**Watching Annie**

by Fishman

**Watching Annie -- Installment 1**

How it was set up and the perfect apartment for it

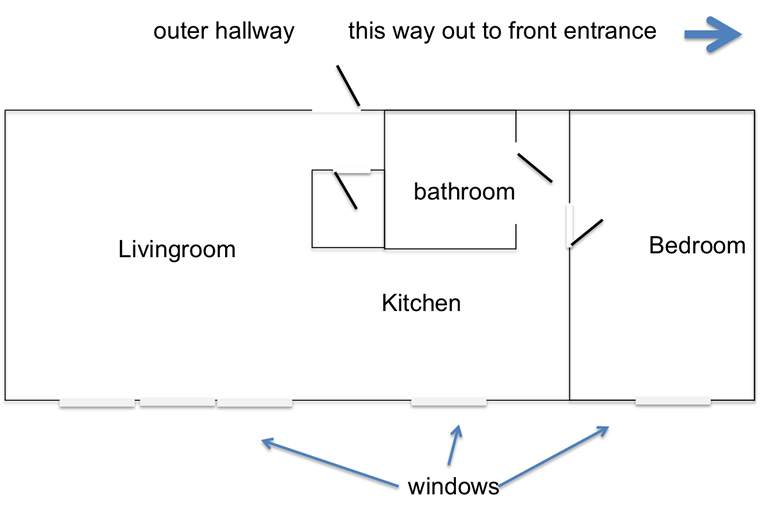
Thirty years ago when my wife, Annie, was young and pretty and sometimes silly, before we had kids and debt and workdays that we hated, she was easily coaxed to do things that I wanted her to do and which nowadays she would never admit to have done, and which I think my kids would be shocked to know what their mother had done.

But you see we were all young once and there was a time when curiosity and sexual arousal and drinking could make a very strong intoxication, and if she was a little embarrassed that was part of the thrill, and she'd endure the embarrassment for her love of me, and for the sake of her own pleasure.

So we were what I would call just kids ourselves, newly married, 21 (me) and 20 (she)—I remember I was working a factory job for the summer; my last year in college coming up. Annie was waitressing at an Italian restaurant.

We had a basement apartment near the university. Cheap. One bedroom. One of those mod units built of brick in the Fifties. There were a whole city block of these units, side by side, we were in the middle of the five of them. Barely enough room between them to throw a cat, and waste paper and other garbage got blown in between them. That is what you saw if you looked out our living room window. Looking out and up at a brick wall, for on this side there were no windows to other basement apartments, that way, people could not see in, was my guess. But, there were apartments on the first floor and second floors above us, and I am sure people could look down and inside our apartment that way. Could look in right down in on our bed, in fact, because we had the bed shoved up underneath our window there. Or look down on our sofa in the living room. I am telling you all these details because they will be important to the story.

It was a small apartment: the kitchen was just an alcove off the living room where you came in from the central hallway, which led to the front entrance up a stairwell; the bedroom was beyond kitchen; the bathroom with a tub was tucked in behind the kitchen alcove. Here is just a little drawing to give you the layout.



To get back to my story—and my wife would not appreciate my telling this—she'd rather just forget it, I guess—not that she is a prude, but all of us have regrets. Anyway, in the first part of my marriage there were several things that happened. Some were my idea or my fault. Some just happened when things got out of control. We survived them. Some of them were not pleasant. Some were fun. They were all sexual adventures that give me a hard-on still when I think of them. I wonder if Annie gets juicy thinking about it. I don't think so, I think some of it she would like to forget, but I don't see how she can.

So let's start from the start.

So the first instances were just careless exhibitionism. I liked the idea of my wife being seen naked by other men. I don't know why. I will never understand why. But somehow her being seen naked made her more sexually exciting to me, and in my mind I thought she took excitement in it too and that excited me even more.

I am guessing it has to do with sexual fantasies from when I was a kid. I always wanted to see the neighbor girl naked and I thought she wanted me to see her naked. I window peeped. I was just thirteen or so. She was sixteen. Seeing her in bra and panties was real thrill. She knew I was there, I was certain, because she'd leave her curtain parted just a little and deliberately undressed, looking at that gap in curtains with coy glances. How I wished she'd take off her bra and panties too. I shivered outside her window wishing it so hard, thinking I could just will her to do it. But of course my mind control never worked; she did not do it. Still I am certain she knew I was there, and that she deliberately sat about in her underwear with the curtain parted so I could see her.

Anyway when we were first married I took some pleasure in seeing that our curtains at our bedroom window were parted a little when she undressed but did not quite have the courage to get her to put on a real show. One time, fooling around in the living room on the sofa—because when we were first married we'd fuck anywhere just for the excitement of it—not just in the bedroom, but in the bath, in the kitchen, anywhere I could get her clothes off—we were so obsessed with fucking so much—anyway, we were in the living room and had fucked and I kept her naked, had her go naked around the apartment with all the lights on, curtains open, while I watched TV (also still naked); and so we were talking about what things turned us on, what sexual fantasies we had, and I admitted to her that I'd like to see her take her clothes off in front of some other guys and she looked at me surprised, but not really shocked; she shook her head but she was smiling and I told her it would be alright. And I asked her: "Would you do that?" She shook her head, but she was thinking about it. I asked her again. She said: "Who?" That gave my hard-on a twinge. She laughed to see it jerk. I said: "How 'bout now?"

Somehow, on a lark then, I got her to go to the door and I pulled on my jeans and followed her barefoot as she went out into the hallway naked. Now it was maybe midnight, so who would be there? She went nervously naked down the hall, jumping at noises, and crouching, looking back at me, calling me a "sicko," crept up the stairway to the well-lit front entry of the apartment, where all the mailboxes are, and great glass door with glass sidelights looking out and stood at that glass door, naked for all the world to see. A car went by and she ran back to the apartment giggling. I wished she'd gone outside and told her so. We fucked like animals. We were both breathless. I was certain she had found the whole thing as sexually intriguing as I did.

So anyway this led to other dares and experiments. Leaving the lights on and curtains open when I stripped her before making love. Stripping her on walks in the woods and hoping somebody would come along. Then one time, I stripped her in the car while we were driving out of state to visit her parents. Her sitting naked in the passenger side of our VW while semi-trucks cruised by and down shifted to run side-by-side to see my naked wife. One trucker motioned to her to masturbate but she would not, and we got off at the next exit to escape him. She did not do that again.

But in our motel room that night she did strip as she stood up on a chair in front of the window with the curtain drawn open and all the lights on. I went outside to see how someone looking in might see her and it was incredible. I stood outside myself and masturbated looking at her standing and stripping in the lamplight. Unfortunately we were too far back from the highway, so I don't think she had any other audience than me.

But these were the things that got us playing with fire. And as for me they just got me more and more crazy in my thinking. That time with the truck driver really gave me a pang. I told her that I wished she had masturbated for him. She looked at me strangely and she did not say no. So I wondered.

The first serious instance of showing off my wife came then when we were drinking one night with one of my friends who had come over for the purpose of drinking. And she got very drunk and him too. Now they had always been friends, and in fact she had dated him before she had dated me. So it was perhaps only natural that it happened. Anyway I was out of the room to take a pee and when I came back I saw them from the darkness of the kitchen where they didn't see me standing. They were on the sofa side by side where'd we'd been sitting, she in the middle between us, sitting under a floor lamp. The TV on at the corner of the room. The coffee table in front of them. I can still remember it vividly. Anyway I was just as drunk as they were. Standing there in the dark, I saw them kissing. Instead of getting upset I was fascinated. They were really mashing their mouths together and they both acted like they were horny enough to fuck. My friend had pushed her sweatshirt up and she wasn't wearing a bra. He tits were showing ,and he was feeling a nipple. It looked like they had done this before and liked doing it. With tits exposed, his hand left her tits and reached into the front of her shorts. She put her hand to his and stopped him then and pulled her sweatshirt down. I ducked back into the bathroom and then made point of turning on the light in the kitchen when I came out and of course I found them watching TV and looking like nothing had happened.

