**My First Marriage**

by FishMan

**Installment #14: -- The CLIMAX**

Bob's' pictures and Bob's graphic details filled in the rest. I confronted her about the men fucking her serially and about her serially sucking off cock. This much she admitted sullenly after I had found out about it. How could she deny it anyway? I had seen photographs.

But when Bob turned to the next pages and showed me the pictures of the rest of that Saturday night, and showed me and told me what happened after these dozen or so men had fucked her cunt, fucked her mouth, fucked her in the ass, I was incredulous. I had never even seen photographs like this. I had heard of this "gang-bang" sex, but I had thought it something that didn't really happened. It must be a tall tale told by horny men. But it was not. It really happened. It happened to my wife. And I would soon be shown even more obscene pictures of even more perverse things my wife had done for them.

So here are several that Bob showed (he's the one not wearing a shirt) and then gave to me. This one with Harry feeling her cunt as she paraded naked around the room.

Then this one in the series with Bob and and Harry, spanking her. He said she liked it.

Then this one sucking cock in tandem and getting felt up. Again, she looked like she was drunk with sex.

Obviously enjoying herself. If I had any doubt. Bob had told me. Grinning. I could see it for myself. From this it just got worse.

Now, in the 1970's, young women did not shave off their pubic hair. To see a photograph of a woman with no pubic hair, a bald slit, was rare. And it was this and not the money I found that forced Karen to admit to what happened.

She had gone to the bathroom to take another bath, and I had burst in upon her and had found her standing dripping wet and naked in the tub, her hand over her pubes. I saw what they had done. I was speechless and she lied to me.

She tried to tell me that she had gone to the doctor and that the doctor had done it for an examination, but this was farfetched and an obvious lie. It was of course what Bob had told her to tell me, if I noticed that her pubic hair was gone. How was I not going to notice?

Bob laughed about it when I told him how I had discovered it, and so he told how and why it had happened.

The last table, the table of five, took their "seconds" with her. She was so sexually giddy and so drunk, she was wobbly on her feet; they had coaxed her to keep drinking all the while they fucked her and she was getting so unsteady on her feet, and so worn out from fucking, that she lay sprawled across the small round table tap, legs spread wide, and was hardly responsive the last ones fucking her. Her hand balled up and next to her mouth, like a little girl thumb-sucking. She whimpered a little when a new one started on her gaping cum-clogged anus, but she was all but passed out.

They manfully pulled her to her feet after the last, discouraging some who still wanted to go again, and guided her to drunkenly collapse on the blanket; someone laid another blanket over her and she did in fact fall asleep. It was after six and the night bar tender, an older guy like Bob, brought in more drinks. They talked about her. Some of the men left, though reluctantly. A couple new ones came in, but because they had not the price of admission, Bob would not let them stay. Nevertheless, they were shown to where Karen laid, and Bob lifted to blanket so they could see her naked, rolled her over on her back and splayed her legs to show them how they'd fucked her, then they let her curl up and covered her again.

They had pizza brought in and showed Karen naked to the pizza delivery boy as well. They let her sleep until almost nine o'clock when Bob announced that it was soon time for the "show" and those who had been chosen—as it happened, Hank, Henry and Harry—stripped the blanket off Karen and woke her and groggy though she was, still managed to smile when they teased her. Bob said she looked a real mess, hair needed combing, cum in it, cum all over her body, her face.

The three men took her to the restroom, and I suppose it was because she knew them, or at least felt like knew them more than she did the others, she trusted them. They had prepared for this. One of them had already filled the basin of the sink with warm water. They had towels spread on the floor for her stand on, and more towels to dry her off, a couple wash clothes, and a bar of soap. Some of the other men wanted to come in to watch, but Hank barred them at the door and told them if they needed to pee to go to the men's room in the bar.

While they soaped her up and washed her off, taking much time and pleasure with lathering and massaging well her tits and her buttock and especially between her legs, as well as the rest of her (I am guessing), Bob let his special guests in through the back door. This surprised everyone, except Miller. Miller had known. Actually it had been Miller's idea. But Bob had made all the arrangements to find the right man for the job. It made some of the men worried. Some even thought it might be against the law and complained that she might report it to the police. Miller was certain she would not do that, after all she had done everything else without resistance. Why not this?

