**Candualism**

by Fishman

Copyright© 2022 by Fishman

**Chapter 1**

*How it all began and how I became a cuckold to my wife in the first year of our marriage.*

I should explain that I married the first girl I ever had sex with, right out of high school, in 1966. We did not “need” to get married as my friends all thought. But getting married meant we could live together and have sex together anytime that we wanted. At least that was my reason for getting married. I have to admit that after getting married I was almost immediately not sure that I loved her. And I think she sensed it and was really unhappy during our early years of marriage. I was not romantic in bed or out of it. I had sex only when and how I wanted it and frankly I used her more than made love to her. Her own sexual desires bothered me, like I thought she should not have them, and I wanted her simply submissive. Once when we were making love and she was on top of me, she started wildly fucking me, and I could not get into my own rhythm so that I could ejaculate, which was what I wanted. So I stopped her. She was embarrassed and confused. She would let me take her then, placidly. She never tried to pleasure herself again, it seemed to me. And while she always wanted to please me, I felt she no longer enjoyed it as much as I wished she did. She seemed more and more unhappy and actually, as I know it now, she was depressed, simply sad. She took to eating more. Got a bit plump. She didn’t want to find work. And I did not know how to make her. We quarreled about money. I said she was getting fat. She cried alone in the bedroom sometimes. I was angry at her much of the time and that made her even more sad and alone. And the sullener she was the more I felt annoyed with her and the more my sexual use of her seemed selfish and abusive. Sometimes I spanked her as I fucked her. I liked it if she cried a little.

So, basically, I sexually frustrated my wife. Our sex life was self-pleasure for me. I did not have the understanding to care about her feelings. I suppose it was only natural that she would look for sympathy and comfort in others and would find that many of my friends would be more than willing to give it to her. It happened innocently perhaps, at least on her part.

My friends of course had the same ideas of sexual conquest and manhood that I had. And they were all virgins and still prowling for the sexual adventures wherever they could find them. They knew that my wife should be off-limits—that was the well-known rule of monogamy of course—basic morality—but on the other hand, they thought to themselves, she had obviously shown herself willing to do it, by having given herself to me before we were married, and of all the girls they knew, my wife might be the only girl they could be certain was willing to get naked and have sex. So, she would be the best target for their longing and curiosity, and the most vulnerable, and the most likely to say yes: especially since she could not complain or get them in trouble because she was already used to being seen naked—it was no big deal to her—and what was another cock more or less in a cunt that is already used to cocks, right? I certainly wouldn’t know the difference. Should be all the same to her, right?

So, when she flirted with them, especially after some drinking, especially on summer nights in our basement apartment, when she wore only jean shorts, bobby socks, and one of my t-shirts—and remember, this was the Sixties and girls had started to go without bras under their shirts—it was a good game to try to cop a feel while I was out of the room taking a piss. And if I went to bed early because I had to go to work the next day, and left them with her alone, the two or three might even take a try a little clandestine necking with her in the living room. Hell, turn off the light ... see if you can get her shirt off. Am I right?

Still, it made me jealous when I saw how my old high school buddies flirted with her and how she let them and how they tried to do things and how she let them. I began to obsess over things I saw or thought I saw, and I began to imagine things happening when I was not at home. I began to fantasize about it and even masturbate to those fantasies. In time I obsessed on those fantasizes, and in time I saw I had good reason to believe I was justified in my jealousies. A couple of times I crept out of bed and looked out our bedroom door to see what I could see, and a couple of times I saw them necking, two friends of mine sitting on either side of her, Jon and Steve, and one kissing her and the other stroking her hair, and while he kissed her Jon had his hand up under her shirt to feel her front and Steve slipped his under to touch her back. She stopped them. She sat back. They wanted more but the way the game was played you needed to wait and come at her again when she would give you a little more. I knew that is what they were waiting for. I masturbated while I watched. But nothing more happened that night.

Actually it was Steve who first won the prize of getting my wife naked. I did not know about it when it actually happened. I only learned about it after I learned about another time with another man.

And the way it happened was unexpected--then again, maybe this sort of thing is always unexpected.

