**Sales Meeting**

by Fishman

**Sales Meeting Part 1**

In 1972 I was forty-two and lived near Washington, DC. I was a salesman with a route that took me through Virginia and every quarter I met with my regional manager in Columbus along with all the other Northeast reps. The local boy, call him Brian, lived in Columbus, and it was his job to arrange for some entertainment for all of us. The boss, call him Hank, was actually younger than the rest of us, a real go-getter and something of an asshole, to tell the truth. Brian brought in some stripper to the motel and Hank paid them well but was abusive. He called them names to their face and seemed to enjoy humiliating them.

Anyway on this occasion, it was September and the last meeting for the year. Brian had had a bad year. Sales were off for all of us in fact, but Brian had drawn down his commission and was into next years. I knew he had borrowed from his parents to pay his mortgage in the last couple of months. Hank was riding him, and had confided in me that he was going to fire him. Being so near to the Christmas season, it was a shitty thing to do, but that was the kind of guy Hank was. Hank had come in early to lay it on Brian. I was in with the rest of the guys the next day.

We had our usual sales meeting and I was surprised that Brian was still there. He looked ashen and gloomy, and Hank seemed to take pleasure in making him run all the errands, fetch coffee, and the like. It was really pathetic and I asked Hank if Brian was going to stay on. He told me he was; he said they’d made a deal.

At the end of the meeting Hank announced we had the usual poker game that night and said to Brian to bring “our guest” around nine or so.

We had dinner together. Hank was in an unusually good mood and picked up the tab. He said Brian had a special treat for us that night. We took the bait and tried to get more out of him but Hank just grinned.

Hank tossed bigger bills into the poker game than we were used to. I was down fifty-sixty bucks by nine o’clock and Hank was winning of course. To tell the truth I think we all pretty much forgot about the entertainment, since most of us were losing money to Hank, and most of us were well into our fourth or fifth drinks when Brian finally got there.

I wasn’t really glad to see him, hoping I could win some of my money back, and I knew the game would stop now that the “entertainment” had arrived. Hank assumed the role of master of ceremonies. He opened the door for Brian and the guest. He showed an unusual deference to the “guest” who came in behind Brian. She was not what we expected.

In fact it was a surprise and we didn’t know what to make of it at first. It was strange. Hank made her and Brian a drink and introduced her, Shelley, Brian’s wife. Pleasantries exchanged. An awkward silence. Hank did not offer her a chair. She stood at the end of the credenza, next to the TV which was showing Hawaii Five-O as I remember it, and never picked up the drink that Hank had slid over to her.. She watched her husband. They both looked unhappy. Hank grinned at the both of them and motioned Brian to sit next to him on the bed.

He asked Brian if he had to go home soon. Brian said he had left the kids alone but they would be okay. Hank nodded, grinning. “You aren’t drinking,” He said to Shelley. She sensed that all of us were looking at her. She shook her head, but would not look at any of us. It was weird. But I think all of us began to figure it out at the same time. Hank was explaining to Brian: “So with the commission you’ve taken and the money you need, that’s $2000, no, you wanted $2,500, right?” He looked at Shelley as Brian said yes. Brian glanced at her too. She looked back and forth between them. “You sure you don’t want that drink, hon?” Hank insisted. She picked up the glass and sipped some as he watched her, nodding, and then took a larger swallow, and he nodded grinning.

Even though I had started to guess what was up, I admit I actually laughed out loud when Hank stood up and walked over to make a drink for himself and looked up at Brian in the mirror and said, grinning: “Take her clothes off.”

Brian said nothing. He blushed. She blushed too. Some of the others too. But not Hank. He just grinned and when I laughed, he laughed too. He turned back to Brian with his drink in his hand, and swallowed a lot of it and repeated himself: “Get her clothes off. Then we’ll see what we can work out.”

Hank was serious. It was no joke. He said again: “Go on. Knowing your tastes. She’s just what we want. Huh?” Hank taunted him: “She got nice tits, I bet. Nice ass.”

Now none of us were laughing. Hank reached over and took hold of Shelley’s hand and pulled her toward him, next to him. He shoved her forward to where Brian sat. Brian looked up at her. She held her drink in two hands. She looked pale now. She could not look at Brian or any of us.

It was awkward. Comical. Pathetic at the same time. Brian got up and said to her he was sorry and she nodded and handed him her drink and he handed it back to her and then took it from her again, realizing I guess, she needed her hands free, if she was going to remove the sweater. She would have helped him, half lifting her hands to the waist, but Brian took hold of it and pulled it up and over her head. Hank was right. Looked like she did have pretty nice tits. She wore one of those good old Sears and Roebuck white bras. Wash worn. Very housewifey. Her hair was tousled and she blinked like she’d just got out of bed or been crying on her bed. Brian looked like a dope, he didn’t know what to do with the sweater in his hands.

Hank sat on the bed next to me, taking in the view of her in front of us. He shook his head sadly and said: “Bring her clothes to me, Brian. She ain’t gonna get them back anyway.” What a joke.

Shelley looked pathetic. I felt sorry for her. The look on her face was one I could imagine my wife would have. This is not something she wanted. She was about the age of my wife too, I think, maybe a little younger, and she’d had a couple kids. She was a little chubby. Not very tall. Chunky you might say, but I always thought she was pretty.

When Brian unfastened the snap of her blue jeans, her tummy showed the pink mark where the waist had pinched her. Her legs were pale, like her midriff, and her back. She had a faint tanning on the lower legs, below her thighs but she otherwise showed her occupation: housekeeping, child rearing. This was not usual lean and mean hooker. Something more soft. Something more vulnerable. Something more innocent. Could be my own wife, standing there in her underwear, looking so ashamed. That added to the keen interest all of us had in seeing her clothes taken off. I suppose all of us had looked at her and wondered what she looked like with no clothes on.

