

My Rival Wins My Wife, and I Lose
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A young couple are dominated by his new boss, a man who had been his rival all through his childhood. (Mm+/F, nc, rp, blkmail, intr, cuck)

Ray and I had known each other all of our lives. Our parents were best friends and next door neighbors so we didn't have any choice but to try and get along. But for some reason, and I don't know if either one of us could say what it was, we never liked each other. We had maintained an uneasy truce and a less than friendly rivalry since we started playing together at our parent's insistence. Even back then though, even at the ages of three or four we didn't like each other.

We lived in a small town though, so we had to learn to get along despite the way we felt. I don't know the population of our town. It's less than five thousand. I think it's less than four thousand. We have one main street with a dozen stores and a Post Office. The town has one grocery store at either end and one gas station at either end. There is one café where all the old folks gather in the morning and there is a Dairy Queen on the edge of town where the kids gather in the spring, summer and early fall when it's open. It closes in the winter. The nearest mall and the nearest theater are both in the city almost sixty miles away.

We have a high school and kids come from a half a dozen towns in the area to attend. We also have one grade school. They built a new one, a larger one, a few years ago and tore down the one that we went to.

They have added on to the high school. When I went there were sixty-seven kids in our graduating class. It isn't that much bigger now though. I think I read that the graduating class this year is ninety-two kids.

When we graduated from high school Ray and I both went away to college. Ray's dad owned the town's only hardware store and was doing well. He put Ray through college and when he graduated Ray planned on coming back and going to work for his dad.

I had to drop out after one semester. My dad had worked all of his adult life at the town's one industry, the small plant that made wood furniture. They made good stuff and had a good reputation. But they did a lot of hand work and it was labor intensive. They reached a point that they couldn't compete and went bankrupt.

It was a shame for two reasons. That company had been making high quality furniture for almost two centuries. They had a great reputation but a small client list. They just couldn't compete with cheap imports. But the worst reason is a little more personal. My dad lost his job and his pension and his whole idea of who he was. I lost my ability to afford to go to college.

I came home from college after one semester and started looking for work. I hated to do it, but the only job I could find was working for Ray's father in the hardware store. It wasn't that I hated working for Ray's father. I loved him like a father. Mr. Nash and I were very close. I often got the impression that I was closer to him than he was to his own son. It was just the idea that once he graduated Ray would be coming back to that store too.

I worked hard and learned the business pretty fast. But I dreaded the day that Ray would come home from college and go into the business. I still saw him when he came home to visit. We didn't like each other any more now than we did when we were kids. We were civil, at least most of the time, but we still didn't like each other.

The problem was that we still had the same friends. So that whenever he came home from college if there was a party or just a few guys getting together then both of

us were there.

All through school we had competed in everything. We competed for grades. We competed in sports. We competed for girls. When we got cars we nearly killed ourselves racing on the back roads. Most of our friends thought it was amusing. They knew that we competed in everything. But they thought that it was a friendly rivalry. It wasn't. We couldn't stand each other.

Ray met a girl in college, Kathy. She was a beautiful blonde from upstate. She was smart and funny and personable. I never knew what she saw in him. But they got married right after they graduated from college. They came back to town and Ray's dad helped him build a nice little house on an acre of land down by the river just outside of town.

Ray came to work for his dad and it became my job to teach him the business. I was his teacher, but he was my boss. I tried not to let my resentment show, but we didn't get along any better now than we did in the past. The trouble was I didn't have any choice but to put up with his shit and suck it up. This wasn't just the only decent job in town. It was the only decent job in this part of the state, at least for now. My only other options were to either leave the state to find work or to get a minimum wage job at one of the dairy farms outside of town milking cows and shoveling shit. I used to work on some of those farms during my summer vacations when I was in high school. It was actually pretty nice work. I enjoyed it. But it was hard work and the hours sucked and the money was not quite enough to survive on. And there was no way of working your way up the food chain.

So, I put up with Ray and kept my mouth shut. I don't think that Ray's parents or mine had ever been aware of the friction between us. I think that before very long though, Ray's father, Mr. Nash, became aware of it and there were several instances at work when he intervened on my behalf when Ray was giving me a hard time about

something.

Ray had been pretty wild before he went away to college. He went through girlfriends like a hot knife through butter. I doubt if he ever went with a girl for longer than two weeks. I heard some stories about him later, about some of the things he tried to make the girls do. But I don't know if they were true or not.

He also started drinking pretty heavily. We all drank a little from time to time. But he, well, I suppose he had a drinking problem. And sometimes it took a couple of guys to keep him from doing some pretty stupid things when he had been drinking.

When Ray came back to the hardware store after he graduated he seemed to have settled down a little. I met his wife and I saw her now and then. She seemed real nice and I thought that maybe she would settle Ray down a little. And at first she seemed to.

It even seemed like Ray and I were tolerating each other a little better at first. But that didn't last long. It wasn't six months before Kathy left him. He went after her and made all kinds of promises and she came back after a few weeks. For a while it looked like things were getting back to normal, like they were going to make a go of it.

It didn't last though. It was only about three months later that she left, for good this time. They got divorced and there were some rumors about the things Ray had done, or tried to get Kathy to do, but I don't know who was spreading them or if they were true.

Ray started acting more like his old self after the divorce. I couldn't do anything but take it though. Some days I went home from work so mad I couldn't talk to anyone for hours.

Luckily when I got home I didn't have to talk to anyone. I lived alone in half of the old Putnam house.

When old man Putnam died his son had the house made into two apartments. I had the second floor and half of the garage. It was just perfect for me.

I didn't date a lot. There aren't that many single girls my age in town. A lot of the kids I went to school with had gotten married in the first year after high school, mostly to their high school sweethearts. My high school sweetheart had gone away to college and married someone she met there. She now lived in another state. I saw her every now and then when she came back to visit her folks. She seems happy and we're just friends now. I don't think that either of us had planned on anything after we graduated. We didn't have any hard feelings.

Anyway, I wasn't dating, but I wasn't a hermit. I had a lot of friends and we got together regularly. I would have liked to have had a little love in my life. But I was still young and I wasn't desperate. I figured it would come eventually.

It turned out that I wasn't the only one that was of the opinion that I needed some love in my life. I got a call one Friday morning from Sharon. Sharon and I were classmates and old friends. She had married Roger, another close friend and I saw the two of them often.

She invited me to dinner that evening. There was nothing unusual about that and I accepted gladly. When I showed up I was introduced to Roger's cousin, Erin. Erin had just lost her job at a drug store in a small town on the other side of the state when Wal-Mart came to town and drove them out of business.

She and I hit it off immediately. She was smart and funny and pretty and damn she was hot! She was staying with Roger and Sharon and was hoping to get a job at the local drug store.

We ended up going for a walk after dinner that lasted for three hours. We didn't go anywhere and we didn't do

anything. We just walked around town and talked and by the time I dropped her off at Roger and Sharon's house just before eleven that night I was in love. I'm pretty sure that she was falling for me too.

The hardware store was open on Saturday and I had to work every other Saturday. As luck would have it, I was off tomorrow so I invited Erin to go for a ride in the morning. She accepted immediately. I drove home that night with my head in the clouds.

Erin never did get the job in the drug store. But we were married six months later. It was a simple, civil ceremony held in her parent's home. My parents were there and a dozen of my closest friends. Ray's parents were invited and so we felt that we had to invite Ray as well. I was very disappointed when he came.

I wasn't worried about Erin and all of the attention she received from Ray on our wedding day. I knew that she could hold her own with him. But I felt that he was spending entirely too much time with her and I resented it. It was obvious, in fact it was too obvious that he was infatuated with her. People noticed and I think even his parents were embarrassed.

I had been living well within my means over the last four years. I wasn't making a lot of money by big city standards but I was doing alright and I had managed to save a pretty good bit of money. So we could have afforded a nice honeymoon.

We decided not to though. It would have been nice, but we decided to save the money instead and start watching for a good buy on a nice house. Meanwhile my duplex in the Putnam house was a little small, but it was cozy and we were happy there while we kept putting money in savings. We didn't take a honeymoon but we had one at home.

We were perfect together. Neither of us had much experience with sex. We weren't virgins but neither one

of us had gotten much experience in that area. But we both loved our sex life. We were somewhat adventurous and we were both open minded. There was more than enough lust in our lives, especially those first few months.

Eventually things settled down in our lives. Erin managed to get a few part time jobs every now and then but there just wasn't much work in our little town. We were doing alright though. All of our entertainment was free or almost free. We got together with friends. We had cookouts and swimming parties at the river. Maybe once a month we would drive into the city for a meal at a restaurant. It was a different lifestyle than people in the city are used to. But for us it was what we were used to. It was what we were comfortable with. It was what we enjoyed.

For the first few months after we got married Erin would come to the hardware store and bring me lunch and we would eat together out on a picnic table under a tree in back of the store. Ray started to be a problem though. He was constantly flirting with her. He would almost hit on her. It didn't seem to bother him at all that I was sitting right there watching him. He was careful not to cross the line, but he leaned over it often enough that it made us uncomfortable. So we started meeting in the town square in the center of town at lunch time and eating on a park bench or in the bandstand or when the weather wasn't so nice I'd go home for lunch.

That fall there were a string of tragedies in our lives that really shook us. My father was killed in an accident on his way home from the job he had found in a city with a commute of sixty miles of country roads each way. Within a couple of months my mother suffered a stroke and she died two months after that. Their house had been paid for. It's a good thing or they never would have gotten by when the furniture plant closed down. But medical bills drained the estate and then some.

While my mother was in the hospital dying, Erin's father, who suffered from Alzheimer's, suddenly got much worse and had to be institutionalized. Her father's health and the medical bills were a terrible strain on her mother and her health began to fail too. It didn't seem possible but by the end of the year we had lost all four of our parents. Needless to say, we did not have a merry Christmas that year.

We weathered those tragedies and I suppose that we felt closer and stronger for having survived them as well as we did. We started that spring with an unstated but mutual resolve to put all of that behind us and get on with our lives. We were still grieving for our lost parents of course. We had both been close to our families. But we were determined to get past it.

That spring, probably before we were really ready, we got a good deal on a house. You need to realize that in a small town like ours, the real estate business isn't the same as it is in larger towns and cities. People live in their homes for generations. Their kids grow up and if they are able to find work and stay in town they stay in the family home or they build homes nearby and stay in them. People don't move in and out of houses. So finding a suitable home for sale is very difficult. We would have liked to have been able to buy my parents house but to avoid liability for my parent's medical bills that remained unpaid after the estate was settled we were advised not to.

When the River's were moved into an assisted living home by their son who had moved to Connecticut they put their home up for sale. A good friend let us know about it before it was even advertised and we jumped at it. The house was a little large for our needs. But we were planning on starting a family in a few more years so we didn't think the extra rooms would go to waste. It took every cent we had in the bank and the payment was higher than we would have liked but we loved the house and buying it seemed like a way to put the tragedies of

this past winter behind us and start anew.

Just as things in our lives started to be getting back on track Ray's father decided to retire. That left Ray in complete charge of the store. I had really liked Mr. Nash and I was going to miss him. But more than that, I dreaded what life was going to be like with Ray in charge of the store.

I had never stopped keeping an eye out for an opportunity to get into another line of work, or the same type of work in a different business. I had known from the beginning that one day Ray would be in charge and I dreaded it. But unless we wanted to leave the area I was going to have to stay where I was and count myself fortunate to have that job.

So I did the best job that I could do and put up with Ray's crap and kept reminding myself that I was lucky to have a job.

Things took a turn for the strange when Ruth, the woman who had worked in the office handling inventories and actually was more responsible for keeping this place running and well stocked with merchandise than anyone else decided that she couldn't work for Ray any longer and gave her two weeks notice.

That same day Ray came to me and asked if Erin would be interested in the job. He wanted to get someone in as soon as possible to get them familiar with the system and get a little training. So if Erin wanted the job he would need to know immediately.

I had some pretty serious misgivings about having Erin in such close contact with Ray on a daily basis. But there was no denying that we could really use the money, especially right now after just buying a house that was more than one hundred years old and needed some serious upgrades.

As soon as I got home from work that day I discussed it

with Erin. She was excited about the possibility of having a job finally. But she too had misgivings about working so closely with Ray. We had to be practical though. Our house payment was nearly twice what we had been paying for rent in our old duplex. We were getting by, but we were no longer putting anything into savings and any unexpected expense would really be a problem, like for instance if our eight year old car needed repairs that I couldn't do myself.

So I called Ray at home that evening and told him that Erin appreciated the offer and she would love to take the job. He told me to have her come in with me in the morning and get started.

Erin was more excited about the situation than I was. But it really did take some of the pressure off that she was employed and we had more money coming in.

We both let our guards down a little in that first two weeks while she was training under Ruth. During that time, other than to ask how Erin was doing, Ray left her alone. He even seemed to be easing up on me a little bit. Every night when we got home we would talk about our respective workdays and I would ask about Ray. She knew what I was worried about and she reassured me every day that Ray had been a perfect gentleman.

Things started changing after Ruth left though. It was a slow change. He didn't start grabbing her ass or anything like that. He did start touching her though. He would rest his hand on her shoulder or on the small of her back or touch her arm. After a while, whenever he was talking to her he was touching her. Just not in a way that she had any reason to complain about.

Then one Monday, after she had been working there for five or six weeks, he came into her office and said, "Erin, you're doing a pretty good job. But I think you should start dressing a little sexier."

That was all that he said. Then he turned around and went back into his office.

That evening while we were eating dinner I could see that Erin was upset and I was almost afraid to ask what was wrong. Because I had a pretty good idea that it was something that Ray had said or done at the office.

I had to ask though and when I finally got her to tell me she kept insisting that she could handle him. She was just going to ignore him. We needed the money, I couldn't deny that. We talked about it and decided that as long as he was manageable she would try to put up with him. It would be nice if we could at least get enough money put aside to replace the roof and the heating system in our new old house.

We left it there, but I can't deny that it was praying on my mind.

The next morning at breakfast I noticed that Erin was wearing a light, breezy little sundress when she came downstairs. I cocked my eyebrow when I saw her and she shrugged and said, "I'm fully dressed. If it keeps him happy, well, what the hell."

I said, "If you give in to that then what will his next request be?"

She said, "This is not a sexy dress. It is a little less businesslike than what I've been wearing, but it isn't sexy. I'm not going to sleep with him because I'm wearing a sundress to work!"

I didn't say anything else. I figured the next move was up to Ray. If he left well enough alone then I didn't have a problem with Erin dressing like this. Somehow I didn't see Ray leaving it at this. I knew that any man in his right mind would love to go to bed with Erin. She is pretty and sexy and extremely desirable. But Ray would want to sleep with her if she wasn't, just because she was my wife. Even better, he would love to

take her away from me. And if he couldn't do that I have no doubt that he would take great pleasure in breaking us up. He was just that kind of an asshole.

As usual I asked her how it went at work when we got home that evening. She shrugged and said, "He didn't get fresh. He said I looked much better, that was all. He didn't try anything. Hell, he pretty much ignored me the rest of the day."

That was the end of that for the rest of the week. Erin kept wearing her flirty little sundresses to work and Ray checked her out every day. He still touched her all the time when they talked, but he was careful to keep his hands away from anywhere inappropriate.

When we were on the way home from work the following Monday Erin was quiet and I could tell that she was uncomfortable. I didn't even have to ask why. I knew the problem was going to be Ray. I didn't say anything until we got home and I asked her what he had done now.

She just kept saying that it was nothing and tried to evade the subject. That's how I knew there was a real problem this time. She was afraid to tell me what he had done.

After dinner we sat out on the front porch and talked quietly. I refused to let her keep this from me. If it was so bad that she couldn't tell me what he had done then I figured that it was time for her to quit working there.

She finally said, "It's not that bad Dean. He just suggested that my hemlines could be a little shorter." Then, in a voice that was almost a whisper she said, "And that it would be nice if I stopped wearing a bra."

I gaped at her. She would never have put up with something like that from anyone else. She had always been a strong young woman who had no trouble standing up for herself.

I couldn't believe that she would permit Ray to talk to her like that!

I finally said, "That's it! I don't know why you didn't quit on the spot, but today was your last day working for Ray. We can live on my salary just fine. In fact, I think it's time I went over to Ray's house and had a talk with him."

I started to get up but Erin grabbed my hand and pulled me back down. "Don't Dean. You can't. I did quit. At least I tried to. I told him off and grabbed my purse and started to leave and he told me that if I was leaving I should take you with me. He said that if I quit you were fired. I told him he couldn't do that, it was against the law. He just laughed and said that it wasn't against the law if he caught us stealing from him."

I stared at her and she just shrugged and said, "It would be his word against ours. You know how hard it is to get work around here. We would lose the house, we'd lose everything. And we would never get a good job anywhere again. You know that when it comes down to his word against ours they are going to believe the guy that owns the business."

I pulled my hand away. I could see that I was going to have to kick that bastard's ass and teach him how to treat my wife. Fuck him and his job! I started to get up but Erin jumped up and blocked my path. She looked up at me and said, "Don't Dean! We'll lose everything! Let it go. I can handle him."

I responded, "No, you can't handle him. You don't think he is going to stop with short skirts and not wearing a bra do you? He won't be happy until he is fucking you and you damned well know it! He needs to be taught a lesson!"

Erin almost yelled, "NO! I refuse to give up my house and everything that we have struggled for. We will just

have to put up with that arrogant bastard until we find something else. It isn't like we have any savings to fall back on or relatives that can bail us out. We are alone in the world and every penny we had went into the house that we love. You know that there are no other jobs within driving distance of here and even if there were you couldn't get them once Ray started telling prospective employers that you are a thief."

I stared down at her in helpless frustration and then I asked, "And what are you going to do when he pushes you down over a desk in the next week or two and rapes you?"

She suddenly covered her face with her hands and started crying. For a second I was afraid that he might already have done it. But she finally whispered, "I don't know. Oh god I don't know. Don't you think I've been worried about that?!"

I finally went inside and got a beer out of the refrigerator. I sipped at it for a minute and then I went back out to the front porch. We really did love this house. It was a large, two story house on a nice quiet street with lots of tall old trees and nice neighbors. It had a wraparound front porch on three sides. There was a large attic and a large, unfinished basement that we had a lot of plans for.

The house needed some work, but it was structurally sound. It needed a new roof and I wanted to put in a new furnace before winter. The bathrooms could use some remodeling, the kitchen too. But until we could afford that kind of work everything worked just fine.

