**Sally in a College Play**

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*Sally stars in a play and get fucked on stage.*

It was Sally’s first time, and she knew it was Matthew’s first time as well. But he did not seem nervous at all. He unbuttoned her shirt. He unbuckled the belt of her jeans, and when Sally felt his fingers inside her jeans, she sucked in her breath. Oh yes, she thought, I like the way he touches me. Matt unbuttoned her jeans and pulled the zipper down. His fingers caressed the soft, bare skin of her belly that was under cover of her jeans seconds ago. Sally shuddered at his touch. She looked in his eyes. He was having fun. He was enjoying undressing her. She smiled because she was enjoying him undressing her.

“You are beautiful to me,” he whispered. She smiled, and her brown eyes were radiant. She seemed to glow in the warmth and genuineness of his words. “For so long I have wanted you.” And Sally had discovered she wanted to be wanted by him. She was embarrassed, but her desire for him overcame her embarrassment. She wanted to be naked for him. She wanted him to make her naked.

He pulled her shirt out of her jeans and slipped the shirt off her shoulders. She was wearing no bra, and her bare breasts were exposed. The lights are so bright Sally thought. Matt cupped one breast in his hand and slipped around behind her. His touch was electric, and she shivered her eagerness for him to continue their love play.

He was behind her, and she leaned her head back into his chest. He held her nearly naked body against his, and she felt his hardness through their jeans. He pinched her nipples, and she had a strong impression he was showing her off. She seemed unable to help herself as he played with her breasts. She was becoming quite aroused. She like very much the way he made her feel.

With one hand feeling her breast, he let the other move down over her stomach, down below her belly button, down inside her jeans, over her cleanly-shaved pubic mound, down to her pussy lips, and into her slit. She moaned. He held her tight, pressing his hard cock against her ass, and as his fingers explored her, he found that she was wet. He slipped his finger inside her. Hardly able to stand as she leaned back against him, she let him explore down below. “Oh, Matt,” barely audible, escaped from her lips.

He knelt behind her and pulled her jeans down. He kissed the bare skin of the small of her back. He kissed his way down into her crack. Her moan let him know she liked the pleasure he was giving her. Now Sally was completely exposed for she had taken off her panties earlier, anticipating that she would be naked with him, and left them in the dressing room. With her hand on Matt’s shoulder for balance, she lifted first one leg, then the other. He took off her jeans and tossed them aside. They slide across the wood floor into the curtains. Sally was naked and now very aroused. Matt kissed her ass cheeks, and his fingers went up between her legs, and he felt the wetness of her pussy. His fingers went up inside her, and Sally opened her legs for him. Then he stood and turned her around and held her, and they kissed, her naked body so responsive to his touch.

Then, Sally undressed Matt, and when he was naked, he took her to the bed, and by the time they lay body to body, Matt was hard, and Sally knew what was going to happen. And she wanted it to happen.

And the twenty-plus others of the cast and stage crew who were watching in wondering silence, knew too. Tessari Ragnatello, the director of the play, knew too. The stage crew and other cast members, some sitting on the edge of the stage, some watching from the catwalk above, some standing in various places around the stage, wondered if Tessi, as they all called her now, would stop Sally and Matt, but she motioned for everyone not to make a sound. They all understood Tessi wanted to see how far the naked couple would go. They wanted to know too, so they watched without a sound. They were learning how voyeuristic live theater actuall is. Will she let him fuck her for real in front of us, they were wondering. Would Tessi let them fuck in front of a live audience.

The stage lights beamed down on the bed in the center of the stage, lighting the naked couple for all to see. It was dark in the rest of the theater. But it would not have mattered if the house lights were on and the theater full of people. Sally and Matt would not have been aware nor would they have cared, they were intent only on each other.

This was their first time to be naked on the set, but Tessi thought she knew her man and what he would do with Sally given the opportunity. She had had her reasons for choosing him to play the male lead for the play. Tessi had been in town only four weeks assembling her stage crew and the cast for the play, but she had already spent a lot of time with Sally and Matt. She knew that Matt had four years of fantasies about Sally.

