**Candualism**

by Fishman

Copyright© 2022 by Fishman

**Chapter 3**

*My wife agrees to take off all her clothes in front of my friends in the basement of my parent’s house and show herself naked to them while I spy from outside the window.*

Since we were now back in the old neighborhood where I grew up and went to high school, many of my old friends dropped in to see us, the same guys who used to visit us in our apartment before we had moved away after that incident with Steve. They said they came to visit for the same reason that we were housesitting, that is, for the air conditioning and the free booze and the color TV and the rec room. But of course they also came for their interest in my wife.

We had seen almost nothing of them for more than a year and a half, yet they were still as horny about her as ever. She had put on a little weight, but she was as attractive as ever to them, and they seemed just as eager to press her for sex. It was not long before I was witnessing the same old maneuvers. Trying to stick a hand up her shirt. Teasing her. Craig and Jon especially. Jon brought friends to give a try as well. Whenever I was out of the room and even when I wasn’t.

But Karen was not the same. She responded more coyly, I thought ... with more understanding of what they intended. If she had been naive before, permitting improper advances with genuinely shy embarrassment and uncertain resistance, she was no more. Her experiences with Craig had changed how she felt, and how she reacted to her own feelings and she now understood their feelings. Yes, her innocence and naivety was completely gone; in its place was a knowing and flirtatious acknowledgment. In short she knew herself, and she understood what they wanted of her.

Craig had matured her sexually, though they should not know that. She knew what they wanted and sometimes she teased them; she baited them even to try things. She did not hesitate to look at them with a coy and seductive smile, kiss and play, then laugh and leave them hard. She could not be so easily guided into reluctant necking or letting them cop a feel of her breasts. She knew what she was doing. To their great disappointment she also had more skill in rejecting them as well. Teasing them and leaving them cock-hard. I saw it more than once. She knew what she was doing.

For their part my friends were non-plussed, especially Gary who had always had a crush on her and had dated her before I had dated her once upon a time. I could see that now he felt he had a chance to “do her,” but she always put him off. He tried to come visit while I was work, she told me. He had put a move on her, and she had teased him, letting him kiss her, feel under her sweatshirt but pushed him off when he became more urgent. Making her tell me all this in detail aroused my fantasies even more.

Jon on the other hand seemed to annoy Karen, grinning at her as he watched her playfulness. She seemed disturbed by his fixed gaze.

I debated with myself about whether I should tell my friends what I wanted. I decided I would not. I did not know how they would respond to me, and besides I wanted them to think I did not know. I wanted them to be in charge and I wanted her to make them think she wanted them to see her naked.

I had no real idea what would happen after she took off her clothes. If she did it, I did not know what they would do then. I would have to leave it to her and them, although honestly my fantasies were sick and humiliating. But I would not tell her any of these thoughts. It might intimidate her. No, I would tell her: I just to see you take your clothes off for them and let them see you naked. But how? What was the excuse? She would be drinking of course. I would go to bed and leave them alone. But why would she do it? Would they be necking? Would Gary get carried away? Would she just stand up and do it?

I thought at first that I might leave it to chance which of my friends (or friends of my friends) should be there that night. But I did not want to risk disappointment. It should be a Friday night so that Craig would not be there. I called Gary to make sure someone would come, knowing that he would probably bring Howie at least. I guessed he would also call Jon. Other than that I really hoped that there would be several--maybe some I did not know.

I really could not imagine how it would go. I thought it just as likely to flop. I mean, Karen might chicken out. Or they might be too worried about me to press her. My thoughts went in circles. I had to just stop thinking about it.

But of course I could not. I rehearsed it over and over in my mind. I went down to the basement to consider the scene. Where should they sit? I considered where I should be outside as I watched them. I considered where Karen should stand in the room when she did it and how she should do it.

I was determined to act immediately before I lost my nerve, but more than this, I have to admit, I was obsessed. I thought of little else. I daydreamed it. I masturbated to it. It was like the epitome of my fantasies. It was what I had thought about since I was a teenager. And my wife, though more savvy, more aware of her sexuality, was yet willing to do anything to please me. And I believed she would not be unwilling anyway, even if she was a little scared and worried about the consequences.

This time, when I told her what I wanted her to do, I was explicit. I reminded her of how I had wanted her to let Craig take off her clothes while I spied on them. I told her that I was not satisfied with how it had turned out. He had not done it and so this time I would want her to do it herself. She was thinking of course that I meant for her to take off her clothes for Craig while I watched. She nodded agreement. But I said she did not understand.

“Tomorrow. When the guys come over. They will want to fool around with you. Don’t fight too much. Whatever they want, I want you to let them.” She nodded.

“And then after I am gone to bed, I want you to take off all your clothes for them.”

She looked shocked. I persisted but avoided her gaze. This time there would be no chance that I would not see what I wanted to see, because she would do exactly what I wanted. I was clear and specific. “I will go to bed saying I feel sick. I will leave you alone with them. They will try to do things with you, you know, after I’ve gone. You know they will. After I’m gone just get up and say: “Is this what you want?” And take off your clothes.”

She did not say anything when I finished. But she was thinking. She did not look at me, she looked at the floor. She had not said no, that was encouraging. She asked me: “Where will you be?”

I said: “I’ll be outside.” She looked puzzled. “You’ll be in the rec room, in the basement,” I explained. “I can see everything through the window if you stand in the center of the room when you do it.”

“Who will...?” She did not finish the sentence.

“I don’t know. The usual guys,” and I admitted, “Gary’s coming over for sure.” She blushed. Certainly there would be Gary. I had already invited him on purpose. “Howie’s coming too,” I added, “and probably Jon.” She did not like Jon, as I said. She always seemed a little afraid of Jon. When I mentioned his name in particular, she became more remote and unresponsive too. Or perhaps it was Howie that bothered her. She had known Howie since the two of them grew up in the same neighborhood. The thought of taking off all of her clothes in front of him made her feel vaguely sick - like she was taking off her clothes for her brother. She said nothing more, she thought some more.

She did not look at me. “Who else?”

I shrugged. There usually were five or six guys who came over. She knew that. Who or how many would be there to see my naked wife, I didn’t know either. The more the better I was thinking. I wished I’d told Gary to invite a bunch of guys. I think she saw what I was thinking, and it made her feel cheapened.

Thinking about it, about doing this thing, taking off her clothes in the basement, standing naked in front of them, she looked more and more unhappy in the thought, more unhappy than upset. I think it hurt her feelings that I should want to humiliate her in this way, but then as I saw it her experience with Craig taught her to be sexually submissive and there was nothing that I asked that was very different in kind from things she had done willingly for him. I reminded her of that. “If you love me, like you love him...” I suggested. I reminded her of the time in the cab with the cabbie.

She was obviously hurt and ashamed by the reference and my presumption. She did not reply. I said I didn’t see how I was asking her to do anything different than she already had done for Craig. Of course she had been really drunk those other times, that is true. I was thinking she’d have to show herself naked for my friends, drunk or sober. “You can get drunk, if you want.”

She looked at me searchingly. “What else then ... what if they want things?” she asked sadly.

I pretended that I had not thought of that until she brought it up. “What do you mean?” I asked. But of course I had thought of it. There she would be, after all, standing there completely naked in the basement, after she had just flirted and let them cop feels all night. Of course they would want to do things. But I did not want her to back away now, now that I had her so close to giving in.

I shrugged and said: “All I want is you take off your clothes for them.”

Actually, though, I fantasized about that lots of things might very well happen and I think she saw what I was thinking. It was in her mind as well.

She looked worried: “Jon will want things.”

Why did she single out Jon? I could believe Gary would certainly try--after all he’d been trying to get her panties off (unsuccessfully) for years--but why did she say Jon? I asked her what she meant. She would not reply.

“What things?” I wondered disingenuously. “Do you want them to do things?”

“Is that what you want?” she asked. I tried to embrace her, but she was stiff. She turned away from me, shaking her head, folding her arms.

I asked her again: “Just take off your clothes for them.” She would not look at me. She said she wanted to think about it. I left her alone for a while.

She did not speak about it until later once we were in bed. She was not interested in sex. We laid apart on the bed, she staring at the ceiling. She asked me quietly: “Why do you want this?”

“I don’t know,” I admitted.

“Why?” she repeated, leaning to look at me.

“I don’t know. I want to see you naked for them...” Then I added: “I think you want to be naked for them too.” I watched for her reaction to my suggestion. She sighed.

She stared at me. She was silent for a long while. She asked: “Are you sure?”

I said: “Yes ... Will you do it then?”

“If it is really what you want... “ She looked sad and then turned her face away from me. She was obviously too distressed to look at me.; or did not want me to know what she was thinking. It gave me a sexual pang to think of it, because it meant she would do it. Reluctantly? Willingly?

“Yes...” I said. I told her I loved he. She sat up. I sat up beside her.

I kissed here cheek. She said nothing. She sat stiffly as I kissed her.

