When I Was Sixteen

by Fishman

In the summer that we both turned sixteen Billy and me and some other guys I hung from my neighborhood got to see our first real live naked woman. It was the summer of 1976.

She was the young wife of this guy who lived on our street. He must have been forty at least, but she was just barely in her twenties. Why he married her I don't know. She wasn't really very pretty. Not to me anyway. Maybe she was hard up. Maybe it was one of those church things. Who knows?

Anyway, he had been kinda weird. Grinning goofy and all he had taken us into his garage and shown us Penthouse and Hustler magazines. He even gave us beer. He got sort of conspiratorial. He went and closed the garage door. He turned on a light over the workbench.

I wondered if maybe he was a faggot. Billy whispered we better be careful. Then he took this polaroid from out of a drawer in the workbench.

We recognized her right away. It was his wife. Taking off her underpants.

He gave it to me. We passed it around.

"What you think?" he said.

What could we say? Told him she was pretty. Looked hot. I asked when the picture came back to me. "Got anymore?" and handed it back to him.

He waved it off, saying "Keep it."

"Thanks..." I still got it.

He said: "Like to see the real thing?"

Did not know what to say.

He said, that for five bucks each, if we'd want it.... he could get his wife to take off all her clothes for us.

Billy and I knew her actually. We'd seen her walking her dog. Talked to her a couple times. She was kinda shy and nervous. Billy liked her a lot. I didn't care so much. I thought she was kinda plain, kinda chubby, but hell, none of us had ever seen a naked woman. Not in real life. Not so we could look her all over, up and down, back and front, sideways, and maybe touch her tits and feel it.

While we didn't trust him, and we were nervous about it, I asked him if we could bring some of our friends too. He said sure. So maybe he wasn't a faggot. I mean there would too many of us.

But it was too much to believe. We got the money. We told some of our friends. So, they wanted to come. Three of them. We all five then went together on the day he said. After school.

He let us into his house. He was surprised by the others but he did not complain. In fact he looked pleased. When we came into the living room, she was standing in the middle. Like she was waiting for us. She looked upset to see so many and said something quiet to him but he shrugged. Then she just looked sort of sad.

Some of the guys said to me she was pretty. I didn't but… hey, to each his own. But for sure she was real woman. And I wondered what she looked like without no clothes. We all were thinking of that. I'm certain she knew what we were thinking. She looked like she did.

I could not understand why she would do it. Or why her husband wanted her to do it. But she had been told about it, I could see that the moment we walked in.

He introduced her then. Told us her name. Never asked us ours. She stood there in the middle of the living room. She said very little, just being polite, but looked as nervous as we were. She sort of smiled, but she could not look us in the eye, like she felt ashamed of herself. So, we all guessed maybe she really was going to do it. Her husband acted real nervous and joked a lot. He told us all to sit down on the sofa and told his wife to go get us some lemonade.

We watched her leave. He asked for the money.

He flattened and smoothed the bills on the coffee table.

She came back in a couple trips with the glasses and put them on the coffee table. She saw the money there as she put them down. When she brought in the last -- she didn't bring one for herself -- he just sort of nodded at her and she went back to stand in front of us again, sort of up against the back wall, beside a credenza and a chair, right across from us where we sat on the sofa and turned to face us. She just stood there, silent, sullen, glancing over at him, but not at us, then looking at the floor. Of course, we could not help but stare at her in disbelief. I remember thinking: I think she's really gonna do it.

He grinned at us. He couldn't think of anything to say. Neither could we. None of us drank our lemonades. We weren't there for that.

It was a long awkward silence. Her standing there. And she knew we were looking sideways at her. We were all just thinking about it. He saw we weren't drinking out lemonades. He saw we were all just glancing at his wife and waiting for her to do it. So finally, he just asked us if we wanted to begin. A couple of us nodded and I sort of said something. Billy sort of laughed a little.

She heard him, and sort of fidgeted, but she said nothing then either; she did not look up.

She just stood there, obviously embarrassed and self-conscious, and then her husband just came right out and said it to her, which surprised me. He sat up and looked at her and nodded and said: "Okay...." and sighed and slapped his knees with the flats of his hands and sighed and grinned over at us and then looked back up at his wife and just said it, straight out: "Okay... I guess they're ready now... "

He paused. She bit a lip.