We all knew her of course. We had visited her in her home. We knew her kids. Two boys. Nice boys: sixteen years old and fourteen years old. That familiarity made all of us embarrassed for her. She looked embarrassed too. But still we all wanted to see her clothes taken off; we had gone this far; she was not refusing; hell, my dick was getting hard.

I really wanted to see her naked. Of course I felt embarrassed for Brian. And a little pity for her too. But when I looked up at Brian's expression, I wondered if he didn’t after all really want us to see his wife naked. And, hell, she was not resisting, like I said. Standing limply. Letting her husband strip off her clothes. She even cooperated. She leaned over as her husband knelt at her feet, trying to pull her jeans off her feet where they’d got all bunched up about her ankles and helped him to first slip off her tennis shoes. When they finished, Brian stood up and picked up her jeans. He didn’t seem to know where to put them either. Then with Hank nodding again carried them over to him and handing them over to him; he glanced over up at me in the face. He blushed more than she did.

Shelley looked calm in fact. I took her in. Head to foot. Cotton underpants. White like the bra. Sears and Roebuck again. High-waisted. Wash-worn too. Her pussy showed a dark patch through her underpants. A little tear on the cheek of her butt. My guess was she had not really expected all this to really happen. At least she hadn’t dressed for it and I guessed she had thought Hank had made the deal for himself. She hadn’t thought about us being there and Brian hadn’t told her. Still she never said anything. I guess she figured she had no choice. Or maybe the whole thing was happening too fast. The look in Brian’s eyes reminded me of when I was in Korea and in-coming fire got us hunkered down. Shock, sort of. Dazed. Going on automatically.

But Shelley looked calm now. Her hands laid flat on her bare thighs. Her face turned a bit to the side, down cast. Like the victim of an inquisition. Felt like it. She was condemned. Waiting her execution. First, let’s see what she looks like naked. I wondered if this was the power that Nazis had over Jewish housewives they interrogated: “You want to see your children again? You want to cooperate? Take your clothes off. We will see. We will see. Perhaps there is something we can work out.”

A bit plump, like I said, but just preggo-fat, that padding some women put on after childbirth, making her boobs swell up, a bit bigger, a bit baggier.

I wanted to see her naked, I admit. So did Hank. And so did the others, as I could see where their eyes wandered. Anticipation teased us. Teased her too, I think. Brian saw it too. She did too, I expect. For she looked self-conscious. My dick was getting hard, I admit. To his everlasting shame, so was Brian’s. Poor slob was actually getting a hard-on thinking about his wife being stripped naked in front of his buddies.

Hank told Brian to put her jeans and sweater into a paper bag that he took off the credenza and tossed on the bed. He said: “Take her shoes and socks too, Brian. Put her clothes in the bag and take ‘em with you.”

Hank looked up at Shelley. “Look at me, hon. Look here.” She turned about to face Hank and the mirror and looked up. Distant. Even contemptuous. But obviously afraid. A false courage. “We do this all the time, you know. You ain’t nothing special. Brian here always does the honors. He enjoys it, I think. That right, Brian?”

She hadn’t known this of course. But Hank was right, come to think of it, Brian always undressed the girls for us. I laughed again thinking of the joke.

Shelley glared at me in the mirror. I think she was angry with Brian now. Hank surmised it: “So you see, it’s a great way to get even with the SOB, isn’t it? You getting naked for his boss. Making him look on. While we all get a good look at you. All your clothes off. And all the rest. Give us a good show. Dance for us. Show us your cunt. Right? Pretty good joke, huh?”

Hank gestured. Looking at her bra. He said: “So, Okay, Brian… Let’s see your wife’s tits.”

Brian did his step-and-fetch-it shuffle, not too reluctantly though a bit slow on the up take. Hang dog look in his eyes. Still I think even his wife saw he had a boner showing.

Brian came up behind her. She could see him approach in the mirror. She could watch herself in the mirror. Brian fidgeted with her bra like a frustrated adolescent but he finally unhooked the eyelets at the back of her bra, it popped open in back, and sagged in front and as he slipped off the straps, it uncupped her tits. Soft spill. Plump mommy tits. With big wide dark nipples. Sort of sagging and poking at the bottom her tits. Tender-looking. Baby bottle nipples, mounded, with nubby tips. Getting pointed. And I’ll tell you it wasn’t because she was getting cold. Everybody had hard-ons now.

Brian put the bra in the bag, stuffed it down deep, like he thought it might crawl out, and Hank appraised her, a smug nod of approval. He got up and walked around her, looking at her tits from all sides, and paused beside her, looking out at us and winking as he put his hand under her boob and squeezed it: “Nice tits. Like I said. Better than usual girls you bring for us, Brian, I think she’ll do real good.” He turned her to face the mirror where we watched the show and she herself saw; the shame on her face, the light on those lurid tits. He fondled her tits with a grin. Hefted them in his hands like two water balloons, he weighed them, up and down, up and down, nodding. Approving. Brian watched through the mirror. So did Shelley, distressed but abject.

Hank fingered her nipples, arousing and teasing them, he tugged them, pulled them, stroking them outwardly; when he let go of her nipples, they were puckered, pointed harder, longer. He leaned and flicked his tongue on one and then licked it so it showed all around wet from his tonguing it.

As he fondled her he looked past her face to Brian, grinning. He stepped back, picked up his drink, looking into her eyes while she looked away. He sipped his drink and looked down at her belly. Brian watched meekly. No one spoke.