I made love to her then, coupling her from behind, but she was impassive and remote. My mind filled with imagination of them seeing her naked as I fucked her. This would hurt our marriage, but I did not care. Bitterly, spitefully I thought how she owed me this much, for all the things she had done at the Frat house and that time with the Cabbie, with Steve and that other boy.

I took off work on Friday. I was too keyed up. Karen slept late and seemed very distant all day. She said little to me all day. I asked her several times if she was okay and she smiled and nodded. But I think she worried.

I felt giddy. I wondered if she felt the same giddiness that I did. We got to the house early. My parents had already gone. She watched TV. I made some snacks. I went to the store to get soft drinks. When I came back she had changed her clothes.

She had started drinking before I came back.

What she wore was her own idea. And it was perfect. She deliberately appealed to the old days. She wore the same outfit that she used to wear when my friends came over to the old apartment. Bobby socks, blue jean shorts, and one of my t-shirts. The blue jean shorts (with the legs rolled up above her knees) were in fact the very same she used to wear, which now pinched her waist, a bit too snug for her since she had gained weight. The t-shirt, large on her, hung down to mid-thighs, actually covering the jeans beneath, so that to their imagination she might be entirely naked underneath. And of course, she did not wear a bra. And that was obvious.

Dressed this way, so provocatively reminiscent of times they must remember, she would seem to be inviting them. I saw it that way. They would certainly see it that way. I think, she meant it that way.

Dressed this way, all the ideas they harbored would be excited. They saw for certain that she was not wearing a bra, seeing the nubby points of tits underneath the t-shirt, and the pudgy fleshiness wobbling when she danced up and down to get them drinks. They would see this as an invitation, like the old days. Why not? They always tried to lift her shirt. She should know that.

It was hard to wait for them. We said nothing to each other about it. It was understood. I had it all scripted. I had told her even how I would guide them all to the basement rec room. How I had set it up. Lights on. Curtains open. Where they would sit. Where she would stand. When I would leave them. Where I would lie outside to watch. When she should do it. I expected them to come about 8. They didn’t start coming until 8:30 and Karen was already drinking.

When my friends arrived, she even acted like she used to act. She was already tipsy. Acting little silly. Shy to greet them. Awkward. And of course they flattered her on her clothes right off. They remembered. She blushed and pretended to ignore the comments.

Gary and Howie arrived first. She kissed Gary on the mouth, surprising him. Then, for good measure, she kissed Howie too, pressing her soft breasts against him. Well, both had really been goods friends of hers well before I came along. Gary had dated her, as I said, and Howie had been a member of her church (back when she a pre-teen and went to church). Then, Andy came alone -- he was Steve’s brother, by the way, and that would introduce all the tension of the night, because of course everybody knew the stories that Steve told. And Bill came--not particularly a friend of mine or Karen’s-- in fact he always treated Karen with nasty remarks, he didn’t like her. He brought his younger brother Timmy. They really came to drink free liquor. Especially so for Timmy because he was just a Sophomore in High School. I felt anxious now myself as my imagination began to conceive and anticipate. I saw the anxiety pass in her face too when Jon arrived with his friend, a stranger to us, he introduced as Bob. Bob leered at my wife like he guessed what would happen. I suppose Jon had told him stories. I was righter than I knew.

Jon was the last to arrive, about 9. This would be it then. Six. That was good. The number was right. She would be gang-banged. Or at least humiliated.

I had it planned to coincide with the TV news. I looked at the clock. An hour to go. I felt almost dizzy.

I had not anticipated this group at all apart from Gary and Howie. The rest -- except for maybe Jon -- was not expected. In particular I had not expected Bill; he was an old friend of Gary’s and I suppose that it why he was here, but he had never been a regular in the past, and he didn’t particularly like me or my wife, as I said.

And Bill also happened to work where I was working at present, not on the same area, but we saw each other sometimes and he knew guys I knew. I had qualms about the thought of him being here. Would he tell other guys I worked with? I just pushed the thought of it out of my mind. Or perhaps, recklessly, I entertained the idea. Again, the gnawing anticipation. Why did I want her humiliated? Did she want it? She looked already sexually flushed. I was sure they saw that too.

Andy was the real surprise; he had completely avoided us ever since the incident with Steve, his brother, as if he was ashamed of it, or worried I would be angry with him about it. I was glad to see him; he had been my best friend in high school, but I worried how he might take this. Andy would be the most astounded, because of all of them, while I think he privately and painfully lusted for her, he had never tried anything untoward; he was too shy, and he would think of me. And yet, I had no doubt, he had always wanted to see my wife naked, just like the rest of them. He had been here several times when they got her drunk and tried to get her shirt off, lifting it to expose bobbling breasts. He had watched it all. He had gotten a glimpse once or twice. She was too reckless in those days. It had embarrassed him. Still he looked. He had hoped they would do more, I am sure.

Of course I had not expected either Timmy or the stranger that Jon brought. The stranger Bob leered at Karen from the outset, as I said. Jon and he stood apart and drank standing up, commenting to one another. It was obvious they talked about my wife. It was almost like they knew what was going to happen, although when it did no one was more surprised than Bob, nor more enthusiastic.

Timmy had come to drink, as I said. He treated Karen like he might his mother. Timmy was barely sixteen, I am guessing, and although tall looked like a boy; his age discomfited Karen but also intrigued her, I could see that. She looked at me when he came in. I guessed she was beginning to get cold about doing it. But I shrugged and pretended it was okay. Actually his age and innocence, his stunned amazement would heighten her shame, I thought, for this is someone who would likely tell other boys he knew, boys in the neighborhood. She would have a naughty reputation among a whole bunch of high school teenage boys after this -- a legend that would build.

But except for him, all others present -- including the sneering leering stranger -- were more or less our age, all recently come to the legal drinking age. And while in the year -- hell, almost two years that had passed since we used to hang out -- Jon and Bill had some luck with girls--or so they bragged---the others had remained basically virgins and were inexperienced in sex, if not entirely innocent. Oh, they all might claim they knew more than they really did of course. But even Jon and Bill had maybe only done it a couple times and probably knew more from magazines and porn movies than anything real.

Andy, I am sure, had never seen a naked woman in the flesh; he had never even been to a strip club. Neither had Gary or Howie for that matter. And none of these guys would get married for several years; my wife would be the sum total of their sexual experience until then.

Perhaps Jon was a real player, or at least he thought himself one, and in the end he would lead the others through the night, being eager to harshly push the shameful extreme of what my wife could tolerate, possessing a keen insight for her abuse and humiliation and for the delicate application of coercion and teasing to coax her to sexually surrender. He knew when and how to plainly bully her, when to let her tearfully breakdown, and when to tell her that she was beautiful and kiss her kindly. He had absolutely no conscience at all.

I could not have picked a better group if I had tried. And the fact that it made Karen so plainly giddy, so that they all saw it too, actually made me even more sexually excited in my anticipation. Her anxiety, my sexual excitement made me giddy too. I think they thought we were both a little nuts that night. I was watching the clock and watching her. She is drinking heavily. I did not drink at all.

My friends in the know of course saw the significance of the provocative clothing that she was wearing, the clear “invitation” was not lost on them, as I have said. They all knew what it meant --and I think Jon explained it to the stranger almost as soon as they arrived--

Jon was especially open about the implications. I began to see why Karen worried about him, but still did not know why. When Jon arrived with his friend -- the stranger whom he would later introduce as Bob -- he immediately commented on her clothing in simply rude and coarse terms calling her out for dressing like that, calling her “a little cock-teaser” in fact and when he embraced her in his greeting, he let a trailing hand feel the underside of her breast, almost groping it. She fended his hand yet showed to him her awareness of his touch in a nervous sidelong glance after him.

Actually all of them when they arrived took special notice of how she dressed; Jon was just maybe the most unabashed. I saw Gary, Howie -- even Andy -- steal glances at the nubby points of her tits under her shirt, the hint of the supple shape, the way they bobbed when in one of her strange manic cheery moods she ran to open the door for another guest or bounced up to get a drink for one of my friends or dodged from an illicit grope with a teasing look.

Her behavior and mine gave them mixed messages. They kept looking at me for my response to the obvious indecencies being taken with my drunk wife, expecting me to be jealous and upset, especially given the stories told by Steve about her. But I acted like I didn’t care and maybe I even encouraged them to go ahead and cop a feel, if she’d let them, turning my head to the things that I saw, and they knew that I saw them.

Karen’s ambiguous feelings, rising in anxiety as the time drew nearer, showed in odd behavior; they saw how giddy she felt and how awkwardly she acted -- starting with the provocative way she dressed and how she looked at them -- and it made them uncomfortable. All except the stranger who winked at Jon and said things under his breath. But I knew that because she was feeling so queasy about what she had agreed to do -- anticipating the moment that she would take off her clothes for them -- she was alternately strangely moody, then incongruously chirpy and frivolous: imagining nervously what she felt would be their likely response, obsessing in anticipation on what she imagined they would do to her; then suddenly she would be withdrawn, quiet and worried, thinking (I suppose) of the regretful aftermath.

