**My First Marriage**

by FishMan

Installment #8: Wednesday -- Naked for a Customer

The third day wearing this same dress that week really bothered me, and still she did not wear pantyhose, and again she wore white socks and penny loafers. She put on more make-up than usual, like she was going out on date. Mascara, and rouge and the candy-red lipstick she wore to church or when we went out.

When I dropped her off, I told her I really didn't like her working late so much. She looked conflicted about it, like she might cry. I asked whether she was worried about losing her job, if she did not do this extra work. She nodded.

I said: "I thought Mr. Miller liked you?"

"He does," she admitted, "But. . . ."

I waited and she added, actually looking toward the shop anxiously, "I just don't know if I am what he wants. Or if I am really the right girl for what he wants. I don't know. But don't talk to him." She turned to me. "Don't tell him what I said. I don't want him to think that I . . . "

It was such an odd conversation when I think of it now. I still do not really know what she was thinking. She seemed so conflicted in her feelings. I think she worried what they were going to make her do. But she did not even admit this to herself.

Bob said the next few of days were all about getting her ready for the "big event" they had begun planning for her for the weekend, for the days she was supposed to be at the shop doing inventory. Setting her up. Getting her used to certain demands that they intended to put on her was the plan; otherwise, what they demanded might shock her and she might resist too much; she might even breakdown emotionally, and that could cause some of the men who were going to be brought to use her to have qualms about what they were doing to her. Her embarrassment and girlish modesty about getting naked in front of a group of men, and some resistance to the things they would coax her to do, they expected, perhaps even desired; because her reluctance and her shame was part of the pleasure they would feel in seeing her do these things. They wanted her to succumb to her own humiliating pleasure at her sexual coercion. But they worried. She was so naive. She was so repressed.

They wanted her to become aroused by the things they made her do. So they needed to prepare her to do things like it, to bring her gradually to surrender herself to things that she might normally balk at doing, that might shock her or disgust her at the thought of, but which being sexually aroused and being humiliated she should submit to shamefully but willingly. They needed to force her mildly to do things more and more humiliating, more and more sexually intense, so that she would yield to the most extreme and sexually intense coercions they intended, ones that had gotten more extreme and sexually intense by their fantasies and plans as the week went on.

Their fantasies had gotten extreme and out of control ever since the previous week. Every night at the bar Miller would come down and tell his stories. At the first, when he had started seducing her and had bragged about how he felt her up and so on, he only had told Bob. But Bob had told a few of their mutual friends after Miller swore she had masturbated him. And then Bob freely confided in the regular crowd how Miller had bragged that this girl he had working for him, this young wife—"You've seen her," he'd suggest—let him strip her of all her clothes, right there in the shop, and had given him a blow job, kneeling naked while he sat his workbench. In the main, no one believed it.

Bob said he'd like to see the truth for himself and had Miller arrange to coerce her to stripping out in front of the shop after closing so that he could come by and peek in to see her there—proof of his conquest. That very night then, Bob and Miller came in triumphantly and Bob gave free drinks to the crowd of regulars and told them how, yes, indeedy, he had seen Karen stripped and completely naked himself and had even fucked her. "Fucked her twice," he was proud to tell those who listened. So by the last weekend there was a group of friends, a dozen and more middle-aged men just like themselves who hung out at the bar rather than go home to their own wives, who knew all about what was going on and were egging on Miller to share my wife with them.

One of these men was that customer who had come in and got a peep at her with her zipper down, had got a glimpse of the side of her dangling tit as she leaned over in the window, and a bit of her bare butt. And there had been others, Karen had noticed, who had come in window-shopping and idly ogling her. They made her uncomfortable. She had to wait for them while they seemed to be there just to give her smirks and stares. Some of them coming in pairs or threes and making dirty jokes she did not quite hear. After the incident on Monday, they wanted her to step around so they could see from behind if her zipper was pulled down. Miller had told them all that he was making her come to work with nothing on beneath her dress.

So the crowd of them who knew about it or heard about it grew over the week and they had to make plans for two days, and not just the Saturday, because Miller worried that having too many at once would frighten her and he needed to coax her to cooperate or nothing would happen. And he told them they must pay. He was going to get a hundred from each, Bob told me, and after all he was going to lose bar business for it. He gave Karen twenty of each hundred, which is actually what led me to find out about all this, finding a bundle of twenty-dollar bills, and confronting her. That, and the one otherreallystrange discovery that I happened to make that Sunday morning when she got out of bed.

Their fantasies and plans got more and more pornographic in what they wanted to see her do. And Miller and Bob got swept up in it; the whole group of them like a bunch of dogs after a bitch in heat, like I said before, excited each other with the ideas that came out, nasty ideas, ideas that they might have been too inhibited to express, except that they fueled one another feverishly. This was in any case the fantasy of fantasies: the blackmailed young housewife, coerced to sexual surrender.

This was a time of strange ferment in America.Penthousemagazine was publishing "letters" from men about submitting their wives to the sexual humiliation of other men's pleasure. Vile pornography had gotten easy to find and it showed things these men had only heard rumored and nobody had ever seen such things live. It showed young girls, girls my wife's age, submitting to things they could not even tell their wives about, let alone ask them to do. In these days of the early 1970's, all sorts of taboos were being broken in America. And men who were Mr. Miller's age and Bob's age, men in their late fifties, vets of the War, angry about dirty hippies, and yet envious of them, and frightened of the way things were going, yet also wishing they could get a piece of it before they were too old to get it up, who felt their own virility slipping, who sensed that girls my wife's age no longer wanted men as old as them, whose half-hard penises (if they could get erections at all) waggled like a cooked sausage under pot bellies, who lived with fat wives bored with sex and cold to them and whom they no longer wanted anyway, thinking about vulnerable young girls while they saw their own daughters grew up and got perky little titties and their daughter's girlfriends traipsing about in their skimpy clothes, they dreamt of a chance like this one, of getting some promiscuous college girl, or like this case—the best fantasy of all—a blackmailed young wife like mine, coerced by her shame to submit and surrender to their lewd fantasies and be abused and humiliated as she was going to be.

That was what this was going to be. Karen would be blackmailed. She had to do what they wanted, or they would tell me all about it. They would threaten to send me the pictures. They would see that her father found out. They would threaten to send him pictures maybe. She would have to do it.

Mr. Miller and Bob were not monsters. They did not intend anything but satisfaction of lush sexual feelings which they believed she shared and which they saw in her response to them, even if by coercion. And it was coercion. They would make it plain to her that if she did not do what they told her to do, her husband would find out and they had photos to show him. The coercion aggravated the lust they felt and in this rare case it met and aroused her own sexual feelings, which relished her coerced submission, and made her especially vulnerable to the things they would want her to do. It was a coincidence of her exploited repressed sexual feelings and their pent-up lechery; all these men caught up in their lurid fantasies and she also. They did things to her they might never have imagined doing to a girl against her will. Compulsion got hold of them—and her too—and they fed on her response—her arousal, humiliation, surrender— these all fed their fantasies; and her arousal, humiliation and surrender fed on their fantasies. They all were consumed in this compulsive sexual intensity.

This day then, Wednesday, Miller had arranged for Bob to come after work and had reminded Karen even when she came in and started setting up for the day. He watched her putting out the trays, putting the displays in the windows, setting up the till and so on and told her how he'd talked to Bob and said he should come by later on, sometime after lunch and before he went to the bar, and he had not told him what to expect but he told her now that he wanted her take off her clothes for him and masturbate in front of him. He said: "You can stop when he sees you cum." She blushed furiously at this and that amused Miller.

When she was done with the chores, he had her open the door and told her to watch the shop, that he had work in the back to do, but before he left her, he turned her about to face the shop front and unzipped her dress to the bottom, revealing her underpants. And as instructed she wore nothing else underneath. He put a hand inside her dress and reached around to the front of her to fiddle with her nipples, causing them to show pointy under the front of her dress.

Satisfied, he told her she was to leave her zipper down all day long. She said nothing to this.

It was not a busy day.

If customers came in, Miller stepped to the door to see and watch her handle them. Most of the time they were helped behind the counter and she had no occasion to step out where they might see. But twice—once a young couple and once a middle-aged man—wanted to see an item from the display window so she was obliged to step out and reach into the window and undoubtedly they saw how she was revealed in back. The young lady nudged her young man and suppressed her giggles. The middle-aged man seemed pleasantly surprised and smiled at Mr. Miller who winked at him. He had her go to the window three times and bought nothing in the end.

Having found her submissive and obedient, he called her into the office where he sat at his workbench and told her they would not close for lunch that day and she could eat in the back later on. As he dismissed her he told to turn about and he lifted her dress to look at her underpants and drew them out to peer at her buttock and put his hand in to feel her pussy—"let's just see how wet you are."

He said: "Yeah. I thought so." And let the elastic snap back, and then tucked the back of her skirt into the back of her underpants, telling her she was to leave it just as it was until he told her otherwise.

He had her take off her shoes and he put them away in a drawer in his workbench.

Once again he sent her to the front of the store and as before if he heard the bell he came out to see who it was, but this time if the customer was a woman or a couple he assisted so that she should not be embarrassed in front of them. He told her after helping a woman choose earrings, that he would let her serve the men who were his age.

I doubt that the man who came in a little after noon was one of those who had heard the tales at the bar. The way things happened it does not seem like it and she said she never saw him again.

Karen told me little about the things that happened in the store this week. She admitted to not wearing underwear and to sucking Mr. Miller's cock and she confided this and the other incident in which some male customer got a peep show. Bob told me everything else.

Bob came in the shop just after this incident and so he knew about it and added details. His version was a little different than hers. I'll explain.

She told me that when he came in Mr. Miller told her to help him and she walked to the other side of the store to greet him at the counter and felt as she did that he must have seen how her skirt was hiked behind her, being askew at the front of her, and showing her underpants. She knew she blushed, and she felt ashamed of herself because he grinned and seemed wordless for a moment then pointed to the item he wanted to see. She brought out its tray for him.

Mr. Miller offered that he had others like it in back if wanted to see them. He was not responsive, and seemed uncertain, but Mr. Miller said: "Karen, go back and get the gentlemen the tray of opal rings." Then, if he had not seen her underpants showing, he certainly did now, and Karen said she felt so ashamed that she did not want to return and told me: "I didn't know what I should do."

I thought to myself what I thought she should do, but she did not do it. She did what Mr. Miller told her and returned with the tray just as he had told her and did not fix her dress.

Mr. Miller closed the sale as Karen stood beside him and then asked: "You would like it gift wrapped, surely." And before he could reply, he put the ring box in Karen's hand and said: "Do you know where the wrapping paper is? I will show you. Excuse us a minute."