Now I stood on the porch and wondered if we were going to lose our dream house. I didn't know what I was supposed to do. I had grown up with a definite idea of what sort of behavior a man could tolerate from another man around his wife. Ordering her to dress in sexier clothes and stop wearing a bra were good examples of totally unacceptable behavior. And I knew that he was

only half doing it because he wanted to get into Erin's pants. He was just as much interested in tormenting me as he was her. I didn't doubt for a second that if Erin were not married to me he would never had said or done the things that he had.

I was reasonably certain that any man who learned of my situation would not blame me for kicking Ray's ass all the way down Main Street. The problem was, I didn't doubt for a second that the vindictive son of a bitch would carry out his threat and brand both of us as thieves. He wouldn't even need to prove it.

People that knew us wouldn't believe it. But that wouldn't matter. We would still have our friends, but we would lose everything else.

I didn't know what to do. I had never been in a situation where I wasn't sure if the right thing to do was the right thing to do. I had to think.

The problem is, the more that I thought about it the more I knew that Erin was right. Our only choices were putting up with Ray's sexual harassment or losing everything. But I knew Ray well enough to know that it wasn't going to end with telling Erin how to dress. He was going to keep pushing until she was bent over a desk with her skirt up over her ass and his cock in her pussy. And once he got that far, well, I had heard some pretty disturbing rumors about him all through school. He is said to have some pretty unusual tastes when it comes to sex.

I finished my beer and put the bottle in the recycle bucket. Then I said, "Come on Erin, let's go for a walk."

We went out to the sidewalk, leaving the door wide open. That was one of the nice things about living in a town like this. We didn't even own a house key. The previous owners had never locked their doors. Nobody in town locked their doors. There wasn't any need. We

didn't lock our homes, we didn't lock our cars. It wasn't necessary. That was one of the reasons that it was so hard to contemplate giving this all up and leaving town. This little town may not have a museum or a good restaurant. It may not have a theater or a mall. But you couldn't find a better place to live anywhere in the world.

We walked down to the town square and went up into the bandstand where they held the band concerts every Wednesday evening from late spring to early fall. It was about eight o'clock and everything in town was closed up except for the gas station across the street. But there was no one in there but Tommy, the old guy that ran it. He'd be closing up in a few minutes.

We sat there quietly and I held Erin in my arms and she started crying quietly. I didn't know what to say. Things like this just didn't happen in places like this!

After a few minutes she said, "Dean, I love this town. I can't give this up. I don't know what's going to happen, but I just can't throw away our home and I can't imagine leaving this town. Please don't make me."

I knew what Ray was thinking right this minute. He knew that he had the upper hand and he had every intention of having sex with my wife and he wanted me to know it. It was pretty obvious where this was leading. I am pretty sure that the reason he was taking his time and leading up to it the way he was instead of just taking her was to prolong the torment he knew that I was experiencing. He had to know that I was dying to go over to his house and kick his ass. He also knew that he had us over a barrel. If we didn't go along, at least up to a point, we lost everything. But I didn't doubt for a second that he was going to push us just as far as we would let him.

I explained that to Erin. But all she knew was that she loved our house and this town and she would do anything

to keep from giving that up. I tried to point out that that was exactly what Ray was counting on. But she insisted that she could handle him. I didn't think that she could. I just didn't know what to do about it.

We walked home hand in hand. We didn't talk, there wasn't much more to say. When we got to the house we went in and went right up to bed. It was almost nine and we read for a few minutes and then turned the lights out.

We both lay there awake for a long time. I could tell by her breathing that she was awake too. We were both struggling with the same train of thought. It didn't take a mind reader to realize that.

In the morning we took our showers and I dressed and went down and made coffee. Erin came down a few minutes later. I looked up from pouring our coffee and saw that she was wearing a miniskirt. I wasn't sure, but I was willing to bet that she wasn't wearing a bra.

She saw me looking at her and she blushed. She asked me if I was hungry. I wasn't. We sometimes bought fresh bagels at the small bakery on Main Street to have for breakfast. But the only day that we ate a big breakfast was on Sunday. We liked to sleep late and then get up and make bacon and eggs and toast and have a long, leisurely breakfast. During the week though, unless we had bagels we just had coffee.

When it was time we went out and I drove us to the hardware store. Ray was pulling up behind the store at the same time we were. He smiled at me, an arrogant smile, daring me to say something, anything.

I didn't though. I just struggled to keep my anger in check and waited for him to unlock the back door. He said good morning to Erin and ignored me. I knew as he turned his back to me that I had screwed up. I should have said something. I should have threatened him. I should have done something. In his mind I had just

given him permission to sexually harass my wife.

He had seen that she was wearing a miniskirt as he had requested. I didn't doubt that he would soon know that she was not wearing a bra. I guess he was right. When I didn't object to what he was doing I was, in effect, giving him permission. I had shown myself to be helpless. He was not going to let that go.

He unlocked the door and went inside. He waited for Erin to enter behind him and as soon as she stepped inside he put his arm around her shoulder and they walked off towards the office. He glanced over his shoulder as they walked and grinned widely as he moved his hand slowly down her back.

His hand was still moving down as they turned into the hallway leading to their offices. I just stood there like a retard and watched him lead my wife away. I finally stepped inside and got the store ready to open. When it was time I unlocked the front door. I didn't have much to do until people started showing up and I stood behind the counter and wondered what was happening in the office. I had some pretty disturbing images in my mind. I was listening intently for any sound from the back but I heard nothing.

I looked around, desperate for an excuse to go into the back and check on them. When no one came in right away I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. I had no reason to go back there, but I had to see if Erin was alright.

I walked into the back. I wasn't sneaking exactly, but I was being quiet. There were two offices in the back. Erin's was the first door and Ray's was the second. There was also a connecting door between the two offices.

I opened Erin's door and went in. The connecting door was closed. I went over to her desk and I didn't know what to say. I looked down and one look at her face

told me that she was upset about something. She was blushing and she looked...I don't know, distraught I guess. I couldn't tell if she was mad or sad or scared.

She finally looked up and I asked, "What did he do?"

She just shook her head and in a loud whisper she said, "I'm okay Dean. Get out of here before he hears you."

I asked again, "Erin, what did he do?"

The connecting door suddenly opened and Ray was standing there with that arrogant grin on his face. He leaned up against the door frame and said, "Go ahead Erin. Tell him what I did. He is your husband. He should know."

She was silent for a long time but finally she said in a quiet, toneless voice, "He checked to see if I was wearing a bra."

I had seen him run his hand down her back. I thought that she meant that he had felt for her bra strap.

Ray asked, "How did I check to see if you were wearing a bra, Erin?"

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She looked like she was going to cry. At last she said, "He unbuttoned my blouse and he reached inside. He put his hand on my tits and squeezed them."

I started for Ray then. I was going to kill him. He didn't move. He just smiled that arrogant smile and said, "Go ahead you fucking faggot. Hit me. I fucking dare you!"

I stopped dead in my tracks. I knew him well enough to know that he would love it if I hit him. He'd let me too, just so that he could have me arrested.

I stood there glaring at him and he suddenly stopped

smiling and growled, "Get that fucking look off of your face you fucking faggot. Don't forget who won this fucking war. You and your hot little wife belong to me now. You fucking lost. You've been a loser all these years. You just didn't realize it until now."

He started grinning again and in a softer tone he said, "Erin, tell him what else I did after I made sure you weren't wearing a bra. I want him to know. I want him to know everything that happens from now on. He needs to learn a little humility."

Erin didn't say anything at first. I continued to stare at Ray for a few seconds and then I looked at Erin. She was staring at her desk and had her lips pressed tightly together.

Ray prodded her, "Erin?"

Erin sobbed quietly and said, "He made me take off my pantyhose and my panties. He took them away and told me not to wear them again."

"What else did I say Erin?" he prodded again.

There was another long silence and finally Erin whispered, "He told me to shave my pubic hair off."

Ray chuckled evilly and said, "That isn't what I said Erin. Tell the loser what I said to you."

Erin took a deep breath and said, "He told me to shave my cunt hair off so that my cunt would look like a little girl's."

That was all that I could take. I started for him again and Erin shot out of her chair and came between us. There were tears running down her cheeks but she stood firm and said, "DEAN! Stop it. You're smart enough to know he wants you to hit him. Do you want to go to jail? What happens to me then?"

I stared at her. I stood over her struggling with this fury I felt and the absolute need to protect her. She knew what was going through my mind and I suppose that she wished that she could let me do to him what he deserved. But she said, "Dean, you can't win this. Let it go."

I looked back at Ray and I could see that he was disappointed that Erin had stopped me. He straightened up and moved into the room and I saw that he wasn't ready to give up yet. He really wanted me to hit him.

He moved behind Erin and casually reached down pulled her miniskirt up to her waist.

She just closed her eyes and stood still.

He smiled at me and said, "Take a good look Dean. This is the last time you are going to see her with hair on that cute little pussy. I don't know about you, but I hate getting pussy hair in my teeth."

He continued to hold Erin's skirt up around her waist and he looked me right in the eye and said, "Now get your lazy ass back out there and get to work before I have to fire you. You don't want me to fire you Dean. If I fire you then the only income you will have is what Erin brings home. I would imagine that your manhood is hanging by a thread as it is. If you had to send your sweet little wife off to work every morning while you stayed home and cleaned house I imagine that little thing would just shrivel up and drop right off."

As he was ordering me back to work and threatening me he reached out and rested his hand on Erin's ass and caressed it as if it belonged to him. I suppose that was his way of telling me that it did. And as I turned and walked out of that office I heard Erin sob quietly and I knew that I had just conceded defeat to Ray. I had, in effect, given him my wife.

I was sick as I made my way back up the hall and into

the store. I mean that I was physically ill. I was struggling to keep from throwing up. Before I got to the end of the short hall I heard a noise from Erin. I didn't know what it meant but I couldn't bring myself to go back down there and see what he had done, or was doing to her. I was pretty sure that I didn't want to know.

I went back out into the store just as two men came in. The store sold more than hardware. We also stocked a large selection of firearms and ammunition and fishing equipment. Nearly everyone in town, or at least nearly every male and a large number of females, was a hunter or fisherman or both. We were the only hardware store for a lot of miles in all directions and people came in here for all of their hardware needs, but half of our business was supplying sportsmen with their supplies.

The two customers that had just come in were shopping for ammunition which was an easy sale for me. That meant that my mind was free to wander into the back room and wonder what Ray was doing with my wife. I kept glancing at the display of pistols and wondering if shooting him would be as much fun as I thought it would.

Business started picking up after that and I was kept pretty busy for the rest of the morning. Just before noon Ray came out and said, "I have to go home for a little while so I'm going to take my lunch break now. You can take your lunch when I get back."

I half expected him to leave with Erin. But he didn't. He went out through the back and got in his car and left. As soon as he was gone and I had a free moment I hurried into the back to check on Erin.

She was sitting at her desk staring straight ahead and not moving. She had been crying and she looked like she was about one step from going out of her mind.

I went over to her and tried to hug her but she tried

to push me away. She shook her head and said, "No Dean. Don't. I...he wants me to tell you. He wants you to go crazy and do something stupid. He wants you in jail."

I pulled her to her feet and took her in my arms and held her tight. I didn't know what the hell she was talking about, but I had a guess and I didn't think that I wanted to hear what she was supposed to tell me.

She buried her face in my chest and cried like I had never seen a woman cry before. It broke my heart. I could only hold her and try to kiss her and tell her that we would find a way out of this. Every time I tried to kiss her she turned away and finally she said, "He made me suck his cock. He came in my mouth and he made me swallow it. Do you know where he is now?"

I stuttered, "H-h-e w-went home. He went home for lunch."

She sobbed again and then she said, "He went home to get some of his ex-wife's old clothes that he wants me to wear. He said my clothes are too frumpy."

I remembered Ray's ex, Kathy. She had been beautiful and very nice. I don't remember her dressing in anything unusually sexy though. I don't remember her wearing anything that most of the women her age didn't wear. I remember that she was very petite. Erin was pretty small, but I wasn't sure that Kathy's clothes would fit her. But then, Ray probably wouldn't care about that.

I finally came to my senses and said, "That's it. Let's get out of here. No house is worth this. No town is worth this."

She pulled away from me and with tears streaming down her cheeks she said, "He showed me the proof he is going to use if we don't do what he says. He has a stack of papers that he says prove you have been stealing from the store. He even has pictures of you

taking things out of the back of the store."

"What things?!" I exclaimed. "Erin, I have never stolen anything in my life!"

She said, "I know that Dean. He has pictures of you taking boxes off of the loading dock and putting them in the car."

The only thing that I could think of was that he had pictures of me loading up the car to make a delivery, at his request. And any papers he had which purported to show that I was a thief had to be faked.

I said, "I didn't take anything Erin. I'm sure that I can prove that his proof is faked. We need to get out of here now. If we don't then he will own us. He will be able to do anything he wants to you. I have heard things about him Erin. He doesn't just want to fuck you. He likes some weird stuff. He wants to humiliate us. If we don't leave now then he wins. He owns us."

She shook her head and said, "I'm scared. I can't let him put you in jail. I don't dare cross him. We have to find another way Dean. We can't fight this fight with him. I'm too afraid that he might win. If he put you in jail it would kill me. And then he would have won."

I took her back in my arms and said, "Erin, I don't know what to do. My mind doesn't work like his. I don't know how to fight this."

She hugged me and said, "I know baby. I don't expect you to fight him. I don't want you to fight him. I'm so afraid right now. But of all of the things that I am afraid of I am most afraid that he will have you put away. I couldn't stand that. It would kill me."

I heard someone out front at that moment, calling out for me to come check them out. I kissed Erin. I had to hold her face in place. She kept trying to turn her head. I said, "I have to go. Erin, I would rather go to

jail than let him take control of our lives this way. Please, think about this."

She said, "I have Dean. I can't let that happen. We'll find another way."

She pulled back again and said, "Go. I'll be alright."

Somehow I doubted that.

I went out front and apologized to the customers that were waiting. I started ringing up their purchases and trying hard to act normal.

I had just finished with the last customer when Ray came in the back carrying a large suitcase. He smiled and waved at me and said hello to the customer. Then he said, "Dean, after Mr. Hill leaves would you come into the back please?"

I just nodded and turned back to Mr. Hill. He was staring at me and he had a funny look on his face. He said, "Are you alright Dean? You don't look so good."

I smiled as well as I could and said, "Probably just a case of spring fever Mr. Hill. You have a good day now."

After he left I stood there for a moment. I glanced back over at the pistols in the display case on the wall. Then I went into the back.

I looked into Erin's office and she wasn't in there. I went down to the next door, Ray's office, and opened it. I couldn't believe what I saw. Erin was standing there naked and about to put on some article of clothing that Ray was handing her.

I stood there unable to move or speak. I had never felt more helpless in my life. Erin didn't even look up. She was bright red. I assume that she was too embarrassed to look at me.

I watched as she put her arms into the dress that Ray had given her. I think it was a dress. When she pulled it closed and tried to button it I wasn't sure that it wasn't just a long top. It only just barely covered the cheeks of her ass.

She stood with her back to me and buttoned it up with difficulty. It was pretty tight on her. When she was done Ray stepped closer and unbuttoned the top three buttons. That opened the dress to below her breasts. Then he ordered her to turn around slowly.

I watched as she turned to model the dress, if that's what it was. It was nearly obscene. Erin is a very shy person. She doesn't even dress in things like that when we are home alone!

When she had turned to face me I saw that with the three buttons unfastened her breasts were uncovered almost to her nipples. She turned all the way around and said, "Ray, it's too tight. And it is way too short."

Ray smiled and said, "Nonsense Erin. It's perfect. And what did I tell you about addressing me by my first name?"

Erin said, "I'm sorry sir. Mr. Nash. But Mr. Nash, Kathy was smaller than me. I can hardly breathe in this."

He just smiled and said, "It looks beautiful on you Erin. You just need to get used to it. Now I don't want to hear any more about it."

He turned to me finally and said, "Isn't she beautiful Dean?"

I was still thinking about those pistols out front. I said, "Listen Ray..."

He interrupted me brusquely. "That's Mr. Nash, Dean. We need to restore order around here. My father was much too lax with the help."

I bit my tongue for a long moment and then I said, "Mr. Nash, you can't do this to us. You have to stop this. It isn't right. You and I never got along, but your quarrel is with me, not her."

Ray just smiled and said, "Apparently I can do it Dean. Did she tell you she sucked me off a little while ago? She wasn't bad. She just needs a little practice."

He paused to enjoy the look on my face and he seemed to feed on it. I could see that he had a hard on and I didn't doubt at all that it was as much from how much what he was doing was tearing me up inside as from seeing Erin in the nude and dressing her up like a stripper.

Then he went on to say, "You see Dean, I have been planning this for quite some time. It wasn't just something that occurred to me when Ruth handed in her notice. I have been accumulating documents and photographs and I'm reasonably certain that if I take those things over to the town marshal and show him what I have you will spend the next five to eight years in prison. I have already begun gathering a case against Erin as well. It isn't as ironclad as the case I have compiled against you. Not yet anyway. But the really funny part of all this is that even if you were to convince a judge and jury that you were innocent, by the time you did your house would be in foreclosure and you would both be ruined in this community. And you know the way people think. Even if you win in court people are going to be pretty sure you did it. After all, they wouldn't have arrested you and put you on trial if you were innocent. That's how it works and you know it."

He was so damned sure of himself, so fucking cocky. And he was so fucking right.

I stood there helplessly as he pushed Erin down over a table and lifted her dress up in back. He opened up his pants and I was forced to watch as he pushed her legs a little farther apart with his foot and then forced his cock up inside of her while I watched in silence.

As his cock entered her he was looking at me. He was smiling and taunting me. Erin was gripping the table and crying. I was just about to snap. I took two steps towards him when Erin became aware of what I was about to do and she screamed, "NO! Dean you stay where you are!"

I started to turn and leave but Ray said, "Hold on Dean. I'll be finished in a minute or two. This whole situation turns me on more than I have ever been turned on before. God damn this makes me hot. I love raping your little wife in front of you. It is, without a doubt, the hottest sex that I have ever had. We are going to have to do this more often. A lot more often!"

I stood there stunned and beaten. I watched as he gripped Erin's hips and began raping her violently. He seemed to last a very long time to me, and I'm sure that it seemed like a long time to Erin too. He finally tensed up and came inside of her. He swore softly and caught his breath. Then he said, "Damn Dean! I love your wife's tight little cunt!"

He finally stepped back and reached over her. He grabbed a handful of her long, natural blonde hair and pulled her around to face him. He pushed her to her knees and said, "Clean that up for me bitch. I can't put my pants on over that mess. I don't want to stink."

