**My First Marriage**

by FishMan

Installment #4: She Does Not Want to Go Back to Work but We Need the Money

She called in sick for work on that Monday, and again on that Tuesday. On Wednesday morning I made her go to work because we needed the money.

Mr. Miller left her alone that night, and in fact he let her go home on time every night that week.

And somehow my wife thought it was over and felt more warmly toward Mr. Miller again.

But then on the following Monday he told her he wanted her to stay late again and she tried not to think what it meant.

As usual they had their brandied tea and as usual he kissed her and drew his hand to his penis, but nothing more.

Tuesday again she stayed late, and the same things happened, more or less. This time he wanted her to take off her dress and her slip but let her sit in her bra and underpants as he took off all his clothes in front of her and then he guided her to masturbate him, and for the first time she saw a man ejaculate. He coaxed her to put her small hand on his erection and to squeeze it tightly, the glans popping out, and just this pressure (and the kissing and fondling foreplay which had aroused him) caused him to suddenly climax, and she saw the creamy ejaculate spit up, and then flow down the shaft and onto her hand. There were two quick spasms like that. It was not that much but it ran onto the back of her hand.

Then he told her: "Eat it." And he watched her with amusement as she leaned and delicately and uncertainly lifted the thick sperm with her tongue into her mouth and ate it.

She did not cry. She wanted to, but she did not. She licked all of it off her hand and then he told her to suck out the rest from his penis and she was surprised but there was quite a lot left that leaked out and she sucked like he told her to do, really sucked, like she wanted to get it all.

After she had done this nicely for a several minutes, he got up, his prick still waggling half turgid, but his glans back hiding in the tube of it and went and got another bracelet for her. She said her thank you politely and she laughed at her and said she was good girl and told her she could get dressed and leave.

On that Wednesday night she stayed late and that night he just had her sit with her dress down to waist and her slip pulled down and her bra pulled down to her waist so he could play with her tits and he gave twenty dollars.

And on that Thursday night she stayed late and they had drinks and he unzipped her dress and had her step out of it and again drew her slip down her waist and pulled her bra down and then once more as before he took off all his clothes, except for his undershirt, and then sitting on the stool in front him told her to feel her breasts for him and masturbated while he watched her feeling her own breasts. But before he ejaculated---as she still felt her breasts for him feeling them with her fingertips to arouse herself, pinching her nipples and tugging on them as he told her to do---he stood up and demanded she must now tell him how much she wanted him to cum in her mouth, or she should have to leave.

She did what he said with hesitation, and furiously blushing and with feelings that confused her, for in a way, as she admitted to me, she did want him to cum in her mouth. It gave her pleasure to give him pleasure. So then telling him that she wanted him to cum in her mouth, as he was standing in front of her and stroking and getting ready to ejaculate, he stepped closer to her and she opened her mouth and he pushed it into her mouth and as she sat, still feeling her breasts, he ejaculated and she swallowed the lot of it, three and maybe four shots of the stuff, more than usual, she said. He told her again she was good girl and gave her twenty dollars and sent her home without her brassiere. It worried her that I would notice, but if I saw, I don't remember.

The Friday night again she told me she must stay late. Actually she told me in the morning even before she went in and even before he had asked her. She went to the workroom at the end of day when he closed the shop. He called his wife to tell her he would be late. She heard it. She poured their drinks but did not drink until he came in the room. She drank with him. He looked at her without speaking. He stood and leaned and kissed her and said to her go into the shop.

The lights were off, but he turned them on. He brought his stool from the workshop.

The jewelry store has a glass door front. The two windows are alcoves with folding doors where the jewelry displays are laid out, and you cannot see into the shop through these windows unless those doors are open. But you can see into the shop through the front door, which is all glass. Being winter, it was dark out this time of night. It was not late, only a little before seven, but being near the downtown business district, other shops were closed by then and businessmen and shoppers had gone home for the weekend. There is hardly ever auto traffic on this street after normal business hours; and no walking traffic to speak of, unless someone is passing to go Bob's bar.

Mr. Miller said: "Do you love me, Karen?" She nodded.

"I want you to show me."

She nodded.

Mr. Miller went to the workroom and returned with the brandy bottle and stiffened both of their drinks. He told her to drink hers all up. "Drink it all up right now." She did what she was told and then he handed her his own drink and told her drink that one too. He poured more in her glass and then took his cup back put some in it. He handed hers back to her also refilled with straight brandy and she sipped it. She felt light-headed. Three normal drinks could put her under. She had had more than that.

He saw how she sipped, and he said: "What I want, Karen, first of all " He paused and looked out at the street through glass door. "Come here," he said and got up off his stool and took Karen bodily and positioned her the middle of the store front in the open space between the counters, right in front of the door; then he turned her by her shoulders so that she was facing the glass door. He went back behind the counter and sat upon a stool. She could see him by the reflection in the glass door, looking at her. She could see herself, looking at herself, self-consciously. He saw that too.

He said: "Okay. That's good. Now, I want you pretend that there are men out there, standing right outside the door, right in the doorway, three or four of them and they are looking in; they can see you, but they can't get in. They can see you here standing with all the lights on. And I want you take your clothes off. I want to take off all your clothes so they can see you naked. Will you do that for me?"

"Here?" She asked.

"Yes," Mr. Miller said.

"But what if somebody walks by." She turned to see his response.

"Then you they will see you naked."

"Yes, but . . . " she said.

"The door is locked. See?" And he got up and went to the door and jostled it to show her. "See?" She nodded.

He returned and sat on the stool. She looked at the door, at her reflection. "Nothing will happen. You can run away if someone comes. I just want to see you do it. Take off your clothes, honey. Take off your clothes and then . . . First, the shoes, sweetie. Give me your shoes." She leaned and lifted her shoes off her feet, leaning on him for support. He took them from her and returned to his stool and put the shoes on the glass counter and sipped his brandy. She looked at him as sipped his glass.

He put it down. "Okay," he said. "Now the rest. Take your clothesoff."

I need to tell about the dress she wore because it becomes important. Her famous blue dress.

Her mother had bought it for her. She wore to work often. It was a store-bought business dress, a straight-line shift in type with short sleeves, about mid-knee in length, made of some synthetic fabric or another, early polyester, I think, a dense weave, not soft, and dark blue, quite staid and unadorned. It had a jewel neckline, fit modestly to the base of her throat, very formal looking. She might wear it to a funeral. It had a long-hidden nylon zipper down the back, which went all the way to the base of her spine from the nape of her neck and a little hook there to hold the dress shut neatly at the top. She sometimes asked me to help her zip it up. It hung rather straight on her rather waistless body, slightly tight at her hips, and fitted to her bust, which was always smoothed by the nylon slip she always wore beneath it.