Hank put his finger to her crotch. He rubbed there. He felt for her slit. He looked at her face as he did. She did not return the look.

Hank looked back at us, winked, and then turned to looked at Brian and walked around behind her and sat on the sofa. Sipped his drink and said quietly: “Pull her underpants down, Brian.”

Brian actually nodded back at him. Servile now. Dumb fucker. I couldn’t believe it, and actually laughed again. But Brian dutifully took hold of her underpants at her waist. We all looked down as he did. I watched as her underpants popped off below her butt cheeks. And in the mirror saw how they had come to the tops of her thighs to show a dark hairy messy pussy. Not the pussy of a pro. Unkempt. Untrimmed. And her belly was flabby and had stretch marks from having babies. Brian looked up at Hank. Hank grinned.

Brian drew his wife's underpants all the way down to her ankles and because she did not now help him and looked resentfully down at his upturned face, he looked abashed and hesitated, looking at back at us he stood up and backed away to leave the white wad of underpants to bunch up about her feet. He looked over to Hank.

She looked at Hank too. And glanced at her own nakedness in the mirror. At her own flushed face. I suppose she felt both ashamed and sexually stimulated. At least that is how she looked to me.

Hank asked her, toasting her with his drink: “How you feel? You like this? You look real good, Shelley. Wish we had done this before. Right guys. Ain’t she better than them working girls we get in here. This here’s the real thing.” Now for the first time most of us finally spoke up. That started a wave of comments and cross-talk. Complimenting her tits. Compliments to her ass, her legs. Compliments to Brian. Wondering about fucking her.

Brian was stuffing her underpants down in the paper bag. He was actually going to leave his wife right there, naked, taking her clothes, just like he was told—I could not believe it—and to tell the truth I think he liked this.

 “You suck cock, Shelley?” Hank asked, gesturing.

She did not reply. Somehow, standing there with her underpants around her feet, this conversation seemed really degrading.

I don’t think he expected her to. Hank grinned and asked Brian instead: “Your wife, Brian, she suck cock?”

Brian nodded. Shelley did not see; she did not want to see this.

Hank pressed for details: “She like to suck cock?” Brian shrugged. Hank was being a real asshole now. He wanted to know to humiliating details—how she used her tongue and then: “You cum in her mouth, Brian? Huh? She like that too?

Hank looked at Shelley directly and asked: “Do you swallow it, honey?”

She looked at the floor.

Hank looked back at Brian: “Does she swallow when you cum in her mouth, Brian? Does she eat cum? Does your wife eat cum, Brian?”

He had made his point, but Brian went on: “We’re gonna fuck her in the ass too, Brian. Now I know she ain’t never done that. Not with you anyway. (Laughter) But she’s gonna do it and like it now, Brian, and anything else I want her to do. That’s the deal. You got it. You got it, honey. (He looked at Shelley now).”

Hank said: "Okay, take her underpants too. Put them in the bag the rest of her clothes. Bring 'em back tomorrow when I call you to pick her up."

Brian hesitated for a moment, gawking at his naked wife with the rest of us, then he squatted down to coax her to lift her feet so he could pull away her underpants. He put them in the bag. He held the bag waiting for Hank's instructions.

Hank told Brian to sit next to him. He started to work out the details. She would stay until we were tired of her. She’d do whatever we wanted. To anybody we wanted her to do it. No calls home. We’d call him when we were ready for him to come get her. “Take a vacation, Brian, you deserve it.”

Hank looked up at Shelley and caught her looking at herself naked in the mirror. He chuckled and shook his head and said: “Feel your pussy, Shelley. Feel yourself for us, hon. Show us how you like it.” She didn’t look like she liked it. Or like she ever really did it. Some women don’t masturbate. I don’t think Shelley did. She cupped her right hand over her crotch and rubbed robotically. Hank wanted her to put her fingers into her cunt. She did what she was told.

Hank went back to Brian’s deal as he watched Shelley poke two fingers in and out of the mouth of her own cunt, like a kid fingering a pot of honey, feeling around to scoop up the goo: “You get $500 for leaving her here naked for us. I’ll give you another $1000 if does what she’s told. The rest she earns by doing her job. Let’s say we give her $5 each time she get fucked. I’ll give her $10 for sucking off a cock, but only if she eats the stuff. She’s gotta let ‘em cum in her mouth and she’s gotta eat all of it. And I’ll give her $15 each time she gets her butt-hole fucked. But only if she likes it." Hank laughed. " She's gotta say she wants it or she don't get paid."

He looked at Shelley feeling herself and looking now upset. I don't figure she's ever been fucked in the ass. I said so. She glared at me. But I was feeling sorry for her. Hank asked: "You never taken dick in your asshole, honey? No? Well, you just pretend you like it. It's the best fuck for a mommy like you."

Hank turned back to Brian: "So where was I? Yeah well. So I figure she’ll be here for quite a while if you want to pay me back. Probably fuck and suck twenty, thirty guys. Get it up her ass a good couple dozen times. Not a bad enema, you know. You remember that whore we all butt-fucked and she jumped up after and ran to bathroom and let loose a great big fart full of cum and shit. (Laughter)”

Hank was watching Shelley all this time: “You wet yet, honey.” She did not answer, but I think she was. He told her to taste herself. “Lick your fingers, honey.” She did as she was told. “That taste good?” She said nothing, but blushed. Brian could not watch this. She dropped her hands at her sides. I think she was going to cry. “Go on. Keep doing it 'till I tell you to stop.” Hank coached her. She dipped her fingers into her vagina, and then licked off the slippery shiny wetness that she took away. We could smell her now.

