**My First Marriage**

by FishMan

Installment #12: Friday -- Porking the Pig

Given what had happened to her the night before, the humiliation she had felt, I should have expected her to be depressed and complain about having to go to work. She was not. She even seemed eager to go to work. Knowing the story now, I think she had completely surrendered to her sexual intoxication. She must have known, must have expected that the new day would bring the same exploitation which she had experienced every day that week.

Anyway, she woke up strikingly cheerful; she ate the breakfast I made for her and suddenly she gushed and spoke excitedly about having seen Uncle Henry last night, although she did not tell me the circumstance. She seemed oddly flushed as she spoke about it and did not want to look me in the eye when I asked her questions. She must have realized it was a mistake to have mentioned him. I wonder why she did. Had the way he treated her especially affected her? I wanted to know why he had come to the store and other details. But now she evaded my questions and changed the subject, announcing that she would probably have to work on Saturday.

Once more she wore the blue dress, like she had all week, but now she wore only her bobby socks and penny loafers; she did not wear pantyhose. Actually, as I later recalled, she had not come home with them. (It amazes me as I look back on it--how stupid I had been.)

She has lovely legs. She almost never needs to shave them, so her legs look nice without pantyhose; it just didn't seem right for a business office. And I thought she wasn't wearing her brassiere. I had thought that before, but now while I embraced her to kiss her goodbye, I felt her back and I knew for certain that she was not wearing it.

She got out of the car. I held her hand to stop her and to tell her I would meet her at Bob's bar. I knew that Mr. Miller often went there after work, so I told her to go with him and we would meet there.

I did not want her to go to work, and I told her .

She smiled and said she would me see later that night, and seeing that I looked worried, she blushed for no reason that I understood, and said: "It's alright."

What did she mean by that? I have since wondered. That she thought what she was doing was "alright"? Or that she was not unhappy anyway? Or that she expected that none of this would ever affect me? That I would not find out? That somehow it would end like an episode on a TV show with some settling conclusion that left her and everyone happy? I can't say. Even as we divorced, though she wept, and felt ashamed, she did not understand why it ended as it had. She thought she had not wanted anything but to please others.

Bob only knew about this day from second-hand, but he told me what he could. Karen did not admit to it until after I had learned the gist of it. She never did tell me the full details. She only said to me how nice Mr. Miller had been to her that day. She did not tell me what she meant by that. Bob told me. What you read here then comes from largely Karen's story and what Bob said she said. I would learn a different version from Henry later.

When she got to work, Mr. Miller was very glad to see her and kissed her warmly almost before she got into the door. They exchanged open mouth kisses. He immediately unzipped her dress, even though it was eight in the morning; the front door was unlocked and she stood in the middle of the shop and he drew off her dress even as she stood placidly and submissively for him. It fell to the floor. He crouched before her and looking at her belly as he did he drew her underpants slowly, teasingly off her buttock, belly, down her thighs to let them slip to her ankles and then leaned kissed her pubes, licking the lips of her vulva there. Naked, she did not resist him. He stood and saying he loved her he unzipped his trousers and immediately entered her as she stood facing him, while she, succumbing to his embrace, his arms enfolding hers squeezing them against sides of her breast, her hands tenderly at his face and neck, yielded to his kisses and kissed him warmly in return. They were like young lovers whose sexual desires for each other were so hot and new as to be compulsive.

This was not an act of lust; to her mind, it was the act of passion and love. He made love to her passionately, and she felt happy that she pleased him.

When he withdrew, having taken her standing where she was, he kissed her mouth and whispered an endearment and put his penis back into his pants and zipped them up. She looked down at the wetness between her legs, put her hand to her swollen vulva, wiping up the semen that had flowed from it between her thighs, wiping the semen across her bare thigh, and pulled up her dress with a sigh and sweetly smiling at him. He went to the door and locked it. If anyone saw, they did not stay to ogle the two fucking in the store.

No words were exchanged. She thought this must mean they were in love, and the rest of the day seemed to confirm her feelings, despite how it ended and what portended for the weekend by his intimations.

The shop was opened, and traffic was light all day. He often kissed the back of her neck and spoke to her with affectionate compliments and courtesies. He told her he had something special planned for that day. It gave her a momentary pang, to think that it may be another group of men to visit, to fuck her openly, severally again. But the way he said it did not seem to suggest that obscenity.

At noon Mr. Miller closed the shop. Karen had gone to the back of the shop to prepare for the inventory. He invited her to lunch. He took her to an expensive restaurant, which was housed in the down town Sheraton Hotel within walking distance. They shared a bottle of wine. They shared a French pastry for desert. They took more than an hour for lunch and he seemed so happy that she felt very happy. When they left the restaurant, he held her hand and took her into the lobby of the hotel. She had never seen such an opulent hotel. She felt out of place. Mr. Miller left her to stand in the middle of its elegant extravagance while he spoke to a desk clerk. He returned and nodding toward the elevator and they went alone into it and when the door shut he embraced her, kissing her, feeling her breasts through her dress. The door opened to the twenty-first floor and he lead her by the hand, teasing her as she questioned him, to the door of a room and unlocked it and held the door for her. It was an ordinary Sheraton hotel room, but to Karen it seemed a place of wealth and privilege.

Mr. Miller removed her dress immediately, leaving it on the floor where it had fallen, and stood as he was fully clothed, kissing and fondling her as she stood in nothing but her underpants, he guided her backwards toward the bed, as he kissed her and she back on the bed. He leaned over and drew her underpants off and tossed them away and shoved her legs up and spread to show him her cunt.

As she looked up at him fondly, he undressed himself completely, and once naked he knelt between her legs and put his mouth on her vulva and licked it, probing it with his tongue while she arched her back.

He crawled up next to her on the bed and leaning to kiss her fondled her as he affectionately examined her naked body. She lay quietly for him. She obeyed his encouragements without shame, to raise her knees and let her legs fall open, so that he might look closely and feel wantonly the flesh and the opening of her vagina and she closed her eyes as he teased her sexually. Looking down between her legs she saw that she still wore her bobby socks. He had not taken those off. Neither had she.

So splayed and sexually vulnerable, without her eyes opening, he lay over her body, between her legs and his erection entered her, slipping easily and completely in one motion, and so he began to fuck her, gently, and lovingly, or so she felt. This was like the first time we had made love, she told me naively.

They made love in this way, leisurely, for more than an hour. When he finally erupted inside of her, there was but a little ejaculate, so much had been spent in the morning, or at any rate she felt little, but she was pleasured well and skillfully by him and felt sexually sated and so, as he lay on his back, she cuddled about him affectionately, her head on his chest, looking at and idly feeling his still half-tumid penis, wet with his and her seminal fluids. They talked small talk and tender feelings, I suppose, as lovers do. Her fondling aroused him again and on her own motion she slipped her head along his belly, closer to the tip of it and took the end of it in her mouth, feeling it with her tongue, tasting him and herself when she did. He put his hand on her head to let her know what he wanted and without instruction she savored his penis in her mouth, rolling her tongue about, and suckling until by her stimulations he ejaculated lightly into her mouth. Gladly and lingeringly tasting and enjoying it, she felt very happy as she curled with her mouth on his spent penis, semen leaking into her mouth as it remained, and she nearly fell asleep, but Mr. Miller stroking her hair told her gently that she should get up and take a shower before they returned to work.

When she came out of the bathroom toweling her refreshed naked body, her hair a bit damp at the edges, although she had avoided wetting it, she found he had dressed and had laid her dress on the bed and her socks. But not her underpants or bra. She did not question this. She understood. She sat on the bedside to put her socks back on, and then stood to put on her dress. He zipped it up for her. She never asked about her underpants and bra.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when they returned to the shop. She assumed that they would have little time to work that evening and asked when she might leave, explained that I had told her to meet me at Bob's bar. He said he would go with me. That they will just do some tidying up and tomorrow they would work in earnest on the inventory.

She felt pleasantly tired from the lovemaking and she wished she could just go home. She almost did not want to meet me at the bar, and she hoped they would not work very long. Mr. Miller seemed to be inclined to quit early. He was only readying books and things for the inventory process.

He told her that they would be working on inventory all day Saturday until late into the evening and that she should tell her husband, so he does not worry. And she might have to do the same Sunday.

He said he wanted her to come to work in casual clothes. He joked that he would be on his good behavior and would not be undressing her as he usually did, so she should wear underpants and bra and so on and not expect to be molested.

When she did not say anything, he pretended that she had offended him for not objecting to being sexually neglected. He grinned at her when she fell for his trick. They kissed.

A mantle clock chimed gaily in the shop, sounding the hour. It was 6 o'clock, closing time. "Can we go now?" She asked.

He shook his head: "Not yet. Remember? I said I had a surprise for you."

She was confused. She thought the lunch and the lovemaking were her surprise, and it had surprised and pleased her.

While Karen took down the display windows and put trays of items into the safe, Mr. Miller turned off the shop lights and poured brandy in teacups for them. He waited for her to finish.