Sally lay body to body with Matt, and she could feel his hardness pressing into her stomach. He kissed her mouth, kissed her ear and neck, kissed his way down the bare softness of her breast until he took her nipple into his mouth and sucked. Stage crew and cast watched. Matt opened up Sally’s legs, and covered her mound with the palm of his hand. He rubbed her clit, and Sally’s legs went taut. Everyone watched. Matt slipped his fingers into Sally’s wet pussy. She moaned. Cast and crew watched as Sally began to raise her hips to Matt’s fingers. They saw Sally stiffen her legs, and they heard her cum.

Matt got over Sally between her spread legs. He held himself over with one hand and rubbed his hard cock down into Sally’s very wet slit. Sally and Matt were talking to each other, but all in whispers. None of those watching could hear what the couple were saying to each other. Sally took his cock in her hand and guided him down into her opening.

“I am so ready for you to be inside me,” she whispered.

As he lowered himself onto her naked body, she felt his hardness going into her, felt his thickness filling her, and she almost came again as she felt so full of him in her body. They all watched the couple couple.

Sally raised her legs over Matt and grabbed her ankles. She straightened her legs into a wide V, and she felt him go deep into her as he slammed his cock into her. She groaned with pleasure. She wrapped her arms and legs around his naked body, felt his bare hard cock opening her pussy and filling her. The old jeans commercial flashed in Sally’s mind. “Nothing comes between Brooke Shields and her Calvin Kleins.” And she thought there was nothing between her and Matt. His bare cock filled her bare pussy. They call it bareback, she thought.

“Fuck me,” she whispered in his ear. “You feel so good in me.”

Everyone watching them fuck were wondering if Matt would come in her.

“I have wanted to do this since the first time I saw you naked,” he said into her mouth as he kissed her. He was as aroused and as hard in her as he had ever been in his short life. “I can’t believe I am actually fucking you.”

“Don’t talk, just fuck me,” Sally whispered to him. And he did. He fucked her like he meant it, and she felt him hard and stiff inside her. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the pleasure of a good fuck.

“You are going to make me cum,” she whispered. “Cum in me.”

And as he felt her climax building, he could not wait, and he came into her. He felt the release of his seed pumping out of him into the woman he had fantasized about since he was a freshman, and Sally felt the throb of his cock in her as he filled her with his cum. “I hope I make you pregnant,” he whispered.

They had fucked twenty minutes when Sally came and Matt came in her. Not that they knew how long Matt had been inside her. Tessi had timed them.

Finally, after the two lovers rested in the bed on the stage, Tessi, smiling, said, “Got just a little carried away, did we?”

Matt still on top of Sally, they looked rather sheepishly at Tessi. Sally could feel Matt going limp inside her as Tessi talked to them. She seemed not at all concerned that they had just fucked on stage in front of both cast and crew for the play.

“Remember this is a play. Matt’s name is not Matt, but Lincoln, and your name is not Sally but Liz. Did you know you called him Matt? It is good to get carried away, but you have to remember Matt’s character’s name.” Tessi let out a deep breath. Inwardly, she was pleased they had fucked on the stage, but she said nothing. “Remember the premise. Liz has been out of college for twenty years, and back on campus for a week of continuing ed. She hooks up with Lincoln and decides to have a fling with him while her husband is back home. Remember the play.” Tessi let out another deep breath. “Let’s take ten,” Tessi said. “You two go get cleaned up, and then maybe we can continue the rehearsal.”

The idea for the play, titled *Campus Rules*, had been in the works for almost a year. The director of the theater department had brought up the play, first with small groups of faculty, so that by the time he brought it up in the faculty meeting he knew it would be approved.

In his meetings with fellow faculty he pitched Sally to play the part of the older woman. The play involved nudity. Lots of nudity. When he suggested Sally to play the female lead, the faculty all said yes. Neither Jack nor Sally were aware of the reputation Sally was gaining among both students and faculty, and the faculty that the head of the theater department talked with imposed a strict condition. The school would do the play only if he could deliver Sally to play the female lead.