He guided Karen into the office. Of course she knew where the wrapping paper was. It was a common task. But here is where the stories diverge. Karen does not tell as Bob told me how once she was in the office Mr. Miller watched over her as she wrapped the ring box and then before she finished he explained what he expected of her. She said nothing to object, so Bob said. She faced him placidly as he explained and looked sarcastically at her discomfort and explained to her he wanted her to get used to doing this and drew her dress forward off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor so she that stood before him now wearing nothing but her underpants and socks. He put his hands on her breasts and felt her nipples, though he need not do it to stimulate them; she was already affected by the anticipation.

He leaned and licked her nipples so that they shone wet with his saliva and said: "I will call you when I am ready "

He went back to the front to complete the transaction of the sale, apologizing for being away, saying that Karen is nice young lady but easily distracted: "She just got married . . . you know how it is," winking at the man.

The man looked at him in such a way that Mr. Miller responded with a laugh: "O, no, not me. Wish it were. But no."

The man and Mr. Miller waited for her. Finally, Mr. Miller said: "Young lady, are you ready yet?"

That was her cue and my wife came out -- half-dressed as she was -- in just her underpants and socks. The man surprised but obviously pleased by the surprise, to find my wife hold the present for him with her breasts exposed to him, jiggling as she approached, her fine long legs, her underpants showing the shape and shade of the dark triangle of pussy hair. And the look on her face -- flushed, embarrassed, looking away in her embarrassment but faintly smiling.

She shyly held out the box for him and of course he did not immediately take it, ogling her tits, eyes riveting to those swollen spit-licked wine-red nipples, and stammering his thank you. She held it out for him, but he did not take it. He stared at her obscene tits. She put it on the counter and turned back to the workroom and sat on a stool to wait for Mr. Miller. She did not attempt to dress.

Karen herself did tell me this much. But she was too ashamed to tell what else happened. How after a few minutes Mr. Miller came in with the gentleman and she stood up, covering her breasts with her hands reflexively.

Bob tells this part. And he tells it with keen details Mr. Miller must have given him.

Standing with the man at the door of the workroom, both of them edging more and more into the room, Mr. Miller coaxed her: "Karen? The gentleman thanks you very much for your showing him your lovely tits," and nodded toward her hands, which she submissively dropped to let him see again, thinking this is what he wanted.

"Yes, dear, thank you, but might he . . . he wants to know . . . might you show him the rest of you?"

They were both full in the room. He continued: "Drop your underpants for him. He'd like to see your pussy too. Will you do that, sweetie?"

The customer was nonplussed and almost spoke to protest but smiled at Miller who winked at him and said to Karen: "Oh, Hell, just take 'em off altogether." And turning to the customer: "Okay?"

Karen was flustered and blushed but was without voice. It should have been obvious to the customer that she was uncomfortable and unwilling, but Mr. Miller explained her reluctance: "She doesn't want her husband to know what she does."

The man laughed: "I should imagine."

"She is very pretty, though, don't you think?" The man nodded enthusiastically.

Karen put her hands to her tummy and felt along the waistband and then ran her hands smoothly on the sides of her underpants. She hesitated. "Mr. Miller."

"Yes, dear?"

"I don't . . . "

The customer stared at her breasts and still she hesitated, running her fingertips back and forth along the waistline of her underpants.

Mr. Miller said: "Tell you what? Will you give her five dollars to take off her underpants?"

Bob tells that the man reached into his pockets and found money and gave it to Mr. Miller who put it in his pocket and nodded at her and that she looked at him worriedly but put her fingers into the waistband of her underpants, turned her head aside so that she did not have to see his gaze (although she peeked to see) and pushed her underpants to the floor, stepped out of them, stepped to the side and straightened up, obviously embarrassed or ashamed, but wiped the hair from her face, glanced at him intensely, if sadly, and then when his eyes engaged hers, she turned away from his gaze. So naturally his gaze fell to her body. Naked, but for her socks. And of course her wedding ring. Which she brought to his attention now, because she had not known what to do with her hands as she stood naked for him and had brought clasped hands to the front of her, on her tummy near her navel, and she was nervously turning the wedding ring about her ring finger with the fingers of her other hand, as she glanced at him furtively. And this struck him poignantly because he was buying a gift for his own wife. He wondered what she was thinking—undressing herself for a stranger, a young wife, just married. Why? Was she thinking of her husband? Was he the reason she was doing this? She looked like she was in trouble. He felt sorry for her. But he also enjoyed seeing her naked, and she did not protest. She did not cry or resist. She must want to do this, he thought.

Mr. Miller said: "Give us a little turn, honey. Show him everything."

She bit her upper lip, showing the edge of her teeth. She does this when she is worried. Like when she is driving in rush hour traffic.

She turned and Mr. Miller bid her turn more slowly. So she slowly turned, and she paused so the man could see her naked from the side and from behind, as Mr. Miller directed, then she turned slowly to face him again when she was told.

She diverted her gaze from his in her embarrassment. She paused now at length for him to be fully satisfied in seeing her naked; it seemed a very long time, while the man grinned and expressed his amazement and asked her full name (which Mr. Miller made her say himself) and her marital status (married--just one year) and her age (20, almost 21 -- which again she was required to say for herself). He studied her more, then asked Miller if she did this all the time, to which Mr. Miller honestly replied he was her first customer, and so at length he sighed and thanked Mr. Miller for the "good service," saying he would certainly like to come again. Then he looked at Karen once more, as she stood naked, arms limply at her side, hands flat on her thighs.

Her gaze now rose plaintively to his avid staring, following his eyes as they moved over the sexual portions of her body, and he sighed again and shook his head ironically and said: "And thankyou,young lady."

Karen looked down and slowly turned away and as they watched she leaned and picked up her underpants, held them open and stepped into them and drew them up her legs, aware of their gaze even as they made small talk and again studied how her tits hung when she leaned and took up her dress from the floor and held it open and stepped into it and drew it up her body. She turned and zipped it as she saw them turn and leave the room.

Mr. Miller got her shoes out of the drawer and set them on the counter for her.

As she came out Mr. Miller was just escorting the customer out of the door. She slipped on her shoes.

He turned and waved goodbye to her, smiling as he left.

I have often thought of this encounter and how I would have felt about it if I were that customer. I guess I would have treated it the same, but I am guessing that having Karen pull down her underpants was Mr. Miller's idea and not his. I would not have thought of it if I had been him, but then again I would not have refused to participate if the jeweler suggested that the young lady would drop her underpants if I wanted. I am sure I would have wanted to see her naked, just as he did. But now here was another man—the third—whom my wife had stripped for, and just two weeks previous I was the only man who had ever seen her naked or touched her naked or kissed her as they did or fucked her, and as I say she had sucked their cocks even before she ever did mine. Something was happening to her. She was changing. She did not know it or understand it. I knew it. I saw it. But I did not understand it either.

Mr. Miller embraced her and turned her about and unzipped her dress again, all the way to the bottom, and slipped both his hands under the elastic of her underpants, slipping his fingers over her cool buttock, and feeling with his fingers to pry and test her for the slush of her vagina, and said: "Yes . . . See?"

"I wonder," he said withdrawing his hands and holding her before him by her shoulders. He looked at her wryly: "I have a nephew. He is twelve, or eleven. And he's never seen a woman without her clothes on. Maybe? " She looked horrified, I am told. He kissed her seriously and seriously said. "I think you would like it. He won't do anything . . . well . . . maybe touch you some, you know."

He laughed to recall her expression, as he told Bob about it later. "I don't even have a nephew," he admitted to him.

But he teased my wife, saying: "I can have my sister drop him off from school---maybe him, and just a couple of his friends, you know, for a little peep show?" She did not say anything. She did not tell him no. But she burst into tears.

"Nerves," as Bob would call it.

Mr. Miller soothed her: "Okay, not now. Later. There . . . there . . . don't get so upset. I really love you. I am thinking. I want you to be my partner. I have no daughter, no son. You and your husband you can inherit my business. I can retire and you can run it. There . . . there." And he kissed her warmly, kissed her tears and she smiled, nodding.

He said: "Okay.... Go out and get some lunch," and patted her bottom as she turned.

**Installment #9: Wednesday (Continued)-- Bob Comes Back for a Purpose**

But before she could leave, Bob came into the shop. Mr. Miller nodded as he entered. Karen felt sick with anticipation.

Bob said: "Hello, sweet tits," Bob said, giving my wife a look like he could see through her clothes. He looked at watch and said: "Okay, What you want, Al? I should get back to the bar."

Miller said: "I want to show you something."

Bob said: "Yeah?"

"Go in back. I'll be there in a minute."

Mr. Miller repeated to Karen that she should go for lunch and walked her to the door and whispered: "When you get back you can do what I told you, remember?"

She remembered.

She walked in a daze. She thought of how the man looked at her: his eyes drilling at her nipples when she walked out in front of him wearing nothing but her underpants and her bobby socks, holding his ring box, never lifting her eyes to his even as she held out the box to him, feeling his eyes on her bare breasts; and then turning, ashamed, coming into the backroom; how she stood up and how she dropped her hands again so he could see her breasts, and his eyes following her submission as she removed her underpants for him, to be completely naked for him, his eyes on all of her. She played the scene over and over in her imagination. This had been more intensely sexual even than the first instance when Mr. Miller had undressed her. Because this time she had taken off all her clothes for someone, in front of someone, whom she did not know. She did this to please Mr. Miller, she said to herself. But she also knew she had wanted this man to see her naked. She wanted to be naked for him. She felt a strange gnawing in the pit of her stomach. Her pulse raced. She felt like she might faint.

Someone actually stopped her in the street out of concern and asked her if she was all right. She went into the cafeteria but did not feel hungry and could not decide what to take from the line. She felt too anxious to eat, thinking about the scene compulsively, thinking of how she felt as his eyes fixed on her nakedness--that strange gnawing. She picked at the salad she had taken. She drank her Coca-Cola. She looked at her watch. She had been gone half an hour. Mr. Miller was always punctual. She did not want to go back.

This much Karen confided. She did not initially tell me about the rest of the day. And initially when she confessed this incident with the customer, she had only admitted walking out in her underpants, showing him her bare breasts. She had not admitted to me how she went back in the office and then stripped herself completely for this man until after I learned about it from Bob and went back home and confronted her with everything I had learned. Then she confessed to all the details I have told. But more importantly, she confessed herfeelings.

Bob had told me about the visual and factual details of this incident with the customer because Mr. Miller had told him as soon as he came in, and Bob was a keen observer and had a vivid imagination. Bob had told me too about the rest of what happened that day and the next and the next. Those things that led up the "big event." And of course with pictures and graphic details he told me about the "big event."

But my real understanding and the way I am going to explain all that happened is based not just on what Bob said, how he saw it or what others told him, and of course the pictures he showed me, but how Karen said shefeltand how she looked at these men doing these things to her. Their coercion and schemes were only half of it. What she was thinking is more important.