Nothing more did happen, but it got me obsessing. I guessed or at least I fantasized they were fooling around when I wasn't around. In the end, in the middle of one of our own mad fucks, I put it to her to tell me. She loved me. I did not doubt it. I was not jealous. I actually wanted her to tell me about it. I more than half hoped it was true. And it turned out I was right. They had been another time, a time previous to the time I had seen when I was gone to work. During the middle of the day actually. He had come over to see her and she was still in her nightie watching TV, the nightie through which the color of her nipples showed, and he had started necking with her on the sofa, putting his hand up under her nightie and feeling her bare skin and feeling her between her legs (which she said she did not want him to do) and wanted more and was coaxing her to let him "do it" for old-time's sake. And she admitted then that yes she had fucked him before we were married, and so, yes, she had let him strip off her nightie and sat beside him naked on the sofa while he felt her up, but she claimed she refused to fuck him.

I asked her candidly: "Did you give him a blow job?"

She looked at me ironically, blushing, and uncomfortable: "No... Why do you ask that?"

I shrugged. I asked again: "Did you?" She sighed and said he wanted her too. He had asked her to. She had done a little but had stopped. I asked if she ever had done it to him. She asked me why I wanted to know, and I told her I just did: "And anyway I love you." And for reasons I did not understand it made me unbelievably excited. I did not tell her that, but she knew it. "It's okay if you do," I told her. And I saw that either she had already done it, or she wanted to do it. She said she never had.

I didn't really believe her. We fucked. Later on--after it--we were just cuddling. I kissed and told her again it was okay if she had sex with another man. She admitted then: "Yes... Once."

"When?" I wanted to know, "Before we were married?"

"No," she admitted. "After?"

I looked at her. She was unhappy about this, but I reassured her. I really was not angry at her or jealous. "When? What happened?"

She said another time--not what I saw. She did not want to tell me. She said: "It won't happen again."

All of this of course obsessed me even more. I wondered how many more of my friends had visited during the day while she lounged in her nightie, seeing her nipples showing, putting their hands up under it and copping a feel.

I had no reason to think this. I never put it to her. But I realized that I actually liked the thought of it.

**Installment 2 -- Annie sucks off her old boyfriend while I watch from outside.**

So this led to the first serious time that I coerced her to put on a "show" for me. The first of several until she refused to do anymore.

This first time was an obvious ploy for me to play on Annie, because she was still sexually intrigued by my friend, whom I will call Gary.

Gary had been my friend even before he was hers. I had known him since I was a teenaged boy, and in fact he had joined me in peeping into our neighbor girl's window more than once. He always claimed he saw more than I did, swore he saw her take her bra off, but I did not believe him. He lied about things like that a lot.

Gary had dated Annie before I did, as I said, and of course he had tales to tell, about what she let him "do" and what she let him "see." But that was a long time ago. Gary was not guy to get a lot of girls, in truth. But I knew he still had a "hard-on" for Annie. For that matter, a lot of my friends did, trying to cop a feel when we were drinking together. And she, being the only girl in the crowd and a "good sport" and being the only married woman they knew, made her a great attraction. If other girls they knew might refuse them because they were virgins, they did not have to worry about that with her, and—hey—if she got pregnant, who is to know who the daddy is? Somehow too the idea that she was regularly fucking meant she was available to fuck, even if she was married. What's another fuck to a married woman who gets fucked all time? That was the mindset, I think.

So Gary was at her often, she admitted. And so were the others. It was something of a thing to talk about among them. There were some exaggerated stories. But Gary had had some success to brag about and particularly the idea that she willingly gave him a blow-job and, he claimed, swallowed it, that was the like Holy Grail of sex—to find a pretty girl to do that, who enjoyed doing that, who swallowed it—that was the what each wanted more than anything. Forget falling in love. If my wife would suck them off, she would be their favorite girl.

So in the twisted view of all my male friends, my wife was like hunting a doe, and stalking her sexually was the main recreation for them that summer. My working days (while most of them still lived at home, sponging off their parents) meant she was just easy prey for them; besides she had shown she was ready to be pursued. How often had they found her in her flimsy nightie, with or without me around? How often had she let them put their hands up her sweatshirt when I was out of the room?

When I finally did it with her the first time, it was on an impulse. Gary had come over on a Thursday night and we had been drinking, although I had to work the next day and really should not have been, but he could get me started, so there you go. Annie came home about ten from her waitress job and changed clothes—not putting on her nightie, like I had hoped she would—but put on one of my t-shirts and some shorts and joined us on the sofa and tried to catch up with our drinking. We had no air-conditioning. It was a warm humid night. We had all the windows open to get what breeze we could. But just sitting there we were all perspiring. The TV had on reruns of Happy Days.

Annie was up to our level drunkenness in a hurry. She was always a cheap date. A few drinks would do her. I suppose the notion I had of her doing a "show" had been on my mind since Gary had come. I was disappointed she had not come out in her nightie, but the way Gary was looking at her, and her sitting next to him so comfortably, feet tucked up under her on the sofa, laughing and teasing him when he flirted with her, I think it was just too much.

I went to the bathroom and came back, hoping to find something going on, but nothing doing. I motioned for her to come over and talk to me. That is when I told her what I wanted; she looked at me seriously; she did not object; all she said was: "Are you sure?" I said: "Yes... If you're sure?" She looked at me seriously and repeated: "You're sure?" I kissed her and told her it was what I wanted. She turned from me slowly and went back to the sofa.

I pretended that I was going to bed. That is what she would tell Gary. I didn't turn the light on in our bedroom. I stood on the bed and removed the screen from our window and hoisted myself out onto the lawn between the apartment buildings and crawled along, taking care to stay out of direct light showing up against the brick wall of the next building, creeping close enough to peer into the windows over our sofa where Annie had come to sit again, as she was before, holding now another drink. She and Gary watched TV.

Nothing happened. I almost thought I was going to have to crawl back through the window and get her to come in the bedroom and explain it to her, to get her to start something. But I did not need to. I think she was just thinking it over and waiting for Gary to make the first move. Gary was probably waiting to make sure I was asleep. I could hear the TV. They did not talk. I didn't know for sure what she told him. Had she told him I was going to sleep? Then during a commercial it started: he turned and put his hand on her thigh and leaned toward her and kissed her. She kissed him back He put his hand on her front. She did not remove it. She was stilling kissing him without resistance. She was still holding her drink. It was awkward but he fumbled to put his hand under the T-shirt, feeling her bare waist and raising his hand slowly.. Still kissing. She said something I did not hear. She was smiling at him. She shook her head. What did that mean?

But he took her drink from her and put it on the coffee table while she looked at him, smiling. Then as he was not looking at her, she glanced up at the window. I don't think she saw me, but she must have known I was there. Gary had turned back to her and sat closer to her on the sofa and leaned in to kiss her; she leaned back against the arm of it, putting her hands up as he leaned against her body to kiss her warmly; she, closing her eyes, kissed him back. He put his hand under her T-shirt and raised it easily to feel her breasts; still she did not resist, or refuse, and still she kissed him warmly.

I suppose Gary was guessing he had better press his advantage, but I expect he was also thinking that she would put a stop to it, like she always had, although there must have been at least the one time where she gave in and he had got what he was after. Because of that, he wanted to try again. He said things to her I did not hear. She looked warm, flushed; she nodded. I saw but did not hear her say: "Yes." And as she looked into his eyes, he took the bottom of the T-shirt and lifted it up, pausing to look at her bare tits, with her head trussed up inside it, and to suck up a nipple, and lick around the other one, and then pulled the shirt off her head and tossed it to the floor. She, leaning back again, smiled at him as he looked at her tits and said something, looking at her face now and feeling her breasts, lightly teasing her nipples. The main TV program had come back on.