She came to the workroom when she was done and asked him: "I thought that lunch . . . and you know . . . was my surprise. It was so nice."

He said nothing. He was not smiling. She felt uncomfortable about this. He required her to drink her cup of brandy and another. This is usually more than enough for her to feel drunk.

He looked at the clock. He said to her without addressing her: "They're late." She said nothing to this. She felt immediately that same sick anxiety she had felt the day before. She anticipated. He meant her to take off her clothes for more men. He meant her to be used by them.

The front door opened, a man called from the darkness of the front toward the light showing through the doorway to the workroom where they sat on their stools. Mr. Miller got up and went to greet him. Karen stood up. She did not know: should she go stand in the corner? She heard voices, asking about her. How many were there this time? She realized she had been set up for this. Obviously she had been set up again, deliberately dressed this way, completely naked beneath her blue dress, and he had probably planned that she was showered and fresh and cleaned up for them. She felt suddenly unhappy, doubting Mr. Miller's true feelings for her.

She never saw their faces. She guessed that there had been maybe three or even five of them. She could not believe that Mr. Miller had done this intentionally; it must be something he could not help; thinking of the tenderness of their lovemaking all that day and seeing the anxiety in his expression as told her to face the wall and not look at them, she was certain it was not his idea.

She did not recognize the voices but then again she was crying and very distressed. She had difficulty reciting the details, although she remembered the incident vividly. Again, it was Bob who sardonically narrated much more of the sordid details that either she did not remember or did not know, although he himself was no tone of these unseen men.

Because she told me almost nothing herself, I cannot describe her feelings. I can guess. I can imagine. This was not most humiliating event of the period, but it was the first of the things that she was unwilling to confess to me. Either from shame or shock. I never confronted her with the details that Bob and later Henry related. Henry even had pictures, but again, I did not learn any of this or see these until after Karen had gone to live with Mr. Miller -- or rather had gone to be kept by him in a room down town. Miller never did leave his wife and I doubt she ever knew about the affair.

Bob had no pictures to show to me, saying Miller took none this time, but he did have graphic descriptions taken, he claimed, from first-hand accounts; I will try to relate it just as he told me.

The topic came up when I was telling him how I had become more suspicious that Friday and I reminded him that I had come into the bar that night. He remembered that. He had served me himself. And I remembered how friendly he seemed, impressed that he remembered my name, and my wife's name; he asked after her.

Of course he knew that even as we were speaking she was being prepared by them and coaxed to submit and told to quit her crying about what, they insisted, would not hurt her anyway; that she would enjoy it, if she just relaxed.

What they did to her shocked me, as I think it shocked her, and when Bob told me I think he relished the look on my face, my own sense of humiliation for her sake. I guess I was almost as naive as my wife in some ways. Certainly I knew that men did such things to (or with) women, but it seemed cruel to do it to her. She was not just so young and innocent of such things, but she was so tender in that way. Perhaps it did not physically hurt her, but it emotionally wounded her; she was utterly debased, or so she felt.

After this she felt herself more slut than woman for them. And perhaps also because she revealed a perverse pleasure for it, in spite of herself, she believed she was a slut, that they could and would make her do anything the wanted to do, for as many men as wanted her, and she would submit abjectly, wantonly aroused even by her debasement, with or without her pathetic tears.

Bob said to me: "Didn't you notice how she was walking when she came in? Didn't that seem funny? Didn't you notice it when you went to bed with her that night? That is fucking hard to believe 'cause as much as they fucked her like that, it must still have been swollen. Her shitter must have been full of cum. You noticed none of that?"

He shook his head, but I guess I noticed she seemed to walk a little strangely, the lube of it between her legs, the crack of her butt still gummy with what oozed out of her used anus. And of course she had no underpants on, so this added to her self-consciousness.

She was very subdued as well. Mr. Miller took her around introducing her to men at various booths in the bar and she was flushed or blushing, I could not tell which. I thought they must be teasing her but she did not look like she was unhappy about it, she smiled awkwardly. She seemed dreamy, she did not seem to get a lot that was being said to her. Like she was stoned. Although we never smoked pot. I don't think she ever did. But that is how she acted.

Bob said: "Al had set it up. He had even gone out and bought some Vaseline at the drug store the night before. The more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea. He called down at the bar that morning and gave me the go ahead, so I got the boys together. They were ready and randy as sailors on shore leave. You know the ones: Henry, Hank, and Harry. Anyway, Al told them to keep quiet in front while he went back in the workroom and got her ready. So she knew something was up, she had stripped for other men when he asked her, so she had some idea. Al said she was not happy about it, but like usual she did not say no. He just told her, and she submissively got down on her knees and leaned over, doggy-style, on her hands and knees.

"That's the way we liked to fuck her, you know," said Bob with a grin and wise-acre look at me, " 'cause that way you can spank your wife's nice butt and watch your wife's titties dangle and swing about while you bump her butt with your dick up her buttery cunt, or some other guy can get under her and suck on 'em, or get up in front of her and fuck your wife's pretty mouth while the first guy is fucking her from behind. In fact this way three or four guys can have some fun with your wife at the same time."

Bob winked; he liked to see my discomfort at saying things like this, especially not using her name but referring to her as "your naked wife," "your pretty wife," "your pretty naked wife," and so on.

He continued: " So anyway, I don't know what Al says to your wife but he's got her down on her hands and knees and he's saying sweet nothings and I 'spose her legs are trembling, but what's she gonna do? And he unzips her dress---slooowly--- you know, and he tells her---he's getting her dress unzipped and its falling down her arms and he tells her straight out what he wants, what they're gonna do: these guys are gonna fuck you in your 'rectum' and that is the word he uses. He's not crude. He explains some men like fucking women in the 'rectum' cause it feels good; he tells her it feels good for her too, but he's got to get her ready and she should not worry and so he tells her he's going to cover her face so they won't know who she is, because 'they know your husband.' Now that is cold. That is wicked, telling her that. She is afraid they will recognize her. She starts to cry. They aren't even fucking her yet, but she's crying because she thinks it's some of her husband's buddies, guys his age, whom she must know too. This is really mean. Al didn't know she thought this. It wasn't what he meant, but hey, it really worked. Al don't mind she's crying. He kisses her forehead and smiles sweetly at her and says 'stop crying or they will get mad at you.' He takes hold of her loose dress about her hips and pulls it up and over her shoulders, and turns the dress so it's inside out, hanging from the back of her neck to the floor in front of her, her arms and head inside of it like a bag, making her naked from the back of her neck to her bare feet; 'cause she's completely naked underneath, man. Shit, man, your wife ain't been wearing any underpants or a bra most of the week." [I nodded at this.] "You knew that? Shit! Well anyway, here she is on her hands and knees naked, her head and arms trussed up in dress, she's stiff sniffling and softly crying like a little girl, and her arms trembling."

Al gets up to motion the guys in and what they see they like a lot. Henry especially. Al signals for them not to speak. I am sure she heard them come in. I'm sure she's thinking about them seeing her naked, that they know who she is even if her head is covered up. It really is the most shameful thing to be done to her so far because she is really certain these are my friends--Mike probably and some others--that was why Uncle Henry had mentioned him--but she had never had sex with him or let him feel her---but now...,

She feels someone's hands on her bare butt, feeling it all over smoothly and then nudging her legs to spread wider and show her wet cunt and her tight asshole to them. She feels more hands roaming all over the butt cheeks and some fingers going into and working on her cunt. Then she feels a finger feeling at her anus. A little push.

Bob goes on: "Al is down between her legs—but she doesn't know it's him, you know; she thinks it's one of her husband's college friends—and he starts pushing his finger into her asshole and then takes some Vaseline on the end of his finger and pushed that in and pushes more of his finger in. He's lubing her up. She is trying not to cry out loud but can't help a sob or two when he's really got his finger all the way in; he pokes Vaseline in her asshole until it starts melting and running out into her gash. Then he gives the Vaseline jar to Hank and nods and Hanks' already naked, well they all are, and he goops up his dick and squats over her. Al holds her trembling shoulders and Hank starts to work his dick in."

"She moos like a cow. That's what they tell me. They laughed to hear it. She makes this "mmmmmooooooooooooooo" sound, they said, like a cow, as Hank works it in two inches, three, five, seven whatever it is he's got. Henry has the ten incher. That really sent her off. And the other boys got down and milked her cute cow titties just for the joke of it, as she moo'ed like a cow, moaning and shivering on the dick stuck up her butt. Anyway to make a long story short each of them takes a turn. Some taking more time fucking her asshole than others. And she is really got hot, pink all over and perspiring with effort of it—they're all sweating and out of breath, really porking her. Hank himself got it in her twice. Looked to have a stroke but came inside her twice. And even Al got to poke her in the butt. Much as he could. Everybody got to blow some cum up her rectum and watch it burp and burble out when he pulls his dick out and look down at the raw hole he had punched in her anus with his big cock."