This is important in the difference of what happened with this customer too, and how he saw her. From his point of view, outwardly, she had been embarrassingly exposed in a state of awkward dress, but obviously she had meant to be displayed and humiliated in this way for some reason. Outwardly, it seemed to him, she had deliberately removed her dress and entered the open shop wearing nothing but her underpants and socks (and her wedding ring), because she wanted him to see her that way, but she had an ambiguous look on her face, a look at once pathetic and curious, unhappy and concupiscent. In short, he was not sure she really wanted to do this.

So in part because of that mystery, he had followed Mr. Miller into the backroom at his wink and coaxing, and admittedly he was himself sexually piqued and very curious even while a bit embarrassed for her sake. And when Miller told her that the customer wanted her to take off her underpants, he had wanted it, but in fact he hadnotasked for it, and he felt badly that the pretty young wife looked so distressed and yet shediddrop her hands then to let him see her tits again; something was going on here he did not understand. The absurd notion that he would give her boss five dollars to take off her underpants must be a joke, but he did find the money in his pocket, and shedidtake off her underpants. And when she did, something in the way she looked at him showed that this was something she really wanted. If she was compelled, it was her own sexual compulsion. He had never seen anything like this look in a woman in his entire life. He had seen the look in the faces of teenage boys poring over pornography they found in the woods, but never in a woman. It was raw.

Because something happened to Karen when she went to lunch—or really because something happened to her when she was presented naked to that customer, when she willingly took off her underpants for him—Karen herself confessed something inside of her changed. She felt a craving fascination now with her own sexual feelings, and now she would have a period of several days where she saw herself and everyone intensely sexually. She would look at men's crotches and wonder about what their erections looked like. She would think of being seen naked by a man whom she saw sitting opposite her on the bus. She would think that boys who watched her walking by near our apartment, boys she knew from the neighborhood, would want to see her undress, like Mr. Miller said his nephew would. She would think about what she would do if they asked. Sitting at the lunch table she had a compulsion to put her hand between her legs and squeezed her hand between her thighs and pressed on her mons and felt a strong sharp shivery twinge and a warm rinsing pleasure and she wanted to feel it again. It may have been the first time she really had an orgasm by masturbation, though still not in any abandonment, after all she was in a public place. But it was the first.

And her orgasm surprised and was special in another way. She had not felt this sensation before; she felt herself wet between the legs, like she had soiled her panties. She went to bathroom and found when she wiped herself after peeing that she had produced a viscous fluid, creamy as sperm. She was shocked. She had never remembered this. When she cleaned herself after we had intercourse she had assumed it was my ejaculate she saw on the toilet paper. She smelled it. It smelled different than a man. She tasted it and it was mild, not pungent like a man's sperm, which was tangy and salty; her own cum, she thought, tasted like exotic mushrooms, like oyster mushrooms or something wilder.

I should tell you about Bob. I met Bob even before this all happened. He has a neighborhood bar in a part of town that the suburbs left behind. The men who go to it had been going to it since they came home from the war. Bob himself had been in Germany and had stories. He had told me about going into German towns and taking thefrauleinsand doing things to them. I had felt uncomfortable. He figured they deserved it. The other men around him thought so too. All vets, and all of them were my father's age. But unlike my dad who had made it in the world, these guys had gotten left behind, stuck in the old neighborhood in dead-end jobs, which even then were getting shipped overseas; some of them already on disability or early retirement. They spent most days talking about the good times of the past and what was wrong with kids and "niggers"—I know that is offensive but that is the way they talked. And they were fat and aging and balding; and some of them were mean unhappy men. Bob could be really mean.

The irony of this whole story is that I knew Bob, and I knew some of the men who got involved, although I had not known Mr. Miller until after Karen was hired to work for him. I had come into the bar a few times because it was in the neighborhood where my own Dad grew up and my uncle lived, and not too far from the high school I had attended and met Karen. At least once I had taken my wife with me and some had met her before this all happened, although I don't think many recalled that. They had treated her politely and shyly, like men of that age usually do, like a little lady. But her blackmail would change all that and I think only a few remembered having met her.

By the time that Saturday rolled around, they all knew me, and they all knew it was my wife they were going to "see." I had, just by chance, been by the bar that Friday night, waiting for my wife. But I will tell you about that in due course.

Bob is bigger by a foot over Miller and my wife, and burly like a football player. And if his shoe size hints at the size of his dick, this guy wore size 14. When I found out he'd doggy fucked her, I felt jealous, because I could never shove such a length and girth up her cunt as I know he did—and I saw pictures—and so I believed it when he said it made her grunt, and he bragged that she "lost her goddamn mind" with unremitting orgasms when he'd pounded her ass. So he advertised.

Bob makes a good measure of people, as bartenders often do; he can size up all types. My wife, he told me, as he was thumbing through the pictures of the men fucking her to exhaustion, was "really a good girl" who just came to be a slut by something she could not help, not because she was not a good girl morally, but because she thought she was in love. And she loved Mr. Miller, he told me: "Maybe as much as she loves you."

"A woman like this would strip naked and kneel down and suck his cock and let 'em cum in her mouth. She'd swallow cum too; she'd do all that and more; she'd do anything he wanted, if only he'd just tell her that he loved her," Bob observed: "But I guess you know that now. But that don't make her a slut, really."

"Your wife is just that kind of woman," he explained. "A woman like her would let a man she loved do whatever he wanted to her, even though and maybe especially if she was afraid he's lying to her, if she loved him and wanted him to love her. Why, for him, she'd do anything. . . Why he could get her to suck his cock . . . hell, he could get her to suck all his friends' cocks. . . . he could get her to fuck them all at once. They could make her cunt a fuck bucket; they could use her mouth for a toilet and stuff her puckered butthole with mop handles, nigger dicks and dog's peckers until she squealed like pig for them. And afterwards she could sob with regret and shame, but still she would beg the one she loved who had been the one let her be abused, who watched it all for his own pleasure, crawl to him naked across the floor, to cuddle up to him, whimpering for the love he'd swear he had for her, just to keep her sucking all those cocks, taking dog dicks in her ass, and fucking every man in the room."

He sized up Karen this way from experience, he said. He had afraulien, a young Nazi war widow, just like her in Germany during the war. He treated her badly. She was content to be fed cock and take cum for food. She gave him several blowjobs a day. Every night she fucked and sucked off the buddies he brought home. "Now she was not a slut really," he said. "So I don't mean to compare her that way. I mean, what choice did she have? Suck dick or starve. That was it. Your wife, now, I think she's slut 'cause she can't help herself. Something about her gonads. Oversexed, I think."

There was some truth to what he said. But none of this would have happened to her except for the coincidence of things. Mr. Miller. Bob. All of it.

Anyway, that's Bob's story. He came by sexual cruelty from his war experience. Does not excuse it but explains it. If any one of these men was really depraved, it was Bob. Much of what happened was his idea.

Mr. Miller, for his part, also treated Karen contemptuously. He only pretended to love her. Just like Bob said, he told her he loved just to coax her to "strip" and kneel and suck his cock and let him "cum in her mouth and eat it."

When Karen returned from the cafeteria she was in a heat, a state of stunned sexual arousal in which she felt herself almost dreaming, everything at once vivid and vague. The ordinary things, like time of day, were gone from mind, she thought about what Mr. Miller wanted. She thought of Bob waiting for her. She remembered how different his penis felt in her, how much larger it was, how it surprised her, how much she liked it when he fucked her. She felt again that sensation in the pit of her stomach and a warmth and wetness flooding her vaginally, and she realized she wanted him sexually. She was surprised by her feelings, she had never felt this before, this craving to be fucked by someone, and she thought about the feeling of his penis in her, its size, how he came inside her; she felt this way about Bob even though she did not love him, even though she was afraid of him and did not like him. It made no sense to her.

When she saw the Jewelry shop down the block, she felt queasy, and she remembered with nausea what was expected of her. What Mr. Miller wanted: how she was meant to go to the back room and undress herself and masturbate for Bob. She wanted to please Mr. Miller but at the same time this made feel sick. She wanted Bob to fuck her, she felt it, even if she could not express it, but at the same time she found him repulsive, remembering the taste of his sperm in her mouth, and she dreaded this humiliation that she anticipated.

"I can't do it, " she said softly to herself, as she stood outside the door of the shop. A passerby looked at her, but she continued in her self-absorption: "I can't do this . . . I'm married and I'm Mormon and I . . ."

But then she recalled all the obscene things that she had already done, even though she is married and a good Mormon girl. She thought about the customer and of being naked in front of him.She thought of Mr. Miller's lollipop candy-topped sticky penis drooling sperm lengthily amd languidly in her mouth and how she had felt some strange thrill when first he had unexpectedly ejaculated into her mouth. The power she had over it, how his penis pleased her, how she loved him.She thought about Bob, his bending over her as she lay with her legs up and spread for him and his breath, his unshaven face, and how he laughed at her as he leaned in and his thick cock forcibly poked into her open vagina. Engorging her so completely, going into her so deeply. Looking down at her dress, she touched the place on her belly, just at the belt, where she had felt how deeply it had seemed to have pushed up inside her. Again, she felt the sexual urgent pleasurable pang in her groin.

She entered the shop. Inside it she felt faint and giddy. Mr. Miller was waiting on a customer. It was a good sale for an expensive item. He said curtly: "In the back, young lady. Bob has been waiting for you."

Bob was sitting at a stool. He stood up when she came in. He said merely: "You look a little sick. You okay?" She nodded. He nodded but did not believe her. He said: "Go over there."

Installment #10: Wednesday (Continued)-- Bob and Al in Tandem Again and Show the Pictures at the Bar

Mr. Miller had watched my wife masturbate with his arms folded, nodding approvingly and coaching her quietly but insistently to her climax, while she stood naked before them humiliated but aroused and compulsively responding, spending tears emotionally at the moment of her wet orgasm. Bob had sat on his stool, staring with fascination and cynical astonishment, impulsively polishing the lens of the Polaroid camera though it did not need polishing, aching with his pent-up erection and grinning like a lunatic. Miller smiled and when she came on her fingers and said she was a good girl and that he loved her. Another shot flashed. Miller stepped over to her and kissed her and she leaned into his enfolding arms, apologizing. Miller soothed her nerves with reassurances. Al shook his head, again in disbelief, disbelief that she could be so gullible. Bob took a Polaroid of her gooey fingers, lifted up to show, at which she herself stared in embarrassed astonishment.

She wiped her fingers with the Kleenex that Al had handed to her and Al gently told her to kneel in front of him.

She looked up into his face with an innocent expression, as she knelt, but she understood what he wanted. He unzipped his trousers.

Bob told Al he only had a few pictures left. Al nodded. He drew his penis, half-stiff as it usually was, to feed to her open mouth. She took it in her hand, feeling it with her fingers, and lifted it to her mouth. She closed her eyes as she took it in. She did what he had taught her to do. Using her tongue. Sucking lightly. Al rocked on his heels, fucking her mouth.