This was the famous blue dress. She wore that blue dress to work that day and that evening, standing in the middle of shop floor in the flood of its lights, facing her reflection in the glass door, she took off that famous blue dress for Mr. Miller and for someone she pretended to be looking through the door.

She recounted nervously how she undressed with the same nervousness with which she undressed, I think. Her hands actually trembled as she told me, and so I imagine they trembled then as she unhooked the dress at her neck and reached behind herself and drew down its zipper, then tugged off the sleeves, letting it fall forward and pushed it with a squirm off her hips to fall to the floor. She stepped out of her dress and looked back at him, folding her arms like she was cold, across her abdomen. Shivering like she was cold. Miller got up and picked up her dress and laid it on the counter.

He said: "Okay. Go on. Take it off." And he watched as she glanced at the door and darkness beyond and leaned to reach for the hem of her slip; taking it up she drew her whole slip up her body and over her head. He studied her as she paused in her bra, panties and pantyhose and hesitated. She started when a car went by, she crouched, clutching her brassiere to cover herself, but she did not run and hide.

She straightened hesitantly and expressed her worry. "Go on," he encourage her, "No one is really there " She put his fingers into the waist of her pantyhose and worked them down. They were tight fitting and it was awkward to remove them with someone watching.

Once she had peeled them down her legs she held them so that she stepped out of them and laid them aside on top of her fallen slip. Looking in the reflection on the glass she saw herself standing only her bra and underpants, both J. C. Penney's white cotton standards that she always wore. Mr. Miller, whom she saw in the reflection behind her, looked on seriously; he was not smiling. Again she folded her arms on her now bare abdomen, shivering.

"Nerves," Bob would tell me.

He spoke to her again, telling her she should pretend now that the men are looking at her and that she wants them to see her naked. She wants them to see her naked and once she is naked she wants to masturbate, and she will masturbate for them until she has pleasured herself.

"Do you understand?" he asked her.

She nodded.

"Okay," he paused, sipping his brandy."Take off your bra and panties, Karen. They want to see you."

She hesitated. He added: " I promise they won't tell your husband. I won't either unless, well . . ."

She still hesitated, looking at herself in the reflection on the glass, worried about passersby.

"Do it, honey." He said. "The sooner you do it, the sooner it will be over."

She did not move. He got up and stepping behind her he pulled her underpants down to the middle of her thighs, and left to cling there in a bunch, and standing behind her unfastened her bra which loosened in front of her. She saw the darkness of her pubic hair in the reflection, and he behind her grinning.

"Go on," he said.

He sat back and she pushed her underpants to the floor and as she leaned to step out of them her bra slipped forward, sliding on her arms, and showing her naked breasts. She let the bra fall to the floor, as she stepped out her underpants, and now she was completely naked in her reflection and in fact.

"Masturbate," he told her, and returning to his stool, sipped brandy, studying her reflection in the mirror and her nakedness from behind.

She was tentative and she was upset. She did not want to do this. She did not tell him. She wanted to please him, but it worried her that someone might see her. And she never had masturbated. Not really. She had touched herself. She had felt the pleasure of it but she knew it was wrong and so she had never given herself up to to it.

She put her left hand to her crotch and crooked her fore finger and began to feel for the sensitive spot at the top of, in between and inside of her labia.

Mr. Miller said: "Do it for me, honey. And then you can get dressed."

She closed her eyes as she rubbed but it was no use.

She was too worried. She looked up when she heard Mr. Miller put his teacup down. And he laughed at her -- sympathetically -- in this too, he treated her tenderly and with affection -- she felt it -- she said she was sorry -- and he said gently: "Okay, look at me . . . Let me see your face when you do it."

She turned to face him then, even as she kept her hand on herself, and looking at him, seeing him looking where she had her hand, she felt herself responding sexually.

She admitted to me later that masturbation was for her the most shameful thing she could do. Watching a man masturbate or helping him did not seem wrong. But her own masturbation had always been hidden and something she knew from her upbringing that a woman should never do, just as having or admitting to any sexual feelings was not something a woman should do. So when she was teenage girl, she always masturbated with the lights off and the covers pulled over her head and tried to move as little as possible and make no noises; she was always afraid of being discovered. So here now, standing completely naked with all the lights on and exposed to the street and Mr. Miller, who was like her father, watching her, this made her giddy with anxiety. Yet somehow it made her more sexually excited and she bit her lip when she put her fingers more deeply into the slit between her legs, feeling how wet she had become, and now added her other hand to work on her clitoris, and in an awkward position, thrusting her hips, her knees bent, she peered at her exposed gash. Her mouth opened; she could feel herself wanting release.

That is when she heard the loud rap on the glass door behind her. She looked back and made a girlish squeal to see a man standing at the glass door, grinning at her, and motioning to Mr. Miller to come unlock the door.

Karen ran to the workroom. The man at the door was Bob. He had seen her naked from behind and had got a glimpse of a bouncing tit as she looked back at him in shock and bounded off, but he wanted to see all of her.

Actually, Miller had been telling Bob about his progress with Karen since the beginning and Bob had not really believed him. So it had been Bob's idea to set up this scene, to have Karen strip in the shop with all the lights on after closing time and face the door so that he could walk over from his bar and see for himself. This was the busy time for his bar, so he was late getting there, but he had not believed Miller anyway. But when he looked in and saw this girl, naked, standing in the middle of his shop, turned away from him, but facing Miller and obviously masturbating for him, he was astonished. Seeing Bob, Miller had given him a discrete nod and had hoped Karen would continue masturbating; she was so close to cumming. But Bob really did want to see the front of her, and that is when he knocked, hoping she'd turn and face him.

Miller laughed as Karen ran out of the room; he went to the door to let Bob in.

Bob told me that Miller had always tried to seduce the girls he hired and had some limited luck but nothing like this. Bob told him as got inside the door: "What the hell?" He saw Karen's slip, bra, underpants, pantyhose in center on the floor where she had taken them off, and slowly shook his head, and said: "I don't believe it."

Miller winked at him and told him: "I promised not to tell her husband."

Bob grinned and nodded and asked: "Where'd she go?"

Miller told him she'd gone to the backroom: "She won't get far without clothes," seeing where Bob looked, at her underclothes on the floor, and nodding toward the dress, which he had draped over the counter. Bob said: "I want to see."

They found Karen crouched against the wall at the end of the workbench, squatting , cowering with her hand covering her breasts, hunched over so that they could not see her nakedness. But she was naked. Completely naked. Bob grinned.