I watched in disbelief as Erin leaned forward and opened her mouth. Before his soft, slimy cock entered her mouth the smell reached her and she retched. She struggled to control it and managed to remain still as he forced his cock into her mouth.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing! But worse than that, I couldn't believe that I was being forced to watch as this man, my rival all through our youth, raped my wife without fear of my reaction or hers. Now all three of us realized that he was free to rape my wife with impunity, whenever and wherever the spirit moved him.

He had just put both of us in our places. I have no doubt that his orgasm was of secondary importance. He had established the ground rules for our future relationship. Erin and I were, in effect, chattel.

Ray pulled his cock out of Erin's mouth and ordered her to put it away. He stared at me with an amused smile on my face as I found myself forced to watch Erin tuck his cock back into his pants and zip him up.

When she had finished he went around to his chair and sat at his desk. When he was comfortable he said, "Dean, I want you to come over here and get this suitcase and take it out to your car. These are the clothes that Erin will wear to work now and for special occasions. There are close to thirty outfits in there. I have labeled the ones that I want you to wear for the next three weeks. They have a little note on them with the week number and the day of the week on them. There is also one that says Friday night on it. I'm entertaining a wholesaler Friday night and you two will be joining me. Dean, you will need to get a black suit if you don't have one, a black suit and a chauffeur's cap. You'll need them on Friday. Now take the suitcase out to your car and get back to work."

After dismissing me he said, "Erin, I hope you don't think that just because I enjoy your cunt so much that you can get away with not doing your job. Get back in your office and get to work. I'll let you know if I need you...or want you."

Erin rushed past me and hurried to the bathroom. I closed up the suitcase with difficulty. I suddenly

realized that I had tears in my eyes. I heard Ray chuckle. As I was on my way out he said, "God Dean, you're such a fucking pussy."

Apparently he is right. I should have killed him for raping my wife this morning. Hell, I should have kicked his ass when he started trying to tell her how to dress!

I wiped my eyes on my shirt sleeve as I carried the suitcase up the hall and through the store to the back door. I saw a few customers in the store and I apologized for the delay and promised to be right back.

I put the suitcase in the backseat of the car and went back inside. As it turns out the customers were still looking around and hadn't been waiting for me at all. I told them to let me know if they needed anything and then I went over and stood behind the counter.

I stood there with obscene images in my mind of Ray raping my wife and ordering her around like a common prostitute. I was trying to force those images out of my mind and concentrate on the solution to this outrageous dilemma. The only one I kept coming up with was to kill Ray. The only problem was that I needed to find a way to do that without going to prison.

Unfortunately it was not a busy day. I did not have a lot of work to distract me from the events that I had witnessed in the back. I did my best to stay busy. I was working on some inventory changes when Ray came up behind me just before five.

I didn't even notice him until he was standing behind me. In a friendly, casual voice, as though he was talking about a baseball game he had seen on TV he said, "I just fucked Erin again. I thought you'd like to know. I was wondering Dean, have you ever fucked that cute ass of hers?"

I spun around fully intending to beat him to a pulp. He

stood there smiling and said, "Go ahead loser. Hit me. His eyes glanced up and I looked up too. He was just reminding me of the surveillance system. The cameras were pointing right at us. He would love it if I hit him, especially while he was standing there smiling and apparently carrying on a pleasant conversation with me. That's what the cameras were seeing.

He saw my resolve drain away and he said, "I asked you a fucking question faggot. Did you ever fuck Erin in the ass?"

My mind was...god, I don't know. I think I was losing my mind. I said, "Ray..."

"I told you fuck face!" he interrupted. "You call me Mr. Nash."

"Mr. Nash, no, I have never done that. Please Mr. Nash, you have to stop this. You have seen what you are doing to her. It isn't right!"

He just smiled that calm, pleasant smile and said, "Damn right I've seen what I'm doing to her. I'm fucking her sweet cunt and her mouth. And I guess tomorrow I'm going to fuck her cherry ass. I don't want to, you understand. But someone has to do it. You are obviously not doing your job at home."

I stared at him a moment longer and then I turned back around and made as if I were returning to working on the inventory adjustment. As I stared sightlessly at the papers in front of me he said, "I fucked her three times today all together. I fucked her mouth and I fucked her cunt twice. I wonder how long I can keep that up. I've been saving up for a long time. It's been years since that fucking cunt Kathy divorced me. Well, you get back to work now faggot. I'm going back to my office and think about fucking your wife's cherry ass tomorrow. In fact, I think I'll stop on the way back and just admire it for a few minutes. It is an almost perfect little ass, isn't it?"

He left then. And I was left with the image of my wife bent over her desk with her tiny dress up over her back and her ass exposed. She had always been so shy, so modest. I knew that this was killing her inside.

The last two hours of the day were only sporadically busy and I had far too much time to think about what might be happening in the offices in the back. When Ray left at five thirty I thought that I could finally relax. But I didn't. I could only think about how upset Erin must be. I was dying to go back and try to comfort her. I was afraid to though. I was afraid of what Ray might make of the film record if I went back to her office and held her.

I waited until six, but it was killing me. At exactly six PM I rushed to the front door and locked it. I hurried back to Erin's office and rushed to her desk. She wasn't crying any longer. She was working, though somewhat listlessly.

I went to her and pulled her to her feet and held her. I apologized for the mess that we were in and we both cried for several minutes. She finally lifted her head from my chest and asked, "What are you apologizing for? This isn't your fault!"

"Maybe it isn't my fault," I responded. "But I haven't been able to stop it. A man is supposed to protect his wife. I have been a dismal failure in that regard."

She managed a wry smile and said, "You couldn't possibly have anticipated this mess. You didn't realize what sick, twisted, devious bastard Ray was. And don't forget, you did warn me. All I saw was dollar signs. I thought I could handle him. If anyone is responsible for us falling for his scheme then I am afraid that I am to blame. Instead of worrying about who should get spanked, let's figure out how to get out of this."

I nodded and kissed her and we held each other tight

for a while. I finally let her go and said, "I need a drink. Let's go home."

Erin nodded and got her purse from her desk. We started out but I asked, "Did you see where he kept that fake proof of his?"

She answered, "He gave me a copy to give you. He said that the originals are in a safe place."

We went home and Erin had to remind me to bring in the suitcase containing her new wardrobe. I grabbed it out of the back seat and we went inside. I put the suitcase down and headed for the kitchen. I made myself a stiff drink and Erin said, "Make me one too please."

Erin hardly drinks at all. Sometimes she has wine with dinner or some fruity chick drink, but she has never joined me in a highball. I made two of them. I made hers just as strong as mine. I figured that she needed the numbing effects of the alcohol more than I did.

We sat at the kitchen table and didn't speak for a while. Neither of us had eaten yet today. I wasn't hungry and I didn't want food to interfere with the effects of the alcohol.

We held hands and sat in silence. I kept trying to think of a way to get out of this mess that we were in without losing everything and my mind just kept going around in circles. I remembered the blackmail material that Ray had given to Erin and I asked her for it.

She took the papers out of her purse and I started looking through them. I wasn't very much involved in the paperwork that kept the store running and I had to ask Erin what some of the forms were. She explained and showed me the paper trail indicating that high value items were disappearing from the inventory. There were copies of inventory forms that seemed to show clumsy attempts by me to remove those expensive items, mostly rifles and shotguns, from the inventory. I was all the

more confused because I kept a close watch on that inventory in particular and I knew that no guns were missing.

I went over the forms until I finally found where the problem was. They had been doctored more artfully to make it appear that we items in stock that had never actually existed. Then there were my supposed less than professional attempts to remove them from the inventory. I had to wonder, would it really be that easy to put me in jail?

The last half dozen pages were fuzzy pictures of me taking items off of the loading dock in back of the store and putting them in my trunk. The pictures were of such poor quality that I couldn't tell what the items were. If I couldn't identify the item then I couldn't say that it was something that I had delivered and name the person to whom it was delivered.

In other words, the pictures didn't necessarily prove my guilt, but neither could I use them to prove my innocence. But they were suspicious. There were rules about people removing items from the loading dock. There was no way of showing that those items had been delivered to a customer.

This was all over our heads. We needed to talk to someone, but we had no idea where to go for help. We had no money. We couldn't hire a private investigator. We wouldn't even know where to find one! We had no money for an attorney either. I kept coming back to killing Ray as the only way out.

Erin wouldn't hear of it. She said that even if I could prove that we had been framed and blackmailed and that she had been raped, that wouldn't excuse murder in the eyes of the law. I would still end up in prison. We both would. She would be a co-conspirator.

She asked me to take the suitcase upstairs so that she could hang up the clothes that Ray was insisting that

she wear to work. When I had done that I went down and started supper while she hung up her new clothes and then took a shower to remove all traces of Ray from her body.

When she came back down in a t-shirt and a pair of loose shorts I had already made us both another drink and we sat and sipped it while the casserole was in the oven. When it was ready we picked at it. We both managed to eat a little, but we had no appetite.

After we had put the leftovers away and cleaned up the kitchen Erin asked, "Where do you suppose that you can get a chauffer's cap?"

I had forgotten all about that. I wanted to think that by Friday this would somehow be over. But I couldn't take that chance. I thought about it and said, "I guess a uniform shop. I'll drive over to Middlebury after work tomorrow. I'll check the internet and make sure they have one there. I imagine they do."

We sat around in silence after that until it was time to go to bed. I held Erin in my arms and thought about what kind of man allows his wife to be raped right in front of his eyes. I had thought that I was a better man than that. But I didn't know what else to do.

We went to bed early. We weren't tired so much as we were anxious to put an end to this day. We lay together in the dark and I took Erin in my arms and kissed her. She was crying quietly and I hadn't even realized it. I held her tight and I was so ashamed when I started to get an erection. I couldn't help it. Erin always had that effect on me. I pulled back a little, hoping that she hadn't noticed.

She reached down and wrapped her fingers around my erection and I said, "Oh god Erin, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I can't help it. I love you so much and I can't help wanting you. I know this isn't the time for that. I'm sorry baby."

She kissed me and said, "Shut up stupid! Jesus Dean, after today I was scared to death that you would never want me again. I'm so happy that you still do. Please baby, make love to me. I really need you to love me right now."

I couldn't believe that she would want a man to touch her after what she had been subjected to today. I asked, "Are you sure Erin? We don't have to. I know, after today, you must..."

She kissed me again and I heard the smile in her voice when she said, "Shut up. You sound like an idiot. I adore you Dean. I will always want to make love with you. I love the way you touch me and the way you get excited when you see me. I am so afraid that Ray is going to kill that."

I said, "Nothing that bastard could do would change how I feel about you. That is the one thing that you don't have to worry about. You just worry about keeping your head on straight until we get out of this. I promise you Erin, there is nothing that anyone can do to make me stop loving you or stop wanting you. You are everything to me."

I rolled her over onto her back and I kissed her passionately. We kissed for a long time and I gently caressed her beautiful body. Then, I began to kiss my way down her body. She reacted just as she always had in the past and I was so relieved. I had been afraid that being touched, after what she went through today, would upset her. I didn't want her to think that I was just another man that just wanted her body. I was so relieved that she still wanted me too.

When I was between her legs and teasing her sweet pussy with my lips and tongue and she started to react just as she always had I almost cried with relief. I knew that we were going to have a rough time in the immediate future. But it was going to be so much worse

for her. I would have to be very careful to make sure that she knew that how I felt her never changes.

I think that we finally managed to forget about Ray for a while. We made love and just as it always was when we made love, it was wonderful. We probably were not the most adventurous couple in the world when it came to sex. But we were perfect for each other.

When it was over we lay in each other's arms and just enjoyed being in love. It was a long time before we took turns going to the bathroom. Then we held each other again. It was getting late but neither of us wanted to end it. We were enjoying being close and in love.

After a long time Erin said, "Dean, the way you feel about me right now. I want you to remember this. I want you to remember it tomorrow when you see me wearing the first of those outfits that Ray gave me. I went through them. They are awful."

I felt so bad for her. I knew how shy she was. There was not an exhibitionist bone in her body. She was going to have a hard time of it.

I pulled her tight against me and said, "Erin, I am never going to hold anything that bastard does against you. I swear to you that there is nothing that he can do, or make you do, that will change the way that I love you."

She kissed me and whispered, "Oh god, I hope that's true."

I kissed her one last time and said, "I swear it." I meant it too. I was just as jealous as the next guy I suppose. It bothered me when guys got out of line with my wife. But I knew that Ray was going to go out of his way to push all of my buttons until we figured out how to get out of this. This was, after all, about driving me crazy more than it was about raping my wife. I

realized it and I tried to explain that to Erin. She seemed to already realize it too. And that just made me feel even worse. She knew that if Ray didn't hate me that none of this would be happening.

We finally drifted off to sleep. When I awoke the next morning Erin was still nestled in my arms. We hadn't slept well, and I knew that it would be another day of torment for both of us. I lay there until the last possible moment and let her sleep as long as I could.

She wasn't quite fully awake when she looked up at me eventually and smiled and kissed me. She said, "Aren't you going to be late?"

Then she remembered everything that had happened and what was going to happen today. The beautiful, peaceful, loving smile left her face and she groaned when her happiness was drowned in mental anguish. She rested her face against my chest and quietly exclaimed, "Fuck!"

I laughed. In the time that we had been together I couldn't remember her ever saying that word. She pushed me away and glanced at the clock. She said, "My turn to make coffee. Go take a shower baby."

I took my shower and got dressed while Erin was taking hers. I went down and poured us both a cup of coffee and then I sipped on mine while I was waiting for her. It seemed like a long time before she finally came down. She was blushing as she came into the kitchen and came over and stood in front of me.

She grinned shyly and slowly lifted her extremely short dress to show me her freshly shaved pussy. It certainly was a different look.

She watched my face and then she asked, "What do you think?"

I stared for a moment and then I was forced to admit,

"You know, I hate to admit it. I like it. I don't like what that says about me. But it looks pretty sexy."

She looked down at herself ruefully and said, "Yeah. I look like a little girl." Then she smiled at me and said, "So, all this time you were a pedo and I didn't know it!"

I pulled her into my lap and kissed her and said, "I guess so. But then, I didn't know it either!"

She struggled to her feet again and asked, "Did you notice the dress?"

Like I could not notice!

The hemline was almost even with her crotch. With her standing and me sitting I could lean back slightly and see her slit. But that wasn't the only problem with the dress. The top was sheer. There was a lacy design woven into it but it was not designed to cover her breasts and it didn't. Her nipples were plainly visible.

I reached out and took her hand and said, "I'm sorry Erin. I know how modest you are, how hard this is going to be for you."

She took a deep breath and said, "Well, maybe I'll learn to lighten up a little."

I could tell from her tone of voice that she didn't believe it any more than I did.

We put our coffee cups in the sink and went out to the car. Erin sat staring out the window as I drove. I said, "Honey, I know how hard this is for you. I really admire how brave you are being. You are handling this situation a lot better than I am."

She didn't turn around. She just said in a very quiet voice, "I'm certainly not feeling very brave. I'm terrified."

I replied, "I will do what you have asked Erin. I will try to find some way out of this mess without losing everything. But I am willing to give up everything right this moment because I can't stand what he is doing to us. All you have to do is tell me when you can't stand it anymore and we are out of here. Until then I will hang in there with you. But I don't want you to hang in there if you are doing it for me."

She was quiet then. She didn't respond until we had arrived at work and I had shut the engine off. She finally said, "I am fighting for our lives. It isn't just that I love you and our house and this town and our friends. Something inside of me tells me that he can't be allowed to win this. He is going to make our lives intolerable, I know that. But somehow we are going to come out on top. Life cannot be this unfair. We have to win."

I didn't share her optimism. But the decision was hers. I would take this as long as I could.

I was unlocking the back door when Ray pulled up. He came in behind us and called out to Erin to stop as she made her way back to her office. He obviously wanted me to watch as he checked out her new dress.

He came up beside me and asked, "Isn't she beautiful Dean? She should have been dressing like this all along. That dress was made for her."

He called her back over to where we were standing and said, "You look beautiful Erin. But I can't wait to see your pussy with all of the hair shaved off. Let's see it."

Erin reached down and pulled the skirt of her dress up, baring her stomach.

I saw the pain in her eyes. She was staring between us, looking off into space as she displayed her vulva to

this cretin that had taken control of our lives.

Ray said, "Spread your legs out a little Erin. I want to see that stark naked pussy of yours."

Erin shifted her legs as ordered and Ray sighed loudly.

"Christ that's hot!" he exclaimed. He looked up at the clock and said, "Let's go back to the office so that Dean can open up. I'm going to have to sample that thing. I can't wait to taste it without all that hair."

Erin dropped her dress back into place and as Ray watched her walking away he put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Damn Dean, that is one fine piece of ass we have there. You go ahead and open up. I'm going to have to go back and get some of that."

I fought back the urge to kill him and as he walked back to his office I got the cash register ready and opened the front door.

I struggled to think of my job and not what was happening to my wife in the back. Unfortunately, it was only fifteen minutes before I heard Erin cry out. I rushed into the back and found her bent over her desk and Ray was behind her.

He looked up and smiled when I rushed in. He said, "I hope I didn't disturb the customers Dean. I was just popping your wife's cherry ass. You really should have been tapping this man. I do believe that this is the finest ass I've ever fucked."

He turned back to Erin and started thrusting in and out of her ass as she grunted in pain. After a few strokes he turned back to me and said, "Don't worry, she'll get used to it after a while. It only hurts the first half dozen times or so. After that it's just another fuck."

I was kept from killing him by a customer calling out to ask if anyone was here. I turned and went back out

to the store and waited on the customer. After he left there was a steady trickle of customers. There weren't enough to keep my mind off of what was happening to Erin. There were only enough to keep me from having time to think of some way out of this mess.

At lunch time Ray came out from the back with Erin following behind. He said, "Dean, it's been pretty slow today. Put a 'Closed for Lunch' sign on the door and let's go get something to eat."

I saw the terror in Erin's eyes. She had not expected to have to go out in that dress. We had thought that her exposure would be confined to the office for the entertainment of Ray.

Ray said, "Hurry up. We'll wait in the car."

I went and locked the door and put the sign up as he had ordered. We normally stayed open all day and alternated lunch periods. But sometimes, when it was slow we closed up for lunch. People didn't like it, especially the ones that wasted their lunch breaks to drive over here, only to find that we were closed. But that was Ray's problem. My problem was what Ray had in mind for lunch."

I went out through the back door and locked it after me. Ray and Erin were sitting in the back seat of his Towncar. When I approached the car he said, "You drive Dean."

I got into the driver's seat and he tossed the keys over from the backseat. They landed beside me and I picked them up and started the car. He said, "Drive out to the Dairy Queen."

There were only two places that we could get lunch in town. The café in the middle of town and the Dairy Queen where the kids hung out now that school was out for the summer. I couldn't decide which option was worse.