When one of them spoke to her or sat beside her, she would try to be happy, trying not to think of it. But teasing her or flirting with her would seem to worry her, even while she tried to good-naturedly receive them. She blushed with more discomfort than they expected, and after all their teasing was not meant to be cruel, though suggestive and at moments raw, but from time to time she would look on the verge of tears.

They felt her tension. When she was left alone, she would sit apart looking about the room of them inappropriately despondent, for no good reason that they could tell.

Reengaging her, trying to cheer her, she smiled cheerily, but her cheery smile showed an obvious pretense and the moment she was left alone she plunged back into a sullen anxious preoccupation.

They saw all the wildness in her emotions, and it perplexed them. They asked me privately what was wrong. Was something wrong? Nothing’s wrong, I said, she just has something on her mind. They asked her too when they saw she looked unhappy. But of course she would smile and try to be amusing.

I knew what she was thinking about, for I was thinking it too: the time was approaching. I shared her anxiety: what would they do when she took off her clothes? I did not know for certain. I had deliberately left it to fate. And I shared her misgivings about the aftermath. What would they think of her? How will the feel about me?

The atmosphere of the evening had a knife-edge, like there was going to be violent thunderstorm.

I contributed to the atmosphere myself. Alternately over-solicitous to her (feeling guilty and frankly wanting to reassure her so that she would not back out) and then again ignoring her, especially as they made comments or sexual advances toward her. Sitting next to her, she between Gary and Howie on the sofa. They watched TV. When he thought I wasn’t looking, Gary put his hand up her shirt, which I pretended I did not see but which obviously I had. All of them saw it. All of them saw she let him. He withdrew his hand when I came back to the room.

Because she had not discouraged him--in fact she had just sat there watching TV with a nonchalance while Gary felt her-- the moment I turned away to talk to Jon, Gary put his hand up her shirt again while the others grinned or I could see it out of the corner of my eye in a reflection on the sliding glass door that opened to the back yard. He fondled her openly while she sat smiling dewy eyed and woozy with drink. I turned and caught him. He pulled out his hand with an abashed grin. But I just shrugged, and I winked at him; even Andy saw that.

My friends thought this should have offended me, especially the teasing of this stranger whom Jon had brought, who said rudely out loud, “Why not take off her shirt?” I said nothing even to this, and Karen pretended not to hear it. It must have seemed to them that I oddly ignored her misuse and humiliation.

Karen for her part pretended to be blithely oblivious, even while Gary’s hand toyed with her bare tit, her shirt raised enough to show a bit of the bottom of her bare tit, her plump belly. I think he wanted to lift the shirt to expose her, but he did not dare. Gary looked at me sheepishly. Karen pushed her shirt to her lap with her fist and reached for her drink on the coffee table. Sipping, blushing, she sprang up and ran out.

They all looked after her. I felt a bit uncertain. There was a lot of muttering and joking that I could not hear and was not meant to hear. I worried she would not come back, so I went to look for her and found her coming out of the upstairs bathroom. I asked if she was alright and she looked at me quizzically and smiling and skipped down the stairs. I heard them greet her gaily. She had just gone to pee, I guessed.

When she came back it was obvious, she had taken off her jean shorts. When she flounced back on the sofa, I saw and many others saw her bare legs and flashed her underpants, and so they let them see, until she smiled sheepishly and sat up and tugged the undershirt back to her knees. The boys were alert and keen. Gary grinned. Jon winked at his friend.

We stayed upstairs until I was certain no one else was coming. It was coming up on 10 o’clock. I had told her she should do it about 10, just after the news programs came on the TV. That was to be her cue.

She was talking animatedly with Bob, Jon and Gary in the center of the kitchen when I approached them. I announced that we should all go down to the basement and the rec room. They seemed confused. I told Gary to grab the liquor bottles: “There’s more beer in the fridge downstairs.”

She looked at me seriously. She watched them file down.

As they went down, before she went down the stairs, she stopped me. She wanted to say something.

What she said was not perhaps what she mean to say: “Am I dressed alright?” Her speech slurred. I don’t think it was what she meant to say. But I think it was her way of cryptically signaling her intent to go ahead with it. Her face showed me what she meant. Eyes so wanting me to love her, to reassure her.

I said: “Maybe you should stop drinking now?”

“Why?” she said defiantly. She looked unhappy.

I kissed her and embracing her, feeling supple bare breasts against me beneath her t-shirt. I put my hand underneath and touched them. She leaned her forehead to my shoulder.

“You look beautiful,” I said, kissing her forehead. “You okay?” She nodded, but she seemed very unhappy now. Still she said nothing in reply. Everything was communicated between us in her submissive nod.

Downstairs, the boys found seats on the sofa and loveseat under the window. Andy turned on the TV that was in the corner; he was not one to socialize and distracted himself. I brought down the snacks and put them out onto the wet bar. Karen sat on the sofa between three of the boys Andy on one side (a safe bet) and then Gary and Howie. Bill and Timmy sat on the love seat off to the side. Jon and Bob sat on the coffee table or on the sofa arm, chatting up the others, on both sofa and love seat...

We drank. The boys flirted with Karen just like they had been doing. Gary and Jon and Howie were taking turns at it. Switching places, sitting next to Karen and Andy as we watched TV and drank. The same old play. A hand at her waist, then touching on her bare skin. A whisper. Her blush. The hand slipping onto her tummy when I was turned away. But now she was pushing it off before it got to the prize. The newcomers Bob and Timmy seemed perplexed that I did nothing to stop it. Karen was quite drunk, and it was likely that several hands would eventually slip further up beneath her shirt. It was game now. Gary showed her white underpants to the top to her plump bare belly and her belly button before she slapped him away. He meant to finger her if they could. She held the T-shirt down with a fist and shook her head at Gary, who glanced my way furtively.

Aware of the incident with Steve, but uncertain of the truth of it, Gary and Jon now teased Karen asking her if she ever saw Steve nowadays. Jon asked after the other boy whose name I had never heard before then. Karen had not told me. She said she did not know. Gary said the name: Larry something. Jon said: “Larry remembers you well.” She blushed. I think they all of them knew the stories.

After drinking some more the boys started to talk about sex, deliberately I think, in order to embarrass Karen and she did seem uncomfortable. An allusion was made to cock-sucking. Gary, again, looking up under Karen’s downcast eyes, asked her plainly: “Do you do that?” She bit a lip and looked up at me. Gary grinning said: “No. Why would a girl like that?”

Jon said slyly, making a little knowing glance at Karen: “Maybe she likes the taste of cum.” The silence made everyone uncomfortable. Jon nudges Karen, leaning toward and adds maliciously: “Tell us, Karen. Do you like the taste of cum?”

She looked hurt, it is true, and embarrassed. Howie looked worried and looked at me. I think he expected me to say something. When I didn’t, Andy turned away in embarrassment for me. Gary laughed nervously in spite of himself. Timmy looked confused. Bob grinned. Bill rolled his eyes. Jon nodded and winked at me.

Seeming upset, Karen got up and went upstairs.

We were all disappointed, I am sure, and I was worried that she would not go through with it. I told Jon he should not talk to her like that. He apologized but then asked: “Does she like sucking cock?” Only his friend laughed. I blushed I suppose. I sort of nodded with a stupid look on my face. Truth is she had not done it to me. She had done it others.

At length she came back. She looked serious, even unhappy, but was flushed. She sat next to Gary, scooping her t-shirt up underneath her bottom snuggly. That is when I realized she had gone upstairs to take off her underpants. She was naked under the t-shirt. I had not asked for this. This was her idea. She looked at me as if wanting my permission. I knew what she wanted it. I returned a knowing look. She knew I knew. Gary looked perplexed at the two of us puzzling at our exchange. He could not guess.

I interrupted the conversation now suddenly. It seemed a good time. It was nearly ten and I had told Karen her cue should be when the news came on. That she should ask someone to turn down the sound then and then wait a moment and then take her position in the room.

I said I didn’t feel well. Some of them thought it was because the sex talk was getting raunchy. I said I thought I had eaten something bad. I was going to have to go to bed. But I added: “You guys stay. Karen will keep you company. Have a good time...”

I motioned to Karen when I stood where I wanted her to stand, seeing that from here I could see everything well. As she got up, Gary’s hand slipped out from beneath her shirt.

She approached me meekly, aware that I had seen him fondling her and that she had allowed it. I whispered to her: “Stand here ... this is where...” She looked down and nodded. I did not kiss her. I just left. She returned to sit beside Gary.

I had gone out the front door and ran around to the back yard to peek into the windows. I had opened the windows a bit earlier so that I would be able to hear them, saying it was because of their smoking. It was cool outside anyway; we didn’t have the air conditioning on.