" So... okay," he said looking to us.

He paused again. He looked up at his wife grinning. He said: "Okay...." Grinning at her. She went a little pale, eyes blinked. She fidgeted. She dropped her gaze to the floor. She couldn't look at us. Now I didn't think she'd really do it.

But he said it again, now a bit annoyed: "Go on..." And then he just said it plain, what he wanted: "Take your clothes off…"

God damn. We just stared in disbelief.

She never looked up. She did not say a thing. She was obviously embarrassed. But she seemed sad and resigned and at the same time I got the idea she wanted to do it. I mean there was something in the way she looked up at us, like when she had seen us when she was out walking dog, glancing sideways at us when we walked by her, when we'd gawk and giggle at her bare legs in her shorts and Billy maybe made some rude comment. She looked sideways at us that same way now and gave me a look like she knew what I was thinking. And what I was thinking was that I'd like to see her naked. And she knew that and seemed to show she would let me.

Still I could not believe it, but here she was--- actually doing it---taking her clothes off, right here in the living room and it was daylight and she was doing it in front of a bunch of us boys---standing there in broad daylight taking off her clothes for us, self-consciously but willingly, but never looking up at us as she did, too ashamed, I guess, but she did it .

First she took off her jeans, looking at her own hands as she did, kinda slow and nervous -- I mean she must not have ever done anything like this before and anyway she was almost more our age than his, just out of high school almost -- she popped the snap, then unzipped her jeans at the front so we saw her underpants show, then she just shoved them down, and was sorta awkward about pulling them off her legs. Lost her balance. She blushed. Tried to look nonchalant but was really embarrassed. She paused then, showing us her bare legs and her underpants, while holding her pants like she was not sure what to do with them, but then looking at us now vaguely, not really smiling--phony smiling--she was obviously uncomfortable, maybe she thought she was fat too--she turned a little without taking a step and draped her jeans over the back the chair that was next to her.

Then she sort of took a deep breath and drew up her sweater top. All in one motion, scooping it up over her head--showing us her bra, her underpants, her bare legs, bare belly--and again just turned a little sideways and plopped her top down on the chair too.

Then she just stood there. Looking at us.

Jesus! Standing there now in underpants and bra. She hesitated. She looked like she might cry. She almost said something. I was thinking she was gonna chicken out.

Her husband pointed and said: "Your socks too.... Take the socks off..."

His voice seemed to make her come back to the moment. She looked up at him intensely. Was she angry? It was no expression that I could understand. There was something unspoken between them.

She looked really unhappy. Like she might cry. But she looked at him even as she leaned over and lifted her foot a bit and stripped off her socks, one foot at a time, bunching her socks up in her hand, and again, twisted a bit sideways, and reached out and let the socks drop over top her clothes on the seat of the chair.

She turned back again. She looked up at us now. She looked like -- I don't know what -- she was serious looking--worried? scared? I don't know-- and then her expression changed, seeing how we all seemed to like what we were seeing, I think--and sort of half-smiling, brushed back hair that had fallen her face and then stood calmly again. Facing us. Arms down. Unmoving.

She and I briefly looked at each other. She really looked at me. Like she was going to ask me a question or something. It felt weird and uncomfortable. She saw what I felt. She looked uncomfortable too and then looked back down at the floor. Her hands flattened out her thighs. Eyes darting up to the ceiling and back again to the floor. What was she thinking?

I was certain she was going to chicken out then--I mean this was too good to be true.

But then she sort of took a breath, like she was gonna dive into a swimming pool or something, blinked her eyes, shifted her feet, and reached behind herself with both hands, arching her back a little, thrusting her chest out. Still looking down at the floor. She unhooked her bra; it popped loose in front and slipped a bit and she just sorta let it slither down and off her tits and let us see her bare tits; she let her bra slip off as she dropped her hand, drew it forward and down in front with her left hand and just let her bra go flop to floor beside her as she dropped her hand.

She stood for a moment like that - arms at her side - while we looked at her tits. I couldn't believe it.

Billy said: "Jesus Christ."