As I pulled out onto the highway Ray asked, "Did you get that chauffer's cap yet Dean?"

I said, "No Mr. Nash. We are planning on driving to Middlebury after work tonight and looking in the uniform shop there."

I saw him nod in the mirror and I also noticed that his hands were all over Erin. A moment later he said, "Make sure she wears this dress when you go. It looks so damned good on her."

I just ignored him until he said, "Did you hear me Dean?"

I glanced up at his arrogant face in the mirror and said, "Yes sir. I heard you."

He nodded and said, "Make sure she accompanies you into the store too. In fact, while you are in town I think you should have dinner in a nice restaurant, my treat. I'll give you my credit card before you leave. And I'll be checking on you."

I pulled into the Dairy queen then. There were several cars and a dozen teenagers there. They were sitting on the hoods of their cars or occupying picnic tables and they ignored us as they talked happily among themselves. Most of the kids were teenage boys but there were a few girls too.

They ignored us until Ray sent Erin to get a menu. He ordered her to get the menu and come back and lean in through the back window and wait for him to decide what he wanted to eat.

We all knew what kind of show she would be putting on for those teenagers when she bent down and leaned in the window. But it started before that. As she walked up to the small building her little dress blew around giving little peeks at her bare pussy.

Ray chuckled and said, "I instructed her not to hold her dress down. Look at the faces on those boys. They can't decide whether to look at her tits or her pussy. I'm getting a hard on just watching them watch her."

Erin picked up one of the menus from the counter and brought it back to the car. She leaned in through the back window and I knew that even if the wind were not blowing her skirt up in the back, half of her ass would be exposed to the boys who were now staring in awe at her exposed flesh.

Her face was bright red as leaned into the back window waiting for Ray to make his choice from the menu. He didn't really look at it. Everyone in town already knew what was available here. He left Erin standing there like that for several minutes though before he said, "I'll have a cheeseburger and a Coke. What do you two want?"

Neither of us wanted anything and Ray just shrugged. He pulled his wallet out and handed a few bills to Erin. Before she could go back and place his order he said, "After you put my order in I want you to go over and say hello to the boys. You know them all don't you?"

Erin nodded and took the menu and the money and went and placed the order. Then she went over and said hello to the boys who were all staring at her in disbelief. They all stared at her all but naked breasts and watched the breeze whip her skirt up from time to time. They couldn't believe the way that she was dressed or that she would ignore the wind exposing her pussy to them.

The girls, on the other hand, were shocked and appeared to be offended. At first they had giggled and whispered among themselves. But now they saw her prancing around all but naked in front of their male friends and they were embarrassed and upset.

The boys were all good kids. We knew them all. But they were teenage boys after all, and they couldn't help but enjoy the show. They glanced over at the car from time to time but for the most part they ignored us as they crowded around Erin and vied for the best view of her exposed charms.

It was an incredibly long ten minutes waiting for the food to be ready. The girl behind the window called out that her order was ready finally and Erin said goodbye and picked it up and brought it back to the car. She handed the food in through the window and Ray ordered her to get in.

As soon as she was in he said, "Erin, I'd like it if you would suck my cock while I'm eating my lunch. But first I think you should take the top of your dress down. I like my cocksuckers to have their tits hanging out. It's so much sexier."

The boys were still staring at us. They could see into the car well enough to see Erin lean forward and unzip her dress in the back. They must have been able to see her pull it down in front and then it was obvious that she disappeared from view when she bent over.

Ray ordered her to get up off the floor and kneel on the seat. I heard the sound of a zipper in the back and then I heard the sounds of Erin sucking that bastard's cock. He sighed in pleasure and sat back and began to eat his cheeseburger while she sucked him off.

I was staring straight ahead. I didn't want to see him in the mirror as he was raping my wife again. But out of the corner of my eye I saw movement and I turned to see one of the braver boys coming closer and looking into the backseat from a distance of only about three feet. I looked back to see that Erin's dress was gathered at her waist and she was kneeling on the back seat, totally exposed and obviously sucking Ray's cock.

I saw the boy look in disbelief for a second before

turning and motioning frantically for his friends to come closer. In seconds the car was surrounded by a dozen boys jockeying for a better view as my wife sucked Ray off in the back seat.

Under any set of circumstances this would have been a horrible thing. But it was so much worse because we knew all of these boys and their families. By the end of the day I had no doubt that half of the town was going to know what Erin had done here today. They would also know that I had permitted it to happen.

I noticed that all of the girls had gotten into one of the cars and they were leaving. I knew that there would be repercussions from this.

Now that the girls were gone the boys seemed to be even less restrained. They came closer and watched Erin kneeling naked on the seat and sucking Ray's cock. The boys on one side of the car could plainly see her naked ass and her pussy. The boys on the other side looking through Ray's window could see her mouth full of cock and her breasts hanging down as he groped them roughly.

Ray finally groaned and filled Erin's mouth with cum. He pushed her head away and ordered her to sit up. She returned to her seat and sat there with her body on display to the boys who had begun to crowd even closer now.

Ray put his cock away and finished his drink. He gathered his trash and opened his door and got out and, leaving his door wide open, he slowly went over to the trash can and deposited his trash. He stood there for a few moments, enjoying our humiliation as the boys stared at Erin's naked body. She sat back there staring straight ahead, wanting desperately to cover her exposed flesh.

We waited impatiently for Ray to get back in the car. He was in no hurry though. He finally sauntered slowly back to the car but he paused when he reached the pack

of boys that was staring excitedly into the car on his side. He smiled and said, "Isn't she beautiful?"

There was a loud murmur of agreement and he said, "She is a pretty damned good cocksucker too. Once she gets a little more practice she is going to be great."

His audience snickered at the reference to her cocksucking skills. It was quite likely that most of these boys had never had a blowjob.

He finally decided that he had tormented Erin enough and he got back in the car. He ordered me to take us back to the store and I gladly left the Dairy Queen and that gang of super horny boys. I had been afraid that he was going to decide to share her with them.

Erin was forced to remain all but naked as I drove back to the store. She covered her face and cried as we rode the several blocks and then around back of the store to park. I had noticed a couple of cars parked out front waiting for us to return and open the store. I unlocked and opened the back door and waited while Ray escorted Erin through to the offices with her dress still around her waist.

Once she was out of sight I hurried to the front door. I apologized for keeping them waiting but they were very understanding. Mr. Carter said, "That's okay son, everyone has to eat. We weren't in a hurry."

They made their purchases and left and as soon as they were gone Erin came out from the back. She had washed her face and brushed her hair and looked a little better. I could see that she had been crying but she looked a little better.

I turned and asked, "Are you alright?" I know, silly question. Of course she wasn't alright.

She nodded and said despondently, "I guess I had better get used to it."

I asked, "What do you need?"

She sighed and said, "A miracle would be nice. He sent me out here to talk to you. He wants me standing here with you while you take care of the next customer."

I pulled her close and held her and said, "Want to leave? I'll be glad to punch him out and get the hell out of here."

She said, "That is exactly what I want. But nothing about our dilemma has changed since this morning."

Our luck was holding true to form. The next customer, or customers, were the Atkins brothers. They worked on their family farm about twenty miles out of town. They weren't trouble makers or anything. But they were a little on the rough side, kind of crude and lacking in manners.

They waived at us when they came in and walked over to the counter. Lester, the older brother was telling me from half way across the store that they needed to order some parts for a milking machine.

He didn't finish his sentence, at least not for quite a while. He suddenly realized that he could see Erin's breasts and his mouth stopped in mid word. Both of them were single and I doubt very much that they had been out with a girl since they quit school in the sixth grade. They were in their thirties now.

They were staring at Erin's breasts in silence as they came up to the counter. Lester spoke first. In a voice filled with awe he said, "Oh my god! Daniel will you look at them! Is that not the prettiest sight you ever seen?!"

His younger brother, Daniel, said, "It sure as hell is! I ain't seen anything nicer than that in Playboy even!"

I heard a noise behind us and turned to see Ray coming out from the hallway where he had probably been standing and watching. He was grinning widely and enjoying our discomfort immensely.

As he approached he said, "Hey boys! How are the Atkins brothers doing today?"

Lester didn't take his eyes from Erin's breasts when he said, "We were doing okay until a minute ago Ray. We're doing a whole hell of a lot better now!"

Ray chuckled and said, "Pretty little thing, isn't she?"

They nodded in unison but didn't speak.

Ray said, "She doesn't just have great tits either. You should see her cunt and that cute ass of hers."

Daniel looked like he was about to start drooling. In a quiet, almost childlike voice he said, "I'd sure like to see that."

Ray asked him, "Did you ever see a girl's cunt Daniel?"

Daniel blushed but was surprisingly honest. "No sir, Ray. I only ever seen a naked woman in Playboy Magazine."

"Would you really like to?" Ray asked. Like there was a possibility he'd say no!

"God yes!" Daniel said.

I swear he sounded just like a little boy.

Ray looked out in the parking lot and saw that it was empty but for the Atkins brothers' pickup truck. He said, "Wait right there." Then he grabbed the "Be right back" sign from under the counter and went and locked the front door and hung up the sign.

He came back and as he neared the counter he said,
"Everyone come with me."

The brothers waited for Erin and me to follow Ray and they fell in behind us. We all went into the stock room and when we were in the open space just inside the door Ray pulled Erin closer and turned her around to face me and the two brothers. He said, "I bet you boys will remember this for the rest of your lives."

I didn't doubt that they would.

He unzipped Erin's dress and pushed it down and off of her. He let it fall to the floor at her feet and she stood there on display to the two farmers, both of whom were quite likely virgins in their thirties.

Ray let them look for a moment and then pushed her over towards them. He said, "Go ahead boys, check her out. Feel those tits. See what her cunt feels like."

I was close enough that I could smell the farm smell on them. They had probably been up and working for eight or nine hour on the farm already. They were probably no dirtier than anyone else that had been doing hard, physical labor on a farm for that many hours, but the smell was not pleasant.

The boys glanced at me. I had met them many times since I started working here, but they probably had no idea who Erin was. They must have seen that I was upset though. Lester looked back and forth between me and Erin and I think he suspected that something wasn't quite right here. But he was human. He wasn't going to pass up this opportunity.

His brother was already pawing Erin's breasts and had one hand on her ass. Lester joined him, groping her other breast and dropping his hand down to her pussy to explore freely.

Erin closed her eyes and allowed them to grope her. She had no choice.

We watched them for several minutes. I didn't want to watch. I had turned away once but Ray cleared his throat to get my attention and glowered at me meaningfully. I turned back to watch.

They took turns exploring her pussy and at one point they both squatted down and spread her legs and pulled her pussy open and looked inside of her. The look of wonder on their faces would have been amusing if it were not for the circumstances.

After they had groped her extensively for several minutes Ray asked, "Forgive me for asking such a personal question, I know it isn't any of my business, but are you gentlemen both virgins?"

The brothers looked at each other and blushed. Finally Lester said, "I'm afraid so Ray. There ain't a lot of gals out where we live and we don't get to come to town much."

Ray said, "I understand men. Would you like to fuck Erin?"

Lester looked at Ray and then at me. Then he looked up at Erin's face. He turned back to Ray and said, "She don't look too happy about this Ray. I'd sure as hell like to fuck her. She sure is fine looking. But I ain't going to fuck no gal that ain't willing."

Ray said, "She's just a little embarrassed men. She likes to fuck and she'd be happy to be your first fuck. Wouldn't you Erin?"

She didn't seem to be surprised at all. I guess we had both suspected how this was going to end up.

Erin said, "Whatever you say Mr. Nash."

Lester stood back up and took his fingers away from her pussy. He looked her in the face and said, "You're this man's wife, ain't ya gal?" He had nodded in my direction as he asked.

She nodded.

Lester glanced at me and then back at Erin. He asked, "Why would you let us do it with you in here with your husband watching? And how come it's Ray that's offering?"

Erin was afraid to cross Ray. I don't know why. I didn't see how he could make things worse. She thought quickly and said, "Mr. Nash is right Lester. I like to fuck and I'd be honored to be your first fuck. Mr. Nash is offering because he's my boss."

It sounded pretty weak to me but it seemed to satisfy Lester. He turned back to Ray and said, "Where can we do it?"

Ray reached over to a pile of blankets that we use to wrap up deliveries so they don't get scratched up. He handed a couple of them to Erin and said, "Spread a couple of these out here on the floor Erin. Then get down on your back and entertain our guests."

Erin took the blankets and spread a couple of them out on the floor. It wasn't much but it was softer than the bare floor. She got down on her back and spread her legs and stared at the ceiling.

Lester was watching me with a look of confusion on his face as he unfastened his coveralls and let them fall to his ankles. He pushed his shorts down and got to his knees between Erin's legs. His cock was already very hard and it was also quite impressive. It looked to be about eight inches long.

He stretched out over Erin and started moving his hips around searching blindly for her opening. She grunted

in pain and reached down and guided his cock to her pussy and as soon as it was in place he forced it in with one clumsy thrust.

Erin grunted in pain and he asked, "Did I hurt you?"

She groaned and said, "You are so big! I need a second to get used to you. Please Lester. Start out kind of slow, okay?"

He said, "Sure. I'm sorry girl. I didn't mean to hurt you."

She grinned wryly and said, "It's okay Lester. I know you didn't. You have a nice one. I know it's going to feel good when you get started."

He started moving slowly and after a half a dozen strokes Erin said, "Okay Lester. I'm used to it now. You can do whatever feels good to you."

Lester started speeding up and slamming his cock into her. I was surprised at how long he lasted. Since it was his first time I thought that it would be over very quickly. Far from it! He lasted at least twenty minutes before he finally started bucking violently and then his body went rigid and he shivered as he filled Erin with his cum. It even seemed to take him a very long time to cum. I guess he'd been saving up for quite a while.

Lester finally got back to his knees and stared down at Erin for a long time before he finally got to his feet. He pulled his shorts and his overalls back up and as he was fastening the suspenders on his overalls Daniel was taking his off.

The brothers glanced at each other for a second. The look of excitement on Daniel's face was impossible to describe. His coveralls fell around his ankles and he pushed his shorts down and I was forced to observe the next cock that was about to rape my wife. His cock was

only slightly smaller than his older brother's.

He dropped to his knees and Erin guided his cock into her. He started out very slow and Erin said, "It's okay Daniel. I'm used to it now. You can do it any way you want."

Daniel said, "Okay ma'am. But you let me know if I'm hurting you."

Then he started. He began pounding into her hard and the sound of his flesh slapping hers was uncomfortable. She grunted with each violent stroke but she didn't object. She just stared at the ceiling and waited for it to end.

Fortunately he didn't last half as long as his older brother had. He began to swear loudly and then he tensed up and he stroked into her all of the way through his orgasm. As soon as he finished he got back up on his knees and wiped his face with his sleeves and said, "Don't that just beat all! I never even dreamed it could be that good."

Daniel got to his feet and Lester asked, "Is she one of them girls that do it for money?"

Ray said, "No Lester. She did it because I told her to. You don't have to pay her."

Daniel, still with that young voice tinged with awe repeated himself. "Don't that just beat all!"

Erin didn't move until both men were dressed. Ray turned to me and said, "Clean her up and get back to work." Then he went out and unlocked the front door and took down the sign. I found a rag that Erin could use to sop up the large volume of cum dripping from her red and swollen pussy. I helped her sit up and I asked, "Do you want me to do this?"

She shook her head and took the rag from me. She looked

to be in pain as she bent down and wiped herself clean.

I asked, "Is there anything I can do? Are you alright?"

She shook her head. She said, "No Dean. I'm a little sore. They fuck like animals. I just need to get enough of this up that I can put my dress on and make it to the bathroom."

She wiped at the cum until it was gone and I helped her to her feet. I handed her dress to her and she stepped into it. I helped her put it on and I zipped it up. She turned and finally looked me in the face. She had a questioning look in her face.

I smiled and said, "I know what you are looking for Erin. The only thing that you are going to find in my face or in my heart is sympathy and love. There is no sense looking for anything else."

She stood up on her toes and kissed my lips briefly and said, "I would hug you but I have to get to the bathroom before it's too late. You better go wait on your customers."

I said, "I love you Erin," as she turned and rushed out.

I picked up the blankets and tossed them back on the pile. Then I went back out into the store and ordered the parts that the brothers had come in for.

Just before they left Lester looked me in the eye and said quietly, "She didn't do that willingly did she? And you weren't letting her do it willingly. Something ain't right here. I'm sorry Dean. I shouldn't have done it."

I was actually touched by what he said. I didn't blame him or his brother. I know damned well that if our positions were reversed I would have done the same damn thing if someone had offered Erin to me.

I replied, "Thank you Lester. I'll tell Erin. I know she'll appreciate that."

He asked, "Is there anything I can do?"

I sighed and said, "I'm afraid not. Not at the moment, except maybe keep this to yourselves. That would help."

He nodded and said, "You have my word." Then he turned to Daniel and said, "You ain't going to say anything either, are you Dan?"

Daniel looked like he really didn't know what the hell we were talking about. Lester looked at him and smiled and then turned to me and said, "Don't worry Dean. I'll explain it to him. And I'm sorry. I mean it sure was wonderful, but I guess we wasn't thinking too clearly at the moment."

I smiled and said, "It's okay. I was just thinking that if I was in your shoes I'd have done the same damn thing. Don't feel bad. I'll explain to Erin."

Lester shook my hand and they left. I finished filling out the parts order blank and took it into Erin's office. She had just returned from the bathroom and taken her seat. I gave her the order and after glancing at the closed door into Ray's office I whispered, "Lester began to realize that something wasn't right and he feels very bad about what happened. He told me to tell you he was sorry."

I could tell by her expression that Lester's apology meant a lot to her. She squeezed my hand and said, "Thanks. Now get your lazy ass to work."

I smiled and went back out front.

Ray came out and stood behind me at a little after three. He said, "I just did you a big favor Dean. I just taught Erin how to deepthroat. It was fantastic."

Trust me. You are really going to thank me for that. I'm going home now. Don't forget I want both of you to go to Middlebury after you close. And she doesn't change clothes."

I didn't know how he would know. But when he handed me his credit card and told me to use it to pay for our dinner I think I realized how he could check. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know that everyone working in the restaurant tonight was going to remember Erin.

As soon as he was gone I rushed into the back. Erin was on her knees with her dress down around her waist again. She had her hands over her face and she was crying quietly.

She looked up when she heard me come in and she started to struggle to her feet. I rushed to her side and helped her up. Then I wrapped my arms around her and held her tight. The dam broke then and she cried hysterically. I knew that there was nothing I could say to make this better. I just held her close and waited for her to get it out of her system.