Then Bob vividly described it all in obscene details: how her rectum, distended so deeply by thick dicks or long dicks that have pumped it, gapes, showing a hot red hole; how her rectum slowly closes up, recovering like a suffering wanting thing, shutting and going back to normal; how as it slowly closes, like a reluctant thing, still wanting more dick, and how it oozes the cum shot into her and how it drools, to run out in warm creamy goo, to dribble down into her slit and then down between and inside her thighs.

"Man, O, man. I wish I had been there," he rubbed his hands and licked his lips, like she was something to eat.

Bob was certain that she liked it. They left her still trussed up in her dress. She never knew who it was. She did not ask. She did not want to know.

"Al said he wiped the cum out of her ass with Kleenex the best he could," Bob finished, "but it kept leaking for a long time, even while she came to the bar when you were here. When she walked in with Al, you can bet she had a gooey butt crack and it was gooey all night, I'll bet."

That night Karen seemed very subdued. She talked very little and quietly as we drove home. She said she was tired but she took a long shower before she went to bed. She and I did not make love. Actually, we never made love again. The weekend swept her away, and my jealousy and hurt made it impossible.

Installment #13--The Day of the Show--I finally hear and see the whole truth about my wife did for the men in Bob's Bar

I awoke to my wife taking another shower again in the morning. I had no need to get out of bed. I did not have to work. I was sorry she did, but it was nice to get the money. From the bed I watched her get dressed for the day: always the same practical J. C. Penny's white cotton underpants, like her mother used to buy for her, and a plain white bra, and the white cotton bobby socks which she would wear with her Penny loafers; simple neat short‐sleeved white cotton blouse; a plaid pleated wool skirt. She also put on a light grey cardigan sweater, which she buttoned at the bottom, to fit it snugly about her hips. She admired herself in the mirror and put on her lipstick, a daub of rouge that she rubbed into her cheeks.

As she dressed, seeming now more cheerful than the night before—I wonder now: had she forgotten? Had she forgiven him for the sodomy he had forced on her? She said that nothing had been more humiliating than how she had been treated that night. But given that, why did she not know what might happen next? Why did she not guess what was going to happen? Or did she know?

She stooped by the bedside and explained how she would be working on inventory over the weekend, starting today, and I asked how long she would be working tonight and she said she thought it would not be very long. She kissed me goodbye and took the bus to work.

The pictures that Bob showed me and his own graphic descriptions enhanced what I know about this day, for Karen had confessed to me only a little of it. I had pressed her for graphic details, myself feeling a mixture of shame and sexual excitement at what she told me, just as she confessed doing it, but she was never completely honest with me. After meeting with Bob, having seen the pictures, hearing his details, I spoke to her again, once last time before I left her for good, and she told me anything else I wanted to know. By then she was emotionally spent and was resigned to my anguish. She looked at me numbly. and saddened, told me candidly what she did, how she felt, although still she was confused about her feelings and conflicted in emotions. She admitted she had been keenly, compulsively sexually aroused by what she was made to do even as she felt deeply ashamed to be doing those things. She admitted she had sexually relished her humiliations and the coercion. She was submissive but also wanton in her response; she had felt abused but she was also secretly intrigued and sexually craved her relentless sexual stimulation and the rolling orgasms she obtained, such as she had never before experienced. It was, as I have called it before, sexual intoxication. She was drunk with sex the whole long time of it, only dropping from time to time in her exhaustion for a dreamless sleep. She was drunk as well with liquor for much of the time.

What to believe? Who to believe? She told one story. Bob told another. I never heard Miller's version. But later a friend of mine who had been "planted" by Bob for her extra humiliation, he told me more and his version was corroborated by some who told me tales at the bar, drunk and enthused to tell me, though they knew I was her husband.

She claimed that Mr. Miller did not tell her what was expected for the day. Others said he had. At any rate she claimed that when she got to work that morning he had acted like nothing had happened the day before, like he always did. They never talked about how he had set her up, how she had been anally raped. He never asked her feelings about it. That was, of course, deliberate. She should submit without complaint. She guessed it too. So he never gave her an opportunity to discuss her feelings. But as I have already said: this is the one thing—or well, the one of two things—which she did not readily herself confess to me and which she was ashamed about. Even after I found out, and asked her, she did not want to talk about it. She nodded or shook her head to the questions I asked. But from the look on her face I saw that she was not sorry she had done it; and she did not say she was sorry.

It was Miller's cruel suggestion that these unseen men fucking her butthole were my own friends, peers of our own age and familiar with her, had seen her naked in that humiliating circumstance, willingly stripped by her boss for them—her dress pulled up over her head—that is what troubled her. It was this shame, which she had wanted to hide from me for my sake really. Otherwise, she had nodded to confess that she had gotten sexually stimulated from it, and, yes, had experienced orgasms even then. Her deep and blushing shame was evident. Especially keen for her because she believed these were my own friends, young men whom she knew, whom she had had to our home to watch TV and eat dinner, and whom she now feared had seen her abjectly naked and had shamefully fucked her in her rectum without her resistance. I, as cruelly as Miller, never told her that it was not true.

But as far as she knew, that Saturday morning, she had in the space of just a little more than two weeks been seduced by Miller, had given him fellatio day after day, taking his ejaculate into her mouth and swallowed it as she was coaxed to do, had let herself be stripped of all her clothing in the presence of several men and fondled by them, naked, had presented herself naked to a stranger, had permitted herself to be fucked by several men repeatedly and had given them each fellatio as well, swallowing their ejaculate too, several in a row, and had most recently been naked and humiliated for the pleasure of my own friends, fucked in her rectum, to her own grunting orgasm, young men who knew her and knew me and she expressed not the least bit regret.

She was tinder for flame. She was emotionally and sexually raw. Yet she maintained a timid attitude that day, not anxious, not distressed. She described her own feelings, that it was like she was in a dream. And that is how she had looked since the humiliation of the Friday night. That had tipped her.

Like a victim to a kidnapping who had been terrified, or a political prisoner who had been interrogated to exhaustion and threatened with torture, she had become moody and docile; she had no more resistance to give them.

Mr. Miller actually engaged her in work that morning. He made no overtures to her sexually or romantically. He tended earnestly and seriously to business. They briefly paused for tea—actual tea, no brandy—in the mid‐morning, but they talked of nothing in particular. He had questions about her husband. He seemed interested particularly in knowing details about me.

They worked until nearly one o'clock without taking lunch and then he offered her tea again and declared they would quit for lunch at three o'clock, that they still had a long day ahead of them. This was, I suppose, all part of the general plan, to lull her into a false security, and to keep her stomach empty of food until she was given liquor to drink. For when they stopped working, Mr. Miller announced he would take her to Bob's bar and they could get a sandwich and a beer before returning to work.

She had been to the bar often, not just the previous night, and she knew many of the men there before of course. I had brought her myself several times, even before we had married, and of course she had been there and met me there just the previous night, after her anal fucking.

Henry, Hank and Harry nodded at me when they came to the bar that night, just before Miller came in with my wife. I can guess now what they were thinking, though I knew nothing of what had happened, what they had done to he, or what was planned for the next day. I am sure they had bragged to other men at the bar about what she had done for them. And I suppose Karen knew what they were thinking as they looked at her. She did not initially look for me when she came in. Even then, as I say, she seemed really out of it, dreamy, like she was drunk, although she had not yet been drinking that much. She was led by Mr. Miller from booth to booth to meet and greet "his friends" (including Henry, Hank and Harry who seemed really smug in their secret). Some men at the bar turned to ogle her. It satisfied me that they found her attractive. The leering had no other meaning to me at that time, but I am sure that Karen felt differently. as their eyes wandered on her body. What I did not know then of course and what she did not know is that these same men she was introduced to would be the ones who would attend the "private party" on Saturday afternoon.

She hardly remembered that Friday evening a the bar after her anal rape. She seemed so dazed, that when Mr. Miller brought her to me where I had been sitting at the bar next to the two Arthurs, chatting with Bob about basketball, that she said innocently: "O, hi. . . " Glad to see me, but apparently completely forgetting that I said we should meet there. Mr. Miller bought her a drink. I asked her if she knew Arthur and Arthur, intending to introduce her, and she looked at them strangely and deeply blushed. Neither Arthur gave anything away, but one said simply: "Yeah, we seen her..." Bob actually laughed at this, and handed Karen her drink. She sipped her drink and looked away from the fixed gaze each of them had for her. They stared at her chest. I saw her discomfort. I felt it for myself. Miller her bought her and I drinks. I thanked him.

So, that Saturday afternoon when Mr. Miller led her into Bob's bar she was hoping that none of the men who "knew" her would be there, and she was pleased that the bar was almost empty, being too early for the main crowd anyway. Even Bob was not in the bar.

Mr. Miller seated her in a booth, asked her what she wanted and went to the bar to order.

By an odd (or perverse) coincidence the bartender on duty was a friend of hers and mine, Mike, a guy my age whom I had grown up with and whom we both had known since high school. ACTUALLY, it was all part of Bob's plan to humiliate her into submission to all the things he wanted to do to her. Another part of her blackmail. And it worked.

