**Sex Games with My Teenaged Wife**

by milkman56

In 1967 I married; I was 21 and my wife, Karen, was barely 18.  In those days having premarital sex was thought immoral, although almost everyone did it, and if you were living together "out-of-wedlock," your landlord could evict you for immorality.  It almost happened to us.  So we got married.  Essentially we got married so we could have sex.

I was the first of my friends to get married and the first to have my own apartment.  Both of these things—a girl whom I could have sex with anytime I wanted and an apartment where I could drink and smoke without protest from my parents—made me the envy of all my friends, most of whom still lived at home when they were not going to college.

We were married in the late spring. The first few months of our marriage were a time of wild experiment.  We used to plan our nights and our weekends around our sex life.  We played strip poker with each other.  The loser had to lie naked on the bed with all the lights on and a pillow over his or her head while the winner got to fondle and sexually tease the other.   She and I play acted rape scenarios.  Once I tied her in the laundry room and cut the clothes off her, then forced her to suck on my penis;  she resisted; I had to press the head of it against her clenched teeth until she relented and let it go in; god, that felt good.  But I withdrew before I came in her mouth, although I wanted to cum in her mouth; but I thought she might think I was a pervert.  The forcible sex and her response to it was a big turn on to me.  Karen was obviously really hot about it and, although she would not admit it, she would not deny it when I said I noticed it.

By the time my friends got out of college for the summer we had settled down a little.  I had ideas that I wanted to try out but I was uncertain now.  She began to be more resistant and I felt unsure about forcing her.  On the other hand, the more she resisted the more persistent my fantasies became.  I think she knew this.  I got mad at her when she refused and she worried about it; I punished her with my disappointment, refusing to talk to her or to go to bed with her.  Sometimes she gave in.  She seemed more and more uncomfortable but I pressed the limits.  Like making her go naked in the car while I drove around.  It was very late when I did it.  No one really saw.  Not that I didn't wish it.  But it was really late; no one saw; the closest we got was driving up to door of the Seven Eleven and leaving her in the front seat while I went to buy cigarettes.

I told my friends about our sex of course. I told them about how she sometimes let me take her clothes off in public.  My friends were not completely inexperienced but I don't think any of them had ever seen a girl naked with all the lights on.  Girlie mags, sure.  And with some blind fumbling in the dark they got some dim glimpses of this or that, but never had any of them seen a completely naked woman standing right in front of them and letting them look.  And it intrigued them that many of our sex games were just that.  They always asked if she resisted and I admitted she was ashamed of herself but she liked it. It always made her really wet, especially if I stayed completely dressed and all the lights were on and I went about feeling her slowly.

The thought occurred to me then as I saw how they looked at Karen when they came over on weekends for drinking and bull sessions.  More than a few times I thought they were talking among themselves about her.  I could see what they wanted, and I teased them about it.  I would describe her nipples, for example, or what it looked like when I had her lay back on the bed, holding her knees, spreading apart her legs so you could really see her juicy gaping cunt.  I was graphic.  I asked them if they'd like to see pictures.  Of course they did.  I teased them with that.  Of course I had some Polaroids, but I only showed them the one where she was standing in her bra and panties and her hands behind her back unhooking her bra with blushing look.  I said she would not let me show them the rest.  They said: how would she know?  I said I had promised not to show them to anyone.  The discussion fueled their sexual frustration and their obsessions with Karen.   Being the only girl at our weekend binges elevated the obsession.  She must have noticed their leers.  To make sure she did, I teased her about it.  I told her they were undressing her with their eyes.  She blushed.  She knew I was right.

I tried getting her drunk and reckless.  I think my friends knew what I was up to.  I think she figured it out too.  After more than enough to drink she was almost passing out and said she wanted to go to bed.  She went in the bedroom and put on her nightie.  She went in to the bathroom to pee while we continued drinking and when she came out, standing in the kitchen next to the table, you could make out the color of her nipples and the darkness of her pussy under the nightgown.  She had to have known.  I tried to get her to come back to the living room but she was so drunk she was wobbly and took hold of the table and slipped to the floor; her nightgown flaring up her bare leg flashed some nakedness briefly.  Pretending my concern, I went to help her get up and doing so I lifted her nightgown up to her waist exposing her bare ass completely and she laughed, aware of what I was doing and slapped at my hands.  I whispered to her: "Take it off. . . . ."  She was drunk, but not that drunk.  She smiled and shook her head and kissed me and went to bed.

