Jolene was laying on an old Steelcase desk, legs dangling off. Her dress was bunched up around her waist; her bra and thongs were gone. The young man that she had been dancing with was between her legs urgently thrusting into her willing pussy. She was pulling on her nipples and biting her lower lip as she did when she was nearing her climax.  
  
I stepped into the room; to do what, I wasn't not sure. A large black arm stopped me however. I turned to see one of the big bouncers off to the side, blocking my way.  
  
"Wait your turn." He warned in a low menacing tone.  
  
I appraised him as a threat and decided that if I had to, I could probably take him, but it wouldn't be easy. He was well muscled and had that easy-going stance of someone that knew how to take care of himself in a fight. I stepped back and decided to see where events led, although I had a pretty good idea.  
  
I watched the young man quicken his pace as he fucked my wife. My own cock was a steel bar in my pants as I watched her approach her orgasm. Suddenly her body went rigid and her mouth fell open in a silent scream; only a quiet high-pitched squeal could escape. I was always fascinated with the way the pleasure played out on her face, and this time was no different. At this moment my wife exuded pure sexual energy and I marveled at the way it rippled up and down her body.  
  
This was evidentially too much for Roger because he thrust one last time into Jolene's slippery depths and held it here as he shot his seed into her, moaning loudly. Spent, he stepped back, his hard cock sliding out of her tight hole with an audible "slurp". Stumbling backwards he fell into a chair with a loud thump and muttered "Fuck me."  
  
Now the bouncer stepped forward and began playing with Jolene's tits as he kissed her deeply. I was so engrossed with this scene I almost missed Roger as he tried to sneak out of the room. I grabbed him tightly by the arm.  
  
"How did you get her up here?" I demanded.  
  
"I didn't force her man, she wanted it too." Roger replied defensively.  
  
"You must have done something." I pressed, squeezing his arm tighter.  
  
"I didn't do anything, I just asked her to slow dance with me." He insisted. "She started grinding into me and kissing me, so I grabbed her ass. She was really getting into it, gasping and moaning, and carrying on." He explained, the words just tumbling out of him.  
  
"But how did you get her up here?" I hissed.  
  
"I just told her that she was totally hot and that I would do anything to get her into bed. She told me that sounded divine, that's the actual word she used, and that maybe if I asked her nice my dream could come true. I didn't believe it for a second, but I thought, what the hell, and I asked her real nice if she would like to have sex with me. When she said "yes" it blew me away, so I took her up here. My uncle owns the bar, so I knew it would be OK. Now let me go please." He implored.  
  
"Just one more thing." I said, my mind reeling at the possibility, but I had to know. "Did you say 'please' when you asked her?"  
  
"Um, maybe." He scrunched up his face like he was trying to remember. "Yeah, I think I did."  
  
I let go of his arm. "Take off, but don't tell anyone else about this." I admonished as I gave him as threatening a glare as I could muster.  
  
Roger left quickly, taking two stairs at a time by the sounds of it. I returned my attention to my wife and the big bouncer. He was now between her legs as well and working his black cock slowly into her wet hole. It looked to be quite large in circumference, but about average in length. He took his time as he stretched her pussy further than it was used to. I could see some pain on my wife's face as he did this, but after a minute or two of slow strokes, this turned to bliss as she became used to his girth.  
  
"Oh, man, I love white pussy." He groaned. "It's so tight and hot."  
  
All things considered he lasted longer than I thought he would. After ten minutes and two more of Jolene's orgasms he began to slam into her with such force that the heavy desk started moving slowly across the floor.  
  
"Yes, fuck me with that big, wonderful cock. Cum with me lover." My wife panted. "Yes, yes, oh god, I'm cumming again you fucker. Fuck meeeee!"  
  
I don't know if was her clenching pussy or her vocal exhortations, but he suddenly pulled his cock out of her body and shot load after load of sticky semen onto her belly and pussy mound. As shocking as that was, I was stunned when my wife started scooping it up and putting it into her mouth. When she got as much as she could that way she rubbed the remainder into her skin.  
  
"That's one hot slut." The bouncer commented as he walked past me, zipping up his pants.  
  
I couldn't think of anything at that moment except for one thing: I had to fuck my wife. And that's exactly what I did. I was across the room and had my dick in her pussy before my pants even hit the floor. She was still licking cum off of her fingers and purring as I pounded her well used cunt. Even though I was not getting a lot of friction at this point, the look of total wanton lust on her face was enough to put me over the edge. My orgasm was fast, but explosive as I added my jism to Roger's.  
  
After a moment my head cleared enough so that I could get my wits about me. I looked, but couldn't find Jolene's under things, so I just put her dress back in pace as best I could and led her out of the room and down the stairs. She was still a bit wobbly and probably had cum running down her legs, but I held her up and escorted her out of the bar as quickly as I could. I ignored the looks of the other patrons, some knowing, but most questioning. They probably thought that she had too much to drink and I didn't do anything to change that belief.  
  
By the time we got to the car she was more or less able to stand on her own, but I still pushed her in and quickly departed for home. During the short drive Jolene was quiet which allowed me to contemplate what had just happened.  
  
The "Shazam" keyword was gone, buried deeply in her mind, so how could she have responded to Roger like she did when he said "please"? I thought back to the last time that I had used that keyword. It was at the stripper bar, of course, which was the reason that I started erasing it that night.  
  
Wait a minute! Did I use the keyword to turn off the hypnotic compulsions and directives that it controlled? I thought back, going over the events in my mind. No, I did not! That meant that they were still active! No wonder Jolene still responded to them. This was not good. Now that the keyword was buried too deeply to safely recover I had no way to turn it off!  
  
As this realization sunk in we arrived home. As soon as we were inside I put Jolene into a deep hypnotic state using the other pass-phrase and tried to see if I could remove the "Shazam" directives. But I couldn't; they were too deeply enmeshed into her mind now. Maybe if I had caught my error sooner I would have been able to at least weaken the effects, but now it was too late. This was part of her now and there was nothing I could do about it. Events like we just had experienced at the bar would happen again; that was inevitable.  
  
The big question was: how would my wife respond? Was there anything I could do to help her cope, or had I done enough anyway? I decided to just wait and see how she reacted before I did anything else. The risk to her mind was just too great. So I took her out of the hypnotic state, but left her asleep. Things would be clearer in the morning; for both of us.  
  
I woke up to the smell of waffles and eggs cooking. My wife was making me a hot breakfast. While not unheard of in our household, it was a bit unusual. I put on my robe and wandered downstairs into the kitchen.  
  
"Good morning honey." She said in a cheerful voice. "Sit down. Everything is just about ready."  
  
The small kitchen table was already set. I sat down and a hot cup of coffee materialized. What was going on, I wondered. Soon a plate of hot scrambled eggs and waffles was placed in front of me. Jolene then sat down with a smaller plate of food for herself. Not sure what to say at that point, I dove into the eggs and waffles. I told her they were delicious, which was the truth. After we were both finished and the dishes were in the washer, I needed some answers.  
  
"So, what's the special occasion?" I asked casually.  
  
"You mean breakfast?" She asked breezily. I nodded. "Nothing special, I just realized this morning that I hadn't made you a hot breakfast in a long time."  
  
"Really?" I said a bit skeptically.  
  
"Really. I just wanted to show you how much I love you." She said and kissed me.  
  
I grabbed her and sat her down on my lap. "All right, now. What's this all about?" I said seriously.  
  
She looked down at her hands and got a serious look on her face. "OK. The truth: I know."  
  
That didn't sound good. Time to play dumb. "What do you know?" I asked innocently.  
  
She sighed. "I figured it out. It confused me at first, why I let Mac take those pictures of me, why I let your friends from work play with me, the strip club incident, and last night at the bar. It all goes back to when I hit my head in that alley. I also know what you've been doing, and what you've been keeping secret from me."  
  
OH SHIT! I was busted. I didn't know what to say to her. "Honey," I started my confession, but she cut me off.  
  
"I'm a slut." She stated.  
  
"W-What?" I said, startled.  
  
"You want me to say it again, OK, I'm a slut. S-L-U-T. Now that I know, you can stop pretending, stop trying to protect me from the truth." She said.  
  
My mind was reeling, trying to keep up with this line of thought. "OK. How did you figure this out?" I stalled.  
  
"How else can you explain my behavior? When I hit my head it must have changed me or woke up a dormant part of my personality or something, but I'm different now. I don't just love sex, I need it, and a lot more than you can give me alone. I don't know how you figured it out, but you must have realized this months ago, but you couldn't just tell me, I wouldn't have believed you. Which is why you subtly arranged for me to be in situations where my sluttiness could come out. I can't tell you how much I love you for your patience and understanding. Most men would have divorced their wife under these circumstances, but instead you have been trying to help me." She explained and threw her arms around me.  
  