The washing and rinsing was sobering Karen up and Harry got her some pizza as well and the food helped sop up the alcohol she'd had before. Their attention to washing her so tenderly amused her. She giggled at how seriously they ministered to her naked body and they responded by teasing her about being fucked by so many men and asking her to guess how cocks she's sucked. She shook her head to admit she had no idea. They laughed. They nicely and thoroughly rinsed her with wet warm washcloths.

Hank had found her hairbrush in her purse and he brushed her hair as Henry and Harry gently toweled her dry. It was very warm in the bathroom, steamed up with the washing and rinsing, the four of them so close together, and she felt better. Obviously she was not thinking of me or how I would feel. She felt safe in the room with them, she said. An odd expression, but she knew she must return to the room, naked again, and she did not want to think what was in store for her, how it would end, or how she would look at me at the end of the night.

Hank put the toilet seat down, draped a towel over it and guided Karen to sit down on it. Harry gave her another slice of pizza and handed her another brandy and water. She did not want to drink it, but he said: "I got orders " She drank as she was told; it was a strong drink, and she was glad she had eaten some. She would not get quite as drunk this way, she hoped.

Meanwhile Hank had refilled the basin of the sink with warm water, and said to Henry: "Go on "

Henry—the one who has the long skinny dick, that's the way I will always remember him; Karen too I suppose—got to do the honors after she had been toweled dry. He squatted in front of her with his wife's sewing shears and began to clip off her pubic hair, holding tufts of it in his fingers as he snipped it closely.

Karen looked down at this astonished, her hands raised: "What are you doing?" Henry just said wryly: "Going to make you pretty." Nothing else was said by any of them. Karen was as fascinated as they were by the gradual denuding of this area of her body. She had not seen it so nude for many years and of course it had changed with puberty in other ways too, not just getting hairy, but her labia seemed more pronounced, her clitoral hood where she had always assumed she peed was sometimes swollen, as it was now.

Hank had brought her Gillette Safety razor and a can of shaving cream. Henry squirted some on his fingertips and applied it to her mons, and about her labia. Then delicately drew it on the stubble of her pubic hair which remained. He shook it in the warm water and reapplied the razor until he had removed all the shaving cream and all the stubble and smoothed the mons and exposed her plump nude labia and the florid slit showing her moist vaginal flesh. He felt it, satisfied how smooth it was, and it was Harry's luck then to apply a bottle of Johnson's and Johnson's Baby Oil that he purchased just for the purpose, carefully massaging it the freshly shaved skin and slipping oily fingers into her vagina and feeling the labia for good measure. She felt aroused by it but said nothing. She sipped the drink and stared at herself just as they did.

Hank had her stand and now each them spilled Baby Oil over their hands and applied it all over her body. Her breasts especially, her buttock of course, but also her back and shoulder and all over her legs and her belly. It shone glassy on her body and heightened the rosy hue of her sexual flush and the warmth she felt.

Bob called in impatiently to ask if she were ready. Hank said she was and asked him to bring a blanket for her. Bob said: "What the fuck for?" Hank replied just as rudely: "Just bring me a fucking blanket." Hank would not let Bob in but took the army blanket from him and said to something he said: "Alright alright just hold your horses."

Hank draped the blanket over her shoulders, she drew it shut. He said, kissing her lips: "You look real pretty, honey." She was glad he liked her. She felt better knowing this. She beamed at all the men. Then she looked anxiously at the door and said: "Are there more men?" Hank said it was the same crowd. She looked relieved. But he coaxed her to finish her drink, the third drink since they had been in there; she felt drunk in spite of having eaten, then thought to herself it was just a well maybe. Hank said: "You us guys " He looked at his two friends. "We think you are the sexiest girl we've ever known." She blushed. She thanked him. He said: "Just want you to know how much we like you." She nodded.

Hank did not tell her the entire truth. When they opened the door and went out into the room, Karen saw there were some newcomers. Some men had gone, it was a thinner crowd—maybe half the size—but there were two or three she had not seen before. And there was still one of the men taking photographs and he took some of her standing clutching her blanket with Henry, Hank and Harry. There was a man talking to Mr. Miller, petting a black dog's head. The men turned to look at her when she came out. Mr. Miller nodded to Bob. Bob, grinning at Karen, gestured her toward the stage area, where the hot light still glared on the kitchen table and matching chair, where her clothes still lay on top of it. Hank turned her by the shoulders and guided her. Now she saw a second dog in the room, like the first a black dog, approaching her, waging his tail. The man with Mr. Miller whistled and he turned to obey him, while Hank continued to guide her to the stage. The men in the room collected, following her to the stage. Some sat at tables. Others simply stood with their drinks in their hands, eyes following her.