I went back to my friends and said simply: "Well, I tried."

They tried again to get me to show them the pictures of her naked.  I said: "I'll ask her."  That's as far as it went.

The next day she could not remember anything from the night before.  So I told her that she had flashed them.  She looked shocked and I led her to believe she had lifted up the front of her nightgown to the top of her tits and gave them a full frontal view.  I asked: "Did you like doing that?" She blushed and was speechless.  I told her: "We were all surprised. . . . . . . You really don't remember?" She shook her head, her hand to her mouth in disbelief.  "You came out of the bedroom and stood in the kitchen, drunk and smiling at us, and said to us: "I know what you want.'" She was astonished.  I led her on: "Then you just lifted up your nightgown and showed yourself and said, 'Is this what you want?'"  I told her that then she asked if we would like her to take it off.  I told her she took off her nightgown before I could stop her and started to come into the living room naked and I got up ands stopped her put her to bed. I said: "Then you passed out."

She said to me with sudden anxiety: "I didn't have my nightgown on when I woke up. . . . ."  I nodded.  She guessed she must have actually taken it off in front of my friends.  In fact, I had taken it off her when I went to bed.  Nasty trick maybe.  But she had to believe it.

She began to cry into her hands.  I laughed and reached out to hold her.  She looked up at me confused.  I said: "No, no, no. . . . . . . You didn't really.  I am kidding."  She sniffled.  "Really," I said, "You didn't."

"Why?" she asked.

"You wanted to."

She shook her head.

"Yes, you did."

She said nothing.

I said: "I want you to."

She shook her head, still confused: "I don't understand."

"I want you to show yourself naked to them." I let go of her and looked into her eyes.

She looked bewildered. "I don't understand."

"I want to see you standing naked in front of them.  I want to see how you feel."

"What will happen?"

"Nothing.  Just stand there.  Let them look.  Let them touch you, maybe.  That's all."  I embraced her again.

"Why?" she wiped her eyes.

"It makes me want to fuck you."

She was perplexed. "You want them to do that to me?"

"Do you?"

"No."

"If I asked you to do it? If I wanted to watch them doing it to you?  If I wanted all of them to take turns doing it while I watched? Would you?"

She said nothing.  She sat quietly, thinking.  I told her I loved her.  I waited a moment, holding her.

"Will you?" I asked her.

"What?"

"Let them see you. Take off your clothes for them and let them see you. Let them see you without clothes on."

"When?"

"Tonight."

She said nothing.

Four of my friends had come the night before: Jon and Gary whom I knew from school, and a couple of their friends, Steve and Howie, both of whom were actually still in high school and about a year younger than Karen.

When they came in that night, she was surprised to see they had brought yet one more boy, a younger brother of Howie, Billy, who was just thirteen—going to be in the ninth grade this coming fall.  This made her nervous.  She looked worried.  We started drinking and watched TV. Karen sat on the sofa with three of the boys, in her shorts and blouse, her hair done up in a ponytail because it was so hot.  We did not have air-conditioning.  She looked uncomfortable. But not because of the heat.  Because of what she was thinking.  Because of what she thought they were thinking.

I brought her drinks to her.  She sipped them.  She did not drink much.

She was sullen and did not want to talk with anyone.  The way they looked at her, the remarks they made about her, she took as evidence of what they expected.  In fact I had not told them.  In fact they would be surprised.

After some rounds of drinks, it was already eight o'clock and being Sunday night they were fidgeting and thinking they should leave soon.  We all had work in the morning.  Karen misinterpreted their fidgeting; she thought they were impatient for her to do it.  I grinned and winked at the boys so she could see and while they were confused, she took it for confiding.  I got up from the sofa and said: "How Ôbout one more before we start?"

"What?" said Jon.  I winked at him.  He grinned.  I nodded toward Karen.  He said: "Oh."  I helped Karen to stand. I drew her to the kitchen.  I whispered.  "Go into the bedroom. I will come get you."  I kissed her.  "Take off everything but your bra and underpants."  I kissed her again.