What a strange development! I knew that she was having trouble reconciling her behavior with her beliefs, but I just couldn't seem to resolve it under hypnosis. The idea that she would find an answer through such an improbable series of rationalizations was incredible. The human mind is truly amazing. This did have some implications for the future and our marriage that I need to think through, however.  
  
Jolene let go of her hug and looked in my eyes. "What are you thinking?" She asked.  
  
"I'm thinking that I love you now more than ever, if that's even possible. I'm also thinking that this is the start of a new phase in our relationship." I answered truthfully.  
  
She beamed me a huge smile and then started kissing me with wild abandon. As my cock started to twitch I thought that a little desert was in order. I picked up my wife and put her on the table. Then I pulled off her shorts and dove in between her legs, licking and sucking on her pussy lips and clit. She uncharacteristically squealed in delight. After a wild moaning orgasm I laid the wood to her right there on the table, and the counter top, and finally up against the refrigerator.  
  
When we recovered from that we took a shower together, and sometime during the soaping and scrubbing we wound up fucking again until we ran out of hot water. Then we finished in the bedroom, but Jolene insisted that we open the blinds. This may not sound too daring compared to what we've already done, but when you consider that it was her idea, it's nothing short of amazing.  
  
The rest of the day I thought about what Jolene's new attitude meant for us. Obviously I had to be more careful with her when we went out; or at least I had to keep better track of her. But I couldn't keep her locked up all day long when I was at work, so I had to come up with a plan to keep her safe. I didn't care if she had sexual adventures during the day, but I didn't want her to get hurt or sold into slavery or something.  
  
So we talked about it and she promised to tell me about all her adventures, no matter how small or outrageous. Then I told her that I wanted her to always carry her cell phone and to not hesitate to beat the crap out of someone if they get rough or threatened her. Later I put her under and reinforced all those things, just to make sure.  
  
For the next ten days nothing unusual happened and I began to relax, hoping that maybe my original concerns were overblown. It was a regular Tuesday night when I arrived home to find my wife sitting on the living room sofa with the TV off, just waiting for me. She had that nervous look that informed me she had something to tell me that was either exciting or bad news. I sat down in the chair directly across from her and we just looked at each other in quiet for a moment.  
  
"You have something to tell me." I said, stating the obvious.  
  
"I had something interesting happen today. I was naughty." She confessed. "I was getting ready to go out back and do some work in the flower gardens when I noticed that there were a couple of men doing some work at the Shaffer place behind our house. I thought it would be fun to show off a little, so instead of just wearing the halter-top and shorts I had on, I changed into my little white bikini."

She really had changed, I thought. She never would have done something like that on her own before.  
  
"So I just went out in nothing but the bikini, a hat, and sandals and started weeding and such. I made sure to bend over as much as possible both facing them and away. I sneaked peeks at them when I could and they were definitely watching me. After and hour of this I was getting pretty hot - in more ways than one!" She confided.  
  
I was starting to get hot just listening to her.  
  
"I was finished with my work, but I didn't want to go back in just yet, so I got a shovel and started trying to dig up that big rock in the back garden." She said.  
  
The rock she was referring to was big, too big even for me to pull it out. I could not be sure because I had not uncovered it completely, but it probably weighs around two hundred pounds. I had decided to just leave it until we saved enough money to have the heavy-duty work done in the back yard that we had talked about (pond, stone paths, etc.). I figured I'd let the pros take care of it then. If it had a nice shape we could use it for a decorative rock.  
  
"So I got a shovel and started digging around it a bit and tried lever it out. I couldn't budge it, of course, and I pretended to get angry. I hit it with the shovel, making a loud ringing sound to get their attention. Then I shouted at the rock calling it names. Nothing vulgar, but strong enough so that they would think I was mad." She explained.  
  
I was fascinated with her tale and didn't interrupt.  
  
"As corny as it sounds, that worked and the two of them came over to see what was up. The older man, probably the foreman, was about forty or so, but good looking and trim. The younger man looked to be no older than eighteen or nineteen. He was cute, and like the older man was in very good shape. The older man said 'What's the problem ma'am?'. He was so polite, and you know how I like that in a man." She said.  
  
Yes, I did, I thought to myself, and I knew why!  
  
"Anyway, I told him that I wanted to get rid of that pesky rock, but that it was just too big for me. He offered to help, but of course I had to decline politely. But he insisted, as I was hoping he would, and he sent his young assistant to get a big pry-bar out of his truck while he dug around the rock some more. They dug and pried for about a half hour before that rock started moving, but it was just too big. The older man, who I had discovered was named Greg, was on the pry-bar and his assistant, Chris, was pulling directly on the rock trying to roll it out of the hole. So I grabbed the pry-bar too and pulled as hard as I could. That was just enough to pop that old rock out of the ground." She continued with her story.  
  
"Wow, so they got it out, huh?" I commented.  
  
"Yes, and it was just like you said; it was much bigger than it looked because it was not round, but kind of egg shaped. We were always looking at the smaller end near the surface. Greg commented on how strong I was and asked if I played tennis or something to stay in such good shape. I loved the implied compliment and told him that I practiced martial arts four times a week. They were both impressed and asked what style. I told them it was a mixed style, but mostly Krav Maga and Jujitsu."  
  
"Greg asked if I was any good at it, and I told him that I could hold my own. Chris said he would like to see me holding my own, picking up on the unintentional double entendre. I gave him a stern look and Greg stepped in to apologize for Chris, saying that his young helper had a lot to learn, but that what he lacked in wisdom he made up for with youthful vitality. I giggled and accepted his apology. If you can't tell, I really liked Greg."  
  
"So I thanked them for getting the rock out of the garden and apologized because it was more work than I thought it would be, which was the truth. Then I invited them in for a cool drink. Greg looked at his watch and then said that it was close to lunch time anyway and accepted my offer. I told them that lunch was a wonderful idea and that I would enjoy getting them something to eat. They both liked that idea."  
  
I was starting to get the idea that this story was about to get a lot hotter.  
  
"So I got them each a beer and I grabbed a wine-cooler for myself. I had them sit at the table as I made them ham sandwiches and soup. I knew that my bare ass was on display in that thong and that they were getting an eyeful, and it made me so hot. After they finished eating I asked them if they wanted any desert. Greg asked what I had, so I turned around started looking though the cupboards, as if I didn't already know what was in there, but it gave me another chance to flaunt my bare ass. I heard someone come up behind me and then Greg said over my shoulder that he'd take the buns."  
  
I knew what he was talking about, but I thought I'd tease him a bit so I turned around, put my hands on my hips and said what kind of talk is that?  
  
He looked a bit taken aback, so I winked at him and said didn't anybody teach you how to ask for things politely?  
  
To which he smiled and answered, of course, I'm sorry. May I please have some buns?  
  
I told him that was better and turned around and stuck out my butt a little just to make sure there was no misunderstanding. Then I said, I just love polite men. They were very polite after that, I can tell you."  
  
I pulled my now hard dick out of my pants and started playing with it. Jolene smiled when she saw that and licked her lips, but continued telling her story.  
  
"Greg started feeling up my ass while Chris just sat there with this surprised look on his face. I looked at him and asked if he wanted to see me 'hold my own' now. He just nodded his head; I don't think he trusted himself to speak. I put my hands under my boobs and lifted them up a little so that they were pointing right at Chris and I asked him if this is what he wanted to see."  
  
He said 'not exactly' and I asked what he meant. He blurted out 'without the bikini top' and then clamped his hand over his mouth, probably thinking he had gone too far. You should have seen the look on his face when I asked Greg to untie my top." Jolene recalled.  
  
I could imagine, but then I had seen several men look at her that way recently.  
  
"When I felt the strings go loose, I pulled the top away and put it down on the counter. Then I cupped my breasts again, running my thumbs lightly over my nipples, making them hard little nubs. I asked Chris if that was better and he nodded again, not taking his eyes off of my naked tits. Then I sighed and asked him if he wanted some desert too, maybe some melons. He took the hint and as he stood up I noticed a big tent pole in his pants. He stepped over to me and started playing with my breasts and sucking on them." Jolene was a little out of breath now and paused in the retelling of her adventure.  
  
At this point I stopped stroking my cock; I didn't want to cum yet. So I got on my knees between my wife's legs and started running my hands up and down her legs. "Continue." I instructed.  
  
"Then Greg said that he wanted something sweet to eat too and asked if he could 'partake' of my 'honey pot'. I was more than ready for that, so I pushed off my thong and scooted up onto the table. Greg made a bee-line for my crotch, telling me how beautiful and sexy I was. He really knew his way around a woman's sex, I can tell you. In fact, to be perfectly honest, he's the best pussy lapper I've ever had. Sorry."  
  
"Don't be. I'll have to get some tips from him someday." I replied as I slipped a hand inside the leg of her shorts.  
  