He had hired Tessari Ragnatella because the faculty decided they needed a professional director since the play would undoubtedly be controversial. She was a professional actress as well as director. She had played parts that included nudity, and she had directed *Campus Rules* in another venue (never mind that the other venue had been in Europe). Her professionalism would, they thought, overcome any doubts about the school doing the play.

When Sally and Matt returned to the stage after cleaning up – Sally had been amazed how much cum Matt had pumped into her body; his cock is like a firehose she thought – everyone congratulated them on a very convincing performance. Sally and Matt looked at each other. They knew they had not been acting. The rest of rehearsal went well that afternoon. Matt and Sally were naked on stage until they went back stage to the dressing room.

As they got dressed, Matt spoke. “I guess I did get carried away today, Sally.”

“I am the one who got carried away, Matt. I wanted you to fuck me. You made me cum, you know.” She finished dressing and kissed Matt on the cheek. “I’m looking forward to rehearsal tomorrow,” she said on her way out. Matt smiled. “Yes,” he thought. He could hardly wait for tomorrow.

That evening as Sally and Jack ate dinner, Jack asked her how the rehearsal had gone. Sally sipped her wine as she thought about her answer. She knew she would tell her husband eventually that Matt had fucked her, but she was not sure she should tell him yet. She also knew that “eventually” could not be put off for long since opening night was only a month away. “It was a good rehearsal,” she told him.

“Have you started rehearsing the nude scenes yet?” he asked, cutting into the Rib Eye he had grilled out on the deck.

The Director of Theater had come to see Jack early in his campaign to do the play, which amounted to a campaign to show off Sally naked in public. He knew he needed Jack’s cooperation if it were going to happen. So he told Jack all about the play, and that he wanted Sally to play the female lead.

“The play has a little nudity, not much, just a little,” he had said to Jack.

“And you want Sally to play that part?”

“Yes. But it is only a little, Jack.”

“How much?”

“Well, it is total nudity, Jack, but only for a few minutes, really only seconds.”

Jack had felt his cock try to swell the afternoon of his conversation with the Director of Theater, but the cock cage he had been wearing for many months now put a quick stop to his cock’s efforts. Already, he was picturing Sally naked on the stage. Jack thought about what Bob would want. He knew Bob would want Sally to be naked on the stage. Bob always wanted Sally exposed to as many people as possible. Sally seemed to enjoy the sex games Bob involved her in. As the head of the theater department talk, Jack thought of his wife, Sally, naked at other times and in other places, Sally exposed by Bob, Sally fucked by men Bob found for her, so many images of his wife exposed for so many others flashed through Jack’s memory, and he said, “It is okay with me. Sally is a big girl. She can decide for herself.”

Sally put her wine glass down on the table.

“We started today,” Sally said.

“Were you completely nude?”

“Yes.”

“How long?”

“A couple of hours, probably the last half of rehearsal.”

“How did that make you feel?”

“It made me wet.”

Once Tessi made the decision to begin rehearsing the nudity in the play, Sally and Matt were naked together every rehearsal. Matt was elated since they would not only be naked but he would be fucking Sally.

The next day while Matt was inside Sally on the bed on the stage with everyone watching, Tessi shouted, “The audience can tell the difference between real and fake. I want the audience to see real on the stage and not fake.”

That afternoon was not the first time they had heard Tessi’s line about wanting real not fake, not just acting. The first time Tessi told Sally and Matt the sex had to look real had been three weeks ago when she introduced Matt to Sally in the hotel suite the university had put her up in. “Tell Sally what you told me when we talked a few days ago.”

Tessi had given Sally instructions to go to the front desk when she arrived at the hotel. The clerk gave Sally a note. “When you get in the elevator, take off your bra and panties. Leave them in the elevator.” Sally blushed when she read the note, but Bob had been training Jack’s wife well. Tessi was in the penthouse at the top. Sally took off her jeans quickly as the elevator went up. She took off her panties and left them on the floor of the elevator. Then she took off her shirt and her bra. She left the bra on the floor of the elevator. Before she could get her shirt and jeans back on, the elevator door opened. She hopped out of the elevator half into her jeans. The door closed, and her panties and bra were gone. She buttoned up her shirt and zipped her jeans and looked around. The penthouse was luxurious. Then she realized Tessi and Matt had been watching her.