Bob had heard Al tell how meekly, how responsively she performed this oral sodomy on his uncircumcised penis. Al had said he washed it before hand, for her sake. Still, the face-to-face witness of the thing astonished him. No married woman he had ever known did a thing like this. Only sometimes some sluts might do a little bit, if they were desperate for a fix. Only that poor German widow whom he had forced to do it for him and his friends during the war. But Karen—who had never done such a thing for me and anyone else until Miller had persuaded her—did it willingly, did it warmly, did it affectionately, did not just put her mouth on it, which most women would think is disgusting at the very thought, but she obviously tasted it, relished it in her mouth; she expected him, she actually wanted him to cum in her mouth. And she would let him do it out of love for him, she told me. Bob seeing it, seeing her eagerness to please him, said: "God Damn it, Al."

"Yeah," said Al, stroking her hair, like he might encourage a little girl who had done good deed, caressing her hot cheek tenderly. Bob saw how the flush of her shame (or of her sexual arousal) had pinked her face; her eyes moistened. Was she tearful? Bob said she was not; Bob said it was just "nerves." No, she did not breakdown; maybe she felt humiliated, but it was not like his Fraulein who had sobbed while they stuffed her mouth roughly with cock.

Bob steadied the camera, tilting it, looking down at her, trying to take a close-up of her face at the moment when Al would feed her. Al made a slight grimace, nodding. He came in her mouth. "Open your eyes, honey," Bob told her and she did it even as she was swallowing the stuff, some of it drooled out the side of her mouth. My wife still kneeling, wiped the drool of saliva and cum from her lips and chin, and smeared it on her thigh.

"We still got that picture," Bob said. "The bastards didn't get that one 'cause I took it with me.'

Al drew off his pants and his underpants, and Bob handed him the camera.

It was his turn, he explained, and he wanted a picture of sticking it to my wife from behind, his cock in her cunt while he looks off camera proudly and she hangs her head in shame. That was a picture he would cherish.

"And I did it," he told me, "Took off my pants and told your wife where to stand, to grab the stool and bend over and she looked back at me to see me strip my underpants down and my cock pop up, ready and randy for me, and Al got down crouching and his dick still half waggling hard too. She saw that too. And I got up behind her grabbed ahold of her two buttocks and did not even have to hold it to guide it in, she was that ready, I just slipped it between those lips, and it slides in easy like a greased pole... six inches... ten... And then she got that serious look on her face, like she's thinking of it, feeling it, she gasps, and Al takes the picture just as I turn to mug for it and give the thumbs up—OK. "

He poured me more to drink: "I gotta tell you, your wife's got a creamy cunt but it's a tight one, fits my cock like a golfer's glove, and I was shoving my cock head up hard against the back of it, deep into her belly, bumping into her hard, shoving her, and she'd grunt and whimper when I hit that spot."

He laughed to remember. He liked telling me these details. He leaned in with a confidential secret, almost whispering: "And she's got a kind of wrinkly edge inside her, or maybe it's the way her cunt lips cling about your cock, or I don't know what it is, but it rubs nice, like a kind of ribbing against your cock, makes youwannafuck her and fuck her and fuck her some more and keep on fucking her. You suppose she's made that way? So she likes getting fucked? So men like to fuck her? All I know is I never known a woman who loves to fuck more than your wife. And I never seen so many men fuck a woman so much and she won't never quit, can't quit, doesn't want to quit; it's like every cock that gets into her starts her all over again. She's a special thing, man."

He paused, remembering. He looked at me with a knowing smile. I had to ask: "You got that picture?"

He nodded and got up from the table. "It's locked up..." He went to the bar and opened the cash register. He returned to the table: "It's Al's favorite. He won't let me sell it."

He tossed it on the table before me. It slid across the tabletop and ended upside-down. I turned it straight. Al's cock. Cumming in her mouth. Jesus.

"Little out of focus though," he said objectively.

"Look at that face," he said."Look at those eyes." He laughed.

My wife did almost look innocent of what she was doing. But as Bob assured me—and as I could plainly see in the Polaroid—Al had filled her mouth with sperm, and she had swallowed it all just as she always did. But before she had finished, Al had stepped back, drawn his penis from her mouth, and it shot jism across her cheek and into her still open mouth. She drooled some.

He sighed: "Anyway I fucked your wife really good for a while, you know, to get her good and worked up, and then when I stopped she looked up over her shoulder, like "why did you stop? You didn't finish...." -- all out of breath and wanting more.

So I told her to get up and come with me and took her hand and led her out to the front of the store and she saw herself naked in the dim reflection on the glass of the door, against the street at night, Al and Bob behind her grinning, admiring her too.

Al threw on all the lights to the front and she saw herself starkly displayed; she turned away; she looked upset but I grabbed shoulders so she couldn't get away and I said to her: "I bet you'd like to strip for a bunch of men. Bet you'd love to have a dozen fuck you."

She looked horrified. She reached for Al who backed away. Bob took her wrist and twisted her arm behind her back and forced her to face the glass door again, her naked reflection now vivid in the light, and holding her like that with his other hand he guided and shoved his prick up into her from behind and fucked her; letting go, he grabbed her tits with his fists, fiddling with her nipples with his fingers, nuzzling her neck, and jostling her with his urgent fucking.

Whether anyone walked by to see my wife like this—fucked naked in the front of Al's store—I do not know. Bob said some cars passing may have seen her, and he claimed there were others out on the street too, but he couldn't remember for sure. "I was sort of busy," he winked. Everything he said to me was meant to provoke my miserable jealousy and add to the sexual tension. I swear I had a hard-on for the two hours that he told me the whole tale.

Karen finally fought away from him before he could complete himself and ran back into the backroom. Bob caught her in the corner where he had taken her photos stripping for him, cowering, crouching nude; he took hold of her chin and roughly drew her to her knees, and then held her face and leaning over French-kissed her and pawed her breasts; still holding her chin he straddled her thighs and pushed his cock roughly into her mouth and fucked her mouth. He fucked her mouth though she complained and coughed, gagging on the thing going into her throat; he fucked her mouth and came in her mouth just like Al had and she swallowed his cum too, although retching at it and making faces. "I guess I choked her with my cock," he laughed.

He said with smug satisfaction: "She was all worn out after that. Just limp. Lying curled up on the floor. So Al and I got dressed. She sat up in bit and watched us. Al finished up putting things away. Not speaking. I picked up the Polaroids. I picked up all her clothes where Al had laid them on the worktable.

Al stood closer to her, told her to get up. He embraced her. He held her. She laid her head on his shoulder and told her he loved her and all that shit. Then he told her she should go home and said: "Tomorrow, come dressed like normal underneath—you know pantyhose, slip, everything." She looked at him sadly. He handed her a glass of brandy and water. "We gotta go. Bob needs to get to his bar."

Bob said she saw that he had picked up her clothes. She must wondered what he was doing but said nothing when he took them away with him out the door.

Al locked the door of the shop behind them. The lights were still on. Bob dropped Karen's clothes in in pile in the gutter along the sidewalk in front of the door. Right under a streetlight.

Bob said he wanted to see her come out and get them and they waited at the end of the block to see, but when several minutes passed, Al insisted that they leave, and they did not see her do it. But she must have. She certainly came home dressed that night. Late, I remember, and she looked unhappy, but she said nothing about the whole thing of course.

Bob's bar had been on this corner and in this neighborhood when this had been a near suburban part of the city. Working men had come to it since before prohibition, during prohibition and after it. It was still frequented by men who belonged to the World War II generation, soldiers almost all, like my dad, who used to bring me here when I was kid and let me sit and listen as they all drank beers and talked politics.

I never heard any talk about sex. I don't think I ever hear a dirty word. Maybe it was because I was there with my dad. But his friends watched over me too. Henry and Hank in particular were always there for me; they were pallbearers at my dad's funeral, and both had sat with my side of the family when Karen and I got married. Henry had done the toast, saying how pretty my wife was and what a lucky guy I was and all that.

And there were others. Men who had seen me grow up. Men who had bought me my first drinks when I turned 21. Men who had bought drinks for my wife just a short time ago when she turned 21. There was Harry who was always with Henry or Hank or both. Never came to the bar alone. And there were the two Arthurs—one tall, one short, both taciturn and moody, who listened to everything and said little, but were good for a round or two. These five were at the bar nearly every day.

There were more men that shifted in and out, men whom I did not know well but who knew about me and whom I had probably met once or twice and could not remember their names. All of them my father's age. All of them prematurely retired because of plant closings or living on VA benefits. Sour and cynical guys, for the most part. I did not like going to bar after my dad bar, in part because of how gloomy these men were.

Then there was Bob—the owner of the bar. Actually Bob was a newcomer. He had bought the bar just before I got married. He had a reputation for being an alcoholic. He may have been. But he managed the bar tightly and made a living on it. It was also rumored that he did some illicit business in the backroom—which I have described. The stories about strippers were told by my college roommates, one of them being a young guy, who tended bar there, and was in fact there that night, while Bob was off fucking my wife.

Miller had been an old friend of Bob's. He never used to come to the bar until Bob owned it. Some said he had put up the money for Bob to buy it. Certainly he never had to pay for his drinks or sandwiches. Bob always put it on his "tab."

Because of this unexplained "relationship" and perhaps because Miller, being a little younger, had not served in WWII, the crowd at the table—Henry, Hank, et al—did not trust him much. And for over a month Bob had been intimating that something was going on with my wife. They did not like to hear it. But they had kept their mouths shut. They could not think how to tell me anyway, I suppose. And besides it was just too hard to believe. Still, said Hank shrugging, where there's smoke there's fire. And Henry himself had always thought my wife had been too flirty with some of my young friends, her dresses sometimes too short; and one time a couple months ago he had seen the bartender here kissing her and pawing at her in the dark next to the restroom.

Now in the last week Bob had come in later than usual and went straight up to their table with a free pitcher of beer and announced that now he too had seen my wife with all her clothes off, not a stich (he swore), naked in Miller's workroom, and that he'd felt her up and she'd let him fuck her from behind. Much as they loathed him, they tended to believe him; and when Al came over to the table that night, Bob wheedled Al with several brandy and waters to reluctantly admit that—yes, he and the pretty little wife had been playing around with each other—wink, wink—and he made a gesture to indicate she had taken his penis into her mouth and Bob blurted out that she'd let him cum in her mouth. They were speechless, jealous, shocked, and intrigued. Henry did not believe it and said so. He said that Karen was a nice girl.

Miller said yes, she was. She couldn't help herself. Bob said he'd bring proof.

So whatever else the intentions were for those obscene Polaroids—some of which would end up like French Postcards taped to the register behind the bar and shown to causal patrons for a laugh and a story—Bob had it in mind at least to show up Henry with his "proof" and by this Bob would then set up that chain of events that would lead to her "show" on Saturday afternoon. Al knew what Bob was scheming of course, said Bob; hell, he liked the idea. But Bob confessed—haughtily—that it was mostly his doing.