"Chris started playing with my tits again, but I wanted to see his dick, so tried to unbutton his pants, but it was difficult with one hand. It didn't take him long to figure out that it would go quicker if he did it himself. Before his pants even hit the floor I had my hand around his meat and was guiding it to my mouth. It was a littler thinner and longer than yours, and it was very hard. He didn't last long in my mouth and he pumped out so much cum that I couldn't swallow it fast enough, so some of it dribbled out and down my face. He apologized for not warning me that he was going to cum, but I told him it was OK and used my finger to wipe off the stuff that had run out onto my face and then licked it clean." She recounted, her breathing a little ragged at this point as I started finger fucking her with the hand I had sneaked up the leg of her shorts.  
  
"It wasn't long after than and I had my first orgasm for the day, and it was a doozy. I could feel it all the way down to my toes and up to my nose. Anyway, while I was recovering from that Greg put his hard dick into me. I was super wet, so he slid in all the way in one stroke. It felt so good. He was a little thicker than you, but maybe not quite as long. He still filled me up though, and he pounded me for quite a while on the table. He had more stamina than I would have thought for a man his age. Like I said, he was in good shape, just a little bit of a beer belly, but it looked kind of sexy on him. Oh, yeah, he had a really hairy body. You know how I like that. I came twice on his cock before he said he was ready to cum, so I told him I wanted him to cum in my mouth. He pumped a few more times and then barely got it in my mouth before it started squirting. The taste of me mixed with his cum was delicious and I told him so." She stopped talking because I had her close to her climax, but I didn't want her cumming just yet, so I pulled my hands out of her shorts.  
  
"Oh, please make me cum." She begged.  
  
"Not yet. You have to finish your story first. But before you continue, I want you to strip. The rest must be done naked. I want you to play with yourself too, but you can't cum until I say so." I ordered. I knew she she still was embarrassed to masturbate for me (or anyone else for that matter), but I also knew she liked being dominated and humiliated a little.  
  
"OK, you're the boss." She replied and removed all her clothes.  
  
I sat back in the chair and watched as she started playing with her tits. "OK, continue your story and don't leave out any details." I said as I idly played with my cock, but not too much since I didn't want to cum yet either.  
  
"Greg suggested that we find somewhere to be more comfortable. The downstairs spare bedroom was the closest, so I led them in there. Chris was now half hard and I took him into my mouth again. It took a few minutes but I got him completely hard again and laid back and told him to take me. He was not as experienced as you or Greg, but as I was told earlier, what he lacked in skill he made up for with youthful energy. He fucked me missionary for a long time, then he flipped me over and did me doggy style for almost as long. Finally he had me lay on my back on the bed while he stood beside it and fucked me that way. I lost count of how many times I came, probably three or four. I know he lasted at least forty-five minutes before he shot his load onto my tits." My wife was getting very excited again and I had to remind her not to cum. She removed her fingers from her sopping pussy with a disappointed look on her face and returned to playing with her tits.  
  
"Greg was hard again my then and he fucked me again too. He tried out all kinds of positions, some that I didn't even know existed, like sideways. I'll have to show that one to you sometime. Anyway he pounded me for about a half an hour before he shot his load deep in my pussy. He even asked for permission before he did, he's such a sweetie. After that Greg said they had better get back to work, but asked if they could have lunch with me tomorrow. I told them sadly, no, I would be a that gym all morning and I had errands to run after that. He said that he didn't know when they would be in the area again, but that he would leave his card in case we wanted to get that work finally done in our back yard. He said that he was sure I could negotiate a steep discount on the labor!" She was nearing her orgasm again, but I didn't stop her because I figured the story was almost finished.  
  
"After they left I noticed that the blinds on the window were up. I wondered if old man Jacobson next door saw anything. I know he's got to be at least 65, but the thought that maybe he wacked off his old meat while watching us still made me hot. Oh, god, I'm going to cum." She had two fingers back in her sloppy cunt, making sexy squishing sounds.  
  
"Oh shit, so am I!" I groaned.  
  
"On my tits, shoot it on my tits!" She yelled.  
  
I stood up and shot my load all over her beautiful tits. That was all it took for her and I watched as a powerful orgasm ripped through her body. I collapsed on the sofa next to her. As she rubbed my milky white man cum into her sweaty tits I wondered if this was just an isolated incident or if it heralded a new kinky chapter in our lives. As it turned out, I didn't have to wait long to discover the answer to that question.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 07**

The next day when I got home my wife was already sitting on the living room sofa in the nude. It didn't a genius to figure out why.  
  
"Another adventure today?" I asked as I sat down in the chair.  
  
"Yes. I've been a very naughty girl again." She replied submissively. I wondered what brought that particular trait out.  
  
"Well, then my little slut-wife, you had better start playing with your sexy body while you tell me about it." I ordered, playing up on the dominant/submissive theme for the moment.  
  
"When I got home from the gym and running some errands, Mr. Jacobson from next door came over for a visit. He said he had witnessed my tryst with Greg and Chis yesterday and had taken a large amount of pictures through the window. He even showed me a few of them." She started telling her story as he hands roamed over her naked body.  
  
Wow, the old coot WAS peeping after all. The old pervert. Although I could hardly blame him; if I was an old retired guy and had a sexy young woman like Jolene living next door, I'd keep and eye on her too.  
  
"I wasn't sure what he was up to, so I acted embarrassed and begged him not to tell my husband. Little did he know I'd be telling you! Anyway, he said that was exactly what he'd do if I didn't do what he said. I acted like I was afraid and asked him what he wanted. He said that from now on I would be his submissive sex slave and would do whatever he demanded." She continued recounting her story.  
  
"I take it you accepted his conditions." I interrupted.  
  
"After begging him to come up with something else he wanted, yes, I agreed. I was surprised that thinking about being submissive to him was getting me hot. But when I looked at him I realized that he was still pretty good looking close up, not wizened like I expected. He said for this first time he just wanted to 'sample the charms of my nubile body'. He had me strip for him and then he ran his hands over every inch of my body, especially my tits and pussy. He said he really liked how smooth my skin was, especially my snatch. He said it had been thirty years since he had seen and felt such a sexy woman. Then he removed his clothes. His body wasn't ugly at all; in fact it was sexy in a weird way. But his cock! His cock was beautiful." She said, her sexual excitement at the memory obvious.  
  
"In what way?" I asked.  
  
"It was long and wide, with a slight upward curve and a large head. As soon as I saw it I had to hold it, so I reached out to take it in my hands. He teased me for being impatient and called me a cock-slut. Then he made me say I was a cock-slut and beg for his cock before he would let me hold it. I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt in my hands: hard and pulsing with sexual energy. Who could've guessed that an old guy could be hiding something like that in his pants? I asked him if I could suck on it and he told me he had been waiting for a long time for that. But I couldn't get it all in my mouth. I tried, I really did, but it was just too long and wide. He seemed to enjoy it anyway and told me not to feel bad. He said that only his wife had been able to take all of it in her mouth and she died ten years ago. Just imagine, he probably hadn't had sex in ten years!" Jolene exclaimed.  
  
I could tell by her breathing that she was getting close to her climax, but since she seemed to be holding it off I just let her continue with her story.  
  
"At that point I just had to have him in me. I wanted to be his first fuck in ten years, so I asked him to put it in me. He teased me again and said I would have to be more specific and graphic with my request if I was to get what I wanted. So I said "Please fuck my slutty cunt with your magnificent cock." This seemed to please him because he mounted me and slowly fed that monster to my pussy, which was on fire by now. I'm glad he went slow, because it took a few minutes for me to become accustomed to his size. See how stretched out I am." She said and pulled her pussy lips apart for me to inspect.  
  
I leaned over, and sure enough, her hole was stretched out more than I'd ever seen it. I wasn't worried though, I knew it would return to normal by tomorrow.  
  
"He only lasted about ten minutes, even though he stopped several times to hold off his orgasm. I didn't care though, because he was hitting my g-spot with every stroke and I came several times before he finally hit his climax. I couldn't believe how much spunk he pumped into me. I've been catching and eating it for the last hour as it leaks out. Isn't that just so perverted? God that makes me so hot." And then she came on her fingers making blissful squeaking sounds.  
  
I couldn't wait any longer myself. I pulled off my pants and slammed my hard shaft into her still quivering snatch. We rutted like animals there on the sofa, furiously slapping our bodies together as we each sought out our own satisfaction. My wife's second orgasm in as many minutes triggered my own, after which we both collapsed on the sofa. As we laid there together enjoying the contact between our hot bodies Jolene told me that she convinced Mr. Jacobson to keep her indiscretions secret, otherwise I might find out and the fun would be over. He agreed to that and said he was planning on having a lot of fun with her and that he would be 'in touch'. I couldn't help shaking my head, amazed at the direction our lives had taken.  
  
Later as I thought about Jolene's experience with Ed Jacobson I realized that he hadn't really taken advantage of any of her "Shazam" conditioning. He didn't say "please" and wasn't particularly polite, although he wasn't cruel either. It seemed that my wife was developing a submissive side, but it seemed to be selective. So far I'd only seen it really come out for Ed, and to a lesser extent, me. I didn't know yet if this was something to be concerned about, but I decided to keep an eye on it never the less.  
  