My friends were taking drinks and talking together quietly, obviously confused.  Jon asked: "What's going on?"

I grinned.  "Turn off the TV."   Howie did it.  I said: "Move it out of the corner."  I closed the curtains.  I got the floor lamp from the end of the sofa, one of those pole lights with adjustable spots on it.  I switched plugs with where the TV had been and turned on all three lamps—100 watts each—and pointed them into the corner, starkly lighting it up.  My hand made a shadow on the wall. Then I went to the wall and turned off the overhead light.  I stopped. The guys were standing, holding drinks.

"What the fuck?" said Howie.

"Can't you guess?" I asked.

Jon guessed. "No," he said in disbelief.

"Sit down," I said.

I said: "You might want to get the chairs from the kitchen."  And pointed to the corner: "That's where she'll be."  Howie, Jon and Gary grabbed kitchen chairs and set them to face the corner.  Billy was clueless.  He and Steve settled on the sofa.

"Okay then. . . . ." I said.  "Be quiet and do whatever I tell you.  She is a little scared." And I turned away to go get her but turned back and said: "And you gotta promise.  Don't tell anyone about this or she won't do it."

Some nodded.  Billy was still clueless.  Jon said: "Nobody."  Howie laughed and asked: "Nobody?"

I grinned: "Well, nobody you don't know."  Jon grinned.  I turned off the light in the kitchen.  The only light in the apartment was that hot corner of the room where my wife was to stand for them.

I entered the bedroom.  Karen had undone her ponytail to let her shoulder-length hair loose and was sitting on the end of the bed in her bra and underpants; she looked up expectantly; incongruously she had not removed her penny loafers and bobby socks.  It was like she might be waiting for the doctor to arrive for her examination.  She said nothing.  I held the door.  I told her to take off her shoes and socks and waited for her to lean over slip her shoes off, and peel off the socks.  She looked up to say something; she looked at me quizzically, almost pleadingly.  But I thought it disingenuous.  Letting her hair down somehow signaled submissiveness.

I turned off the light in the bedroom as she went out ahead of me.  In the darkness they saw she had undressed, they her white underpants and white bra. She saw them, turning to look at her; she saw the hot corner.  I had not told her of this, but she understood.  She knew what was expected. She went right to it, walking into its brilliant glare, like she was entering a stage.  Or a cage: she had a look of fear and hurt about her.

They saw she was barefoot.  That, and her hair let down, in her face, as she looked down. They could not see her face until she stepped in the orb of the light.  They were smiling at her.  She looked up.  She was not smiling.  She brushed her hair aside.  She would not look at their faces.  Anyway the light was so bright that she had to look down or away.  The guys were solid dark objects beyond the orb of light.  Three immediately in front of her, she was aware. She guessed who they were. She recognized their voices, even if she could not make out what they said. One was Howie, for sure. One Jon.  She did not like either of them.  She had both more than once tried to feel her up when I was gone for piss.  She thought they made lewd or unkind comments. Anticipating what would come; and anyway she did not think she was pretty.

Although I think her face was pretty enough, and she had a nice enough body.  But in truth, I will admit my wife was only as pretty as she was young, and had an ordinary body, but young and fresh and a lovely skin, long legs, but she was not curvy, maybe a little chunky, but nice handful of tits all the same.  High-waisted and boxy about her hips, she wore those plain jane cotton underpants that went all the way above her belly button, the same kind her mother had bought her and that she had worn since she was a little girl.  Nothing sexy about them.  But then again something about those mommy underpants on this young girl was sexy.

Her eyes glittered and dashed to take in the situation like she was trapped, although she had done this without complaint.  She looked scared and worried about what would happen, since she had never done this before (which is true), and she was flushed and fidgeted like she felt embarrassed and ashamed, and I think she really was both embarrassed and ashamed and deserved to be—embarrassed because she standing there in her underwear in front of these guys, my friends and this kid, and ashamed because she was about to strip and stand completely naked in front of them. She was feeling the fingers of her right hand nervously with the fingers of her left hand; she was nervously turning her wedding ring on her finger.