When I settled in creeping close enough to hear and see well, Gary was keeping up his rude patter. What he expected Karen to say I do not know. It was almost cruel; I think he expected her to get upset, but she did not. She looked worried, he saw that clearly he was hitting a nerve; maybe Steve’s stories were really true.

Jon finally said for him to give it a rest. He leaned to explain the subtext to Bob in a quiet aside. Bob’s eyes widened on Karen. Karen saw this.

“You didn’t answer me,” Gary teased her.

“I didn’t hear you,” she said meekly.

He repeated it: “Do you like sucking cock?”

They waited. Everyone looked at her. She blushed. She did not respond.

The TV news began. It was time. I was ready. But nothing happened. Karen did nothing. I began to doubt that she would do it.

Gary laughed: “I don’t know. Anyway you never had your cock sucked.”

Jon took offense. He looked at my wife, then back at Gary. “Oh yeah and she loved it.”

“Really? Who?” asked Gary, “Some boy scout?”

“Fuck you,” retorted Jon.

“Who then? Anybody we know?” He winked at Jon and looked at Karen. Andy had looked up from the news and glanced at my wife

Jon seeing Andy looking at my wife, added the irrelevant fact: “You know, Steve got his cock sucked by some married woman he knows. He’s always bragging about it. Right?”

Dropping the bomb. They did not speak for several minutes, listening to the news. I began to believe it would not happen.

To my friends, Karen seemed to be upset, and those in the know interpreted this to be her response to the pointed reference Jon had made about Steve. It was like accusing a witch, trying to get her guilt to show in her face, and were getting to her. Her discomfort showed but those who did not know what was going on just thought the nasty topic offended her. Good girls don’t do such things. The conversation lapsed. The TV droned. Karen had lost her nerve. It wasn’t going to happen.

Gary got up to get himself another drink. He asked Karen if she wanted one. She said no. The conversation resumed and in the background I heard an announcer go off on a rant of sports scores in the newscast. It had been more than twenty minutes. I thought I might as well go back inside. She wouldn’t do it now.

Then, I heard Karen speak to Andy: she asked him to turn down the volume on the TV.

I was disheartened. In my mind I spoke to her a silent command. “Get up.” I squeezed my dick and sent my thoughts to her: “Take it off.” Gary was coming back with his mixed drink when Karen got up from the sofa. And I felt an anxious anticipation.

“You said you didn’t want one. I would have got you one.”

She smiled at him and said: “No, it’s okay.” She touched his arm and seemed preoccupied. When he sat down, Karen stepped around to the other side of the coffee table. I spoke to her in mind again: “Yes.” Gary looked up as he sat to see that Karen had gone to stand out into the room a little beyond the end of the love seat the love seat squared up in a L with the sofa and in the corner nook between this matching set there was a table lamp, its light also turned on, set on a square end table. All the lights were turned on in the room. I had made sure of that.

“Do it,” my thoughts directed to her. She glanced toward the window where I crouched. I unzipped my pants and felt my erection. She stepped back a few steps, looking at them on the sofa. “Do it,” I thought. Jon looked at her curiously. She was aware of his gaze. “Do it,” I urged her in my mind. Gary sipped his drink and spoke to Jon who turned his face toward him. Bob was following their conversation. Andy looked at the news. The other boys were talking or watching others talk.

“Take it off,” I urged her silently.

Karen looking down at the front of herself.

“Do it,” I commanded her in my mind.

No one was looking at my wife when she began. Her hands pressed palm down on the front of her t-shirt, feeling the hem, she lifted her head looked up to window where she thought I must be watching. She could not see me. She looked at the window blankly, as if in a hypnotic trance, taking my mental commands to strip for my friends, and reaching under the front of the t-shirt, barely lifting it.

Her legs are pale above her sunburnt knees. The hem of the t-shirt falls mid-thigh. She looks up at them when some one spoke, as if remembering that they were there. Gary, I think, said something to Howie which the others overheard and so they all looked up.

Howie nudged Gary who looked up to see what Howie was grinning at.

Their conversation had suddenly and awkwardly stopped. Only the TV was heard, murmuring sports news. All of them straightened up where they sat, leaning eagerly toward her, their faces intense, expressions amazed. They all looked at her now. Arms at her side. And she, aware of their stares, although she still did not look up at them, fidgeted. Was she losing her nerve? Eyes, downcast, she almost spoke, to explain herself. She looked worried. I could see that. I was worried too. What did I think was going to happen now? How would this change how they treated her? How they treated me? But I did not care what it meant. I wanted her to strip for them. I wanted her naked in front of them. I did not care what they thought of her or me. I wanted my friends to see my wife naked. I wanted to see them looking at her naked.

“Do it ... I whispered. I am sure they were thinking along with me --- my mental commands urging her to do it, to take off all her clothes for them.

She straightened up, lifting hair aside that had fallen forward over her face; glancing at my friends, showing she was embarrassed, and anxious, she smiled awkwardly and nodded to something that Gary said. He said something else. They laughed. She shook her head, blushing, and bit the side of her lip. She looked like she was going to immediately take off her shirt, her hands at the hem, fingers feeling it. She looked down at her hands... “Take it off...” I thought urgently, keenly wishing her now to show herself completely naked to them. I was masturbating harder; I was ready to cum the moment that she lifted her shirt for them.

She hesitated, looking at the floor. She looked up---her eyes were almost tearful---she looked sad and almost said something--- she tilted her head in an expression of pathetic question, looking up at me, looking up at where I hid in dark on the lawn, beyond the window and the glaring reflection of the well-lit room -- I can’t do this, she seemed to say. I was sure I could not be seen, being so close to the ground and beyond the shining light, lying in the shadow of the house, but she was looking so intently at me that I felt a sick anxiety that I would be discovered.

But now new programming began--Gilligan’s Island--they turned their gaze back to the TV.

For the moment they had all turned their eyes away from Karen.

Just sit right back and you’ll hear a tale

a tale of a fateful trip,

that started from this tropic port,

aboard this tiny ship.

The mate was a mighty sailin’ man,

the Skipper brave and sure,

five passengers set sail that day,

for a three hour tour,

a three hour tour.

I thought mentally: Do it! Do it now!

She looked at the floor. She hestitated. I thought for sure she wouldn’t do it, that she would now just run from the room.

The weather started getting rough,

the tiny ship was tossed.

If not for the courage of the fearless crew

the Minnow would be lost.

The Minnow would be lost.

The ship’s aground on the shore of this

uncharted desert isle

with Gilligan...

the Skipper too.

Then, with her eyes cast down, her face down, looking down at her hands and at her own exposed legs, she curled her fingers inside the hem of the shirt and drew the t-shirt up with an intake of breath, and drew it up all the way to show her bare belly, her hairy pubes, and then closing her eyes, she gathered up the t-shirt, and gathering it up, lifted it entirely up and off, exposing herself naked to them--while they were fixated on the TV--and then she dropped her T-shirt to the floor.

Naked now. Completely naked but for her socks! And her obvious wedding ring. Her wedding ring!

Someone saw her now out of the corner of his eyes.

The millionaire and his wife,

the movie star,

the professor and Mary Ann,

here on Gilligan’s Isle.

Then they all dramatically turned their heads toward her. Stunned to see her.

She openned her eyes. She looked back at them. Flushed. Mouth parted. She too looked stunned. Also worried.

Anxious, uncertain. I myself: I felt anxious. Not sure. What did they think of her?

But here she was--my wife--standing completely naked in front of them.

Except for her socks which somehow added to her humiliation. Just as I had wanted--but still I could hardly believe it -- they looked like they could hardly believe it.

The first mate and his Skipper too

will do their very best,

to make the others comfortable

in their tropic island nest.

No phone, no lights, no motor car

not a single luxury

like Robinson Crusoe,

it’s primitive as can be.

So join us here each week my friends,

you’re sure to get a smile,

from seven stranded castaways

here on Gilligan’s Isle!

Howie stood up. Gary stood up, grinning Jon came around the coffee table, moving toward her and she looked at him warily.

Someone said something indistinctly and some laughed lightly. Howie bent and turned the sound down on the TV.

No one said anything. It was otherwise completely silent.It was like a church or something.

All eyes were fixed on my naked wife. Wide-eyed, stunned and glad. Fixed on her as she stood facing them--Naked!

My own eyes fixed on her randy tits, as I saw my friends also fixed on her tits--randy and plump, nipples like momma nipples, wide and succulent.

And then dropping our gaze to her pussy, we saw how the lips of her cunt showed clearly through her faintly regrown pussy hair.

She glanced up, shyly smiling at the window where I hid -- could she see me by the light from the basement?

Gary caught her glance -- her nervous look and the glance up at the window again -- and so he glanced up over his shoulder in my direction too. Jon too followed her eyes. I ducked down into shadows quickly.

Then I heard Karen deliver the one scripted line I had given her, delivering it poignantly, as if she thought they may be disappointed to see her naked: “Is this what you want?”

Almost sadly. But obviously hoping for a positive response.