Jolene spent the next day with a friend of hers, Jackie, shopping and what ever else woman do when they get together. She called me late in the morning and asked if I wanted to have lunch with them. I accepted and we met at a popular local lunch spot. This was a nice place with real linen tablecloths and flowers on the table. I hadn't seen Jackie for a few months and again I was amazed at how much alike they were. In fact, now as I chatted with them it seemed they were even more alike than ever. Jackie was always more outgoing and physically active, so she had the physique of an athlete. She was also an outrageous flirt, and although I never took advantage of it, I always felt she was attracted to me.  
  
"I was telling Jolene earlier that she was really looking fit." Jackie said, looking at me.  
  
"I agree. It's all that martial arts training." I replied.  
  
"I guess she's dangerous now." Jackie responded.  
  
I chuckled. "You should see her head kicks. Totally awesome."  
  
"Oh, stop it you two. You are embarrassing me." Jolene objected, but not too strenuously as she put her hand on my leg and squeezed affectionately.  
  
"In fact, I was just thinking how much alike you two are these days. You could almost be sisters." I said, vocalizing my earlier thoughts. The women laughed off my comment, but they did glance at each other; perhaps appraising my opinion. At this point our food arrived and we continued to chat breezily while we ate, everybody comfortable with the company.  
  
"I can't get over how good you look, Jo." Jackie said to my wife.  
  
"You mean sexy." I blurted.  
  
"Peter!" Jolene cried as Jackie laughed, but I could tell that my wife was not really upset.  
  
"Well it's true." I said, defending myself.  
  
"He's right, you know." Jackie agreed.  
  
"You should talk, Jac. You're the biggest flirt on the planet!" Jolene countered.  
  
"Well at least I'm not sexually repressed." Jackie threw back.  
  
"Repressed! I am not sexually or any other way repressed." My wife objected.  
  
"Oh, come on Jo! You are so uptight about sex and always have been. I mean, you are so pretty and have such a nice body, but you dress so conservatively. I'll bet you don't even own a bikini." Jolene's friend teased.  
  
"I am not uptight, and I do own a bikini. Shows what you know." Jolene answered.  
  
I was interested to see where this was going, so I supported Jackie's position, even though I knew that it was essentially wrong. "Actually Jolene, I just bought that for you recently." I said.  
  
"It doesn't count if your husband had to buy it for you. When was the last time you bought anything sexy for yourself?" Jackie asked.  
  
"That doesn't mean anything. I'm plenty adventurous sexually." My wife claimed.  
  
"Oh, really. Well, why don't we test that. I dare you to take off your bra." Jackie challenged.  
  
"What, right here, right now?" Jolene asked, a little shocked at her friend's dare.  
  
"Yes, right here and now. Take it off and give it to your husband." Jackie requested.  
  
My wife looked at me for support and I just winked at her. She looked back at her friend with a determined look in her eye and then reached behind her back to unhook her bra. She was wearing a simple V-neck pull-over type blouse, but I could see her breasts relax a little when she last hook was undone. Then Jolene did that trick where she reached up one sleeve to pull the shoulder strap off her arm and then pulled the entire bra out the other sleeve. She handed the white daily bra to me and I put it into my suit coat pocket.  
  
Jackie beamed at Jolene. "Well, well, maybe Peter is right. Maybe you have changed." She mused. "Put your hand on his crotch."  
  
My wife moved her hand from my thigh to my crotch and squeezed my hard cock through my pants.  
  
"Is he hard?" Jackie asked.  
  
"Yes." Jolene answered.  
  
"I think lunch is over. We have more shopping to do Jo." Jackie stated.  
  
That night when I arrived home Jolene showed me some of the new clothes that Jackie had picked out for her. Some of it was from Victoria's Secret and some of it was from places like Macy's, but it was all sexy. I had her model everything for me and I let he know how much I approved of her new wardrobe.  
  
On Friday afternoon my wife called me at work and said that Ed had called and told her to put on her shortest, sexiest dress and to come over to his house. She said he instructed her to just let herself in the back door and to join him in the living room. I asked her which dress she was going to wear and she told me she was thinking of her new black cocktail dress. This is a dress that has a plunging neckline that shows a lot of cleavage, thin straps over the shoulders, no sleeves, a scooped out back that precludes a bra of any kind, and ends about three inches above the knee. Sexy indeed, classy, but not slutty. I told her to do what he said and that I'd see her when I got home.  
  
Even though this wasn't the first time that my wife was going to have sex with another man, this was the first time I knew about it ahead of time and didn't know what was going to happen. I tried to work, but I was so distracted that I left early. Maybe I would be a little less nervous if I was just next door. I was also kind of excited thinking about being there when Jolene got back home, just freshly fucked.  
  
I walked in the door of our home about two hours after I got the phone call from Jolene, but she wasn't there. I paced around a little, drank a beer, and tried to watch TV, but I couldn't get my wife off of my mind. I finally gave into my impulses and watched the video from the warehouse while I stroked my hard cock.  
  
That's the way she found me when she returned home. "So this is what you do when I'm out having sex with another man." She said, startling me. My wife was standing at the threshold between the dining room and living room dressed in the elegant cocktail dress.  
  
I pressed the pause button on the DVD player and before she could say anything else I said "Take off the dress. I want to see you how he last saw you."  
  
She pulled the front down off of her lovely tits and pushed the flimsy garment to the ground where it pooled at her feet. She just stood there, looking at me, her nipples beginning to harden as I watched. I looked down at her pussy. Even from where she was standing I could see her labia were puffy and pink.  
  
"Come over her lay down next to me. I want to look at your freshly fucked cunt." I ordered.  
  
She did as she was told, laying down on the sofa with her head at the other end from where I was sitting and her feet in my lap. I lifted one leg by the ankle and put it over the back of the sofa while I pushed the other one down on the floor. This put her pussy on full display with her legs spread lewdly. I could see the moisture trickling out of her hole and the smell of sex filled the air. Her entire snatch was wet and glistened in the light.  
  
"Tell me what happened after you called me." I requested.  
  
"I put on the dress just like I told you I would. I also decided to put on pantyhose, but I thought it would be naughty to go without panties, so that's what I did. Of course, I can't wear a bra with that dress, so that's all I had on when I went over there: the dress, the hose, and a pair of open-toed strappy shoes. I went out our back door, across the back yards, and into his house. I was in the kitchen as I had expected, so I found my way into his living room. He was sitting there in three piece suit, drinking a glass of wine. There was another full glass on the table next to him." She recounted.  
  
"You are so beautiful, I love the dress, he said. He offered me the glass of wine and asked me to sit down. Then he told me that he and his wife used to go out dancing all the time. They would dance all night and she would flirt with other men unmercifully, but she only went home with him. Then he asked me to dance with him. I said I would enjoy that, so he put on some nice big band music and we danced for a long time. He was really very good and I did enjoy myself." My wife continued.  
  
I could see in her eyes that she was telling the truth; she really did enjoy dancing with Ed. I wasn't surprised she loved to dance, but I wasn't very good. I vaguely felt a little jealous that there was something that another man could give her that I couldn't. I know this seems strange, because I didn't feel that way about sex, but that's the truth.  
  
"Suddenly he let me go and sat down. I thought maybe he was having a heart attack or something, but when I went to him and asked him if he was OK he just pushed me away and put his head into his hands."  
  
"You are so sweet, I just can't do this anymore. I'll destroy the pictures, just go home. He told me. His voice was sad and anguished. I asked him why, which seemed to surprise him. Because I can't continue to force you to cheat on your husband, he said. Then, almost like he read my mind he said, I know you aren't completely faithful to your husband, but I can't be part of such a deception."  
  
"Is it still cheating if he knows, I asked. He looked confused so I explained the situation and how you already knew about all my 'dalliances' including with him. He didn't understand how such a relationship could possibly work, but I convinced him that we loved each other and we were going to make it work no matter what. He told me that you, my husband, was a very lucky man. He asked me why I was interested in a man old enough to be my grandfather. I said that I didn't know why, but that I felt so submissive around him and that I couldn't refuse him any wish." Jolene said breathlessly.  
  
"You will do anything I say, he asked. Yes, I said. You must trust me completely, he said. Yes, I said again. Then he told me to take off my dress, and I took it off just like I did for you a few minutes ago. He told me again how beautiful I was and told me to get down onto my knees and take his cock out of his pants. When I had it in my hands again I marveled at how wonderful it felt and I told him that he had the most magnificent cock I'd ever seen. He said I really was a slut and it sent shivers down my spine. He asked me if I liked being called a slut and I told him it excited me." She said with mounting excitement.  
  
I slipped a finger into her well-used pussy and reveled in the heat and wetness I found there. I wanted to mount her and fuck her right then, but I held back. I wanted to hear the end of her story even more.  
  