The way she stood, so uncomfortable and self-conscious, made her look all the more vulnerable, all the more like a victim, even though she had done this entirely willingly.  She did not have to undress in the bedroom; she could have refused.  She did not have to walk out here in her underwear; she could have told me no.  She did not have to step into that hot corner, that hot spotlight set up to emphasize her unwanted humiliating nakedness.  She did it because, at some level, she wanted to do this.  She wanted them to do this to her; coercing her, reluctant but submissive, shamefully presenting herself completely naked to them to examine and molest her under this harsh light, like some sexual torture or obscene interrogation.

Being forced like this—to get naked for them—aroused her sexually, I was sure. The boys could see her misgivings and anxiety, but at the same time they saw in her eyes, just as I did, a guilty conscience, guilty of sexual cravings, showing a warm color to her skin, flush to her cheek, a kind of hive at her neck and lovely pinkness at the tops of her thighs, where they were rounded below the elastic edge of her white panties. You could make out the darkness of her pussy hair in a triangle between her legs.  Staring at this, as I saw the boys did and seeing her embarrassment, I could see how keenly sexually aroused she was; I was sure of it.  I think I could almost smell the heat of her.

I let the scene set itself; I stood back and paused and let the boys ogle her and let her soak up their leering, their vivid obscene imagination for what they would soon see in the flesh.  And I thought of this experience from their point of view, what her breasts would look like, the hair in her crotch, the hint of her cunt lips.  You can never guess what a fully clothed woman will look like completely naked.  Her naked body would somehow be what was natural to her, but you did not know what she would look like until you actually saw her take off all her clothes, in the plain light, defenseless, her hands useless to cover whatever you wanted to see.

I paused before I spoke.  I moved to a place to stand beside the far end of sofa, next to where Billy sat.  He was beginning to understand.  My wife heard my voice from beyond the glare of lights, looking my way, before she dropped her gaze, as I explained:  "Billy, this is my wife, Karen.  She is 18.  How old are you?  Thirteen?"

I paused: "Have you ever seen a girl with all her clothes off?"

Billy shook his head: "My wife's going to get naked. It's what my friends asked.  You glad you came?  Didn't they tell you?"  He shook his head to both questions.

"Do you know why Karen is going to get naked for us?  Do you know why?"

Billy did not know why.  "Because getting naked in front of these guys makes her feel horny, it makes her pussy hot and wet. It makes her want to fuck. It makes her want to suck cock, Billy.  Do you want her to suck your cock?"

Karen was genuinely blushing and the boys were stunned.   I let the words stew in their brains.  I let her stand pathetically in that hot light; with the clear intent of of my words making I suppose she felt the heat all the more.  She looked it.  She looked almost sick.  She still looked at the floor: a look of surrender and shame, unhappy, but a face that also showed her other feelings too, her sexual feelings.  I knew she was thinking about what I had said.  And the guys could all see it just as well as I could.  But would she admit it?

Given it was a hot summer night, and given that I had closed the curtains, it was very sweltering in the room, what with all those warm aroused boys, and I swear the lamp lights added ten degrees and glared so hot that Karen was perspiring beneath them; it gave her bare skin a lustrous glow.  All my friends had rock hard dicks by now, I was sure, just seeing my wife like that in her underpants and bra, and thinking about what was to come.  My dick was hard too.

I asked her sarcastically: "You feeling hot, Karen?"  The guys laughed.  They could see she was sweaty but they gave my words a naughty meaning.

I went quietly to the kitchen to get scissors from the tool drawer.  She must have heard me rattling around from them.  She glanced my way. Then seeing Howie leaning into the light, grinning up at her, she dropped her gaze again.  I took out a small hammer with a wooden handle—about eight inches long and about as big around as the circle you might make between your forefinger and thumb.

Where Jon, Howie and Gary had drawn up the kitchen chairs, close for good view, put them a little in the glow of the lights shining on my wife standing there in her underwear.  She could see them after having got used to the glare.  Karen saw me hand the hammer to Jon.  He looked confused, but Karen understood.  I had used it on her naked body in some of our other sex games.