Steve was much younger than my wife. I was a year older than she was. We had married when she was 18 and I was 19. When she twenty then (after almost two years of marriage), Steve was just barely 15, the younger brother of one my friends. By rights, his attempts at her should be pushed off as playful puppy love. He might have ideas, but he ought not to have the courage. Perhaps, because he was just a kid who thought so little of her, it was easy for him. I don’t know. Perhaps, that’s also why she was caught off her guard. She was used to my predatory friends, even if she did not know how to handle them, but Steve’s advances she would think as a teen crush, cute and nothing to take seriously. But, as it turned out, he was a real sexual athlete.

During the summer months our apartment always attracted my friends because they could drink beer and whisky there and because of their interest in my wife, I have to admit. Often on weekends they came in groups and got drunk and flirted with her. Like the scene on the sofa that I described. There were lots of scenes like that but usually there were too many guys in the room for anything more that teasing and play to go on. If they weren’t inhibited by my presence, they were inhibited by each other—a sort morality police between themselves. But if there was just two of them, then things were different. In fact it was more dangerous for her with two than even just one. I think because one alone might find her rejections defeating, but when two played with her, there was more sport in it; her refusals were more easily played off, and their lechery fed each one the other, and she herself found the “romantic” attention of two at once flattering and so was more permissive and responsive to them, letting them go further than if she was alone with just one. Odd psychology, maybe, but that is the way it was.

So, that is why I think Jon and Steve had a bit of success one night; Jon, I spied, had got a hand on a bare tit up under the t-shirt she wore and Steve, she admitted later, had got his hand up onto the other one, though I had not seen any of this. She later said they had been at her for a half-hour before they heard me sneaking a peek and she put a stop to it. They’d not got the t-shirt off, but they had got it up above her tits bunched under her arms and Jon smothering a nipple with his mouth while Steve plucked her other one. She’d pulled down the t-shirt when she thought she heard me coming out the bedroom door and then of course what I saw was their persistence in trying to do it again.

Persistence is what it is all about.

She swore that was the only time that had happened. But it was enough to encourage both of them. Jon, she said, she did not like and always refused him. But the following Thursday while I was at work, Steve came over with a friend of his that neither of us knew, and when I came home they were already pretty far drunk. Karen was making them hamburgers for supper, baking French fries in the oven. Baking in this heat increased the swelter in the apartment, which already had the smell of a locker room. I felt a bit suspicious—how she looked in her shorts and barefoot and one of my t-shirts (obviously not wearing a bra); but I did not imagine that anything had happened that day; after all Steve was just a kid, the other a stranger and younger still. Nonetheless, my fantasies got wild in my imagination of things I wished for, but should not wish for, unlikely as those imaginings should be.

We ate together at the table. They boys were a goofy and made silly flirtatious jokes and glanced at Karen with surreptitious lust when they thought I might not see them. She in turn blushed at their attention. I should have been more suspicious than I was. After we ate, the boys got even more drunk, so I let them sleep in the living room on the floor and the sofa, while Karen and I went to bed. Karen had put on a shorty nightgown and of course they wanted her to stay out with them in the living room though I said I must go to bed to get up for work. She went out to “kiss them goodnight” and I think they saw up underneath her nightgown, giggling as she stood over them. She must have known. She came to bed and I wanted to make love to her and the fact that her cunt was so creamy, even when I first put my fingers into her, it made me think they had fingered her before me—when?

Funny, despite all of these fantasies of mine, I never really imagined her getting fucked by any of them. It turned out I was much more sexually inhibited than any of these guys were; these guys were all much more aggressive sexually than I had ever been, and if any girl (say my wife, for instance) gave in just a little to what they wanted, they would take that for permission and go ahead and take it all and not take no for an answer, unless absolutely physically denied what they wanted. My wife, I think, was so used to my timidity and relatively inexperienced outside of our marriage—she’d only ever dated one other guy, Gary, before me and he had always been gentlemanly, if not stupid (that is, ironically until after I married her, when he saw her as fair game)—she was therefore taken by surprise by the physical aggression she encountered now and did not really know how to respond to it. They misinterpreted her mild refusals as bashfulness; her physical resistance was so hesitant and weak they took it to be insincere. Those who got her to kiss them and let them touch her under her shirt believed she was responsive, believed she’d do anything they wanted her to do and that she wanted to do it, though she was too ashamed to admit it.