She worried that perhaps he had been one of the unseen men of the night before. She was nonplussed by his cheerful small talk, what she thought was his knowing looks, when he delivered their drinks. She wanted him to leave and could not look him in the eye. I suppose he thought she was being stuck up. He later said he thought she seemed nervous and worried, but he did not know why.

She was hungry, but Mr. Miller seemed inconsiderate of this and ordered her another brandy and water. She said she was hungry and he said to drink her drink first. He would see that she eats something soon. She drank a second strong mixed drink and was feeling warm and woozy.

While they sat at the booth, business was light in the bar, little traffic. By coincidence a second of my friends came in for a beer and stopped at the booth to say hi to Karen, who again felt sick to think that this one had been another of those who had fucked her in her rectum; she remembered the feeling and involuntarily squirmed, remembering it; she blushed and was so embarrased she almost could not speak to him. He left after a beer.

Because the bar is almost downtown, it is busiest on weeknights for guys going home after work. But there were a group of locals, like Bob's friends, whom Al came to know over the years, men who might have once known my father from his old neighborhood, and who would come in Saturday afternoon and evenings as a regular thing; oddly none of them were in the bar that day. Bob closed up on Sundays, because of the local laws, unless he was catering, which was permitted.

What had been planned had brought these guys to the back door of the bar; all of these "friends" had come there, as planned. They gathered early in Bob's backroom. My friend, who bartending that day for Bob, so he could be in the back, had brought rounds of drinks back for them already; Bob had got him to run tab for the whole crowd and told him that he would personally tip him for his service later that night; Bob explained it was a private party.

My friend was not told exactly what it was going on, but Bob had said with a sly wink that there would be some entertainment and he could slip in later and get a look if the bar was not busy out front. Al had deliberately dawdled in finishing work and then had kept her in the front of the bar drinking for longer than expected. Bob eventually came out anxiously looking for them and grinned to see them and came over to where they sat. He presumed that Miller had told her what was up, so he said "You're late. . . " Miller nodded.

"You ready?" he asked, looking at Karen.

She told me she did not know what he meant. Bob somehow believed that she had been told or must have guessed what was up. But she always insisted that she did not. She told me that she was completely surprised by what happened.

She was feeling uncomfortable to see Bob. Since the time that he had "fucked her mouth." as he had put it, she felt frightened of him. And he was so suggestive in his comments the previous night, when I met Karen at the bar after work, obviously intending to embarrass her in front of me, and make me suspicious and put her on edge (as he saw it) in order to help out their blackmail scheme, that she was also contemptuous of him. His remark now - "Are you ready?" - gave her that sick anxious feeling again. Perhaps, in this way, she did know what was up. She felt the anticipation that Bob and Al had. There was a secret.

Miller discretely shook his head to indicate that Karen had not been told what was expected. Bob saw it and nodded and said: "Oh. . . oh. . . okay. . . Listen. . . well, listen. . . " And he leaned and spoke under his breath so Karen could not hear, who was distracted anyway by my friend, the bartender, bringing over her third drink, and did not hear him when he said: "They're all here. . . and a few more. . . and they are drinking and getting impatient. . . "

Bob had taken fifty dollars from each of them. He would end up giving Karen a ten dollar bill from each fifty he collected. It was hardly fair, considering. But Bob said he had "expenses," which he would shortly explain.

In the end, my wife "earned" one‐hundred‐and‐eighty dollars, which I found in a wad of ten‐dollar bills in her purse, plus a couple dozen ones and fives for tips, and that was the thing that got me to confront her that Sunday morning. That---and one other obvious thing that that these men had done to her body---finally got me to demand that she tell me what was going on, and she broke down and confessed.

By my calculations, her "earnings" of one‐hundred‐and eighty dollars meant at least those eighteen paying customers had been at her (not counting Bob, and Mr. Miller and whoever else they gave a freebie to) and so that money had "bought" from her at least thirty, probably fifty or more sex acts — fucking her cunt, fucking her like a dog in tag teams, and then fucking her up her ass when her cunt was sloppy, or she down on her knees, sucking one cock after another, taking their cum in her mouth — not to mention the several degrading things she did in her "show" for them while they watched. So she was "bought" for as little as two dollars for a cock-sucking or for a fuck, a cheap drunk giggling slut if ever there was one. But of course she didn't do it for the money.

Bob went back into the room to tell the men that she had arrived. He set the stage. He set the lights to how I found them.

Mr. Miller then helped Karen to get out of the booth, telling her to take her drink, which she had only sipped, for having drunk on an empty stomach she felt tipsy. She asked if they were going to get something to eat and he smiled and said that Bob had something ready for her in the backroom.

I am sure she did not know about the backroom. That part was probably a real surprise. It was dark. Her eyes fell on the starkly lit low‐rise stage across the end of the room, a garish stage light flooded it and on it was the kitchen table and kitchen chair. That was puzzling, and she could not immediately see that the room had tables and chairs and men sitting at them and some men at the bar to the side of this room, a second bar—a barroom hidden inside Bob's main barroom, but seedy, dark, musty, and cluttered with boxes of liquor and other supplies near the door they came through.

It was a narrow closed up room. The stage is not more than thirty feet from where she stood at the doorway. The stage was flush to the back wall; on one side of it was a restroom; on the other side of it was a hallway to a door out to the alley, with an exit sign, lit red from the inside, over the top of it.

The men turned to look at her as soon as she entered and strangely they stopped talking when she and Mr. Miller came in. There was a TV droning from the main bar behind her—that was the only sound then, until that door was closed and secret murmuring conversations began, men glancing at her. She felt a little sick. Mr. Miller squeezed her hand.. The air was stuffy. It already smelled like sweaty men, she told me. It would smell even more strongly later. Like a men's locker room, but also of booze.

I could still smelled that pungent mix of sweat and booze - and sex - when Bob showed me the room even weeks later.

It was buzzing indistinctly when the door shut behind her. Mr. Miller stood beside her in the dimness. The men staring, unabashedly leering. She felt immediately that anxiety in the pit of her stomach, the anticipation. Like Bob, I had to believe she knew what they wanted. But she insisted she did not understand until it was plainly said to her. I think that this may be basically true true. But still I think part of her knew they wanted. She knew and was ashamed and felt afraid and so pretended it was not true.

Miller spoke quietly to her. Reassuringly. What did he say?

Bob was behind the second bar, leaning on his elbows, grinning at her. The sconces over the bar behind him and on the opposite wall gave off enough light, that as her eyes adjusted she could see the faces of the men. They talked with one another.

She recognized Hank, Henry, Harry, the two Arthurs, but most of these men she did not know. They were all about the same age of Mr. Miller. She thought perhaps some were other businessmen from near the jewelry shop. She thought she may have seen them come to the store recently. She said that all of them were about the age of her father or her uncles. She did not count them. She could only say that the room was almost crowded with them.

Bob told me there were altogether about at least twenty or so of them, not including Miller and himself. But with all the others coming and going: it really was a crowd; or so it seemed to my poor wife. So many strangers made her unaccountably nervous. Or rather it was because all of them looking at her, watching her keenly, as she was shepherded about the room by Miller who proudly introduced her to them as "my pretty little sales girl" and "John's pretty little wife."

They shook her hand. They smiled, saying they had heard all about her from Al; she blushed at the attention. and the knowing insinuation.They teased her about her blush and then complimented her on her clothes, looking down at her legs as she was led away to another group of men to meet.

Miller addressed them from the back: "Better late than never." Some laughed nervously. For a moment Karen wanted to turn and leave. She worried.

I asked her directly: "What did you think was going to happen?" I was incredulous. But she shook her head and looked at me pathetically through brimming tears.

Their quiet private conversations began to make a louder din and Karen felt then a little less awkwardly self‐conscious. She stayed close to Mr. Miller who, pressing his hand to the small of her back, as he finally directed her over to the bar where Bob was and Bob asked if she wanted a drink. She still had the third one in her hand, unfinished. Miller said he needed another one. Several of the others wanted drinks. Bob wrote them down on a notepad. He used an intercom to call my friend to make them and bring them in.

Mr. Miller did not introduce her to anyone but some of the men approached and asked her polite questions and made casual comments: "How are you?". . . "Too bad you have to work today. . . " "I like your sweater. . . " And so on.

Two men, who seemed to have brought cameras for the occasion and the purpose, were taking pictures of her. It startled her, but she tried to smile. One man used a professional camera, but another man used just a plain Kodak Brownie, like her Dad used to take vacation snapshots with, and because it was dark they had to put in flashbulbs. Their pictures were all aimed at her. Taking them repeatedly. She was confused. Miller ignored the photographers. She kept cringing at the flashes and kept so close to Mr. Miller, that her body was touching his. Some of the men wanted pictures with her. She obliged them sheepishly. She smiled self-consciously, awkwardly at the camera. She looked confused, a little anxious. In the some of the pictures Mr. Miller looks on at her; in some leering men can be seen looking at the back of her legs. Anticipating.