Her husband grinned, looking at us to see us looking at his wife.

She finished then without any more hesitation. I mean: she had gone this far--what the fuck-- she put her hands to the top her underpants and looked up at us now, right into our faces as she did it---that same weird look again -- and swiftly -- looking at our reaction as she did it -- she stripped her underpants down and we looked and…. Man, I swear to God, she had NO PUSSY HAIR! Swear to god. Hairless like some little girl -- her titties hanging as she leaned -- looking down at her own cunt as she it she shoved her underpants down, all the way down to her feet, in one quick motion, and then quickly stepped out them.

She straightened up now--completely naked now--holding her underpants for a moment -- glancing up to see us gawking at her -- then just let them drop to the floor in front of her.

She brushed back her hair again, dropped her arms to her side again.

She wasn't going to hide it. I mean, what was the point. She wanted us to see her naked, I think.

She looked up to see we were looking at her and then she just stood there, facing us completely naked. Arms down at her side, not trying to hide anything. Looking and acting embarrassed and nervous of being naked for us. But not trying to hide anything with her hands. We could see everything. And looking sort of at the rug in the middle of the living room, not at our eyes, she knew where our eyes were. And she said nothing.

Okay. Maybe, she was kinda chubby, but she was sorta pretty in her way. And, hell, none of us had ever seen a naked woman before—not real live naked—so we didn't care how fat she was or even if she was pretty—there she was! Naked! Jesus! Totally naked! Right in front for us! And it looked like she really would let us do anything we wanted to do to her.

Nobody said anything. We all just stared at her as she just stood there in front of us -- Completely naked!

She stood like that, not trying to cover herself or anything and knowing we were looking at her naked and said nothing. We just stared. Mouths open.

Her hands uselessly hung at her sides; she was hiding nothing to our eager eyes. Seeing what we'd never seen before.

It was so awesome, man. We couldn't stop staring at her. Totally naked, man.

Just standing there like totally completely naked. No clothes on at all.

Except for this Christian cross she wore. I mean: what the fuck was that? She wanted us to see her naked but still believed in God and being good and all that shit?

Here she was: got herself completely naked standing in front of a bunch of horny kids, ready to let 'em do what they want, and she was thinking she was fucking innocent or something? Shit! What the fuck was wrong with her? And what the fuck was wrong with her husband for getting her to do it? She was doing it for him!

But I didn't really care about that. None of us did. We was glad to see her naked.

She's got these big juicy-looking nipples: I really wanted to play with them.

And with her slit showing -- no pussy hair! Do you believe it? Bald as a baby girl -- you could really see her chubby cunt lips. Stood out almost red like she'd been masturbating too much. No shit! I wanted to stick my finger in there. See how wet it was.

She stood like that for what seemed like five or six minutes in total silence while we looked her over. Her husband fidgeted on the sofa and she hardly looked at us and when she did, she looked away quickly. Her husband looked back and forth between us, staring at her--his naked wife.

Her husband said then kinda nervously.... the only one to say anything for all this time: "You can do what you want. She'll let you do anything you want." and she looked up at this announcement like she was surprised and, worried now, her eyes darting out at him when he said this.

That's when I figured out that she didn't really want to do this.

But she did it. She took of all her clothes! Right in front of us! So, how come---if she didn't want to?

Some part of her must have wanted to do it. And her husband, that nut job, he liked it a lot. I don't think I'll ever get that. What a jerk!

Her husband kept watching us. Watching us stare at his naked wife. He was grinning. Like a dope and nodding.

He teased her then, nodding at us--"You okay?"

Then he asked kinda sarcastically: "You like being naked for the boys?"

She turned her head toward him and looked up at him numbly.

She replied flatly: "What do you want?"

"What do you want?" he smirked, "You want the boys to touch you?"

She looked down at the floor and said nothing.

He said: "You want 'em to finger you?" She did not look up from the floor, but we could see she was going to let us do anything.

She still said nothing.

Her husband told her to turn around for us. She had a nice butt.

He made her bend over so we could look between her legs.

He had her spread her legs.

"Wider," he said.