I stepped into the circle of light, where she stood, both of us casting large shadows against the wall.  I positioned her to stand closer to the corner.  She looked up at me.  She almost said something.  A little hurt in her eyes.  I ignored it.  She could see my face, my smile, my nod as I looked her over, up and down, just like the guys were looking her over, and then looking back up into her eyes I commanded her simply: "Turn around. . . . . . . Face the corner."  She seemed almost surprised or confused.  She hesitated, then turned.  She touched the wall as if she lost balance.

I added: "Put your hands down."

She reached up again to touch the wall as I pushed her closer into the corner.

I said again: "Put your hands down."

I meant to be very slow and very deliberate.  I meant to tease the tension and draw out the suspense for as long as possible, to get her pulse racing so fast she feels sick with anticipation and to get my friends dicks to get so engorged they might just shoot off involuntary into their pants without before even touching her.

I talked as I did my business.  I snipped the bra strap on the top of her right shoulder.  It fell away.  I asked her: "You ready?"

I snipped the bra strap on the left shoulder.  It fell away.  I asked her: "You really want to do this?"

I waited for her reply.  She said nothing.  She nodded slightly.  I don't know if anyone else saw it.

I pulled the back of her bra away from her skin like it was a sling shot, and looked back at my friends and winked.  They laughed.  She did not fight me.  "She's got nice tits," I told them and holding out the bra that way I snipped the back of it next to the clasp and her bra sprang away from her on the right side and flopped off her left side, uncupping her tits, and swept around behind her like a bigger rubber band; I held the thing, both cups dangling in my hand a moment.  Thren I threw over my back like a prize.   Jon said: "Yeah."  Howie said: "I got it."

I stood back and admiring her naked back I told them how she had never been seen naked by any man but me.  But now they were all going to see her naked.  I said: "She wants you to see her naked."

"Tell them, Karen."  We waited.  She did not reply.  I think that her refusal to speak meant she was not wanting to be naked, but no one had any sympathy for her at this point and it was obvious what was going to happen.

I drew her underpants away from her skin at her left hip.  I poised the scissors. I snipped the waistband.  "You want them to see you naked."  I said matter of factly.

I snipped some more, slowly, down to the elastic about her leg and left that intact but let got her cut underpants, so that it fell away in back and showed the cheek of her buttock, the crack between.  The elastic of her underpants had pinched her tummy and her sides.  I took up the sagging right side of her underpants and slowly snipped from the waistband down to the elastic on top of her right thigh.  I let fall her underpants.  They fell away in front and in back, hanging ridiculously, exposing her buttock completely.  I felt the shape of her buttock and spoke to her.

"Tell them, honey," I cooed.  "Tell them you want them to see you naked."

I inserted the scissors at the elastic holding her underpants onto her left thigh and paused.  I repeated myself.  I waited.  She said it very quietly.  But she did say it.  "I want them to see me naked."

I egged her on some more.  "Tell Howie. Say: Howie, I want you to see me naked."

She would not say that.  I snipped the elastic and her underpants fell, still wedged between her legs and dangling by the loop of elastic hem under her right buttock.

I repeated: "I want you to see me naked."

She relented; but said it flatly: "I want you to to see me naked."

I added: "I want you to finger-fuck me."

Again, in the same flat response: "I want you to finger fuck me."

"I want you to finger-fuck me, Jon."

She said this too.  I made her say it for Howie too.  Then I snipped the last elastic and her panties fell away between her legs and she looked down at her own naked self, shifted her feet and her panties slipped to her feet.  She was completely naked.  The boys grinned.  I stepped back.

Then I said:

She resisted this but I spanked her, not too hard but twice crisply. It would give the boys the idea of what to do if she balked at instructions.  And at the third slap she said: "Don't."  I repeated: "Tell Billy: I want to suck on your penis."

She was surprised that I had spanked her this way, although I had done it in other sex games, and she felt fresh shame at what she was doing, but she said it: "I want to suck your penis."

I looked over at Billy and asked him: "You masturbate?"  He looked confused but nodded.  "You ejaculate?"  It was too much.  He blushed and said nothing but it was obvious that he had.

I said: "Good.  I want you to cum her mouth when she sucks your dick."  It shocked him.   It shocked all my friends.  It shocked and dismayed my wife.  But I did not care.  It was what I wanted to see more than anything.

