**My First Marriage**

by FishMan

***Introduction***

*This story is based on events of my first marriage in the years 1971-1972. We did not stay married. I should have responded differently if I was older, but I was as young as she was, and it hurt me.*

*In addition, it was the fact that it took place in the neighborhood where had grown up, not long after my father had died. And some of the men involved were old army buddies of my dad, practically uncles to me.*

*Not that I blamed them in the end. In a way my "uncle" Henry was looking out for me. He had stood in at my wedding like my dad and I would not have thought he would get involved but he felt that she was getting what she deserved.*

*After our divorce I heard more things about her, and I will add those stories now to the whole.*

*I am thinking that that the whole thing happened because of her repressed up-bringing, being a Mormon, which made her the way she was, but I don't know. Even at the end she seemed so confused about her feelings. She was ashamed of it of course and very emotional when I found out and made her tell me all about it, but she just didn't seem to understand what had happened. She didn't even think that it was her fault. She had not wanted me to be hurt. She still wanted me to love her. But I just could not stand it.*

*She must not have been happy in our marriage. She did not feel as loved as she should, I guess. But what was it she wanted?*

*She did everything she could to make me love her. She would do anything to make me happy, she said.*

*For that matter she just wanted to make Mr. Miller happy. She just wanted him to love her too.*

*She would do anything to make him happy too. Or at least that is how it had started, she said.*

*He had told her that he loved her, and she had not wanted to hurt him. She just wanted to make him happy.*

*Mr. Miller was her boss at the Jewelry store where she worked.*

*I should have guessed what was going on. She couldn't help herself, I guess. Once it started it just kept rolling…*

Installment #1: I find out about her "show" at Bob's Bar--my father's own hang-out

My first wife was just out of high school when I married her in 1971. We were married only a little more than one year and then I divorced her.

My wife Karen had gotten so she could not help herself. She was in and could not stop.

I am thinking it was because of the repressed up-bringing she had, being a Mormon, which made her the way she was, but I don't know. Even at the end she seemed so confused about her feelings. She was ashamed of it of course and very emotional when I found out and made her tell me all about it, but she just didn't seem to understand what had happened. She didn't even think that it was her fault. She had not wanted me to be hurt. She still wanted me to love her. But I just could not stand it.

She did everything she could to make me happy. She would do anything to make me happy, she said.

For that matter she just wanted to make Mr. Miller happy. She would do anything to make him happy too. Or at least that is how it had started, she said. He had told her that he loved her and she had not wanted to hurt him. She just wanted to make him happy.

Mr. Miller was her boss at the Jewelry store where she worked. I should have guessed what was going on. I could see by the way he looked at her that he had a crush on her. I thought it innocent. I saw how Karen responded and blushed at his compliments that she was affected by it; it flattered her. She had had little experience with men before me. I should have gotten suspicious by the way she was kept late after work for hours and hours after closing and I should have wondered about the jewelry he let her "borrow." What she did, she said to me tearfully, she did because he loved her . . . it didn't mean that she did not love me.

But, I said to her bitterly, that doesn't explain what happened at the bar?

She confessed she had not refused what he wanted; she felt confused; she didn't want to do it but she had wanted to make Mr. Miller happy. They were his friends and they were nice to her. She really believed this, I think. She just wanted him to be happy. That is really what got her into the mess.

To think how often I met her after work, after things had happened with Mr. Miller, and he met me and talked to me and so on, all the while thinking about what he had done to her, and she -- I don't know what she was thinking -- I mean, thinking back on it, she must still have the taste of him in her mouth, even when she kissed me. She acted like nothing was wrong, although she often looked flushed, often smelled of booze, and was very quiet going home and was unresponsive to me in bed. I did wonder. I did begin to suspect things. Then finally the "big event" happened.

Mr. Miller had scheduled an inventory at the jewelry store on a Saturday, a day they were normally closed, and she said she had to work all day. She came home very late that day, exhausted, she was obviously drunk and went to the bedroom, put on her nightgown, and got into bed and went to sleep without a word. The next morning she did not want to go to work. I don't know why, but I looked in her purse and found a roll of cash, ten-dollar bills, one-hundred and eighty dollars in all. I asked her where she got it from and she was evasive. Then she tried to tell me Mr. Miller had given it to her instead of paying her overtime. This made some sense but then when she got up and took off her nightgown to take a bath, I saw what had been done to her and now I had a very good reason to be suspicious and I asked her again and she broke down crying and confessed.

She told me a lot of it, but not all of it by any means. She confessed her "affair" with Mr. Miller and then as a I badgered her about the money and after much sobbing and tears she admitted that was not all, and the story unfolded how he had taken her to the bar in the afternoon after inventory for "lunch", and how they went into a backroom of the bar where she said some of his friends sometimes met in a kind of club, she said -- men I knew, men who were Mr. Miller's age, who were my father's age, some of whom knew my father for Christ's sake -- they were waiting there for her. "And Mr. Miller told me. . . he said that he wanted me to... he said all they wanted.... just wanted tos ee me...." she looked up at me pathetically through her tears as she sat naked on the bed, holding her hands at her knees, leaning, head down in shame.

I looked down at her. Shocked. Blinking in anger and astonishment.

I asked stupidly: "What do you mean? . . . You took off your clothes? At Bob's? At his bar?"

She nodded sobbing and I raged. I stared down at her bare breasts and her obscene bare slit. It looked puffy, chaffed. Realizing how others had seen her just so. Perhaps touched her.

I was speechless. She covered her face. I stood angrily.

"They paid you?" I blurted. "You were naked?"

She shook her head, "You don't understand."

"That's where the money came from. They paid you ... to take off your clothes!"

She protested that no, that is not it, she only did it because she Mr. Miller wanted her to do it. She did not want to do it.

"But you did it, didn't you?... Then what? What else did you do?," my mind was reeling.

"He said they only wanted to look," she replied naively. The tears now welling up again, she covered her face with her hands. But when she said that, seeing her naked sitting on the end of our bed--her peaked breasts, her bare (now hairless) lap, seeing what they had done to her--I saw in a sudden realization that this, exactly this was just the way they had seen her in that backroom, naked like this -- my wife completely naked for I don't know how many men, naked just like this. And then what? Was that all? She took off her clothes for them and then what? What happened after that? And I remembered how long she had been gone -- for hours and hours --six, eight, ten hours in that backroom with them from her lunchtime until long after midnight. Had they kept her naked with them in that backroom for all that time? What else had they done to her? I could see what they had done to her!

"What happened then?" I demanded. "Who was there? Who saw you?"

She looked away. She would not reply. Then she put her hands to her face and cried loudly and I insisted she tell me.

She shook her head. "It's not what you think," she sobbed. I got upset enough that I slapped her. and ran to the bathroom, shut and locked the door

I called her a slut. I said many terrible things to her.

I railed at her, but she would not answer me. She would not tell me who was there. Or what more had happened though I could guess.

She would not tell me. But I was sure there was more. When I asked her if I knew any of the men who had seen her naked, she would not reply. Exasperated I left the apartment. I went to my parents. I did not see her for more than a month. I called the apartment. But she was never home. I knew she had gone back to work. I could just imagine what was going on. I saw her only once more time, several week later to confront her with more painful details. We eventually divorced.

I don't know that I would have reacted this way once I was older. But what she had done really hurt and sickened me. An affair with a man old enough to be her father or my father was very hurtful but letting herself be displayed naked to I don't know who. But I could guess. I knew what Bob did at his bar; my dad had told me stories. Bob was an old army buddy from the war and many of his buddies hung out there. My dad too. And my "uncle" (not my real uncle but my father's best friend, who had stood in to be my best man at my wedding after my dad died last year).

And I went there sometimes too and some of my friends, guys in the neighborhood I grew up with, went there sometimes, one of them worked as bartender. Had they seen her naked? And what else? I suspected, she let them do things to her -- I felt I could not forgive her.

Miller went to same bar. That was how she had met him and had got her job. Hell, I think I introduced her to him. I remember how grateful she was to get the job. It was her first real job and we needed the money. He was very generous in the pay he gave her. I should have guessed. I could see he was attracted to her. But a lot the men there flirted with her and she enjoyed it and I teased her about it.

I remembered how he flattered her on her "figure" as he called politely called it and how she blushed. I could see how he looked at her legs and how she pretended not to notice. I should have known.

I wanted to confront Miller, but I did not have the guts. I drove by his jewelry store a couple times but could not go in. I thought I might find her there.

About three weeks later, out of spite or some twisted prurient curiosity, I went down to the bar where she had done her "show." The bar was Bob's bar. A bar that had been the neighborhood bar in the neighborhood where I had grown up. It had been my Dad's bar before he died. And many of my friends and I used to hang out at there before we went off to college -- Bob would let us drink beers in the backroom out of sight of the public. One of my friends sometimes worked there as a bartender.

I was certain she had not told me everything. I thought maybe Bob would tell me. He must know. It could not have happened unless he let it happen.

Going into the bar, knowing that these regulars -- some I recognized -- sitting around the place all knew me and also evidently "knew" my wife, may well have even been among those who had seen her do her "show;" it made me a little sick, the way they looked knowingly at me, commenting to each other so I could not hear. This was hard to do. But I had to know more.

I told Bob what I knew, not knowing the half of it really. He commiserated with me, called me "pal" (like my Dad used to) and gave me free liquor and got me very drunk. Then I asked him to tell me what he knew.

He said he had something to show me. He took me to the backroom of the bar where he kept his extra booze, and actually it was another part of the bar, closed off, a private club that used to be there during prohibition era, I guess.

It was much smaller than his main bar and set up with a built-in bar on one side and a row of booths opposite it and in between maybe one-half dozen or so small rounds with wooden chairs. At the back of the room was a kind of low rise, a sort of stage.

I knew the place. My Dad had taken me here when I turned 18 (you could drink at that age).