It took quite a while. She gradually began to calm down and after about ten minutes she was crying softly and trying to speak. I let her go and looked down at her. She turned and grabbed a handful of tissue from the box on her desk and wiped her eyes and then she blew her nose.

She threw the tissue away and in a raspy voice she asked for a glass of water. I went into Ray's office and got a bottle of cold water out of his refrigerator and brought it to her.

She took some pain killers out of her purse and washed them down with the water. I could see that it was painful for her to swallow. It broke my heart to see how much she was suffering. I leaned back against the table on the side of her small office and thought to myself that we were gaining nothing by submitting to

that asshole. He didn't have to have me arrested to ruin us. He was quickly destroying our reputation and before long we would have to leave this town no matter what else happened. So I didn't see the point in letting him get away with this shit any longer.

I waited until Erin had calmed down a little more and told her what I was thinking. I pointed out that after our little lunch outing today our reputations were going to be drastically effected. There was no way that word of what happened wasn't going to spread around this small town like a wildfire.

I trusted the Atkins brothers to keep quiet. But it was unlikely that they would have said anything anyway. They certainly didn't socialize with anyone in town. But the boys that witnessed that show at lunch time, and those girls that had found it so offensive, they were going to tell everyone they knew what they had seen.

I heard someone come into the store and I left Erin to pull herself together. I stayed pretty busy after that, up until about a half hour before closing. Finally it was six and I locked up. We had prepared the deposit in advance and dropped the day's receipts off and headed for Middlebury. I had checked their web site and gotten their location. They were open for another hour but even though it was only thirty miles it was narrow, winding roads and even if I didn't get behind a slow moving vehicle it would still take a good forty-minutes to get there.

It was quiet in the car at first. We were both dreading what it was going to be like for Erin to walk around town in that dress. I had suggested that we tell Ray to go to hell and take our chances but she was still adamant.

Middlebury is a college town and it has its fair share of beautiful young women running around in clothes that get a man's attention. But it is not a very

cosmopolitan town. It is not a very cosmopolitan state. Even the largest cities in this state have a rural flavor to them. It isn't like a college town in Florida or Texas or California. The girls here do not go around with their breasts exposed and their skirts so short that they cannot bend or sit.

We arrived with only ten minutes to spare and I managed to find a parking place right near the costume shop. I tried to get Erin to stay in the car but she was too afraid of Ray to disobey him. She got out and accompanied me inside.

There were no other customers in the store, just the young man behind the counter. His eyes opened wide as we approached the counter and I told him what I needed. He stared openly at Erin's exposed breasts and for a moment it didn't seem that he could engage his mind.

I suppose I couldn't blame him. Even after I had been married to her for this long I was still breathless when I saw her naked.

He finally snapped out of it and led me to a small collection of chauffeur uniforms on the side of the room. I had a dark suit and only needed the hat. I found one in my size and we went back to the counter and I paid him. We left the clerk to his fantasies and hurried back out to the car.

We had not discussed where to eat. Usually when we came to town to eat we came for pizza. There was a place in town that made excellent New York style pizza. But we didn't want to go there like this. We wanted to be able to go back there. We thought it best to go somewhere we had never been and would never want to go back to. Besides, if Ray was paying for the meal we wanted it to be expensive.

We talked it over and decided on a steakhouse on the edge of town. It was supposed to be expensive and it was far enough away from the college that we hoped it

wouldn't be full of college kids.

We drove over there and perhaps since it was the middle of the week it wasn't crowded. As you might expect, we got some unpleasant looks from the female halves of the few other couples patronizing the place and some enthusiastic stares from the men that saw us. But the staff tried to act as if Erin was fully dressed. They seated us at a dark booth that was away from the other guests and we were left to deal with only the young waiter who gave us excellent service all through the meal but was unable to stop looking at Erin's breasts. Again, I couldn't blame him.

Erin ordered lobster and I ordered the most expensive steak on the menu. We had a bottle of wine and we took our time and ate and drank and talked quietly. We were stuffed by the time the meal was over. We had not eaten much since this whole mess had begun on Monday but we made up for it. We even ordered deserts to go. We were anxious to get out of there and get home so that Erin could get out of that dress.

I paid with Ray's credit card and left a hefty tip. We made it out to the car then without entertaining any more customers and I drove home carefully. I am not in the habit of drinking and driving but I had really needed a couple of glasses of wine tonight. I was looking forward to getting home and having another.

When we got home I put the deserts in the refrigerator and poured us both another glass of wine. We sat quietly out on the front porch in the dark and I put my arm around Erin. It was almost 9:00 P.M. and there were a few young people out in their cars, probably returning from visiting their girlfriend's houses. But other than that the streets were quiet as usual.

We sat there like that for probably fifteen minutes. When our glasses were empty I went in and got the bottle and poured us another. After I had rejoined Erin on the porch swing she asked, "Did you ever think about

what it's like to grow up as a girl?"

I thought about that. I finally answered, "No. I thought a lot about girls when I was growing up. Like most guys I struggled with trying to figure out what girls think. I don't think I thought about what it was like to grow up as a girl though."

She said, "Maybe if you thought about what it was like for us you would have had a clue about what we think. I don't mean to imply that the experience is the same for all girls of course. We are not nearly so monolithic a group as you guys seem to be. But there are a lot of commonalities. We have to get used to things that boys don't ever have to think about. And I don't just mean that we have periods. But if you think about how much sex education we get from our parents you can imagine what that is like, the first few times especially."

"It's more than that though. We are the butt of constant teasing and bad jokes from boys from the very beginning. When we enter puberty and our breasts start to grow we are already feeling self conscious about our bodies. Now every male in the world is staring at us. I mean, I know that they aren't, but it seems like it. And a lot of them are. And we are confused because we want to have big beautiful breasts like all the beautiful women we see in magazines and on television or even walking down the street. We want to be objects of desire. But then when we are we don't know how to act. It is a very difficult time. It's much worse for some of us than for others of course. Some girls seem to breeze through it."

"We have all of these conflicting emotions that boys don't have to deal with. We want to be desired and we start thinking about sex just as much as boys do. But unlike boys, we have to worry about our reputations and getting pregnant and our parents sending us away to a nunnery, or at least losing respect for us. We want to turn boys on and we want to be looked at and we want to be touched just as much as you guys want to touch us."

But society has decided that while it is alright for guys to act that way, we girls must control our desires until we are married. No, it's worse than that, we aren't even supposed to have those desires until we are married!"

She paused for a second and I tried to figure out what she was trying to tell me, or why she was telling me this at all. She finally continued and it started to become obvious, finally, what she was trying to say.

"I was always one of the most self-conscious girls around. I never got used to the way men looked at me, at least not when I was a teenager. I am still not totally comfortable in my body. When I was fourteen and fifteen and sixteen I would sometimes feel so aware of my body, so self conscious when I walked down the sidewalk that I could hardly walk. Now, having to be nearly naked so much in front of so many men, so many boys, it's almost more than I can stand. But as much as I hate it I have to admit something to you. I don't know why, I have been worried that you would find out though. I feel like I have to tell you, I have to try to explain. When that rat bastard son of a bitch makes me wear those slutty dresses, or worse yet take them off, I get so wet. I don't understand it. I know it's wrong and I don't want to feel that way. And I am terrified that you will find out, or that Ray will say something to you."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I think I finally knew what this was all about. I am only a man, so I wasn't certain though. I asked, "Is that what you were trying to say? Your body reacts to some of this stuff and you are afraid I will find out and be upset?"

She nodded almost imperceptibly.

I hugged her and kissed the top of her head. I said, "Christ you had me worried. I thought you were going to try to get me to understand women! You can't ask that of a man. Would it make you feel any better or would

you be pissed off if I told you that through a lot of the things that have happened to you this week I have had a hard on? I don't mean that I am enjoying it. I hate seeing you being raped and humiliated and degraded and every time you cry it tears me up inside. But my body reacts without any help from my brain too. When I see your breasts exposed and even when I see some of the things that prick is doing to you my cock gets hard. I guess I know how you feel though. I have been scared to death that you would notice and think that I was okay with what he was doing."

She turned in her seat and looked at me. There was a long pause and then she asked, "Really? You got a hard on? When? Which things made you hard?"

I was getting real uncomfortable now. I said, "I would rather not say. The point is, it is a physiological reaction. We can't control it and you shouldn't worry about it. I'm glad you get wet. If you get wet you won't get hurt as bad. Trust me Erin. That is the least of our worries. The one thing that you don't have to worry about through all of this is what I think about you. I adore you and I respect you and that will not change."

She was quiet for a minute and then rested her hand on my soft cock and she asked, "You really got a hard on? I'm so relieved!"

I shook my head in wonder. "I was terrified that you would see it and think I was enjoying what he was doing to you."

As her hand lightly squeezed my cock it started growing quickly. She smiled and said, "Speaking of the devil. Why don't we go to bed? It's getting late."

She got to her feet and pulled me inside using my cock as a handle. I followed her into the kitchen and we put our wine glasses in the sink. When we got back into the living room I bent down and picked her up and tossed

her over my shoulder. She squealed as I squeezed my hand in between her thighs and rubbed my finger against her moist slit as I carried her quickly upstairs and threw her on the bed.

She started to get back up so that she could undress but I pushed her back down on the bed and got out of my pants and shorts as quickly as possible. Then I climbed up on top of her and fucked her like Lester had earlier today. This time we weren't making love. I was nearly raping her. I was purposefully rough and I groped her breasts through that sheer dress and kissed her passionately.

She started screaming and cumming and she came over and over before I finally filled her with yet another load of cum. Three other men had fucked my wife before I had today. I suppose that most other men would react differently to that. I don't mean to imply that I was happy about the situation. But I had gotten a hard on watching the Atkins brothers fuck Erin on the floor of the storeroom and sometimes when I was worrying about her in the office alone with Ray and picturing the things that were happening there I got a hard on.

I felt guilty about it. But it happened. I wouldn't recommend our situation as a way to spice up your sex life. But I guess if we could react this way to what was happening we had a lot more chance of having our marriage survive intact. My biggest concern was not that Erin was being raped. My biggest concern was that it would fuck up her mind. But she seemed to be holding up surprisingly well. Maybe, just maybe, we could get through this.

When our violent fuck was finally over and we were laying there in the dark and holding each other tight she laughed and said, "You fucking pervert!"

I kissed her and asked, "Yeah. What's your point?"

She was quiet for a long time after that and then she

said, "We're going to make it, aren't we? I was so afraid this would be something that would destroy our marriage, destroy your love for me."

I responded, "Silly woman! I could never stop loving you. I was worried that you would end up hating me for not being able to protect you. Besides, it is the relationship that Ray and I have had since we were just out of diapers that is responsible for the things that are happening to you. He is enjoying what he is doing to you. But he is doing it to torment me more than he is doing it to torment you. Every time he does something to you in the office he comes out and stands behind me and tells me what he has done. That is what this is all about. If I were you I'd hate me right now."

She kissed me hard and then she said, "Stupid man! It isn't your fault Ray is crazy. You said you heard things about him when you were growing up. He was crazy without any help from you. Now, I've got to take a quick shower. I can still smell those poor farmers on me!"

She got up and as she was taking her dress off she said, "Can you imagine those poor guys being virgins?! They must be in their mid-thirties! It's too bad they don't have anyone. They were pretty nice. Not real bright maybe, but nice. And don't tell my husband but they had a couple of pretty nice cocks too."

I got up and slapped her butt and sent her off to take a shower while I finished undressing. I decided a shower wouldn't hurt me either and I went in and joined her in the tub. We hugged and kissed and soaped each other up and then we had to hurry up and rinse off. I resolved that the first thing that I was going to do when we could afford it was buy a larger hot water heater.

The next morning I had to take another shower. I'm a heavy sleeper and I can't wake up in the morning

without a shower. While I was in the shower Erin got dressed and went down and made coffee. I got downstairs twenty minutes later and walked into the kitchen and stopped and stared at today's outfit.

In some ways it wasn't as bad as yesterday's. The top wasn't sheer and her nipples were covered. It was a bright red dress. It was shimmery and looked like it was made out of the same material as a pair of red panties she has. It was made of a very thin material. I could see the outline of her nipples where the material rested against her breasts. The bodice was cut so low that I could almost see her navel. It draped down over her breasts loosely but it looked like any move she made was likely to expose her breasts.

The skirt was slit up to the waist on one side and because it was so tight there was a large gap exposing a couple of inches of her nude hip. It was, of course, embarrassingly short. She watched me take inventory of her dress and then she said, "Get used to it Dean. Ray has awful taste in women's clothes. There was nothing in that suitcase that a normal woman would willingly wear."

I went in and got my coffee and we sat at the kitchen table and tried to steady ourselves for the kind of day that we knew we were in for. I had noticed that it was raining so at least it was unlikely that we would have to go to the Dairy Queen for lunch.

I looked at the way that Erin's skirt separated when she sat down. She followed my gaze and looked ruefully at how much skin was exposed. The tiny skirt pulled away to the side and it was impossible for her to cover her pussy when she was seated. But that wasn't all. When she leaned forward even slightly the top fell away and exposed her breasts, or at least one of them. It kept sliding off to the side and she had to constantly place it back over her breasts. It was obvious that she was in for another bad day.

When we could put it off no longer we went out, got in the car and drove to work. Ray's car was already there. We went in and I gave Ray's credit card to her to return to him. I got the store ready to open. I tried not to think about what was happening in the back. I was grateful that I couldn't hear most sounds from back there.

I took care of the restocking and opened the front door. The store hours were from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. There was often a spate of business when we first opened up. Those were normally the professionals that needed something for a job that they were working on. Then it was quiet for a while until between nine and ten and then business started picking up again.

Normally on a rainy day like today we have very little business. Contractors often can't work on rainy days and your average home owner stays inside and waits for the sun to come out too.

I was just finishing up stocking some gardening supplies when Ray came out from the back with Erin following. I could see that she had been having a rough morning. As she walked behind Ray her top kept sliding off of her breasts but I didn't think that was why she was blushing.

Ray stopped at the counter and asked me about dinner last night. As I answered his questions, Erin continued through the store and into the store room. She came back out in a few minutes and came behind the counter. She reached down under the counter and picked up the "Be Right Back" sign and headed for the door. She didn't lock it though. She put the sign up and waited by the door.

I had been watching Erin as I answered Ray's questions but finally I asked, "What's going on?"

Ray smiled and said, "My young cousin called me at home last night. He was one of the boys at the Dairy Queen

yesterday. He told me how much he enjoyed our lunch and he asked if he could meet Erin some day. He is such a good kid that I thought I'd arrange that for him. He is coming in with a couple of his friends in a few minutes and Erin is going to entertain them in the storeroom. I am letting her lock up because I thought you would want to be there."

He was watching my face, enjoying my reaction as he calmly told me that he had invited three teenagers to have sex with my wife. I struggled not to show my anger. I struggled not to punch his face in. Over the years Ray and I had come to blows several times. We were usually separated before the fight was concluded. We were pretty evenly matched but I had fury on my side at the moment. I didn't doubt for a minute that I could fuck him up. And I desperately wanted to.

Just then the door opened and Ray's cousin Scott came in with two of his friends. I recognized all three boys. Besides Scott there was Len Todd and Steve Foster. I knew that Scott was just sixteen. I imagine that is two friends were the same age, give or take a year. They looked nervous, but very excited.

They came in and moved out of the way while Erin closed and locked the door. She didn't look at the boys. She turned and headed back across the store to where we were standing. As she walked she had to keep adjusting her top to cover her breasts. Ray called out to her, "Stop that Erin. Just leave it the fuck alone!"

By the time she came to a stop in front of us her breasts were both uncovered. The boys came around her and leaned against the counter and stared at Erin's exposed breasts. I thought back to our talk last night and how nervous and how self conscious she was about being exposed like this. But then I remembered what she had said about getting aroused as well and I hoped for her sake that she was getting wet. The more aroused she became the easier this was going to be for her. I did not begrudge her that.

Ray said, "Erin, put your dress on the counter and we'll go into the back."

I saw her breath catch as he said that. But she pulled the top off of her shoulders and pushed the waist down over her hips and stepped out of it, leaving her standing in just her black pumps.

When she was naked Ray said, "Lead the way."

Erin was blushing all the way down to her breasts as she turned and walked towards the storeroom. The boys followed her and we followed behind. When we stepped inside I saw that she had already spread blankets out on the floor in anticipation of their arrival.

Ray moved over and took a seat on a large crate and said, "Go ahead boys, she's all yours. She'll do anything you tell her to."

Len and Steve closed in on Erin and began to explore her body eagerly. Scott wasn't interested in preliminaries. He quickly undressed and stepped onto the blanket and said, "You guys get undressed. You can feel her up later."

Len and Steve moved back and started undressing and Scott said, "I saw you sucking Ray's cock yesterday and my cock has been hard since then. You are beautiful Erin. I love your tits and your sweet little pussy and your perfect ass. But I want to feel my cock in your mouth like that. I've never been sucked off and I want you to do that."

He sat down on the blanket and leaned back against a box and said, "Come on Erin. Suck my cock."

Erin got down on her hands and knees and moved up between his wide spread legs. She looked down at his cock for a second or two and then took it in her mouth. She started sucking and as she worked on his cock Len

and Steve joined them on the blanket.

They started exploring her body with their hands again but Steve quickly moved into position behind her and began to work his cock into her pussy from behind. I heard her grunt as he entered her and then moan as he started to fuck her. I hoped that she could relax and enjoy it, as difficult at that might seem. I know, it's rape. But there is no way to avoid it so she might as well enjoy it if she can.

Ray spoke up once Steve had started fucking her. He called out to Erin, "Come on slut. I promised Scott you would do that trick I taught you yesterday. Don't disappoint us."

I watched, torn between dismay and astonishment as she began sliding her lips down until they were wrapped around the base of his cock and several inches of his cock were buried in her throat. I know that Ray had told me that he had gotten her to do it. But hearing it and seeing it were two different things.

As his cock sank into Erin's throat, Scott called out, "I'll be a son of a bitch! Fuck that feels hot! Oh my god!"

Then he grabbed her head and pulled it tight to his belly as his hips thrust up and I could see that he was cumming in her throat.

The other two boys had stopped what they were doing and were watching in amazement. Len turned loose of her tits and sat up and waited for Scott to finish and move out of the way. As soon as he did, Len took his place and breathlessly ordered her to do the same thing for him.

She dropped her head back down and took Len's cock into her mouth as Steve resumed his violent rape from behind. Scott had moved only enough to make room for Len. He sat nearby now and watched and enjoyed the

show. As he watched his two friends having sex with my wife he used his bare toes to toy with one of her breasts absently.