He made her grab her buttocks and pulled them apart so we could see her asshole and her fuck hole. Her fuck hole was raw looking, and wet looking and had a creamy goo in it. I didn't know what it was. But I learned later that some girls who get really hot and bothered can "cream" themselves like that, almost like a guy's cum.

He offered us to put our fingers in her hole. He encouraged us. I did it first. My fingers went in easy. It was hot and wet and deep. I put more than three fingers in at a time and felt around her inside. It felt all weird and slippery. There was a kind of texture to it. She held her breath as I did it. She liked it; I could tell. Her legs were all trembly too. My fingers came out slippery and smelled like fish. I wiped the smear of it across her bare butt. Then each of my friends stuck their fingers in her and felt her dangling tits too. Laughing. Not really laughing at her. Just nervous. But I think she thought we laughed at her. She looked sad, like she would cry.

I stood sideways to her and looked at her leaning over, her eyes shut tight, sucking on her lower lip, taking short ragged breaths, flinching and gasping when the fingers moved inside her. She made a pathetic sound. Like she might start crying.

And she did a little. At least her eyes looked teary when he told her to turn around for us and blinking at us, watched as we took turns now feeling her tits, teasing her nipples and watching her eyes for reaction. It was the first we'd ever seen how a girl's nipples crinkle up when you touched them and get hard like they were cold. Hers got longish and pointy. And again, we laughed, and this time because of how she blushed we were laughing at her. It was fun to tease her naked like this. I admit we enjoyed it.

One of the boys started rubbing her slit, working his middle finger inside her soupy hole. We had no idea what we were doing, or it was instinctive, I don't know, but we could see that we were getting her aroused, and that aroused us. Her husband took off his own pants and was feeling his cock. He sat on the sofa in his underpants just squeezing his dick and looking at his wife's flushed anxious face.

It was weird. It made us all a little nervous. But we were intent on what we were doing. She bit her lip. She closed her eyes. She suffered the humiliation and the sexual stimulation without speaking back. She never did speak but twice and then very softly.

One of the boys put his mouth on her tit. It surprised me. It surprised her. She opened her eyes but still said nothing. He tugged on one nipple as he sucked hard on the other, sucking it up like a baby bottle and when he let go, I swear that's what it looked like, like a beg wet red baby bottle nipple.

Funny all the things we did, we had no idea what we were doing. It was just instinct.

Like sucking on her nipples, making them wet and pointy, and fiddling on them.

Like finger-fucking her to make her gasp.

Like getting her down on all fours, to grope and humiliate her.

Her tits dangled and wobbled. We slapped them around and she never said no. It was great fun playing with those bags of titty meat. Watching how red in the face, embarrassed she got.

Somebody got a pencil and poked it into her pussy. Then he got another idea and put it up into her asshole a couple of inches and when she said nothing and somebody said to put it in there more, she pushed it all the way up to maybe six or more inches—the eraser end first of course. Pressing it in deeper she stiffened and looked upset and then she went down to the floor, she lay down reflexively.

She lay out on her tummy, legs stretched out long, and looked up over her shoulder behind herself at the pencil in her ass and seen us giggling and joking.

Ashamed and blushing. But still in all of this stuff she was completely submissive and said nothing in complaint at all.

We strummed the pencil to make it waggle in her tight butt hole.

We watched with fascination and laughed out loud at her as we made her open her eyes to see us laughing at what we was doing. We was slapping it make it wiggle about and flipping it up and down, pulling it down till she was looking up at us like it was hurting at little and then seeing how the pencil sprang back up and waggled about as she was tightening up her ass hole on it—making stiffen up then kinda pop up like she was shittin' in out, so we pushed it back in and watched as it slipped back up and we pushed it back and watched some more, going up and down. It was so fucking wild. She blushed like little girl. But she had her mouth open and her eyes closed. She like it.

With pencil still up her anus, we could see the slit of her cunt all pink and tender and some of us felt it there and put our fingers into it and she held still for us. Eyes closed. Holding her breath.

Then Billy got a ruler out of the desk drawer and slipped that into her fuck hole. She tried to get up now and the boys grabbed her legs and widened them, and the ruler slipped out onto the floor.

Billy picked it up and slapped her buttock with it. Hard smacks. Three times. She cried out and put her hand back and he slapped her hand with it and she said: "Don't, please... " The pencil popped out. Jesus, it was funny.