Bob sometimes hired strippers. I had seen a couple myself. My Dad took me after I turned 18. And then, the last time I went, Bob brought a middle-aged woman who was just some plain ordinary housewife. Her husband was a well-known lush and owed Bob a huge bar tab. The room was full up. Filled with smoke and loud talk. But once Bob brought her in it got quiet. You could hear her heels click on the floor. She looked at no one. No one said anything because this was not the ordinary thing. Bob pushed her up onto the little stage and into the glare of the hot spots. She raised her hand to shield her eyes. Bob grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face the room. I recognized her. Men stood about with drinks in their hands or sat at the tables. Not speaking or speaking low to one another with glances at her as she stood on the stage and Bob left her there alone. I admit I was both sickened and intrigued, or I should admit I wanted to see it, what she looked like, without her clothes. She did not say anything. No one said anything. She said it. She undressed, dropping clothes to her side. When she had taken off everything but her underpants, she stopped and looked up and looked for Bob and asked if that was enough. Showing her tits to them. It was the first time I myself had seen bare breasts, nipples. Strippers always wore pasties. Her nipples seemed astonishingly obscene. She was obviously uncomfortable and ashamed of herself.

Some of the men laughed when she asked if it was enough. Bob said: "It's all or nothing, honey." He called her" honey." Like he usually called my wife. So this would be the first time I ever saw a hairy pussy and the first time seeing a woman completely naked head to toe with the lights on.

Bob let her run to the bathroom after a moment of dreadful embarrassment and teasing, and all cheered. I left a little while after. But I did notice before I left that several men lined up at the door of the bathroom and at turns were filing in and out as one or in twos as one or more came out. No one ever said anything about it. Neither she nor her husband came around the bar after that.

So I knew well enough what had happened to my wife. When I asked him to tell me what happened, Bob seemed especially solicitous and deferential. I think he felt genuinely sorry for me.

Some round tables were pushed up close to the stage, two or three chairs shoved up to each and he beckoned me to sit beside him there.

But what was really odd. . . there was a Formica-topped kitchen table alone on the center of the stage and a single matching kitchen chair next to it. He turned on lights. Overhead lights lit up the kitchen table -- a hot harsh light -- while the rest of the room was lit in dim ambience by golden sconces above the booths and behind the bar. He made us drinks and I stood looking up near the stage looking at that kitchen table with the lights glaring on it.

He brought the bottle over and some glasses and we sat at a round table directly in front of the stage and he also brought out a big oblong ledger, except that it wasn't a ledger.

He put it in front of me and turned it about so I could see. It was a photo album.

He flipped open to the first page. Then I saw what he wanted me to see.

Pictures of my wife right here in this room, this bar.

Dressed in the clothes she had put on that morning. Grey sweater. Plaid skirt. Bobby socks and penny loafers.

Standing alone as she came in the door to the backroom, surprised the flashbulb of a camera perhaps, or surprised by the presence of so many men, turning to look at her, looking like a deer in headlights, sheepish and wide-eyed in her fake innocence.. How could she not understand what was going on? She saw at once that she was the only woman in the room.

In a few she was conversing with maybe a group of three or five or so different men in small groups. Some with her sipping her glass while two or three of them teased her. Talking. Drinking.

But most of the pictures were posed in the same place against the brick wall by the piano. Posed like a vacation snapshot. Or, rather it reminded me, like those photos of the guys out hunting take of their dead doe hung up between them. Trophy photos. Her positioned between two men who looked down at her, leering at her. Later, there would be some real trophy photos in the album. Where she's made to stand again, doe-eyed and submissively posed, between these same proud "sportsmen" after they had made real sport of her and had "dressed her down" (so to speak) to display how they had triumphed over her.

Both color and black and white snapshots were here, taken by a couple cameras, mounted into pasted photo corners onto the scrap paper. Some 5-by-5-inch snapshots, some larger but all taken by amateurs. Just guys who had brought their Kodaks for the purpose of remembering it. All taken with flash bulbs. You could see how often the flash startled her.

They were all neatly fit, two or three along two rows, and laid it out sequentially, laid out to tell the lurid story.

In the first shots she seemed so self-conscious that it made her look really pathetic. She is like that. She does not like her photo taken; she does not think she is pretty. I thought she was pretty. These men though she was. But she worried she was fat. She wasn't fat, not hardly. And from the looks on their faces, all the men obviously liked the way she looked. They were solicitous to her, if not a little rapacious. There were some who were just plainly leering at her.

Bob flipped the page. More of the same. There were a lot of men. Many I recognized. Friends of my father. Hank, my father's best friend, who I think of as an uncle, who had stood in for my father at our wedding.

Karen looked like she'd already had drunk too much even before the "action" began. A little goofy in some of the shots. Her smile looked awkward or pretended and her eyes looked like she could not focus. None of the men looked as drunk. I wondered what they had given her to drink.

Bob said it was just brandy, brandy and water. "Scout's honor! Nothing more than good vodka. What she done she done knowing what she done.. Swear to God!" and he made the sign of the cross over his heart for good measure.

In this snapshot she looked at a man who had turned away from her -- presumably after having given her another drink -- and her expression is like that of -- I almost can't describe it -- she looks anxiously after him as he walked away but she was so intense and thoughtful, worried really.

"Why did she stay?" I wondered openly.

The date was printed on the white border of some -- Kodak pictures. So these had to come from just a plain camera and even had to have been commercially developed, which when I think of it now is almost scary. I mean, the lab had to have seen what they were.

The date -- last month and this year. A Saturday like this one. Exactly three weeks ago.

I remembered that day. She had gone into work to do inventory, she had said. I recognized the clothing that she wore. A partly buttoned up light grey cardigan sweater over a simple short-sleeved white blouse, the button at the top modestly closed, the buttoned-up waist of the sweater fit snugly to her hips. A plaid pleated wool plaid skirt. Her white cotton bobby socks, her penny loafers. She had taken the time after her shower in the morning to put on a little makeup, as she stood before the mirror thoughtfully combing her hair. I thought that a bit much, since she was just doing inventory, but I knew that Mr. Miller had a crush on her and so I thought it was to please him. She wore an old-fashioned candy-red lipstick, like the movie stars wore in glamor photos. It showed in the photos Bob would show me.

She seemed cheerful, if a bit preoccupied when she left, and stood at the door and hesitated to leave and actually said maybe she shouldn't go, but I kissed her and said we could use the money. She had a funny look and nodded. She looked a little sad to leave.

I was shocked speechless to see these pictures of her; all these men in the bar staring at her; I know what was coming and I asked: "You took pictures of everything?" He grinned widely. "What you think?"

Even before he turned the pages, I knew what was coming. And I felt sick to my stomach that this man was going to show them to me: my wife taking off her clothes for all these men. How many? Five or six. No, its many more than that.

"How many men were..." I could not finish it.

He asked back: "How many seen your wife naked then: is that what you want to know?" I did not reply.

"O, Jesus, I dunno," he sighed, then chuckled,"I guess had lot more than paid me to see her. Shit! There was the eighteen fellas that paid for it. Maybe a dozen or so more in the end. I don't know. They kept sneaking in to peek at her once they heard about what was going on back here. Though there was only the eighteen that paid and got to take a turn with her."

A "turn with her", he said. It felt like knife. I remembered the man sitting at the bar giving me a salacious grin when I had come in and confronted Bob, asking him what had happened. I wondered: ""Any of those out there?" nodding toward the bar.

"Yeah, sure two or three of them. They're regulars… you know them. Then there was others you know… Hank, Henry, Arthur, and friends of Al and then of course some happy strangers who came by while it was going on. And yeah, your friend too. You know, Mike, your buddy who serves bar here. He saw her too. Had to. Ask him yourself. He was tending the bar for me that night. But hey!" He squeezed my forearm resting on the tabletop: "It's okay: nobody gonna say anything."

He pretended to care about my feelings, patting my arm, but he was not showing me photo album because he liked me. He poured me another stiff drink. "And anyway, bub," he said, "You're really a lucky guy. . . She's a real honey. . . Everybody said so." I really did almost want to throw up.

I said: "How did you get her to do it?"

"It was Al. Al did it all. He set it up. He brought here her. I just collected their money."

He poured more booze into my drink. I drank a big swallow. He watched me poking a finger at the page of the photo album. "She really takes good pictures, your wife."

He lifted and fanned the pages. There were a twenty-thirty pages under this top one. "Of course we all knew about what she and Al had been doing. So what choice did she have . . . I mean she was afraid we might tell you . . . And then there were the pictures. Everybody'd seen them."

"What pictures?" I felt sick again.

"O, just some polaroids that I took of her at the Jewelry Store a while back. I'll show you later." He said: "Drink some more."

I did.

Bob continued as he flipped over several pages, looking for something, I glanced to see what I could: more of the pages on the album--more of the preliminary pictures--the before for the after: "Anyway we had waited a long time. It was hot in the room. Most of the guys were pretty drunk and so was she. Some of guys said something to Al. Complaining. She must have noticed. She asked him about going back to work. And Al said sarcastically she'd get plenty of work here. Al could be a real asshole sometimes.

"I have to admit she doesn't look like she got it. I laughed at what Al said. And that worried her. Your wife don't like me much." Bob confessed.

I wondered why. I wanted to ask.

He flipped a couple pages and turned the album for me to see. The picture showed Karen beside Al standing on the riser next to the Formica table--right where we sat. She looked sad. She looked flushed. She smiled weakly. She looked worried.

Bob went on, touching that photo: "She don't look too happy, does she? Anyway, Al moved her up over to the stage here, turned her about to face us, like she was on auction, and told us all it was time and so we all came up and sat down and Al told her, coaxed her to get up on top of the table there. She looked confused, but I think she was faking it. I mean, he kissed her and whispered to her and teased her. He took her drink from her. He held her hand to help her step up on the chair and then up onto the table."

That was the next picture. Karen really looked confused. Bob said she asked Al why he was making her do this.