Hank stood up, still talking to Brian: “We run out of cum to feed her. I may need you to help me round up some more guys to fuck her. So stay by the phone at home.” Hank was undressing and that cued some others. In the past we all generally got down to our jockey shorts and socks and took turns with her. Never lounged around naked, like they do in those porno films. Ain’t none of us that proud of our pricks. Like those queers in those porn films. I just took mine out when I wanted her to suck it or whatever. Sometimes we’d go at her together, one feeling or fucking her, while the other got his rocks off in her mouth, or whatever, but mostly, we took turns.

Hank grabbed Shelley by her shoulders and guided her to step back and sit on the bed. She looked confused. He wanted her to lie back on the bed and eventually she understood he wanted her to grab her calves and spread open legs so we could get a look at cunt. Most of us got up and went over to look down and see. It’s strange how different each woman looks down there. But to think of it all women look different naked. Different tits. Different kinds of nipples and pussy hair. Shelley she was one of those with darker kinkier pussy hair than the hair on her head which was just a plain old mousy brown. And the hair of her pussy gathered up thick, stuck out like a cow lick, on the front of her pussy, but did not go around her pussy lips or her asshole, they were bare, exposed, raw looking, pearly and pinkish and slimy like a fresh open oyster; I swear she looked like somebody had already fucked her. Hank said it first: “You fucked her before you brought her, didn’t you Brian?”

Shelley now did began to cry. Her legs trembled and she wept but she did not let go her hold. She held her trembling legs open wide for us to see. She sobbed. Brian looked upset. Hank laughed.

Hank told her to get up and we parted as she stood. It was impossible, feeling her so close, seeing her so vulnerable, not to touch her. Several of us took a chance to cop feels of her ass, grab a tit, toy with a nipple, probe her cunt with our fingers. She was groped and grabbed from all sides and Brian slinked off to the corner of the room, holding the bag of clothes, waiting for instructions. I suppose the poor slob came in his pants, watching us grope his naked wife.

I tell you I wanted to slip into her where she stood but Hank had taken down his shorts first and told us to let her go and when she turned to face him, trying now to compose herself, wiping her tears with her hands. “$10 a pop, Shelley. You like eatin’ cum?” She shook her head, but nobody believed her. We helped to kneel down. Actually somebody smacked her bare butt, and she said: “ow” (more surprised than hurt).

“Suck him off, Shelley.” It was Brian’s best friend who said this. I was astonished. But I think he had held this fantasy for a while. Brian looked up. He spanked her a couple more times. It was funny. Most laughed. She said finally: “Okay, okay….” Covering her ass with her hand. He moved it away and smacked her one more time. He liked the sound of it. The look of it. How her butt cheek jellied and glowed warm.

She squatted rather than knelt and held his dangling half-limp penis like a hose, put her mouth on it, closed her eyes. Although Hank does not get a real stiff one, and so has a hard time fucking assholes until some others have gone in first, he always surprises them with his cum. She could not tell it was going to happen. He just starts to go like a spigot. And it pours out like pee but gooey and pasty, I guess. Because she had to swallow a lot and seemed like she would gag on it. But when he started to cum I gotta tell you I think she had an orgasm too, because her legs trembled and had to drop one knee and hold on to his butt as she held his cock her mouth. She mewed like a kitten and made these cute little wet suckling sounds. “Eat it all up, Shelley.” Hank looked over to Brian: “Ten bucks.” He laughed.

After Hank we were all ready and got her to sit on the edge of the bed while we stepped up in front her and she did her business. I was fourth. She was pretty hot by then. I mean she felt hot to touch. I toyed with her tits as she mouthed my prick and fiddled her tongue in and around my pee hole. She knew what she was doing. No college girl this one. When I was ready to cum, I held her head and sort of fucked her mouth. She had no problem letting me. And when I started to cum I looked down to see her expression. Her eyes opened and she looked up at me. She was crying again. She closed her eyes and I filled her mouth up with cum. When I was done I withdrew and she dropped her head. I didn’t see her actually eat it but I could see she had. She looked up at me tearfully and asked if she could have a drink of water. Hank had Brian get it. I was actually ready to go again and even though it wasn’t my turn again I couldn’t help it. Hank told me to got for it. I laid her back and spread her legs and lay down on her and fucked her. She was very warm. Very willing. She made quiet pleasant noises. Brian held the glass of water and watched and waited. I got up off her after a stroking my dick up hard again and she sat up and took the glass from Brian. She sipped, cleared her mouth of cum. Hank announced it was time for Brian to leave. He had hold of the paper bag. He’d put her shoes in it too and he stood at the door holding it and getting ready to open it up for him.

I had already started fucking her mouth again. It was cold from the water. Felt good. I was ready to cum again, I swear. But I wanted this to last. She was so compliant now. Eyes closed. She held the glass in her lap.

“Kiss her goodbye, Brian.”

I backed away so he could do as he was told and took the glass away from her. Brian looked at his naked wife sadly and did not speak, and she, pathetic, defeated, said nothing back to him. He was going to leave without saying anything but Hank insisted that he kissed her goodbye. That was more humiliating to see than anything else I saw him do. I don’t know why.

She did not kiss him back. She still had cum her mouth. Or maybe she was mad at him. I don’t know but after he left she finally started to talk to us.

I finished up in her mouth. Again she took my cum her mouth before she swallowed it all at once. She got up and picked up the glass and drank again. Then without a word she went to the bathroom. We talked as she was gone. Mostly expressing our amazement. Asking how Hank got this whole thing set up. Most of us agreed she was better than any whore we’d ever had. Genuine. And not bad looking. If a little ordinary. But that is what gave it the edge. She was forced to do whatever we wanted. Hank wanted suggestions. Some were really outrageous.