Angry, I might have left then or hit him. It seemed he wanted to provoke me. He had told me all of this carefully, deliberately—detail on detail to lead me on. I had never guessed that of all the men at the bar, Henry and Hank might have been involved. I should have thought they would have stopped it.

I felt my own nauseous shame, that they must have seen my wife too. I had to ask: "Were they here?" Meaning that Saturday at the show.

Bob smiled wickedly but did not reply and continued his story. I probably would have missed him if I had tried to hit him anyway. Or I might have never found out the truth. I wanted to know. I listened.

"They were here when Al and I got to the bar. You know where they sit. They're probably out there now," he said, looking at his watch.

I knew the spot, actually just outside the door to the backroom here, a large corner booth where all five could cozy into the upholstered curve and the table would collect beers they had drunk, pitchers of caked suds, glasses of booze and ice, napkins, empty bags of potato chips.

Al pulled up a chair from one of the rounds to sit facing them in the booth. They acknowledged him silently. Then Bob brought over a fresh pitcher of beer, beaming but he said nothing either. Not like him. He usually ran his mouth. Henry, who always sat in the middle of the booth, looked up, put his hands on the table. He poured the beers from the pitcher that Bob set down. Bob pulled up a chair too, sat, looked like the cat who ate the canary.

Nobody said anything.

Then Bob took the polaroids out of his pocket and holding them like cards in a hand of rummy, he sorted them, keeping them close so no one else could see. He looked over the cards and put them down in a stack, face down, and said: "You wanted proof?"

He turned the first one over and put it in the center of the booth table, directly before Henry. Karen. In her blue sheath dress. The one she always wore to work. Standing in the corner of a room. A work stool beside her, behind her at bit. She looked at the camera curiously. Not smiling. Worried maybe.

Henry stared down without a word. Hank and Harry leaned in from one side. The two Arthurs on the other side did not move but turned their heads toward the Polaroid. Bob, still not speaking, turned over the next one and put it top of the first.

A series. Like shots of slow motion. Frames at the same angle and same distance. The same scene. My wife Karen in the center of the picture, head to toe, standing now in front of that stool in the corner of the room. The only thing really different in this shot from the first: she was taking off her clothes for the camera.

Bob smugly laid out the series of my wife stripping in the workshop, one card at a time in a row before Henry, like he was laying out a winning poker hand.

# 1: Stepping out of her dress in her stocking feet.

# 2:Facing the camera in her bra and panties and socks. Vaguely smiling.

# 3. Taking off her bra, pinching it from behind, it was slipping in front, but still nothing to see. She was not smiling.

# 4. Bare breasted. Leaning over and awkwardly removing her socks, her tits dangling, she looks up at the camera. Ashamed.

# 5: Turned away from camera. She was completely naked now, head to toe. They admired her buttock.

Finally, Bob laid out thecoup de grace: #6:What they had been waiting for--this polaroid--facing them naked--a head to toe again -- showing everything,pussy, tits, face bare legs, bare feet.

"What did I tell you?"

And then dropped the close-up for good measure.

The men at the table leaned in to study it. Bob would not let them touch it at first. Finally, he let Hank pick it up and the men gathered in to ogle it and comment.

Henry, sitting back, peered over their shoulders at the picture of my naked wife. He seemed unmoved. He asked flatly, scanning them: "Does she know you're showing them to us?"

Bob shrugged: "What you think?"

Now Bob laid down the top of this straight flush: Karen looking up coyly at the camera's flash. A close-up. Full face. A bit blurry. Miller's short plump dick in her mouth. Red-capped dick-head showing. Cum in her mouth. Henry's eyes widened.

Finally, Bob played his ace of spades: Karen leaning over the stool. Completely naked, while Bob, bare-legged himself, his pants off but still wearing the same shirt he was wearing right then as he sat before them grinning like a piss-smelling cat, fucked my naked wife from behind. His large slick dick poised between her legs, half or more than half inside her ruddy cunt, and he mugs at the camera, giving a thumbs-up. She, bent over, clutched the stool top with both hands tightly: her eyes shut; her mouth slightly open. You could see his dick slipping up into her. You could see her hole taking it in. You could see how her swollen tits hung and swung. Henry picked this photo up.

Now all the photos were scooped up by Hank and passed about the table between themselves, down to the Arthurs too—where one held them up and the other looked on.

Bob motioned for the bar tender to bring another pitcher of beer. Because Henry recognized him as one of my friends, he insisted that all the pictures be gathered up and he was going to hold them so that he would not see, but then in kind of perverse notion, when the young college kid—my friend—brought over the pitcher of beer, he tossed the pack onto the table and they spilled out and spread to show him some girl undressing, some girl naked. He was curious, he saw what they were, but he did not stay to look. They watched his reaction. He did not recognize her, Bob thought. Bob laughed at Henry's notion.

After he had gone, Henry let the pictures pass again. They went from hand to hand. Bob poured more beer.

"I want to see her," said Henry seriously.

"I want to fuck her," added Hank eagerly. They laughed. They all had the same thought.

Henry looked at Bob. He knew his mind. "What you are thinking?" he had guessed there was a plan.

Bob shrugged: "How 'bout Saturday? She could do a show. In the backroom."

Miller then broke in and expressed his misgivings. He said she wasn't ready for that. He said she didn't understand about the pictures. He had them taken for insurance, but he said: "She won't do what you want." They were disappointed.

"I want to see her for myself," Henry said again. He was stone-faced, said Bob, "I could not tell what he was thinking."

"How much do I have to pay her?" Henry asked Bob.

Miller shook his head. Bob laughed. Bob explained she does it because she loves him, tilting his head toward Miller. Henry was surprised.

"Would she do it if you told her to do it?" Henry asked Miller.

"Maybe," said Miller.

"Suppose we come to your shop tomorrow..." Henry did not have to finish.

Miller took up the thought: "Not all of you. Not all at once."

"Okay," agreed Henry. The bargaining began. Miller said they should come in small groups. They decided who would go with whom and when.

"But you only get to look. No touching. And no fucking," Miller insisted.

"How 'bout she sucks cock?" Hank asked, only half-kidding.

Miller shook his head. No sex, he stipulated. No touching. She just takes off her clothes. Let's them see her naked. That's it.

"Agreed?" Miller asked.

No one would refuse the offer.

Henry said: "She won't do it."

"She'll do it," said Miller, "But she'll be nervous; she'll be worried, seeing who you are. She'll be worried her husband will find out. You can't tell anybody about this."

"She won't do it," said Henry again.

"She'll do it if I tell her to," Miller replied.

Miller felt triumph. Bob gloated. Henry, Hank, and Harry felt horny. But Henry also looked sort of unhappy, Bob said.

I never spoke to Henry about this, about his seeing my wife naked or the things he did to her. I saw him a couple times afterwards, but we never spoke again. When I came out of the backroom after Bob had told it all to me and showed me the photo album from Saturday, I saw him and Hank and Harry in the booth. He looked up at me. He knew that I knew. Hank could not look at me. But Henry gave me a look of pity and contempt. He nodded, but he did not speak.

**Installment #11: Thursday -- My Uncle Henry Makes My Wife Take Off Her Clothes for Him**

I do not personally recall this Thursday very well myself—just bits and pieces—and Bob was not a live witness to the events of either Thursday or Friday. What I know about it then comes largely from Karen's point of view, her own shameful tearful confessions, confirming and elaborating upon what Bob related by hearsay, what others--Henry specifically-- had told him had happened. I got more details much later---in a letter from Henry himself.

Henry was like an uncle to me. He had been my father’s best friend and I had known him all my life. After my father died, he was like a father to me. I had even asked him about marrying Karen. He had been inclined against it, but couldn’t tell me why. Or didn’t. I guessed it was because she was so young. But he said he had other reasons but would not dissuade me. What he finally confided in the letter explained it.

By Karen’s account and what Bob told me, this particular day would prove to be her crisis—the critical turning point for my wife's biddable submission to all this indecency and her sexual surrender: after this day, she would do anything Al asked of her.

Miller had developed her submission so cleverly; relying on her natural inclination toward men to submit to their wishes so to make them happy—and so to make herself loved—he would deliberately bait her emotionally and sexually and coax her emotionally and sexually, to bring her by small embarrassing submissions to gross humiliating surrender—and so she would be swept up sexually, drunk on the feelings she discovered in herself, teased by repeated naked exhibition to so many men and excited by the license Al freely gave these voyeurs to do anything sexually to her that they wished, so that in the end she was so numb to her shame yet so sexually aroused, so yearning and responsive to the teasing sexual titillations and her overwhelming orgasms—orgasms such as she had never felt before, never with me—that she would not refuse anything that they would ask her to do. Miller counted on this development; he knew she would give in to them; he foresaw how, after playing out some silly pretense of shy reluctance, she would stand up there Saturday in front of all those lecherous old men at the bar looking on and do the "show" they wanted, and then she would submit herself to any sexual degradation they might urge on her without thinking of the humiliation she might feel afterwards when she was sober.

Up to this point she had really just been Miller's adulterous lover; but there was a gradual seduction to the sexual experiments he put to her, gradually more and more illicit sexual acts, then lewd nakedness and sex games, sodomy and worse. She had performed fellatio on him after work every night for weeks now. Sometimes twice in the night before she came home. She had allowed him to undress her at will. In the backroom. In the front room. In daylight as well as under the lights of the workroom. She let him provoke her sexually, embarrassing her by half undressing her for other men. Then at last by her lover's contrivance she had been given completely naked to Bob. The day after that one , Miller upped the ante and coaxed her with sugary terms to take off her clothes and then be completely naked for a customer who had come shopping for a gift for his wife; she did not tell Al but she admitted to me that she would have given herself sexually to the man, if Al had asked it, just as she had let Bob do what he wanted.

To her mind what had happened with Bob had been her own fault really, not Al's dishonest pretext, because Bob had just shown up accidently in the first place—Al said he had not known he was coming to the store—and after all she had willingly followed Miller out to the front of the store, had willingly stripped naked in the light, put her fingers onto herself to masturbate—something she never did, but would do for him because she loved him—and when she was seen by Bob, she ran to hide but rather than dressing, she crouched in back naked, fully expecting them to come find her, and then, rather than refusing his instruction, she willingly parted her legs for them, to show herself randy for them. She herself thought of the rude word "cunt", when he commanded her to open her legs for them.

She had expected him to touch her. She had not expected him to fuck her, naive as she was. For not even Al had done that until that night. But once it had happened, it electrified her. She had never had another man inside her but me. Now in one night two men—neither of them her husband—had fucked her—fucked her twice each. And she had enjoyed it. She could not tell me this, but I could see it in her face. I think, she had never felt more a sexually keen, more completely desirably a woman. She would not say no to them.