"Al said: 'So everybody here can see you.' Which was the truth. This hot light on her like a show." Bob put his hand up into the pool of it which shone on the tabletop with a glare. It did look hot. A flaming cast to it.

Bob said that Karen said she did not understand. In the picture she looked nervous. But Bob said he did not believe her. "Like I said, she had to know."

He told how Al made her introduce herself, even though most everybody already knew her. But it was part of the show. And it embarrassed her to be under that light and to be made to talk about herself. She blushed and spoke too softy, Bob said. Al had to make her repeat herself, she was so hard to hear.

"But we were all giving her our attention, if you know what I mean."

Bob explained with graphic detail, as he liked to do, especially when he saw I was uncomfortable, especially when it was about sex. Bob told how Mr. Miller made her tell the men about herself. "He made her tell about you too."

Miller made her tell about her sex life. He made her go into details. "First he made her admit she had never had sex with anybody but you -- before she was married, that is. They all laughed at this." Bob picked up the theme with a smirk: "Your wife blushed and Miller grinned when she admitted it. Then Al had her tell them how you were the first and only man to see her naked -- until you know, he got her naked. And you were the only one to fuck her -- until he did. And she said she'd never ever sucked cock -- until . . . Well anyway, Al made her tell us, made her admit that she had never ever sucked your cock anyway."

"That really true?" he asked me. I did not answer. It was true. He shook his head, guessing my answer and went on: "Well, they all laughed to hear it and then applauded when Al made her confess that, yes, she had sucked Al's cock. Sucked mine too, for that matter."

Bob looked at me for effect when he said that. I could not believe it. But still, he held that page, grinning at me. He told how Al handed up her the drink and made her take big gulps of it. The men cheered, he said. Karen said she felt dizzy and Miller held her hand to keep her steady and she smiled, resisting to drink the rest, but she did it for Al when he insisted, finishing she gasped and giggled. He said she giggled. "They loved it. She was just what they had all hoped she would be."

Bob held up the next page, poised to drop it, teasing me, looking smug. I knew for certain what was coming. Still he looked me in the eye and withheld the climax of his story, and asked if I was really sure I wanted to see all this, what I had come to him to find out:

I said: "Yes."

"She must have known what was coming. Al stopped talking. The men were restless. She was fidgeting with the buttons on her sweater, smoothing it. Pressing down her skirt and all. She felt like men were trying to look up under her skirt and of course they were trying to do just that and some of them said some things. One asked if she had on any underpants. She looked pretty embarrassed. One asked if she likes to suck cock . She closed her eyes and shook her head, biting her lip but she was half-smiling. She liked all the attention. It was really cute. Then some jerk piped up: 'When she gonna do it, Al?' And she looked afraid and she moved like she was going to get off the table. She might have tried. But a bunch of the men stood up and loudly complained and their protests surprised her and Al put up his hand to stop her. She backed up. Al explained her: 'You're not done. You stay up there 'till I say you can get down.' Again, she put on her little show of being innocent, folded her arms like she was cold and said, 'What do you want?' Looking all confused. But it was fake. She had a funny smile. She must have known."

Bob looked at me keenly, pausing for effect, wanting to see my reaction: "So Al just tells her then -- straight out -- looking right at her and smiling nicely, 'Take your clothes off, Karen'"

"What did she say?" I asked, blushing as I supposed she must have blushed. Al must have thought so too.

He laughed. "What do you think she said? What could she say?"

"I mean, didn't she. . ." Not knowing how to express myself. And he dropped the page to show a photograph that must have been that very moment. And the look on Karen's face, I don't care what Bob thought, she looked like she was afraid, she looked like she was going to cry, she was hunched and looked at the camera with anxious worry.

"Didn't she what? Say 'no'? Not a word. Never said no to nothing we wanted. O, she looked shocked at first and then embarrassed and maybe she was, maybe she was surprised, but I didn't believe for a minute that she'd refuse or that she didn't want to do it. We all waited. All of us grinning at her. And she just stood there, like a deer in headlights and Al just grinned at her and said it again: 'Take off your clothes.'' Bob admitted she looked like she was gonna cry.

Finally Bob let the page drop and showed me. Karen fully dressed but for her shoes, in her stocking feet, standing alone on the table under the glaring spotlight, the shadowy silhouettes of the audience below her, looking up at her.

For a moment Bob said, he thought maybe the whole thing would crash, maybe she wouldn't do it, as she stood there looking so pathetic, clutching her hands, almost crying.

"She whimpered -- I kid you not -- she whimpered. 'Why are you doing this? And she really did look hurt. Al told her he loved her. She sobbed then. Okay, maybe she did cry some. I don't know maybe Al hadn't told her about it after all. But what a stupid question, ain't it? A stupid question, eh?. A bunch of guys laughed out loud at her then and she looked shocked and sick and Al just shook his head. Maybe he felt sorry for her too. Not really. He could get her to do anything. He could play on her feelings and she always believed him. I don't know why. But Al was speechless for once. So I spoke up. I teased her: 'Why you think, honey?' Everybody laughed at that too."

In the adjacent picture, looking like a deer in headlights, she looked shocked.

Bob told how Al got up in front of her, put his hands on the table, smiled up at her, and said simply: "I want them to see you naked, Karen." And she looked down at him like he had slapped her face and he added: "And you want them to see you naked too."

In the photos in the album on this page she looked so defeated. Standing on the table. Shoulders hunched.

My hands were trembling.

Bob was fingering the page, ready to turn it. He looked at Karen in the photographs.

He sighed, remembering, and added, "She is really pretty, your wife, you know? She doesn't think so, but...." He shrugged.

I felt an anxious pang, I admit it was also a sexual anticipation. Bob deliberately aggravated my feelings, sensing the sexual tension I felt. He nodded up at the hot overhead lights glaring on the tabletop where he said she had stood posed for them. "Nope. She didn't really object. Just stood there. Never really tried to get down, even after she got undressed." shrugged Bob. "Dazed. I think. Like a deer froze in headlights. Literally. . . with that hot light on her . . ."

I could see how the light must have blinded her, pointed at her, making the room in front of her hard to see, except where here some faces looked up at her in the reflected glow of it.

He began to turn the pages slowly for me now. One by one, slowly, just pausing enough so that I could see where it was going.

I saw her then, up on the table, staring wide eyed, looking like she wanted to say something, Then she took off her sweater and seemed uncertain as she held it. Al pulled it from her hand lay in on the tabletop beside her. She looked down kinda ashamed. Then she looked up and Bob said that then she asked: 'You won't tell him… "

Bob elbowed me: "Meaning you, John. Swear to god. It's what she said. She wanted us to promise not tell you she done it."

Bob laughed and said: "See this: all these old guys getting hard-on's just thinking of your wife naked. Now she was really undressing for them and looking sweetly at Al all the time as she did it. I mean, she was doing it for Al. Because it's what Al wanted. And she always wanted to make Al happy. She'd do anything for Al. Ain't love sweet?"

Bob flipped pages slowly, showing me finally how she undressed, shot by shot. Not reluctantly. Casually. Embarrassed obviously, but pleased with the attention. I could see that.

Somebody took many pictures as she undressed, so it was almost like frames from a movie. Bob turned the pages slowly. I wondered if they had taken a movie of it too.

"To tell you the truth: I think the main reason she was so reluctant to strip for them is because she thinks she's a little fat, you know. I mean, she always got so embarrassed when we took her clothes off in the store. Of course lights were all on and she was nervous about customers coming in. We had to make her feel better. Kissing her. Telling her how she's pretty. Feeling her up, you know. Dumb cow."

I had no idea what he meant by this: how many other times had she taken off her clothes for Al and him? I would have asked but I was anxious to see what Bob was showing me. He flipped a page.

"... so we was always kept telling her--all the guys were--you know, how pretty she is and that we liked how she looked" -- he nodded at her photo, grinning -- "you know, to keep her going." Bob winked at me. "I don't know, maybe she is a little bit chubby..."

"Right there. Right under that hot light." Bob said. Pointing.

Completely naked for all those grinning leering men. I stared. Bob grinned.

"We took a bunch of pictures." And he turned the pages to show me, how she stood for them, abjectly, naked, Turned around. Turning back, in a half side shot. Hands flat on the front of her thighs. Looking into the camera with a mouth half-opened. Sexually aroused. Clearly sexually aroused.

"What happened then?" I asked.

Bob didn't seem to hear me. He was admiring the pictures. He pointed. "See here. She's actually blushing . . . See that? She was actually ashamed of herself . . . But I think that's because really she liked these guys seeing her naked. She just didn't want you to find out about it . . ." He laughed. "Makes my dick hard just thinking about again. . ."

I was actually trembling, and I have to admit that my dick was hard too. "What happened then?" I asked again. I really did want to know. I really did want Bob to tell me everything. I wanted to know what I imagined happened. Bob saw that look. He saw how I felt. He laughed at my expression and slapped my back and grinned at me.

Bob answered my question: "So. . . What happened after she . . .?"

He flipped pages to show pictures of it. "We took a lot of pictures. See. Making her turn all about for different sides. And some of guys teased her. Asked her a lot of dirty questions. I got her to squat down on the table and show us between her legs, her wet cunt, you know. That shot bothered her, but she was obviously really horny by then. You could see it. After a while she was getting worried I think or maybe she wanted to know what was going to happen next. Anyway she was shiveing and said she was cold; she asked Al for her clothes back. But Al just told her flat out she was going to have to be naked for the rest of the night and he helped her to get off the table and then led her out among all the men and told her to walk around the room naked for everybody.

Bob flipped the page and showed me the shot. Here she really was. In the picture you see here.

A Kodachrome snapshot, from somebody's Brownie camera. Nothing professional. A snapshot like you might get done at the local drug store.

I wonder how they'd got away with it.

Yes. It was really truly her. Completely naked. She is wearing nothing her wedding ring. And her bobby socks.