"Oh, Peter, he fucked me with that beautiful cock of his in just about every room of his house. After he came the first time we took a break to drink some more wine and eat some cheese. Then I sucked on him until he was hard again and we fucked even more. I just couldn't seem to get enough of him. He made me cum so many times that I lost track. Finally he just got too tired and lost his erection, but by then I think I would have passed out if I had cum one more time anyway. I laid with him on his bed for a few minutes until he drifted of to sleep and then I came right back here."  
  
I couldn't wait any longer and mounted my wife, pushing my hard rod into her well used hole in one stroke. Jolene's eyes rolled back into her head and she started babbling incoherently as I pounded her snatch. It wasn't long before a strong orgasm shook her body. I kept fucking her as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her, the clutching of her pussy around my cock announcing each one. I had never seen anything like it before. Soon I could feel the inevitable churning in my balls as my own climax approached. Then my cock swelled, triggering yet another orgasmic spasm from my wife, and I squirted my juice deep into her wet passage. Even after all my semen had been spent my cock still spasmed a couple more times, my orgasm was so strong.  
  
After I recovered I realized that Jolene was not moving. I looked at her face and it looked like she was not conscious. I called her name and her eyelids fluttered. She "woke up", but seemed to be in a bit of a daze.  
  
"Are you OK?" I asked anxiously.  
  
"Hmmmm, yes." She answered. "You were great."  
  
Shit! I think she almost did pass out. After a bit of a rest I helped her upstairs and we had a nice refreshing shower. Even though I still felt a little frisky, I didn't start anything since I figured she needed the break to rest up. I wondered if she'd be sore in the morning.  
  
On Saturday we slept in, finally getting up at ten o'clock. Jolene was in a good mood and made us a hearty breakfast. The rest of the day went fast with chores taking up most of our time, but after the last few days the mundane felt kind of good.  
  
About five o'clock Jolene took a phone call and then came to me about five minutes later.  
  
"That was Jackie on the phone. She said that she got invited to a batchelorette party tonight and wanted to know if I'd go along. Apparently a few of the women that were initially invited had to back out and now Jackie is worried that it won't be very fun with a smaller group. I told her that we didn't have any plans and that I would go with her. Is that OK?"  
  
"Sure honey, no problem." I said, thinking she'd be safe with a bunch of women.  
  
A couple of hours later Jackie arrived to pick up my wife. She looked like she was dressed to go clubbing or something; nice, but not fancy. When Jolene came downstairs I liked what I saw. She was wearing a nice halter-type top with a hole that showed off some cleavage and a scooped back. I always liked the bare shoulder look. A pair of tight fitting jeans and open-toed sandals rounded out her wardrobe.  
  
"Have a great time." I yelled as they headed out the door.  
  
"Always do." Jackie shouted back.  
  
I wasn't really worried until it got to midnight and my wife still was not home. I tried her cell-phone, but it must have been off because it went immediately to voice mail. A little after one o'clock the two of them finally came staggering into the house, laughing and carrying on. I don't think they saw me sitting in the darkened living room.  
  
"So are you going to tell him?" Jackie whispered rather more loudly than I think she intended.

"Tell me what?" I asked from the darkness.  
  
Jackie put her hand over her mouth in surprise. Obviously she had not expected me to hear that. My wife was cool though, she just looked at her friend and said "Yes, of course."  
  
With that Jackie started looking uncomfortable and made a quick exit. Was that embarrassment I saw? That would be a first for Jackie. I looked at my wife.  
  
"I guess you have something to tell me." I said.  
  
"Yes I do, but let me give you setup first. The bride's name is Tiffany and her friend Gloria was the one who hosted her party. Gloria and her husband both have high paying jobs and they have a huge house, which is probably why the party was there. In all, I'd say there were about fifteen women there, so it was a pretty good sized group." She started.  
  
"From the start everything had a sexual theme. They had cock-shaped balloons and candy. All the drinks had names like 'Screaming Orgasm' and 'Sex On the Beach'. Some of the women had bought gag gifts for the bride like vibrators and crotchless panties. The liquor flowed and some of the women really started to get hammered, but I tried to stay fairly sober since I thought I might have to drive home; sometimes Jackie overdoes it. It was more uninhibited than I thought it would be, but also pretty harmless. That is, until the male strippers arrived." She said.  
  
"Strippers? Plural?" I asked, my interest now peaked.  
  
"Yes, there was two of them. I would say they were about twenty to twenty-five and pretty cut. One was kind of boyishly cute and the other one was more of the ruggedly handsome type. They moved to the middle of the big living room we were partying in and all the woman formed a big circle around them. They started the music on the boom-box they had brought with them and began their show. I had never seen male strippers before, so I was curious to see what it was like." Jolene continued.  
  
"So did you like it?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, it was fun to see a man strut his stuff for a change, but what surprised me were the other women. You would have thought from their reaction that they'd never seen a good looking half-naked man before. They were clapping, and hooting like you wouldn't believe. And Jackie was the worst of the bunch!" She exclaimed.  
  
"When they finally got down to their boxers they pulled the bride into the middle with them and did the bump and grind with her. She was very nervous and although she let them kiss her, when they tried to feel her up, she bolted. At that point they asked for a couple of volunteers from the audience and Jackie, never one to shrink from a challenge, raised her hand and mine! I pulled my hand down and looked at her like 'what do you think you are doing' and she just yelled 'come on you chicken, I dare you.' Then the other women started chanting 'do it, do it', so I figured, 'what the hell' and went along with Jackie into the center of the room with the strippers."  
  
Now I could feel that familiar tingling in my cock as it started to stir in my pants.  
  
"They brought two chairs out and placed them in the middle facing each other about six to seven feet apart. Then they had me and Jackie sit in the chairs while the men danced around us. At first they just rubbed themselves against us and kissed us. But after a while they started feeling us up through our clothes, starting with our tits but eventually putting their hands between our legs. I was enjoying the attention and as far as I could see, so was Jackie. The rest of the women were cheering and egging us on." My wife said, breathing a little quicker now as she relived the experience.  
  
"Then they removed their boxers, revealing a small thong that barely covered their semi-hard cocks. They both looked like they had nice packages and I could feel my pussy starting to juice up. The cute guy kind of sat down on my lap and started kissing and squeezing my boobs again and before I realized it he had untied the top of my blouse and pulled it down. Remember that I had on my demi bra, so not much was left to the imagination." She said and paused at this point.  
  
"What did you do then?" I asked.  
  
"Well, I was going to pull it back up, but he quickly pushed my bra down and started sucking on one while he pinched the nipple on the other. It felt so good that I just couldn't stop him. I think I even moaned, which just encouraged him further and he actually unclipped my bra and threw it away. My blouse went next which made the rest of the woman yell even louder. When he stood up I decided on some revenge and grabbed his ass with both hands. I pulled his barely covered cock to my face and put my mouth over it. As I breathed heavily on it I felt it twitch. The whole room was chanting "blow job, blow job", but I just let go and pushed him away." Jolene recalled.  
  
I was sporting a full hard-on now, imagining my wife topless and teasing this stripper.  
  
"When I looked up, Jackie was staring at me in surprise with her blouse and bra pushed up exposing her breasts. I guess it was OK for her to play around like that, but not for me. I just stood up and held my hand out to her. This seemed to snap her out of her shock and she pulled he bra and blouse back into place. Taking my hand she shouted in my ear that she couldn't believe I did that. I said, what, you were doing the same thing."  
  
"Jackie shouted back that she didn't put her mouth on the guy's crotch. I told her that was no big thing and started looking for my bra and blouse. I felt strange being the only woman there topless. I couldn't find my bra, so I just put my blouse on without it. At least I was covered."  
  
"We had another drink and I noticed that the group had thinned a bit. Some of the woman must have not liked the direction the party was going because there were now only about ten of us left. Then I noticed one of the strippers was coming towards me. He was still wearing only the thongs and some of the women were grabbing his ass and running their hands over his arms and chest as he walked by them."  
  
"When he got to me he stopped and said he had a favor to ask. He said that usually they do a final 'reveal' dance with the bride where they get completely naked. But there was a problem this time because she was just too shy to do it. He said it's a lot more entertaining if they have a woman dance with them and asked me if I'd be willing to do it. I asked what this 'dance' entailed and he said all that they really required me to do was to dance with them suggestively and remove their thongs when they tell me to. He said that they fondle and kiss the woman too in order to make it hotter, but nothing more than I'd already done. Anything beyond that was completely optional and up to me."  
  
"Jackie was listening to all this too and when I looked at her to see what she thought she had that look in her eye that said 'I dare you'. She must have thought that I wouldn't because she seemed surprised when I agreed. The stripper then asked for my name and I told him it was Jolene. He said that they would start the dance by themselves, but they would call out my name when they were ready."  
  