My friend brought in the drinks that were ordered. He found Karen the center of attention. Literally in the center of the room with most of the men encircling her. The flashes of the snapshots intermittently filled out the dark room, while various men whom she did not know guided her to stand beside them and to pose with them for photographs. She looked to be nervous and my friend thought the whole thing very strange and even troubling, and she looked at him anxiously like she wanted to say something to him, but she smiled also and in fact she said nothing to him; and he in turn said nothing to her but left her there. The men obviously liked her. He wondered once he was back at the bar. He began to guess at it. But it seemed completely implausible. Karen, as he had known her as my wife, was so naive, shy and even squeamish about things like what he thought was going to happen here, what Bob had meant about entertainment, a stripper or the like; why, she would blush at immodest teasing. It could not possibly be true, what he was thinking. He expected her to leave. But she did not leave, at least not by the door he watched, and so when he would return in less than an hour with more drinks he was shocked (and intrigued) to see that he had been wrong about her.

It amazes me still that she did not leave, unless she really wanted it to happen, but she had been so well-prepared. She had been set up so completely. Still she must have had a gut‐level feeling. Her naivete was no pretense, but it was a self‐deception that made it possible to survive the emotional distress of her sexual humiliation, even while she was being dishonest in her own mind. For she was aware of the sexual tensions in the room---she admitted that much to me---and she sensed her own intriguing sexual feelings, stirrings she felt with the suggestive glances at her, the flirtatious reMikes, and the casual but overly familiar proximity to men's bodies to her own, as she posed with these men whom she did not know, who put their arms around her shoulder or waist, and squeezed her into intimate group photos.

At any rate, Miller drank his drink watching her from the bar, talking to Bob in some confidences, while Bob nodded and looked at her, and finally, after she had been circulated through the room and photographed in many groups and in some side‐by-sides and alone, Miller came to get her and she supposed and was relieved to think that they would leave.

She felt drunk. She did not want the drink he held out for her. She asked as she took it: "Aren't we going back to work?"

"We'll finish tomorrow," he explained, and he put his arm about her waist and turned her and guided her to walk across the open floor while she noticed the men were taking seats at tables or going back to lean against the bar. They were seating themselves before the stage, some turning to watch her approaching with Miller, and others looking up at the stage, where Miller was insistently pressing her to walk toward: "You see that stage?" She nodded as they walked toward it. The garish stage light gleamed on its odd tableau, an everyday Formica kitchen table with aluminum legs and a matching kitchen chair.

She stumbled a little over her own feet, as he pressed her forward. "Are you a little drunk?" he asked.

She giggled, a little silly: "Yes..."

He said: "Good. . . "

She still claims she did not know what he wanted. She still claims, crying tears before me when she confessed it, and shaking her head, that she did not know what was intended. But she did admit that she did nothing to resist it. She did not say no.

Once she had been helped by Miller to step up on the low‐rise and onto stage and into its bright lurid light, she was turned by him at her shoulders to face them and she certainly blushed and felt self‐conscious as he now assumed the role of impresario to introduce her to the crowd of men who now sat back or straddled chairs backwards and leaned in and leered and grinned and commented privately to one another. Miller gave her name. He gave her full name. He told how old she was. He told them that she worked for him. He told them that she was married and how long she had been married. He gave them my name. He told her, turning to look at her, that many in the crowd knew me. He turned back to the men and explained as Karen looked on: "Of course he does not know about this and she does not want him to know. You must not tell anyone, or she won't do it. Is that understood?" They laughed. Someone said: "Of course.." More laughter. My poor wife blushed responsively. Did she know why?

Then Miller turned looked at Karen affectionately and said endearingly: "...and anyway she's never done this before. . . (he kisses her cheek) . . . not for so many.... ( laughter again) ... so she's a little nervous ... Right? (looking back at crowd seriously) and a little scared.... So be nice."

Karen told me she still did not understand but then Miller looked at her sternly: "But she will do it, won't you, honey.?"

I am certain now she must know what he intended and yet she claimed—crying, shaking her head as she told me—that she still did not know until he said it out loud plainly.

She said she actually asked him: "What do you want?" Everyone was silent. This was too good!

Miller did not immediately reply. He smiled and so she smiled at him.

Miller asked for and took her drink from her and put it on the table.

Then Miller, gesturing, insisting, made the strange request for her to get up on top of the kitchen table and stand there under the light. He said it twice before she seemed to understand; she was uncertain but she did not refuse. He helped her, holding her hand, as she took hold of the back of the chair, to stand up on the chair seat and from there to step up onto the table. She felt particularly embarrassed by this. It was silly. She felt "on display" and the man with the camera took more photographs. She thought that the men in the front, from their tables, probably looked up her skirt. She instinctively put a hand to her skirt to hold it against her thighs for modesty sake.

Mr. Miller turned back to the crowd. "She will stay for you as long as you want her. Her husband does not expect her home until late, and of course he has no idea." They said nothing. She looked at Mr. Miller expectantly.

Now here is where the stories differ.

Bob tells how she pretended to be confused and uncertain, how Miller told her plainly what he wanted, how she was pressured by blackmail of the polaroid's Bob had taken and so on.

Karen herself supported none of this; she cried and said she felt forced to do it.

But my friend heard or saw things differently as well; and so did many of the other men who later wanted to tell me what my wife had done.

She looked really out of it, like she was dazed and anxious, flushed, unhappy. That much is true by all accounts. She was obviously drunk Everybody agreed. She said so too.

She looked like "a deer in headlight" said Bob as she stood there, coaxed up onto the table and turned to face them all under that harsh light. Self-conscious. Some the men commenting impatiently.

Where the matter differed was by how willing she was. She said she was forced. Bob suggested she was coerced by blackmail. Both said she cried tears of humiliation. But the others said, while she looked embarrassed--blushing, looking away with shame--she never said no.

Al backed up and away from the table top slowly--leaving her dramatically in the spotlight--standing, beseechingly alone, watching him retreat into the darkness.

There, he folded his arms, looked about himself smugly at all the men sitting and waiting, nodding his head in approval and appreciation, and turned back to look up at my wife, who saw him dimly, looking back at her; he paused.

She also waiting, clasped in her hands in her lap.

Al said: " Good. You look lovely."

She smiled.

"How do you feel?"

She said something pleasant. Miller said: "Are you happy?"

She nodded. She smiled not entirely sincerely. She was confused, a little suspicious; but she wanted to please him: "What do you want?"

"I want you to take your clothes off." He said it simply, plainly. She was shocked, she said. Bob said she did turn red in embarrassment.

No one else spoke. No one else muttered or remarked. The silent room intimidated her. But they expected she would refuse. They expected Miller would not succeed. But Miller looked up at her and she at him, while they watched attentively.

To everybody's amazed satisfaction she did not immediately reply. She blushed. She looked anxious. But she said nothing at all. She did not object; she did not refuse.

She looked at Miller, sort of numb and dazed,--blank in the face--and then asked him softly: "Why?" Only those near the stage heard her. But the others saw her worried look, she raised her hand to her throat, feeling top button on her blouse.

Al turned and grinned at the men, winked at them, then turned back and replied to her. He said simply, plainly: "We want to see you naked." Making a sweeping a gesture at the men at the bar and the men sitting all about the room. Many laughed.

She looked up at the men looking at her, laughing at her. Ashamed of herself. She knew many of them. She knew many of them knew me. She looked like she might cry.

"Take off your clothes, Karen" he repeated.

She fidgeted with the buttons of her sweater, her eyes only fixed on her. He repeated himself: "Take your clothes off."

Did she object? She said she did. She said she resisted but all who saw it tell me that she responded without comment or complaint. She simply began to undress.

She unbuttoned her sweater so that it openned from her hips, and leaned over, looking up into Miller's eyes, and took off her shoes, slipping them off by the heel. Miller held his hand out for them and she handed them to him.

She stepped back in her stocking feet to the center of the table. Miller nodded at her, holding the shoes. She looked down at him. No one said a thing. She blinked. Some of the men made some remarks. They were actually surprised that she was doing this. They had not really believed Miller would get her to do it. She looked out into the crowd toward those voices, but it was difficult to see the faces in the glare of the floodlights on the stage.

She looked at Miller in front of her, beneath her. He nodded.

Looking down at Miller's reassuring smile, she drew off her sweater without prompting, but as she dropped the sweater to the tabletop and reached for the buttons of her blouse and began to open them, and expose her bra, she asked Miller softly to promise not to tell her husband about this.

Al replied loudly: "I promise. No one was will to tell your husband." Some men laughed, a few made comments. Al suppressed them with a gesture.

She looked momentarily alarmed by the comments. She did not know if she could trust them. But she did not speak. She undid rest of the buttons of her blouse with both hands carefully, looking at her hands as she did it, not really slowly, nor reluctantly.

Al smiled at her kindly and told her she was pretty and she looked up at him almost wistfully now, sadly perhaps.

Miller looked over shoulder and said aside to the crowd that she was really not as innocent as she looked.