“Come sit down, Sally,” Tessi said. “I saved you a place here beside Matt.” Sally did as she was told and sat beside Matt. Their legs were touching.

“Tell Sally what you were just telling me, Matt.” So Matt told Sally about the first time he saw her as a college freshman four years ago. He told her how he had signed up for art classes as an elective when he heard she was going to model for the course. He told her how delighted he was when he discovered she would be a nude model for the course. And so he had taken art classes every semester since the second semester of his freshman year, including this semester. Sally blushed. Bob had made her be a nude model for the art department. For four years she had been a nude model for the students in the art department. She had been naked that very day.

“Today?” she asked Matt.

“Today,” he answered, smiling his complete awareness of Sally undressed. Sally could not help blushing. Matt had brought with him for that meeting his portfolio of nude sketches and drawings of Sally. He pulled out one from the morning, and Sally recognized herself and one of the poses she had done that morning. That very day Matt had seen Sally naked. Tessi was impressed thought they could use his artwork in the play.

“He likes you,” Tessi said to Sally. “So hold his hand.” Sally took Matt’s hand and held it on her lap.

“Matt, put your arm around Sally.” He did, and they both felt like kids on a first date as though Tessi were teaching them how to do it.

“Kiss.” They looked at Tessi. She repeated herself. “Kiss!”

They gave each other a peck. “What was that?” Tessi asked. “I want you to kiss.”

Matt pulled Sally to him, and they kissed. “That is better. Now, Matt, Sally is your girlfriend, so I want the two of you to kiss like you like each other.” And they did.

Tessi saw they liked the instruction, the coaching, she gave them. “Do not stop kissing. But, now, Matt, put your hand on Sally’s breast.” With one arm around Sally, Matt put his hand on her breast.

“You want to arouse her, Matt. So caress her breast. Slip your hand inside Sally’s shirt and bra, and caress her bare breast.” And when he did, it was very clear to Tessi that Sally was responding. Tessi wondered if Sally would let herself go completely, if she would let Matt have her.

“Now, Matt, put your hand between Sally’s legs.”

Matt put his hand between Sally’s legs and caressed her. Sally opened her legs for him. Tessi was teaching Matt to seduce Sally.

“You like that, don’t you, Sally?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Ask me nicely,” Tess said.

“Please,” Sally asked.

“Matt, open her jeans and slip your hand down inside her jeans and touch her. Feel her softness.”

Matt unbuttoned her jeans and zipped the zipper down. He slipped his hand inside her open jeans and discovered that Sally belly and her mound were very soft and touchable. He pushed his hand down inside her jeans so his fingers were caressing her pussy lips. Sally was getting aroused. She kissed him like she wanted him to continue.

“Okay, Matt. So undress her.”

“Excuse me,” Matt said.

Sally did not say anything. She had learned from Bob.

“Undress Sally,” Tessi repeated. “You will have to undress her in the play. You might as well begin now.”

Matt looked at Sally. She did not say no. So he began unbuttoning the buttons on her shirt.

“Stand up, Sally,” Tessi told her.

Without a word, Sally stood, facing Matt. Matt pulled and tugged her tight jeans down over her hips, and her clean-shaved pussy was just inches from his eyes and mouth.

“All the way off,” Tessi said.

Sally put her hand on Matt’s shoulder for balance, and he slipped her jeans off one leg and then the other. She stood before him only wearing her shirt. Matt pulled her shirt off one shoulder, then the other. Sally stood in front of Matt naked, and he enjoyed her nakedness. He had seen her naked probably a hundred times over the last four years, but he found it extremely erotic to be undressing her, and he got very hard.

Sally could feel herself getting wet. She was not sure whether Matt realized that Tessi was in complete control. She was used to being naked when everyone else was dressed. She waited for Tessi’s next command.

“Sally sit on the sofa and open your legs.” Tessi did not say to open her legs for Matt, and Sally knew she was to let them both enjoy her nakedness. Sally sat on the sofa and spread her legs wide.