Bob saw how red-faced she was. She was almost crying too, but Bob said it did not bother him. And he and Miller stood admiring her. She closes her eyes and a tear trickled on her cheek. But Bob was simply stunned and said: "God damn."

Miller offered Bob a stool and went back to get his. As Karen looked up, she saw Miller pouring brandy for his friend and watched as Bob and he drank and listened as they talked. Bob said she was pretty. Miller agreed.

Miller added: "She's got nice tits." It was coarseness she had never heard from him. Bob laughed. He drank some more and then got up and stepped over so that he could see her sitting against the wall. "I bet she does," he said. But he could not see them. Her nakedness well hid by her, but the side, the curve of the breast, her haunches naked, and glimpse where her feet could not hide her buttock and what was between her legs.

"Stand up, honey." Bob said. Karen looked at Miller. Miller nodded.

She said: "Please . . . I want to go home."

Miller lied coldly: "Bob knows your husband."

He waited while she reacted. She looked like she might burst out crying. Miller added: "But he promised not to tell him."

Karen looked at Bob, and Bob took his cue: "Yeah, he never needs to know... If you do what we want..." The two men laughed at her and drank seconds and commented crudely.

"Give it up, honey," Mr. Miller repeated, holding out his hand and gesturing at her: "Put your hands down. Open up.... Show Bob what you got...."

Karen believed them of course. And too, as I have said, she had found herself in a sexual coercion, which was her private and unspoken craving. Not anything that she understood at all, she felt confused, and anxious. But it felt to her like what she deserved. And feeling ashamed, not only ashamed to be naked, but ashamed of her own sexual feelings, which she had let show as she masturbated, and ashamed that her husband would find out—all of this combined and both aroused her and defeated her.

"What should I have done?" she asked me, meaning everything, how each and every instance of her humiliation and coercion she had felt powerless to refuse.

Installment #5: Bob, the Owner of the Bar, Enters the Scene Unexpectedly(as Planned

"Give it up, honey," Mr. Miller repeated, holding out his hand and gesturing at her: "Put your hands down. Open up.... Show Bob what you got...."

She looked horrified.

So Mr. Miller crouched and leaned close to her and, as he spoke to her softly, words that Bob did not hear, he gently took her hands and drew them apart and she put them down to the floor so that Bob saw her breasts squashed against her thighs, her nipples still pressed to, covered by her knees; then, gently taking hold her knees, Mr. Miller parted her legs, drew them down so that she exposed herself completely; and so sitting now with her legs splayed obscenely, Bob grinned to take in the full view of her tits and her gaping randy raw cunt. Karen looked into open space, feeling awkward and ashamed; she sat tautly, aware of their stares on her body, especially between her legs, and her erect nipples revealed her feelings. She looked distressed, but she did not cry.

Bob saw this: her tension, her shame and also her evident sexual arousal. Miller backed up to sit on his stool. He said to Bob: "What do you think?"

"God damn," Bob said.

"Yes," agreed Miller.

Bob could not help himself. "Can I fuck her?"

Miller laughed at Karen's reaction, a look of instant shock and confusion, looking back and forth at Miller and Bob and when Bob moved toward her, she cowered again in the corner, drawing up her legs, embracing her knees. She looked frightened.

Bob reassured her with a wink: "I won't hurt you."

Miller admitted he had not fucked her. Bob looked at him incredulously.

Miller said, nodding at Karen's dismay: "She wasn't ready."

Bob looked down at Karen's face too; she turned her head away.

"I think she will now." Miller added quietly.

Miller got up and said to Karen, holding his hand out for her. "Come on, honey. Get up "

Karen took his hand after a moment and he drew her up with strength she did not expect, and Bob stood near facing her and looking her up and down.

Again, my poor wife had never had intercourse with anyone but me and I only ever did it once a day, at most. She was now about to be fucked by two men and perhaps repeatedly. I don't need to go into all the details.

Miller and Bob did not kiss her, and not kissing her lips added to the shame she felt. Not kissing her, this was not "love-making," but fucking her for the sake of fucking her. And she knew it.

Still they gave her a lot of foreplay, watching her expression as they did, tenderly teasing her nipples, touching and teasing the slit of her cunt, especially the sensitive area at the top of it, against her pubic bone, and talked sweetly to reassure her; Mr. Miller telling her he loved her, and kissing her shoulders as he stood behind her, while Bob, in front of her, used his hands or mouth on her nipples.

Miller behind her while Bob in front: Miller groped her buttock; Bob her breasts, Bob slathered her nipples with his tongue, and while both together fingered her from the front and the back at the same time; and she stood submissively, without refusing, and occasionally vocally responded to the sharp sensations she received, I suppose that this was the first night she had abandoned herself to a real orgasm.

I was not an inattentive lover, but I did not value her pleasure as they did. They wanted to pleasure her as a matter of power over her.

While Bob took off his pants, folding them neatly and putting them on the workbench, Miller continued finger-fucking her, speaking to her in endearing terms. Karen, closing her eyes so as not to look at Bob's lewd sarcastic gaze, began to cry real tears (so Bob said to me with a grin). "Nerves," he told me.

Bob took off his shirt--he had no undershirt--then stripped out of his underpants. His cock was already turgid is larger than mine. Karen opened her eyes and looked at it.

Seeing her interest, Bob asked Miller: "She suck cock?"

Karen looked at Miller anxiously, shocked.

Miller laughed at her. Bob grinned. "Good," he said.

Bob took her head by her hair and forced her to her knees.

She resisted little, Bob said. She clutched his legs. Her hands were cold, he said. She was shivering. He forced his cock into her mouth.

He pumped his cock with his hand like he was priming a pump and like a pump he soon gushed into her mouth.

She remained submissive in a shocked and teary-eyed expression.

She gulped his cum readily and without hesitation or disgust.

Bob told me my wife actually sucked on the glans as he stood there, holding it for her, sucking up the rest of his ejaculation like a baby taking a nipple.

"She sucked good," he said to me.

Then Miller stepping up behind my wife, lifted her to her feet and guided her to turn and told her softly what to do—to bend over, to take hold of the stool, and spread her legs—and told her what they were going to do to her— both were going to fuck her like "doggies do it" (that was the way he said it, Bob told me)—and she nodded through tears; she understood; and she did as she was guided.

Bob said she sobbed out loud as she bent over to surrender to them, and Bob and Miller stepped behind her and nudged her legs to spread them wider and as Bob felt of her vagina between her buttock and taking hold of his prick stepped into place and easily slipped it up and into her vagina deeply.