I left my poor naked wife to stand under that hot light, blooming with sweat, her hands trembling with overwrought sexual anticipations, and turned a chair next to the kitchen table, so that I could to sit at a distance and a good angle in the dark to take it all in, so I could see her face and the look every guy's faces when she turned around to show herself naked to them.

I told her then: "My friends really want to see what you look like naked. They all got hard-ons just seeing you naked from the back.  Now they want to see the front.  We want to see all of you.  You want to show Ôem?"

She said nothing.  I repeated: "You want to show Ôem?"

She nodded.  We all saw it this time.

"Okay.  When you're ready.  Turn around.  Face the boys."

She did not do it right away.  My friends made comments.  She seemed to be cold, shivering.  But it was just her nerves.  When she did start to turn, she looked up over her shoulder at them, and we saw she was obviously upset, obviously reluctant and obviously ashamed of herself for doing this.

I could see teary eyes.  She bit her lip.  Her face flushed.  She turned in three small steps, looking up at them, tearing up. She wanted this, I was sure.  The look on her face: pathetic, reluctant, anxious, submissive, ashamed, aroused.  The look on all their focused faces: wide-eyed, amazed, fixed instantly and intensely on my wife's nakedness; seeing her naked head to toe all at once, all of her, scanning tits and pussy, and nipples and legs, seeing also her face, her eyes tearful, anxious, searching theirs. I have to tell you that I ejaculated right then in my pants without ever even touching myself. And I saw some the others reflexively feeling their pricks in their pants.

The boys all could care less about her tears and anxiety; if anything it made their dicks ready to pop seeing her so abject, ashamed, and naked.  Their glittering eyes went straight to and groped her all over, her swaging plump tits, shimmering a little as she turned, their outthrusting large plum-like nipples—fleshy tender puffs that I loved to tease.  And then all eyes groped her belly, her hips, fleshy thighs, her pussy hair,—a darker color than the hair on her head—and the chubby cleft hinting swelling and a hooded stiffening clit nestled in the wedge of it.  She pressed her the palms of hands flat on her thighs; her head lowered in shame.  She made a pathetic sound, like a caught breath, a shudder.  She did not look up.   Her nipples grew taut at the tips.  The nubs of them crinkled and thickened and pointed out.

Whatever they had expected, this was even better.  All of them appreciated as I did the sort of raw sexuality her nakedness exuded.  Those obscene milky tits, those dark wide mommy nipples, her chubby cunt showing through her pussy hair, and her round topped thighs.  She looked like she was made for fucking and loved fucking.  Something about her made you want to spank her or force your cock into her mouth or shove it up her ass and something about her abject shame, her obvious sexual arousal at her sexual humiliation, made it certain she would do these things submissively and while whimpering still relished both her forced pleasure and willing abuse.

She never covered herself with her hands, and she never said no to anything I asked of her.

I let them study my wife naked in that strong light for a good ten minutes, taking in all the details, commenting to one another.  Saying things about her nipples.  Things about her tits. About her cunt.  They did not care if it shamed her.  If it hurt her feelings.  She herself did not speak.  She looked up from time to time and saw them looking at her.  She did not smile, but as I say she made no effort to cover herself.

I said: "Jon—you go first."

Jon got up grinning. Karen looked up into his eyes.  She wanted to say something. He avoided her eyes.  He looked down at her chest as he approached her.  She turned her head to look away.  Again the near tears.  He put the fingers of both hands on her nipples and felt them, he tugged on them.  She gasped.  He rubbed, rolled, squeezed her whole tits in both his hands.  Then holding her tits, he leaned and put his mouth onto first one and then the other nipple sucking it up to slobbery points in the air, lashing the points with his tongue and she closed her eyes tightly.

He looked at her face as he slipped his right hand off her breast and down her belly and slipped his fingers into her pussy and began to rub her there and poke his middle finger up inside. He watched her face.   Her eyes suddenly open.  She expressed her feelings with small whimpers and he grinned at her and rubbed her more and leaned and sucked more on her nipples while his other hand reached behind her and drew her against him.  He finger fucked her, rubbing fast, and she put her hands on her shoulder and dropped her forehead to it, breathing fast through her open mouth.