They talked like this. He, playing with her breasts; she smiles at him, replying. My wife, by the way, had small breasts in those days, before she had kids, and they got milk-filled and her nipples widened and darkened. In those days they were a soft bouncy balls, with puffy nipples the size of walnuts, a pale plum color, and his attentions to them drew them to wet puckered points. He took off his shirt. The both of them were glowing with perspiration. He wanted to fuck her. I think he told her so. She smiled at him but shook her head. He was not going to give up. He took hold the waist band of her shorts—and underpants too—and drew them off her hips, out from under her as she sat, not fighting him, and with one hand immediately plunged between her legs, his other stripped her shorts and underpants away and to the floor. She parted her legs to let him finger her; she was obviously sexually aroused. She was caressing his neck as he kissed her, feeling her cunt, two or three fingers deep in her, and began to earnestly finger-fuck her. She looked ready to fuck.

He must have thought so. He stood and pushed his pants and undershorts down to show her his erection. This was actually the first time I had seen another man's erection in the flesh. Not Annie's first time. She had seen this one before. He was smaller than me, but it stuck out straight up, circumcised, its randy knob darker than the shaft. She stared at it, smiling, while he stared between her wide-open legs, as she lays back on the sofa and left herself exposed to him on purpose. He moved to mount her, leaning over her, and laying on top of her.

His back was to me and I could not see her face. She did not put up her hands to stop him. She did not resist. He was between her legs, her legs parted wider for him, to receive him. He pressed himself against her. He must have put his cock up inside her. I could not see it go in, and wished I could, that is how intently I was watching and wishing her to do this. I started masturbating myself.

Her right hand went lightly to his back, she gently held him. He began fucking her. His buttock clenching as he hunched and pushed for penetration. He stroked it several times. But her left hand now pushed against him. She pushed him to back off and sit down. His penis slipped out, waggled where he sat, I could see it as he sat back, wet with her. She sat up and if she said something to him, I did not see it or hear it. Perhaps she just guided him gently, but she leaned forward, over his lap, taking his penis in her hand, feeling it lightly with her fingertips as she gazed into his eyes and then leaning so that her breasts grazed his thighs, she put her mouth on his erection, taking it in by half, closing her eyes as she did, and began to bob her head smoothly on it and using her tongue on it (or so I guessed by his pleased response). His hand went to the top her head, his eyes closed. She began to suck him off, lightly bobby her head on his prick as he sat back, as he relaxed and enjoyed it. He spoke to her. She did not take her mouth off of him. She almost smiled.

Her eyes closed, flushed, she caressed his penis as she sucked on it; she pumped it with her hand now as she bobbed her head on it. His eyes closed tightly. He stiffened. He held her head tightly with both his hands, though he did not need to, and he came freely in her mouth. She stiffened also. She, very flushed, holding his penis in a fist, swallowed it. I could see how she swallowed it. She continued holding his penis tightly, not moving her head on his penis, but obviously moving her tongue, obviously sucking eagerly, while he let out the breath he had been holding since he began to ejaculate into her mouth, and sighing and smiling broadly, he said something endearing to her as he stroked her hair and watched her face, her mouth smiling on his spent penis, finished. She lifted her head from it, looking at it, squeezing it, kissed the head of it, and then glanced up at me knowingly, at the window where I was hiding, as if to say: "Are you happy now?"

She looked at Gary sheepishly and laughed at something he said, putting her fingers to her mouth to wipe what she thought might be on her lips. She cleared her mouth of the taste of him and reached for her drink and sipped it, while he reached under her leaning torso and felt her dangling breast. She picked up her T-shirt from the floor, stood and pulled it over her head and smoothed it to her body. It did not quite cover her front completely. She went to the kitchen as she was; he looks at her bare ass as she walked away and made herself another drink; he, studying her pussy as she returned with a fresh drink, said something and she laughed and shook her head of hair and smoothed it from her face and said something sweetly to him. The both of them looking down at his still erect penis and he said whatever it was again, and she laughed and shook her head and sipped her drink. He sighed and stood and pulled up his undershorts over his erection, then pulled up, zipped up his pants. He sat. She tucked her feet under her legs, her thighs bare, a bit of her tummy showing under the T-shirt, but how she sat her sex was modestly hid from him, but for the showing a portion of pubic hair. They talked quietly. The TV was still on. Another rerun of Happy Days was starting.

I crept back into the bedroom. Got into bed and masturbated a second time. She did not come to bed until well after 3 am and I wondered then if she had let him fuck her after all or sucked him off a second time. I had hardly slept and when she got into bed I awoke and I immediately and passionately fucked her; it felt like I had been the second one inside her that night, which made me only more passionate. And for her part, she could not get enough. I called in "sick" for work in the morning, went back to bed and fucked her to wake her up and fucked her again before we got up for breakfast. We fucked all day.

**Installment 3 -- Annie Strips in front of my Friends while I spy from the window.**

That was the beginning—or actually the middle of—the wild summer I am talking about.

We had only been married a year. It was really our first summer together and our first apartment. Because my high school buddies from my old neighborhood still lived at home during the summer, and because ours was the only apartment they could go to and drink, and because I was the only one married out of our crowd, they came over often.

Even during the weekdays we drank. It was new. And it was hot. And they came to see my wife too. And she wore her nightie because it was hot, even though it was a bit revealing.

This nightie—actually a negligee—had been given to her by her girlfriends for her honeymoon trousseaux. It was supposed to be sexy; three layers of sheer rayon, blue, came to mid-thigh, was sleeveless, ruffled at the scooped neckline, hanging there by a tie so loosely on her shoulders, so precariously that a good tug and it would fall to her feet in a heap. Without much effort you could make out the dark circles of her nipples underneath, and her dark hairy pussy, not so revealing as to show detail, but the shadow was obvious. It was enough to make my buddies eager to see more. And I think she knew it—how could she not?—and she could see it for herself in the bathroom mirror. She said she wore it because it was hot and she liked it, and she didn't mind if the "boys" noticed things; after all she wasn't naked.

She called them "boys" for good reason—well, partly it was because she was a "married woman" and so felt more grown-up than them. But also they acted like "boys," not a care in the world. And besides one of them was still in high school—Steve, Gary's little brother. There were four of them—Gary who'd had his cock sucked by my wife—at least twice that I knew of—and then Steve (his brother) and then Jim and finally Pete. This was the main crew, my four buddies from high school. I had known them longer than I had known her. They could ask anything of me, and I would do it. There were also some others that came and went—in particular Jon, who I did not like, who was Gary's friend. Jon was everything Gary was not, thought himself a real lady's man, and bragged about it.

Well, now Gary had something to brag about too. The fact of copping a feel was a common sport among all of them, as I said, so that did not distinguish him, but seeing her naked, that was something to talk about, and now he could say, without doubt, that he could get her to suck his cock—and swallow his cum—if he wanted. Or so he told them, I have heard.

This was more or less what I wanted him to think and what I wanted them to hear. After spying on my wife and Gary, my fantasies now turned to the whole gang of them seeing her naked. That is what I wanted now. But how can I get her to do it?

Well, it was not as hard as I thought it would be.

They often came to visit when I was at work and catching Annie in her nightie was part of the purpose. Sitting around with her on the sofa watching TV, they might get a glimpse up her thigh when she got up or sat down. Or the real deal was, get her drunk.

Almost all of them had a story of sitting next to her and kissing her when they were drunk. Gary had the best stories, but they all tried more than once to slip a hand up her leg under her nightie.