From the picture I saw, Bob has a pretty big prick. About 10 inches or more, as large and as thick as the handle of heavy maul. Easily twice what Miller's is in girth and length, and much bigger than my own, and it surprised her, and she gasped as he plunged it in. She closed her eyes as he fucked her. She responded to Bob with humiliating grunts out loud. (Or so Bob enjoyed telling me)

While he stroked, reaching under her to grab her bobbling tits, or gripping her hips to pull her back hard on his thrusts, Miller watched with satisfaction from his stool. As Bob's strokes got more violent, Miller knew it would be his turn soon and stood up and drew off his undershorts. When Bob ejaculated again, he actually shouted and it surprised her and humiliated her, and she remarked to me how she felt his ejaculation jetting inside of her; it seemed so large and it lasted so long. Without saying it, I knew she was comparing to how little mine own was by comparison.

Miller then took his turn, more gently mounting, going in easily on another man's cum and her own. Miller fucked her more slowly and gently and leaned to kiss her bare back and delighted in toying with her nipples as he fucked her. When he came inside her, he went rigid and stood still just before she felt him flood inside of herself too, and now with his climax, she climaxed and sobbed and shuddered; her arms trembled. As I have said, I had never experienced this with her as yet.

As he withdrew he kissed her back again and she made to rise and turn but Mr. Miller put his hand on her back and said: "No, honey . . . not yet. Bob's gonna take another turn." And she looked at two of them, almost speaking, but nodded, and returned to her submissive position; her eyes closed, but her tears subsided. Bob entered almost immediately and again fucked her forcefully, the sloppy sound of the wet fuck, and the sound of his thighs slapping against her buttock; the slapping making her buttock ripple and her tits bobble.

She braced herself stiffly as Bob fucked her vigorously, Miller watching it all with eager intensity. Her legs stiffened, her arms stiffly grasping the stool, white-knuckled, her head raised up and eyes shut tightly, then mewling with her mouth tightly closed, lips pursed, to the rhythm of the strokes Bob put to her.

Bob said when he shot off the second time inside of her she opened her mouth and made a moo sound like a cow. Both of them laughed at her and she, flushed or blushing, panted to catch her breath while Miller stepped up to take another fuck.

Miller was mostly spent so he had to pump away so very long that both were weary and tired, and Karen bent and put her forearms on the stool seat and dropped her head, panting along with his strokes.

This time, Miller did not fuck her nicely. He spanked her as he fucked her. He spanked her smartly enough to get a rise of color on her rump. She whimpered at this—and said so sweetly "Owee, Ow, Ow,” so Bob said—but did try to stop him and did not protest and never rose up. Her legs were trembling as he finally thrust in hard and as deep as he could go with his dick and popped his load into her.

When he pulled out, she sort of slithered backwards to the floor and curled there with her eyes close.

Bob got dressed and sat on a stool and looked at her, shaking his head with amazement, and saying again, "God damn, Al."

Miller, who also dressed now, said: "What did I tell you?"

Bob tried talking to her as Miller went out to the shop and fussed about and turned out lights, but Karen did not respond. She remembered what he said though: "Your husband is one lucky son of a bitch." It burned her. She almost started crying again.

Miller came back in with her clothing. He opened a file cabinet drawer and put her slip, her bra, panties and pantyhose into it and held her dress as he looked down where she lay and said: "You're leaking cum on the carpet, honey." She stirred and sat up, her legs spread obscenely, and it was true, cum was back-flowing from her vagina, and oozing down the crack of her cunt. She said: "I'm sorry " and wiped her tear-stained face with her hands and looked at him pathetically.

"Get up," he ordered. "Sit down " nodding to the other stool. He squatted down and used her dress to rub out the little puddle of cum. He said: "Hope my wife does not see."

He looked at the dress. "Hope your husband doesn't see," and laughed. "Or your red-ass either, honey. Better be careful not to show him."

She looked at him unhappily and seemed dazed by it all. Standing naked in front of these men, especially this stranger whom Mr. Miller had not even bothered to introduce to her but had readily invited to let him fuck her, was still anxious for her, and his looking at her breasts and down between her legs still made her sexually giddy. Her nipples were still poking out, like she was cold, but that was not it.

She looked down at herself, ashamed. Bob leered. He said to Miller: "Look at that " and all of them saw how the ejaculations she had taken seeped out from her swollen labia and had drooled down the inside of her leg.

Miller put a finger inside her thigh and scraped up a gob of it and lifted it up to my wife's mouth and without a word to her she put her mouth on his finger, trying to avoid the eyes of Bob who said: "Goddamn." She sucked his finger, swallowed. After all, she had done this before.

But the astonished look on Bob's face and his comment embarrassed her; she felt flustered and ashamed, but she looked into Miller's happy eyes, as he drew the fingers from her mouth, and so he teased her: "Taste good?"

He paused peering intently at her flushed face for her reply; her eyes diverted then, and he asked: "You want more?"

Al got up stood and looked at his workbench and fished in a drawer and found the teaspoon that he used to sugar his tea; Karen watching, felt confused.

Miller kept a stern expression. Bob also. Quite serious. "Sit down, Karen... There..." Pointing to the floor just where she had been. "Spread your legs..."

Bob told me about this and looked at my face to see my reaction and I think I must have turned color just as she did.

Al approached her and, looking closely at the object of his objective, he crouched between her wide spread legs, put the tip of the teaspoon into the creamy ooze of ejaculate drooling from her florid fuck hole, gleaming pearly on the wet scalloped folds of her cunt, pressing; and lifting the spoon upward through the seeping lurid slit and he filled the spoon with their comingled sperm and he own cum; she watched with fascination. Bob was astonished, he said. He'd never seen such a thing.

"Open your mouth, honey," said Al, lifting the spoon of cum to her mouth. She opened her mouth slightly. "Wider," he said.

She did as she was told, looking at him sheepishly, and he fed it to her and she ate it, like child taking a spoonful of cough syrup; Al made her lick the spoon as he withdrew it and then took up more in the spoon, scooping runny cum up out of her cunt.

"Like he was feeding a baby," Bob said.

"Again," Al said, holding the spoonful for her. "Open wide."

"Feeding her our cum from her own cunt," Bob said.

He coaxed her and teased her to take each mouthful, spoonful after spoonful, one after another, spooning cum to her mouth from her oozy cunt, as she watched him gather it up, watching him lift it to her mouth, which she obediently opened for him, feeding her like a baby. He fed her several spoonsful.

"Like it was baby food, you know, like that cereal they feed babies . . ." Bob told me, laughing, shaking his head. "Cream of Cum... Yum Yum. . ."