When the door opened and she came out we stopped talking. She stood at the cove to the bathroom in the dark, the lamp lights shone on her nakedness; she did not cover herself, she casually crossed her right arm to hold her other arm at the wrist. Posed like that, it accentuated her tits, made her nipples jut. She wanted to know: “What do you want?” She said it with such resignation it made me ready to fuck her again.

“You ever been butt fucked?” She shook her head. She obviously did not like the idea.

Hank was actually really gentle with her at this point. He had her lay down on the bed face down and he talked to her about it and gently probed her anus with his finger as he talked. He had some Vaseline he always brought for the purpose and sat beside her and gooped up her asshole with it, poking some in with his index finger. He said she was really tight and should not fight it. She nodded. She said she understood. He kidded her about this. How did she know that, if she had never done it before? She actually laughed at that herself. She admitted that as a little girl her brother and her had played doctor and he liked to put things in her butt. Hank asked her about that and suggested that they get her used to the idea by poking something into her butt. The only thing we had was the whisky bottle and it was not empty so he capped it and slathered Vaseline over the neck of it.

I watched her face as he started to work it into her asshole. She looked serious, almost worried, but it didn’t hurt. She had been holding her breath and let it out as Hank got the bottle in a couple inches and then stated to rhythmically fuck her with it. He asked: “Okay? That okay?” She nodded and said softly: “Okay…” Her eyes were closed. She was flushed. Hank motioned for the first to fuck her.

She put her hands up to her face as he butt-fucked her. He got in his whole schlang now, maybe good eight to nine inches of sausage up her rectum and she lay docile as asleep. Her hands cupping her face. She whimpered a little but said nothing and when he shot off inside her rectum she made a noise of satisfaction just like he did. Two more fucked her anally before Hank got his turn and her asshole looked gloopy and stretched. He loved it like that. He got her up on her hands and knees and fucked her asshole like he was riding the top of her butt. Her tits jiggled as he fucked her and she grunted and involuntarily responded, meeting his strokes with back thrusts. She liked it now. That was sure. She was ready to have an orgasm herself, I figured. Hank delighted in taking her up to the moment and then backing off. She began to cry again.

Hank always finishes in her mouth. She didn’t know that and seemed disappointed when he withdrew. Sperm oozed out of her rectum and she finally got the idea and sat back as he kneeled in front of her, then she hunched forward, her tits dangling, doubling over on her chubby tummy, brushing on his thighs, and she sucked up his cock, like a limp noodle, all fat and all slimy with the goo of Vaseline and other men’s cum that had been in her butt. He came in her mouth per usual, and per usual she gulped and slurped and whimpered until he finally got done and let go of her head, sort of shoved her back and she looked up like she was afraid he was going to hit her or something. Bleary-eyed. Teary-eyed. Her mouth all creamy with cum, smearing her lipstick. He laughed at her and pulled her forward to sit on the edge of the bed. She hid her face in her hands. Did not like us looking at her.

We let her be for a while and cleaned up ourselves. Hank sat at the table with his sale book and added up the tally. He was an honest broker. He would be fair.

Most of us got dressed. I was hungry. Hank suggested a pizza and somebody got on the phone. We changed the channel on the TV and I tried to get the poker game going again. Not that paid no attention to her; guys went by her and copped a feel, told she was good fuck, and so on. I myself looked her over once or twice. I liked her tits. A bit plump, but that gave them a nice ripe look. And like I said, how she looked, housewifey, uncomfortable, reminded me of my own wife, how she’d look sitting there, probably act just the same. I mean the girls we usually got were a little too skinny for my taste anyway, and they were so damn used to being seen naked it meant no shame to them at all, and in fact they acted like were damn lucky just to see their nice tight young bodies. And you could tell they didn’t really get turned on by these old guys popping their joints. But not this one.

Poor old Brian’s naked wife just sat there, flushed, ashamed, still trembling with sexual anxiety, mucking up the bed spread with cum that drained from her asshole. We saw it when finally Hank told her to go wipe her butt. It was really something. A big gooey mess of it, really. I had to laugh.

Hank laughed too and we got some more drinks and talked about what we’d do to her and so on. When Shelley came out of the bathroom, Hank stopped her and got out the Polaroid we use to document some of our business. He took pictures of her standing there naked. Front. Sideways. Back. Documentation. The one who was her husband’s “friend” stepped over and joined her in the picture; she naked of course, him in his street clothes, his arm around her, and he beckoned me over. Hank took pictures of the both of us, arms around her. Her naked between us. Us smiling. Her looking like she expected somebody was going to hit her. One snapped off for him to have. One for me. I still got the picture in my desk at work. Hank took pictures of us all like that. Some for everybody.

He had Shelley masturbate then and took pictures of it. Said he’d give these to Brian. Shelley was not too good at this. Not very sincere. But Hank insisted she do it. He told her she had to keep doing it until she had given herself some pleasure. After all we had all had our pleasure with her. She deserved a little.