“Come here with me,” Tessi said to Matt, and she got down on her knees in front of Sally and put her hands on Sally’s thigh. “You come do the same, Matt.” Matt got on his knees in from of Sally. Her knee pressed into his belly. He rested his hand on her thigh. Matt and Tessi both enjoyed being so close to and looking at Sally’s nakedness. They could see her wetness glistening on her pussy lips.

Tessi said, “Put your fingers here,” and she let her fingers slip between Sally’s pussy lips. She spread Sally’s lips apart. She took Matt’s hand and put his fingers into Sally’s pussy lips. Sally gasped as she felt Matt’s fingers.

“You’ve not done this before, have you?” Tess asked Matt.

“No.”

“But you wanted to?”

“Yes.”

“How long?”

“From the first time I saw Sally naked.”

“Do you feel how wet Sally is?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know why she is getting so wet?”

“Why?”

“Because she likes for you to touch her. She wanted you to touch her. Go on. Slip your fingers up inside her. She wants you to do that. Don’t you, Sally?”

“Yesss,” Sally whispered.

Tessi took Matt’s hand in hers and gently pushed his fingers inside Sally. Sally drew in her breath.

“See how she likes that. Have you ever been this close to Sally’s nakedness?”

“Never.”

“Go ahead. Get closer.” Tessi put her hand on Matt’s back and gently eased him closer to Sally’s pussy. He moved between her legs, and his nose was only inches from Sally’s pussy.

“Closer.”

His mouth was almost on her lips. And Tessi eased him forward until his mouth kissed her lips. For the first time, Matt tasted Sally’s sex, and Sally groaned with pleasure.

“Now, suck on those luscious pussy lips, my leading man, and enjoy. Those pussy lips are yours. They are for you to lick and suck and enjoy.” So Matt kissed and sucked and licked Sally’s pussy until Sally draped her legs over his shoulders and her hips began the familiar rise and fall. Her hands gripped the back of the sofa. Her legs tensed. Matt sucked her clit, and Sally came.

Then Tessi gave them her line about real and fake, and how they had to be comfortable together when they were naked because the audience would know whether they were real or fake.

After Matt had fucked Sally for the second time at rehearsal, that evening at dinner, Sally watched her husband as he was eating. She was thinking about Matt fucking her and making her cum in front of everyone. She liked being Matt’s mature girlfriend in the play because she liked how he fucked her. That afternoon in Tessi’s hotel suite had been the first time she came for Matt. By the time they fucked in bed on the stage, she had come for him many times, mostly in Tessi’s suite. And she understood what Tessi meant about “looking” real. Tessi wanted the sex to be real, and when she and Matt had fucked the last two days, it was very real.

“Did you get enough to eat?” Sally asked Jack. And she thought, Matt did.

That night as she lay awake beside Jack, who was sleeping soundly, Sally wondered if Jack would ever make love to her again. Sally lay naked and laid her fingers on her private parts. She slipped her middle finger inside her slit and began rubbing her clitoris. And she thought as she rubbed herself. Sally had not told Jack about what happened the first time she met Matt or about the other meetings in Tessi’s room. She thought about the hours she had spent naked with Matt, and in only a few minutes, her body tensed, her hips rose up against her fingers, and she moaned quietly. Then, the tension released, she relaxed and slept soundly.

When there were two weeks left till opening night, Tessi made two decisions that changed the outcome of things. On Friday night two weeks before the Friday opening night Tess invited Matt to dinner, telling him to pack a bag for the weekend. She picked Matt up in her rental car. As she drove she told Matt about her two decisions. One concerned the climactic scene which would end the play. As she finished explaining her second decision, she parked in front of Jack and Sally’s house.

The four of them talked in the old living room, and two of them went down the hall to the master bedroom, and shut the door.

Then Tess explained to Jack that she had talked with Bob. “It was his idea that Matt sleep with Sally these two weeks before the opening,” she said to Jack. “And I agree it is a good idea for the sake of the play. They will become very comfortable together, and when they are together on the stage, everyone will see how comfortable they are having sex. Bob said you would not mind and that you have a bedroom for yourself for occasions such as this. This is so?”