She herself was not sure what she wanted—she always said she did not want the sex itself, but she wanted them to like her, she loved the romantic attention. Again, my treatment of her had driven her to emotional longing and our sex life was empty for her. Repression of her sexual feelings was choking her emotional feelings, and romantic affections, even if entirely lecherous on their part, offered her emotional warmth and release, so that she could breathe; so that she could feel loved. It was all my fault in the end that she gave to them, my own fault.

That infamous night then, when Steve and some other boy neither of us knew had come over to get drunk before I got home and had got so drunk that we just let them sleep it off in the living room, I had found her so ready and eager to fuck, my head reeled with imaginings of what had been going on with them while I was at work. I did not ask her then what happened. I didn’t think anything much had happened—since the two of them were much younger than either of us, barely in high school.

She would have told me if I had asked. She always would tell me truth. She would tell me anything I wanted to know, and she never lied.

Anyway, we were making love, quickly stripping off her nightgown, and she got on top of me, naked, and I, on my back naked beneath her, and she fucked me while I fondled her bouncing tits. The window was wide open. The curtains were wide. The top sheet fell off the bed. Just the two of us—naked on the bed—in the chalky light beaming upon us from a near streetlamp. That is when I heard giggling and I realized the two boys—Steve and his friend—had crept to the door and just as I had once spied on him, Steve now spied on us, seeing my naked wife gleaming in that light, straddling me, her slapping buttock, her bouncy tits clearly seen. She heard them too and looked at me for my response. I kept fucking her. But eventually the giggling got so rude I could not pretend to ignore it and I lifted myself up on my elbows and glared at the door and Karen swung off of me to go to the door and to close it. I suppose they both saw her hairy pussy as she walked completely naked toward them where they crouched peeking through the crack of the doorway; she closed the door on their faces; I suppose they half-hoped she would open it wide and present herself naked to them. Hey, why not invite them into the bed to share her?

We finished. I think even she enjoyed it. That made me think even more that it was because they saw her naked or they had been fingering her before she came to bed or she had necked with them nearly nude before I came home. I did not sleep well. While Karen slept, I fantasized and masturbated.

The next morning they were asleep when I got up and went to work. Karen slept in the bed, under the sheet, but naked. I had thoughts about it, but I had to leave. They were gone when I got home. I did not ask her about anything I might have thought. That did not come until much later. Not until about a year later, just before Karen turned 21.

At that time our life turned a corner. I was out of school and working full time. Karen was working full time. We had a car. We moved to another part of the city. None of my old friends came over like they used to. We almost never saw them in fact.

At work I met a guy, named Craig, who became both my friend and Karen’s friend. He was an unusual person. Some might say a sociopath. And true he was a criminal, a con-man, who made his living with various frauds. But he had a set of ethics. He never stole from friends. In fact he gave us gifts of things he stole. He never hurt anyone who did not hurt him first, but he could be cruel to those who hurt him. He was taller than me, but he was not physically imposing. He was skinny, very slight in frame. He was a couple years younger than Karen. He had been out on his own without parents to care for him since he was fourteen or so. But he was clever enough to never be homeless and in fact he had several apartments he kept for various reasons. He used cabs everywhere he went. He had no government ID. I found him fascinating. Karen felt sorry for him, and this feeling of Karen’s he was soon to exploit.

I found out about their sexual relations after one night that she went out with him (with my consent) and she did not get home until the next morning. That is when she told me—remember, I said, she was always completely honest if I asked. I just had to ask; they had gone to his apartment and had been drinking and he asked her to undress and she did. I made her describe it. How she stood up. That the lights were on. That she took off all her clothes, yes, all her clothes, socks included. That her clothes were left where she had dropped them on the floor. That she stood naked like that before him for a long time. She said he touched her, and he asked her to masturbate him, but they did not have sex. She said he wanted her to put his mouth on his penis, and she admitted that she did. But, she said, seeing my anxiety and surprise, “He did not ejaculate” I did not ask her for this detail; she just volunteered this intimacy. I was speechless to hear her say this thing. Did she want him to ejaculate in her mouth? I had never done this thing to her. How did she know about this kind of sex?

Once she told me this I asked her about many other things I suspected or wondered about. That is when I learned that the morning after Steve his friend had spied on us while we were in bed, Steve had stayed, and she had made him and his friend breakfast. Dressed in her nightgown. She admitted. I thought of it. I knew they must have seen her nipples through the fabric. And seen the darkness of her pussy. She must have seen.