Bob grinned: "So there she is! Your pretty little wife, showing herself off, walking all 'round the room all naked for all the guys to see ...Turning about and posing.... Showing off like she was in the Miss America pageant -- like in the bathing suit competition -- 'cept, 'cept of course, she ain't got on no bathing suit..." he laughed at his joke.

He turned the page. He pointed where he had written her name in the album.

"How many took pictures?"

He did not answer. "Your wife's got nice tits, John," Bob nodded at the picture.

Then, impulsively, with a little chuckle, he suddenly popped the picture out of the album and handed it to me: "Here ya go... Now she can't deny any of it."

Bob flipped more pages and sighed at the pictures: "Yeah, she was real good sport. Did everything we asked her to do. Never said no. Only cried a little a couple times. Didn't want to do some things, but never said no. Hell, I think she enjoyed it all as much as we did."

Bob said Al had picked up all the rest her clothes and tucked them away under the bar, hid them from her, and told her she couldn't get dressed until "...the boys get a good look at you naked and all."

Bob laughed to see me wonder. "She said she was cold, so Al let her put her socks back on."

"But that was it... she stayed naked after that 'till we were done with her..."he grinned.

She looked nervous maybe, but she was obviously not fighting it, I could see that. Hell, you can't look at this picture without seeing that she was willing to be naked for them. She may have been ashamed of herself. She may have been unhappy or worried about what was going to happen. But she was not crying or resisting, like she had told me she had. No. She had taken off her clothes willingly. I could see that. She was enjoying the attention. I could see that too.

And now she paraded herself naked all around this room full of old guys--how many? Almost two dozen of them! I recognized a lot of them in photos, men who always came to this bar, some of whom were sitting out in the bar when I came in, who had given me looks. Men who knew my dad, who had come to my wedding. I will bet none of them ever thought they'd see her like this. O, they may have thought about it. Men always do. They may have wanted it. But they could not have believed she'd do it for them. But she she did. She did it for Al, she told me. But down deep she wanted to do it for her own reasons. Because she was "horny" like Bob said. I could see that. I wondered if they had thought that about her all along.

Bob watched me closely as I looked at the photo with shock and embarrassment, while he grinned nastily at my discomfort; Bob winked me, "You think she looks fat?"

Turning the pages.

I was right. They didn't just get her to take off her clothes. They didn't just "want to look." I repeated my question: "How long you keep her like that?"

He grinned: "Oh, I dunno, six or eight hours, I guess. She was popular."

I felt sick: "What did you do to her?" I knew the answer.

"What do you think?" He sighed with a sarcastic scoff and added looking me straight in the eye: "Hey, she didn't do nothing she didn't want to do. John"

He poured another drink. Again holding the next page up so I could not see it. Another step in all this.

"We took trophy pictures for every guy....You know, like hunters do. They kill the deer, hang it up, get it ready for eating... They call it "dressing it." Then they pose with it. Proud of their kill. Everybody gets a trophy shot with it. Like this here. But this here dear is not dressed.... She's un-dressed. Got it? Good joke, yeah! "He laughed at his joke.

I looked down where he put his finger on annother photograph.

She was naked with a man I knew. Bob went on to make me feel ashamed for her: "But its all the same idea. Know what I mean? Look-see what I caught! See my huntin' trophy!"

He saw my horror, I think, and so plucked out the photograph from the album and tossed it to me, spinning toward me on the table top.

"Recognize this guy?" he taunted.

Yes, I did. I picked it up. It was Henry, one of my dad's VFW buddies, really his best friend. The man I called "Uncle" who had stood in for my Dad at the wedding.

Showing off his trophy--his arm around my naked wife--while some of his friends, other guys I knew, looked on.

I can see and just imagine how he is making some smart-ass comment like he always does. Teasing her about seeing her bare naked, about her tits or her hairy pussy.

He was always the one to flirt with her. At the wedding he had said something to her that made her blush and several of the men around them who had been listening were looking very uncomfortable.

This was probably what he had always wanted. Getting her naked like this.

And as it turned out I only knew the half of it. In fact this was not the first time.

Bob dropped open the photo album and swivled it on the table to show me the page of "trophies," a dozen or so photos except for the space where Henry's trophy had been. There were many different guys in the photos with my naked wife. Most them men I knew. In several photos it was two men on either side of her, my wife naked head to toe in the middle, and them just standing there like a pair of proud hunters who had just bagged their prize. In another one of the series Henry, dressed in an actual hunting outfit --just for the effect I thought--my own "uncle" Henry--was posing with his arm around her naked waist and one hand on a tit, lifting it for the camera. I wondered if he had fucked her that way, just pulling his prick out of his trousers to do it to her. Or did she suck his cock?

All the men were smiling. But she was not. She looked stunned, like the proverbal "deer in the headlight."

I held the photo you see here in my hand. Beside getting a twinge in my erection from her nakedness, it was the look on her face that got to me: she was shy or ashamed maybe, but she was oviously not resisting. This was no rape.

Bob went on, turning the pages, admiring the row after row of photographs: "Everybody had got a chance for getting a trophy picture with your wife... this one here... you recognize this guy, don't you? Friend of your fathers? And the others too... you know them. She was sort of ashamed of herself but they were nice to her. They told how pretty she was. How much they liked seeing her naked.You want this picture? I got lots."

"Is this the only copy?" I asked.

"No, Henry's got his copy and a lot more besides and Al of course got 'em too... he has a complete set."

He flipped the other pages of "trophy pictures" -- most of them with a hairy pussy. But there were a few others taken later after they had shaved off her pussy hair. Her pussy shaved, like I found her coming out of the shower.

Then the shock: there was one with my one of my own high school friends, Mike. It surprised me. It embarrased me.

Bob saw my shame and shock, smirked, noddiing, and explained: "Yeah, I guess you didn't know that. Don't suppose he told you. Yeah, Mike was the bartender that night. He begged for the job, after he heard about what she was gonna do."

I stared at the photograph, this added to the complications of it all.

Bob flipped through the other pages to show me more of the "trophy pictures" taken of her naked -- most of them came from the beginning of their "date" with her, after she had undressed in front of them and come off the table, possing with all sorts of men. Mostly color photos like this one. Some fonding her. Some kissing her. Some with arms around her. Some with two men and her in the middle. All of these with her hairy pussy showing.

But there was several taken later after some one had shaved off her pussy hair.

Her cunt bald and bare, the way on Sunday morning I had found her when she came out of the shower.

And that was another shock: a picture of her naked with one of my own high school friend Mike.

It surprised me. It embarrased me.

My wife naked head to toe naked now. Mike happy as a hog. No socks now.They'd stripped her even of her socks now. Mike squeezing one of her tits to make her nipple pop out. Her bare cunt showing.

Bob saw my shame and shock, smirked, noddiing, and explained: "Yeah, I guess you didn't know that. Don't suppose he told you. Yeah, Mike was the bartender that night. He begged for the job, after he heard about what she was gonna do."

I stared at the photograph, this added to the complications of it all.

"Yeah, Mike got his just before he quit for the night... she... well, you can see...." He went on pointing at Mike's "trophy".

And her smile. If she wanted me to believe, she did not do this because she wanted to, she would not have posed like that with Mike. Jesus! Had she stripped for my other friends too?

I wanted to ask him for the photo but didn't dare and Bob did not offer it.

Bob said everybody also got pictures of her getting fucked or her sucking cock as souvenirs too.

I wondered if Mike had fucked her too. If she'd sucked his cock. Why not? Others had. He would tell my friends.

"And they made lots and lots of copies of the pictures too," Bob explained.

"Did he?" I asked of the photograph of Mike.

"Did he what?" said Bob, "Get a picture? He got a couple copies. Sure."

I am sure he showed them to my friends, I imagined at the time, feeling a little sick in my stomach at the thought, at what it might mean. And well you can guess where I got my copy from.

"No.... I mean, did he... you know... did her fuck her too?"

"You gotta ask her, I guess.," said Bob, flipping more pages, "I don't remember. There were almost twenty men there, you know."

"Well, at first I 'spose she didn't know what was going to happen. I think she thought after she'd just take off her clothes and let everybody see her naked, then it would be all over. So, after everybody got pictures taken that wanted pictures, Karen asked to have her clothes back. I remember it: her standing there...Stood right there naked (Bob pointed to the center of the room)... said she was cold. Had her hands cupping her her titties, hunched over a little, and she looked cold, I admit. But I said I didn't believe her -- nobody did, or really nobody cared. I said: 'You just feeling ashamed of yourself 'cause you wanna get fucked.' Everybody heard me."

Bob described how they all laughed at her. She looked heart sick. But Bob explained how several of the guys had copped a feel of her titties or tried fingering her cunt while she stood next to them and she had not tried too hard to stop them. Just asking them to stop and pushing their hands away, but they kept at it.

She crouched down to the floor in the center of the room, clutching herself like she was cold or ashamed and begging us to let her get dressed. She looked about for Al, but he was back at the bar beside me, in the half-dark and laughing at her.

It was Henry who spoke up, Bob explained, telling her to stop her whining. He wheeled about in this chair and pointed to the middle of the floor in the middle of the room where she sort took it as a menace and back up. It was quiet. No one spoke. Henry stood up and she backed up a little more -- but where was she gonna go -- she was surrounded by all these men -- all of them turning about their chairs to see this now or standing between the tables. She really had no where to go.

Henry got up right in front of her, looking up and down at her naked body with a big shit-eating grin on his face and put his hands out and started feeling both her tits.... she looking up pitifully into his eyes and looking like she was gonna cry -- maybe she did cry -- but it was just nerves. Henry says: 'Okay, Karen...You just relax and enjoy it.' and of course she said nothing so he leaned in and kissed her and while he was kissing her he started working his hands all over her bare body, feeling her butt, spreading her butt cheeks to show her to the men behind her, feeling her all over -- while everybody egged him on. And I tell you she was kissing him back. Then he got his hand down to her cunt, putting his fingers inside her, started rubbing her juicy. Then turned her about to face us and with one hand on a tit, feeling it, he began to frig her. You should have seen the look on her face. I don't care what she tells you-- she wanted it!"