Hearing it spoken, I peeked up. Somebody laughed.

She brushed back the hair back from her face. She dropped her arms. She stood like in an interrogation. For a moment she looked uncertain of herself, but smiled even so. Like she really was worried that they did not like her. But that was absurd. They wanted this.

No one knew what to say, I suppose.

Jon grinned and nodded, and finally Gary answered for them all: “Yes.” Enthusiastically. She later told me that at that moment she unaccountably felt like crying --- she did not know why she should but she felt something now would change between her and me and these men, some of whom she had known since she was in sixth grade; but more simply, I think, it was the humiliation she felt or the anxiety of anticipation, for she did not know what would happen after she had taken off her clothes but she thought she would be obliged to do anything they wanted. She could hear Jon speaking something obscenely to her in a low surly voice; he believed she meant to tease them; I could see that she was anxious.

Karen actually blushed in genuine embarrassment, as though suddenly aware that she was naked. Facing them. Showing herself completely naked. Not trying to cover herself. She looked anxious then and looked at her T-shirt as though wanting to put it back on. Afterall she had done what I had asked, showing herself naked. But she didn’t reach for the T shirt. She wanted them to see her naked. I could see that. They could see it too, I thought.

After another pause, the boy in the crowd said: “Holy Shit!” And everybody laughed loudly. And Karen smiled at him more broadly but still shyly, and pressed her hands to her thighs, now looking away from their fierce gaze.

I knew -- and she knew -- that my friends had always wanted to see her naked. I knew they would have even paid me to see her take off her clothes.

Now here she was. Right here. Totally naked. With all the lights on ... Standing there right in front of them, facing them with all her clothes off. Head to stocking feet, completely naked for my friends.

I gasped and I could not help myself: without even stroking myself, I ejaculated freely onto the lawn.

Her gaping audience was speechless, but they were not the least disappointed to see her naked; I could see that, and she must have seen it too, although she did not think she had a nice body; she thought herself plain and kinda fat.

Maybe she was. But they were pleased to see her naked, even Bill would mutter out loud: “She ain’t too bad.”

“Like Steve said,” Gary nodded.

“Yeah,” said Howie, “I wished I’d stayed then.” Referring to Steve’s good fortune a couple years ago.

Their response, staring at her, shamelessly leering and obscene, and this reMike about Steve made her anxious now. She fidgeted and looked at her clothes on the floor.

Bill assessed her without sympathy and crudely: “She’s kinda fat but she’s got pretty good tits.” Gary laughed. Timmy giggled.

She could not look at Andy, who was blushing as much as she was, but h stared at her nakedness just as keenly as the rest of them. She was too ashamed to look at Howie at first, but then she glanced (and so did I) to see Howie beaming at her happily and she shyly smiled back up at him from downcast eyes.

All of them leering, liked looking at her. Even Bill, whom she knew did not like her, was nodding. And the boy Timmy’s astonished gaze especially aroused her. Fat or no, they liked looking at her naked and I believe that all of them wanted to fuck her.

Gary’s friendly and reassuring smile and small compliments made her feel more confident now. Afterall she had known him for years, even dating him before me. He said something pleasantly to her that I did not hear, and she gave him a sortof coquettish smile. She really liked this, I could see that.

She was embarrassed but also just as obviously--she wanted to do this--she wanted them to see her naked.

I could see it. They all could see it.

Later she admitted that she herself had felt sexually aroused to see how she sexually aroused them. Their obvious erections. That was why, she would admit to me, that she so complacently responded to their molestations and then submitted so serviley to do all the things that they wanted her to do; she was so easily coaxed to do those things and she never resisted them.

It’s true my wife is rather plain. When naked I suppose she looked more like a plump underdeveloped girl than a grown woman--high-waisted like a little girl and, like a little girl, her hips were not wider than her chest, and having put on weight, her waist was filled in, her plump tummy protrudes, her navel sinks--she looked more like a chubby 14-year-old pre-pubescent than a grown-up woman at 21. Except that her breasts are well-formed, bulging like water balloons, made heavier with the fat she had put on, and her wide nipples, the same rich color of her natural mouth, swelled out to points and seemed to draw out her breasts, as if enlarging at the tips of her tits, as if growing out and drawing out their shape by them. Pouting as she stands. One of her tits is a little bigger than the other, adding to the naive look and the vulnerability she felt. Plump, they jiggled a little even in her small movements as when she brushed her hair back. Tempting for them to touch. And oddly, just like a 14-year-old girl, she had then a very downy pubic hair--because it had not yet fully grown back after Craig had shaved her. Dark in color it would grow thick and bushy in time but then it was thin, as if she had only recently acquired it, as if she was 14, and showing beneath her chubby mons, they could easily see the chubby lips of her cunt slit, and from that the long line between her rounded thighs down her bare legs to her bare feet.

Her legs are long and smooth. She never ever needed to shave them. Her hands flattened on her thighs contrast to the paleness of her undressed portions of her body and on her left hand the only thing she had not taken off--socks and her wedding ring.

So for several minutes, in the full light, they just stared at my naked wife, astonished. Simply stamping in their memory a permanent photograph of her nakedness. One they probably still keep in vivid memory.

I crept even closer to the window to see them and her better, still masturbating. I wanted to see her face. I wanted to see their faces looking at her naked. Their eyes fixed and eager on my naked wife. Silent and reverent as in a church, grinning their sappy grins, mesmerized, fixedly lewdly gazing at her nakedness. But as no one said anything--astounded, as I say -- and the voice of some sportscaster calling off scores on the TV news -- she stood there, her arms at her side, my poor wife, and began to look a little worried, or even sad in her shameful display; her sadness made me have second thoughts. She looked at Gary who had just spoken her and seemed almost beckoning him, and Gary smirked and made to stand up, shifting in his seat on the sofa, and made an eager comment to Jon who nodded. I could not hear it, but Karen blushed. Howie said something to Gary also. They laughed. She glanced at them, shyly pleased.

I kept masturbating though I had already cum once, watching the faces of my friends, following their eyes where they looked at my wife’s naked body, almost feeling her with their eyes--running them over her tits and her nipples, handling her hips, belly, thighs, wanting to probe her between her legs. She faced them with responsive awareness now. Aware of their eyes, feeling their pleasure to see her, feeling her all over. Taking in all of her. Head to foot. Naked. Her hands at her thighs. Those silly socks. Wedding ring showing.

She inadvertently glanced up at the window from where I spied on them. To acknowledge my pleasure in seeing them see her naked. To see her satisfaction too. Her own reflection in the glass was all she might see with all the lights on, but she knew where I was, and she wanted to acknowledge her nakedness for me. Again, Gary glanced back up where I was again. Jon too. I shrank back.

Suddenly she covered her crotch and made to leave; she leaned and reached for her T-shirt on the floor beside her.

“What are you doing?” said Jon., standing up an approaching her.

She straightened up, holding the T-shirt. He intimidated her without a word. She dropped the T-shirt and dropped her hands to her sides.

She turned her head in disingenuous shame, in a deliberate signal of her surrender to them, having looked away when their eyes had met hers, but they were not looking much at her face anyway. They had gotten more and more animated, now shifting on the sofa, as if they were all going to get up; now and stop her from leaving. I could see how many had certainly gotten erections.

The only sound: the irrelevant murmur of the TV -- some silly commercial---and outside where I was., the crickets. She said nothing.

What was she thinking?

Gary said: “Come on, Karen.”

It was too much. I had to hold my ejaculation.

Finally, Jon went closer, standing to the side of the coffee table. She still a few paces away into the middle of the room. He smirked at her: “So, what do you want, Karen?”

She looked at him searchingly as he got closer to her. I edged up to see this more closely, masturbating as I watched.

“We can fuck you,” he grinned, and gestured around the room behind himself. “All of us.”

Her eyes widened. Was this what she meant that Jon would “want things”--and why Jon? Why did he take charge? Why did she do what he said?

Looking down at her nakedness fiercely (not at her face, though her eyes were on his), Jon approached her in a kind of swagger without a word; except that briefly she was eclipsed by his passing in front of her as he moved across the room, I had a full view of her naked and her face turning toward him, and I saw in both her face and the gesture of her rising hands an expressive intimidation, a responsive anticipation, worry.

She seemed both anxious and aroused by his approach and, sensing her shrinking back and her wary vulnerability suggested by her stooped and almost cowering posture, he stepped all around her in two full circles, looking her up and down, and smirking.

While I cowered, praying that they had not seen me, I heard Jon say out loud what I was thinking: “You ain’t gonna need this no more...” I looked up. Jon had gotten close to her.

Standing right in front of her now--eclipsing what I could see a little--Jon leaned over and picked up the T-shirt which still lay next to her stocking feet. and, peeking up at her naked body sarcastically; he threw the T-shirt and it flew ten feet away, skidding across the linoleum. Some of the boys laughed as she looked it slipping far out of reach. She was naked and she would stay naked, she understood. Jon grinned and winked at my friends. They all understood. They laughed again.