I preempted her story: “Did they see you naked?”

She paused. Thoughtful. She said nothing.

“What happened after I went to work?” I asked.

She reluctantly confessed. She stopped to be reassured frequently as she told the story, or rather thinking that I needed reassurance. The story came out completely, if prolonged in telling it. In its main points this is what she told me. Steve’s friend left after breakfast; he was feeling sick, not used to drinking. Steve kept up his efforts to seduce her. He felt this was his best chance. I was gone. She was in a nightgown. He was in his underwear. Steve had felt encouraged more than once by my naive wife’s submissiveness; he had been the partner in the sidecar, so to speak, at more than one attempt by Jon or someone else to try to feel her up, and although not the agent at any of those times, he got a glimpse or two and coped a feel once or twice. Like the time they had her on the sofa necking while Jon had put his hand up her shirt, as you remember. He had got a hard-on then, and he had got a hard-on peeking at us on our bed the night before. And he had got hard-on now this morning, sitting shirtless in his underwear before my wife at the breakfast table. Getting up she would see it bulging through the front of his briefs. So, he got up so that she would see it. Or so she supposed because it was obvious, and he was so clearly intent on her seeing it. She did not discourage him. And when she smiled at it, and up at him, asking him what he wanted, he shoved down his underwear and just stood naked in front of her, his erection nodding right in front of her face, at her eye level. It amused her how it moved. She admitted smiling at him and said nothing to discourage him and she did not refuse when then he took her hand from the table and guided it to touch him, to feel his penis. And she did, willingly, and pleasurably.

It is true she had liked to play with mine when we first married, enjoying feeling it, and teasing it, as we lay naked in bed. She liked to tease me to ooze up pre-cum, which she rubbed about the slit of it and on the head of it.

Naturally I asked for comparisons. She told me his was like mine, but longer. Like mine it rose at length at an angle from his scrotum. Like mine, circumcised. But, she wanted me to know, it was longer. “How much?” She shrugged. She looked away. It embarrassed her to tell me how much she liked it, I guessed.

I asked her about Craig’s penis then. His was also longer but softer and hung from his belly like a length of rubber hose; that was as erect as he got. But it was also thicker too, she said. I asked nothing more about it. I would see for myself someday.

“What happened then?” I asked.

“He took off my night gown.”

“Sitting?”

“No. Standing.”

“You stood up?”

“He wanted to kiss me.”

They kissed. Like lovers, they kissed. He felt her body through her nightgown. He put his hands up under her nightgown, still kissing her, felt her bare breasts and felt her between her legs. I made her tell me the details. Then, she said, he pulled her nightgown off her. She did not say no, she admitted.

“And then?”

“We kissed and after a while we went into the bedroom.”

I imagined the scene his fondling her breasts, while they kissed, his hand over her pubes, his fingers working into her slit. Her feeling his penis.

“And then?”

“We had sex.”

“He fucked you?”

“Yes.”

“He came in you?”

“Yes.”

“How? Were you lying on your back?”

“Yes.”

“Yes?” and her eyes gave away that she had more to say, more that she remembered. “What else?”

“And from behind.”

“On your hands and knees?”

“Leaning over the bed.”

“How many times? How many times did he fuck you?”

“Three.”

I was trying to imagine this. “How long?”

“I told you.”

“No, I mean, for how long did you, you know, stay in bed?”

She hesitated. She blushed. “I don’t know. Until late. Maybe three o’clock.”

“Jesus, he fucked you all day?” I think she thought I was angry at her. I was feeling hurt. We had never spent a day fucking like that.

“He wanted me to stay in bed.”

She would not lie. She said she was sorry. She told how he kept her naked on the bed, always pulling her back if she got up—looking at her with fascination and wonder, feeling all of her, toying with her parts and laughing as her response. My mind washed with images of this: him kneeling between her legs examining her vulva leisurely, touching and fingering it curiously, and teasing her nipples with his mouth to arouse her more. And she must have toyed with him, yes. He must have wanted her to. Did he get her to suck his cock? Did she suck his cock? Did he cum in her mouth? I shook my head in the realization of his insatiable sexual appetite for her, his penis staying mostly erect for hours, fucking her over and over again because it felt so good: “He fucked you more than three times, didn’t he?”