And then as if to prove the point, he asked her provocative questions about her sex life. She had drawn open her blouse for them, showing her bra, bare midriff, shoulders. Obviously self-conscious. O

She took off her blouse and held the blouse in her hands at her waist. She awaited his encourgment, perhaps, hesitating, but he said nothing. She dropped her blouse to her left, onto the table top. ATanding now in her bra and skirt. She lowered her arms and paused. Mr. Miller now spoke: "Do you suck cock, honey?"Some men laughed.

She looked shocked. Everyone said so. She would not reply. She looked hurt. He changed the question: "Do you suck your husbands cock?"

She dropped her head; she shook her head. “No?” Miller grinned, “Other men?

Miller winked at the crowd and asked: "Do they come in your mouth?" She looked up and shook her head.

"No?" Miller expressed disbelief. Some of the men laughed. She looked unhappy and confused. "Why was he doing this to me?" she later confided to me. She loved him. She could not understand. For my part I could not understand why she had not expected this and all that would follow.

But still she wanted to please him and so she smiled at him and said: "He (that is, me) has never wanted me to."

Miller gently encouraged her, gesturing, and then, as if reawakened, startled, she glanced back at him, nodding, and then looked down at her skirt, twisting to the side, looking for the zipper,and fidgeting with her fingers and realizing the zipper was on the other side, confused by nervousness (Bob thought); her fingers found the zipper on the other side where she had turned and she drew it down and let her skirt, to fall like liquid heap to her feet, showing herself now in her underpants and bra and socks.

She paused as she looked up at them so exposed. Miller allowed her stand like this for humiliation, and then turned to the men to see their attention fixed on my undressed wife and now told the assembly that she likes to suck cock; how she had in fact sucked him off several times after work. And added: "And she swallows it too."

There was no unrestrained laughs and comments. My poor red-faced wife flattened her hands on her thighs and looked away.

Miller let her stew in her shame but then once again came up closer to the stage and the table, put his hands on the table, and looking up at her.

Looking down at him, she stepped to the side, pushed the heap of her skirt away toward her blouse and sweater with her foot; being wool and heavy it began to slip off the table. Miller caught it and laid it atop her other clothes.

She backed up to stand in the center of the table now-- wearing only her underpants, bra and socks. She dropped her arms. I

t was at this point she would see Mike coming in as bartender. She had not expected this. She must have felt then that he would now want what the others wanted. She believed at any rate that he had violated her anally on the night before. It was now a point of no return.

The men oggled her drunkely and made whistles and cat calls. She felt both humiliated and flattered. It was hot under that light. That showed. A little glow of sweat to her skin.

Midst some raucous cat calls, rude comments, laughter., cming into the room now with a tray full of drinks, Mike saw my wife just on the stage, on that table top, standing in her underpants and bra. Obviously she was taking off her clothes. She must the "stripper" for the night. He knew what that meant. He wondered if she did.

Now, as it happened, Mike had not really been one of the mysterious men who had fucked her in the ass the night before. Karen was wrong to suppose it. As I would soon find out. And Mike was sutnned and astonished to see her standing there. All the more stunned and astonished that she had obviously spied him coming in yet did not stop out of embarrassment or shame in what she was about to do.

He just stood there staring in disbelief first. He had to be told by Bob to do his job. He later told me he was happy to linger. He passed drinks slowly. Watching to see. Would she really take off her clothes for them? She had done this much. She must. He wanted to see her naked. I am guessing he always had. I think all my friends had wanted jus the same and more.

As he went around the room passing out drinks, he watched her there on that table under that light in her underpants and bra while Al told his incredible story about her sucking his cock, about he and others fucking her, about the customer that saw her naked; he could not believe it, but there she was; he just stood in the darkness in the back to watch with his mouth open and Bob nodded that it was okay.

So he was transfixed with the rest of the crowd and watched how Miller went on for while teasing her and then finally told her to take off her bra. And how he could not believe it but when Miller then commanded her: "Take off your bra, honey." She just reached behind her back, twisting, and unhooked her bra, again asking them pathetically again not to tell her husband. She had not seen Mike at this point. Mike was too far back in the dark.

Miller replied to her again: "I dunno. Depends how nice you are was to my friends." They laughed, and she looked up at the crowd as she held her unfastened bra in her hands against her breasts. She blushed.

Miller coaxed her, gesturing: "Okay, Karen.... Show 'em your tits."

She looked at Miller as she let down her hands, letting her bra dangle from her left hand and then fall to clothing she had dropped on the table. Aware how they could all see her breasts now, obviously conscious of and responsive to their stares, she brushed back her hair, slightly smiling, and gazed out across the room anxiously, looking a little embarrassed but clearly willing to completely do it, to strip naked in front of these men.

Still she did not see my friend among the men in the room, she was aware only of the span crowd of men and all their eyes on her and she looked away shyly when she was caught looking into someone's face, if he eyes turned up from her tits to her eyes and she was aware of their thoughts. Bob laughed about it. Shook his head. "It may have been an act, but it made my dick hard to see her."

Miller looked out at the crowd and nodding looked for approval: "Nice tits, huh?"

Bob said the men teased her. Complimented her tits. Crudely. And she just stood there. Silently.

My "pretty little wife" up there just above where I am sitting now. Here with Bob, showing me the pictures. My wife. Standing completely naked on this table. Under stage lights just like a one of Bob's Sunday Night skanks. He was famous for it. This was a custom. Been goign on for as long as I had lived here. As teenagers we had talked about it, wanting to see it. And as it happened, I had seen it myself a couple times. My dad took me.... to give me an "education." he said. But it made me uncomfortable. Some of the women were paid, I suppose. Some were "blackmailed" somehow. Some were just sluts, I guess. The women I saw were all older than me, but not as old as my dad, could be a school teacher -- that age -- maybe what? Forty? Plump and stretchMikes. Chubby tits. Pale. Hairy pussys. They'd cover it with a hand. Standing there in their shame. Some got drunk to dull the shame. I remember thinking how pathetic they looked -- naked and humiliated as they were -- but still I got a hard-on looking at them. I imagined how her husband never gave her any anymore and that is why she did it. But sometimes they cried as they undressed and covered their faces as they stood there naked under that spotlight. I saw one like that. I was sitting right up close. Like I am now. Seeing her swelling tits from underneath, big nipples. She looked down at me sadly, so miserable and ashamed, tears on her cheek. Still, even then, I got a hard-on; I figured she deserved it. I never joined in sex acts that usually followed the "show". I heard about it. I saw it one time. Several men around her, holding her legs, mauling her tits, while a buddy fucked her. Looked like dogs on a bitch, I thought. Like I said: the whole thing made me feel very uncomfortable; I felt sorry for the the woman.

Now my wife. Guys looking at my naked wife’s bare tit, wearing just underpants. In theglaring light.. For all of Miller's friends. In front of my friend Mike. And other guys I knew, for Christ's sake -- old buddies of my dad -- guys who I had invited to my wedding, who'd danced with her at the dinner afterwards, who'd told me how lucky I was and all that bullshit. They'd given her the once over, I 'spose even then, wondering what she looked like with no clothes on, and probably had wanted it in their imagination, but never in a million years expected to see her really without no clothes on. And nobody, not nobody, least of all me, or even that pervert Bob, would ever have thought she'd actually do it -- take off all her clothes for these men. Willingly. But there she was.

So now they all got to see her bare tits. Getting hard-ons. Like I did. What did think of her? What did think of me?

So finally Miller said, seeing that my buddy was lingering at the door, wanting to see what was going to happen, came up to the table put his palms down on it, looked up at her sympathetically and asked her: “Are you cold?” She folded her arms under her breasts, causing them to thrust out provocatively and shyly assented. He said: “You can keep on your socks, Karen…. But take off your underpants.” No one said anything. She did not reply. She stared down at his face, her mouth open slightly, she looked at his face as she put her hands to the waistband of her underpants, and kept her gaze on his face as she lowered her underpants, exposing her belly, her untrimmed girlish pubes, and leaning now to see as she did, raised one foot and then the other to step out of her underpants, letting them lay beside her and then straightened up. Completely naked now. Arms down. Standing so all could see her.

Self-conscious in her nakedness, perspiring under that glaring hot light, while for several minutes the room was just silent, staring at her. She now saw that my friend Mike was moving about putting down beers and drinks in front his customers. But still she stood naked for them without speaking. How long was that?

Bob said: "Dunno... maybe five minutes, maybe more..." She fidgeted. Not knowing how to pose. She looked innocently childish, though aware of what she had done. Lots of flash bulbs popped, lots of pictures were taken. Many men had their own cameras. Bob had brought one guy to take the "official" photos for the scrapbook. But he added others that other men gave him.

Now, completely naked, she looked out across the room to see at all of those who stared at her and in the far back of the room, beside the door to the front bar, she saw my friend Mike, standing dumbstruck, with drinks on a tray, staring at her nakedness. When she saw his gaze, he acknowledged hers with a wicked grin and little wink.

Karen would admit that she felt suddenly ashamed of herself, embarrassed to be standing completely naked like that with all those men gawking at her, and Miller now leaning next to Mike, telling him things she could not deny, and my astonished friend Mike, seeing her naked and hearing now all of the things she had done with Miller.