Watching this, she had half turned toward him, showing how pronounced the tips of her nipples, stiffened to points. Her pointy nipples showing her obvious sexual feelings. He said something to her. She blushed.

Standing closely, she half-turned from him, avoiding his eyes, his cynical eyes to her worried eyes, he looked her over now up close, nodding, looking her up and down; he nodded smugly and appreciatively, and having considered her nakedness completely, he looked up at her face, and she raised her eyes to his to hear him give her his judgement: “You got fat, Karen.”

He said it harshly, mugging comically back at my friends. Bob laughed. Gary did too, though he seemed to share Karen’s wince at the careless reMike. Jon meant to hurt her feelings, I think, to aggravate her shame and humiliation by calling her fat to her face in front of all my leering friends. But what he said also implied that he had seen her naked sometime before this that I did not know--when she was thinner--what? Back when we were first married? She blushed at the insinuation herself and glancing my way through the window in the darkness where I lay peering at her on the lawn, she seemed to acknowledge her embarrassed guilt for it. When else had he seen her naked?

He said to her: “Gimme your socks too.” Gesturing. She was uncertain. He repeated himself: “Take off your socks.” To complete the dominance. I felt it. She felt it. They all knew it.

She complained weakly but she bent to his will, her tits jiggling, hanging, as she awkwardly bent and stripped off one sock, then the other. He held out his hand to her. She handed them to her. He turned aside and tossed them back to Gary who caught them, clutched them greedily. She looked at him. She knew what it meant. So did I. So did all of them. They were not going to let her to put any clothes on.

The implications flooded everyone’s awareness. If she had thought to run away, it was too late now. Gary said something to my friends that made them snicker. I did not hear it, but Karen did. She folded her arms under her breasts like she was cold, and she shook her head. He looked back at her and repeated himself and nodded against her protest. He said so I could hear: “You know you want to do it...”

This was incredible. This was unbelievable. It was impossible, it was dream-like. But it was happening. She had really done it. There she stood now, completely naked for my friends. And now? Jesus Christ, they were going to do it to her while I watched...

Gary handed her socks to Howie, grinning, feeling them over, who then shared them with Andy, who did not know what to do with them, and Bob gushed at Jon: “I didn’t believe you ... But like you said ... Man, oh, man!”

“Come closer...” Jon commanded. “Stand here...” He pointed to a place within a few feet of the coffee table, directly under an overhead light. Close enough they could her sweat.

She took two or three small steps to be closer and encouraged more with a smirk and gesture and so he gradually positioned under the bright light. “Put your hands behind your back, Karen...” he demanded. She did as he said. She looked over the tops of the heads of her audience. Vaguely. What was she thinking?

After an interval of silence and new closer study, she glanced at Timmy to see him looking at her nakedness. She glanced at others. Except for Andy. She could not look at my friend Andy whom of all my friends seemed most uncomfortable about this. He made me feel ashamed too. Wide-eyed and abashed, my poor friend Andy blushed even more than my naked wife did. Andy blushed, but his eyes were riveted on my naked wife; he studied her tits, her pussy like he had never seen a naked woman; and well, I am sure he never had. How many time had he imagined seeing my wife naked? My guess is he had privately masturbated about it and now here she was--completely naked under bright light. He knew this was wrong and he could not understand why she had done it. He worried I’d come back, I suppose. That must have been on everybody’s mind, because Jon said, looking in my wife’s eyes: “He’s gone to bed? You done this on your own?”

“Shit.” I wondered, “had he guessed?”

Jon examined her nervous response; he fondled her breast, teasing, drawing out her nipple to a point, then strumming it mockingly with his fingertip, to see how it stiffened and jiggled like a rubbery thing. Karen nodded. She glanced at Andy with such a shocking mixture of obvious embarrassment and obvious sexual responsiveness that it must have aroused him. Jon’s unexpected masterful command of my naked wife also confused Andy, but it also seemed to justify her humiliation. She deserved this. Hell, she wanted it. He could see it. They all saw it. Andy nodded in spite of his embarrassed misgivings; he had got an erection like everybody else.

Seeing Andy and feeling ashamed for his sake and perhaps anxious about the kid brother Bill had brought, she may have regretted momentarily that she had done it; I saw her fits of uncertainty and anxiety, but the rest of my friends obviously did not care. While obviously seeming to become worried and uncomfortable, ready to protest that she must not do this--her hunched posture now looking so pathetic as if to plead that they should let her go, she also seemed submissive, wanting to show herself naked them, to stand there completely naked for them for as long as they wanted to look at her. And for their part, grinning and gawking, they were in no hurry to let her go. The expression on their keen faces was delighted eager lust; they wanted to touch her, I could see that. They would not let her go until they had.

Jon sauntered back to her, leering, grinning, stepping behind her, lifted her hands away, which she held out like a child, and looking up and down her legs, said: “Nice ass...” He smacked her bare bottom smartly and she startled. It made a sharp wet cracking sound. Her tits jiggled.

She put her hands back reflexively. She said: “Ow!” More in embarrassed surprise than in pain.

She glanced up at me. She looked worried.

Jon looked where she looked: “What are you looking at?”

She shook her head. Jon grinned in my direction. I ducked.

Timmy snorted in a laugh nastily. Then stopping back in front, standing to the side of her, looking at her tits with a smug appreciation, then looking back at the audience to share his thoughts, then looking back at her tits, Jon sneered at my wife and said derisively,” ... your tits got chubby...” and, hefting it in his hand like he was weighing its flesh, he jokingly jiggled her breast at them, mugging at the men watching him do this, jiggling it with his hand for their amusement and her humiliation; her tits shimmied like Jell-O. Her inadvertently stimulated nipple involuntarily responded sexually, crinkling, thickening, pointing; at which display Jon nodded approvingly his satisfaction and gave it a teasing prolonged fingering at its pointy erection and pulled it out and waggled the bag of flesh. Gary laughed at her. She looked at his eyes pathetically, almost pleadingly, it seemed. Timmy giggled at her uncomfortable and foolish humiliation. Andy looked almost sick with shame for her sake. Karen caught his anxious stare, and the lewd grins of the rest of them. She looked almost tearful now in her own anxiety.

She watched Jon warily as he let drop her plump tit and began again circling back behind her, dropping her gaze to the floor as he stepped behind her, feeling his hands cupping her buttock, squeezing them, his fingers pressing between the cheeks of them and inserting into the moist warm wet cleft between her legs. He whispered to her something sarcastic and obscene. She closed her eyes, dropped her head, her face reddened now--but this was arousal, I think, not blushing; she was responding to his hand; her mouth parted; she was forced, or she volunteered to shift her stance, widening her legs for his hand. Jon peered over her shoulder as he worked his fingers between her legs behind her, grinning manaically and whispering sexual and insinuating things to her.

Jon stepped around in front of her, circling about and as he did bringing his hand to glide on her naked body, to brush her right breast, her right nipple in his fingertips, and she looked up at him pleadingly as he passed in front of her and came to stop, to stand beside her on her left side, so that the boys could all see as he hefted her left breast in his hand to assess it, fleshy satisfying shape of it. Treating her like a sexual slave. Like property.

He said: “Show us your cunt”

She was perplexed. He explained: “Get on the coffee table and spread your legs.” She was embarassed and confused, but smiling. Jon took her and helped her to stand on the table. He pushed her legs wide apart like he was posing her. She staddled the better length of the table facing the boys. Her head was nearly level to mine. She glanced at me, seeing her own nakedness reflected in the window, I supposed.

“Use your hands.” She looked consused. “Use your fingers and show ‘em your cunt.” She understood. She was ashamed of herself. She turned her head, closed her eyes, but she did what she was told.

“Nice”, Jon said. “Always wanted to see that, Gary?”

Gary grinned.

“And you, Timmy ... Ever seen a girl’s cunt up close?”

Timmy said “Yeah” but he meant “no.”

Jon said: “I seen it before. Ain’t I, Karen” Karen did not respond.

“Got naked ... just like this ... and showed me ... just like this ... last summer. Remember that, Karen?”

She looked down at him and dropped her hands, giving him a pathetic look.

Jon added: “That was good times. At the old apartment, you know. Got her drunk like she did tonight. Messing with her like we always do. But this time we got all her clothes off. Me and some other guys. Remember?”

She did not say a word but it was obviously true. She glanced at me sheepishly. When the hell was that? Why didn’t I know about that?

Jon reached up for her hand and helped her to step down off the coffee table.

Jon had no sympathy for what she had now brought upon for herself: “You want us to fuck you now?”

This was way more than I had imagined. Teasing her like this. Taunting her. Humiliating her like this. I thought Karen would resist them. I thought if they approached her she would run off to the stairs. But no! She just stood there impassively naked, as Jon fondled her breast, plucking on a stiffened nipple with teasing fingers, and when Jon asked, “Or maybe...” (he paused to look her in the eyes, sarcastically grinning) “ ... No ... I know what you like ... you wanna suck cock, right?”