“I don’t know ... I can’t remember...”

“How many times did you fuck?”

“Four times.” She looked away: “Five times. He just kept doing it.”

I wanted to accuse her. I did not have the courage to say out loud, but I thought it; I was certain of it: “You sucked his cock.” But I didn’t ask her if it was true; it remained a fantasy.

I pestered her awhile more about other details. I made her admit she had liked him fucking her, that she had many orgasms with him (something that had never happened with me), that he sexually exhausted her. She broke down in tears at my questions and she swore she never saw him again, that she had turned away all my friends, even though they all knew about what she had done with Steve. Steve had bragged of course. She swore had always been faithful to me after that, that is, until Craig. And she said they did not have sex. Not really.

“He doesn’t fuck you?”

She shook her head.

“What do you mean? You refused or he didn’t try?”

“He tries,” she admitted. “But he can’t ... you know, finish...” She cried some more now. She hunched over and I embraced her. She sobbed now. She said how sorry she was and that she loved me. In a little while we made love.

Afterwards, as I lay holding her, I asked her: “Do you love him?”

She replied softly: “Yes.”

“Okay,” I said. And so my life as a cuckold began. I did not doubt she also loved me. She did not want to leave me for him. His life was too difficult, and he never asked her to leave me anyway. But he loved her also. I could accept that. I only asked that she tell me everything. She did.

Each time I left them alone or he took her overnight, I would ask, and she would describe. How he undressed her. How he fondled her. How she sucked his cock. Mostly that is what he wanted from her.

He tried anal intercourse with her. But she said he was not satisfied. He could not penetrate her. Even after using a dildo to prepare his entrance, his dick could not keep hard. She tried to help him, but he was too limp. He usually then just asked her to masturbate him. He stripped her. Fondled her. Sat naked beside her and guided her to pump his prick. Usually he would guide her mouth to his penis. She would suck. She would use her tongue. He often was close to achieving a climax. But he never finished in her mouth, she said. He never did ejaculate ever that she knew. Except maybe once—while fucking her, she on top—he seemed to cum, he twitched and grabbed her hard like he did. But she could not feel his ejaculation spending inside her cunt, and afterwards she did not find any such discharge.

Craig finally confided to her that he was gay, and he said that he really loved her but had trouble making love to her. It was difficult for him to climax or even maintain an erection with her. Even though she agreed to anal intercourse—something he enjoyed and completed himself with male partners—he could not finish with her. I think part of my satisfaction with being a cuckold to her was that she must be sexually frustrated with him, although he compensated by giving her pleasure in other inventive ways. But he was no threat to me like the sexual athlete Steve must be. I never felt jealousy over their relationship. He even remained my friend.

I often wondered if he knew how Karen had told me about all the things he did to her sexually. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he found them as exciting as I did, especially knowing that I would be told; perhaps he embellished her humiliation for me. Perhaps humiliating her was a pleasure for him, because it also humiliated me.

He tried various fetishes. He liked using the dildos in her cunt as well as her anus. He liked bringing her to climax naked while he was fully dressed, especially in situations where she would feel ashamed and embarrassed. When in his apartment it was always with all the lights on while she and only she was completely naked. A few times he took her into stalls of men’s rooms where he would insist she completely undress for him and then use his dildo in her anus. One time he had her undress with stall door open, so that if someone came in they would see her like that, bent over naked holding the toilet bowl, while he fucked her in the butt with a dildo. No one did catch them, because crying in humiliation she had begged him to stop and became hysterical, so he stopped.

He liked her to be partially undressed in public. In the cabs he often took her dress off, to leave her riding about undressed to her bra and panties. He took her outside and up the stairs to his apartment that way.

One time he got her to masturbate standing in front of him, completely naked. This she had never done for me and masturbation is something she says that she never does. Her church upbringing gave her an aversion to it, I think. But this masturbation was public. He had taken her into an alley outside the last bar they went to that night and commanded her to strip and commanded her to masturbate. He watched her. When the door from the bar suddenly opened, she hid behind a dumpster while some drunk men passed; but Craig, laughing, called them back and drew them to where she crouched, wearing nothing but her stocking feet. He would not let them touch her, but he made her come out into the light and show herself to them. But even this, while making his dick hard, did not achieve ejaculation for him—though this was the night that fucking her, she thought he might have cum inside her.