"It wasn't long before they started their last song and I think all of us knew they were going to get naked now. Soon everybody was chanting 'take it off' and they started acting like they were going to remove their thongs, putting their thumbs under the waistbands and such. Then they stopped and announced that they would like some help with that part and asked if everyone would like that. A couple of the woman tried to push Tiffany forward, but she was having none of that and stayed back. Then the stripper said, Jolene why don't you come up here and show them how it's done. I played it shy and shook my head no, but Jackie, playing along started pushing me forward chanting 'Go Jo'."  
  
"The rest of the woman picked up the chant and I relented, but acted reluctant to go. In actuality I was very excited and my pussy was dripping wet. At first they just danced on either side of me, kissing me and fondling me through my clothes. Then the younger looking one spoke into my ear and told me it was time. I knelt down in front of him, hooked my fingers into the waistband of his thong and slowly pulled it down. I licked my lips provocatively as his half-hard cock came into view and the other women cheered. After I pulled it down to the ground, he stepped out of them and I flung them over my shoulder. Then I turned around and did the same with the second stripper. I stood up and one moved behind me while the other was in front. They pressed up against me griding their hardening cocks into my butt and pussy. The first one spoke to me again and said that I could quit now if I wanted. I answered him by reaching down and grabbing his cock." She exclaimed excitedly.  
  
Now I was really hot too. I just wanted to rip my wife's clothes off and fuck the hell out of her, but I let her finish telling her story.  
  
"They took that as signal to push things, and they started by pulling my blouse off. They both played with my boobs and the one in front sucked on them. Before long they were pulling my jeans down and I stepped out of them. They were all over me now and the first stripper got down on his knees and stuck his face into my crotch. Once his tongue hit my clit I knew I was going to screw them both. At this point I was just gushing all over his face and I think he liked it, but I wanted more, so I pulled him up up, gabbed his dick, and laid down on the floor pulling him along. He started fucking me and it felt so good!"  
  
"It kind of turned into an orgy after that, even though there were only two men. Some of the women were obviously bisexual. For instance, when the stripper was fucking me one of the other women started pulling his cock out of me and sucking on it. Then she would lick me a few times and put it back in for a few strokes. She did this for quite a while before someone else came and stole the stripper from us; then she ate me until I came. Those two strippers had amazing stamina, but eventually they were sucked dry and couldn't get it up anymore. That's when the party kind of petered out." She breathed.  
  
I liked her final pun, but I didn't have time to think about it. I was too busy pulling her clothes off. Once again we had intense sex after my wife finished telling me about one of her adventures.  
  
Afterwards when we were cuddling in bed I thought about recent events. Even though Jolene was telling me everything that was happening to her, and sex with her was still great, I wanted to be more involved. I wanted to be there for some of her sexual exploits and take part myself. I began to realize that the only way would happen was if I arranged some of these events, instead of waiting for something to happen. Vague plans swirled in my mind as I drifted off to sleep.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 08**

As I pondered the current situation I realized that there were some potential problems looming in the near future. Although my wife had accepted her new behavior by way of her rationalization that she was now a slut, and although I was enjoying the resulting sex between us, there were still some issues to be resolved. The first was the matter of her safety. Eventually someone was bound to push things too far when they discovered her submissive/obedient nature. In these situations her martial arts training may not be enough; she needed to carry a weapon. I considered a number of options and eventually settled on a eighteen inch collapsible steel baton. Fully compressed it measures only six inches long and weighs just a few pounds making it relatively easy to carry in a purse or coat pocket. It can be quickly extended to it's full length with the flick of the wrist and when used properly can seriously augment one's defensive and offensive power. Plus, one of the regular instructors at our gym teaches baton tactics. So I bought the baton and signed Jolene up for the classes.  
  
The second issue was that although I loved hearing about all of my wife's sexual adventures and enjoyed the sex afterwards, I wanted to be involved in some. If I was present at more of them this would help ameliorate my safety concerns as well. The problem was that I had to work full-time and I couldn't just take off whenever it looked like Jolene was about to get into a potential sexual situation. And even if I could, my sudden presence could put a quick halt to the proceedings. The answer was obvious: I needed to organize, engineer, or otherwise plan events where my wife could have sex with other men and where my participation would not be deleterious. To be truly useful this would have to be done on a frequent basis. This would take some careful thought and creativity. What fun!  
  
My first inspiration came on Sunday while I was doing some yard work. I noticed that my neighbor Mac was outside working as well, so I stopped to talk to him for a bit. I mentioned that Jolene had recently purchased some new sexy clothes and lingerie and that I was thinking that a new photo shoot would be nice. He leaped at the chance, of course, and offered to do the shoot for us. But not only stills, video as well. I accepted his "offer" and told him to come over in an hour.  
  
Jolene used that hour to get ready and by the time that Mac arrived and setup his gear she was in her first outfit looking absolutely stunning. This time I took a more active role in posing my wife and moved on to the more explicit poses much quicker than before. By the time she came down in her final lingerie set, a see-through camisole, white thong panties, and "fuck me" pumps with four inch heels, both Mac and I were sporting very hard wood.  
  
After a few pictures with the entire outfit I had her remove the thong. I liked the look of her pussy on display, but her tits covered, or should I say partially covered. We took some more like that and then I had her remove the camisole slowly as Mac took a half a dozen pictures. Now we did the really slutty photos where Jolene was squeezing her tits and fingering her snatch. It was really hot, but I wanted to turn up the heat even more so I stepped into the frame and told my wife to get on her knees and take out my cock. I had Mac take pictures as she fondled my manhood and slipped it into her mouth. He captured some nice shots of Jolene licking the head of my cock and teasing it with her tongue. Then he took more as she opened her mouth wide and slowly lowered her head down until she had taken the entire length of my hard shaft.  
  
Now it was time for me to surprise Mac. We had hooked up the camera's video output to the big screen TV at the other end of the room so that I could see what Mac was seeing though the viewfinder. Up until now I had let him frame all the shots, but now I instructed him to move the camera a little to make some room on the other side of my wife. Mac looked confused until I told him to join us and then he his expression changed to one of surprise. He grabbed the remote for the camera and stood by Jolene where I indicated. Then I told my wife to turn around and suck Mac's cock. His surprise was replaced by joy as Jolene pushed his pants and underwear the ground. I had to remind him to continue taking pictures as she worked her oral magic on his hard cock.  
  
I pulled up on her hips so that she was on her hands and knees, her ass pointing invitingly at me. I aimed my cock right at her pussy, almost touching it. Mac zoomed in and took a couple of pictures as I held the pose. Then I inserted just the head into her steaming tunnel. I had to put my hand on my wife's back to keep her from pushing backwards. I could feel her body trembling as we held the pose so that Mac could take a couple of shots. Then I slid in half-way and had him take two more shots before I pushed all the way into Jolene's hot pussy. At this point I was done posing; I was fucking my wife with full strokes while she was blowing Mac and he was snapping picture after picture. After a minute of this I had Jolene turn around 180 degrees. Mac looked at me questioningly when she presented her ass to him and I nodded my assent. He looked like he was in heaven as he slowly sunk his hard dick into her wet pussy. My wife took my steel hard cock into her mouth and started bobbing her head up and down, fucking me with her face. We switched a few more times before Mac shot his load into her mouth and I shot mine onto her back. And it was all recorded in glorious ten megapixel digital photographs and digital video.  
  
After that Mac licked Jolene to a couple of orgasms while I took the camera off the tripod and got some closeups. Then she sucked him back to hardness and Mac and I spent the next hour and a half fucking my wife in every way we knew, including a double-penetration with me in her ass and Mac in her cunt. It was a wonderful afternoon and the pictures tuned out great. I've been thinking of posting some of them on the Internet, but I have not yet decided for sure.  
  
The next day was Monday and about eleven o'clock in the morning I got a call from my wife telling me that Ed had come over and was now shaving her cunt. She even used the word 'cunt', which she never does. I could hear Ed in the background telling her what to say, so I knew she was deep into her submissive persona. She had always kept her 'cunt' well trimmed, but apparently Ed wanted it completely bald.  
  
"I'm supposed to tell you that I must shave it every day because Ed hates stubble. If I don't I'll be punished." She breathed heavily into the phone.  
  
"What kind of punishment?" I asked.  
  
I heard some murmuring in the background as she passed on my question. "He says that bad girls get spanked, but that's just for starters." She relayed.  
  
Sounded like Ed was a bit of a BSDM guy. That could be interesting. "Better behave then." I told her.  
  
"I will, daddy." She said in a sultry voice. There was more murmuring. "I have to go now. Ed says he wants to try out my freshly shaved cunt. He's going to fuck me silly on our bed and then have me use his cum as a moisturizer on my cunt." She hung up.  
  
My cock was hard the rest of the day thinking of old Ed Jacobson shaving my slutty submissive wife and fucking her on our bed. Trying to get any quality work done these days was becoming difficult. I would have to learn a whole new meaning for the word 'professionalism' if I was going to maintain my work standards.  
  