"Then Al left me and went to where she stood and Henry stepped aside and Al handed her another drink and she sipped it and asked again if she could get dressed -- obviously insincerely -- and Al laughed at her 'You don't want to get dressed. We're just starting.' He told her she should know better than that and he shoved her her up close to stand in front of one of the tables, pushed her to stand up close to the man sitting on a chair and he held her tightly by the shoulders while he let his friend take a turn feeling her up, and she just stood there and she let the whole table of 'em take their turns feeling her tits, sucking on them, finger-fucking her, getting her all worked up and gooey wet, you know what I mean. Al moved your wife from man to man and table to table holding her naked in front of each of the men so he got his turn. Everybody got to feel her up."

Bob anticipated my question: "She never said no. Never complained. Not a word. Not a whimper. Hell, it seemed to me she liked it. . . what they were doing to her."

He flipped the pages. "She did anybody whoever wanted it... and some she didn't want, I suppose. Everybody got a turn. Some got ore than one."

Now were photos of her in various sexual acts. Pages and pages of them, pasted into the book, taken that one Saturday night, in this same room, right here where I was sitting. There were dozens, maybe a hundred pictures. He flipped ahead and showed me things she had not told me about.

And as we looked at the pictures together, he told me about what happened, about what she did and what was done to her, with a certain ironic and mean-spirited attention to shameful and sexually explicit details. That is how I learned about all the rest of it.

Still, as I saw her in some of the pictures, she was not very happy once they really got serious about using her for sex.

She looked upset and even afraid, and in several of them she she must have been crying. Bob saw that it bothered me to see her looking so distressed, especially on the next page where clearly she really was crying tears or had been.

He winked at me and reassured me, "Well, okay, maybe she was a little unhappy sometimes, somd of the guys treated her, you know, like a slut... but mostly she liked it; it was just nerves. And I swear she never said she didn't want to do it. Anything they wanted. She did it. She said yes, if we asked . . . and mostly we asked. We were nice. She liked doing it."

My pathetic naked wife, squatting on that cold linoleum in front of some old guy who had taken off almost all his own clothes, wearing only a white dress shirt that he had unbuttoned and had spread back from his fat belly where he sat and she pushed was down to the floor, to kneel between his bare legs, looking at his half-hard penis, flopping at her mouth, while some other old guys were were grinning, obviously teasing her, and guiding her head toward his penis and coaxing her to lean in closer to his lap, shoving her face toward his lap and his penis, and telling her to open up her mouth for it. "Suck it, sweetie..." I guessed they told her.

And in the next set of pictures I saw that, yes, she really did. She really had this old guy's thick dark penis in her mouth. Her eyes closed like in prayer and his penis in her mouth, then shots of her lollipopping his penis, all wet, mouthing it, then really sucking, sucking hard on this old guy like she was sucking up, you know, with a straw, And I had to wonder did he cum in her mouth? Did she let him cum in her mouth? Her eyes tightly shut... I think she did it. Like Bob said. Something she'd never done for me, but here she was doing for it for this old man. And she was not fighting. They were holding her. But she was not fighting them. I could see that. She looked ashamed or flushed, but she was doing it because she wanted to do it. I could see that. Just like Bob said.

They took dozens and dozens of pictures. As they all--each and all of them--several took turns with her. On her knees sucking more cock. One man after another. Bent over a table, getting fucked. One after another. Holding the seat of a chair, getting fucked from behind. On her back on the table top, getting fucked by one man while two held her legs, another kissed her and fondled her breasts.

She had told me almost none of this. What she had told me was insignificant compared to what he showed me and told me.

"Hey, she did it 'cause she liked it, son. What can I say? It's just how she is." Bob said to me, shutting the book. "She did it 'cause she wanted to. No matter what she tells you."

I left Bob's after more than hour. Seeing several men grin at me and give me a knowing nod as I went out, I understood they had been there and had seen my wife naked. She had probably let them fuck her or had sucked them off or both.

I went back to the apartment to confront Karen.

In the coming episodes I will describe what she told me when I went home to confront her. After her stories I checked it with Bob. I'll tell you more of what Bob told me as we go along. Karen did not always tell me the truth. And then later I got a letter from my Uncle Henry. And much later my friends told me their stories. All and all it took some months to get the truth out. And in the end I got a collection of photos, incredible photos. I would not have believed any of it but the photos do not lie.

Installment #2: Mr. Miller Says He Loves Her

Mr. Miller had hired her though she had no experience. He was attracted to her, I suppose, for the same reason I was. She had a kind of lurid innocence. She was barely twenty when he started working for her. I had been married to her for almost a year, but she really was still quite awkward about sex and men, and still unsure of herself and her attraction to men, even though, as Bob said, she was pretty.

She did not think she was pretty; her mother had never told her she was pretty, nor had ever encouraged her to prettify herself. She wore little make-up most of the time. If she put on lipstick, it was only on very special occasions. Like the one I told you about, I guess. Her clothes were very modest; she preferred to wear, like her mother wore, dresses or skirt-and-top outfits. Rarely wore blue jeans. She was sort of old-fashioned like this. When I first knew her, she still wore a girdle and the stockings you fasten to them, because that is what her mother wore. But she did not need a girdle, and I liked the swell of her tummy under her dress, it was sexy. Pantyhose were the new thing, so she started wearing those and it gave her a more natural shape under her clothes. She always wore a bra. She was not one of those liberated females of the day. She was inclined to blush at dirty words and did not like to talk about sex, although she liked to think about it, as it turned out. She was a natural brunette. Pretty, if plain. Pleasingly shaped, but ordinary in the main. I loved her.

Actually, all of this made her the more alluring, because in spite of this repressed attitude and this uncertainty about her femininity, she was sexually curious. Naive, but curious. In fact, her naivete made her curiosity the keener. For she would end up doing things that a more self-assured woman would refuse to do. She would be willing to these things, because she wanted to please, because she was uncertain of herself, where another might be repulsed or ashamed. She would submit because she did not know she should not do such things.

And somehow this showed in the way she looked at me, or at any man, for that matter. She deferred to men and she was meek and wanted to please. The Mormon's call it the woman's duty to serve.

But, at the same time, as I say, she shamefully and privately took an intense sexual pleasure from what they made her do, and while she was not certain of her feelings, she was easily sexually aroused, and while abashed by her sexual arousal she was overwhelmed by these feelings. Sexually intoxicated.

She blushed so easily and deeply that I could see it even in these black and white pictures. She flushed so warmly and so readily when sexually touched, flushed on her checks and down, even to the tips of her breasts, like a heat rash. s

Bob said she did not resist what was wanted of her, even if she was often tentative and uncertain and anxious. She seemed to feel awkward about what was expected unless she was guided, but she would do what she was guided to do . Again, this submissiveness was part of what made her so appealing to them and, I admit, to me also.

It had always seemed to me that she wanted to do even what she seemed uncertain to do. She was hesitant, but never reluctant. She was timid, but not unwilling. She was shy and embarrassed, but not repulsed. And if she felt humiliation in any of things she did, if she felt embarrassed, truthfully, she could not distinguish between the warmth of that blush and the warmth of the sexual flush that she also felt at the same time.

Perhaps, because her mother had repressed her feelings and taught her to be so uncertain of herself sexually, she actually needed and even craved the anxiety of humiliation; the sense of coercion made her more sexually aroused. I don't know. But the way she responded to what happened to her, I think this is true, even if she would never admit it. How they treated her, the humiliation of it, made her want to do what she did, even if she would never admit it.

Anyway, I think Mr. Miller saw all of this in her instantly, just as I did. I thought about it right after I met him when he had hired her. I saw it in the way he looked at her. I said something to her about it, but she did not understand me. She said he was a nice man. And he paid her very well. Too well, as I should have known.

He had a small jewelry shop downtown, had had it for years. Never made much money at it and had been robbed more than a few times and was barely hanging on, really. His wife was a bitchy nag. I only met her once and I could see why he preferred to work all the time. So, I was not surprised when Karen's hours begin to get longer.

I asked her about it—what are you doing so late?—and so on. And she said they talked. He was teaching her about gems. And it was true. At least at first.

He would make tea after he closed the shop, and they would sit side by side on stools at his workbench, and he would take gems out of these little packets and give her a loop so she could examine them with him while he explained them to her. She really did learn a lot. Well, that turned out to be true in lots of ways.

This long evening work became more and more frequent, and then one day he had her stay on a Friday night, although the shop was always closed on weekends. She explained to me later that his wife had gone out of town and he was lonely.

She did not get home until almost ten and I could tell she had been drinking. That was not quite the first-time things happened, but it was the first serious incident.

Actually, she'd been coming up with a bit of booze on her breath for a couple of weeks, and she had admitted that he had started putting brandy in the tea that the two of them drank together.

Later, as I pieced together the whole thing, after Bob had told me more, I understood how it happened. A slow seduction.

He had started with an arm around her as he showed her things. This progressed to a kiss goodnight. It went from this to his sitting beside her and telling her about how unhappy he was with his wife and intimating things about a lack of a sex life, which embarrassed her, but which she permitted. She tried to make him feel better. She felt sorry for him. And he would ask her if she liked him and she would say she did.

Then, inevitably, he confided that he was falling in love with her, that she was so beautiful, and that he knew she was married and that he would do nothing to hurt her, that he wanted to help her, that he wanted her to have things, he wanted to give her things. He gave her a ring. He insisted she take it, although she knew it was a genuine diamond. She must have known this was wrong, because she hid the ring from me.

He wept when he gave her the ring, and she had to accept it, she said. That was the first night that he kissed her mouth, and she was docile to him at first, and then when he kept up, she felt sorry for him and kissed him back. They kissed for a while. Warmly, I think. She said nothing more happened, but I wondered if he did not put his hands on her too. But she insisted nothing happened.