I relished these stories. She did not hesitate to tell me. I waited up to hear them, and then I would make love to her. I think she understood how they excited me and exciting me excited her. I think both of us took sexual pleasure in Craig’s sexual interests in my wife and in his difficulties.

I loved especially those stories that degraded or humiliated her, those she was ashamed to tell me. Her public masturbation. Being shown naked to those strangers in the alley—that especially—had Craig guessed my own fantasies? The anal intercourse episode—I made her describe it several times. The dildo—I made her tell me how she felt, how it felt. She admitted to a climax on the dildo, the little slut. I think she liked the shame of it too. And then always the descriptions of cock sucking. I always made her tell about this. Even though it was so common. Changing venue. Sometimes he was cruder in his instructions. Usually she was made to be completely naked while he was dressed. Usually she was made to kneel. Again, taking all her clothes off in the stalls of men’s room and her crouching sucking his cock while he sat on the toilet.

Nothing seems more degrading and humiliating than a woman kneeling naked to take a penis in her mouth and reluctantly receiving the whole ejaculation of a man, jolts of it, mouthfuls. Disgusting as that must be for her—pasty goo which some often is; nasty taste that some has. And then she is held by her head to forcibly swallow it, made to suck off the last of it oozing up from his pee hole for a minute or more. Or so she might imagine. She insisted that he never did cum in her mouth. Not once. Not even a little.

Until finally one time. One of the Saturday nights they went to bars. Bringing her home at 3 AM, he stopped the cab outside the front of our apartment and did not want her to get out and come in.

She stayed with him and while they sat in the back seat of the cab they necked and seeing that they had an audience he undressed roughly, stripping her finally to only her underpants, shoving all of her clothes to the floorboard, and pushing them away so she could not try to cover herself.

The cab driver—some middle-aged Middle eastern man, who smelled of spices—smoked Turkish cigarettes and watched them intently in his rear-view mirror.

She could see him leering at her bare breasts as Craig put his hands into the front of her underpants. Then she saw that it gave Craig pleasure to see that she was seen by the cab driver and she sat back and looked up into the mirror and the cab driver turned and leaned over the seat to look at her.

Craig, seeing her reaction, ripped her underpants from the waistband to the crotch, and ripped apart the elastic legs of it, and tossed the rag of it onto the floor, and the cab driver shifted on his seat, turned on the dome light overhead the passenger seats, and turned to lean over the seat, his arm over the back of the seat, his face thrust into the rear compartment grinning at her, and Craig grinning at him spread her legs wide apart for him, and held them obscenely parted with his grip.

The cab driver studied her for a while and then reached into the back seat, leaning well over the seat, and put his fingers into my wife’s cunt. Craig took out his cock. It was stiffer than ever it had been.

He masturbated watching the cab finger-fuck my wife, her legs spread wide for him, her cunt gaping wet, while she looked at his earnest oily swarthy face with a coy smile and sexual warmth. Craig took my wife’s hand to touch his penis and she turned her face and saw that he too watched the cabbie looking at her naked.

He whispered to her then when she was turned toward him: “Put your mouth on my prick.”

And as she leaned to put her mouth on his penis, the cabbie leaned far over the seat and she felt his other hand mauling her breasts and his fingers dividing now, a middle finger pushed into her anus, his thumb thrust into her vagina. He worked on her vagina and tits with lust as Craig watched and masturbated.

“You gonna cum in her mouth?” The cabbie asked companionably.

Craig said quietly: “Yes.” She said she was uncertain about it, but he soothed her, stroking her hair and the cabbie watched her face for the moment, feverishly arousing her as well he might, until with a jolt she felt Craig’s ejaculation flood her mouth. The first time he ever had. She swallowed slurping. After he raised her face and she beamed at him, tearful but happy for him, and they kissed romantically, sharing the taste of his cum.

The cabbie meanwhile had opened the back door and had come to the back seat, the dome light still on, and while Craig kissed her, and fondled her plump breasts, she felt the cabbie pull her away manfully. Drawing her back to lay on the seat. She looked up to see that he had taken off his pants.