For the most part Annie thought this all just fun. She teased them, she knew, but she was not serious and did not think they were serious either. Except for Gary, of course. And that was only because in the first instance she had gotten sexually excited and had given in, and in the second instance because I asked her to do it. But she did not think she would ever do it again and thought she could refuse him or discourage him.

But within a few days of my "show" she was visited one morning—she in her nightie as usual—by Gary and his friend Jon. They hung around and wanted something, she could tell. They drank coffee and watched TV, and Gary and Jon kept giving her bare legs the leer, and she felt uncomfortable sitting between the two of them, especially uncomfortable with Jon staring at her chest, and so on. Finally Gary put a move on her while Jon sat, leaned in on her, and actually tried to add his own caresses, while Gary kissed her and felt a tit through her nightie. She responded a bit but then pushed him off with a light laugh and got up for a pee. Gary followed her to the bathroom and while she was sitting on the toilet, he opened the door. The two of them at the bathroom door looking down between her legs for a peak, which she quickly covered with her hand. Of course she was annoyed and demanded: "What are you doing?" Gary smirking, Jon seeming more sinister: they explained they wanted her to give them blowjobs; that is why they came. She shook her head and simply said: "I don't think so . . . . "

Jon then laid the blackmail on her: if she didn't do it, they would tell her husband that she had. She laughed at this. That surprised them both. "Go ahead," she laughed, and slammed the bathroom door shut in their faces. When she came out, they were gone. She put on her clothes, did laundry, read a book, took a nap. That was her day.

She told me the story when I got home after work. I felt a pang of arousal when I heard the story. I said to Annie: "You can, if you want to. . . ." She gave me an odd look. I followed her into the bedroom, and we talked some more. But I did not press the point. I was frankly a little squeamish about her taking off her clothes in front of all of them. It would change how they looked at me, as well as how they looked at her. It might ruin our friendship, and if they knew that I wanted her to do it, I would feel ashamed of myself and they would think of me as pathetic. But at the same time I really wanted her to do it and I wanted to see it.

Surprisingly, without any shame at all, Gary showed up that very night after dinner for the usual drinks and TV, bringing along his brother Steve, and soon enough we were visited, per usual, by my buddies Jim and Bill. Nothing was said by Gary about what had happened, nothing hinted at. But I guessed that at least his brother Steve knew about it, and all of them seemed edgy, waiting for something to happen. Annie sensed this too. It gave us all—Annie, me and the boys too—giddy feelings of tension and anticipation that were frankly sexual for all of us. I think we all knew that something could happen.

I took her aside at one point and spoke to her in the kitchen privately. I never really told her to do it. But she knew what I wanted, and I saw she would do it if I wanted her to do it. So finally I said vaguely: "You can let them just look. . . you know. . . you don't have to do anything. . . ."

She said: "What do you want?"

I said: "What do you want?"

She knew what I wanted. I did not know what she wanted. I wanted her to want it, but I did not know if she did. Annie looked at intently and waited for me to say it. I did not. But nonetheless she gave in. She went into the bedroom and I knew she would take off her clothes and put on her nightie. That could only mean she would do it.

Annie came out in her nightie and the "boys" were all attentive and quiet. She sat down on the sofa with the bunch of them, having gotten another drink. She tucked her feet up under legs, like she does, and leaned against Gary comfortably. Gary put his arm around her bare shoulder.

They tried not to look at what they wanted to look at, except for Gary who seemed not to feel embarrassed about how he ogled her.

The usual pretense followed. I stood in the kitchen and told them that I had to get up for work early. Actually I did. I put my drink down unfinished on the kitchen table and stumbled drunkenly off to the bedroom. Once I was in the bedroom I stood on the bed and removed the screen and once again snuck through the grass, to creep closer to and peer into the windows over the sofa. She still sat amongst them. They watched TV. Once more, there was a long time of waiting and anticipation and the mosquitoes were bad and I was feeling like giving up on it, that Annie would just chicken out.

Annie had got up twice to get more liquid courage. The "boys" leering at her legs as she walked away. They seemed like predators, watching her get drunk and not drinking more themselves. It was like they understood what was going to happen, but I know that none of them did. I know that for certain—by the expression I saw on Jim's and Pete's face when she really did it: a total surprise.

Annie was drunk enough that when she stood up again she felt dizzy and giggled, and Gary reached up and held her hips to steady her. It was also a way to cop a feel. I saw him look over at the others as he slightly lifted her nightie behind her to give them a peek.

Steve looking up the back of her nightie, I think, saw her bare butt for the first time.

She braced herself and laughed and pushed Gary's hands off her hips; she knew what he was doing. She stumbled a little as she turned and said something I did not hear. Then she staggered to the TV and braced herself against it and pushed a button so that it went off. I could hear her now when she turned back, looking at them sheepishly, brushing hair from her face and smiling said: "Okay. . . Okay. . . I know. . . ." She wavered where she stood. "If I do it . . . . what you want, " She smiled. "If I do it, then you got to promise. . . ." She paused. They looked confused and hopeful. Gary grinned. "If I do what you want, then you must promise not to tell. . . ."

She was very drunk, it was true: I wondered if she would remember any of this in the morning.

"Okay?" she slurred, "You won't tell him. . . . Okay?"

No one said anything. She answered herself: "Okay. . . ."

She stepped uncertainly to the center of the room and turned to face them. She smiled. I moved to the other end of the window quickly, so that I could see her face and see the front of her as she did it. No one noticed my movements. They were staring intently up at her.

Looking down at the front of her negligee, smiling dreamily, Annie teased to untie the string at on the top of the negligee, to pull it slowly out, her eyes dancing, almost giggling but silently happy; the gown slackened as it loosened about her shoulders; it sloughed to one side, baring her shoulder, slipping to the swell of her breast. Now looking directly at Steve, she drew it off one shoulder and then the other and it caught momentarily, hesitating to fall, on the stiffened tips of her breasts, then plunged completely and liquidly to the floor, to pool about her feet; and now my young pretty wife stood there, entirely naked, for my friends, exactly as I had always hoped to witness and I masturbated eagerly to see it.

No one spoke.

She relished their sexual arousal, their lewd stares. Annie paused, her hands lightly on the front of her thighs, her mouth open in her own sexual arousal for them, and smiling, unashamed, naked for their pleasure and her own.

Then, looking down at her feet, still smiling dreamily, she carefully stepped out the spilled negligee and stepped around the coffee table and sat on it, her legs parted, her hands on her thighs.

Leaning back on her left arm, she placed first one foot between Gary's legs on the edge of the sofa, and then placed the other between Steve's legs, so that she splayed her cunt to their view.

With her right hand she touched herself dreamily, her whole breast caressing, then traced the line of her body, her belly to the top of her cunt and inserted fingers into her wetness and asked them coyly: "Is this what you wanted?"

Pete at least nodded appreciatively; no one else spoke but they grinned and fidgeted and leaned to peer closely at her efforts. They and I watched her masturbate; her expression serious, sobering, and her face flushing; though she was drunk she swiftly climaxed, closing her eyes, tossing her head, with a gasp and girlish sigh, and having finished felt of her vulva with an open palm, finding it very wet, wiped the wetness across her bare belly, and laughed lightly at how they still looked at her in awe and in their own raw unfinished sexual arousal.

She stood up, smiling coyly, and said softly: "Goodnight, boys" and walked naked to our bedroom, went in and quietly shut the door. I watched my friends for a minute or two as they spoke eagerly about what they had seen in low voices and then convinced that she would not be coming back left the apartment in two groups. They left all the lights on.

I found Annie in bed passed out and unresponsive to my fucking, but I fucked her any way.

In the morning she remembered it all very well. I was pleased and told her how I loved her and how exciting it was to watch and how much the "boys" had enjoyed it.

She asked: "It is what you wanted?"