Bob said he put the spoon inside her vagina and turned it, reaching inside and scrapping it about to get out as much cum as he could, and she ate every spoonful she was given.

She looked deeply ashamed, Bob said, but he repeated: "She never said no. She liked it, I swear, she did. Makes my dick hard just thinking of it. Eating' cum from a spoon like it was pudding or something."

When he finished, he asked her if she wanted to go home and get fucked some more. She shook her head. They knew what she meant.

Miller handed her dress to her and she looked confused. "Just put this on."

She looked confused still.

He explained: "Nothing else. From now on you go naked underneath your dresses. And you come to work that way. On Monday you wear this dress again and nothing else. Nothing underneath."

She understood but looked dismayed. "And if your husband asks, you can tell him you get too hot at work," he added.

Bob laughed. "But I wouldn't let him know if I were you." He helped her to step into the dress and turned her and zipped it up. He told her that her shoes were out on the counter and kissed her goodnight. She blinked and said goodnight. Bob and Miller went down to his bar after she was out the door. I expect there was a lot of conversation about it all down at the bar that night.

This was when I started getting suspicious because when Karen came home she went to the bathroom and took a shower right away and came out in her bathrobe and said almost nothing to me and went right to bed. I found her dress, rinsed out and drying, hanging on the shower curtain rod. And too when I went to bed and snuggled up and lifted her nightgown to make love, spooning like we sometime do, I found her to be more than just a little ready to take me that way. I mean, that she seemed well and fully lubricated, and she was responsive; in fact unusually sexually aroused.

One week later it all blew up, but now I know that her days were compulsively sexual, doing what Mr. Miller wanted. I think back on it now and I see how she could not stop thinking about it, worrying, anticipating it, but I think she felt more obsession than anxiety, pitched to fervor of sexual feelings, more than dreading what she knew she must do.

I think she could not stop thinking about it, even when she was home. She was distant, truly dreamy. She talked little, seemed lost in thought. She thought things she could not stop thinking. And, in a word, I found her to be almost randy sometimes. She almost wanted me every night and was more expressive when we made love than ever before and sometimes she wanted me to do it to her a second time and she had ideas of what she wanted. And for the first time I was certain that she had orgasms like I did. I felt them in her body. All of this was new. She even wanted me to masturbate while she watched and was fascinated by my erection and my ejaculation and even tasted it. I was not unwilling to let her be more liberated, but this was so sudden and not like her. All this built up over the next two weeks and then, as I said, everything exploded.

Installment #6: Next Week -- Monday -- Teasing Her, Teasing Customers

On Monday I drove her to work rather than having her take the bus. I don't know why. She wore the same dress that she had worn on Friday, the same dress that she had hand-washed and hung in the bathroom, and I saw that she had not worn pantyhose and I almost asked her about it. She wore white socks and penny loafers. It seemed so incongruous. She seemed nervous, edgy.

I parked in front and went into the store with her. I don't know why but I sensed she wanted me to do it. When we entered the store Mr. Miller beamed at her and she smiled girlishly and even seemed to blush. It was endearing I thought, how tenderly she felt toward him. She had told me how lonely he was. Miller seemed also glad to see me and while Karen put the display out in the windows and took the jewelry trays out of the safe and set them in the counter, we talked. He encouraged me about my career and seemed genuinely interested. I kissed Karen goodbye and went off to work. As I was going out the door, Mr. Miller said: "O, you know Karen has to work late again tonight and all week I am afraid and probably Saturday too. It's time for the inventory and I have so many things for her to do."

"Okay," I called back.

"But of course I will pay her for all those extra things she does. I am sure you can appreciate that. And she is so good at what she does...." He grinned, taking Karen's hand and kissing it. Karen blushed shyly. I nodded and thanked him and did not see her until late that night.

What I know about what happened after I left her at work, and for that matter most of everything that follows, comes mostly from what Bob told me. When Karen confessed she put the emphasis on the first events, when Mr. Miller seduced her, as she saw it. How she succumbed and changed after that or because of things he made her do, how she surrendered to what he wanted, she could not admit to; she preserved in this way her own strange sense of innocent shame, although in fact she seemed to relish the emotion of her shame as much as the degrading perversions that she permitted them to do to her. The emotions she felt in either her sexual humiliation or embarrassment or her sexual abandonment were all indistinguishable to her, or rather they were all the same compulsion. I am convinced that it was her own sexual compulsions that they adroitly exploited, seeing them so abjectly revealed in her sexual surrender. They were drawn to her like a pack of slavering dogs to a wanton bitch in heat, her swollen cunt dripping with her rut.

I do not mean any of this bitterly. She did not know what she was doing, really. I think something broke inside her. Her sexual repression simply burst, and she was overwhelmed by her feelings. And she insisted in the end upon the simple naivete that she only wanted someone to love her, and that is why she did what they wanted. You can believe what you want.

Mr. Miller tended to business. He went in and out on errands and worked on things in the back, and Karen tended the shop. It seemed again just a normal day.

As she worked, Karen felt self-conscious about being naked under her dress. Her nipples were tickled by the raw cloth. When she squatted down to take things out of low drawers, she felt self-conscious about not wearing underpants. The coolness between her legs and the sense of vulnerability were always near her thoughts.

Mr. Miller came out of the workroom at about 11:30 and told her that Mrs. Miller was going to come, and they were going out for lunch. Karen facing him, nodded. She saw him looking at her chest. He said: "Are you naked?"

She nodded.

"Turn around." He directed her with a hand on her shoulder. He could be bossy like this sometimes, even though often he was so gentle with her.

He drew the zipper of her dress down to the bottom of the seam, just above the small of her back and he saw she had not put on a slip, a bra, or underpants. She had not put on pantyhose. He put his hand inside the back of her dress and felt her bare waist and reached around to the front of her and cupped her right breast and fingered her nipple and said: "I like this. You should always dress like this. I want you to come to work like this always."

He drew his hand out and stepped out to the front of the counter and looked at her face. He had not zipped up her dress. She did not know if she should do it or not. She waited for him to say something. He simply stared at her.

A customer, a middle-aged businessman, came in. She stiffened. Mr. Miller turned and greeted him. They talked and she stood still, not sure what to do. The customer wanted to see some diamonds. Mr. Miller turned to her said: "Karen, will you go get that tray of diamonds on my work bench and bring it out."

She had no choice and tried to pretend a nonchalance and went into the backroom, certain that when she did the customer and Mr. Miller would see her dress unzipped in the back, gaping and showing her back to the top of her buttock.

When she returned they were laughing, and she blushed as she put the tray down.