Lifting his mouth from hers and looking into her wistful confused and drunken eyes, Craig said to her with laugh: “He wants to get a real good look.”

The cab driver spread her legs to show her cunt under the dome light. He said something salacious and lewd in Arabic. Craig laughed and replied in Arabic. Karen looked at them confused.

The cab driver plunged three fingers deeply into her and she gasped.

The cab driver took her hand and put it on his erection.

Craig said firmly: “Put your mouth on his prick.”

She turned (or was turned by Craig and the cab driver both) and looked down at the cabbie’s lap, his pants shoved down his thick brown legs to the floorboard; his thickened penis, poking up large and beefy and blunt-headed as half-pound hot dog, was darker than his skin. It was uncircumcised—the first time she had seen an uncircumcised penis.

It smelled of the spice of him.

She must have stared at it with girlish surprise and amusement. They laughed at her.

Then coaxed by Craig again—”Put your mouth on it”—she leaned to do it, and the cabbie, jabbering at her in his native language, put one hand on the top of her head to hold her mouth on his penis, while Craig leaned over her back and masturbated the cabbie, who did not seem to mind at all that he did.

He was, after all, Craig’s regular cabbie; perhaps they were intimate with each other.

The cabbie’s free hand reached under my wife and felt of her tits, liking to tug on her nipples with his fingertips. She said she found the texture of his penis curious with the loose foreskin moving with her tongue, unsheathing the chubby glans, and the cabbie liked how she did it, jabbering as Craig pumped his prick. Then the cabbie exclaimed in Arabic (or whatever language it was) that he was ready to do it and she knew it in any language what he meant, and he held her head tightly and he too came in her mouth. Pungent. Runny. Gushing. Filling her mouth, it spilled out of her mouth and ran enormously down about the shaft to drench Craig’s hand, who kept pumping him vigorously as he spent copiously into my wife’s mouth. She protested, but they insisted; she tried to swallow all but she could not keep up.

She gasped for air and they laughed at her. She felt ashamed and powerfully aroused at the same time.

She smiled wickedly and leaned back across his lap and began sucking on his cock again. Sucking up what he still had to spend. And truth to tell, she kept on so eagerly that he came a second time in her mouth, and she swallowed all of that too.

When finally he was spent at last, after what seemed like several minutes, he said something gaily in Arabic (or whatever) to Craig and kissed my wife’s moist forehead, thanked her in English, and drew up his pants and got out of the cab to smoke a cigarette, while Craig continued to passionately neck with my naked wife, tasting now the cabbie’s cum in her mouth with his tongue.

The cabbie leaned to peer at them through the window as he smoked with quick drags. Craig got out in time and joined the cabbie for a smoke himself, to lean against the cab and gab, while my wife fished for her clothing on the floorboard, but Craig would not let her dress.

She huddled at the door and listened to them talking about her. Craig explained to him how she was married to another man; he was just bringing her home, nodding up at our apartment.

When she came in the apartment, still drunk and goofy, she was stark naked, giggling, and clutching her clothes against her front. Craig waved about her raggedy underpants like a trophy. Craig laughed at my astonishment.

He told me the whole story. Responding reluctantly to my insistence, she opened her mouth for me to show me the coating of their ejaculations on her tongue and asked me if I wanted to kiss her. I saw what looked like she had been drinking milk. She laughed at me when I balked at kissing her and told me to bring her something to drink. We all drank beers and she--still completely naked and nonchalant about showing herself to Craig with all the lights on--and still quite drunk--confessed that she had never been more sexually aroused than she had this night.

Craig left soon after, saying the cab was still waiting for him.

After he left I wanted her to suck me off too, I admit, and she willingly did, showing me how she had sucked off the cabbie, lying on the sofa next to me after I had taken off my clothes and cuddling up against me, her head on my lap, holding my prick in her mouth. She did it as promised. I came in her mouth. I never loved her more. I asked her what it was like. She would not say. I asked her if we all tasted the same. She said, no. She said the cabbie tasted like salty soup, but Craig and I had more pasty cum, a little bitter. She said woozily: “I liked what the cabbie tasted like. That is why I sucked on him some more ... I wanted him to make me some more.”

Leaning against me, she passed out naked on the sofa where we sat.