But now this became the common thing. Drinking and then kissing and he puts his hands onto her. He confessed to love her more than his wife. His kisses tongued her open mouth. He became more and more insistent with his fondling. And tried to put his hand up her skirt. She let him feel her crotch, even while she said she tried to discourage him. Just how she discouraged him, I wonder. Because he took encouragement from her submissiveness.

Then one night, after more than the usual brandy, she said he took her hand and put it on himself, on the front of her pants, and she rubbed his erection through his pants. She said this happened just once, but she did not say no to him and that encouraged him, and she said she thinks he ejaculated in his pants. She remembers they were now French-kissing and he was squeezing her breasts through her dress and he groaned. She had not really held his erection. She had not even closed her hand on it. She just rubbed it a little. But it was obvious, what had happened. He actually thanked her afterwards and was crying a little. They kissed a while longer and he got another erection and when he put her hand on it, she did not rub it very long but said she had to go.

I can see it from his point of view. She was not resisting. Of course, she was just trying to be nice, to make him happy. She had no interest in him sexually, although knowing her I am guessing she was already feeling more than she admitted. But she did not think anything more would happen. After all, in her naïve thought, they were both married; nothing should happen. He was old enough to be her father anyway. And nothing had really happened anyway. This was really just like necking in a car in high school, although this rubbing his erection was not something she had ever done even then.

So, I think he felt encouraged and maybe he had convinced himself that he was actually in love with her. He certainly was infatuated with her, and at his age to have young girl like to kiss, to let you touch her (even if only through her clothes), and to masturbate you, that was really a big turn-on. She should not have been surprised then when just the very next night, he unzipped his trousers and put her hand inside them to touch his penis directly. She found he was uncircumcised. She had never felt an uncircumcised penis, and she found the way the foreskin slipped off the glans unexpected, and she felt it slippery with pre-ejaculatory fluid and now he unzipped the back of her dress and put his hand into the back of her slip and felt for the back of her brassiere. He wanted to unfasten it. She did not deny him, but she stopped kissing him and told him they should stop. He said nothing and went on kissing her. He did unfasten her brassiere and slipped his hand into the top of her shoulder, under the strap of it and under the strap of her slip, obviously intending to feel the front of her that he hoped to expose, when he began to ejaculate. He ejaculated into her hand as she felt the tip of his penis with her fingers from where it came, and he shuddered, and then as his ejaculation subsided and he sighed and kissed her deeply, she withdrew her hand, trying to wipe his semen onto his undershorts as she did so, but not fully successfully; she ended up smearing the side of her dress with some of it that wet her fingers.

She leaned back and he let go of trying to feel her. He had not succeeded in fact in either feeling her or exposing her; the neck and sleeve of her dress was fallen forward and off her shoulder; her slip and her bra straps to that side had slipped off her shoulder too and she sat without fixing herself, looking serene and warm and sexually inviting. He stared at that bare shoulder and the curve of how her breast began to shape, as he drew down her brassiere, but he was embarrassed (it seemed to her) and apologized for ejaculating. She still did not draw her dress up—so that he took a message from this—and she smiled warmly and said she understood, that he shouldn't feel bad.

Still she made no immediate attempt to pull up her dress, and so he said she was so beautiful and said awkwardly: "I'd like to see you, if you will let me. I won't do anything you do not want me to do. I just want to look."

She told me she did not know what he meant. He leaned and started kissing her again and put his hand to her bare shoulder and slipped his fingers down and inside her brassiere and with his fingers he found and began feeling the nipple of her breast.

As he kissed her more warmly, she felt how carefully, how tenderly he drew the dress down to lap, while kissing her; then still kissing her drew down her slip, then tugged her brassiere to her waist, to expose her, and he had exposed her, if he had but yet looked, and she felt herself exposed and said again, what she always said: "We shouldn't."

She opened her eyes as he drew back to look at her breasts and she glanced down and saw his hand fondling her right breast. Seeing her anxiety, he leaned to kiss her mouth and she turned away from his kiss and said again: "We shouldn't."

This time she meant it and she drew back and pulled her brassiere, then slip, then the dress up over her shoulder before he could do anything more. Still she did not zip up her dress.

He begged again: "Is it okay? May I see you--just look at you?"

Again, she did not really understand what he meant and smiled, and she nodded and said "Please, Mr. Miller, it is late."

He said: "Of course." And that is when he turned away, zipped his pants up and went and got a bracelet to give to her. While he was out of the room, she fixed her disheveled brassiere and zipped up her dress the best she could.

I say again: I can see what he was was thinking, even while I know what she was thinking.

She said she told him it was alright because he said he felt so bad about it and again he insisted she take another gift, a little bracelet, not worth all that much.

Now even she should understand what this meant.

Certainly, now he was thinking that she would give him what he wanted, and I suppose he began to plan out all that he might want.

Installment #3: She Does Something for Mr. Miller that She had Never Done For Me

So now we come to that Friday night. Mr. Miller was more certain himself and more determined to have his way. When he made their drinks that night, he made them very strong and when they began kissing he almost immediately unzipped the back of her dress, and this time unzipped it all the way to bottom so that her dress was loose about her shoulders and he could reach in and feel her back and the slip she was wearing, which he did, and which my wife did not resist.

She had come to expect this routine, but still she did not think anything would really come of it. She expected him to want her to masturbate him, but this was just a kindness really. He was as old as her father. She wanted him to be happy. She really did love him, and he really did love her. It was just a kindness.

He already was in shirtsleeves as he always was afterhours. But he stood up and took off his tie and she smiled and asked him what he was doing when he started to take off his shirt. He wore an old-fashioned sleeveless undershirt, like those my father wore (I only wear the regular T-shirts myself so his sort of struck her poignantly).

"What are you doing," she repeated sheepishly. I wondered, even as she related these intimate moments, about how her naive expressions appeared to Mr. Miller, whether he took her to be coy. She was not. She was simply as confused and as clueless as she seemed, I think. If she subconsciously understood what was going on, or if she felt sexually intrigued, she could not have said it to herself, let alone to him or me. Was she really as innocent she appeared? He must have wondered. And yet the tension in her voice and the ambiguity of feelings that she showed by her awkward smile made her seem all the more vulnerable and enticing to him.

Mr. Miller smirked at her innocence: "You know what I want."

But she did not know, she told me. And I think she was genuine and truthful at this moment.

Then unexpectedly he took his pants off in front of her. She felt a sudden pang and an anxious uncertainty, staring at his legs and undershorts in embarrassed disbelief, but still meekly curious: "What do you want?"

She sat before him on the stool where they usually sat side by side and necked, or looked at gems, while he laid his pants on the work bench and stopped to stand before her in his undershorts, his penis swelling, bulged in it. And this being at eye-level where she sat next him, she could not help to glance at it, and partially see the swelling flesh of his penis through the parting gap of the vent of his undershorts and wondered innocently what an uncircumcised penis must look like. She had never seen any penis other than mine, until this night.

He looked at her fixedly, seeing where her glance had gone, and without any misgivings he said to her: "Take off your dress."

She said she was surprised but not shocked exactly. She blushed genuinely, I would guess, or at rate she said she felt very confused at first and asked him: "Why?" Disingenuously, he might have thought. He supposed she knew what this was about—and I have my doubts now too—but truly she could not believe that this would be happening to her.

He did not reply but stepped up to where she sat, put his hands on her shoulders and drew the loosened dress forward easily and fully down her arms to lay loosely in folds at her lap about her forearms and to expose to him the whole front of her in her nylon slip.

She asked him again: "Why?" as he continued to smoothly draw her the sleeves of her dress over her arms and off her hands, and taking up one of her hands, he pulled her to stand, and crouching at her feet, reached up and with a firm tug at her waist and drew her dress down, so that it spilled to the floor about her feet.

She said she knew what he wanted, but still that she did not know what to say. So she said nothing. She did not know how to stop him. He stood against her, embracing her tightly, and began kissing her.

Mr. Miller is a short man. Not much taller than my wife is, just 5-foot-3 or so. He is a bit fat and he breathes noisily. I can imagine this as I think of this scene. He is kissing her mouth, their mouths open in their kisses; her eyes closed, his are not. One of her hands is on his shoulder and the other limp beside her, she is unresisting as he reaches behind her and feels her buttock through her slip and presses his fingers behind her between her legs, wedging back of her slip. He wants to feel more. Because she is kissing him back, he proceeds. And besides, he is thinking to himself, she has let me take off her dress; she will let me take off the rest of her clothes.

Karen is not thinking. She is feeling and responding, but still she is uncertain and confused. She still cannot believe this is happening.

But Mr. Miller knows what he wants and is determined to get it; his hands, caressing her as he does, slip up the sides of her body along the silky nylon to the straps of her slip and he is kissing her with an open mouth, her mouth open to his, and hooks his fingers through the straps of her slip and her bra and begins to bring them both off her shoulders at once. She knows what he wants, and moves her mouth from his and asks again falsely: "What do you want?" She tries to dissuade him; the sorrowful look she gives him is meant to discourage him.

But he does not respond, and he has drawn the straps of her slip and her bra off of her shoulders and is looking into her eyes intently then drops his gaze down to the front of her at the moment that he has tugged firmly, and her breasts pop out of the cups of the brassiere, exposed to him. He draws the slip and bra to her waist and puts his hands on those breasts and kisses her mouth with passion.

She wants to say something, and she begins to speak when he takes his mouth off of hers and puts it on one of her breasts, feeling the nipple with his slathering tongue, then kissing, sucking on the other one while his fingers feel the wet one, erect, exposed.

He looks down to see them. Her nipples as keen as he had so often fantasized, but so much more lurid than he expected and he finds them even more exciting than he had imagined; he leans and kisses them and sucks them repeatedly and eagerly, while my wife looked down at his balding head and once more tried to tell him: "We shouldn't do this."