I was disturbed when I realized that I had a hard on too. I know that we had talked about this last night and I realized that it was an involuntary reaction. I still felt guilty about it. It seemed like such a betrayal.

Ray didn't share my reservations. He was obviously enjoying the show and he had pulled his cock out and was rubbing it slowly while he watched the three teenagers with my wife.

Steve came next and after tensing up and filling my wife's pussy with cum he moved to the side and watched. When he had caught his breath he said, "Jesus man! Look at them tits swaying! It reminds me of "Baywatch"!"

I didn't know what that meant but Len and Scott did. They both chuckled at the remark.

Scott was hard again already and he got to his knees and moved into position behind Erin. He worked his rejuvenated cock into her pussy and started fucking her hard. It was a very violent fuck and his thrusts seemed to drive more of Len's cock into her throat with each brutal stroke.

Len didn't last very long and just before he came I heard him say, "I'm going to cum. I want to cum in your mouth, okay?"

Erin stopped taking his cock into her throat and held it in her mouth. She began using her hand and finished him off that way, taking his slimy cum into her mouth while Scott raped her from the rear.

You have to admire a teenager's stamina, I guess. As soon as Len moved out of the way Steve took his place. His cock, still wet from fucking her earlier, stood

straight and hard.

Erin groaned. She was obviously getting tired. But she didn't say anything. She took his cock into her mouth and was soon taking it into her throat as Scott drove violently into her from the back.

They were soon finished and sitting around her staring at her body. I saw Ray get to his feet and he said, "You guys want to see something hot? Watch this."

He got down on his knees near Erin's head and guided her mouth to his cock with a handful of her hair. As she took his cock into her mouth and then her throat Ray turned to me and said, "I'm going to fuck her ass Dean. I don't have any lube in here. If you want to make it easier for her I strongly recommend that you get down here and use your tongue to get her ready for my cock. You don't have to of course. It's up to you."

I knew that the idea was not for me to make it easier for her. The idea was to humiliate us. But he was right. It would make it easier for her and I wanted that.

I moved behind her and I could see the cum from the three boys running down her thighs. The smell was strong and unpleasant. But what I had to put up with was nothing compared to what Ray was requiring of her. I bent down and spread the cheeks of her ass and began to lick her little pink asshole.

I knew that he had fucked her ass several times already. I had been forced to watch him do it once. The abuse didn't show though. And when I stiffened my tongue and pushed it into her tight little hole I couldn't tell that she had been raped there.

As I worked at her ass with my tongue I was aware of the boys watching closely and I could hear their obscene comments. I tried to ignore them as I did my best to get her wet and loosened up for Ray's hard

cock.

Ray finally pulled his cock out of her mouth and said, "Just to show you what a nice guy I am Dean, I'm going to let you get some head while I fuck your wife's ass. Go ahead and pull you cock out and get up here."

Ray moved around behind her and immediately began forcing his large cock inside of Erin's ass. She cried out in pain as he entered her. Then, she panted as she tried to get used to his cock pounding her ass.

I moved up and took his place at her head and opened my pants and pulled out my cock. I hated that it was hard and I hoped that Erin would understand. She lifted her head off of the blanket and saw my cock. She looked up at my face. She must have seen the turmoil I felt. She smiled and winked and then took me into her mouth.

She had never taken my cock into her throat. It never occurred to me that she might. I enjoyed it when she sucked my cock. She was pretty good at it and it was always obvious that if even she was not that big a fan of sucking cocks she enjoyed pleasing me.

Now, as my cock sank into her throat I groaned and threw my head back and struggled to control myself. The sensations were amazing! I didn't want to last long. I knew this had to be hard on her throat. But I had to admit, there was something special about this.

I ran my hands down over her hair and then I gripped her shoulders after only a very few minutes and she knew what was happening. She moved her lips back out to the tip of my cock and used her hand to finish me.

I filled her mouth with cum and eased my cock out of her mouth and fell away to the side. I looked up to see Ray watching me with that evil smile on his face as he pounded his cock into Erin's ass.

He groaned and said, "See? I told you that you'd thank

me for teaching her that."

Then he groaned again and sped up and came in her ass.

He stayed like that, with his cock buried in her ass until it was soft. Then he pulled out and said, "Okay cunt, get your ass over here and clean this mess up."

Erin turned to face him and took his soft, slimy, smelly cock into her mouth and sucked him clean. As she was doing that Ray looked around at the boys and smiled and said, "You boys look like you could all go again. How would you like a real piece of ass?"

All three of them were eager to go again and Ray said, "Great, she needs lots of practice. Go ahead and fuck that beautiful ass."

I was forced to watch as one by one the three boys each took a third turn fucking my wife, in the ass this time. And after each one came they moved around and made her suck them clean as the next boy mounted her.

By the time it was over and we had all dressed, all but Erin whose dress was out on the counter, nearly two hours had passed. As the boys were dressing they were staring at Erin, still in awe of her beautiful, sexy body. Before we went back out into the store Scott asked, "Can we do this again Ray? That was fucking fantastic!"

Ray smiled and said, "Sure Scott. You can't do it every day. I don't want to ruin that sweet cunt or that nice tight ass. But until school starts again I don't see why you and some of your friends can't fuck her a couple of times a week. I think we are going to have to start doing this somewhere else though. I am going to go bankrupt if I keep closing the store up so that guys can fuck my slut."

Scott exclaimed, "Great! How about if we do it at your house tomorrow night?"

Ray laughed and said, "Sorry boys, tomorrow night is out. I have a business meeting tomorrow."

He thought for a minute and said, "Come on by the house on Saturday at around seven."

Scott exclaimed, "Great! I can't fucking wait!" Then he turned to his friends and said, "Come on guys, let's get out of here."

We all filed back out into the store and Erin grabbed her dress off of the counter and walked back to the bathroom naked.

We all watched her leave the room and then Ray escorted the three boys to the front door and took the closed sign away. We hadn't noticed but someone had been standing outside waiting for us to open and from the look on his face I was pretty sure that he had seen Erin walking through the store naked.

He didn't say anything though. He came in and made his purchase and left. The entire time he was at the counter he stared at me curiously. I found myself blushing but there was nothing that I could say.

He was an older man. I had seen him in the store from time to time but he didn't live in town. I gathered that he had a landscaping business and did a lot of work in town, mostly for the elderly. His look was more than a little unnerving and I almost think that I would have preferred that he say something about what he had seen. But finally he left without ever having said a word.

A short time later Ray came out from the back and said, "I'm going to the house Dean. I may drop by later if I get horny. But it is pretty slow and everything seems to be under control here. If you need anything, or if Erin needs me, you know how to get me."

I nodded and sighed with relief as he went out through the back.

I went back to Erin's office. She was sitting at her desk typing a letter with her breasts exposed when I came in. She looked up and smiled in relief when she saw that it was me. I went over and put my arms around her from behind and kissed the top of her head.

She lifted one of my hands to her lips and kissed it.

I said, "I love you baby. And I'm so sorry."

She shook her head and said, "Stop saying that Dean. You have nothing to apologize for."

She typed a few more lines and then she stopped and said, "How did you like it?"

I wasn't sure what she meant and when I hesitated she said, "The blowjob silly. How did you like it? Was it exciting? You came pretty fast. Do you like it better that way?"

I sighed and said, "That's why I'm sorry you dumb broad! I shouldn't be getting a hard on when they are raping you. And I shouldn't be enjoying it when he makes me join in. I am so embarrassed, I feel like such a shit."

She stopped typing and turned to face me. She said, "Damn it! We talked about this. I understand. Hell, I prefer that you get hard and get turned on. I'd rather that than the alternative. Besides, I don't know if you noticed but I must have had a dozen orgasms while those kids were fucking me."

I pulled her close and kissed her and said, "Good, I'm glad. At least you can get that out of it. I hope you have an orgasm every time."

We held each other for a moment and then she said, "You

didn't answer my question."

It took me a second to remember the question. I asked, "Are you sure you want to know the answer to that question? I would hate to answer that truthfully and have you resent me for it later."

She laughed softly and said, "I don't really need you to answer. I could feel your excitement. I knew you liked it and I'm glad. I would just rather talk about having sex with you than with everyone else that seems to have access to my body lately. Really Dean, I'm glad you enjoyed it. I liked doing it for you."

I had to ask. "Didn't it hurt?"

She smiled and said, "I wouldn't want to do it all day long. It hurt the first few times and I wouldn't want to do it for someone with a monster cock. But no, once I got used to it, once I learned to relax a little it doesn't hurt. We can do it anytime you want. I like pleasing you. You know that."

Erin finished her letter and a few other tasks that she had to get done before the end of the day and then she joined me out front. The rain and wind had both picked up and it was a real nasty day. That was great for us. We sat in a couple of lawn chairs behind the counter and talked quietly and enjoyed the peace and quiet. Not a single customer came in all afternoon.

I locked up at six and we went out through the back. I rushed out to the car and brought it around closer so that she could get in without getting too wet. I stopped on the way home and while Erin waited in the car I ran into the grocery store and picked up a couple of steaks. We seemed to be adjusting to the terrible situation we found ourselves in and despite the degrading morning in the storeroom the quiet afternoon and the pleasant conversation had put us at ease and we decided that after eating so little for the first few days of the week and nothing at all today we could

splurge on a couple of nice steaks.

As soon as we got home Erin took a quick shower and put on some shorts and a t-shirt. By the time she came back down I had a salad prepared and I had made us both a mixed drink.

We ate dinner and enjoyed the sound of the rain on our tin roof. It was not a good day to sit out on the porch so after we ate we sat in the living room and talked. I think that we would both have preferred that we didn't talk about all the rapes. But it was slowly getting to be less traumatic for both of us and we felt that it was better to clear the air. We were both very worried about how our reactions were being interpreted by our spouses. Even though we had talked about it we were still not dealing with it well.

I hated to see Erin suffer. I hated to see her being raped. But if she could take some pleasure from what they did to her then I was all in favor of it. On the other hand, I couldn't help feeling guilty when I became aroused. She was adamant that she understood and in fact wanted me to become aroused when it was happening. She felt sure that our marriage depended on us being able to tolerate the intolerable. We talked some more about the breaking point, the point at which we could no longer deal with the abuse and we would have to give up and escape.

She asked, "Escape to where Dean? We have no place to go. We spent every penny of our savings on this house. There is no escape. I have accepted that or I wouldn't have been able to deal with the things that crazy son of a bitch has been having so much fun doing to me. I know it's hard for you too. I know that you want to kill him. I know that I am not the only one that is being humiliated. But if we are going to have any kind of future together we have to stick it out. I'm convinced of that."

I could only answer, "I told you Erin, I'll hang in

there as long as you want me to. But this can't go on forever. If it turns out that we have no other option, if it looks like this is going to last forever, then I am going to start thinking about doing something drastic. And it isn't looking good. I am worried about what he has planned for tomorrow and just as worried about his plans for Saturday night. He is taking up more and more of our lives and involving more and more of the people that live around us. At some point the time comes that we have nothing left to lose."

She looked at me with those big eyes and I saw the helpless look on her face. She whispered, "I don't know what else to do Dean."

I took her into my arms again and I said, "I'm not trying to put pressure on you Erin. I'm just saying that it kills me to see you suffer this way and we can't let it go on indefinitely."

She kissed me and said, "I know baby. I guess that I'll reach a point that it won't matter what we lose as long as we end it. I'm not ready to concede that yet. Just hang in there a little longer. Please, for me?"

I nodded and got to my feet and said, "I'll do anything for you. You know that. Let's go upstairs and read for a while. My mind needs a change of subject. I can't think about this all the time like this. I'm going crazy."

Erin grinned as I pulled her to her feet beside me and said, "There you go trying to get me into bed again. What kind of girl do you think I am mister?"

I kissed her and said, "I'm beginning to think that we both have a lot to learn about you. You are certainly a lot stronger than I thought that you were. I'm willing to bet that you are a lot stronger than you realized too. And neither one of us had any idea about what a great cocksucker you are!"

She laughed and punched me in the stomach and I bent down picked her up and threw her over my shoulder. I carried her upstairs and tossed her on the bed and pulled her shoes off. But instead of jumping her bones I surprised her and started tickling her feet.

The laughter was just what we both needed. After she surrendered I helped her up and we undressed and got in bed. Before this had all started she had slept in a long t-shirt and I had slept in a pair of boxers. Lately we had both started sleeping in the nude and we both liked it.

I picked up my book and started to read but Erin had other ideas. She leaned over and kissed my stomach and her soft hand started sliding down towards my cock. I put my book down and said, "Erin, I'm afraid that you are starting to think that that is something that you have to do. I adore you and it isn't just because you're hot."

She smiled up at me and said, "I know that. I think it's great that when I do this for you it's because we are in love and you aren't just using me. I love doing it for you. Even when I wasn't very good at it I liked doing it for you. Now shut the fuck up and let me work here."

I laughed and looked at the love in her eyes and it was almost overwhelming. I watched as she began to kiss and lick my cock and our eyes stayed locked together as she took my cock into her mouth and began to slowly work her lips all the way down to the base of it. I'm no porn star. My cock is just a little less than seven inches long and I had not seen many hard ons until the last few day but I guess I'm just about average in thickness. But it looked awful damn big as it disappeared into her mouth and I could not begin to imagine what it must be like to take something like that into your throat. I sure as hell couldn't do it!

But damn that felt so fucking good! Watching it happen

was the most exciting thing you can imagine. And she honestly looked like she was enjoying herself. I know that when I am eating her pussy I love it. I love how excited she gets and how much pleasure that I can bring to her. But it doesn't hurt me to eat her pussy and I don't have to put anything down my throat.

I watched until I couldn't stand it anymore. I lay back and closed my eyes and started gasping and then she pulled back and finished me with her hand, taking my cum into her mouth as if it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted.

I have tasted my cum. I happen to know it doesn't taste good. It tastes just as bad as it smells. But she didn't seem to mind at all. I guess maybe she does love me.

I pulled her up on top of me when I had finished and she had swallowed. She was smiling and we said, "I love you," in unison. I held her tight and we kissed and there wasn't any question that we loved each other.

I kissed her for several minutes and then I rolled her over and started kissing my way down her beautiful, sexy body. As I did she reached down and lifted my head and said, "Baby you don't have to do that every time I do it for you. I do it because I love you and because I love pleasing you. It isn't necessary for you to return the favor every time."

I smiled and said, "Erin, I have never in my life eaten a pussy because I had to! I love you and I love eating your pussy and I would happily do it every day."

She released my head and asked, "Can I get that in writing?"

I kissed her navel and said, "I am pretty sure I had it put in our marriage vows. We'll have to get the DVD of the ceremony out this weekend and listen for it."

I kissed my way down to her pussy and as I worked my way in between her legs I remembered how excited she had got, even through the fear, as I had eaten her ass earlier at Ray's insistence. I gently lifted her legs and kissed all around for a moment before I lifted her a little more and rested my mouth between her ass cheeks.

She moaned and said, "Oh god Dean! You knew?"

I paused to say, "Oh yeah baby. You like this."

She was embarrassed and she moaned and covered her face with her hands as my tongue began teasing her pink little hole. She gasped and her body jumped like I had hit her with a taser. She let go a muffled scream and as I ate her ass out I reached around and teased her clit with my fingers. She came hard. She reached down and pulled my hair and this time her scream wasn't muffled. She called out loudly and her body went rigid with lust.

I let her come down, kissing her ass cheeks and her thighs as she started to unclench her whole body. When she was lying flat again I turned my attention to her soaking wet pussy and happily ate her to several more orgasm.

When she couldn't stand another one she pushed me away and then pulled me up over her. She licked her juices from my face in a sexual fog and then she whispered, "Would you like to fuck me there? Would you like to fuck my ass baby?"

I actually hadn't thought about it! It wasn't something that I had ever thought about doing as far as I can recall. I love her cute ass. It turns me on to look at it and to touch it. But I had never really felt any desire to stick my dick in it.

I had a hard on. Eating her pussy always turned me on. And I did want to make love to her. But I found that I

really would rather put it where it belonged. I bent down and kissed her and then I said, "Unless you have a burning desire to do that, I have to be honest. It isn't something that ever appealed to me. I would rather do this.

I slid my cock into her juicy pussy slowly and she sighed with pleasure as I entered her. She put her arms around my neck and pulled me down on top of her and cried out, "Oh Dean! I love you so much!"

Then she started to cry. That stopped me and I tried to pull away to see what was wrong. She wouldn't let me go. She cried out, "NO! Don't stop! Oh Dean, don't ever stop! I love you so much. Now fuck me god damn it!"

She was really getting a lot of use out of that word now. Oh well, under the circumstances, what the fuck!

Erin wrapped her legs around me and lifted her ass off that bed, pounding back at me as hard as those boys had pounded into her earlier today. I had never fucked her this violently but I did now. I fucked her hard and fast and she went crazy. She made sounds that I had never heard a human make before and there was no question that they were the sounds of passion.

We almost never came at the same time. Usually I came first and finished her off with my fingers or my mouth. Sometimes she was feeling horny and she came first, though that wasn't very often. But this time we came together and it was amazing, and it was violent. We were pounding against each other so hard I was sure that she was going to be bruised in the morning.

Just as we came her fingers went to my back and she dug her nails in, something she had never done before. For some reason that put me right over the edge and I yelled nearly as loud as she did.

I lay over her when it was over. I was resting my weight on my elbows but my head was next to hers and I

was kissing her ear and telling her how much I love you. She had begun to cry again and she was chanting softly over and over, "I love you baby. I love you with all of my heart."

My soft cock was still inside of her and I felt her pussy milking me for the last drops of my cum. I lifted my lips to hers and we kissed for the longest time.

I finally rolled off of her and took her in my arms and we lay like that for the longest time. It felt so good to be that close to the woman you love with your entire being and I honestly have no idea how long we stayed like that. I know that when I finally let her go and glanced at the clock it was too late to read.

She saw me look at the clock and she looked and said, "Oh my god! How long were we...Jesus Dean! We came to bed more than two hours ago!"

I kissed the tip of her nose and said, "Yeah, turns out you ain't such a bum fuck after all."

She smiled and said, "Aww, you say the sweetest things!"

We were both hot and sweaty and although we were reluctant to get out of bed we went to the bathroom and took a quick shower and then came back to bed. I didn't feel like reading any longer. We held each other for a few more minutes and the next thing I knew it was time to get up.

We went through our normal morning routine. The dress that Erin was required to wear today was definitely not the sort of thing you would wear to work. But compared to the things she had been wearing all week it seemed pretty conservative. It was short of course. But it was no shorter than the others she had worn. It was backless, but her breasts were covered. Compared to the outfits she had been wearing this was positively prim! I figured there was a catch though. With Ray there

always is.