Hank coached her. He could see he was getting somewhere when she closed her eyes and her mouth parted and face turned serious, tense. Her legs stiffening up. She started rubbing fast on her pubes. She might have popped her cork right then but the fucking pizza came. Knock at the door and Shelley looked like she’d been caught naked. Well, of course, she was. I had to laugh again to see the look on her face. Hank said for her to keep going. He grinned at me and winked. The others figured this was going to be rich and edged up to see it all better. Shelley held her hand over her pussy but not moving. “Go on,” said Hank. She knew what he wanted. I for one was surprised she just went along with it. I always wondered after that what was going on in her, I mean, I figure my wife would have run and hid in the bathroom or something. But Shelley stood there, looking like she would cry, but I could tell she was pretty far gone, blushed like a little girl. Hank repeated his instruction: “Go on…” Shelley rubbed herself slowly and Hank smiled. The door knocked again. The pizza guy let us know it was a pizza. Shelley had her eyes closed and rubbed her pussy as Hank let open the door.

She never did open her eyes. The pizza guy was to say the least pretty surprised, seeing this naked middle aged women facing him across the room, rubbing her pussy, while a bunch of old geezers, some half dressed looked on, alternately at her and then back at him. He had to be barely of age to drive, maybe 16, could be 18. Anyway he blushed almost as much as poor old Brian’s naked wife. The boy did not say a word. Hank had to ask the kid how much it was for the pizza? The boy never stopped looking at Shelley. He took the money and Hank went out the door with him.

Shelley opened her eyes now and lifted her hands trembling to her mouth and told us she was cold. She did begin to shiver. Nerves. Poor thing never did get herself off. Her nipples wrinkled up like raisins. I got the bed spread off and draped it over her and she sat on the edge of the bed.

Hank came back in with wise-ass look in his eyes. He made a drink and told Shelley: “Got you a date, Mommy.”

He took the drink over to Shelley who took it this time without comment. Hank said: “Who let her cover up?” I explained she was cold. Hank said: “She gotta be naked all the time, guys. She ain’t getting’ dressed till I let her.” Hank yanked the bed spread off her and told her to stand up. He spilled her drink because he handled her roughly. He shoved her across the room, and forced her to stand up on a chair next the poker table where I was sitting. Looking up at her tits like that, pointy, and pathetic as she looked, it made my dick hard again, I have to admit.

Hank could be a creep and he knew what got to us. He liked this bit. He’d done it before with more willing victims. A little bit of exhibitionism.

With a little ceremony and a few words to Shelley, explaining she better get used to it, he pulled open the curtains. I suppose from the street it was pretty obvious that there was a naked woman standing there although the way the light hung over the table, you probably couldn’t tell who it was. It always made us nervous the way he’d show off like this because we’d figure the cops would bust us. But he would not let Shelley get down until she had admitted that people across the street had seen her. Hank then closed the curtain and told Shelley to stand in the corner by the front door.

He made her another drink and this one she got to finish. Hank then told us that it was a small world after all. Turns out the pizza boy knew her. Or at least had seen her before. Hank arranged a “date” after he got off work.

We ate the pizza. Snacking and looking at her. In her casual pose again, arm crossing her belly to hold her left forearm, squeezing her tits together. Self-conscious still to be naked in front of these men she knew. All of us still a bit giddy about it all. Keeping our dicks hard just to look at her. I wondered what she looked like with her pussy hair shaved off. Said so and everybody laughed. She probably wondered if we meant to do that to her.

Hank told her his name now and she did not know it. He explained he knew her from church. She recognized the name now. Son of one of the people in her church. All of us laughed at that one.

Hank told her then that his parents were out of town and he was alone tonight. She knew what he meant. And I couldn’t help wondering why she said nothing. She stared back so distantly that I wondered if she understood. My wife would have gotten down and begged us not to do it to her, explaining how she felt, but Shelley seemed totally defeated. Again, I felt like a Nazi.

But the more pathetic she seemed the more I wanted to humiliate her, I admit. I wanted her to confess that she hated it, or wanted it, or whatever. The depression she showed, resignation to any humiliation, was demeaning to all of us. I suppose I could have shit on her if I’d wanted to.

So I guess it was because I was angry at her somehow that I decided to add my two cents and got that friend of her husbands to go with me and hold her arms behind her while I got Hanks plastic disposable razor and some shaving cream and took her pussy hair off her. Not that he had to hold her, she would not have fought it. I tell you, it’s like shaving a beard and I should have used scissors to cut away the thick stuff first but Hank didn’t have any anyway, so I just kept tugging at the patch of it until I was down to her slit and then I tried to go carefully so I didn’t nick her and I did well in fact. She looked a bit pink and raw, but not a nick anywhere, and I got to tell you that shaving around those plump little pussy lips is not an easy thing; I leaned in and licked the slit of her I had exposed. Stuck my tongue in so she actually started a bit. Found her sensitive spot, I guess. I wetted it up so it glowed all around and in the slit, and stood up to see my handy work. Looked like a baby girl, except obscene. A grown woman with a girlie wee wee. Gave us all a good laugh again and I had to show Shelley so I took her to stand in front of the mirror so she could see for herself.

Well with that much foreplay I couldn’t help my self and got my clothes off and laid her down on the bed and fucked her and this time she could not help herself and had an orgasm even before me. Laying there limp with her legs spread wide, another guy took my place when I got up. And another after that, only he got her on her hands and knees and fucked her from behind, making her tits swing like bells and slapping his legs against her wobbling ass. Wild stuff. She was out of breath. She lay flat and exhausted after he collapsed on her, fucking her and spitting his sperm up in her, and she didn’t move, fell asleep, I think, while we all got dressed again and got ready to take her out for her date.

Hank and I and the guy who was Brian’s “friend” were the only ones game for the long night of it. The others said good nights and staggered off to drunken satiated slumber. They could come back and fuck her in the morning if they wanted, Hank told ‘em, or feed her some breakfast. By which he meant semen of course. I think she heard all this. I don’t think she was really asleep. When Hank was ready to go he just told her to get up and slapped her bare butt and she rolled over and sat up and looked up and finally she asked: “What are you going to do?”