So, when the very next day Miller had connived to have her take off her clothes for that customer, she had not done so innocently. She had wanted him to see her without her clothes, she confessed to me, though she still did not understand these feelings and she felt ashamed of herself.

Stripping for the Polaroid camera for Bob had been a second act in the same play. She had felt sexually aroused, doing it, she admitted. But when I asked her why she did it, once again she said it was to make Al happy because he had wanted her to do it. She still hid her own feelings from herself.

Her fellatio of Al in front of that camera had been, it seemed to her, an act of her affection for Al. If Al wanted a picture of her taking him in her mouth, she would give that to him, as an act of love. Funny, after all she went through, she never condemned Al for any of it, and after all she stayed working for him even after I left her. Although, come to think of it: what choice did she really have? She was obliged to him in more ways than one, not least because she needed the money. And too she was deeply hurt by my leaving her. I suppose she found some solace in his "loving" attentions, although she would be more and more abused by his sexual appetites.

She had fallen into a dreamy happy enchantment sexually. She loved Al. He loved her. He gave her gifts of jewelry. It had nothing to do with me. She loved me. She wanted to be married to me. She did not think of where this was going or how it would end. She felt more a woman than ever she had felt. And the sexual feelings that she discovered, her own now very wet climaxes, and the pleasure of fellatio with Al which she more and more enjoyed, even anticipating the volume and the taste of his cum, these made her feel beautiful and loved. She could not stop thinking of them.

Because of that when she came home that previous night, she was not regretful and she did not feel guilty, but she kissed me warmly with that mouth that had readily swallowed the ejaculations of two men earlier (although of course I did not know it); and to my surprise she seduced me in the living room, wanting to make love with all the lights on, and riding my cock on top of me, looking more randy than I had ever seen her, she trembled and mewled when I ejaculated. She fell asleep almost immediately on my chest where we lay, with my cock still full up inside her. I helped her to bed where she slept curled and naked; utterly exhausted, it seemed.

In the morning I watched from the bed as she got dressed, like I usually did. She seemed happy. Still wearing that blue sheath dress; it was still clean. And she wore fresh underwear, a clean bra, pantyhose and a nylon slip. I had not seen her dress in the bedroom before me for the whole week. All other days—including the following Friday morning—she had dressed in the bathroom, where she had hung her blue sheath dress after she had rinsed it the night before. I did not think it odd, but of course now I know she had not wanted me to see that she had been going to work naked underneath her dress.

She went to the bathroom to put on make-up. She came out as I sat at the kitchen table with my coffee and kissed me with her lipsticked mouth; I could taste the lipstick for a while after she left. She had looked so pretty. And I think I remember this only because of how passionately she had made love the night before after having been so remote and sullen for a week or so before. I did not guess why she had been so remote or sullen, or why she had suddenly changed. But that night when she came home she went straight to bed as she had so often before and seemed once again remote and sullen, thinking about something she did not want to talk about. I dismissed it as mood.

When she got to work that Thursday morning, I wonder if Al had expected her to be so happy. He was probably glad that she was, given his plans for her, and perhaps because she was so cheerful he would push the thing further than he had first planned. He called Bob in fact to say that he thought she would be ready for a show on Saturday after all and he should go ahead and make all the plans; he added that he had a good idea for the show and would take care of those arrangements himself. They agreed on who would attend.

She worked out in the shop alone all morning. Al worked in the back. He was trying to get ready for inventory. He told her that she would probably have to work on Saturday. "I'll make it worth your while," he winked. And she understood he meant it in more ways than one and felt flattered and wanted. She felt very happy all morning, thinking of this. Because Al had let her get dressed normally she did not anticipate that Bob would come that night. Al told her that he would not.

She waited on customers. She had some good sales. They drank tea together at the counter, ate cookies, and chatted. He kissed her romantically. He caressed her neck tenderly. He told her she was beautiful. He told her that he loved her. She kissed him when he said it and said she loved him too, and she meant it.

At lunchtime he announced they would stay in and he locked the door and hung up the "CLOSED" sign. He had brought sandwiches and they ate together, knee to knee, sharing sandwiches with each other, sipping tea and making small talk. Karen told me he seemed especially interested in me and asked her a lot of questions, including about our sex life. That is when he learned, as she confided blushing to his insistence, that no, she had never sucked my cock, she had never tasted cum until he had cum in her mouth, and yes, she liked it.

She said he dallied after lunch, did not open the store, spoke to her again about all the work needed to be done for the inventory, and made both of them brandy and waters. Then about a quarter to one, someone knocked at the door. She made to get up to answer, but he stayed her with a gesture, saying he will tell them they're closed. She sipped her drink. She heard him open the door, talk, then close the door. She heard murmuring voices. Al came in smiling, he motioned to the visitor. There were two, two men. She recognized them immediately. They had been to her wedding. She did not know their names. She knew that they had been friends of my father, she remembered my telling her that. She did not remember them from the bar, though she had seen them there occasionally, but they were so nondescript and spoke little; they had watched her but had said nothing to her ever.

Now in the threshold of the workroom, though Miller invited them enthusiastically to step in, they seemed just as shy or unsure of themselves as she had always seen them to be, again speaking little and only entering the room with Al's insistence, pointing to where he wanted them to stand. They ventured only a few feet away from the doorframe. They looked at Karen with glances. She said she found it all very confusing. She could not guess what Al wanted them to come into the backroom for; she presumed they were his friends and meant to do some favor for them, show them something special. She got up from the stool, smoothed her skirt, smiled. Al gestured for Karen to stand in the center of the room. She saw, but she did not understand; she hesitated. Al seemed exasperated and stepped over to draw her by the hand and pivoted her by the shoulders to face them. He went back to the men as she stood in her confusion. She heard him say, something to them and one of them responding, and Miller laughing, shaking his head. "No, not now," he said audibly as he turned, smiling at Karen and then nodding said: "Yes, I think so too," to something that one of the Arthurs had said.

Seeing Karen's discomfort and quizzical look, he explained: "They think you're pretty."

"So do I," he approached her as though he would kiss her. It made her anxious, she shook her head at him. "Don't," she warned him. She did not want them to discover their secret relationship.

Miller stopped in front of her, smiling indulgently at her warning. "It's okay," he said carelessly, "They don't care."

Miller stepped behind her, continuing to talk, ".... besides they won't tell anyone."

She felt him doing it. It surprised her. It confused her. But she said nothing. He slowly unzipped the dress in back, down completely to the base of her spine, all the while talking over her shoulder to the two Arthurs, asking them if they wanted anything to drink.

For his part Al seemed nonchalant and at ease. But Karen was flooded with sudden feelings: bewilderment and surprise and then a wash of hot embarrassment; a twinge of sexual giddiness in her belly; a thought for her husband's shame should he find out these men had seen her undressed for them; but also disbelief, sheer oblivious stunned disbelief at the same time. The whole thing was like a dream, she said.

Al kept talking, and she could not remember anything that he said—she was so confused with her feelings; what she heard him say was like ordinary everyday conversation about the weather or sports or past friends, and all the while he was proceeding, slipping his cool fingers up her back and along both shoulder and edging them underneath her dress, to part it, to draw it away and off her bare shoulders so that it would fall limply and liquidly to the floor and spill at her feet. The two Arthurs watched with rapt attention and she looked at them for response, but they did not look at her face, they looked at her body, dressed now in her slip, her blue dress pooled about her feet.

Miller, still talking, slipped his fingers under the straps of her slip and drew them sideways off her shoulders, and hooking them, drew her slip off her brassiere and to her waist; then tugging in short even stokes he pulled it off her hips and let it glide also to the floor, to fall over top of her dress.

The two Arthurs stared at her white underpants showing through her pantyhose, her legs, her bra. Their complexion darkened, livid. The short Arthur looked blotchy with red and grinned; the tall one inexpressive but his eyes glittered.

"You want to see her tits? Or her pussy," Al's hands on her shoulders, smiled at her flushing face, looking down the front of her. Karen said the expression shocked her. No one had talked about her body so. Al had never used such words. He had always been so gentle. Now, she was to be stripped against her will for men who did not care about her feelings. It felt worse even than the abuse she took from Bob.

The Arthurs said nothing. Al repeated it: "Tits or pussy?" He paused, then sighed and explained: "You'll see both, but which one first?"

The short one almost spoke but Al preempted him impatiently. He reached from behind Karen under her bra cups and taking hold of both in both hands pulled up her bra and out popped her breasts, looking the more obscene for the way her bra, folded above them, crammed them down and shoved them out. The Arthurs eyes drilled on her wine-colored nipples.

Then Al took hold of the waistband of her pantyhose firmly with both hands at her hips, slipping his fingers into the elastic, spreading the transparent fabric with his spread fingers to stretch it, to draw it off her bottom, and hooking the waistline of her underpants as he drew down her pantyhose, he drew both down together, turning them both inside out, then tugged them in two quick jerks to bunch up mid-thigh, dangling from the crotch of them, entangled, and exposed her bare belly, the top of her thighs and her hairy "pussy" to the two Arthurs.

Stepping back, he left her like that, awkwardly undressed. Clothes removed just enough to show her tits and pussy as he said. Not undressed for sex. Just enough so they could tell the men at the bar that they had seen her naked. She felt more humiliation and embarrassment at this treatment than the other times.

It felt like when she was a little girl. A time she recalled. She had been with her cousins. She was eight. They were twelve and fourteen. They had taken her to the basement of an old house and pointed flashlights at her and told her to take off her clothes. She had not said anything in reply, but she had not done anything either. Exasperated, the older boy came over to her and lifted up her t-shirt, pulled it up inside-out over the top her head, like a bag, exposing her bare chest with chubby pink-tipped titties and then as they laughed she felt him yank down her shorts to her feet and then flip her underpants inside out, to hang upside down about the tops of her thighs. She had stood like that with her head bagged in her t-shirt, seeing nothing but the bobbing of the flashlight through the cloth of the shirt over her face, though mostly they aimed the spotlights at her naked belly and the little plump mound there with the slit that ran down in between her legs where she peed. She heard them giggle. She felt them touch her there. That is all she remembers.

But this is what she suddenly remembered at this moment and told me later; she said she felt like crying. She may have looked like it. But the two Arthurs were not looking at her face.

Karen said she said nothing. She stood patiently displayed for them. Like she had for her cousins. Al asked if they wanted to touch her. He did not look at her when he said it, though he knew she had looked at him, beseeching him. He ignored her feelings, or rather, he knew the secrets she had. Because when the short grinning Arthur approached and reached out for her breasts and touched her nipples with his fingertips, she felt a sexual thrill in her groin like she had the day before, that same sharp feeling, a quick orgasm probably. She was too innocent yet to comprehend her own sexual feelings, it was true.