We got to work and Ray was just unlocking the door as we pulled up. He looked at us as we climbed the stairs to the loading dock and he said, "That's not right Erin. Here, let me show you."

He turned her around and untied the strap behind her neck that held the front of her dress in place. He looked around her body as he loosely retied the strap with a great deal more slack in the front.

Erin rolled her eyes as she realized what he was doing. I thought it looked awful, not sexy at all. The front of her dress hung loosely and the sides of her breasts were exposed but it wasn't really sexy. I guess it provided him with better access to her breasts. He seemed satisfied.

We went about our regular day. He worked all day today. The store was busy for a while. A lot of people had put off coming in yesterday and it got pretty busy in there a couple of times. When that happened Ray sent Erin out to help. I would help the customers while she ran the register.

Now I saw what Ray had in mind when he adjusted her dress. When she was moving around, bending down to get a bag from under the counter for instance, her breast was exposed almost to the nipple.

A lot of men stayed around to talk after they made their purchases. Because they stayed they were there when the strap around her neck finally slipped loose and fell to her waist.

She quickly tied it back, loosely as Ray required, but not before a half a dozen of the townspeople saw her naked breasts. The silence when it happened was deafening. But after a moment Erin shrugged her shoulders and said, "Shit happens!"

Her audience laughed and the tension melted away. They continued to stick around and hope for a recurrence though.

It did happen again. There was a different crowd though. It happened in the early afternoon. The guys certainly got a kick out of it and Erin almost seemed to be getting used to being on display. She blushed and she was obviously uncomfortable. But not like the first times she had been forced to display her body to the general public.

At 4:30 P.M. Ray and Erin came out and he said, "I want you two to go home and get ready for this evening. Erin, take a shower and put on the outfit that I indicated was for tonight. Check that cunt. I don't want to find any stubble there. Dean, change into your black suit and get your new hat ready. I will come by and pick you up after I close the store. I want you both ready and standing at the curb when I get there."

I took Erin's hand and as we started for the door her damned top fell down again. I let go of her hand and she retied it as we made our way out the back.

We went straight home and got ready. It didn't take me long. I just had to put my suit on. I sat in the chair by the window waiting for Erin. I listened to her in the shower and when she finally came out she came over and kissed me and ran her hands over her pussy. She smiled and said, "Smooth as a baby. Wanna feel?"

I smiled and ran my fingers over her smooth pussy. As I was doing that she said, "Dean, I don't know what's going to happen tonight but I want you to keep your cool. Promise me."

I reached around and cupped her ass and said, "I'll promise to try, as long as you aren't getting hurt."

She said, "NO! I don't want to hear you'll try and I don't want any exceptions. They aren't going to do

anything to me that I won't get over. I want you to promise to let me take care of myself. If I need your help I will ask for it. I mean it."

I looked up at her and said, "I can say the words Erin. But there is only so much that I'll take. Now go get dressed. I suspect it won't take long. I doubt if there is very much to this outfit you are going to wear."

She sighed and said, "There isn't. I've seen it. But at least we are going to the city. I won't see anyone that I know. Or more to the point, nobody I know will see me."

She went into her closet and came back out with a small, black bit of nothing much at all in one hand and a pair of black high heels in the other.

She set the shoes down and pulled the thing she had to wear tonight over her head. I couldn't believe it!

I looked at Erin and exclaimed, "It's a fucking slip!"

She just nodded.

The slip was mostly sheer material and lace. It was scooped so low in the back that more than an inch of the top of her butt crack was exposed. The material over her breasts was sheer and there was a strip of lace around the bottom that wasn't quite sheer. But if you looked at it in the right light you could make out the slit between her legs.

I looked up at her and asked, "Did he tell you where we are going?"

She shook her head. She moved over and stood in front of the mirror and saw how nearly naked she was. She groaned and shook her head again. Then she turned back around to face me and said, "Pretty hot, huh?"

I didn't bother to answer. We still had fifteen or

twenty minutes before we had to go stand out front. The neighbors had been seeing a lot of Erin lately. They were really going to love this outfit. We went downstairs and I offered her a highball.

She thought about it for a minute and said, "I guess it couldn't hurt. I don't like drinking on an empty stomach but I have a feeling that this will be a hard night to be sober."

I made her a drink and she asked, "You aren't having one?"

I smiled and said, "I'm the chauffeur, remember?"

She lifted her glass in a toast and started sipping. She kept her eyes on the time and just before we had to go outside she gulped down the last few sips and went in and rinsed out her mouth.

We stood on the front porch until the last possible moment and then we went to the curb and stood by the large oak tree in front of our house. We were constantly looking around to see if any of the neighbors were about. We saw a few cars go by and slow down quite a bit when they spotted us but none of our neighbors were outside. They may have been watching from inside but we didn't see them.

Ray finally pulled up and got out of his car. He ordered me to put my hat on and then he said, "I guess you have seen enough television and movies to have some idea of what a chauffeur does. You open doors and you are polite and you keep your mouth shut. Any questions?"

In as obsequious a voice as possible I said, "No Mr. Nash."

I reached out and opened the back door of his Towncar and he got in, followed by Erin. I went around and got in the driver's seat and he said, "We're going to the

Wyndham on Battery Street in Burlington. Go."

I didn't go to Burlington any more than I had to and I didn't know the city very well. But I knew how to get there and I knew the main streets. I knew where Battery Street was if not the hotel.

I drove through town and headed for Burlington. As we made our way towards the city Ray said to Erin, "I don't want to hear the word no come out of your mouth tonight. Trust me on this cunt. You are going to have a difficult evening. You might as well get used to the idea of it right now. If you or Dean piss me off you have no idea how bad I'll make things for you in the future."

I saw Erin shudder in fear and nod in response. She glanced at me meaningfully but I just looked away.

Even though it was almost 6:30 P.M. almost all of the traffic was going the other way and I had an easy drive of it. By the time I got to Burlington rush hour was pretty much over and I got to the hotel without too much trouble.

I pulled up to the door and Ray said, "Erin, go in and ask the desk clerk to notify room 512 that we are here."

Erin came back out in a few minutes. She was blushing bright red at having to go in there looking like a prostitute and interact with people. When she got to the car Ray got out and told her to get in and sit in the center of the back seat.

In a few minutes I saw two large black men exit the building and Ray approached them and shook hands. They talked for a few minutes and then Ray returned to the car and invited the men to join Erin in the back seat. Ray got into the front passenger seat. As he got in he glowered at me and I realized that I had forgotten my chauffeur duties. I hadn't opened any of the doors for

anyone.

I resolved to try to remember but it wasn't something that I was used to doing.

The two men, brothers named Mel and George, were introduced to Erin and immediately began to paw her. I was directed to drive to a nearby restaurant and before I had gotten out of the parking lot they had the slip around Erin's waist and were all but raping her in the back seat.

Ray turned around in his seat to watch and the excitement on his face as he watched those large men torment Erin was disgusting. As I drove Ray told them a little about us. They got a huge kick out of the fact that I was her husband and that we were doing this against our will because he was blackmailing us.

I started to pull up to the door of the restaurant about ten minutes later but Ray said, "No Dean. Park it. You're coming in with us. I wouldn't want you to miss anything."

I bit my tongue and pulled into the nearest parking place. I got out and opened the doors for the men in the back seat and Erin. Ray waited until I opened his door as well. Before I closed his door he took my hat off and tossed it onto the seat. We went inside with the two men walking in front of us holding Erin between them and Ray and I following behind.

We had to wait a few minutes for a table and while we stood to the side Mel and George continued to explore Erin's body. They were not very discreet about it either. Parts of her body that were not supposed to be were on display frequently and I think that in order to keep from offending the other customers we were quickly seated in a large booth in an out of the way corner.

Erin was, of course, seated between Mel and George. I tried not to watch as they felt her up obviously, even

as the waiter stood at the table taking our drink orders and telling us about the specials.

After the waiter had taken our orders, but before he could leave, Mel asked him, "What do you think of these?" Then he pulled the cups away from Erin's breasts.

The waiter looked very embarrassed. But I noticed that there was a large and growing bulge in the front of his pants. He left quickly and the men left Erin's breasts exposed.

Ray directed the conversation towards the sweetheart deal he was trying to make with them on some of the items we stock in the store. They kept telling him that they didn't want to talk about that now. They would discuss business after he kept his end of the bargain.

I assumed that Ray's end of the bargain involved allowing them to rape my wife. They directed the conversation back to the experiences that Ray had subjected Erin to in the past week. They loved hearing about the lunch at the Dairy Queen and the customers that had seen Erin naked and gotten to fuck her.

They also like hearing him talk about my reactions to the things that were happening to Erin. It seemed to amuse them to no end. They asked a lot of personal questions of Erin and me too. They asked about our sex life and how long we had been married and our ages and about past lovers. They were really getting into it.

The waiter returned with our drink order and after they had ordered their dinners they asked the waiter if he would like to fuck Erin for his tip.

Much to everyone's surprise the waiter declined. Ray and his two guests were obviously disappointed but they quickly forgot their disappointment as they returned to tormenting Erin and me.

The meal that they had ordered was served in what seemed to be an unusually short amount of time. I suspect that they were in a huge hurry to get us out of there. Erin and I had not been permitted to order a drink or a meal. We just sat and watched them eat. I didn't mind. I wasn't hungry and I doubt if Erin was either.

Erin wasn't allowed to order a drink, but she was given something to drink. Mel and George took turns taking sips of their drinks and then transferring them into her mouth as they kissed her roughly.

It was disgusting to watch. I thought so anyway. Ray seemed to be amused.

The men wolfed down their meals and ordered an after dinner drink. Erin ended up swallowing most of the drinks that Mel and George had ordered. I could see how embarrassed she was and how much the rough treatment was getting to her. I hoped that the alcohol would numb the pain a little.

The waiter came back with the check without even asking if we wanted anything else. It was obvious that management was anxious to get us out of here and Ray and his two new friends found that amusing.

Ray paid for the dinner and we filed out to the car. I opened everyone's door and after some talk about going to a bar or a strip joint Mel and George decided that they were anxious to get back to the hotel.

I put my cap back on and drove them to the hotel as ordered. Ray ordered me to go ahead and park when I got back to the hotel. I went around and opened everyone's door and Mel and George led the way through the lobby with their arms around Erin and a large part her ass on display. I knew that with her slip that high in the back her pussy would be exposed too.

As we followed along behind Ray turned to me and said,

"I love that little slip. I never could get Kathy to wear it, not even when we were home alone. The bitch!"

As soon as we entered the lobby all motion, all sounds ceased. Everyone turned to stare at Erin as we walked through the lobby to the elevators. Erin turned bright red but other than that there was no sign that she was aware of the stir she was causing.

We stood to the side when the elevator door opened and one young businessman looked up and said, "Holy shit!"

There were a few smirks and a woman with her young daughter said, "Oh my!" and hurried her gaping daughter away.

We got on the elevator and Ray pushed the button for the fifth floor. I followed the four of them to one of the suites and we waited for Mel to open the door.

He stepped inside and waved us in after him. We were in the sitting room of a two room suite with a bedroom off to one side of the sitting room and a small kitchenette. There was a connecting door which was open and led into another bedroom.

Mel and George sat on the couch with Erin between them.

Mel and George were both probably in their mid forties. They were well over six feet tall and I would guess that they weighed over three hundred pounds. Some of that was fat but they were large, strong men. Mel seemed to be the oldest and it was obvious when you watched them interact that he was the alpha male.

Mel looked at me and asked, "You're the cunt's husband?"

I nodded and in response to a glare from Ray I said, "Yes sir."

He grinned and said, "And you know why your wife is

here?"

I responded, "I wasn't told the specifics. But I'm pretty sure that I know why we are here."

There was a pause and he asked, "Have you ever seen your wife get fucked by a black man before?"

I said, "No sir."

I should explain something here. There are hardly any black people in Vermont. It isn't that they aren't welcome. I don't think that I have ever met anyone that was racially prejudiced. At least if they were they kept it to themselves. On the other hand, "There isn't a black person living in my town and the closest ones are probably thirty miles away. I did not grow up with people of color and the only ones that I have ever met were usually working in a store in Burlington on the few occasions I went there for something I couldn't get at home.

So Erin and I are not prejudiced. But there is a mystique surrounding black men that is rather imposing, perhaps even threatening. If the circumstances surrounding our meeting were different it would just be a meeting. There would not be all the angst. But we are here, or rather Erin was here, to be there sexy toy. She was about to have to allow these two large black men to do anything they wanted with her body. There was no question that they were pleased with her and looking forward to using her.

Ray said, "Dean, undress your wife and sit down in that chair over there."

I stepped forward and whispered, "I'm sorry Erin." Then I gently pulled the slip off over her head. I placed it on a nearby table and went over to the straight chair I had been directed to sit in.

Ray stood behind me and before I could react he pulled

my arms down and put handcuffs on my wrists. The chain on the cuffs was threaded through rungs in the back of the chair and I couldn't get up.

I twisted around and exclaimed, "What the..."

He just patted my head and said, "Relax Dean. I just want to keep you out of trouble."

I heard a sound and looked up to see Erin being pulled into Mel's lap. He pulled her face to his and began to kiss her. She didn't struggle. She seemed to hesitate for a second but then she returned his wet kiss.

As they kissed his large black hand cupped her breast. The contrast was startling. I had seen it in the car and in the restaurant. But those places were dark. Here in the bright light the contrast was much more stark.

Mel was rough on her breasts but she didn't fight him. As I watched nervously Ray stood near me. He was standing behind me and I couldn't see if he was watching to see what I would do or if he was concentrating on what was being done to Erin. I was pretty sure that I knew what he was watching though.

After a few minutes Ray seemed satisfied that I was helpless and he went over and sat down in an armchair to enjoy the latest rape of my wife. George turned in his seat on the couch and we all watched my wife being molested.

Mel was certainly not in a hurry. He kissed Erin long and hard and all the while his hand explored every part of her body. Once he had begun to concentrate his efforts on her pussy I began to realize that Erin was fighting to hide her arousal. I wanted to call out to her that it was okay. If you can get turned on under circumstances such as this then go for it. Whatever gets you through it is just fine with me. I began to suspect though that she wasn't hiding it for my benefit. She didn't want Ray to realize it. I may be

wrong. But we had discussed this and I had told her before that if she could get aroused when the men Ray gave her to were molesting her then it was fine with me.

What really bothered me about this, more than anything else, was the handcuffs. I couldn't help wondering why Ray thought they might be necessary at this point. After all that had happened in front of me, all the boys and men that Ray had forced Erin to have sex with while he made me watch, what was different about these two?

I was about to get a clue. George stood up and started undressing. When he was naked he walked over in front of me and stood there stroking the biggest cock I had ever seen. It was ten or eleven inches long and it looked as big around as a soft drink can. He smiled down at me and in a soft voice he said, "I hear your wife has learned how to deepthroat a cock. I've always wanted to try that. I can't wait to get my meat down that pretty little throat. I just can't decide if I'm going to fuck her ass first or save that for later."

I shook my head violently and said, "NO! You can't! Not with that, you'll kill her!" I looked over at Ray and saw him smiling over at me. He said, "Take it easy Dean. It's just sex! It'll be good for her."

Mel had paused to watch us and he was smiling over at me, enjoying watching his little brother torment me. I saw the look of terror on Erin's face now. He pushed her out of his lap and George moved back over to where Erin was standing and took her in his arms. His large hands immediately began to explore her body roughly. His cock was hard and it was lying against her stomach as he held her in his arms. His cock looked even larger against her petite body.

Mel came over in front of me and started taking his clothes off. He smiled down at me and said, "Don't let that little cock my brother has worry you. Most women

can take it okay. They hardly ever need stitches afterwards. Of course, he's never shoved it down a throat before. I don't think he's ever gotten it all the way up into a girl's ass before either." He turned to his brother and asked, "How about it George, have you ever gotten that cock of yours all the way up into some bitch's ass before?"

George didn't even pause, he continued to maul Erin but over his shoulder he said, "No Mel. The bitches always fought too hard and screamed too fucking much. Tonight is going to be the first time."

I started to look around Mel to plead with Ray to save Erin from these two men when Mel pulled his shorts off. He stood there massaging his cock right in front of me. It was even larger than George's! It had to be at least twelve inches long!

I started struggling with the chair and yelling at Ray to let me up. The older brother reached down and picked up his brother's shorts and shoved them in my mouth brutally. Then he picked up a belt that had been removed from a bathrobe earlier and that just happened to be waiting handily on a nearby lamp table and wrapped it around my head, holding the underwear in place.

I continued to struggle with the chair and I began pulling at the cuffs with all of my strength. But the chair turned out to be a lot stronger than it looked. I was cutting my wrists on the metal handcuffs as I struggled frantically and blood was running down my hands and dripping onto the rug. But my struggles were futile. I couldn't even turn the heavy chair over.

Mel went back over to where Erin was struggling with his brother and as he walked he held his hand out to Ray. Ray tossed him another pair of handcuffs and he went behind Erin and secured her hands behind her back.

She was still struggling though. She didn't quit until

Mel said, "Sweetheart, take it easy. It's gonna happen. If you don't settle down and accept it then it's just going to be worse on you and poor Dean over there. I imagine it's gonna hurt a little. But we ain't going to do anything to you that you haven't had done before. If you keep fighting like this then someone is going to have to go over there and start breaking bones on your husband until you settle down. You don't want that do you?"

Erin stopped struggling then. I couldn't watch. I couldn't stand the look of terror on her face. I just stared knives at Ray. I looked at the smug, arrogant look on his face, his obvious enjoyment of what was happening to Erin. I made up mind at that moment that if I got out of here alive it was settled in my mind. I was going to kill him. I wanted him to see it in my eyes.

Ray was ignoring me though. He was fascinated by the things that those large men were doing to Erin. They had forced her to her knees and they were taking turns trying to force their monster cocks down into her throat.

It was obvious that they wouldn't go. They were much too large. She was a very small woman. They couldn't possibly manage it without harming her. They struggled valiantly though. Finally Mel said, "This is never going to work."

He looked around and said, "Come on. Give me a hand. Let's try this."

They picked her up and carried her to the sturdy wooden table by the window that looked out over the lake. They tried laying her on her back but because of the handcuffs she screamed in pain. So they turned her over and George held her head up by her hair while Mel held her head in place with both of his large hands and began forcing his cock into her mouth again. I heard the strangling noises coming from her, the garbled

noises, and the muffled attempts to beg them to stop. They were ignored as the men struggled to force their cocks into her.

I was certain that Mel's huge slab of cock would never fit down her throat. I was also certain that they were going to keep trying until they hurt her. I was in total shock when the head of his cock actually entered her throat. He swore in excitement when his cock went in and his younger brother said, "I'll be a son of a bitch Mel! You did it! God damn! Hurry up man. I got to try that. Fuck me!"