When I got home I inspected her newly bald pussy. It gave her a kind of prepubescent look, until you noticed her tits; they were definitely adult sized! But despite this when we fucked it felt great, so I decided to let Ed have his way and let her keep shaving it. Afterwards I was thinking that if I kept up the current pace my dick was going to fall off. I knew that she needed more sex than even I and Ed could provide, but where could I find safe, clean men for her? I decided that I didn't want any more neighbors involved, nor anyone from work. All my friends were out too; they were all married and I didn't want to run the risk of ruining their marriages. For the moment I was stumped. And sore.  
  
My answer came from an unexpected direction. On Wednesday my boss called me into his office. He told me that he had been invited to a party being thrown on Friday night by the manager at another company we had just signed a big contract with. This contract was a joint venture to develop a new product and was important to our company. The problem was that my boss already had plans, but he didn't want to lose the opportunity to get to know the other team better. So he wanted me to go instead. They were more my age than his anyway, he rationalized, so I'd be able to get a better 'read' on them. It was a semi-casual affair at this other manager's home and he encouraged me to bring Jolene so that it wouldn't look like I was trying to spy on them. Of course, that was my assignment, but he didn't want it to look like that.  
  
Jolene was excited about the prospect of meeting some new people and readily accepted the invitation. I was worried about the potential consequences if she should get out of control, but I figured I could keep an eye on her well enough at a private home.  
  
When I returned home on Friday evening my wife was still getting ready so I took a quick shower and shaved. When she was finally finished she looked stunning. She had on a black cocktail dress that looked very sexy on her. It only showed a modest amount of cleavage, but was scooped low in the back and ended about three or four inches above her knees. It was obvious with so much of her back bare that she couldn't wear a bra with it, so her tits had a nice bounce when she walked. Actually, the little dress supported her better than I thought it would and the effect was sexy, but not slutty. Probably the right look for a party like this. She had on nice strappy, open toed shoes with about three inch heels and pantyhose. Her hair and makeup were tastefully done and it looked like she had gotten a manicure as well.  
  
When we arrived the party was already in full swing and after the obligatory introductions by the host we were free to mingle. As I had anticipated, Jolene received a lot of attention by all the men. I didn't mind because this distracted them and made it easier for me to 'work' them. The drinks were flowing freely, which in some ways also made my job easier, but I had to be careful not to drink too much myself.  
  
About an hour in I heard a voice that I recognized. I turned around and there was one of my best friends from High School, Tom Turner. Momentarily forgetting my wife I quickly walked across the room directly towards him.  
  
"Tom! It's good to see you." I exclaimed as I stuck my hand out. "What are you doing here?" I asked as he shook my proffered hand.  
  
"Pete! " He hailed me. "I could ask you the same thing."  
  
It turned out that he worked for the gentleman who was throwing the party; and in fact Tom was the system architect for the project. I told him that it looked like we were going to work together since I was the technical lead for the software development team on our end. He seemed pleased at that prospect. We talked and caught up on what we were each doing now.  
  
"So, are you married yet?" I asked him.  
  
"Was." He answered. "But we got divorced a year ago."  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry." I said.  
  
"Don't be. Tina turned into a real bitch after we got married. The only thing I miss is the sex, she was a real tiger in bed." He assured me.  
  
"You married a girl named Tina?" I asked, laughing.  
  
"Don't even go there." He warned, playfully. "So, I heard you and Jolene tied the knot. Couldn't she make it tonight?"  
  
"Yes, we did get married." I replied. "She's right over there." I said as I pointed to my wife.  
  
His eyes almost popped out of his head. "That's Jolene?" He asked incredulously. "Wow! She looks great."  
  
I chuckled. "Yeah, she sure does."  
  
We watched her talking a flirting with a small group of men across the room. "I can't get over how much she's changed since I last saw her." Tom marveled.  
  
"In what way?" I asked.  
  
"She's more confidant, less, um, reserved." He answered.  
  
"You mean less repressed." I half joked.  
  
"Well, I don't know about that, but she sure has changed." He replied.  
  
"Yeah, she really exudes sexiness now, doesn't she?" I offered.  
  
"Got that right. Man, you're one lucky bastard." He commented.  
  
"You don't know the half of it." I said cryptically. "Come one, let's get you two reacquainted."  
  
We waked across the room and I got my wife's attention. "Look who I found, honey."  
  
"Tom Turner! It's great to see you." She exclaimed and gave him a big hug. Tom was surprised for a moment, but then returned her affection with a squeeze of his own.  
  
"It's great to see you too. You look fabulous." He said to my wife as they hugged.  
  
We chatted for a while, but the conversation inevitably turned to shop talk between Tom and I and Jolene drifted off with a nice couple that had briefly joined us. As we continued to talk I took advantage of the fine bourbon that our host had stocked and probably drank more than I should have. Tom was taking it slower, but then he never was much of a drinker.  
  
Although we were pretty involved in our conversation I still kept track of Jolene, watching as she playfully flirted with all the men there. I noticed that Tom was doing the same thing, even though he was trying to be discrete. At some point while were were debating memory cache architectures I realized that Tom wasn't really listening to me anymore. It looked like he was distracted by something on the other side of the room. I glanced in that direction and didn't see anything of note. Then it struck me that it was what was missing that had his attention: my wife. I excused myself saying I needed to go to the bathroom, but in reality I was looking for Jolene.  
  
I couldn't find her inside the house, so I wandered outside by the side door. It was dark, but I made my way around the back using the moonlight. As I came around the corner I heard voices. I couldn't tell exactly what they were saying, however I did recognize that one of the voices belonged to my wife. I stopped by a large bush and peered around it. A couple was standing in the dim light, silhouetted slightly my light coming from a window. There was no doubt now, it was Jolene and one of the men from the party. They were standing close together, loosely in each others arms, talking quietly. After a minute or two they kissed, lightly at first, but then with more urgency. I noticed his hands started to wander over her back and down to her ass. When he brought them around to the front to grab her tits she stopped him. They talked briefly, and then my wife squatted down in front of him, lowered his zipper and pulled his hard cock out of his pants.  
  
I was fascinated watching her suck him off. She looked sexy as hell in her little cocktail dress, bobbing her head up and down on his manhood, her shiny lipstick just visible in the moonlight. He didn't last long and soon was pumping his seed into her mouth. She expertly took it all without spilling any and swallowed it down. After she milked him dry she tucked his softening member back into his pants and they turned and went back into the house.  
  
"Now that was erotic!" Tom said from behind me.  
  
I startled and whirled around to face my old friend. "What did you see? Did you follow me?" I stuttered.  
  
"Everything and yes, in that order." Tom answered. "But I still can't believe it. What is going on with you two?" He asked.  
  
I don't know why, maybe because I had too much to drink, or maybe because I needed to tell someone, but I told him the entire story starting with the attack in the alley. I poured out my soul and confessed my sins; I told him everything.  
  
"Bullshit." Was his response.  
  
"I can prove it." I stated confidently.  
  
"OK. Prove it." He challenged.  
  
"What? Now?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, now." He demanded.  
  
I didn't like being called a liar. "Come on then." I replied indignantly and headed back into the house the way I had come out. I found my wife in the living room with a fresh drink and laughing with a couple.  
  
"Follow me please." I said to her and headed out of the living room. She looked confused but followed me with Tom in tow as well. I led them upstairs and found an empty bedroom. After we were all inside I closed the door. Jolene looked at me quizzically and I simply answered her unspoken question with her hypnotic pass phrase. She immediately relaxed, her eyelids drooped and her face became emotionless.  
  
"What do you want her to do?" I asked.  
  
Tom snorted. "Have her take off her dress. The Jolene I knew would never do that."  
  
"Jolene, take off your dress." I simply said and she immediately pulled the thin straps off her shoulders and pushed the small dress down to the ground where it puddled up at her feet. She stood there completely naked except for her pantyhose and shoes while Tom looked at her in obvious lust.  
  
"She'll do anything?" He asked.  
  
"I think so, but I haven't really tried anything extreme." I answered.  
  
"Jolene, I want you to..." He started saying.  
  
"She can't hear you." I interrupted him. "Jolene, you can now hear Tom. Obey him as you would me."  
  
"Jolene, I want you to go downstairs and have sex with everybody there that's willing." He instructed.  
  
I was too shocked to say anything as my wife turned around, stepped to the door and opened it up. She was really going to do it!  
  
"Stop!" Tom ordered just as she was about to walk out of the room. "Close the door and come back here."  
  
Jolene closed the door and returned to where we were standing, seemingly oblivious as to what she was about to do.  
  
"Jolene, how many times a week do you have sex?" Tom asked.  
  
"About four or five." She answered truthfully.  
  
"With just Peter?" He queried.  
  
"Mostly." She said tonelessly.  
  
"So you have sex with other men too?" He continued his interrogation.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"How much sex would you like to have every week?" Tom asked her.  
  