Especially Mike, she said, made her feel ashamed of herself because Mike had been to our apartment so often. He was nearly my best friend and of course she worried that he would tell me what she had done. But afterall he already had done something much more humiliating to her than just see her naked. She wondered what this might mean and who were the others?

So, she says she was unhappy, she was anxious, she was nervous.

But look at her for yourself: in the picture Bob gave me does she really look really upset? Nervous, maybe I can see. But does she look like she didn't want them to see her naked? I mean she's not trying to cover herself! She is showing herself naked willingly. She wants them to see her naked.

Seeing her naked must have been something my friend Mike had always wanted, as I said. She must have known that too.

"She always got wet.. between hers legs ... you know... really soupy... ready to fuck and all... Taking off her clothes for men...worked everytime..." Bob said.

Miller now sauntered back to the front of the room and she looked down at him sadly as he approached. He asked her: "Is this what you wanted?

He taunted her: "You like standing there naked in front of my friends, don't you?"

She told me later that she was confused and hurt by his question; she thought that Mr. Miller truly loved her and that she'd do anything to make him happy, but she didn't understand why he made her do things like this.

"Why do you think?" I asked her, not altogether without some pointed sarcasm. But she answered me with a an innocent reply: "He said he liked seeing me doing things like that... that he saw how much I wanted it when I did it and, you know, when they did things to me..."

"Did you want it?" She did not reply but began to cry again and she said: "I don't know."

"But you did it..." I replied and she cried some more more.

In the picture Bob showed me as she stood naked for them on the table, she looked timid and apprehensive like she had been stripped for an interogation. She looked like they had taken her a helpless prisoner. Perhaps she had. But she was willing victim.

"She's been taking off her clothes for me for a couple weeks," Al explained to the crowd. "Anytime I asked." Looking up at her, he accused her: "Her husband... John... he don't know what she's been doing."

She looked at him hurtfully.

He said: "It's true. You didn't tell him. You don't want him to find out, do you?"

She shook her head.

"So then last week, in the shop, you took off all your clothes for me and Bob came by the shop and he found you naked and you let him see. Ain't that right, Bob?"

Heads turned. From the bar Bob called out brightly: "Damn straight!"

"And the very next day you took off all your clothes for him again and now you let him take pictures of you naked, didn't you?"

"I got 'em right here," Bob waived the polaroids from the bar.

Miller continued: "Yes, and you took off your clothes for Hank here-- you know, John's uncle--and for some of the other guy too."

He looked up at her and said this pointedly: "Some guy came into the store to buy something for his wife and you was already half dressed. e seen you in your bra and panties and flirted with you, so I said to him,"Give her five bucks and she'll strip for you.' And you did... you took off everything but your bobby socks and then stood there like that in front of him... naked... just like you are now... For five bucks!"

It was all true. Put this way--she seemed such a slut. But in reality of course she had only done any of it because she loved Miller and wanted him to love her. Now here he was -- throwing it all back in her face. Why? She still loved him.Didn't he love her? Lower lip quivering. She dropped her head. "She looked like she was going to cry," Bob said, "for sure."

"So, taking off your clothes here for my friends.... that's all you, honey -- you want it. It's what you want."

"So long as we don't tell your husband John. Right?" She looked down at Al pleadingly.

"No, I won't tell him. Why should I? Long as you are nice to me." He turned to the crowd. "You guys ain't gonna tell him, are you?"

"Hell no!" someone yelled. And that made them all laugh. Miller turned back to Karen and looked up at her and said: "So, you gonna be nice to my friends?"

"I mean, you're already took off your clothes for them. So....what you say, honey? (Reaching out he caressed her foot on the table)... You gonna let 'em feel you up?"

She did not reply.

"Play with your tits some?"

He paused and reaching up her bare leg, caressing it: "Feel your cunt? Stick a finger up your ass? Finger fuck you?"

She did not reply.

"I'll bet you're horny now and I am sure they can make you cum, honey... if you let 'em" More laughter again. Nasty tittering. Some asides and jokes; some promises made. Karen heard them. She must have known now what was in store for her. She looked at the floor. She looked dejected.

The men were eagerly following Miller's obscene interrogation. Fact is that only a few of them had been told the stories; only a few had seen the polaroids. When they set up the show, Al and Bob had just told them that she was "John's wife" -- they all knew me -- may of them had seen her around. They told them she was in trouble -- would do it because she was afraid they might tell me what she had done -- so they said she needed the money and if they paid, they could make her take off her clothes for them and more.

"You let me fuck you." Still no reply. The men grinned and murmmured.

"And you fucked Bob. And Hank fucked you. And the three others too. Four men at once it was. And more than once" Al paused for effect. Karen shook her head and said something to Al but he replied: "Yes, you did..."

"And I'll tell you what else, my friends. She sucks cock." Karen shook her head.

"Well, she sucked my cock," contradicting her.

"Many times." Al added. "Many times. And I even came in her mouth."

She did not reply. She looked at Al pathetically. He added, smiling at her: "And she swallowed it. Every time...."

Al put his hand on the table. He was right beneath her: "She liked it."

He stopped smiling. He said seriously: "She sucked Bob's cock too. Couple of times. And took his cum in her mouth too. She sucked off Hank and how many others? Three, I think, it was. And they all came in her mouth. Right? She swallowed everybody's spunk. Like good little girl. Eating her vegetables. You know why? Cause she likes it. Tell the guys how you like it..."

She sighed heavily, looking dejected. Al stepped closer and she looked down at him intensely. Then, gesturing to the crowd, he insisted: "Tell 'em."

She looked down at him and said softly: "Why are you doing this?"

"Tell 'em how you like it, Karen..." Al repeated.

"Yes," she said looking out at the crowd furtively and then dropping her gaze.

"You wanna suck cock, honey?"

The men softly chuckled. She looked at them--surprised and hurt.

"You gonna suck cock?" One of the men called out.

She fidgeted.

"Why?" she pleaded to Al.

"Because you like it..."Al said and then he slapped the table. It made her jump and the men laughed again. They liked intimidating her.

She looked up. She looked afraid.

He stood back and, twirling his finger in the air, he commanded: "Turn around...."

She looked uncertain.

"Turn around. Show 'em your back side."

He explained to the crowd, looking over his shoulder. "I like her ass. She's got a nice ass.

Al backed up and turned to look at the men: "Maybe you wanna fuck her ass?"

He turned back to Karen: "Lean over, honey. That's right. No, all the way over. Down. Put your hands down on the table top. That's it. Let 'em see your cunt and your asshole. Yeah, like that." Karen had bent over and awkwardly mooned the crowd with her legs spread, her tits hanging down, her hair hanging down. She looked out at them from behind her legs. The photographer took his shot then Al motioned to the crowd and the main photographer stepped away and others got up with their polaroids and brownies. Lots of pictures of her were taken in this pose. Bob said it was one of his favorites too.

Flashes popped from all over the place.

So, it was not for the money, she did it. And she didn't do it because she was afraid, I would find out. She was swept away. Miller was like her sexual Svengali. He had some way of arousing her sexually to such a point that she was drunk with her sexual excitement, and like any drunk she kept drinking to keep that drunk feeling going. She drank a lot.

It was obvious and I was pretty much certain what would happen next. She must have known it too. She must have wanted it. She never said no, as Bob said. And when I told her what Bob said, she just covered her faced and sobbed and said she was sorry.

"You know" Bob confided in me her secret, "she don't think she's pretty. She thinks she's fat," Bob explained, shrugging, "But I think she looks pretty good."

Bob grinned at the shame I felt, he put his hand on my arm as I looked at the photo and said "Your wife was really a good sport about everything." He went on, getting ready to flip the page, "She got a little scared and upset when things started to happen, you know, looked like she might start to cry... well, she did cry some of the time... but that was just nerves.... and maybe she worried what you might think." He said it, like he was consoling me. "But everybody treated her real nice, standing so obligingly for them, taking all their comments. Some of the guys were jerks and teased her some. But most gave her compliments and sometimes she even smiled a little. Like here. Don't she look like she wanted to do it? I mean, they really liked her; they really liked seeing her naked and told her so, you know?"

Looking at the pictures I could see all this for myself. Her nakedness aroused me as much as it did them, I suppose, and I could not help staring at the same things they did. But it was her face, her expression I really focused on. I think I saw that she wanted to be naked for them.

She told me later that they talked about her like she was something for purchase---well, I guess she was. And in fact during the several minutes--ten or fifteen minutes of her display on the that table top under that light-- she admitted that she did nothing at all to hide her nakedness as they lewdly ogled her and lewdly discussed her tits and pussy and told her what they thought of her and what they wanted to do to her. In most of the pictures she looked vacant or turned her face away from the men looking at her; she could not look these men in the eye, and perhaps pretended not to hear what they said, but my friend's astonished sappy grin and intense stare as he went about the room especially unnerved her. Bob said, that especially when he came up to the table where we sere sitting, close up beneath her gathering up empty beers and glasses, he just looked up at her for a long time so frankly, so boldly, so studiously, just a few feet away from her bare nakedness, that she got very fidgety and nervous and looked away finally toward Miller pleadingly.