"It was wonderful," I told her, and in fact it was more than I had expected. I had not thought to ask her to masturbate. She had done that for her own pleasure as well as mine. It still gives me a hard-on to think of it. My wife in those days, in those few wild weeks that summer, had abandoned herself to her sexual being and I have never loved her more than this, nor ever found her more sexually alluring than when she was naked for other men and liberally gave her whole body—her open mouth, her ready cunt—all of her body—to as many men who wanted her.

**Fourth Installment -- She Enjoys Sucking Cock**

The consequence of her "show" of course was the expectation that she would do it again. I knew that. I wanted it.

And of course it encouraged Gary to expect her to fuck him or suck him off again. The other "boys" now talked about "doing it" to her as well. Gary's friend, Jon, who looked at Annie as a trophy to win, also was reinforced in his expectations and set about his own schemes to get what he wanted, one way or another.

Some of this I did not anticipate.

Late in the flow of these events, after she and I both became disillusioned with our "adventures," Jon came to the apartment with two strangers one afternoon, while I was at work. Annie warily let him in, and he simply bullied her to cooperate. She did not tell me of this incident until much later. She was truly ashamed of it. She had willingly taken off her shorts and shirt for them and let them take encouragement from her responses; they had cajoled her that much.

But it ended in disgust and dismay for her. They took turns roughly fucking her with her underpants dangling at an ankle where Jon had finally jerked them down to her feet, her bra dangling about her waist where he'd jerked it down to free her tits for groping. They took their turns fucking her from behind, while they mocked her for her submission but held her against her will on her hands and knees on the carpet in the living room; and while one fucked her over the back of her, one held her and molested her tits, and the third one crouched over her face, holding her head tightly, and fucked her in the mouth. They repeated this brutal tag-team on her for hours and hours until she was exhausted, and they had spent every fluid ounce of cum they could, feeding it to her swollen mouth or shooting it up her sorry cunt.

This degradation was the last of these "adventures" for Annie.

But, as I say, for the most part this summer was not sinister like this until the very end. Then, as I say, we had both become disillusioned and Annie eventually would never speak of it, not even recall the good times.

Still, I remember it all mostly fondly.

In the days immediately after she first undressed for my friends, our sexual adventures were innocent and fun. The sexual play was play. Our sexual satisfactions were thrilling and mutual and—well—playful. Truly. We all enjoyed it. She enjoyed it most of all.

I admit I had some angst of jealousy at times, because she unabashedly enjoyed sex with the "boys" so much. Often having sexual parties with them that I did not witness and some of which I shall probably never know, and there were probably other men whom I did not know about, whom she had sex with, because the stories my friends tell of her also involve some of their friends whom I did not know. Altogether I suppose Annie made love to more than two dozen men in the span of those sultry six or eight weeks.

The first was not Gary, though he kept trying, and would eventually succeed. He came with his brother, Steve, the day after she had done her "show" for them.

She met them at the door, dressed for the day in one of my T-shirts and shorts. They were disappointed not to catch her in her nightie. She let them in, though she guessed what they wanted.

She was not surprised when Gary tried to pull her T-shirt up. She smiled at him, dancing away: "You promised...." Steve caught her, held her. Gary lifted the front of her T-shirt. She was not wearing a bra. She smiled at him warmly as he fondled her, Steve looking on. Steve let go his grip and she drew her T-shirt down and told him: "You will have to leave, if you can't stop it..." She laughed when he almost begged her for a fuck. Steve looked embarrassed for his brother. But his brother was good-natured about it, it was the tease he enjoyed as much as winning her over to strip and give in. He repeated his idle threat to tell me what she had done. She playfully pouted and said again: "You promised..."

Steve was confused. He had no desire to tell me. He hoped he could get from her what it seemed to her she was willing to give to others. Why not him?

So two days later, Steve was back by himself. This time, he did catch Annie in her nightie.

It was so obvious to her why he came, as she told me later, still flushed with the pleasure of it, that she felt flattered by his wide-eyed fascination with her. So on her own initiative, without anything but the most awkward overtures from the shy boy, she stood up from the sofa where they had been watching TV, and baited him with her looks, and then slowly took off her nightie in front of him, dropped it and stood naked for him while he stared, open-mouthed and obviously aroused. He tentatively touched a naked thigh, felt it up to her pussy hair, feeling her there, and then reached up to feel a jutting nipple. He stood. They kissed.

She opened his jeans, put her hand inside his undershorts to feel his erection. He ejaculated soon at the touch of her fingers. He felt ashamed. She laughed. He did not soften. He could ejaculate several times in a row, she guessed, and so she undressed him and took his hand and led him to our bed where they laid down and fucked in various ways for a continuous couple of hours, she takes his ejaculations inside of her twice and one that spilled when he was between positions.

After she got up to go to the bathroom, he still lay in the bed, still erect, so when she returned, she straddled him where he lay and fucked him, as he grabbed her tits and felt her all over, until she was certain he was ready to cum again, and tilted off his legs, his dick springing out of her, slapped down and jerked on his flat of his belly. She knelt at his hips, laid her head on his belly just above his jerking dick, and took the head of his dick fully in her mouth and sucked him. She did not touch him. He hardly moved. She moved her tongue on it, and he spent himself into her mouth. She said it was wonderful to have so much control over the boy. She could make him cum as much as she wanted, she laughed.

My only regret is that I did not see it, I told her. She kissed me with that same mouth that had swallowed his cum, and we undressed each other as we made our way to the bedroom, she telling me how much she had enjoyed fucking the boy, and I imagining it as we laid down naked on the same unmade bed on which she and he had been naked, fucking her earlier that day, and so we made love also. She was eager to fuck me, even though she had already been fucked—what?—four, five times by Steve that day. God, I loved her then.

I asked her then as we were making love. "Would you fuck them while I watched?" She did not ask if I meant it or if I was sure. With my dick inside her and both of us approaching orgasms, she said simply, softly: "Yes..."

Afterwards as we lay in the stew of our cum and sweat on the bed in the dark, I explained myself, that I meant for her to fuck all four of them. She, with her head on my chest, stilling feeling my limp wet penis with her fingers, and making it rise again, did not respond. I made it as clear to her as I could: "I mean, fuck all of them together... at the same time. You know what I mean?" And, as she edged her head toward my erection, before she took it in her mouth, she said softly: "I know..." She took what she could from me, urging it with her tongue and her fingers lightly feeling me. I think it was just a quick spurt, but she sighed and swallowed sweetly. God, I loved her so much then.

**Fifth Installment -- I Finally See Her Fucked by My Friends**

I expected they would take the opportunity to fuck her if she was presented as a likely possibility to be fucked. But my first efforts to entice them, or rather hers, were met with awkwardness. They did not seem understand what she hinted. Even necking with Gary on the sofa, while she sat between them, all of them watching her, even his lifting her nightie as he kissed her, exposing her belly, her pussy to them, even lifting them to her tits, did not get them to join in. No one else touched her even as she was half-naked.

She finally told me she thought she'd just have to come out, strip in front of them, and tell them they had to fuck her, or they never would try.

But before that happened, something else broke the ice. It was the third try. Once more in her nightie, once more all of us drinking, once more I yawned and called it a night, then crept out the window to watch them, hoping they would fuck my wife.

The usual fooling around started, this time she turned away from Gary who was feeling her through her nightgown and started kissing Jim and put his hand onto her naked thigh and he did not need much encouragement to slip a finger into her, as I could see.

But Gary got up to make another drink for himself and others and found and announced they were out of whisky. He said they should go get some before the liquor store was closed. But Annie was the only one who is twenty-one, so she would have to go in and buy it, but she wasn't dressed. She smiled, pulled her nightie down, Jim sitting uncomfortably with his unsatisfied erection, and said: "Let's go."