The next day she would not remember what she had said about the cabbie’s cum, or at least she would not admit it when she was sober.

I covered her and went to bed.

The next morning I asked her: “Will you do it again?”

She shook her head.

“Why not,” I asked. She laughed and said that this was just one time because she had wanted to please Craig. She could not do this again.

I suggested: “I think he likes to show you off to men.”

She seemed surprised.

“I think that is how he got so aroused that he could cum.”

She listened attentively and thought about it. I added: “It’s okay. Lots of men are like that.”

She asked: “Is that what you want?”

I ignored her and suddenly asked her on a stroke of intuition: “Did you suck off Steve?”

Surprised, she looked at me quizzically. She paused. She balked. Then she smiled ironically and gave in: “Yes.”

“I thought you did.”

“But not when you think,” she said quietly. She could not look at me.

This hurt me but also intrigued me. I coaxed her to tell me and she explained at length that it had not happened the time they spent all day in bed with each other, but before that, the day before—when the Steve and his friend had come over to neck with her but got drunk instead.

So I understood. “You mean, the other boy too?”

“I did not mean to...” She said timidly.

I was shocked; this was something that I had not imagined: “No...”

She began to cry, seeing my expression, and I embraced her to comfort her. I kissed her and naturally we began to make love.

As we made love I made her confess in detail. The two boys had tried all day to make out with her before I got home, getting drunker and drunker, more and more clumsy in their attempts, but also becoming more and more insistent and aggressive. She had pushed them off time after time, but was worn out, and in spite of herself, their attentions—the times they had got her on the sofa, kissing her, feeling her up—she felt herself getting sexually worked up and so she finally said she would do what they wanted, if they promised not to tell anyone. They swore it. She asked them what they wanted, and they said at once they wanted her to take off her clothes. And she said she would, but then they must also promise to do what she wanted. They promised. She took off her clothes for them and then when she was naked they begged to touch her; she said they could, but only if they took off their clothes too. They said yes, they would do that, but only if she sucked their cocks. And so she did.

And yes, they came in her mouth. The first time someone had cum in her mouth and she had not expected it, but when the first one did—it was Steve, as it turns out did it first, then the other one naturally enthusiastic about it, urged her, and expected her to do it for him too. She had swallowed Steve’s cum instinctively and they had laughed delightedly at her for doing it so willingly. And so she docilely swallowed the second mouthful of cum too.

When I got home, not more than half-hour after the whole show, I found them all dressed and the boys still very drunk and drinking some more. I had not a clue at the time, except of course my suspicion at her creamy cunt, but I never imagined she had sucked off these two boys. Stories of their conquest circulated among my friends, she told me; everybody knew about it and when I was not around, they would tease her and try to get her to do it to them. She would fight them for a couple months until we finally moved away and a new chapter in our life began. Of course I knew none of this.

Because she was drunk, because she was so overwhelmed emotionally with the evening, she wept in my arms afterwards and told me pathetically how sorry she was. She said she would stop seeing Craig. She said she did not want to do these things anymore. I did not believe her. I comforted her. I told her she should keep seeing Craig, that it did not bother me. Actually I hoped that he would keep up what he was doing.

As we lay in bed, after she had got up and cleaned herself up, peed, brushed her teeth and all, we cuddled up and I asked her: “They both fucked you too, didn’t they?”

She sighed and nodded. I wanted to ask her details, but she was so exhausted, and it was nearly dawn. We both needed sleep. I did ask: “How many?”

“The both of them,” she replied sleepily.

“How many times altogether?”

“I don’t know...” she drifted, “ ... many ... many times.” She was asleep and that was the last we talked about it. In my imagination I saw my young wife naked in our old living room on her hands and knees while Steve and the other boys fucked her from behind in turns, one who shoot off inside her and the next one would mount her, fucking her to faint on wobbly knees.

Again I did not sleep well and masturbated to my imagination. I could not get over these latest stories. My wife innocently taking on more men than one at once. How many might she take on if she were put to it? For that matter, how many other instances has she not told me about?

She would deny she had not told me everything I asked of her. I never had reason to believe that she lied about it. Anytime I asked for the truth she gave it, although I had to be very specific in my questions to prompt her for the truth. Generally she would not volunteer details. Not even in her relations with Craig. But I think she did not lie to me when I asked her plainly.