Billy smacked her bare butt again said: "Then you let us do what we want, lady."

And she nodded submissively, and so we saw we could let go of her. We poked the pencil back in her butt, laughing at her, stuck it in a good three or four inches, till she stiffened on it, and my friend Billy smacked her buttock one more time with the ruler and she said ouch but did not resist anything, and while others pretended to milk her dangling tits, like she was cow, he went and pawed in the desk drawer and found a horn-handled letter-knife, and stuck that up her cunt, the horn-handle first and then started fucking her with it. She had her eyes shut tight.

She said nothing. Hung her head. She looked flushed. Ashamed. Her husband watched us and jerked off. She whimpered and sighed. But she was enjoying it.

We were certainly enjoying it.

Like I said, we had no idea what we were doing. It was just instinct. So, we all took off our clothes too.

And because all of us had got hard-ons—and at least three of us were already masturbating and knew what it was for—it was not long before we tried poking our dicks into her from behind.

Again, she said nothing. She kept her eyes shut, hung her head, and whimpered. I was the first to fuck her. I had never felt anything like it. The others wanted a chance, so I didn't finish. They all got behind her and took quick turns fucking her like dogs fuck. She had her mouth open like a dog panting. Her eyes wide now. She said something. I asked her what she said. She did not reply.

Her husband said to me hoarsely, leaning forward, watching keenly: "Make her suck your cock."

She looked back at him sadly, but still said nothing. I had no clue about this. I had not even thought of it. It seemed really weird but somehow something I wanted her to do. It was humiliating, if nothing else. But when I stood in front of her holding my dick and the others grabbed her and hoisted her to her knees, held her arms behind her back, I said it: "Suck it." And she did not resist me as I poked it at her mouth, mashing it at her soft lips, trying to get it into her mouth, and running into her teeth. She did not open her mouth, and looked at me pleadingly, but she did not say no, and in a moment she gave up and let the thing pop into her mouth; once I got my dick into her mouth, it felt so good, I was not going to let her stop. She closed her eyes.

Instinctively I held her head and I felt her tongue moving around on my prick, feeling it, tasting it.

Her husband got up and stood beside us watching. He said to her: "Let him cum in your mouth." She glanced at him. I could see she was not happy about the idea. But she did not say no. Of course, her mouth was full at the moment. And she did not try to get away. She kept her mouth on my prick, moving her tongue too, as I bobbed her head up and down on my dick.

I knew I'd soon ejaculate, but his invitation had really surprised me. I had figured to pull out.

Anyway, I had always felt ashamed when I jerked off. I had always tried to hide that I did it, even threw away my cummy underpants so my mother would not find them in the wash.

Now, I couldn't stop myself if I wanted to. The idea of coming in her mouth got to me. And her submission. God damn.

So, when I did begin to ejaculate and she started swallowing it, really swallowing--I mean she could not help it 'cause I held her head--well, I was astonished, and I almost laughed out loud about it, it felt so great. I mean, looking down at her flushed face, as she is looking up at me now, wide-eyed and ashamed. Jesus Christ! She was really doing this, my cum shot into her mouth, and she looked up so miserable about it, but still she was doing what she was told, really sucking me off, gulping and slurping to swallow all I had, as fast it came into her mouth.

I could not help myself. The pathetic look on her face, when she looked up at me, blinking and unhappy as she was, I burst out laughing at her, and then she felt so ashamed of herself, of what she was willingly doing, sucking off my jerk-off, she complained with a mouthful and twisted her head away to get her mouth off of it, but I was still spurting cum and it looped out onto her cheek and her tits, onto a nipple, dripping off her there onto her belly. Man, it was great. Must have had that spunk saved up for weeks, I guess. I really slimed her. The boys let go of her out of sympathy.

One of them asked her sarcastically (but also with curiosity): what did it taste like? Her husband grinned. She looked abject and sad. Big sad doggie eyes. Her lips and all around her mouth all smeared shiny and wet with my cum.

He said to one of the other boys eagerly: "You do it too."