“The question, Shelley, is what are you going to do?” Hank leaned over and whispered the whole scheme in her ear. She looked sick at heart but said nothing at all.

Hank was at the door, had opened it and jerked with his head for her to get up and go out the door.

His car was right out in front of the door so it was not far for her walk naked outside. Still it made her nervous and she looked both ways to see if anyone was there before she stepped out and hurried over to the door of the car to get in.

Of course the doors were all locked. And Hank did not do the gentlemanly thing to unlock her door first. Instead he made her stand there naked, a bit crouched to shield her nakedness by the car’s body, hands crossing in front, holding her tits. And of course, there were some other salesmen at the motel and it was her bad luck that they came driving up. Hank, always the gregarious anyway, was right in his element to wave to them. Their car caught Shelley in the headlights. But I don’t think it registered with them at first. They parked across the parking lot and Hank unlocked his door and opened it, leaned over the roof and called then some insulting name, as the volley in a banter that was an ongoing joke between them. They could hardly not see she was naked now. They approached from her side of the car, with no hurry, taking it all in. “Jesus, Hank, who’s the lady?” In a way it did not surprise them to see a naked woman there; they knew about our usual strippers and sometimes joined in.

Hank said without a beat: “Brian’s wife. You know Brian. Come down to give us a show. What you think of her?”

“No shit,” said one of the others, closest to her; he recognized her in fact. I was sure of it. Small town, this place Columbus, or at least this little suburb. All the worst of luck for her. “Hi, Shelley,” he said.

Hank came around from his side of the car and shook hands. I admit he never missed a chance to humiliate her in any least way. He turned her away from the car door to face them, and put his arm around her, and slapped her hands down, made her stand straight, show her front to them, her mommy tits, shaved cunt and all. She turned her head away in shame. I expect they caught that and a little sickening anxiety may have occurred to them. Hank assuaged it. “She’s never done this before,” he said truthfully, “She a little embarrassed. But she likes it.”

The fact that she did not deny it seemed to confirm him. He added commentary as they ogled her: “Looks good, don’t she, for a mom of two kids?”

“Nice tits,” one added.

“Yeah,” said Hank and he reached across her to feel it, toy with it. They stared at her shaven pussy lips too and Hank said they’d never done that to the “girls” before but it was kinda nice.

They asked where we were going and Hank shrugged. They asked if maybe we’d come by for a drink later on. Hank agreed and added: “you mean you all wanna fuck her?”

They laughed. “See you later,” he finally went back to get in the car. Shelley had not turned away from them until after Hank popped up the car door lock and pushed it open. Aftert she got in, Hank slid the electric window down and leaned over to say something to them. They gathered at her window and took a final study and bantered with Hank. One of them could not help himself and slipped his hand down between her legs and fingered her. He found her more than ready to fuck. Hank laughed at the expression on his face. The electric window started up again and all complained. “Later,” Hank taunted.

They backed out, drove away, Hank laughing with the rest of us. Shelley did not laugh. She resumed her effort to cover herself, hunched over, arms across her chest. Hank let her be. He actually talked a little business, interrupted only by questions to her for directions to her neighborhood (the boy lived nearby there). Actually it was a short trip. The motel was in the same northeast suburb, working class suburb, vintage 50’s homes. Auto dealers along the main drag. Strip malls. Schools were new. Some truck farms still here and there. But the suburb was pretty dense. Each cozy home with its handyman detached garage. Little square of lawn in front of it, bushes, trees. Very “Leave-it-to-Beaver.” Except more blue-collar, really. One car garages but most folks had two cars now, sometimes even one for the kids, so the streets had a lot of parking on them and in the driveways.

Streets were only just getting in more street lights, fear of the blacks from the city was the big political issue of the day, you might remember. But otherwise it was not easy to see addresses. We had his house address but passed it and drove around a bit before we figured it out. Finally it was Shelley who showed us. She had known it with we passed the first time. There were a couple cars in the driveway so we had to park on the street. Lights on in the living room even though it was past midnight now. Most everybody else in the neighborhood had gone to bed, a window at a house across the street glowed blue haze from a TV. Hank helped Shelley out of the car. She followed him and the other two of us came up behind her to the door. The kid had been watching for us. He turned on the porch light but then turned off again when he saw Shelley was naked. I could see over his shoulder a couple more he must have invited.

Turned out it was a party. Must have been the whole fucking football team here. Pimples. Beer. Talk and bullshit. But not a one of them had believed him when he’d told them. Still they’d showed up and we weren’t late.

From the look of them several of them must have known her and nudged a buddy, making comments. Hank told her to put her hands down and she did as she was told and they made a natural half-circle around her. Hank guided her to the living room as the crowd yielded and recollected. He took up a collection from them. He had set the price at $10. Some had paid the kid in advance, but others had not, waiting for the proof. We took up $110 bucks.

Not bad. Hank had her turn around in front of them. Showing off all sides. He stood next to her and talked her up like auctioneer. He intended to trade her off by bids. I suppose some thought they’d get a fuck for $10. But that was just the price of admission. But he told them he’d give them a deal. “You can put the weenie in the bun, see if you like it but ain’t nobody gets his rocks off. If you want to finish, that’s another $5. For $10 she’ll suck you off.”

He shoved Shelley’s shoulder and she moved forward, uncertain where he intended her. The boys backed up, parted for her, staring down at her boobs and belly as she was guided to the sofa and where Hank had her lean over, hands on the seat cushions, and spread apart her legs. Hank grabbed her buttocks and showed them her cunt. He said for Shelley to be nice and let ‘em see what it’s like to fuck her.