Mr. Miller said: "Oh, I am sorry. That is the wrong tray. Bring the one on the third shelf of the safe."

They watched her walk back into the workroom and easily saw she wore nothing under the dress. When she came back with the tray they were waiting for her and were not talking.

They watched her put the tray down and Mr. Miller put his hand on hers and said: "Listen, sweetie, will you get the emerald ring out of the display case. The gentleman wishes to see it."

Mr. Miller and the gentlemen followed her as she went to the display case. Getting the ring meant she must open the doors of the alcove and use a foot stool to step up and lean out and across the display.

She risked exposing herself.

Mr. Miller deliberately got in her way and the businessman looked down the back of her dress and saw she was not wearing underpants.

Then as she got on the stool and reached out, aware that her dress rose in back as she did, and worrying that he saw up her legs, Mr. Miller deliberately interrupted her, pressed against her, putting his hand on her dress, so that drew it "inadvertently" up and fell away from her left shoulder and the businessman ogled a portion of exposed buttock, and glimpsed a bit of her dangling left tit as she leaned for the emerald. He stepped closer to see her tit better and said: "Yes . . . no, not that one . . . that one..." and made her lean further to the side so her dress slipped almost to her left forearm and he could fully see her exposed tit—its fleshy wine-colored nipple at the pointy tip of it —he could see it all very well now. She got the ring and rearranged her clothing quickly as she stepped out.

He did not buy anything, but he talked to Mr. Miller at length while Karen escaped to the back room and zipped up her dress. She did not come out until she heard him leave. Mr. Miller came into the workroom and said: "Where did you go?"

She looked hurt. She said: "Why?" He shrugged. He kissed her warmly and told her he loved her. He would never do anything that she did not want her to do, that he was sorry it upset her. She cuddled with him like that, soothed by what he said. He unzipped her dress and slipped his hand inside, drawing it away, so that it fell along her right shoulder and felt her breast, stimulating her nipple, while he kissed her.

At that moment Mrs. Miller came in for lunch and they nervously straightened their clothes. Mr. Miller zipped her up, just as Mrs. Miller came in to greet her. Standing in front of Mrs. Miller, flushed, aroused, naked underneath her dress, made her feel naughty and embarrassed. Mrs. Miller must have noticed how she looked.

They went to lunch. Karen locked the door and went to the back room and she sat and cried a bit. She said she almost called me. But she did not. She ate her sandwich in the silence of the shop and waited for Mr. Miller to return.

When Mr. Miller returned he banged on the locked door and said loudly: "Come to the door, Karen. Where are you? You got a man in there?" It was his joke. He always told her to lock up when he was gone "in case some strange man were to come in and ravish her when I was not here to protect you."

Mrs. Miller stayed in the office for a while after lunch, looking over stock, and talking to Mr. Miller while Karen tended the shop, waiting on customers. She could not hear what they talked about, but Mr. Miller seemed very upset. She did not leave until almost closing time. When she did Mr. Miller closed the door behind her and locked it and told Karen to come back to the workroom after she cleared the displays and locked up the trays. He was drinking as she did. He watched her as she went in and out. He was very unhappy. He never said anything to her about it.

When she had finished, she sat at her stool beside his and slipped off her shoes to be comfortable and waited for him to give her a drink, but he did not. He looked at her drunkenly and lecherously. He said: "Go stand over there," gesturing with a nod to a bare corner of the room.

She stood, smoothed her dress, her hair, did as she was told, and facing him tried smiling at him to make him happy. He looked very unhappy, already very drunk. She said: "Is there anything else?"

He leaned back, looked her up and down, sighed, put his teacup of brandy out to the workbench, missed the tabletop, and the teacup fell as he tried awkwardly to catch it. Karen did not move. She felt sorry for him.

He looked at the spilled drink morosely, then up to her, and leaning forward, clasping his hands, slurred his thoughts:

"Yes. Yes, you got to. I want you to." He leaned back again, and he was not smiling. He stood up. He almost looked angry. He said it like it was an order: "Take off your dress."

While Karen looked sadly at him, she reached behind herself and unzipped the dress and watched as he undressed as well. She was done before he was, simply drawing the dress forward and letting it fall to floor at her feet and she was of course quite naked. She stepped out of her loafers. All she wore was those white socks. That is an image still sexually poignant for me. Facing him shyly, naked, but for her socks.

She waited as he stared her body and undressed. He took off all his clothes, even his undershirt. He stood in his dark socks, his pink chubby middle-aged body, his tumid uncircumcised prick never rising up hard, but waggling out in front of him like a sausage, and the cherry-red glans peaking at the tip of it.

They both just stood naked looking at each other for a while.

At length he said: "I want to fuck you again."

"Yes," she said softly, but she did not know what he wanted and waited until he explained, and she got on her hands and knees and he said he liked how her tits looked that way. It was the first time he had called her breasts tits. "I like the way your tits hang," he slurred.

He told her to crawl on the floor over to him and she did and looked up at him and waited for his next instruction and told her to turn and show him her butt.

He drank looking down at her and then grunting and sighing knelt behind her and guiding his prick with his hand slipped it into her.

Being drunk, he had hard time getting off, and both of them got a bit sweaty and in the end she had to do most of the fucking until he drew out and spanked her a few times. He spanked her smartly and she said: "Ow" and he asked her: "Do you like that? Huh? You like that?"

And she said honestly: "Please . . . no . . ." But he kept slapping her buttock and fucking her hard so to make tits wobble under her; and she was breathless; and then spanking her again and asking her again his question, then fucking her when she replied. He kept up like this and she felt his prick was stiffening and going deeper and so she said when he seemed like would finally cum, she said: "Yes . . . yes . . ."

And she burst into tears and sobbed with he came inside her, groaning and leaning heavily onto her, so that they both collapsed with his penis still inside her, spending itself.

She turned her face on the floor, and he, laying on the top of her, fucked her a little more where she lay and kissed her salty tears and told her she was beautiful and how much he loved her and how he wished he had met her when he was young, and how pathetic and fat he was and how old, and how she should deserve something more than this, but that he would see that she had anything she wanted.

When he withdrew and stood, he looked down at her, naked, facedown, on the carpeted floor, her buttocks a rosy glow on both cheeks where he had spanked her.

She would not know, he thought. Her husband might see, he thought. He laughed.

She heard his laugher and she thought it was meant for her and she felt sheepish and ashamed of herself.

He dressed and she turned over and sat up and said to him: "Do you love me?"

He laughed and went over to draw her to stand and embrace her and said: "Didn't you hear what I was saying to you?" And he said, "Here," and put a raw diamond into her hand. She shook her head and he insisted.