Now she was blushing and embarrassed for real. And afraid he might tell you about seeing her take off her clothes. So Bob told me how she asked Miller sheepishly once again: "Make him promise..." Miller saw how she glanced anxiously at my friend when she said it. She looked at him herself and begged: "Don't tell him you saw me..." For a moment she looked like she might cover herself but Miller approached and took your friend away.

"Miller smiled up at your naked nervous wife and nodded reassuringly. He told her it was going to be okay and told her he'd take care of it and he brought your friend over to me. I gave him a twenty buck tip from the gang and told him he better keep his fucking mouth shut about what he'd seen."

Bob paused and guessed:"He never told you, did he?"

I had to admit that he had not told me. Bob nodded, smiling.

Bob nodded at the picture you see. She was too ashamed to see my friend immediately below her, looking up at her, as he picked up empties among the table near the stage, so ashamed to see him looking up at her, and at what he was looking, that she would not acknowledge him. "Funny as hell," said Al, "Look at her expression." But she did not try to cover herself. Bob said: "She stripped because she wanted us to see her naked. She can't help herself." That is what he believed. That is what all the other men said too.

My friend did not want to leave. Moving about the crowd to pass out the drinks. Coming so close to her, that she stood but a few yards away from him up on the table, under that garish light, she did move her hands from her sides, did not cover anything he might want to see closely. She looked ashamed, he said, but plainly sexually aroused.

As my friend stared at her, and she flushed, now avoided his eyes, but was obviously self-conscious, aware of him immediately beneath her, so close, he thought to himself that someday he would get her to do this for in front of all my other friends--how could she refuse? And then they would take turns fucking her, because he was certain that is how this would end. Stripping her was not the game. Fucking her. Yes. Her sucking them off. Yes. That is where this was going to go. And it was obvious that her innocence was false. She might tell herself that this was all that would happen: showing herself naked, but in the way she stood so abject, as they leered at her, she felt what they wanted.

After my friend had collected the orders for drinks, glancing compulsively at my wife who seemed to be more and more flushed and nervous, he lingered at the back of the bar in the dark to watch, and looked up to see my wife now idly touched herself, her genitals, reflexively perhaps feeling herself, fingering her slit, rubbing herself there, as she saw that my friend was watching her. Looking away from him, but aware of him, as she fingered her cunt, she lifted her other hand to feel the nipples of her breasts.

Miller said something to Bob. Bob laughed. She closed her eyes. My friend reluctantly left when Bob nodded at him sternly. Disappointed to leave, I would guess. He did not get to come back until much later.

Bob said my wife then continued to masturbate under the light for all these men. This was incredible to me. She had always been unwilling to do such a thing for me. Now she did this in front of this crowd of men and she did it with shame but obvious sexual excitement. She would have climaxed, she was ready to do it. Her fingers, he said, looked wet with herself; you can see them looking wet in the photographs.

But Miller suddenly stopped her, stepping up to the table, raising his hand up to her. Karen suddenly crouched, covering her breasts, looking for my friend.

She asked Miller quietly: "Can I get dressed now?"

Miller shook his head: "You're just starting, honey."

Miller reached out his hand and she understood and rose a little to step off the table.

Miller helped her down off the table and she leaned against it, her hands clasped at her lap, looking flustered, nervously looking up at the audience which was commenting, saying things she did not clearly hear.

Bob handed a bottle of beer to Miller.

Miller raised it, looked at its contents, quickly downed what was left, and said to her quietly:

"Do it with this." He handed her an empty beer bottle.

She looked uncertainly at it.

Miller said: "Fuck yourself!" He backed away to let her stand alone in the stark light.

One of the photographers got up on top of his chair to take this picture.

She did it. As the men eagerly watched they were utterly silent . No one said anything. They were simply fascinated. They could not believe it. None of them had seen a woman masturbate and now seeing this young woman abuse herself with a beer bottle, like she was some kind of nympho: it was incredible. They were speechless. She closed her eyes as she did. When finally (and fairly quickly) she obviously and wantonly orgasmed; they all started talking at once and my wife sheepishly leaned back against the table in the light and dropped her head. Miller took the beer bottle from her and embraced her. She clung to him, her face hidden against his chest. Bob then turned on overhead lights.

Then Miller told her to walk around the room naked. To go from table to table and persent herself to each of the men. That's picture that Bob gave me.

So, just as Bob had described, she went about the room, from table to table, and was groped by each of the men, was finger fucked. And eventually the liberties taken were without any restraint.

The first man to take down his pants and with help from his friends, forcing her to kneel and guiding her head to pu her mouth onto his cock, led the others to undress as well. They were well pleased to see how she let the man cum in her mouth and willingly swallowed his cum.

Her cunt worked to a lather, she had yelped and mewed in her pleasure to this, she was on her knees on the floor, spent and panting, and from there several men helped her to stand, turned her and positioned her to lean over the Kitchen table, her backside in the stage light, and now the first table of three took service of her.

The crowd was oddly solemn in sexually using my wife, Bob said. They had no music on. The men talked softly away from the action. The only loud sounds were from her or when the men ejaculated. The sounds of thighs slapping. The sounds of her swallowing jets of cum. The wet sound of her cunt and cocks slopping in it.

It was several hours of this. Repeated frenetic sexual episodes of many men. Table by table. At one point Karen complained that she felt cold. Miller thought it meant she wanted to get dressed but then she explained: "Can I put on my socks?"

Al kissed her, cummy mouth though it was, and was delighted: "Of course!" He said and helped her to put them on while yet two naked men fondled her from beside and behind.

She got no rest.

A table of three took her. Then another table of three took her. Then another table of three. Then the table of five. She was moved about the room as each finished with her. Laid on the tabletops. Sat in a chair. Kneeling before a chair. Leaned over the chair. The bottle came in handy to ply her anus and make her ready for those who preferred to use her rectum. She swallowed so much ejaculate that she drooled it, that the drinks they gave her to refresh her went milky with it. . A creamy goo matted her pubic hair; it oozed from her vagina. She had so much ejaculate inside of her vagina and coming out of her anus that it dribbled from them between her legs and dripped onto the floor. She stepped in some in her stocking feet.

They rubbed what overflowed around her mouth from her cock‐sucking, over her lips, on her cheeks, onto her breasts, massaging her nipples with it, teasing her for not swallowing it all. They rubbed what they took with their fingers from between her legs onto her belly, into her navel, over her buttocks. They rubbed this also on her face and enjoyed force‐feeding her sticky gooey fingers to lick.

She glistened with smeared ejaculations on her cheeks, her buttock, her belly, her thighs. Her lips were glossy with the last one to cum in her mouth, sometimes strings of cum hung from them when it is more than she could swallow or when she gasped for breath between gulps; it spilled out and onto her chest or dripped on her belly or thighs. Her face was spattered with premature ejaculations, flecks of semen in her hair. Her chin was wet with cum. Her chest and belly had dollops of the glistening goo.

Bob had laid down several overlapping wool army blankets onto the middle of the floor, and intermittently she had been led there to lie down on them, to be fucked or to be rested, and there at last, after hours of continuous sexual use, she curled up from sheer exhaustion, only to be occaisonally roused from time to time by men rolling her over to be fondled and kissed or finger-fucked, or to be taken up wearily to her next table to be fucked again and again by the men taking their turns or second helpings, or coaxed to sit up and take another penis into her mouth. She could not count the orgasms that she had. She had them so frequently and repeatedly that she sometimes begged them to let her catch her breath and felt her heart would fail or she would pass out.

My friend came into the middle of this, almost three hours having gone by, though much more was to come, and she was at the fourth table of men, naked, crouching over, tremulously holding the seat of a chair, and one of these middle aged men, also naked, was fucking her hard from behind, a glow of sweat on both of them. His thighs slapped against her buttock as he fucked her, gripping her hips, while another naked middle-aged man to her side was peering under her belly and reaching in to fondle her vagina, watching her dangling flopping breasts, the nipples of which yet another naked man was fingering from the front of her while he masturbated looking down at the taut expression on her pretty flushed face.

When he put the beers down on the table, Mike saw that the fat man behind her had obviously entered her rectum with what seemed to my friend to be a long, very thick, dark‐red erection, which vividly contrasted with the paleness of her buttock and her bare back, and she grunted like an animal, meeting his strokes with her thrusts, and was oblivious to interruption. He could not take his eyes off her naked body. But he looked up from it as he stood by the table to see that her eyes had opened wide and were fixed intensely on him, as if to ask him anxiously what he thought of her, but then she closed her eyes in her woozy absorption of being fucked, and so he wondered if she had really recognized him. When the man loudly exclaimed his penetrating ejaculation, shooting hot inside her anus, she squirmed and squealed like a thrilled little girl. Two men squabbled over whose turn was next.

He did not come back again. His shift ended at eight and she was still being fucked. She did not get home until 3 AM.