But now she feels his hands are feeling at her naked waist as he sucks and rolls his tongue on her nipples, and his fingers are finding and gripping the top of her slip and digging into the tops of her panty hose and the elastic of her underpants, and he is stretching them, tugging them, drawing them down, exposing her hips to one side and then the other, revealing, freeing the soft bulge of her stomach, and bringing into view the top of her pubic hair, the elastic waists of her clothing, bunching at, pinched across her buttock and slipping.

He withdraws his mouth from her wet breast, the nipples lurid and randy. And he pauses, looking at them, and then down where her pubic hair shows below the band of bunched clothing he was pushing down, and she spoke and so he looks up at her face, and she asks again, quite flushed now, quite disingenuously: "What do you want?"

He says plainly with warm breath: "I want to see you naked." And she says nothing, as he kneels in front of her to finish stripping her and looking up at her, from the underside of those lurid tits, into her flushed and ironically smiling face, he jerks the bunch of her clothes down in few swift tugs to the middle of her thighs, staring at her belly and the revealed thatch of public hair at the level of his face. Her hands drop, her brassiere dangles about her waist, still fastened.

He straightens up and steps back to look at her, now naked in front of him, her slip and underpants bunched with her pantyhose, binding the middle of her legs, hanging, her skirt at her feet, her bra limply like an obscene belt. She smiled self-consciously, flushed, but did nothing to cover herself, and now said nothing. If she was unwilling, he did not see it, and she did not say it, my wife naked for this man.

She glanced down to see that his uncircumcised penis had poked out the vent of his undershorts, half-turgid, thick, red at the end of it, the slit at the bulbous head of it seeping pre-ejaculate freely. He saw her curiosity and so he drew his undershorts down so that they slipped to his feet, so that she may see him naked as well. She looked at him naked as he looked at her naked.

The way a woman looks the first time you see her naked is always much different than you expected; anytime you undress a woman what you discover will surprise you and intrigue you. The shape of her tits, of her hips and belly's swell, the colors of her—her skin, her nipples, her pubic hair. Especially the color, shape and size of her nipples, and how they form on her tits—some like hard little buttons, some like suckling teats. All different.

What Mr. Miller saw pleasantly aroused and surprised him.

I should describe what Mr. Miller saw—what my young wife looked like naked.

She worries she is fat. But she is not fat. She is not skinny either. She has an ordinary body mostly.

Nipples are often the same color of a woman's mouth, and the more sensuous the mouth, the more lurid her nipples are. My wife's mouth was soft and full and has the dark red of a stain of wine, and so her nipples are wide and with full puffy areoles which draw out her breasts to points, look laden with the size and ripeness of them. And they are the color of that wine stain like her mouth. Her nipples almost always looked sexually swollen.

That is your most vivid immediate impression seeing my wife naked, a sense that her naive expression masks a secret concupiscence simply because of the swollen appearance of her breasts and nipples; the most striking thing about her—how those nipples draw out the tips of her breasts so expressly with weight and ripeness and intense sexual yearning.

Hers are not big breasts, but a good full handful. Your whole cupped hand could cup one whole, or at least mine could cover one and hold its fleshy body like a round fruit.

As I said, you cannot help but stare and she is so self-conscious of them (and of the gaze they attract) that her nipples respond and the flesh is sensitive to touch anyway, like one of those leaves that move when you touch it.

The size and the way they are expressed from her breasts can be suggested best by the way that later, as Karen told me herself, Mr. Miller playfully teasing and exploring her when she was completely naked for him once, took one of the china tea-cups that they drink brandy from and put it neatly over first one and then the other breast, amused to see how the round rim of the tea cup went to match rim of her round pouting nipple, how the flesh of her pronounced nipple, pushed to its tip, grazed the bottom of the tea cup and a drop of brandy clung to its point when he took the cup away.

As I say, although I did not think was the least fat, she feared men saw her as too plump, and she seemed embarrassed by her nakedness, at least in front of me. She is self-conscious about how she looks without her clothes on and says she is ashamed to be seen naked, but she is also certain that men will like to see her naked, or at least she wants to them to like seeing her naked.

The baby fat about her body will pinch where her bra and underpants bind her and will leave a slight pink mark on her skin. So when Miller looked at her stripped for him he could see where those articles of clothing had been.

She is high waisted, and not curvy. Her hips are slight but proportional. She has longish, lovely, completely hairless legs; she almost never has to shave them. Her belly swells from her waist, and there is a fold, a crease and a roll, which shows when she sits, leans over or squats. Just a little baby fat, just a typical girl for her age, her soft body otherwise supple and firm for her youth. Her breasts thrust out and bear their weight when freed from her and sag only slightly, to tantalize you with their fullness.

Turn her around and Mr. Miller would find soft roundly formed buttock, full, not flabby, but fleshy. Spank them and see them shimmer. Her soft skin easily chaff pink.

Turn her back again to look at her cunt and Mr. Miller would see how it shows an unkempt darkish triangular tuft of pubic hair—she is a true brunette—but thinning where a deepening slit emerges from between the tops her legs, cleaving her belly, revealing plump labia, slightly parting and hinting color.

She wears the hair on her head hair shoulder-length, combed in the middle, straight, falling with a little slight wave at the end, the way her mother taught her to dress it. Her hair is not so long that it will hide her shoulders or her breasts from our view, nor her face unless she bends over so that it falls in her face. And if she does, your eyes of course are drawn to how her breasts hang, the cones of dark wine tips of them drawing them down like a ripened fruit

If he made her sit or squat, as ultimately he would do because he wanted to examine it, and so spread her legs wide for him, he would see above the cute star of her clean puckered anus, the florid scalloped folds and the fleshy mouth of vagina, the same wine-colored flesh of her nipples and her lips, but obscenely wet and open for him. And if he could, and I know sometimes he would, he might kiss and tongue her there and for him it would be just as warmly receptive for him as her other mouth, and the hole of it would quiver and would wantonly receive his tongue to feel and taste it, just as she did with her lips and tongue.

So she stood. Flushed as I imagined. Confused as she said may have been, but certainly disingenuous about the uncertainty the she expressed to him. She knew what this was about. She felt his fingers entering her and feeling her vagina; she felt his mouth upon her suckling her nipples; she was aroused, even if she was naive, and both of them knew now that having done this for him, she would have to yield to what he asked for again, even if naively she told herself that she would not.

So after standing against her nakedness, kissing her, feeling her, his up-turned erection rubbing against her, against her belly and her pubic bone, he positioned it with his hand and pressed it between her legs, and it insinuated between them and he wanted to enter her where she stood, but she said: "No please." She shook her head and pushed at him. She said no again, when he almost forcibly pressed it so that she felt it entering her. She pushed him away, not too forcibly, but she resisted enough, shaking her head, that he looked up from his kisses. He saw that it seemed she might begin to cry; perhaps she did cry, I do not know.

He stepped back and sat on his stool and feeling his erection idly which he held in his hand, he told her to get out of her clothes completely. She looked at his penis, seeing how the glans, popped from its sheath, as he masturbated. She told me it looked exactly like a cherry lollipop, and I thought to myself what this intimated.

She no longer asked him what he wanted, or made any ineffectual irrelevant remarks, expressing the confusion that she claimed she still felt. She had given away to show herself naked and she wondered now what he thought of her. She wanted to please him, she did not like what she looked like naked, and she felt pleased when she said how beautiful she was when she leaned over to work her clothing down her legs, showing how fleshy her tits hung and bobbled as she worked her clothes off her feet.

Still smiling sheepishly, and now plainly blushing, she held the bunched-up clothing at her feet and awkwardly, almost tipping in a stumble, grabbing Mr. Miller's hand for support, pulled out one bare foot and then, leaning with his support and looking at him as he stared at her nakedness, pushed the bunched clothing off her other foot and freed herself. She stepped back and straightened and brushed her hair from her face and looked down at him. She bit her lip like she does when she nervous, I imagine. At any rate she told me she felt more nervous than ashamed then. She wanted to know what he thought of her.

He asked her to turn herself around for him. He had her turn around slowly three times. Again, he told her she was beautiful, and he stroked his penis and she saw that it was even larger, more engorged, and she wondered if she might see him ejaculate. She had never seen a man ejaculate, but instead she felt anxious and she said she thought about me at home and looked at the clock and it was after eight and so she said: "I should be going home."

He said nothing for a moment. Then she thought he would ejaculate but he took his hand away and his penis jerked about, throbbing, and he was very red in the face but staring at her nakedness intently. She did not know what to do and what he wanted now. She felt embarrassed by the intensity of his staring. She wondered what he wanted and asked: "Can I get dressed?"

He looked at her now strangely and now said: "What would your husband say if he knew about this?"

She felt frightened then. She worried. She had never thought of this. She asked him: "How? I mean . . . What do you mean?"

"What if he knew you took off your clothes for me?" He smiled.

He sat back and his prick looked inflamed to her and he leered at her nakedness now. This was new. She did not like this look.

"If someone told him, what would happen?"

"No," is all she said.

He said: "Let's make sure he never knows." He smiled and was feeling the end of his penis again and looking at her face. She watched.

He said: "Come here." And she hesitated but took a step or two closer to him, but pausing before she was so close that he would reach out and touch her, asked: "What do you want?"

He said again simply for her to come, and then, when she was close enough, he stood and took her in her arms and kissed her and grabbed her buttock and pressed his prick up against her belly, and kissed her and felt her body, her tits, her buttock and then put his hands on her shoulders and pressed, and she knew what he wanted.

She would swear to me she did not really understand what he meant by it, but when she was leaning, crouching, even as he was forcing her to go down to her knees, she was still unsure what it was he wanted; her head was at his waist level and his prick as stiff as his ever got, stuck straight out from his fat belly, waggling near her face, he said: "Go on . . . get on your knees for me, Karen."

And when she did, she guessed what this meant, but truthfully she had never done this. She had heard about it. Some girl had once told her she had done it and she was shocked to hear about it and did not understand it, why anyone would do it. She did not know about it from me. I had never asked her to do it. I was too timid myself.