The boys were unsure of themselves and Shelley looked like she would cry again and that would probably upset them. But one of the boys who didn’t know her and didn’t know most of the others, I figured, said the others were sissys and he had his five bucks for sure. He didn’t take off his clothes but just opened his jeans and slid them down enough to pull his cock out of the top of his underpants. She felt this one for sure, I thought. The kid was pretty well-hung. She had a funny look on her face as she felt him slide his cock in, a lot more of him than she was used to, my guess is. Longer anyway. Looked to me she could handle one fat as a horse.

She had that queer curious look as he fucked her. The kid did not stop. Hank took him for his word. He wasn’t too long and when he ejaculated in her, she was flushed and ashamed, but he was triumphant. He pulled out with his cock still about as hard as it had been, and he’d really made a soupy mess of her cunt. Still it didn’t deter the others who now had lined up to stick it to her.

I told Hank that I wish Brian could see this. The look on her face was priceless. I don’t think she’d ever had such a fucking and it was obvious she was giving into it. The boys chuckled over the sound of fucking her, like a boot in the mud, and they sat on the sofa and fiddled with her dangling tits as they bounced and flopped about as she was fucked. Some leaned under to pull on her nipples or suck and bite them and others commented on the look of the prick poking her pussy, puckering up as it entered, clinging as it withdrew.

She finally let herself go to a shivering orgasm. I don’t think the boys noticed. But I was really impressed. She had held onto that orgasm for a couple of years, it seemed to me. But afterwards she was even more eager. Her eyes widened, wild, she glowed with warmth; she was breathless. And the boys were not going to let her down. They were all eager to fuck her and in rapid succession they stepped up and fucked her, ejaculated, and fucked her again. Well, I can remember. These kids could shoot off three or four times in a row and still had stiff one.

Well anyway Hank and I just stood by doing the count and watching the boys. The worked out an understanding, taking turns, so that the ones who were going up next got to sit next to her and toy with her tits and talk to her and the ones who waited to take those places sat near to them and gawked and joked.

Shelley’s legs trembled and she wanted them to stop. She really said she felt like she couldn’t breathe. And after one shot off inside her she knelt down and laid herself on the set of the sofa. The boys stood by looking at her. Hank asked the kid where his kept the booze. The kid took him in to show him. We made some drink and when we got back the boys were waiting, backed away just looking at her nakedness. Hank drank a little and asked her if she was okay.

She nodded. He said to the boys that she’d never been fucked so good. They did look pleased. An athletic event.

Hank told her to turn around so they could see her in front. He made her lay her legs open, and the cum in her cunt oozed out and Hank told the kid to get a wash cloth and clean her off. He took the task seriously and so did the rest of them; I was the only one to laugh.

Hank was organizing a mass suck-off for her next. Explaining to each of them how to work themselves up by masturbating and then stick it in her mouth to shoot off. She eats, he told them. Likes it, he told them.

Looking at her to see if she agreed, they got no expression one way or the other. She was numb to it now. Like I said these kids could go several times in a row. I wasn’t disappointed. They fed her cum so fast she hardly had enough time to swallow it. Anyway there were three of them beating off in front of her face, stroking up to pop a load into her mouth, when wouldn’t you know it, the god damn parents came home.

Finding us there could have been embarrassing except that Hank kept his cool. He made no excuses, no apologies. When Dad and Mom showed up in the kitchen, the boys swooped up their clothes and made for the door. But there was a chaos of half-naked boys, stiff peckers waging as they ran out. Shelley was drunk. Sexually anyway. She didn’t seem to know what was going on. Hank pulled her to her feet and I noticed that some kid had actually taken her socks off and they lay on the floor. I picked them up. Hank said nothing and didn’t look back at Mom and Dad. He just guided her to the door and out. But I think they knew who she was. Still it was all to strange to explain. I wondered how the kid would do it. We got her to the car and in and down the street before any one could come after us. Not that I expected it. But it was strange.

Hank shook his head and said it was too bad the kid’s parents came home. He wondered how many blow jobs she could swallow before she got full.

Hank surprised even me now. I knew he liked taunting her but he said before they went back for a final good night fuck he’d take her home and show her to her husband.

We drove by. It was near 2 AM. He was still up. The light was on in the living room. Hank made her get out and walk up to the front door naked. He stood behind her. She crossed her arms like she was cold. She hunched and shivered a little. I watched from the car. Brian came to the door. He turned on the porch light. Then seeing his naked wife there, he turned it off. Hank must have insisted he turn in on again. Hank spoke to him. He turned his naked wife about for him. He was making her bend over. Making her hold open her buttock for him to see she had been fucked in the asshole.

I looked out at the neighborhood. All the lights in all the houses on the street were out. Everybody asleep I was guessing but who knows? She came running back to the car now. Her chubby tits flopping. She was crying. Hank had left Brian still standing in the doorway, looking out at his wife. Pathetic jerk. She got in the car, covering her face. Hank laughed at he got in and told me drive back.

He told us on the way back all that had happened at the door. Hank told how he had made her tell the whole story about masturbating for the pizza delivery kid and then going to the house and letting a bunch of boys fuck her and her sucking off. How many? He asked her. She said she did not know. Then Hank threw out numbers and in the end she had to nod she sucked off dozen or more different cocks and gobbled up maybe two, three dozen loads of cum. And then Hank winked at Brian and said "And she's still hungry! Ain't you, honey?" And that's when she ran back to the car crying. "It’s true," Hank said, looking over the back seat at her.