He made them drinks. She sat on her stool naked for him and let him play with her "titties" as he called them now and finger her, watching her face for reaction, and encouraging her to say she liked it. But "nothing really happened," as Karen would say. Somehow her being naked and finger-fucked was not something that should matter to me.

She put her dress on after they sat drinking for a while. She came home, showered, rinsed her dress, and again fucking her that night, this time at her urging, I felt she was already used, though I did not know that at the time. I saw the rosy color on her bottom, I wondered, but I did not say anything to her about it.

Installment #7: Tuesday -- Masturbating for Mr. Miller

The next day she wore the same dress again. I said something to her about it and she blushed and stammered and explained that Mr. Miller liked this dress. I drove her to work and again noticed that she did not wear pantyhose. I asked her about. She said Mr. Miller did not mind.

She kissed me when I let her off and said she hoped she would not have to work late. I said: "You don't have to if you don't want to." She shook her head: "I know." She blushed again. I felt then something was going on she did not want to tell me about. I wondered.

Mr. Miller was very glum that morning and left her alone to tend the store. She thought he was mad at her. She felt very unhappy too. He went out to lunch and left her again. He said: "I am going down to Bob's bar."

He came back late, almost two hours late and obviously been drinking. She unlocked the door to let him in and he seemed much more cheerful. He did some things with his books. Some customers came and went, including a young couple shopping for wedding rings. Karen sold them a nice set by herself and Mr. Miller congratulated her on the sale after they left.

He put the credit receipt in the cash drawer and turned and said he was sorry he was acting so mean, it's just he had a fight with his wife. He stepped up to Karen at the counter next to him and embraced her and kissed her and she was anxious about this. Kissing him in public like this. She was afraid someone might see. "So what?" he mocked, holding her by the waist. "What if your wife came in," she feared. He laughed.

"No, she won't. I didn't tell you; she's gone away for a week, out of town." He kissed her some more and she let him. She opened her mouth for his kisses.

But a customer did come in and what he saw I do not know but it upset Karen, who very felt embarrassed. It amused Mr. Miller, as Bob told it, who described how he deferred the customer to her and while the customer was shown a tray of rings, stepped behind Karen and lifted her dress and began fondling her bare buttock, wedging his fingers into the moistness between, and into the folds of her vagina and fiddling with her there. She, trying to talk, was disconcerted, and lapsed into inattentive moments which put-off the customer so much that he left.

The customer having left, Mr. Miller turned Karen and before she could speak began kissing her again and his hand now to the front of her, her dress raised to her waist began to finger fuck her vigorously, and she, so Bob said, put her head on his shoulder, closed her eyes, and enjoyed it.

Miller claimed he got her to cum on his fingers and that she had been so pent-up she burst into tears when she did and collapsed to the floor on her knees. He kissed her head and leaning over her he reached down her back and unfastened the top of her dress and unzipped it to the bottom of the zipper. She did not resist or speak. He reached over her and seized the hem of the dress and with one violent motion drew her whole dress up and off of her. She not resisting, letting her arms go up with the motion, as he stripped the dress from her, he straightened and commented how she ought to be naked all day and left her to huddle naked behind the counter. He took her dress away and put it in a cabinet where she should not find it. She still was sobbing softly, and he heard her from the workroom, so he came out, holding his cup of tea (brandy) and spoke some kindnesses, then left her to compose herself, leaving her naked as she was, and went the backroom, sniffing his hand with satisfaction.

Bob said: "You know, he did not wash his hands until he could come and have me smell her on his fingers that night at the bar and tell me all about it. What a dog!"

Karen never told me about this incident. She hardly told me much about this week, except for the weekend, when it all blew up on her, and even then only a smallest part of the truth.

Bob said Miller laughed about it that night at the bar, telling how she finally ran into the workroom holding her tits in her hands and pleaded with him to let her have her dress back and how he told her to go back and tend to the shop. A customer came in and calling for assistance, Miller looked at Karen seriously, and told her to go out and help the man. She refused and cowered against the doorjamb. Exasperated (and also amused) he went out to assist the customer.

If Karen tried to find her dress, she failed. And Miller had hid her overcoat too. He had planned for her humiliation purposefully. When Miller came back from serving the customer she had fled to the corner where Bob had found her crouched and naked the day before. She looked at Mr. Miller plaintively but did not ask to get dressed.

He said: "No man saw you naked but your husband?" She nodded. "Until me?" She nodded, blushing. "Then Bob." She nodded again.

"Didn't you ever play doctor when you were a little girl?"

He sat on the stool and studied her. She said quietly that she did not understand. And I don't think she did understand, but she had confided to me once, without much detail, that she had three teen-age boy cousins who took her to their secret place in the woods and "did some things to her" when she was about ten years old. And I had always wondered whether they might have broken her hymen with some sort of probing about, because although I am sure she was virgin and had almost no sexual experience before we married, it did not seem like I broke her hymen. I had no difficulty with my first penetration, she had no pain, and she left no tell-tale bleeding on the sheet.

Miller explained: "I think men like to see you naked."

She said nothing to this.

Miller expanded: "I think you like them to see you naked."

She said nothing still.

He said: "I think you get sexually excited by taking off your clothes for men."

She shook her head. "Yes, you do." He said, "I have seen how you look. I remember how you looked at me the first time I undressed you. I remember how you looked when you undressed out there in the shop. I remember how you looked at Bob when you stood in front of him naked."

She shook her head. He smiled at her: "Before you can get dressed I want you to run out and lock the door, so we won't be disturbed and then come back in and eat this nice lollipop I have ready for you." While he spoke, he had stood and dropped his pants and undershorts and his ready erection in hand, he drew his foreskin down to show the randy red bulbous glans, round and candy-like as the lollipop he said it resembled and just the right shape and size for her mouth.

He waited as she ran to the door, running against the counter in a crouch and praying no one came to the door and she must have been safe. Bob said nothing more about it.

Describing how she then submissively and anxiously knelt and put her hands-on Mr. Miller's thighs as he directed her and how he held his penis for her, its engorgement up, popping out for her to put her mouth on, I can take in part from what Karen told me herself. She had told me about this even though she did not remember when it had occurred. She had remembered the number of times she had done this cock-sucking and cum-eating. Actually, I had asked her—assuming that of course she would say she had only done it the once, but I was mistaken—in fact she told me that she had sucked his cock or eaten his cum not once, but precisely six occasions.