This was lark. My nearly naked wife out on the road with them, going into a liquor store near closing time in an almost see-through nightie. They all would go. Before I could get back to the bedroom they were gone. I ended up sitting on the sofa waiting for them to return. It seemed to me that they took a very long time. I was not worried exactly, but felt gnawed by some jealousy, which was really strange, because I could crouch outside and look down at her naked and kissing and fondled and watch her suck a guy's cock and take a lot of sexual satisfaction in it, but I worried thinking she was on her own doing it, without my knowledge (and consent) stripped naked, fondled, and sucking cock.

"What are they doing so long?" I wondered. I thought it an hour that had gone by. Jesus, I was agitated. There was no booze left in the place, and I had turned off the TV so I could hear them when they came in the front entry and down the hall, so I could run back to the bedroom and take up my spying on her outside. I was really going nuts.

I was wanting to go out and look for them, then I heard the front entry door and running in the hallway, laughing, shouts that they hushed up for fear of waking neighbors, and so I quickly rushed back to my bedroom and clambered out the window, to crouch and creep back to the living room window to spy again.

Our apartment door flew open and Annie ran in first—completely naked—and ran up to the ledge of the window and gripped it, looking up at me with a naughty grin. And did not turn around when the boys all rushed in. Gary the last, who shut it, told them hoarsely to keep the noise down; and it had been Steven (who had no shirt on) and Jim who were laughing and had chased Annie noisily into the apartment and now came after her, to molest her naked body, but she shrieked and giggling ran from their groping hands into the kitchen, where she escaped to put the kitchen table between them, teasing them, leaning over the table, her tits jiggling, out of breath, and making a mock struggle when the two "captured" her, coming around from two sides, and forcing her back to the living room.

Gary meanwhile had got completely undressed, and stood shamelessly stroking his cock, and Bill had himself got stripped to his undershorts and socks, his prick obviously stiff inside of it. She looked at both them and her hand went to her mouth in a mocked shock, staring at the erection in front of her. Steve having let go of her was undressing too, while Jim still one hand gripping her arm, had turned and put his other hand on her near breast, feeling it, and saying to her: "You got to do it now...."

Annie looked at him, smiling, and shook her head in refusal, but it was obviously playful, and even as she tried to back away from him, and break his hold of her, she was laughing. He caught her by the wrist, twisting it, and pulled her forcibly against him, and the two of them embraced and kissed in suffocating passion, as his hands roamed over naked buttock and sought to finger her between her legs. She kissed him back eagerly and straddled his hand to let his fingers enter her.

All of them but Bill were naked now but he undressed as Steve and Gary took my wife by her shoulders—against Bill's objections and her obvious reluctance—and turned her toward the coffee table and forced down, while she half-heartedly resisted, she knelt as Gary slipped in front of her, to sit on the coffee table and grope her tits, and told her plainly: "We're gonna fuck you silly."

She shook her head, laughing, and said: "I dare you." And he grinned and guided her head to put his prick into her objecting (but not resisting) mouth. Steven, crouching behind her, then deftly, quickly, and easily slipped his dick up into her cunt from behind. He fucked her while she sucked off Gary. The other two watched or leaned in to fondle her bobbling tits and her eyes closed, face flushed, she bobbed her head on Gary's dick. He held her head.

Variations of this followed and my wife never got off her knees. Steve was sucked off after Gary came in her mouth and Jim fucked her. Then Jim was sucked while Bill fucked her. Then on her hands and knees beside the coffee table she was face fucked by Bill while Gary finally got his dick in her from behind. He kept fucking her after Bill had been swallowed, and she rather collapsed on the floor, face down, Gary going down on her whole sweaty body, fucking her still. She lay still on the floor, naked, after Gary spent himself and she did not move while the "boys" stood over her looking at her and made up fresh drinks. Only Gary's dick had gone soft. The others still stood up like good soldiers and were ready for orders.

They may not have fucked her silly, like Gary promised they would, but they fucked her repeatedly: they fucked her without rest; they fucked her on her tummy; they fucked her on her back; they fucked while she had her knees held; they fucked her rocking on her knees; they fucked her on the sofa, on the coffee table, and on the floor; they fucked her until she was so breathless that she begged them to stop; they fucked her until she promised that, yes, they could do it to her again, and yes, they could do it again and again, if they would just now, please, please, stop and let her catch her breath. She laughed at them still eyeing her as she sat up and took a drink from Gary and asked Steve: "What did you do with my nightie?" He said it was in the car and she asked: "Be sweet and go get it for me?" He pulled his jeans on and went barefoot to the parking lot.

It was nearly 2 AM. I myself had masturbated to completion three times watching my wife get fucked. I could not imagine how she felt. My two big pleasures, as I told her afterwards, was actually seeing these guy's stiff dicks poking in and out of her cunt, the grunts and sloppy slapping sex sounds, but then especially to see the look on her face as they're doing it to her. Her warm sexual feelings, her pleasure getting fucked by friends still makes me hard when I think about it—I can't explain. Her flushed face, the sounds she made, aching and wanting and enjoying being fucked, really got to me—I had to take my hand off my own dick or would cum to soon. But actually seeing dick going into her, squirming and taking it with her whiny little squeals. And, Jesus, to see him actuallycumin her mouth and to see her face atthatmoment, to watch her swallowing cum spurting into her mouth, filling it so she had to swallow it quickly. Damn! I cannot tell you how I loved this.

She obviously loved it too. She promised to do it all again with them. Shewantedto do it again. This was too much.

When Steve came back with her nightie, she put it on and they all groaned in complaint, and she laughed and said she was sore and rubbed where it hurt. They had no sympathy. She laughed at them. I left them to talk it out and did not care if yet there was another suck off that I missed. I was wasted and crept off to bed. She didn't come to bed until almost dawn, obviously very drunk, and passed out.

I didn't wake her when I got up. I saw she had been stripped of her nightie again sometime after I had gone to bed; I found her nightie in the middle of the living room floor. Sofa cushions had been pulled onto the floor and the coffee table pushed away. I put everything back, cleaned up a little, put the glasses in the sink.

I didn't talk to her until I got home from work and told me the whole thing from her point of view.

We talked about it over dinner and a bottle of wine, and while it was sexually exciting to recall it, we were both too pooped to fuck. She gave me a suck for her "dessert," but we both went to bed early to sleep. It was the weekend and we could lounge in bed all the next day if we wanted.

Anyway, this is how Annie tells the story: Gary drove to the liquor store with Bill in front with him. She sat in back between Steve and Jim. Steve, having already fucked her, felt less inhibition fondling her, putting his hand up under her nightie and necking with her, while Jim seeing her more of less naked in the wash of streetlights, washing over her as they drove along, with her nightie shoved up and Steve fondling at it, put his hand on the other one. And her mouth full of Steve's tongue, she said nothing. Jim felt encouraged to continue and Bill turned around in the front seat to watch. Gary tried to pay attention to driving but shifted the rear-view mirror to get a glimpse and saw her naked and went through a red light. Luck was with them. No cops. Someone blasted a horn at them, and that caused Annie to break away and pull her nightie down and hold it while Steve kept teasing her to take it off and all of them began to chant: "Take it off.." She admitted to blushing and being pleased at the same time. But she refused. She said: "You want me to go in naked?"

Of course they said yes. When they got there, Steve made an effort to strip her, but she escaped from the car. Bill, who looked the oldest, would go into the store with her.

Annie had brought her checkbook and she usually keeps her driver's license with it, but she had taken it out for some reason, and had left it at home. So when she go to the counter, and she and Bill put down the booze, they rang up the sale and when she handed over her check, they asked for her ID. She did not have it.

Now it happened that it was weekday. There were no other customers in the place. It was nearly 10 pm and time to close. The two old guys that were there—the night manager and some buddy of his (as it turned out)—had been amused to see Annie barefoot in her skimpy nightie, come in with a load of boys in the car; they had exchanged wise-cracks, I am guessing. So when Annie could not produce her ID, the manager just shook his head and started to hand her check back to her but hesitated and said with a leer:"Unless you got some other proof of age on you..."