She wanted him to touch her between her legs. And his fingers did feel about the outside of vulva, along the outline of its plump shape, feeling the silk of her tousled pussy hair, his forefinger found and slipped up and down the slit of her vulva, but did not press between those lips, did not feel the warm wetness that she longed for him to feel. He stepped back, close to her, looking down at her nakedness, but did no more.

She felt intensely, foolishly embarrassed. She felt herself trembling suddenly from a chill; she folded her arms about her, embracing herself, and shivered, and shivered so much that she crouched and then squatted, clutching herself tightly.

"You cold, honey?" Asked Al.

Karen shook her head, still shivering, but in a moment felt the chill passing and looking up, saying meekly that she was sorry, she stood up for them again, so they could see her naked again, but she kept arms folded under her breasts, feeling the chill again; her breasts pinched together, heaved up, pointed her lurid nipples at the men's lewd fixed stares.

Al looked at his watch and said: "I really got to open the store guys. If you're done here, then..."

The two looked at each other, then back at my half-naked wife longingly. The tall one said to Al: "See you tonight." He turned and walked out of the room like he was getting off an elevator. The short one lingered and turned back to give Karen one last look-over. Al went out with them to open the door.

Karen pulled her bra cups back over her breasts and was fussing to fix the tangle of her underpants and pantyhose when Al came back. He watched her, arms folded, leaning against the doorjamb. Disentangled from her pantyhose, she drew up her underpants; but she found her pantyhose so twisted that she decided to take them off and pushed them down her legs and stepped out of the heap of her slip and dress. She did not put her slip on but picked up her dress and stepped into it. Al came up behind her and zipped it up. He lingered behind her caressing her neck, feeling the damp hair on her neck. He kissed the nape of her neck. He said simply: "You enjoy that?"

He said nothing more about it. She did not know what to say. At one level it had been a psychological jolt. At another it had happened so fast, it had been so bizarre, and the men had behaved so politely that it was like nothing had happened. Perhaps no one would ever know. They would just forget it. The way no one ever knew about her cousins. She never told anyone. They always acted like nothing had happened. When she sees either of her cousins now that all of them are adults, it is like it never happened.

Al picked up her slip from the floor and opened a drawer in the filing cabinet and dropped it inside behind some files: "Someday you will have to wait on customers wearing that." He picked up her pantyhose and asked her what to do with them.

She heard a customer in the store call out and Al nodded toward the voice: "You going to take that?" He tossed her pantyhose into the trash can as she went out to greet the customer.

They did not speak of it for the rest of the day. The store got busy enough that Al had to come out to help too.

Meanwhile the two Arthurs had returned to the bar and Bob brought over a complimentary pitcher of beer as they joined Henry, Hank and Harry at the usual booth. Henry waited for them to settle. He could see that the short one was giddy and eager to talk, unusual for him. The tall one uncharacteristically smiled.

"Well?" said Henry somberly, arching his eyebrows: "Did she do it?"

Bob said Henry still felt the whole thing was wrong. He had seen the pictures, but he could not believe what he had seen, somehow. He wanted to believe that Al had tricked them or tricked her. Somehow. But when he heard that the two Arthurs had gone in and Al had locked the place up and she had let Al strip her for them, well, then...

"Okay," he said, "She is what she is."

They paced their drinking after that. They wanted nothing to deaden their senses or soften their intentions. Hank watched the clock. Henry played solitaire with a deck of cards that had nudie pin-ups on them. Harry watched his play, leaning over him and helping his moves from time to time.

When it got near time to leave, they all went in to use the restroom together. Washed their hands. Combed hair. Tidied up.

Hank asked Henry, looking at his face in the mirror, "SOOO . . ." he drawled, "What you think?"

Henry considered, looking back at him. "Well. . ." he drawled in return, "I think she's gonna suck cock... I don't give a shit what Miller says. She's a slut, and she can suck our cocks." He turned off the faucet.

Henry shook the water off his hands. He went to the wall to take some paper towel out of the dispenser. Hank and Harry waited at the door. Henry dropped the used towel in the trash. "And then we're gonna fuck her," he added.

Hank nodded appreciatively, "Right."

Henry had concluded that my wife had gone wrong, Bob said, and she ought to be taught a lesson. "That," Bob winked, "And I suppose he'd always had same thoughts about her that the rest of us had."

After the Arthurs came back and confirmed it all, Henry told the group he was not really surprised it was true, just disappointed. "You know, she's a church-going girl too," he told them, shaking his head.

After they closed, Al kissed Karen in the front room in the dark, telling her again how he loved her. The earlier event was out of mind, at least for him. They took the displays out of the windows, he is slipping his hand up her leg as she leaned in for them. She smiled and told him playfully not to do that, but she did not mean it. As they were putting the jewelry into the safe, Al took a set of silver earrings off a tray and gave them to her, telling her to put them on. When she had, he told her she was beautiful and held her.

They settled into the normal routine. They sat at the workbench side by side on the pair of stools. Al brought out his brandy. They drank from teacups as they always did and Al updated his records, while Karen polished some rings. She had kicked off her shoes and was barefoot. She felt happy. She anticipated making love to Al.

Al sat beside her now and slipped his hand up under her skirt, caressing her thigh, rubbing his fingers on the crotch of her underpants and a wetness that had seeped between her legs and had made the cloth slippery with that ooze. About 6:30 or so there was another knock at the front door. It was repeated insistently. It rattled the door. Al sighed and withdrew his hand from Karen's skirt.

For her part, hearing the knock had given her an anxious start, she had looked at Al searchingly, but he seemed so composed that she felt reassured. She almost said something about her feelings, but he patted her knee and said he'd go see what it was.

Karen told me afterwards that she had not suspected what Al was doing—until she heard the voices of men. She heard by the noises that Al had let them in and locked the door. She had stood up and she had gone to the center of the workroom. She must have known what was expected, although she swore to me that did not: but why else did she stand up and go stand where she did?

Henry came in first. Hank following. Then Harry. She was shocked, she said, to see who it was—and this I do believe; she had always treated these men like they were my uncles; they had come to Easter dinner; she had sent them Christmas cards. Henry, in particular, had been an occasional Sunday dinner guest after church.

Al standing behind them could not be seen. The three gathered to stand in a line before her, Henry in the center. Hank smiled at her and nodded. Harry looked over at the workbench, assessing the tools and small packets of jewels open for settings. Henry, who is taller than the rest, looked down at her from his height with a severe expression. He looked at her like he did not like her. It hurt her feelings; she guessed with a sudden guilty blush that the two Arthurs had told them what had happened.

They did not speak, and Al said nothing. He finally stepped from behind them and sat at his stool. He smiled at Karen, then looked up at Henry who was not smiling, still studying my wife, considering her soberly. Everyone was waiting for him.

Henry finally spoke: "I know you are my god son's wife."

She nodded.

"But that makes no difference," he said, leaning back on the stool.

She waited. He looked her up and down, like he was undressing her with his eyes.

She clutched herself like she was cold. She asked apprehensively: "What do you want?"

He said: "We want you naked."

Karen said she felt again a jolt of shame, and a sickening anticipation. She did not want to do this. She was certain now that I would find out. She looked for Al pleadingly, but he had backed away and abandoned her. She looked back at Henry. She shook her head. Al himself seeing her pathetic look balked for a moment.

Henry seeing this confusion and hesitation sighed and said: "No?" And he stepped out of the line and Karen looked up at him sadly and blushing speaks inaudibly, shaking her head.

Henry stopped in front of her: "Take your clothes off, Karen."

He stared at her hard. She did not know what to say. She shook her head. She looked like she might cry: "Why?"

"Why do you think?"

He approached her; she felt menaced but unsure what he meant to do. She thought he might strike her.

She shook her head again, holding a hand up as if to fend him. Looking fiercely into her eyes.

"Tell you what.... I'll help you." Henry turned her roughly about; she faced the wall.

He unzipped her dress in one sudden jerk and drew the dress off her shoulders roughly and pulled it over the front of her and let it fall completely to her feet

He poked her bare back: "Step out of your dress," he commanded. And nudging her again, she awkwardly stepped to the side out of the pool of it. He leaned and scooped her dress up and turned and tossed it over to Hank, who grinned and said thanks. He said: "Your welcome."

She stood in her bra and underpants, barefoot. Her hands raised folded to her chin, looking at the floor.

He said: "You want me to stop?" She said nothing.

He said: "I didn't think you did. "

Henry deftly and easily unhooked her bra and swept the strap off her right shoulder so that it feel down her arm and then lifted away the other strap. He did not need to tell her but she lowered her arms and let her bra fall to the floor in front of her.

Reaching from behind her, reaching around her lowered arms, he grasped her naked breasts and fingered her nipples and felt the shape of her breasts. She stood still. She said nothing. She did not object or resist him in anyway, Henry would tell Bob.

He took his hands off her and stepped to the side of her, looking down at her breasts. She stared ahead fixedly into the wall—ashamed, aroused, anxious. She said she felt an animal that had been cornered.

"Not bad," he judged smugly.

She was beginning to flush, showing pink, showing perspiration. It was warm in the room, but that was not the reason. She had drunk a little brandy before they came, but that was not the reason.

She turned her face up to his.. He told her: "When you're ready, turn and show the boys your tits."

Henry later sent me a photo. All of them had photos. Al took several and gave them copies.

In the first she is in her underpants facing them. In the second Henry is standing beside her, lowering her underpants. In the third she is completely naked. In the fourth she has turned her back to them, naked, head to toe.

"How 'bout you sit down here and spread open your legs for us."

Hank took the cue and dragged a chair from a desk and put in the corner. He paused to leer at Karen where she stood.

Henry nodded at her. She sat.

Henry said: "Show us . . ."

She spread apart her legs. "Wider" he instructed. Holding the chair seat, she moved her legs wide apart, opening her vulva, showing the randy hole. She looked away from the camera just as Al took the picture.

Henry sent me one of those too.

"See?" Henry said to the men, "Like I said"

Then speaking to Karen he taunted her: "You like showing us your cunt?"

She said nothing.

Hank and Harry then left Henry and came to stand over Karen. She looked up at Henry quizzically. Harry and Hank felt her breasts. She sat up, stiffening. Hank leaned to suck up her nipple and once it was wet toyed with the erect nub he had made of it. Hank felt her bare back, leaning to look behind her.

Henry continued his questions and comments. Al was left out of the whole action. It was none of what he had expected or planned. Henry despised him. He knew that. Henry asked Karen: "So, who else are you fucking besides your boss here?"

She looked anxious and confused but she blushed at the accusation. She did not respond. Henry stepped closer: "What other guys are you fucking? Are you fucking that Mike fella?"