She looked so ashamed and dejected, it seemed to me, I knew that she was resigned to give them whatever they wanted. It was unbelievable. “Yeah ... like before ... All of us. Right?”

She said something urgently, closely whispered to him so that only he could hear her, and Jon replied sarcastically: “I didn’t know the boy was coming either. But then again we didn’t know you were gonna strip for us.”

Jon let his fingers glide from her nipple, tracing the shape of her tit, down the slope of her tummy smoothly to her pussy, rubbing her mons gently there, rubbing the slit of it, his index finger slipping between her cunt lips into her sex. Whispering to her. Her head lowered. Her mouth parted. Eyes closed. Arms at her sides. Seemingly helpless to his touching. She nodded to his inaudible suggestions.

“Where is your husband? Huh?” He teased her.

She flinched at his clever fingers. Finding what aroused her, he focused. He kissed her mouth; she turned her head to receive his open mouth, opening her own. She lifted her hands to his chest to resist him? She did not.

Even from outside the window I heard her responsive mewing. One hand on a breast, the other felt her between her legs. She kissed him warmly, responsively, accepting his fondling, even though watched by all these men. God, I almost shot off right then. But I was as amazed as my friends, who stared with open mouths as the scene of my naked wife being openly kissed and fondled by Jon, whom all of them knew she detested. She kissed like she wanted him to feel her nakedness.

Then, just as she so obviously wanted him to continue, he abruptly disengaged; grinning sardonically at my wife whose own up-turned flushed face showed confusion and self-conscious embarrassment, Jon stepped back, removing his hands from her body, her hands foolishly uplifted as she had embraced his neck, abandoned now by him to the bright light and their intense gaze, standing naked and apart. She looked up sheepishly where I spied on her. God, I thought, Jon must have had her naked before.

Giving her nakedness one more long leering perusal, then calling over his shoulder, Jon said loudly: “Hey, Bob, you wanna turn at this?”

Bob stood up quickly, grinning, and Jon stepped around behind her, holding her by the shoulders and looking approvingly over the front of her, down her chest and tummy to her legs.

From where I stood crouched outside I saw my wife open her eyes to watch him approach. She looked at him with intense and worried expression, seeming almost to shiver, as he stepped in front of her and lifted his two hands to feel both her nipples simultaneously. He squeezed her breasts. He dropped his right hand to her pussy, and I could see that he used two fingers to feel her up. She stiffened. He finger-fucked her, grinning, mugging back at the men. She is looking out at them sadly, straddling the hand rubbing her, poking her. She closed her eyes in shame.

He said to Jon loudly: “She’s really ready, Man!”

“Yeah,” Jon said, “She wants us to fuck her.”

Bob lifted her tits in his hands, saying “I like these,” and kissed them, mouthed them, lashed his lewd tongue about them, sucked up one nipple after another. Leaving them wet and gleaming under the lights, puckering in the air.

“I really wanna fuck her,” he added loudly.

Jon grinned: “You will.”

“Howie!”

Howie was called. Bob stepped back, backing to the side watch the next one.

Howie approached her cautiously, worried about touching her, it seemed; and he asked about me, about whether I might come back. Jon still holding her by the shoulders reassured him. His resonant voice carried easily outside to me: “Don’t worry about it. He wants her to do this.”

I felt sickened and worried that I had been seen. Karen did not react. She looked at Howie plaintively and Howie avoided her eyes. When he touched her breasts, she closed her eyes and then he more liberally fondled her, kissing her breasts the way Bob had, feeling her slit the way he had.

Jon called for Gary, and Howie went back to sit down and watch from the sofa. Gary had been waiting for his turn with impatience. He had commented that he wanted to be next and Jon gave him the privilege with sarcasm in his voice.

As Gary approached, Jon shoved Karen toward him. She stumbled into his arms, and Gary immediately embraced her, kissing her, running his hands on her naked body feeling her back, her buttock, putting both hands to her breasts. She stood limply, arms at her side, pinioned by his, but clearly she kissed him back warmly, her eyes closed like his.

Gary had dated Karen but had never had any success like this. From his point of view he was finally getting his due and she was getting what he believed she had always wanted.

“Jesus, Gary,” Jon finally observed, “Just fuck her ... She don’t care if you love her.”

Gary stepped back and hurriedly took off her pants. She looked down as he did. He lowered his underpants to mid-thigh. He was the first to expose his prick. The others looked at it too. Some laughed. Bob cheered: “Yeah.” Gary embraced her again, rubbing his angled erection against her belly, admitting he had wanted to do this long time, and pressing his erection downward with his right hand, he shoved himself against her to force his erection between her legs and into her buttery cunt, and he entered her easily and to the length of it where she stood, making her gasp and rise up on the balls of her feet and put her hands up on his chest to brace against his thrusts. Jon came back to hold her shoulders as Gary began to fuck my wife. He would have finished in her too, but Jon stopped him, telling him it was not yet his turn. He appreciated what he wanted but he insisted, “Pull out.”

Gary pumped a couple times and cursed and pulled out, drawing up his underpants. “Well, at least I was the first,” he said.

“Andy,” Jon called and everyone looked his way. He did not get up. He said nothing.

“Come on,” Jon said. “She wants it.” Still Andy did not move.

“Bill,” Jon called, “And you too, Timmy.”

The two brothers approached. Timmy seemed awestruck, while Bill seemed wryly amused by the humiliation of my wife’s nakedness and her pending fucking, but she was not attractive to him, even if she was naked. He had never been one to pursue her. She was not his type. She was pretty in an ordinary sort of way, but she was nothing special. And certainly her body was nothing special. He liked women who were more classically curvy, Playboy bunnies and the like; my wife was a boring chubby housewife, as far as he was concerned. And so he deferred to Timmy to take his turn to feel her up. He’d fuck her. Why not? And she’d probably suck his cock sure, fine, okay. But he wasn’t really that turned on by this it was weird. And he seen better; she was kind of fat really. On the other hand, this was Timmy’s first real live naked woman. Let him have his fun.

Timmy, though only sixteen, was already taller than Karen. He hesitated to touch her.

Jon said: “What’s wrong with you guys?

“Okay, okay, I get it...” Jon turned Karen toward him and explained. “He doesn’t want you to see him do it.”

Gary got up and ran across the room to scoop up her T-shirt and ripped it at the neck, ripped it apart; he dangled its halves before Jon, a rag for rope, a rag for gagging. She heard this. Gary coming up from behind her, looped the ragged cloth of the t-shirt over her head, covered her eyes, to blindfold her and tied it behind her head.

“Can you see?” Gary asked.

“No,” she said, muffled, sheepish.

Jon turned her back to face the boys again and guided her forward and to the side a bit, closer to where Andy sat. Several of my friends laughed at her stumbling naked like this. Andy had stood up. Jon nodded at him.

For good measure, Gary suggested, “Let’s tie her hands behind her back.”

She waited. Cocking her head toward voices like one who is blind.

With this Jon would bind her wrists behind her back. “This is good,” said Jon, as he finished the knot. Gary tittered. Bob, I saw had taken off his pants and now his undershorts and was openly stroking his cock, looking at my blinded naked trussed up wife with leering savor.

And I admit that at that poignant moment seeing how gingerly my bashful friend Andy touched my wife’s breasts, while secretly and unreservedly staring down at her tender nakedness, the firm breasts he touched, her nipples sensitive to his fingertips, her diaphragm trembling, heart fluttering in sexual response, and below this, below her bare belly that dark fragrant thatch of pubic hair and what was hidden warm and wet between her legs, and those long pale bare trembling legs as she stood so helplessly naked before him, tensely breathing beneath that cloth that made him anonymous I ejaculated onto the lawn. My second ejaculation that night. Not nearly my last. My erection did not flag with this. I would masturbate long into the night watching them from outside the window.

Timmy joined Andy’s hands with his own, feeling her more coarsely and aggressively, pulling on her nipples and grabbing her breasts. The two took turns at her breasts and her cunt. Andy fingering her gently. Timmy thrusting his thumb inside her, jamming it hard and fast like a small prick. Within the cloth over her head I heard my wife whimpering shamelessly. This last, this illicit touching by a boy as young as her brother and by Andy, Steve’s brother, and the one of all my friends who among all had been the only who respected me and my wife’s supposed chastity this particularly excited her, or shamed her, or perhaps it was the accumulation, or perhaps the tantalizing bondage and humiliation. Andy’s savage sucking on the tips her breasts, grabbed in both fists and squeezed to poke out her nipples randy for his mouth, she was loudly breathing and squirming--not in resistance, but in pleasure--squirming against Timmy’s big pumping thumb and grinding knuckle, and she soon spectacularly and unexpectedly climaxed; her knees shaking, she moaned like a cow, she collapsed completely, held up barely by Jon until she was just too heavy, just too limp, and he had to let her go down to her knees in his arms. My friends were awed. I don’t think any of them had ever brought a woman to orgasm, and for that matter I had never seen her like this, and in all their wildest fantasies concerning my wife this would be the ultimate. I realized then how overwrought sexually she must have been, thinking about it all day long, thinking about it when she hesitated and fretted while the news went on, knowing it was her cue to get up and undress in front of them. When they started touching her, it must have released all the sexual anticipation she had built up. She just gave into it. Like a dam bursting.