Annie took the meaning. She said: "Okay... but only just a look," and making sure there was no else in the place, she stepped back from the counter and lifted the front of her nightie to flash them her pussy and tits. She dropped the hem, and smoothed it over her legs, then came back to reach for the bag of booze, but he took hold of the bag of booze and would not let go, shaking his head—and I shall give him his name now, or at least what he later told Annie it was; it was George—George looked at his buddy (whom Annie said she never did know the name of) and said: "What you think? You think she looks old enough?" The other shook his head: "Nope."

Hank said: "We need to see it better than that...."

"What?" she looked astonished, "You want me to take it off?"

"Yeah, that'll do it..."

"Yup," said the other.

George leaned over the counter on his elbows and looked Annie over from head to toe and said: "Well?"

So Annie said she called him a fucker, but she did what he wanted, she took off her nightie. She held it in her hand, until he insisted that she drop it. Then she stood naked for them, turned herself for them as he asked her to do, while they "examined" her and discussed if she "looked old enough."

She was posed by them in a few turns for a few minutes, before George sighed and said he guessed she must be old enough, and the other nodded agreement. Bill picked up the booze and hurried out.

George thanked her for her business and flipped the check in the open cash register. Annie flushed, but happy, scooped up her nightie to run out of the store, as George called after her: "Come back soon, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_." He'd got her name off of the check, of course.

Bill was out to the car with the booze and telling the story before Annie got out the door.

She came running out of the liquor store naked, clutching her nightie to the front of her as best she could, laughing, as George and the other geezer came to the door to watch them drive off.

Steve held the car door open for her and she dove into the back seat onto Jim's lap, giggling, saying: "Get out of here..." They tore out of there like they had robbed the store, all of them laughing.

Steve easily stripped her nightie away from her in the car, and while Gary sped back to the apartment, she wrestled with Steve and Jim in the back seat, alternately resisting their groping, then yielding hotly to them with teasing passionate kisses, letting their hands work her up sexually. When they got to the apartment, she leapt out of the car naked and ran to the front door, the others giving her chase. Her naked running, when I saw her come in the door, must have excited them as it did me. Frisking. Naked. She looked wild and happy. The silly way girls run, running laughing and happy, but completely naked besides, her tits bouncing, her body shown by streetlight. It was a drunken and delirious fantasy. A teenaged boy's wet dream if ever there was one. And I will never forget the look of naughty pleasure that she had running up to the window ledge, peering up at me, smiling wickedly, giggling playfully at being caught from behind by the boys hands and escaping them with a false shriek at her molested surprise. I never loved her more than at that moment. I have said that, I know. But it is so true.

**Sixth Installment --Romping and Kindness to Old Men**

None of them, except Gary, came over for a few days. It seemed odd. But then I think that Jim and Bill at least felt ashamed and worried. Gary and Steve now had shared the same girl and it was a constant topic of their conversation. But Steve felt uncertain about his feelings. He was in love with Annie. He was uncomfortable seeing her taken by other men and he did not like the way Gary talked about her.

Gary of course tried putting moves on Annie, but she pushed him off. I saw him a couple times trying to talk to her or touch her when I left the room and so on. But Annie really did not want to. The truth was she only gave herself to him because I wanted to watch. However, she was very fond of Steve and very affected by his endearing affection for her; his tenderness, his sexual fascination for her made her yield to him with warmth and pleasure. Steve could seduce her and did seduce her several times over these weeks. But Gary had no attraction to her and that must have been frustrating for him.

On the other hand, she was truly intoxicated with group sex. She felt no real attraction to any of my friends individually—except for Steve perhaps with whom there was this brief mutual infatuation—but if the group of them got into the mood for some sexual fun, a little drunk, a little steamed up by suggestive play, a little naughty with undress and so on, she loved to do it with them all. And too, as she explained it to me, the feeling of several of them wanting to excite her, of the several hands feeling her at once, of the several mouths on her body, of kissing them all with abandonment, that was a magnitude and kind of sexual pleasure entirely different than making love with any one man she loved or wanted. This was not about wanting anyone; this was about wanting all of them.

She told me a sexual dream she had around this time: she was naked in a meadow on a warm day and she lay in the grasses and found that all around her were penises growing out of the ground, laying among them like flowers, growing erect at her touch; and she touched many and their erections yearned to be touched by her, and she licked them and lay languidly beside them, feeling them, sucking on them, one after another, fondling them, sucking on them, and delighting to make them ejaculate so that she might watch or might receive it in her mouth; and, she added, they all tasted wonderful. Which was never the real case, of course. But this fantasy is how she felt about group sex. She felt herself swept away sexually by the group of men who shared her salaciously. Every woman should have this pleasure at least once in her life.

So we did not see them all together again until the weekend and they were very guarded and jumpy around me. They looked at me like the cuckold I was, I guess; they felt sorry for me and at the same time ached to fuck my wife again.

I told Annie when we spoke in the kitchen privately that I thought I made them uncomfortable and she kissed me and said she didn't care what they thought. I asked her what she wanted me to do; did she want me to leave? She kissed me again and said she really wanted to do it again with them, but not right away. She wanted it to feel right. I asked: "Can I watch?" She kissed me and whispered: "You like that... seeing me fucked by them...." She looked at me sweetly and I nodded.

Annie seemed game for almost anything. And sex by the group aroused her more than anything.

Like this time.

They had more than few friends at the Jim's house and without much effort or persuasion had got her clothes off.

Chased her, teased her, and eventually pulled down her bra and underpants to strike the pose in this photograph.

I count ten guys in this group—eleven if you count Gary who took the photo.

I only know only three of them in the picture.

Gary gave it to me years later as a souvenir. It was one of many incidents.

My understanding is that they spent several hours using her. They fucked her repeatedly. She sucked off everybody at least once. She came home exhausted, her mouth still milky with cum, her cunt seeping the stuff.

I told her then that she could do it again, but only if I could watch. At least that is what I thought was the understanding.

But it did not always happen that way. The next time she did it with them I was gone at work. She told me about it but that was not the same. I was hurt. She saw that I was hurt, and it confused her. I could not really explain how I felt. But I said simply that I wanted her to do it again on a certain night that I could watch, and I added I wanted it to be some men she did not know.

That was a big change.

She looked at me anxiously. She would not refuse. She felt she owed it to me somehow. Unknown to me there had several things going on that made her feel guilty.

For one thing there had not been just this one group-fuck with my friends since the first time—which I had witnessed—but there had been four times she had been group-fucked in just two weeks; and there had been not just my friends fucking her, but at the latest one, about which she had not told me the whole truth—and this is the part she never did tell me—there had been three additional guys to the group, guys she did not know.

Gary would someday tell me how she had fucked altogether seven guys that one day, taking them in turns, or I should say, they fucked her in turns, one or two at a time, on our bed for the better part of a whole day; Gary made phone calls from the apartment to bring them on, getting the five others from friends of his brother Steve, high-school kids really.

She never told me any of this, because it made her sound like a slut. And for that matter shefeltlike a slut—and she enjoyed it, at least that day. She enjoyed how they took her for a fuck-toy and posed her every which way to fuck, letting her out of bed only to pee or to get a drink of water, and using a washcloth between fucks to clean her up for the next guy. Gary's fuck fest made it a challenge—how many times could they make her cum? Gary later said he counted maybe a dozen fucks, and she had had probably more than two dozen orgasms—because she usually cums at least twice in a fuck. She was worn out, but glowing and exhilarated when I got home and I found her freshly showered, drying her hair with a towel while talking animatedly with Gary as she sat on the sofa in her bathrobe. Not the least ashamed of it, she giggled to confess it all, after Gary left, except for leaving out mention of the extra three boys and the half dozen fucks they got in. I suppose she thought it would bother me that I did not know them, and of course barely legal age.