She had remembered each occasion vividly, which surprised me, and she could relate to me how she felt, what happened on each occasion, even details of the ejaculation strongly remembered, and so on. This one she remembered because of how he guided her with such detail and because she felt so hot with embarrassment, as she said, feeling so deeply ashamed of herself. She had found it particularly humiliating to her, being completely naked, being on her knees, kneeling to this subservient degrading exploitation to deliver oral services for his ejaculation, intending to feed it to her mouth, and it shamed her because of how he coaxed her and how he guided her to use her tongue and mouth on his penis, calling her a good little girl as she did what she was told and telling her that he had never known a woman so willing to do such things as she was, that his wife never would. All these humiliations, implicit in the act, shamed her, and then something that he confided as she used her mouth on him, which wounded her with purpose, I think, that the only woman he had ever got to do anything like this for him was a whore he had paid twenty bucks in a parked car in the dark and she had been fully dressed and she had not even swallowed it but had spat it out in disgust into a Kleenex. Karen recalled for me how pointedly then he had taken a twenty-dollar bill from his wallet once she had gotten dressed and gave it to her before he let her go home that night.

She told me how he guided her to use her tongue on the thing and to lick at the glans like it was a sticky lollipop and he had her put the tip of her tongue into the slit of it and lick the stuff, the clear pre-ejaculate as it seeped out there, and which must have been stimulated by her tongue, or he must be just especially like this, that she thought he must be doing this on purpose to make her lick the drips, to taste them. She would lick it as she saw the fluids form, beading from the slit at the tip of his penis, a glistening dew drop of it, and he would watch her as she saw it rise and coax her to lick, and asked her over and over if she liked it and she would nod in her heat and anxiety. How long he kept this up, I can only imagine, he tortured her with it and himself, I would guess, trying to hold off the climax of his ejaculation for as long as he could bear it or until, as I am guessed by the way she describe it, he just could not hold it any longer and he told her urgently what to do, and insisted she put her hands behind her back and look up at his eyes and keep them open and open her mouth and then holding his erection, his foreskin drawn tightly back, and held the glans so exposed, red and round, she said it looked in fact like cherry lollipop. He said for her to just put her mouth over the glans, to hold the glans in her mouth. "Suck it like a lollipop," he said and told her to look up at him. Her tongue swam about the knob, feeling it. He could not hold it now.

"Look at me, look " he said, and stiffening, he watched intensely for her expression as at last he ejaculated into her mouth and at the suddenness, just as the first time when the ejaculate had been truly unexpected, her eyes widened and she murmured and rolled her tongue in it involuntarily—Miller would tell Bob that this little whimper made her so endearing to him—and this time, she said, his ejaculate was so copious, it really seemed to flood her mouth and almost gag her and a second jet came so quickly and a third that she had to gulp, while he, holding his breath seemed to strain to give her more, but he was completely spent; she waited, breathing again, with her mouth still holding what she had not swallowed until he nodded at her and let his prick slip out of her mouth, pasty with what she had not swallowed. Then swallowing, as he watched her with satisfaction, he asked her if she liked how it tasted and obediently and abjectly she nodded to please him. He watched her wipe her lips with her fingers and sit back on her haunches, her hands trembling on her naked thighs, and meekly look up at him.

He leaned and felt her breasts, fingering her nipples with both of his hands, teasing the points of them, and feeling the puffy round areoles of them, and asked her if she came when he did, for she too had jerked just as he jerked and came in her mouth, and had stiffened to receive his ejaculation in her mouth just as he had stiffened and made noises just as he had, and she looked as spent as he felt. But she looked at him quizzically and shook her head uncertainly. For Karen does not seem to climax when I do but seems to be content with pleasing me. I am not sure she ever climaxed while we made love.

He said: "Masturbate for me."

She felt self-conscious and nervous. My wife has masturbated only in shame, in the privacy of her bed with the covers over her head, as I have said, and to stand there completely naked within inches of Mr. Miller and do this she felt very embarrassed, but he insisted. She was reluctant and ineffectual, but he liked how she closed her eyes and her mouth parted. Miller could still see his cum on her lips, in her mouth.

He liked how instinctively she felt herself by imagining a man touching her, and she was aroused but she did not climax. She felt warm, as she fondled her breasts, as she rubbed her genitals.

Her cheeks colored but this was not the deep hot flush that went down her throat and sprinkled her breasts like a rash as he would later see.

She closed her eyes. Aware of his watching. Wanting him to watch her, to see her shame herself, flood her fingers with her own, while he grinned and teased her, telling her he wanted to see her do this in front of men she knew. He said he knew many men who wanted to see her naked like this.

She put her own fingers deeply into the cunt and she leaned against the wall, her legs spread for her hands. Her fingers went deeply into her cunt; she wanted to do this for him, for those she imagined watching.

Her mouth open; she breathed through her mouth; she felt herself ready to cum. She rubbed herself faster.

Mr. Miller grinned.

"Good," he said but he looked at his wristwatch. "I have to go."

She opened her eyes. She blinked. She felt embarrassed, ashamed. And unfulfilled. She still touched herself compulsively. She was confused. He laughed at her.

He dressed hurriedly as he watched her frustration with ironic amusement. She had stopped feeling herself, and leaned, slouched and looked at him pathetically. She felt like she had let him down. She felt like crying she told me. He saw it and took her hand and drew her to him and she huddled against him sadly in his embrace.

He kissed her sweetly: "Don't you like this? Being naked for me? I want you to show me that you like being naked for me and for other men too. That is why I ask you."

"I'm sorry," she said into his shoulder.

He told her he would ask Bob over the next night and maybe masturbating for him would be more exciting to her.

She did not reply at once. "Do I have to?" Still embraced him. He said: "Yes and others...."

He did not reply: "You can get dressed then." And he let go of her and she put down her arms and looked at him pathetically. Miller telling Bob about this whole day that very night actually laughed about how pathetic she looked.

"Like she felt she'd disappointed me." he laughed.

Miller got her dress out of the cabinet and held it out to her and watched as she put it on. He asked her if she wanted something to drink. She shook her head. He grinned.

She turned for him to zip her up and said again she was sorry.

Miller said: "You do it for Bob."

He took his wallet out. He gave her a twenty-dollar bill.

He said: "Tomorrow, when you come in. Wear this same dress. I like it. And those shoes and socks. I love that." She nodded.

"But, put on underpants."

He laughed and took her overcoat out of the safe where he had hid it: "Maybe you won't feel so bad serving customers in your underpants."

He came close to her and embraced her fondly and kissed her, and she, kissing him responsively, must have shared some of the taste of his own cum with her tongue, but this is only a guess. As she helped her put on her coat he told her: "And make yourself up pretty, dear. I really like that red lipstick you wear. Bob will like it. All the men like it."