Jon leaned, whispering to Karen, who had fallen forward, leaning where she had knelt, her arms being bound behind her making it awkward for her to right herself. Andy and Timmy and the rest stood before her in a semi-circle. Jon lifted her t-shirt from her head; she was flushed; she was crying perhaps; I could not see well for Jon was in front of her soothing her kindly and helping her to stand up. He nodded at Gary and told him to get a cushion from the sofa. Gary nodded eagerly and brought two and flopped them down before going for the third.

Jon took Andy aside to speak privately. He spoke wickedly, like Lucifer enticing a sinner. Andy looked pleased, excited but worried. He nodded.

Gary and Bob who were both naked now below the waist, except for their socks, and who had approached Karen while Jon was conspiring with Andy. Gary kissing her in front and fondling her breasts while he did, and Bob who had slipped behind her, held her hands and had punched his prick up inside her from behind. She kissed Gary warmly while Bob fucked her. Her body jostled by the fucking. Gary’s prick mashed her bare tummy.

Jon turned now to see what Andy was staring at and saw this scene. My wife for her part was flushed --crimson with sexual flush -- and unprotesting.

If I had any doubt of where this would all go, I saw it now. She also knew, and she had resigned herself to it.

Bob, stopping as he fucked her, his prick still well up her cunt, untied her hands, out of self-serving kindness I supposed it interfered with his fucking her and immediately released she brought her hands to Gary’s neck and face and kissed him passionately as his hand vigorously rubbed her clitoris. Now Bob grabbed my wife by the flesh of her hips and thrust his prick in deeply again, and began to fuck her hard and fast so that her buttock shimmered as he slapped his thighs against her and her tits bounced wildly and obscenely, and she grunted to his rhythm, leaning, hanging her head, mouth open, panting, and extending her arms up to and clasping Gary’s neck and leaning pulling him to kiss his mouth hungrily as her passion rose. Gary gradually took her hands from his neck where he was bent to kiss her and backing away now held Karen by the hands, her arms outstretched, her tits bobbling beneath her she was fucked, who alternately smiled and sobbed, crying tears of emotion, as Bob fucked her from behind. Noisy fucking. Slapping thighs, soupy fucking. It was a necessary orgiastic release of all the sexual tension that had filled the room since my wife stripped in front of them, and it seemed especially right for the shame of it all, that it should be Bob the stranger who would be the first to fuck and cum in my wife. And when he did, she sobbed and squealed and Gary held her up by the shoulders, as she herself obviously orgasmed and gasped.

Stepping back and pulling out his wet cock, bobbling as it popped out of her hole, Bob smacked her buttock with satisfaction and pride in fucking her.

Undressing as they watched her being fucked, half of them were naked below the waist, feeling their pricks, and the other half stood ready to go in their underwear. Only Andy, watching all this, had not given up his reticence to use her; he had not undressed.

Jon returned to my wife and Bob and Gary retreated like he was a big dog coming for his share of the meal. But Jon helped her to straighten and held her sweetly, his hands on her buttock, her head lay on her chest. He spoke quietly and kindly to her, and lifting her chin, he took off her blindfold. She blinked and blushed.

He looked at her almost lovingly, kissed her, and brushed the hair from her eyes as he spoke to her, picking stray wisps of her hair to place them right. He spoke some gentle reassurances to her as she began to look like she might cry.

Then he led her by the hand to the end of the coffee table and by gesture, by firm command he got her to step up onto of the tabletop and stretching out her arm he let go her hand as she turned her and to face them, her back to me. The boys faced me, gathering up to look up at my naked wife; none of them saw me. None of them were looking in my direction. They were yet transfixed by my wife’s nakedness. But I could see their keen horny expressions, some of them touching their stiff pricks as they studied her nakedness.

“You can see his cum in her slit,” said Gary. Karen smiled, even if ashamed.

Jon said: “Squat.”

She looked confused. But she knew what they wanted and why. She stepped off the table and squatted as he had instructed.

The grotesque posture meant to make her cunt gape. To show the raw meaty hole, her labia parting and wet, florid in the light. And to show the slobbering ooze of Bob’s creamy cum.

Again something none of these had seen such a thing. Not even in pornography.

This obscenity got many grinning, while Timmy and Andy stared at it wide-eyed with open mouths.

She held herself in this position tremulously by steadying herself as best she could, leaning back on the flats of her hands; it was uncomfortable, but she did not complain.

It was absurd. Obscene. Shameful. But she actually smiled.

Stupid.

Gary and Bob crouched down before her to peer closely at her gooey cunt, and then Bob’s cum drooled from it; a gooey strand drooled onto the floor.

“Jesus Christ ... Look at that...” said Gary.

I myself saw it dangling rudely, and in a slow loop, it dropped to a glob on the carpet between her legs. To make a glistening dollop of goo. Not more than a spoonful but obviously there was even more oozing out from her cunt, coiling on the slimy strand. They stared at the thing, fascinated.

“Eat it,” said Jon sadistically.

Gary looked up horrified. They laughed at him.

Jon was talking to my wife of course. She looked up at him pathetically, but she said nothing.

It was Bob’s cum. So at last it was Bob who got down there and put his fingers in and scooped the goo out and fed it to her. She said nothing. Squatting still in that obscene position, she licked his slimy fingers obediently; she sucked on them when he put them into her mouth, looking at his face, ashamed but aroused.

Bob loved it. Karen looked at my friends sheepishly and he leaned out of squat and knelt; she lowered her head and clutched herself like she was cold.

Jon nodded at her submission and said to them: “I think she likes the taste of cum ... So what you say, Karen. You wanna suck cock?”

She did not reply. Jon stood grinning at her. The others looked flushed.

She looked up at Jon sadly. The fact that she did not protest, that she said nothing at all told them that--- yes, she would suck their cocks.

“You want us to cum in your mouth?” Jon teased.

O, my god. I was surprised. But they were not. They were eager. And yes, the look on her face gave her away. She did not shake her head. She did not protest. She would do what they wanted.

“You do that, don’t you? We gonna cum your mouth. Okay? Like you did for Steve and that other guy ... What was he name?”

I did not know she had done that. But they obviously all heard the same stories. She did not protest.

I could see --they could see -- that she would do it. She would take their cum in her mouth. She glanced guiltily up at me. I saw it in her eyes. Jesus Christ! “God damn,” I said under my breath.

“God damn,” said Gary, standing up. “I want to be first.”

“Yeah,” said Jon, “She wants to do it ... Don’t you?”

He nodded at my wife whose upturned flushed face suggested unspoken acknowledgement.

“Jesus,” muttered Gary, “She really does.”

“Right...” said Bob. “Make her suck everybody’s cock.” From my perch above them, beyond the window, I silently agreed: “Yes ... do it. Make her do it. God, please.”

Bob stood, stroking his cock, as he looked down into her shadowed face. Jon spoke to her quietly and she shifted out of her kneeling, put her legs out on the floor, and sat on the edge of the coffee table, still looking down with her arms crossed under her breasts, as they began to discuss how they wanted her to suck their cocks and who should go first.

They quarreled. Gary still felt offended that Bob got to fuck her and that he himself had been stopped and that Bob didn’t even know her. Jon laughed. Bill rolled his eyes. Howie suggested they do some sort of lottery for taking turns. Gary thought this was ridiculous it should be based on who knew her longest. He clearly wanted to go first, although Howie had known her longest. Karen followed the conversation without comment.

Andy, who had been standing with the rest of them, also a silent witness, stared at Karen intensely -- at her breasts, at her belly, but also at her face absorbing her. I think he was puzzled by her submission and ashamed for her. At any rate he seemed to get more and more disturbed as they quarreled, speaking about her so vulgarly, and anyway he would be too inhibited to join in, I suppose, and was feeling bad about watching it; so suddenly he turned, and without a word, he left the room and in fact he got in his car and drove away.

This silenced all of them who watched him leave. Gary said: “Fuck him, the fool. Don’t know what he’s missing. She did his brother. She’d do him too. Suck him off. She’s gonna suck off all of us. Right, Karen?”

Like triumphant hunters that had captured prey, my friends surrounded my wife where she crouched naked on the coffee table -- her crotch obscenely splayed in that humiliating pose, oozing ejaculate (hers and his)-- and they stared fiercely and longingly at her naked body, while she, their willing victim, looked up sheepishly.

Jon decided: “Okay, I’ll go first. Then we’ll take turns.”

Jon reached out of Karen’s hand and she responded with a dazed slow submission., stepping off the coffee table, looking down at the floor.