"More." Was my wife's simple answer.  
  
"How much more?" He pressed.  
  
"A lot more." She responded.  
  
Tom looked at me. "I think she's answering truthfully. I don't think she really knows what her limits are yet." I explained.  
  
"Are you a slut that can't get enough sex?" Tom asked my wife.  
  
"Oh yes." She answered, almost enthusiastically.  
  
"I believe you Peter, but I think you have a problem, Dude." Tom told me. Finally someone who understood my predicament! "And fortunately I think I can help you out."  
  
"How?" I asked, suddenly suspicious.  
  
"By providing what you lack, starting with imagination." He said smugly.  
  
"What are you talking about?" I demanded.  
  
"Let me demonstrate." He replied. "Jolene, when you wake up you will feel like you've had way too much to drink. In fact, you will be near the point of passing out. You will remain awake and will feel and remember everything that happens, however you will not be able to stand up, hear, or talk. You will have no inhibitions and will not be able to stop anybody from doing whatever they want to with your body. Do you understand?"  
  
My wife nodded her head and said "Yes."  
  
"Good, now I want you to go and lay on the bed, on your back." Tom instructed and Jolene obeyed. "Now when I count to three you will wake up and feel drunk just as I told you."  
  
As he counted I wondered where he was taking this. How did he know that I fantasized about having men ravish my wife while she was drunk? Maybe all men that enjoy sharing their wifes have this fantasy, but regardless I had a feeling I was going to see it played out. Why didn't I think of giving her a post-hypnotic suggestion like that?  
  
As she laid on the bed, looking completely shit-faced drunk, Tom walked over to her and started fondling her tits. When she didn't respond except to moan weakly he slid his hand down her body and began rubbing her pussy through the nylons. Upon seeing that she wasn't going to stop him, Tom pulled her nylons down to her ankles and spread her legs.

"That's a great looking pussy." He stated. "I just can't resist them when they are bald." And he proceeded to climb between her legs and lick her snatch.  
  
Jolene just whimpered and moaned the entire time, but otherwise she appeared to be nearly comatose. After she shuddered in an apparent orgasm Tom pulled his pants down and quickly mounted her. I guessed that he hadn't had sex in a while because he slammed into her very forcefully and jackhammer fucked her for only thirty seconds or so before he was emptying his spunk deep into her pussy. When he was finished he stepped back and admired his handiwork.  
  
"Did you like that?" Tom asked me.  
  
I could only nod my head at that point, not trusting my voice.  
  
"I thought you would. You go hide in the closet and I'll spread a rumor that your wife is drunk up here pulling a train and you can watch." He said.  
  
I looked at him in alarm, not sure if that was a good idea.  
  
"Don't worry, all the guys here are clean and discrete. A couple even have vasectomies. You can trust them. You can trust me." He reassured me. It must have been the alcohol, or the prospect of seeing my wife being used in this manner, but I couldn't say no.  
  
I headed into the closet and Tom left the room, but kept the door open an inch or two. I waited for about five minutes before I heard someone approach the door and open it slowly. It was one of the men that I had met much earlier in the evening, but I couldn't remember his name. He peered into the room and whispered my wife's name, probably trying to ascertain if she was really out of it or not. Not getting an answer he entered the room and closed the door. He approached the bed and called out her name a little louder, but still she didn't respond. Emboldened, he put his hand on her knee and slowly slid it down her thigh until he reached her sopping pussy.  
  
"Nice snatch." He said as he leaned over and cupped one of her breasts. "Great tits too."  
  
Jolene mumbled incoherently and moved her head slightly, but otherwise didn't visibly react to him as he played with her nude body. After a few moments he unzipped his pants and pulled out his hard cock. Then he retrieved a condom from his wallet and rolled it onto his prick before climbing up onto the bed and slipping it into my nearly unconscious wife's pussy. He began pounding her fiercely, using her as a fuck toy to get himself off. This was pure selfish sex with no concern for Jolene or any thought for her enjoyment. It was also one of the hottest things I'd ever seen. How fucked up is that?  
  
He maintained that pace for only a couple of minutes before he came, grunting and repeating "Oh fuck". When he was finished he got off the bed and removed the condom, dropping it in a nearby garbage can. "Man, you are one hot bitch." He said before walking out of the room, leaving the door partly open like it was when he arrived.  
  
Three more men came into the room and fucked my wife. Only one of them used a condom, the other two rode her bareback, shooting their loads into her pussy, but they all used her as a cum dump. Even so, I think she orgasmed a few times herself. There was a long pause after the last guy and I was starting to think about getting the hell out of there when I saw the bedroom door open again.  
  
This time it was the host, Darren and his wife Lucy! "Oh, aren't we the drunken little slut." Lucy scolded Jolene. "I think you need to teach her a lesson about getting drunk at parties." She said to her husband.  
  
He just smiled and dropped his pants, freeing the largest cock I'd ever seen in person. It was at least eight or nine inches long, which was impressive enough, but the head was huge and looked all out of proportion to the size of his shaft which was no larger around than mine. He really looked like he had a spear sticking up out of his pelvis instead of a cock. He climbed on the bed and rubbed that huge head up and down Jolene's wet slit getting it lubricated. Then he positioned his impressive tool at her entrance and started pushing forward. At first it didn't look like he was making any progress getting it into her, but he kept up the pressure and slowly began to sink in.  
  
"Yes, show her what a real man feels like." Lucy encouraged her husband.  
  
"Oh fuck, she's so fucking tight." Darren moaned.  
  
Now I was glad that those other five guys had fucked her first, otherwise I'm not sure she would have been able to accommodate him; I think he had the largest cock that had ever been in my wife's pussy, even including Ed Jacobson. Jolene started babbling something and flopping her head back and forth. Darren must have interpreted that as "too much, too much" or something because he backed his huge dick out of her pussy. My wife experienced only a brief respite, however, because as soon as it was out Darren reversed his motion and started pressing his cock back into her. He manged to get more of his impressive cock into her well used cunt before backing out again. He kept doing this, patiently working it in deeper and deeper until he finally hit bottom, his pubic bone pressed up against Jolene's. Now the serious fucking started and my wife became as animated as I'd seen her since Tom took her out of the hypnotic state. But despite my fears, she did not wake up from her "drunken" state.  
  
"Fuck, I'm gonna cum soon." Darren exclaimed.  
  
"She must be a hot cunt." Lucy commented lustily.  
  
"Oh god, her pussy is so tight and hot." He hissed through clenched teeth. "Fuck, she's cumming, oh god."  
  
Darren thrust into my wife's pussy one last time and moaned as he shuddered and pumped his jism into her depths. Lucy grabbed his ass and squeezed it. "Pump all your juice into her hot cunt, yeah." She encouraged her husband.  
  
Darren held his cock inside Jolene for a few moments as his wife played with his balls and ass. When he pulled out and climbed off the bed Lucy got down onto her knees and cleaned off his dick with her mouth. When she was finished she tucked Darren's softening cock back into his pants and he left the room, however Lucy stayed.  
  
"Come on out." She said as she looked in my direction. "I know you're in here."  
  
I knew I was busted, so I stepped out of the closet, slightly embarrassed at being caught voyeuring my wife. Lucy surprised me yet again by pulling her dress off and removing her tiny pair of panties. Then she climbed up on the bed between my wife's legs. "Come on over her and fuck me while I suck all the cum out of your wife's slutty cunt." She instructed me.  
  
If I had not been drinking and incredibly horny from what I had just witnessed, I probably would of declined her offer. As it was I just walked up to her, dropped my trousers and pushed my rock hard cock into her wet pussy. She was not as tight as Jolene, probably because of her husband's size, but the sound of her slurping at my wife's pussy was still pushing me quickly towards my climax. I tried to hold it off and did manage for a few minutes, but when Jolene started creaming on Lucy's tongue it triggered my own trip to ecstasy city.  
  
After I pulled out of her Lucy continued to lick juices flowing out of my wife's pussy for a few minutes. When she was finally finished she pulled her dress back on and wiped off her face with a tissue.  
  
"We haven't had a fun couple like you at one of our parties for quite a long time. You are welcome back any time." She told me and left the room, closing the door tightly.  
  
I figured the evening was over, so I put my wife back into a hypnotic state and suggested that while she was still drunk, she was feeling better and could now walk and talk, albeit not too well. I also set it up to expire during the night while she slept so that she would feel mostly normal in the morning. When I woke her up she was groggy as expected and I had to help her get her nylons back up and her dress on. As we slowly made our way down the stairs I noticed that most of the guests had left, so we were able to make a discrete exit. Well, discrete in this circumstance was relative, but we got out of there without any awkward questions.  
  
Jolene tried to talk to me, but I shushed her and put her to bed when we got home. I told her to sleep and that we would talk in the morning. I had a feeling I'd be hearing from Tom soon and for the first time in a long time I was not feeling as apprehensive about the future.