She made us hold her because she did not want to do it. She shut her mouth tight and twisted her head. She tried to get up. It took three to hold her and in the end I got a good idea and got her bra from off the top of the pile of clothes she'd taken off, and I and another boy grabbed her hands and twisted them in back of her and I wrapped the bra around her wrist and tied it in a square knot, tight, to keep her hands behind her back.

Now we had her the way we wanted her.

She just gave up. Once the second cock stood up in front of her face and the boy started to mash it against her closed mouth, she resisted only a little while. She knew she had no choice. You could see the thinking going on in her head. Her face showed how once she had that second prick in her mouth, that she had decided she would just let it happen. Her eyes fluttered open again when he spunked in her mouth, and she had expected it and she swallowed submissively and completely and did not try to take her mouth off of it. Then for the next one she opened her mouth to take his prick without coaxing or force. She was cooperating. She was willing. And this one came quickly in her mouth and she swallowed it and turned to take the next one in her mouth. She gasped for breath between suck offs, but we gave her little time to catch her breath. This was just too good to be true.

We all eagerly watched while one at time, each boy after another, pushed his prick into her mouth, cheering him on, soon enough each one shot off, filling her mouth up, and we all congratulated the boy as she gulped and gasped and slurped and swallowed. Pretty soon it was my turn again and when I looked at her and she looked at my dick I could see she would do without fighting so, told Billy to untie her and she slumped forward and caught her breath and when she did not get up I said it to her: "I wanna do it again."

She looked up. Sat back and I grabbed her head and pulled her mouth onto my dick. And the second time in her mouth, I made sure she swallowed all of it, enjoying how it spurt into her mouth, how it sounded when she tried to keep up with swallowing it, and watched her face while she whimpered and sighed it in her humiliation and embarrassed pleasure. I say pleasure, embarrassed or not. Because you could see that in her warm face, in the excited way she was breathing, in the way she made these little mewing sounds as she did it. Yeah, she wanted to do it. I am sure.

It was great. I have to admit. After this I'd always want her to suck me off, all the time. I did not know a woman would do things like that. Maybe most won't. But she did it.

She had sucked off maybe a six or seven large loads of cum, one after another, before she finally protested--when we still had more for her--and she said she felt sick and wanted to throw up. We did not believe her of course but when she had another cock in her mouth and he began to shoot off she retched and got red in the face and spewed vomit out around his prick, cum and vomit, and sitting back, leaning with her arms back, she retched again and spewed cum down her front and onto the floor.

She retched again and vomited gooey creamy cum between her breasts, oozing to her belly., drooling from her open mouth. No food. All she had in her tummy was our cum, it looked like.

A lot of it. Creamy slime of it drooled off her lips where she sat; she spat to get the taste out of mouth. Her arms were trembling. She really looked pathetic, and her husband got up and left, then came back from the kitchen with a glass of water.

She looked up at him, numbly, and said bashfully: "Is this what you wanted?"

Cummy vomit drooling from her chin. Feeling sorry for herself.

Her husband looked a little upset by her question, almost like he was sorry now, and he held out the glass for her.

But I didn't feel a bit sorry for her. None of us felt sorry for her. We all figured she'd wanted to do this. And I gotta tell you when she had my penis in her mouth she was obviously enjoying it, moving her tongue all around and getting ready and excited when she knew I was about to cum, breathing faster, then holding her breath when I did, and sort of mewing like a pussy cat when she tasted it. Really. She wanted it.

She took the glass from her husband; her trembling hands made the water shiver. She sat up Indian style and sipped. We watched her sip her water. Admiring her swollen wet lips, her randy tits. Our vomited cum in front of her.

She started getting teary eyes. Like the humiliation suddenly hit her. She sniffled, wiping her eyes with her free hand. She thanked me when I took the mostly empty glass from her.

Her husband told her to clean up the vomit. She did as she was told, and we watched her get up and go naked to and from the kitchen to fetch paper towels to mop up the mess.

We watched her clean up--her titties shaking as she vigorously rubbed the paper towels in the carpet--and when she went out of the room after her husband told her she'd done enough, he told us we should all fuck her now too. He said it quietly, but before she came back, he pulled the coffee table out to the center of the room and when she came back, he pointed and told her to bend over and put her hands on the top of the table. Then he nodded at me and I obliged and I stood behind her and fucked her so hard that her tits swung about like bells beneath her and my thighs slapped hers loudly and I came a third time, this time up inside her cunt and I swear she let out a long low "ooh" when I did, and crouched and squirmed against me to get me deeper inside her as I shot off.