Hank cautioned her not trip when she stepped up on the low rise, the blanket getting underfoot. She lifted it out of her way and held it so that her legs were not encumbered, and Hank helped her, two hands upon her waist to step up. Hank had never said what she should do. But she understood what they wanted to see. She turned to face the crowd under the lurid light.

Hank smiled at her. She smiled shyly at him. He repeated how pretty she looked and stepped off the stage. As he turned away she looked out at the crowd of appreciative men. Mr. Miller did not need to say it.

On her own she let go and let fall open the blanket; it fell heavily behind her. In this glaring light, with the cast of baby oil on her body, she gleamed. They stared fixedly at her now nude genitals, the shiny pinkish smooth mons and its deep slit, her labia parting revealing florid dewy flesh in the extreme angle of their view.

She smiled girlishly, ashamed and aroused, and amused by their pleasure, and her own. She idly and instinctively touched herself between her legs, then grazed a nipple with the same hand, feeling it with fingertips, then let then both hands to fall and lie on her thighs and looked above their gaze, beginning to feel uncomfortable. The dogs were restless in the room, one of them panting loudly. Their owner bade them lie down at his feet.

"Goddamn," exclaimed Bob, "She looks good enough to eat."

"That's the general idea," said Miller, slapping him on the back.

Bob stalked her.

She looked a little frightened, by reflexive feelings toward him, and she seemed to cower as he approached.

The men laughed at her. She asked: "What do you want?"

Bob laughed at this and said: "Just make you happy, honey." The men laughed again. She did not believe him.

Stepping up to the stage in front of her now, looking up her naked body, Bob swept all her clothing off the table with his forearm and told her firmly to her sit down on the table. She did as he said, anxiously, timidly, and as she did, he put his hands on her knees and held them parted and told her to lay down. He held her knees as she laid back. She looked up over her naked body at him. Bob swung the chair around, put its back to the table edge, and straddled it. He pushed on her knees so that she splayed her legs obscenely, her knees up and dropped to the side, frog-like. The photographer could not resist it.

Bob put his hands up under her buttock, lifted her, shifted her toward him and leaned his face into her spread vagina, licking it, sucking noisily at it, and wriggling his tongue into it as deeply as he could, teasing her with it. She gasped and protested insincerely. She turned her head. She closed her eyes tightly. One hand was raised. It trembled.

Again, this is something I had never done to her. I don't think anyone had.

Now most of the men here did it to her. Six, seven, maybe more. She did not count. For her it was a swarm of orgasms. It was so relentless she begged them to stop. This only amused them. But she became so breathless, so red-faced, that she began to resist, weakly, pathetically, but she tried to sit up and they forced her to accept them, holding her down until Mr. Miller finally interceded and stopped them, and she curled on the table while he sweetly kissed her and told her to catch her breath. He told Bob to bring her another drink. She was coaxed to sit up, her legs over the edge of the table, while Mr. Miller, his arm around her shoulder, held the glass for her and assisted her to drink from it.

When she had taken several gulps, he helped her to stand and took her by the hand to the middle of the room where the blankets still lay on the floor.

Her expectation was of course that they would fuck her.

She dropped her head in anticipation.

The old men collected around her in a circle. The photographer pushed through them in various places around the circle to take his pictures.

One man held her, grabbing her tits, and fucking her from behind. Shoving his prick up her already well-lubricated anus with an easy deep stroke that made her gasp.

Another man in front of her shoved his fingers up her cunt.

Two more gathered at her feet, crouched. Watching the fingers slither and rub and the cock of the man behind her poke her in the buttock, sliding in and out of her anus.

Others around her stood back and felt their erections waiting their turn.

She closed her eyes dreamily. She whimpered and let them do whatever they wished.

After the first had ejaculated into her anus, the man feeling her cunt stepped up behind her and others took turns frigging her and watching her gasp and wide-eyed stare down at their hands and their up-turned grinning leering faces.