Mel laughed and said, "Hold on George. You'll get your turn."

Once he had the head of his cock started in her throat he didn't stop. He continued to force it all the way in until his entire massive cock was buried in her mouth and throat and her jaw was open so wide that it looked like it might be dislocated.

I realized that she had passed out. I knew that she was still alive because I could see her unconscious body struggling for air.

He stroked slowly in and out of her throat for a moment, until she started turning blue and then he pulled out. He turned to his little brother and said, "Fuck George! It's so tight it hurts!"

He moved out of the way and before Erin had had time to gasp for a couple of breaths George began struggling to force his cock into her throat. It seemed to be just as violent the second time.

I saw Erin begin to struggle again. She had regained consciousness. But thankfully it was brief. She passed out from the fear and pain again and George finally managed to force his cock into her throat. They took turns for a few minutes before they decided that it wasn't very satisfying. Their cocks were too large and

she was too small and it hurt them more than it felt good.

Unfortunately they weren't through trying to destroy her delicate young body. They turned her around so that her legs draped down off of the table and Mel went over to the lamp table and picked up a tube of lubricant. He lubed his large cock and dabbed some of the grease on her ass and started forcing his cock into her tiny hole.

Erin regained consciousness then and suddenly gave out with a wild animal sound. It was a desperate cry for help. Because of what they had done to her throat I guess she couldn't scream. It was a loud raspy sound and even without the words it was plain that it was the result of the most extreme pain. Mel had just managed to force the head of his cock into her ass.

George went around and held her down and forced the head of his cock back into her mouth. He didn't try to force it in any further than that this time. He just held her head over it while his brother began forcing his cock into her ass.

She started struggling again and they got a big kick out of it. They made fun of her as she flopped around helplessly on the table between them. From the couch Ray was joining in the jokes, making fun of Erin and urging the brothers to fuck her harder.

It was obviously a struggle but eventually Mel managed to bury his cock in her ass. She never stopped struggling and making those sounds of pain. Once he had his cock all the way in her ass he paused and held onto her ass and looked at his brother. He smiled and said, "Damn George! This is a lot of fucking work!"

I noticed that both brothers were sweating profusely. I was going to fix that when I got loose though.

Mel finally pulled his cock out of her ass and said,

"Here, you check it out. See how you like it. Then let's turn her over and fuck her cunt. This is too fucking much work."

The men changed places and George began to force his only slightly smaller cock into my wife's ass. Mel was ready and as soon as she opened her mouth to scream he shoved the head of his cock inside.

He struggled with her tight ass for several strokes and said, "Well bro, at least we got to try it finally. I'm with you. I think I'll stick with pussy from now on."

They got the key from Ray and took the handcuffs off and brought her back into the seating area and dropped her on the floor. For the next hour they took turns fucking her until they couldn't get it up any longer. She lost consciousness a couple more times but when she was aware she grunted with pain with every stroke. She tried begging them to stop but you couldn't understand what she was saying. I was afraid that her throat was so seriously damaged that it would never recover from their abuse.

They finally left her laying there on the floor and got up and got a drink in the kitchenette. The three of them were standing there drinking a mixed drink and for the first time one of them noticed that my wrists were bleeding on the carpet.

Mel said, "Fuck me! Look at that! They are going to want to charge us for that! Son of a bitch!"

He came stomping over and slapped me a few times. He was cursing and swinging and after about three of those roundhouse blows from his ham sized hands I was unconscious too.

When I came too I was on the floor and I had a towel wrapped around my wrists. I struggled to sit up and I saw that Erin was still on the floor staring lifelessly at the ceiling. Ray was staring at her nude body,

seemingly without a care in the world.

When I sat up he said, "It's about damned time! Those assholes went out to get a drink half an hour ago. Get your fucking clothes on and let's go home. I was going to let them keep her for the weekend but she's so out of it they don't want her anymore. I think we cinched the deal though."

I didn't say a word. I went over to Erin and checked on her. She looked at me and when she recognized me she put her arms around me and started crying soundlessly. I held her in my arms for a long time, and I sat there deciding how I was going to kill Ray and those two men.

Ray was getting impatient. He said, "If you don't want them to fuck her again we had best get her dressed and get out of here."

I went into one of the bedrooms and got one of their large dress shirts out of the closet. I helped Erin to her feet and put it on her and buttoned it up. I picked her up and Ray held the door for me. I carried her to the elevator and then out to the car. We got more strange looks on the way through the lobby but I ignored them.

I put Erin in the front seat with me and I drove home in record time. I parked in front of my house and as Ray drove home I carried Erin up to bed and I sprayed her throat with throat spray, gave her some Tylenol and while I was drawing her a hot bath I examined her body. There wasn't any blood that I could find. I didn't see any tears in her skin either.

I asked her if she needed to go to the hospital and she shook her head violently. I sprayed her throat again and I asked if she thought she would be able to talk. She swallowed with difficulty and tried. It was raspy and all but unintelligible but she managed to say, "I think I'll be okay."

I helped her into the big claw foot bath tub and washed her gently. After she soaked for a while and the water started to cool I rinsed her off and put her into bed. I put a glass of water on her nightstand and she dropped off to sleep almost immediately.

As soon as she was breathing deeply I went downstairs and got my pistol out of the drawer and loaded it. I drove down to the flats where Ray had built his house and I pulled in behind his car. The lights were still on. I was glad he was up. I wanted him aware when I killed him.

I went to his door and turned the knob and slammed it open. I walked inside and pointed my gun at his stomach and in a calm, emotionless, deadly earnest voice I said, "I'm going to kill you slow Ray. I'm going to shoot you in the belly and then I'm going to sit here and watch you die. Do you have any last words?"

The look of absolute terror on his face thrilled me. He was just starting to beg and I was going to let him. I wanted him to grovel a little before I killed him.

My chain of thought was interrupted by a voice from the kitchen door. Mr. Nash, Ray's father, was standing there holding a bottle of beer.

I said, "Hello Mr. Nash. You probably don't want to see this. You should leave now. I didn't notice your car out there or I would have waited."

He looked at me and the gun and at his terror stricken son and asked, "Why are going to kill Ray, Dean?"

I smiled and said, "It needs to be done. I wouldn't hurt you though. I've always liked you Mr. Nash. So you had best leave now."

Mr. Nash came into the living room and came over and stood beside me. He didn't try to stop me and he didn't get between us. In a very reasonable voice he said,

"Did he do something to Erin?"

I nodded.

He gave Ray a dirty look and asked me, "Did he hurt her?"

I looked up at him long enough that Ray thought he could make a break for the door. I slammed the gun down on the back of his neck and stunned him. He dropped to the floor like a rock. I nudged him with my toe and he struggled to turn over. I said, "You better get back in your chair Ray. It's going to take you a long time to die. You'll want to be comfortable."

He was crying now and begging me not to hurt him.

Mr. Nash looked disgusted. I felt sorry for him. A father shouldn't see his son like this. I said, "Mr. Nash, this is going to be unpleasant. You really should leave."

He said, "Maybe. Tell me what this is all about first."

I looked at him. I guess he had the right to know. So I told him. I told him every dirty detail right from the beginning. Well, I didn't go all the way back to high school, but from the time that Ruth had retired because she couldn't stand working for him. When I told him about tonight I told him everything.

He listened with a sick look on his face and when I was done telling him he gulped down his beer and asked, "Is Erin okay?"

I sighed and said, "I'm not sure. She didn't want to go to the emergency room. I'll wait until tomorrow and decide if she has to or not."

He looked at my wrists and said, "It looks like you could use some stitches there son."

I nodded and said, "Maybe. I imagine they'll take care of that when they arrest me."

Mr. Nash said, "What about Erin? What happens to her when you go to jail?"

I laughed wryly and said, "It couldn't be any worse than what happened to her when I wasn't in jail. I wasn't much of a husband to her this past week."

Mr. Nash responded, "It sounds to me like you did what you thought you had to do."

He turned to look at Ray who was cringing in terror in his chair, waiting for the bullet in his guts. He sighed and said, "It saddens me. I always suspected that there was something a little off with him when he was young. I thought he would outgrow it. I thought he had outgrown it. Maybe you're right. He needs killing for what he did."

Ray shook his head violently and cried out to his father. He kept saying he was sorry and pleading for mercy but I knew who he was sorry for. He was sorry for himself.

Mr. Nash said, "Dean, I know he deserves killing, but I'm going to ask you not to do it. Not because I don't want you to do it. I think you'd be doing the world a favor. But you and Erin mean a lot to me and I would hate to see you go to prison. I have a better idea."

I looked at him and he said, "Hold on. Sit down and let me get you a beer. You look like you need one."

I couldn't argue with that. I really did need a beer. I sat in the recliner behind me and Mr. Nash went and got us both a beer. He handed me mine and asked, "Did you know that this house is in my name? When we built it we put it in my name because Ray didn't have the money to pay the taxes or the insurance. I already owned the land and I supplied the material and me and my friends

did most of the work on it. It's mine. That Lincoln out front is mine too. I can do any damn thing I want with them. And the hardware store I worked all my life to build up. That's mine too. I used to love working there but I have to tell you, I love being retired. I wouldn't want to go back."

I said, "What is your idea Mr. Nash. It's getting late and I want to go back and say goodbye to Erin before I turn myself in."

He put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Son, I'm not going to stop you if you want to do it. I agree he earned it. To be honest, I know of some other stuff he's done that would turn your stomach too. I've had to get him out of trouble more than once. But let me suggest that instead of killing him and ruining your life and Erin's life you let him live. You let him leave here. Leave this town. I don't care where he goes as long as I never see his face again. You take over the hardware store. You were better at it anyway. The customers like you. You take his car and I'll put the house up for sale and I don't care how he gets out of here, but if he isn't gone by this time tomorrow I'll kill him myself. I think if you were to ask Erin she would prefer that solution. What do you think?"

I laughed and said, "Mr. Nash, I love you like my father. But you couldn't kill anyone."

He chuckled and said, "I suspect you are right. But I know some lumberjacks that could beat him to within an inch of his life and make him wish he was dead. Hell, it just might do him some good."

I thought it over for a few minutes and asked, "Could you really do that Mr. Nash. To him I mean. He is your son."

Mr. Nash said, "No Dean. He isn't my son anymore. I don't have a son. I have always been pretty fond of you though and I'd hate to see you end up in jail over that

piece of trash whining in the corner over there. But like I said, if you want to kill him I won't stop you."

Ray cried out "Daddy!"

Mr. Nash glared at him and said, "You are no son of mine you sick fuck!"

I had known Mr. Nash all of my life and I had never heard him swear!

He stared down at Ray and said, "I'm not doing this for you Ray. I honestly don't want to see Dean suffer anymore because of you. I want you out of here by this time tomorrow, if he don't shoot you that is. I never want to see you again. You leave without the car. You can take anything you can manage to carry and you can have the money in your bank account, even though you don't deserve it. Now give me your keys, all of them."

Ray pointed to a key ring on the coffee table and Mr. Nash asked, "Where's the other set?"

Ray pointed to a hook by the door and Mr. Nash took them too. He turned back to Ray and said, "I wasn't kidding about the lumberjacks Ray. If you aren't out of here by this time tomorrow I'll have them put you in the hospital. Providing Dean doesn't shoot you."

He turned back to me and said, "I'll come by tomorrow and see how Erin is doing. And on Monday I'll talk to the lawyers about putting the car and the store in your name. Hell, you were always more of a son to me than Ray was anyway."

He paused and said, "I won't blame you if you shoot him Dean. But I hope you don't, for your sake, and for Erin's."

Mr. Nash handed me Ray's keys and turned to leave. On the way out he said, "You might better take the Lincoln when you leave Dean. I don't trust him to not have

another key."

Ray called out to him again as he left but Mr. Nash just gave him a disgusted look and left.

I sat there for a long time staring at Ray. He was sweating bullets. He tried to beg a little more but I was tired of listening to him and I told him to shut up. I finally made up my mind. I couldn't stand the thought of Erin being alone. I got to my feet and walked over and pointed the gun at his gut and said, "The next time I see you I will kill you Ray. If there is anything in your life you believe in, you believe in that." I started to leave then but I stopped and asked, "Where are those phony records you claim to have?"

He managed to tell me between his sobs that they didn't exist. There was only the set that he had given Erin to scare her.

He collapsed into a quivering mass and cried like a little girl as I turned and left. I stepped outside and looked at the Lincoln. Well, my car was eight years old. What the hell. I got in and drove to the hardware store.

It was almost midnight when I got there. I went in and hand lettered a sign that said the store was going to be closed Saturday morning for a family emergency and then I went home.

When I got upstairs Erin was just coming out of the bathroom. She was bent over holding her stomach and I rushed to her side and helped her to the bed. As I was covering her up she felt the gun in my jacket pocket and she panicked.

She struggled to get up and I had to hold her down and tell her over and over that everything was okay. She still couldn't talk but it was obvious from her expression that I was going to have to tell her the whole story or she wouldn't go back to sleep.

I told her everything that had happened after I had put her to bed. I couldn't tell how she felt. She hardly reacted to any of it. I finally told her that I was just going down and get her some fresh water and then I was going to join her in bed.

She wouldn't let me leave until I handed her the gun. She put it in her nightstand and I went down and got her some fresh water and came back to our bedroom. I helped her sit up and take some more Tylenol and she watched me like a hawk while I undressed and got in bed.

She couldn't lie on her side, it hurt too much. But I lay beside her and held her hand and told her how sorry I was and I promised that I would never let anyone hurt her again.

We finally went to sleep and she slept through most of the morning. I was up at the usual time. I took a shower and got dressed and made coffee and sat in the chair by the bedroom window and watched her sleep.

Mr. Nash came over about ten and I went down and let him in. He put his arm around my shoulder and said, "I went by to see what you decided. He's gone. He took his clothes and he's gone."

I said, "I'm sorry Mr. Nash. I know that must be hard for you."

Mr. Nash said, "No, not really. That boy never let me or his mother get close to him. We did everything we could for him because that's what a parent does. But we knew that he had problems. When he started in at college he seemed better. I thought he had finally got right until the problems with Kathy. She told us some of why she left him. I wasn't kidding last night when I said the world would be a better place if you shot him. He is going to hurt someone else someday. But I don't want you and Erin to suffer any more than you already

are. It's better this way. How is Erin?"

I shrugged. "She slept well. She's still asleep. I'm waiting for her to wake up to see if we need to go to the hospital."

I heard a sound behind me and there she was in her bathrobe. She was limping and holding her stomach as she walked. She smiled at Mr. Nash and then turned to me and in a horrible, raspy voice she said, "What does a girl have to do to get a cup of coffee around here?"

I went to her and held her and kissed her. Then I said, "You sound like shit! I think we should go to the hospital baby."

She pushed me away and said, "Coffee! And coffee for Mr. Nash."

I looked at him and I was surprised to see tears in his eyes. He wiped them away quickly and I asked him if he wanted some coffee. He nodded and when I went to get it he supported Erin and helped her to a chair. Then he picked up the phone and called Doc Williams and asked him to come over and bring his bag.

I guess that settled that.

I came back out with the coffee and Mr. Nash was trying to apologize to Erin.

Erin held her fingers up to his lips and rasped out, "Don't be silly Mr. Nash."

He said, "Would you two do me a favor? I'd appreciate it if you would call me dad. Do you mind?"

I smiled at him and said, "We would be honored."

Erin nodded.

Doc Williams, one of the two town doctors showed up in

about fifteen minutes. He was told as much as he needed to know and we left him alone with Erin and went out on the front porch. He came and got us in about twenty minutes and when we got back inside Erin was smiling and in a slightly more normal voice she said, "See, I told you I was okay."

I looked at Doc Williams and he said, "She has suffered some trauma and there was some damage. But it isn't anything serious and she is young. In a week she'll be good as new. I gave her a couple of prescriptions but they are just for the pain for a couple of days. I'll want to know if she isn't better by this time next week though."

I thanked him profusely and when I tried to pay him Mr. Nash said, "Bill me Doc."

There was no talking sense to either of them.

Between the stuff that Doc Williams sprayed down her throat and the hot coffee, Erin was able to talk almost normally in about half an hour. We talked about Ray a little but just to answer a few question for our new dad. He was upset that I hadn't come to him when this all started.

Actually, I was upset too. It didn't even occur to me. But I don't think that I could be expected to think that man would side with me over his son, even when the son was Ray.

I asked him what he had told Mrs. Nash.

He said, "Everything, except I left out the gory details. She was pretty upset. She was a mother to the boy for a long time. You don't forget that. But I think she feels even worse about what he did to you two. I tried to get her to come over and visit but she was too ashamed."

I said, "We'll get her over that. I feel sorry about

Ray though. I understand how hard it is for her. You guys didn't know a lot of the things he did growing up. This must be a shock to have it turn out like this all of a sudden."

Mr. Nash said, "We heard some of it, a lot of it even. In a town like this word gets around. But what can you do? I talked to Doc Williams about it now and then and told him what I knew. Doc told me that unless he really stepped in it, or unless we had more than rumors then there wasn't much we could do."

Mr. Nash left after that. I brought some loose clothes down for Erin and we sat out on the porch for a while. I made her soup for lunch and we sat in silence most of the time. I wished that I had not said that I would only be closed in the morning. I felt obligated to go in and open the store. I hated leaving Erin alone. She smiled and said, "If it's going to be your store you better start being a lot more dependable than Ray was."

She was better by the middle of next week. She was well enough to go to work. Mr. Nash was as good as his word and there was a hell of a lot of paperwork involved but Erin and I now own a hardware store.

It took a while to live down what happened at the Dairy Queen. But word got around about Ray and the people that had heard about what happened at Dairy Queen eventually heard about Ray and after a while it all died down.

No one ever heard from or about Ray again. I always half expected to read something about him in the paper but I never did.

With the help of Mr. Nash and some of his many connections we started putting the word out about Mel and George. Their business began to quickly dry up all over the Northeast and in two years they were bankrupt. It was less than they deserved but we got some satisfaction out of it.

I was surprised at how quickly Erin recovered. And not just physically! Within a few weeks she was her old self again. She had that ready laugh and that sweet smile and even though she went back to wearing her old clothes she was still real popular with the customers and I know that a lot of the guys came in to shop just because of her.

Word got around to the Atkins brothers too I guess. They hadn't come in for a long time and I finally drove out there one day and assured them that we missed them as customers and that Erin wasn't upset with them. They finally came in one day and Erin couldn't get them to stop apologizing. They finally settled down and got over it though. She kissed them both on the cheek before they left the store and you should have seen them blush.

The End