Well, then the other boys fucked her too, and we watched and cheered as each of us wanted to make her cum. It was a contest. It was a sport.

We spanked her as we fucked her. And she began crying, and getting hysterical, sobbing, like a little girl. It was fun, and we didn't care how she felt. In fact, when she began to sob and beg us to stop, we got really into it and fucked her till she was begging hysterically and tried to crawl away, out of the room.

But a couple of the boys grabbed her and held her on her hands and knees. I rammed the horn-handled letter-knife up her butt. She was all sweaty and rosy on her buttock where we had spanked her. They let go of her and she collapsed and just lay there, flat, face-down, with that letter knife sticking out of her butt, sobbing and exhausted. We won. We'd fucked her to submission. We could do anything we wanted to her now.

So, all the rest of the day we thought of everything we could think of.

We all still had hard-ons but after fucking her we'd pulled on our undershorts like her husband. So now she was the only one naked in the room.

Billy got up and pulled the horn-handled letter-knife out of her butt and rolled her over and made her splay her legs, like a raw chicken, spreading her legs, knees up in the air, and showing her oozy cunt, and he poked it in there, up to the hilt , a good six or seven inches of horn.

Then he just squatted there close to it while she just stared up in the air, red in the face, taking breaths and gasps with jerks, as he teased her and diddled her with it. Finally, she covered her face with her forearm. So, I got up and squatted there with them. The other boys came over and we just took turns feeling and examining her naked, feeling her all over, wishing we could have taken pictures. Saying so. Saying we wanna have pictures of her naked to show to our friends.

Finally, Billy got the idea and made her get up on top of the coffee table, where we could all sit on the sofa and look up at her from underneath, how it made hers tits look pointy that way.

And I turned on a table lamp and I put it on the floor under her. Took off the shade. Just the bare bulb to light her up. Like a strip show. The guys made her turn around for us.

We teased her and told her she had to dance naked for us. She did not want to. She did not think she was pretty enough to dance naked, I think, and she said she did not dance very good and she looked afraid of falling.

But she did it. Danced naked. Awkwardly. Self-conscious and ashamed. But she did it. Her pudgy titties bobbled. She looked so uncomfortable about it, we had to laugh.

She looked embarrassed, blushing like a girl, and stopped in frustration. We teased her to keep doing it, but she shook her head. Spanking her only got her going halfheartedly.

So, then when she wouldn't keep dancing, Billy told her that she had to "jerk-off" for us. That seemed funny to me and I laughed. I mean, girls don't jerk off. But Billy said they do.

Standing where she was. Up there. On the coffee table. In front of us. Man, then she really did blush.

And, again, she whimpered and begged about it and did not want to do it. We egged her on. And she thought we would spank her, but we just told her if she did it then we would get dressed and leave right after. So, she finally agreed but acted uncertain about it. We told her how to do it.

But we did not need to. Looking down at us, she began. Embarrassed. You could see she had done it before. Hell, she probably did it all the time. Rubbing herself with her left hand like a boy does. Then feeling tits with her other hand. Closing her eyes. Teasing, tugging hard on her own randy nipples. She peeked to see that we are watching her. Rubbing harder, making little girly noises, eyes shut tight. I'd never imagined a girl really did this but there she was, the getting herself off to be naked for us.

Man, that bare light bulb under her really showed her off good. Her legs were getting wobbly. She gasped out loud, like she was going to cum right in front of us, and her legs stiffened, her eyes looked wild, her face all red, and we all grinned and had the same idea at the time.

We jumped up and stopped her before she could get off. She looked so confused. God, it was funny.

We grabbed her off the table and took her around all breathless and woozy to go and stand in the front hallway and then opened up of the front door and though she whimpered about it, we made her get closer and closer to the threshold, spanking her, 'till she was standing in the daylight, almost in the doorway--stark naked--for the whole neighborhood to see and told her to masturbate standing right there and told her we would not let her get out of the door until she finished herself. She did not want to, but she had no choice. She started off slow but soon closed her eyes and just did it for real while we backed off and watched and looked out the windows to see if anybody could see her.