I interrupted him before he could get off or before she got off and told Howie to step up.  Howie did much the same but he kissed her while he fondled her.  And I was surprised to see how warmly she kissed him back.  Then Gary took his turn.  He made no secret that he wanted to fuck her.  But she put her hands up to his chest when he exposed his prick to her.  He nevertheless rubbed it against her bare belly and tried to hook it into her ready cunt.  He would have but I stopped him.

I called him off and gave Steve his turn.  Steve liked to lick to nipples and turned her and vigorously felt and pumped her cunt from behind with several fingers while she bent over, hands on the wall, gasping, whimpering.

Karen got almost breathless, dizzy, and ready to cum.  So I stopped him and called for Billy.

I said to Karen: "Squat so he can see your wet cunt."  Billy stood staring down in amazement at the glossy flower of lurid flesh opening between her legs, the gaping florid folds, the raw wet gash within.

I said to Karen: "Now take his dick out of his pants and lick it."

I admit I had not expected either of them to cooperate.  Billy looked so young and was so embarrassed.  And Karen should have been too ashamed or intimidated.  And I knew she did not like to do this; she had said she did not like the taste of cum.  This humiliation should be too much. But she got down on her knees and with two hands studiously unfastened snap of his jeans and unzipped the fly and tugged on the sides, taking hold of both his jeans and his underpants, and his dick snapped out, stiff as a stick and standing straight up, curving up like a banana from his his tightened-up almost hairless scrotum, all red against his white tummy. And his knobby pointy dark red glans, I swear it was oozing out pre-cum, dribbling down the shaft. It fascinated her.  It twitched as she looked at it.  Her eyes moist, she stared at it with her mouth open.  And I recognized that she had never seen another penis other than my own.  And this one was smaller, but also circumcised like mine, and like mine stuck straight; she liked it.  The other boys got up and stood near to watch.  With her hands on her knees, bent her head and licked up the shaft of it, closing her eyes.  She licked up one side and up the other, repeatedly, and it twitched as her tongue touched it; she was licking off the dribbling pre-cum like it was melt on a popsicle and then she put her hands onto his hips and lifted herself up onto her knees and leaned to put her whole mouth over the whole head of it and swirled her tongue on the seeping, then leaned back and looked at the wet head and the new ooze out of the tip of his penis and leaned licking at the slitted hole of it (letting us see her doing this!) , licking at trickling stuff with the tip of her tongue; she put her whole mouth down over the hole as if to suck on it, to sip from it.  The boy's whole body suddenly jerked, and she closed her eyes and made a sort of mewing sound and put more of her mouth down now over the whole circumcised knob of it, and down further on the shift, sucking hard--I could her sucking. I could hear it.  He instinctively put his hands on her head and clutched her head so that she could not take her mouth off of his penis when he began ejaculating.  The boy grimaced.  His body stiffened, and jerked again, then again.  And I heard him doing it.  I actually heard his ejaculation squirting with force and volume repeatedly into my wife's mouth and she was all red-faced,  and her eyesfluttered open wide in surprise,and she whimpered pathetically - almost in protest - but she was not resisting, but breathing noisily through her nose she sucked eagerly and swallowed as much as she could.  Some spilt from her mouth, white like milk, and she drooled it onto her tits in long slime.  I heard her breath deep and saw her cheeks concave, sucking his prick like a straw, eyes closed.  I heard her doing it. Her swilling and slurping the shooting jets of his cum, jets of cum filling her mouth again and again, and she swilling and swallowing it as quickly as she tasted it or felt it filling up her mouth again and again. The boy shuddered.  She held his hips tightly. He jerked and came again. He held her head tightly.  She swallowed again and again.  God, his balls must be full of the stuff, a cup or more, shot out from his balls like broth from a basting bulb. When at last he sighed and let go of her head, having finished, she gasped for air loudly, her eyes fluttering open, her open mouth seen gloopy and white with it; some drooling from her lips, she wiped with the back of her hand and sat back on her haunches to catch her breath; and his penis flipped up out of her mouth, wobbling in the air, all wet with the glisten of her saliva mixing this boy's cum. Her mouth wet and red and abused.  Her lips smeared with cum and swollen.  Her mouth still tasting his cum.  Her tongue creamy with it.