So this had made her feel bad because I felt obviously jealous about it and pouted, mostly because I had been left out but also annoyed how Gary was taking command of her.

But then too there were also the things she did not tell me. The many times she had fucked my friends in the apartment when I was gone.

Then too there was George and his buddy, which she did not tell me about. George from the liquor store.

She only admitted to this after the whole thing was over, when I made a big mistake that put us in some danger, and we were both expressing our regrets and misgivings.

She said that she had not told me because she was ashamed of it, not because she had done it, so much as because she had enjoyed it so much; she was afraid my feelings would be hurt.

The whole encounter had been unexpected, and these men, old enough to be her father, even older, treated her unexpectedly. A different generation, whose ideas of how to treat a woman were also very different than my friends ideas. Sex between my wife and my friends had been play. Sex with these men would be serious. While my friends viewed my wife's naked body as their toy, these men viewed my wife's naked body like a religious object. That is what especially pleased her: how every touch was tender and how her sexual response astonished them, gratified them as men who had long ago gave up hoping they were capable of more than one ejaculation in one fuck session. At their time of life one shot was all you got—if even that. But my wife was an aphrodisiac. Her nakedness tantalized them; it gave them hard-ons just to undress her, and they did not fail, even if they got a bit logy after first spent; they stayed just thick enough to keep dicking her and if they kept pumping, her young cunt held them tightly.

They came bearing gifts. Literally. A box of top-shelf booze. George (and his unnamed friend) showed up before he had to go to work just a few days after her "flashing" the two of them. She was herself getting ready for work at the restaurant. But this was not like the encounter with Jon and Gary who simply demanded to fuck her. They were polite and indirect. They wanted to express their "appreciation," and then awkwardly got around to asking if they could meet her sometime for a drink.

She did not want to be evasive, but she hardly understood what they wanted. She declined meeting them evenings, and actually she had to work many of these. They settled on lunch. She settled on the supper club that adjoined a nearby motel, which opened for "businessmen" lunches. This was classy place to our tastes and old-school. The men who went there were all middle-aged, a place for long lunches (with lots of cocktails) and a place for certain kinds of lunches with secretaries, for there was convenient and discreet walkthrough to the motel lobby and to a back hallway leading to the back section of rooms, all of which discreetly faced a parking lot out of sight of the street. A tentative date was set. She thought the whole thing "sweet." She guessed perhaps they wanted something sexual; but they had seemed so indirect. She was guessing they wanted her for some "art" photos. She had an older second cousin, almost more an uncle to her, who had posed her for photographs in the nude when she was fifteen—that is another story—but it was one important provocations of my own sexual fantasies about Annie. Anyway, she always insisted that "nothing happened," and that his pictures were like old-time pin-ups, that even hid from view her recently developing pubic hair; if she stood for him, he had her cover it with her hand. I always wished I had those pictures. She did not have a single one and if someone found them, locked in his dresser drawer, after he died, I suppose they kept them for themselves or destroyed them out of decency. What a loss.

Well, George had arranged everything, and she walked into it pretty innocently and stupidly. She had not known what was planned, but she was easily persuaded. Again, she said it was flattering to her, and it felt naughty and intriguing. In short, they seduced her after their fashion, although in the end they were honest and candid about what they wanted. It never occurred to her that it was essentially prostitution. She was paid in liquor to let them fuck her. She never really understood that, although she is worldly and wise now and would easily admit that is what happened. I don't know that she would be nearly as forgiving to herself as I was to her. When she told me, I was sympathetic to her.

They had a nice lunch. It is odd that she never did remember the other man's name. She doesn't think he ever said it. He spoke very little. He nodded to what George said. George took the lead. He ordered all the food. He ordered all the drinks. He anticipated what Annie might like, but he was always asking her what she wanted. He had an uncanny knack of knowing what she liked, she said. It was something she would express surprise about, and he winked at her. That she liked Manhattans, for example, with a maraschino cherry on a stem in a martini glass with no ice. How did he know?

They had prime rib of beef for lunch. Baked potato with sour cream. The works. She complained they would make her fat. They teased her that she could use a little fat. She blushed. They certainly knew, she admitted. She said coyly, sipping her third Manhattan: "You don't think my thighs too fat?"

George said she was a beautiful woman. If she was fishing, it was they who had caught the fish. She blushed appropriately. She fluttered her eyes. She was half-drunk. So when he suggested they go to the room. She never asked what he meant.

It was all so nice and pleasant and easy and natural, so affectionate and kind, so sweet and gentle. They said nothing crude or suggestive, made no comments or leers. The room had been prepared. The curtains were closed. One of the two twin beds had been laid open to its sheets neatly. A bottle of wine, opened before, was ready to be poured into the three glasses on the round table under the chandelier. A radio played light classical music.

She was offered wine. She declined. George standing before her did not presume to kiss her mouth. In fact, she said, he never did kiss her except on saying goodbye. But he motioned for her to turn for them and they watched her. Then he sat on the foot of the bed and his friend sat on a chair beside the table behind her and he said: "Undress for us, Annie, will you please?"

This was unexpected, she said, and yet she was not surprised. She is certain that she blushed. She is certain that she said she shouldn't. She can't remember it so clearly, she was so swept up by the whole thing, but she remembers vividly what he said: "Annie, you will never regret what you will do in this room."

She felt utterly under their charm. They were fascinated by her body, as she revealed it to them, dropping her clothing to the floor, where George picked up each article and folded it and put it on the other bed. When she was wearing only her underpants and about to remove them, George lifted his hand to stop her and motioned her to come closer to where he sat. And so stepping between his legs he kissed her nipples and gently felt her breasts. After leaning back to look at her and then her face, smiling at her, he motioned for her to offer herself in the same way to his friend, who caressed her and kissed her breasts in much the same way.

Meanwhile, as she was consciously aware, George was undressing and when he told her to turn he had undressed to his undershorts and black socks. He was pale and almost hairless, she said. He looked almost frail and yet his skin was lovely, she felt. He motioned her toward him and when she was near he put his hands to her waist and looked up at her face and said: "We will never do anything that you do not want us to do." She kissed her belly below the navel and slowly drew down her underpants. Once she was completely naked, he took a long time fondling her as she stood before him, feeling her buttock, lightly fingering the edges of and the lips of her vagina, petting the smooth mound of her pubis and its curly hairs.

He turned her and kissed her buttock, holding her cheeks and lightly pushed her to stand before the other man who had undressed behind her back. He took his turn fondling her.

When they laid her on the bed, they turned off all but the light from the bathroom. Then in the dimness, they took turns in silence and fucked her as she lay on her back, spreading her legs for them, her hands on their backs. Between fucks they pulled their undershorts back on. They each fucked her twice and seemed very pleased with it. She said it was pleasant and that her sexual pleasure had never felt so peaceful. She said she felt more worshipped than fucked.

She said that after these sessions with George and his friend she always felt very happy.

I asked her how many times she had done it. By the third month of our adventures, after which it ended, she had met them at the motel nine times. I was astonished, not least because I knew nothing about it, but because she had gotten so that she had planned for them, she had accommodated her work schedule for them. They met once or twice a week for several weeks. Each of them fucking her, usually twice each; and they began to vary their sexual positions, so that often she took them on her hands and knees and sometimes bent over the table, and in last few times, because George had hinted at so indirectly, she had initiated fellatio on them and they were surprised she was willing to do this, but especially surprised when she let them complete their ejaculations in her mouth and swallowed it with pleasure. Neither of them had ever had a woman suck them off in their entire lives, which for me is commonplace; Annie still does it for me.