Mike was the young bartender at Bob's bar, the friend of mine whom Henry had seen her with, whom Henry saw putting moves on Karen when she came to the bar with Al sometimes, whom he saw back in a dark corner near the storeroom and ladies restroom, out of the light, pushing her up against the wall, kissing her, a hand up inside her blouse, fumbling on her tits. He'd unsnapped her jeans, her underpants showed. He'd work his hand down in front. Henry saw. Karen told me she did not remember any of this; she'd been too drunk, and she swore nothing had happened. When Henry accused her of this, she was mystified and hurt, which was ironic since here she is sitting naked in front of my godfather and the best man from our wedding—legs spread wide for him and his buddies—she was aware of her wedding ring on her finger. So was Henry.

Henry continued his interrogation as she sat exposed obscenely: "How long you been fucking Mike?"

She shook her head, sadly, confused.

"You're lying," Henry claimed.

"I don't understand." She was getting hysterical. "What is it that you want from me?" she pleaded

Henry closed in on her. He stood over her, looking down, looking at her teary eyes, her flushing cheek revealing her feelings as the men caressing her aroused her sexually. Hank had slipped his hand onto her smooth bare thigh, caressing it and as Henry watched his fingers went to feel inside her vulva, feeling the plump lips with the fingertips, then pushing three fingers sideways he slipped them into her wet vagina. Harry, leaning close to see his work, was fumbling the nipple of her left tit while he massaged her other tit with his other hand.

Henry smiled sarcastically at her obvious sexual arousal. She shook her head.

Henry said: "Al says you suck cock." He leaned and sucked up a nipple and let it fall of out his mouth, wet, glistening." Is that so, Karen? You like sucking cock?"

She shook her head. Hanks, grinning, on one side of her, fingering her, now slipped about and probed her soupy vagina, obviously slippery with her excitement. Meanwhile on the other side, Harry leaned in and squeezing her tits to pop his nipples, mouthed her tits, wetting both her nipples with spit, sucking them up to points.

Henry said: "You're lying again."

She shook her head.

Henry slapped her face. A sharp smarting to her cheek. It shocked her. She gasped. Deeply hurt emotionally, she said, it was not that he hurt her with his hand, though her cheek stung and showed the Mike, but he had found her out, and obviously he did not like her; he called her a slut to her face. He did not like her, and he would use her sexually. His intimacy meant nothing tender or affectionate, like she thought of Al and even doing the things Al wanted her to do for others. But for Henry her sexual use or abuse was completely indifferent to him, or rather, he meant to humiliate her and to degrade her.

He said: "You are a cock-sucking slut."

Her hand on her warm cheek, she nodded tearfully.

"Tell Hank here... You wanna suck his cock."

She looked at Hank who kneeling now was kissing her belly and rubbing her clitoris. He looked up, grinning. She said it abjectly: "No."

"Tell Harry too." He had risen from his slathering of her breasts and stood feeling the one near him idly. His erection bulged in his trousers.

She saw it, looked up at his face: "Please.. no."

"And when you're done with them, then you're gonna suck my cock."

She shook her head. She put her hand down. Hank stood up and began to take off his pants. She saw his penis half-hard slipping its thick head out under his jockey shorts.

Henry, waived him back, pausing as she stared at the penis and added: "Yeah and Al says you always let him cum in your mouth. That so?"

She looked back at him. He repeated it: "You let him cum in your mouth?"

She looked up pathetically, still shaking her head.

"Yes, you do. I know you do, and you swallow it."

She hesitated, then shook her head and defied him: "No."

"You must like the taste."

She seemed confused. Hank was naked beneath his overhanging shirt. He was feeling his penis beside her. She had been distracted by it: "What?"

"You like the taste of cum," Henry asserted.

She did not reply.

Harry was naked now too beneath his overhanging shirt and Karen saw his dick was different. It intrigued her how differently looking were men's penises when aroused—or limp for that matter—not just circumcised or uncircumcised (like Al's) but in size, shape, color how different. And how changed when swollen for sex, some hard and curved up like a horn, some straight-out like stiff sausage, some swinging like a rubber hose. This one, Harry's, was arched and hard as wood, it's glans like a bulb at the head, its slit glistening with clear dew, beading pre-ejaculate; he brushed her bare arm with it, leaving a trace; he leaned and pressed it against her.

And then she saw that Henry had also taken off his pants, and drawn his erection from his undershorts, a long and skinny thing, like a length of hose, that he stroked up and squeezing held at the base and poised for her, presented to her face. Drawn back to dangle, exposing his moist glans from his drawn foreskin. Put out for her mouth. She glanced up at him; he grinned; she understood. She put her mouth on the glans and looked up at his eyes. And he began to masturbate, staring into her eyes. While she sucked his cock this way, the other men watched and masturbated also, masturbating in anticipation of their turn.

Bob told me the whole litany of this cynical and abusive set up to fuck her face, calling her a cock-sucker, taunting her to confess it, and so on. Karen did not deny the details. I believe it was what really happened, because I heard how Henry later doodled an illustration onto the door of men's room toilet stall at Bob's bar and scrawled underneath it my wife's full name and our actual phone number, calling her a "cum-sucking slut" who gives blow-jobs for a buck and will take it up the ass for five. I never saw the graffiti myself, but some of my friends did. I wondered whether, after I left her, how many phone calls she got from this advertisement.

Henry came in her mouth. Hank came in her mouth. Harry came in her mouth. One after the other. She swallowed Henry's cum. She swallowed Hank's cum. She swallowed Harry's cum. One after the other.

After she had quietly meekly swallowed Harry's cum, Harry stepped back from her face and she looked up to see Henry had taken off his undershorts and stood in front of her again. She looked at his penis, wondering if he meant her to take it in her mouth again. When she leaned forward to do it, he laughed at her and she looked up in bewilderment.

He shook his head at her and smirked: "That's why he called you a slut,."

She felt ashamed again, humiliated again. She saw Mr. Miller looking at her from his work stool. He was leaning over, his elbows on his knees, observing her feelings sharply, having watched her impassive wide-eyed cock-sucking wryly, commenting on her swallowing cum with a demeaning reMike. She worried what he thought about her, but he smiled at her and nodded affectionately. She smiled back at him sheepishly.

Henry took her by both hands and pulled her up to her feet. He embraced her, his hands on her buttock and looked into her uplifted eyes with a cruel grin: "Now we're going to fuck you."

His long skinny dick was pressed to her belly. He said: "I'd kiss you, but your mouth is full of spunk and that's just too nasty."

He turned her about and slapped her buttock, commanding her to bend over and grab and the chair seat.

"I don't know how you can eat it."

He positioned his penis between her spread legs and easily guided it deeply into her ready cunt. "And besides," he said, "I don't kiss whores."

She felt his penis slip into her like it was a broomstick, poking in so deeply she thought it went in as deeply as it felt—up to her belly button. She gestured to where she told me she felt it. The feeling was so memorable to her she did not see my dismay—she was reliving it—and she did not think how telling me this so unguardedly was painfully shameful for me. This man who was like an uncle to me, fucking my naked wife like a dog, giving her pleasure with his prick that I had never given her. She looked at me absently as she spoke of it, remembering the feeling acutely.

And Bob for his part told the tale that the men told when they returned to the bar that night, saying he got most of the story from Hank, who was especially effusive and enthusiastic about it all and wanted to tell everybody everything. Henry, by contrast, had nothing to say and seemed grim, even sullen. Hank was the better storyteller of all of them anyway. Harry just nodded to agree with what was said.

It was a group of some of the same men who would come for the show. In fact, said Bob, Hank's story that night was the preview that sold them on the show. Otherwise, some thought fifty bucks was too steep a price to pay. But here was a young wife who was unwitting and good-looking, had great tits and was game to suck all the cocks they put to her mouth and ready to fuck a whole crowd. Hell, claimed Bob, you name it, she'll do it for you.

Henry fucked her hard for a good ten minutes. Her cunt worked up a lather. She was hot, sweaty. And the two other men stood beside her fondling her bobbling tits or stepping up in front of her face to feed her a cock to suck on. When Henry shot up inside her, he grabbed her hips and thrust hard and held her and she whimpered and weakened, and her legs trembled. He stabbed her with his cock a couple more times to complete himself in her and her knees buckled, and he let go of her so that she breathlessly knelt, catching her breath.

Hank stepped up next. Taking his cue from Henry, he spanked her buttock smartly twice to make her get up on her legs and he pulled her hips back and spread her wider because he was shorter and needed to enter her from the best advantage of his height. Karen described his cock like a fist. She could not take much into her mouth but the mashed head of it, and in her cunt it felt like he was poking her with a fat end of a bottle. He came more quickly than Henry and she did not orgasm with him, but his prick so rubbed her clit as it punched it's way in with his thrusts that she was well worked-up when Harry stepped up behind her with his arching wooden prick. Not as long as Henry's. Not as thick as Hanks. But it was slippery and quick and touched her in a way that the other's did not, and she bucked herself wildly on his cock, making noises that astonished them. And when he came inside her, she came. She made a sound matching his own—girlish—but also indecently loud and expressive.

Henry had dressed even while Hank was fucking her. Hank stood half-naked watching intently. When Harry finished, and my wife sank to her hands and knees, Hank took her by the hair and twisted her about to sit facing Al and looking at Al savagely he pulled her sideways to face to his cock and made her suck him off one more time. My wife raised her hands as if to fend him, but she did not resist; she held her hands in the air, sitting sideways on the floor, while he fucked her mouth. When he was ready to come, he announced it and though it was not much he relished the look on her face, her blinking eyes, her noisy slurps on his last ejaculation. When he let go of her hair, she fell forward to her outstretched arms, gasping for breath, and drooling a goo of saliva and cum onto the carpet.

Harry had dressed and Hank was dressing, while Henry said he thought she would be ready for Saturday, but they needed to do one more thing. "Every pig needs to be porked," he said. Al nodded. She heard everything said, but she understood none of it.

After Hank dressed, Henry took out his wallet and took out a couple dollars and put them down on the work counter. Looking sideways at my wife, who looked up sadly, "For your cock sucking, Karen," Henry explained, "Buy yourself a pack of cigarettes."

Hanks's story ends there.

Karen told me during her confessions how they left her naked on the floor and after they left Al comforted her, sitting beside her nakedness on the floor, giving her drinks of brandy and water, stroking her and speaking reassurances. He thanked her. He kissed her forehead. He kissed her hands. He told her she had done everything he had hoped she would do. She sobbed in confusion, expressing how ashamed she was, and how she worried about what Henry thought of her, but Al told her Henry was just anxious that no one tells her husband. Al made her say she never would tell me herself. And of course she agreed.

Then Al coaxed her to fellate him and she did it for him with affection and tenderness, but inevitably she compared his penis to the other men's penises she had had in her mouth—the feel, the size, and the taste and texture and quantity of his ejaculate—and she found him wanting and to her shame—to my own, as she told me—she confessed she had liked the taste of Henry's cum, tasting like seawater, she said.

She did not get home until well after nine o'clock; exhausted, she went right to bed.