She was going to get off, I'm sure, but a car went by in the street and she crouched down against the door and would not get up, even though we spanked her.

So, we shut the door and brought her back into the living room and she said she was cold. So, her husband got a blanket and covered her up where she sat on the floor, then we took turns lying down under the blanket and making her put her head on our bellies and put her mouth on our dicks while we jerked off. That was great fun too because you could hear her eating the stuff, sounding like she was eating pudding.

It was getting late and none of us wanted to go home. Some guys called home to say they would be home later. One guy had to leave.

So, we agreed to come back the next day and do her again. Her husband said that would be okay, and he didn't ask for any money.

He said before we go, we should fuck her in the ass.

That confused us, but he explained, and he got a can of Crisco from the kitchen. He flipped the blanket off his wife who sat holding her legs, her forehead to her knees, and shook her head when he told her to get up.

We grabbed her. She did not resist really. We held her standing up while he took fingers of Crisco and stuffed them up between her buttock and used his finger to shove some up her rectum. She began to cry tears, but silently. We bent her at the waist, and somebody kicked her legs apart and her husband squatted and holding the Crisco in one hand used two fingers on the other to poke the pasty grease into her asshole. Her whole butt gleamed with it. He wiped his hands on her thighs and all over her buttock. Then he said to me: "You go first, boy... if you can still get it up."

He didn't need to say it. My dick was as stiff as it had been when she had first got naked for us.

The only problem was that it was too stiff to bend and so we had to get her to get on her knees and put her face on the carpet, holding her arms and holding her legs so I could get over top the back of her and at first I got into her cunt. Then, I grabbed my dick and put it at the brown star of her rectum. God, it was so small and tight, I could not believe I could get my dick in. She made a sort of grunt when I mashed the head of my dick against it and suddenly, like it just broke open, I got in the head, but she was still tight and groaning, but I pushed harder and leaned over her and grabbed her hair and shoved harder and she groaned and I got maybe three inches up inside her; then with each additional push I got a bit more and more into her, and finally it got easier and her hole was so stretched now that it slid in and out nicely and got in real deep, but still so fucking tight. Like she was squeezing on it, I swear. Maybe she was. I don't know. I had never done this.

I could not hold it. I spunked. Hot sharp jets up her rectum. She yelped. I swear she did. She yelped like a dog.

When I pulled out--my dick finally going soft, her rectum was squeezing me out--I looked down to see how my prick had reamed her asshole, made it large and open, sucking air, and now slowly closing like a rubbery hole went back to shape, cum obscenely burping out as it shut up.

Everybody wanted a turn. Everybody had a turn. The second she took without a whimper, her eyes wide, feeling it. And moaning less, until he shot off and then she mooed like cow. Then when the third began fucking her ass, she sounded happy to take it, and the fourth one up her butt she encouraged, saying filthy things.

Only her husband didn't take a turn. He stood back and looked oddly pale and excited at the same time.

Strange. He didn't even touch her once. He watched, wearing nothing but his underpants. Sometimes jerking off with his hand over his prick, but never taking off his underwear or showing his dick.

We fucked her up her butt hole maybe seven times, probably more. And in the last few she did not need to be held. She got up on her hands and knees and rocking she fucked us back wildly. Wildly fucking. She liked it; I think. She wanted to feel the cum shoot up her butt.

She started crying real tears and sobbing when the last one pulled out after shooting off his load; she just collapsed on the floor. She knew and we knew that it was finally all over.

She ended up just laying curled up on the floor with her hands covering her face, while we got dressed, blubbering softly like a little girl who'd been bad and got spanked for it.

She was still naked and lying there when we went out the door, although she had stopped crying, but she just lay there like she was exhausted, her hands over her face, hearing us talk to her husband about coming back.

Like I said, he never even mentioned the money again. He was really happy about it all; he kept looking back down at his naked wife, and he thanked us over and over again. He really thanked us for fucking her and all. Jesus.

We went home, talking about the whole thing as we went, thinking about who we'd all invite to join us the next time.

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