“Yes, this is so,” Jack said.

“Would it help if I slept with you?”

“Yes, it would help, but . . . .” Jack stood, unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. He showed Tess his caged cock.

“Oh, I see,” Tess said.

“Bob keeps the key.”

Tess went back to the hotel. Jack went upstairs to his room. Matt and Sally did not go to sleep until deep into the night. Over that weekend, Matt fucked Sally – well, it was hard to say a number. He and she might both have said once. It is just that it was a sixty-hour fuck. Sally had never come so many times in such a short time, nor had Matt. If Sally were still able to conceive (she was still having her menses), she would be well knocked up after that weekend.

Matt thought he had died and gone to heaven. Sally hardly wore clothes at all around him at the house, and she treated him as an equal to her husband. He could touch her, kiss her, caress her all he wanted. And he fucked her all he wanted. For two weeks. In rehearsal, he fucked her in front of the whole stage crew and cast and Tessi. He was learning what it meant to possess the woman he had fantasized about all his university days. He had her whenever he wanted, and he had her when her husband could not have her. Jack fed him, washed his clothes for him, even told him to enjoy Sally. Jack told him good night and went upstairs while Matt and Sally went naked out to the pool and hot tub. During those two weeks, he fucked Sally in every room of the house except the Jack’s room upstairs. He fucked her on the front porch as well as on the deck of the pool in the back. On Thursday night before opening night when Jack wished him a good night with Sally, Matt blurted out, “I love your wife, prof.”

And finally it was Friday, opening night.

Matt and Sally had to go to the theater early. Bob arrived as did several of the other men Sally knew intimately. Bob had rented a van so they all, including Jack, could go to the theater together.

“This is a big night for Sally,” Bob said to Jack.

“The beginning of her acting career?” Jack asked.

“Tonight, everyone will know that your Sally is a hotwife.”

And Jack knew that what Bob said was true.

Midway through the opening scene, Sally lost all her clothes, and for the rest of that scene she was naked. She was naked for all the second scene. Jack was thinking about what the head of the Theater Department had said, “Sally would be naked only for a few seconds.”

Then midway through that second scene, she was on the bed, and Matt was between her legs. And Jack and rest of the packed out house watched Matt as his cock entered into Sally’s pussy. They heard the moans of pleasure that came from her as they watched Matt rhythmically fuck Sally, watched as his rhythm increased, and watched and heard as first Sally came and then Matt came inside her. The scene ended, the curtain closed for intermission, and the audience rose and gave them a standing ovation.

At the intermission, Bob took Jack out front so they could hear the buzz. Sally was all they heard. How good she was. How she seemed like a natural for the part.

“There was no question about the sex,” someone said.

“It was not simulated,” someone else said.

“They were really fucking,” another said.

“And enjoying it.”

“Me too. I would fuck Sally if given half a chance.”

When they went back to their seats, Bob said to Jack, “You have an amazing wife, Jack. I love to watch her get fucked. I hope we can find more plays like this one. Maybe you should write a play, Jack.”

After the intermission, Sally began the second act with clothes on, but quickly the setting shifted to her “room” at the “hotel.” And she was naked. As Matt undressed Sally again, the audience cheered. Certainly, the audience thought Sally was lovely to look at. She was well proportioned, and her cleanly shaved pussy was a delightful piece to enjoy.

The time came for the last scene. Sally’s big brown eyes did not comprehend the scene. It was not the scripted scene.

It was a mardi gras scene. Matt himself invited the audience to come up on the stage until it was full. Matt wheeled through the crowded stage a St. Andrew’s cross. Matt held out his hand for Sally. She put her hand in his, and he led her to the X-cross. She stepped onto the two foot stands, and her legs were spread and her pussy exposed. Matt told her to stretch out one arm, and he closed the steel clasp on her wrist and tightened the chain. He asked her to stretch out her other arm, and again he closed the clasp and locked it with a padlock, and then tightened the chain until her arms were stretched taut in the X and she was on her tiptoes.