After yet another ejaculation received in her anus, the man with the jangling dangling keys, who had brought his dogs. stepped into the circle in front of her, and those molesting her stood and backed away. All variously in states of dissatisfied erections.

Karen looked up at him and down at the cluster of keys at his belt. The belt was studded with rivets.

He had on a baseball cap. He was younger than these other men. He did not smile.

One of his dogs came beside her and put his head under her and licked between her buttocks and then her thighs. She turned her face from him, and the man told the dog to sit.

He spoke to Karen: " You gotta get on your hands and knees, Mrs. H\*\*\*\*s."

She was confused and uncertain. She hesitated. He repeated his command: "Do it."

She did as he said. The dog whimpered. The men around the room laughed.

She asked: "What do you want?"

The dog-handler did not smile or laugh. He was business. He said matter of factly--looking into my wife's eyes, who gradually showed understanding: "You got to stay still while they do it. You can get hurt and they can get hurt. Don't try to get up. Just relax, Mrs. H\*\*\*\*s. Just stay on your hands and knees and they'll do the rest."

She had no idea what he meant. But he asked her if she understood. She nodded. He said: "You got to say it."

"Yes," she said.

"Yes, what?" he asked her.

"I will " she did not really believe it or understand what was about to happen, but he was satisfied.

The other dog whom she had not seen was behind her and before she knew it she felt him licking at her vagina. It surprised her, shocked her, she lifted off the floor to turn and put her hand out to discourage him, but the man stepped toward her and slapped her face, and she cried out.

"I said, don't move," the man menaced her with his open hand.

She had put her hand to her cheek where she had been slapped and she nodded in a silent sob. Then beginning to cry tears, she went down to her hands and knees obediently, and in her humiliation felt the dog licking her vagina. The old men in the room got up and got closer. All around her now. Speaking about the spectacle in low amazed turns.

The man with the keys gestured to the dog at his side and that one joined his brother and now both of them licked her vagina.

She hung her head and endured this with shame. The man called one dog to her side and then squatted in front of Karen, put his hands on her hands and said sternly: "Now don't fight me, honey."

The dog climbed onto her back, draping his forelegs about her hips. She tried to turn to see him. The man squeezed her hands and got her attention and repeated: "Don't fight."

She looked into the man's intense gaze. She was frightened. She felt the dog's erection poking at her from behind. It poked between her legs missing its target much of the time, but as it stroked his erection lengthened. When it was a long as a pencil, unsheathed, candy-pink, it plunged her vagina, and she felt it rapidly poking on the mark, entering her with sharp quick motions. The dogs head lay on her back, his forelegs embracing her hips, hunched and fucking furiously, she felt the penis now staying inside her as it stroked. She felt herself sexually excited by it. She felt herself hot and deeply ashamed, and profoundly sexually excited. The dog's erection swelled in her. It went deeper than any man's penis ever had.

She had closed her eyes. She had involuntary begun to gasp, and whimper. The swelling of the dog's penis felt enormous, it bulged tightly within her and she opened her eyes, afraid. The man holding her hands had been watching her face and he explained. "It's the knot," he told her. "The dog's cock will swell like a balloon inside of you and he won't be able to get it out and your cunt is too tight to let it out. Do you feel it?" She looked at him very flushed, nodding, saying breathlessly: "Yes, yes."

"It's the normal thing. It's what dog's do so the bitch won't run away from his dick You won't try to get away, will you?"

She shook her head. She looked so pathetically worried. The men laughed at her.

The photographer had moved around her during the entire encounter.

The pictures Bob showed me were shocking and I had to admit provocatively erotic.

My wife's face, her ecstatic sexual emotion, captive in this humiliation, astonished me. I have never seen since such abandonment to sexual pleasure as I saw on her face.

And the pictures of the dog mounted on her, her head down, receiving him so submissively, and the dog's shiny cock slipping in and out her—you could see it from the side, obviously fucking her, fucking her deeply—and finally as the dog's prick thickened, how the knot, big as a gourd, swelled up inside her and she moaned as finally the dog ejaculated copiously inside her.