Her tits looked sexually swollen, her skin flushed with the rash of her sexual excitement, and she brushed her hair from her eyes and looked up at me, ashamed and sexually flushed at the same time. She looked up at me guiltily.  But I did not care; it was what I had wanted; and squeezing my dick I had ejaculated a second time in my own pants while watching her and hearing her swill and slurp and swallow his repeated jets of semen.

I teased her: "You like eating cum?"  I was dismayed that she had liked the taste of this boy and that he had so much cum that it repeatedly filled her mouth. I wanted some revenge. I told her to stand up. I said that Billy had not had his turn at feeling her up.

Billy whose jeans were still pulled down to his knees and whose prick still waggled stiff grinned appreciatively.  Karen stood.  She put her hands down, looking sadly into his arms and he reached to feel her tits.  Tenderly.  Gently.  Fascinated and worshipful.  She was deeply aroused.  Her mouth open.  All of us watching in fascination.  He stared into her eyes as he dropped his hand to her pussy and spread the hair, spread the lips, and touched her clitoris so teasingly that she took a sharp breath and she laughed at her own pleasure.

"Fuck her, Billy."  Karen was shocked.  Billy did not need to be told again, nor shown how.  He entered her with a swift embrace, pulling her closely, his prick easily slipped up inside of her and she straddled him, pinioned, lifted up, her hands up to face, kissing him, kissing him and saying no, please, no.

He could not contain himself. He hardly needed to fuck.  He squirmed and thrust only a few times and shot off again inside her.  And Karen squealed and collapsed to the floor, to her knees, flinging out and holding herself up by her outstretched arms, catching her breath and now on all fours began to cry from emotion and sexual release.  And I said: "Who else wants to fuck her?"

Howie had no remorse for what happened.  He always recalled this night with relish.  Her humiliation was most exciting sexual moment of his life.

He felt no sympathy looking down at my wife.  He'd always wanted to fuck her.  He had his pants off quickly and his underpants flung aside, my wife looked up and back at him and his limpishlong dick and he said: "You suck me too."  And she wheeled wearily and sat crosslegged and he lifted her face up in his hand by her chin and leaned and kissed her, feeling her tits with his other hand.  And stood and straddled, dangling his dick in front of her face, holding it, holding her face and smashing it against her lips, till she let in slip in.  He held her head, and face-fucked her.  She, gagging and mewling on teh stuffing of limp dick in her mouth, put her hands to the floor, leaning, accepting.

Jon leaned in beneath him and sucked her tits, feeling her spread cunt.

I went and turned on all the lights in the apartment.  When I came back, Howie was still fucking my wife's mouth and Jon had knelt and thrust the hammer handle into her pussy and was working it fast to arouse her.  She was crying and simpering.

Howie fucked her mouth with little effort, mashing it to the back of her throat.  Stopping only and withdrawing only a little in order to ejaculate freely and loudly.  My wife choked and let Howie'sejaculate burst back out of her mouth like he had shot a cannon of cum into it, spilling over her chin like milk, running down her throat to her chest, and he withdrew his dick as she coughed for air, then held it half-limp like a hose for her to drink from, to suck off his semen as it dripped from the head of his cock.

Jon stood, leaving the hammer up her cunt, and presented his prick for her mouth, taking her head and guiding it in, then fucked her slowly and kindly in the mouth, cooing and encouraging her until he came in her mouth also.  And again she whimpered eyes-closed like a child with dessert.

By now everybody had got naked.  I masturbated openly now.  So did the rest of them.

Like Howie, Jon felt neither remorse nor shame, but patronized her with false kindness, helping her to her feet, and led her on drunken steps to the kitchen table to lean her over it and spread her legs; and while she clutched the edge of the table top, her legs trembling, she accepted the hammer again into her cunt, as Jon then Steve then Gary fucked her with it dorsally—she returning the thrusts, grunted and moaned, and begged them to fuck her. Gary then took her from behind grabbing her tits as he did and Steve also.  Then Jon again.  Then Howie.

When Howie pulled out of her, she could not stand and collapsed naked on the floor; they stood around looking at her; some got dressed.  Others were not yet satisfied. I told them she had had enough and guided her to the bedroom and left her alone to fall sleep naked under the sheets.