So, she looked up at him and she said he must have seen how upset she was, that she felt like crying, feeling anxious misgivings, and she begged him: "Mr. Miller, please."

But he sat and spread his legs and leaned and reached out for the top her head with one hand while with his other held his prick, drawing down the foreskin, so that the obscene red glans popped out, like the round wet sticky cherry lollipop in her imagination. And he drew her head toward it firmly but gently toward it, and when she resisted, tremulously, and said pathetically again: "Please."

He said: "Yes." And she closed her eyes as he drew her head near his penis and she felt it rub her lips and she did not open her mouth until, as she was beginning to quietly well-up in tears, he forced it to her mouth; she felt the warm wet head of it between her lips, then, against her teeth and slipping between her teeth and cheek, warm, firm, and he said: "Open your mouth, honey. Open, sweetie." And when she did the penis pushed in, glided smoothly and filled her mouth; it was not as large as she thought it looked; he rocked; it slipped in her mouth; with her tongue instinctively moving on it, she felt the shape of his glans and the shaft as it moved, and she tasted it, her tongue in the little hole of it, his pee hole, as she thought of it. It tasted salty. She had closed her eyes like she does when she is kissing. He rocked and it slipped easily in her mouth.

He held her head with both hands, rocking, his erection pumping in her mouth, and then let go of her head and she let him pump it in her mouth without forcing her to do it.

Then he spoke to her, and she opened her eyes, looking up at him, and he smiled at her and caressing her face told her: "Suck on it, honey. Suck on it like candy. Your husband need never know."

He took her head in his hands again and moved it on his prick. She closed her eyes, breathing through her nose. His prick stroking in her mouth. She still cried softly, the welling tears now trickled on her cheek, and he leaned and kissed her tearful eyes and said kindly: "Don't cry, honey. It's okay. I love you. I really do. I'll take care of you. You take care of me and I'll take care of you. That's good. Move your tongue on it. That's nice. You like that? Do you?"

She mewled and she had to slurp noisily on his prick, and he said: "I really do love you. I really do." He let go of her head and reached under her arms to feel her breasts and play with her nipples.

She opened her eyes and leaned back and gasped and he said: "Don't stop."

She looked sadly at his penis and at his face and asked again: "Why? Why, Mr. Miller?"

"Because," he laughed at her, still reaching out and playing with her tits. "I want you to suck my cock."

"Yes, but . . . " she sobbed.

"Yes, yes . . ." he replied, ". . . and then."

She stared at his penis which one hand now held, pumping, showing the enflamed glans, popping in and out and dew of pre-ejaculate seeping from slit in the head of it and running—a clear syrup—down the shaft of his erection to his fisted hand.

He put his other hand on the back of her head and asked her out of plain astonishment: "Have you never done this to your husband?"

She shook her head still looking at the penis as he held it for her. He drew her head to it.

"Then, my darling Karen, I shall be the first. I am going to cum in your mouth. I am going to cum in your mouth, and you are going to swallow it and tell me how much you like it."

She stared at his penis, then into his eyes, and he said again he really loved her, and he wanted her to enjoy this. So he sat back and holding his penis up, he said: "Go on. You'll see. No one will tell your husband, if you do. I promise."

Karen then described for me how she put her hands on his knees as he guided her head and she closed her eyes and opened her mouth and took his penis into it and she licked and slurped and sucked it like it was lollipop, she said, not knowing how she was supposed to do it or how to let him fuck her mouth. But he did not need much more stimulation.

He held her head lightly. His spasmed. He made guttural noises which she recognized. She knew what it was

Still when he ejaculated, it startled her, popping into her mouth suddenly, flooding her mouth like she had taken a drink, and seeming to fill her mouth, she reflexively gulped; her mouth half-filled with his sperm, she tasted it for the first time.

It happened so quickly and unexpectedly that she looked shocked and she and pathetically protested but to Miller it sounded like a whimper and he saw that she swallowed it, swallowed twice.

He was smugly satisfied and stroked her hair and called her a "good girl."

She looked up at him confused and ashamed.

He held her head tightly so that she could not take her mouth off it, although she did not really try to resist what he wanted. She held his hips as he ejaculated more into her mouth. He saw how her eyes fluttered and she murmured something that sounded like pleasure to him and he thought that she herself shuddered sexually.

She noted the strange flavor, as again it warmly spilled into her mouth, feeling it's soupy texture with her tongue; instinctively she licked at it the head of his penis, slurped and swallowed again what she tasted; her feeling tongue seemed to prompt more spasms of sperm to spurt into her mouth, a third and then a fourth spasm.

Now she drew away her mouth and gasped and his penis still spent and sperm flowed onto her lips, her open mouth, and flowed out of her mouth and onto her chin and dribbled off it. Miller laughed with delight at the witness, while she was catching her breath.

He pulled her head back to his penis. Her open mouth took it back and she swallowed yet again.

At last still feeling the head with her tongue as he told her to do, his penis softened in her mouth and she felt a final flow of warm fluids from his penis. And in a momentary dread she wondered if he was peeing in her mouth. But she decided he was not, though there was so much to swallow.

She said, when I asked her to describe it, that it was sticky and sort of gooey at first and it tasted like and felt like swallowing raw egg white; later what seeped out was more fluid, like gravy, and it tasted salty but also had a tang; but it tasted like nothing she had ever tasted.

I asked her sarcastically: "Did you like it?" She did not answer me. She felt the offense I intended. But I think she would have said yes.

After these spurts of cum and after she had tasted them as he told her to do and swallowed them as he told her to do, he just held her head firmly, to keep her mouth on his penis.

But she gasped for a breath and his viscous cum dripped from her lips, down her chin, off her chin in a drool.

"Thank you, Karen," he said stroking her hair brushing the tears from her eyes which now had ceased tearing and he sighed at her and laughed lightly, telling her he loved her.

"I really do," he told her.

"Lick it," he said, and she closed her eyes and licked the tip of it, still oozing upwelling jism. He watched her.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him with shy uncertainty.

He told her again he loved her. It seemed sincere. Maybe at the moment, it was.

Seeing the ooze forming on the tip, she licked his penis again.

He stepped forward, pushing his penis back into her mouth, and while he stroked her hair, smiling at her, holding her head, his penis softened and the dregs of his semen drained into her mouth as it went limp; she, for her part, looking up into his eyes, caressed the receding glans with her tongue and tickling and tasting the slit of it; she gave him such pleasure that he let her just keep sucking him and told her she was doing it very well; she nursed and swallowed all that she could tease from his penis, until so spent and sucked off so that she could not taste any more fluids coming into her mouth.

He let go of her head, and lifted her hands up, kissing her hands repeatedly, telling her that she was a "good girl" and stepped away from her, his penis slipping out of her mouth. Her mouth and lips and chin all wet, smeared with cum. She dropped her head. He picked up his undershorts and pulled them on hurriedly; he said it was getting late. She remained naked, head bowed, where she knelt, the taste of his semen still in her mouth, as he looked her over with smug satisfaction.

She looked flushed, I am sure, as she does when she is sexually aroused, but in the aftermath of her own excitement, she truly did feel ashamed, and wanted reassurance. At the same time, she told me, she felt tingly all over.

Finally he commanded: "Stand up." She staggered a bit as she stood, and he helped steady her: "You okay?" She nodded. Then he sat in the chair again and looked at her and studied her naked for a while more and talked to her while he dressed. He even retied his tie. She was still naked when he put on his suit coat and took out his keys.

He asked her if she liked what she did, and she did not know what to say. She nodded, shyly looking away from his great grin.

"You like it? You like how it tastes?"

"It's okay " she nodded, and then added: "Was I okay?"

"Yes, sweetie... you did it just right..." He stroked her cheek and touched her mouth and asked her to open it and saw, I suppose, the creamy coating of his sperm in her mouth, on her tongue.

"You want more?" He teased her.

She looked at the clock anxiously but said nothing as he looked into her eyes.

Now as he watched her face for her reactions, he put his hands onto her breasts, and felt them and teased her sexually, and repeated how pretty she was and let his hand to drop her cunt and inserted fingers into her rubbed her so that she began to express herself to him and asked him finally, her hands on his shoulders to brace herself, her legs trembling: "Stop. Please."

I expect he grinned to find how easily she was worked up, because he said, he was sorry and that next time for sure she can pleasure herself.

He pulled on his pants and asked her again: "But you like sucking cock. I can tell." She did not know what to say. He put on his shirt and, buttoning it up as he faced her, repeated: "Tell me you like it."

She nodded because it was what he wanted her to do, she said. I thought that scene especially poignant. My wife still naked, half wet in arousal, the taste of his cum her mouth, abjectly nodding that she liked him to cum her mouth.

I asked her about nodding at him. I asked her if she really did like it—having him cum in her mouth—because even by then, when she had to tell me all, she seemed still reluctant to do that for me, and she did not reply but she looked away and did not reply.

She said he got fully dressed and she stood there naked while he looked at her dressing himself and talked to her and told her how glad he was she had come to work for him, and how much he wanted to help her, and "help your husband too." (winking). He told her he had plans for her and she was going to be very good for his business. And as he put on his overcoat and she still stood naked in the center of the backroom, he again said to her: "But we don't ever want your husband to know, do we? That would be so bad for you. You don't want that, do you?" He looked her up and down again and said again how she pretty she was and said: "We can work it out, so he never knows." He approached her one last time kissed her and fondled her, putting his fingers into her vagina from behind. And she kissed him back.

Then he buttoned up his overcoat saying: "I will see you on Monday. Right? See you just like this, honey. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday " and turned around and left the store, his voice trailing off. "Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sun." The door shut.

She sat down naked on her stool and thought about herself and what had happened and what it meant, without coming to any conclusions. She cleaned herself with Kleenex. She drank cold tea to get the taste of his semen from his mouth, but it did not disappear. All the way home in the bus she could taste it and she would think of it.