She closed her eyes when she felt the dog's hot jetting semen; it was so generous, so hot, it was like he peed inside her. She loudly mewled and exclaimed her own orgasms: "O God. O God. O God." And her legs trembled, she trembled all over, she shook like she was having fits. The dog stayed tightly lodged in her, panting warmly at the nape of her neck.

The dog-handler standing back admiring his dog said quietly: "That's good. That's good. She likes you, Sam." The dog's name was Sam.

He stayed inside her for a couple minutes while she whimpered and then from humiliation and sexual exhaustion began to cry. But this merely encouraged the men who watched her. Eventually the dog's knot popped from her stretched-out cunt, and it withdrew, long and swollen and limply dangling and dripping semen; his semen flooding from her cunt made a stream down the inside of her leg and wet the floor.

Bob flipped the pages and showed me how now they had instructed her to lie on her back and had guided the dog to straddle her head and at their prompting she had lifted her head and taken this dog's penis into her mouth and sucked on it.

Karen never admitted any of this. Bob said the dog repeatedly came in her mouth. I did not need to ask. He gave me every detail I might have wanted.

The dog's cum was thin and syrupy, clear and slippery, and her chest, her neck, her lips and cheeks were wet with it as the dog sometimes pranced and his penis came out of her mouth and squirted semen on her in rapid spurts.

But as she persisted in sucking him off, he became quieter and simply stood, panting, saliva dripping from his lolling tongue in his open mouth, grinning it seemed like the men were grinning, while she sucked and sucked and sucked on the semen squirting from this penis, like a straw, gulping and drinking him as urgently as ejaculated, and feeling his wet penis tremulously with her wet fingers, eyes closed, nursing all that he could give to her mouth.

Again, the details, though raw and extreme, seemed true to the photographs and the way she seemed to cling to sucking this dog's penis. There were several photos of this different sides and angles.

Exhausting him, this dog finally lay down beside her and licked his own wet dick. They coaxed her back onto her hands and knees, posing with her knees tucked and her ass turned up high in the air for the next dog to mount her, pressing her cheek to the floor, her hands beside her face, and mouth open—so the picture showed her—taken from behind and from her side looking down, so that you could see her face, her expression, and also her gaping lurid cunt.

The man with the dangling keys at his belt brought the second dog behind to fuck her, gesturing to it and instructing.

That one pleasured her too, and in the midst of it, when the second dogs cock knotted inside her, spouting his hot semen as the other dog had, large repeated squirts of it that leaked out and trickled down the insides of thighs, she suddenly burst into tears and loud sobbing.

"Nerves," Bob said. "More than she could stand, I guess."

But they had no pity for her and even as she sobbed, once the dog had pulled his long prick out, they turned her on her back and once again coaxed her suck his dick too, to suck and drink his semen, while photographed and commented. When this dog finally seemed bored with it, he laid down and licked his own penis and Karen curled up with her hands to her face. That was the last photograph in the series.

Bob told me he had paid this man and his dogs four hundred dollars: "Worth every dollar of it, don't you think?"

He closed the photo album.

In the days that followed this interview with Bob I visited also my friend who had been the bartender and he admitted what he had seen. I confronted her a second time and she admitted whatever I asked but volunteered nothing. She seemed resigned to our marriage having failed. I felt no desire to keep her my wife.

When I kicked her out, she did not know what to do. I do know that several of my friends exploited her at that time; pretending to commiserate with her, they got her drunk in one of their apartments and got her naked one way or another and used her all night long. It was a story they liked to tell, but I heard it from someone that didn't even know that I knew her. All this I know only vaguely, but I can tell you about it later.

She did not immediately stop working for Mr. Miller. He found an apartment for her.

He continued to use her.

He continued to have her give Sunday "shows" for men at the bar, so I was told by my friend the bartender.

That year I got a "Christmas Card" from Miller. See the next chapter for the picture..

Anyway, after about six months her affair with Mr. Miller and his friends ended--that was about February or so 1973. -- we were finally divoced.

I never saw her again. But I did hear stories and from time to time some of my "friends" and they would bring me or send me a picture in evidence.

She became a toy for my friends after Miller. And both them abused her for some time, so the stories went on.

I'll tell you what I heard and share the pictures.

I don't really know how all those sexual misadventures ended. I have been told that about a year or so later she moved away somewhere. Disappeared.

Many years later, I heard that she had got religion and remarried. She has three kids, I understand.