“Not fake, but real,” Matt whispered to Sally. He kissed her, and she kissed him passionately. His fingers slipped up into her pussy, and her tongue went into his mouth.

Since the last scene was not scripted, Sally would not be “acting.” This last scene would be completely real. This last scene would be spontaneous. Spontaneous for Sally but extemporaneous for Matt.

Matt closed the steel clasp over one of Sally’s ankles, locked it, and tightened the chain. Once the clasp was closed over her other ankle, Sally was helpless. She was naked and exposed, and there must have been a hundred people on the stage, many of whom were close enough to touch her nakedness. She wondered if Matt had the key for the locks. Matt and the other actors and many of the stage crew handed out Mardi gras beads to those on the stage, and told them to put them on Sally’s neck, and as they draped the plastic beaks on her neck, Matt began again to rub her pussy. It did not take long for her to become very wet, and Matt began to concentrate on her clitoris. Sally began trying to hump Matt’s fingers, and he announced to the crowded stage that Sally wanted to cum.

“Should I make her cum?” he asked them.

“Yes,” they chorused.

Matt rubbed and caressed her clitoris until she was begging him to let her come.

“She is ready. Should I make her cum?”

“Yes,” they shouted.

“I know. Why don’t we let her husband make her come?”

“Oh, yes,” the crowd shouted, and Matt turned to face Jack as he brought Sally just to the edge of orgasm.

Bob said to him, “Go make your wife come so we all can watch her.”

So Jack went up on stage. He stood beside his naked wife. He hesitated.

“Oh, please, baby. Make me come. I need to come.” Sally told her husband.

And Jack began to rub his wife’s clitoris, slick with her sex because she already was so hot with desire. He rubbed, and she began to moan and hump his fingers. His cock tried to harden but quickly gave up the effort. Jack’s wife’s pussy was for others and not for him.

As it began to dawn on Jack that his wife was for other men, he wanted her to come so that the others, whoever they might be, would want her, would want to fuck her. He knew from past experience that she was a good fuck, and Matt knew first hand from that night even that she was a good fuck. Jack wanted everyone to know what a good fuck his wife was, and Jack wanted to be a good cuck. So he rubbed her clit until she was frantic with arousal, until he made her cum wildly on the stage in her restraints. Jack’s cock began to drip and run uncontrollably, and his ruined orgasm stained his pants. Sally came for the longest time, and the crowd cheered wildly.

Finally, the stage crew directed the audience back down into their seats, and then the actors came on stage for their closing bows. Sally they left on the St Andrews cross. Even after the curtain closed. Only she was in front of the curtain. A spotlight on her naked body. Five minutes. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. The crowd came by and looked up at her nakedness. People took pictures of her nakedness with their phones and within minutes pictures of her chained to the St Andrews cross flashed across the internet on twitter and on Facebook and Instagram.

The next morning a review of the play was in the morning paper. The headline read “New Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” And the play was reviewed as a wildly successful sex comedy perfectly cast and perfectly acted by Sally, Prof Jack’s beautiful wife, and Matthew, the obviously in love university senior.

The original run for the play was to be Friday, Saturday, and Sunday for three weeks. But there was a run on the tickets, and they had to add first a Thursday night performance, and then a Wednesday night performance, and the play ran for twelve weeks instead of three. Matt was good for every performance, and even fucked Sally twice in some to the great delight of the audience.

By the time the play closed, photographs of Sally had over three million shares on various internet outlets including flickr and tumblr. Pictures of her naked and even of her being fucked by Matthew appeared in newspapers across the country. She was being asked for television interviews even on the Today Show and Good Morning, America. She had gotten ten thousand proposals for marriage, and thirty-five thousand solicitations for sex. Some very explicit. She had received fifty thousand requests for naked photographs. Bob gave Jack the job of mailing off the pictures to all who requested them. And she had missed two periods.

At the end of the play’s run, Matt took Sally away up into the mountains to a private resort where they spent two weeks making love together all over the mountainside and in hot tubs and pools. They did not concern themselves if anyone saw them.

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