

Kathy And My Frat Brothers

About a month ago I received a letter from a college fraternity brother of mine. I hadn't seen Stan since graduation three years before. Stan was trying to get a group of us together to meet for the first football game of the season. He had settled down in the town where our university was located while most of the rest of our click had moved away. The plan was to go to the game and then to the old frat house afterwards. We'd finish off the night back a Stan's place.

I looked forward to the visit. I wanted to see my buddies, but I also wanted my buddies to see my new bride Kathy. Now, I'm not what you'd call a good looking guy. During college I didn't have many dates and the ones I did have weren't interested in a second date. My buddies continuously poked fun at my lack of experience and lack of women.

Well, since college I met Kathy. I'll never understand why she was attracted to me. Of course, I smother her with affection and devotion. She's the type of woman who values what's inside not what's outside. The irony is that she could have had any man she wanted. You see. Kathy is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. To top it off, she has the sweetest personality of any woman I have ever known. I'm not just saying that because she is my wife.

Kathy stands 5'9" inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is long, silky and naturally light blond. She wears it parted down the middle. It's a simple look, but with her perfect angel face any styling is unnecessary. Her eyes are sparkling deep blue and her skin is baby smooth without a blemish to be found. She sports a beautiful tan and keeps herself in shape with aerobics. So far so good? There is more.

I have tried to get Kathy to tell me her measurements. She shyly tells me she doesn't know. I think she is embarrassed for some reason. By my eye she measures 38DD-23-36. I'm guessing at her waist and hips. I am certain about her bust, however. I've sneaked looks at her underwear. You may wonder why a fox like Kathy wouldn't be full of herself or why she would marry a toad like me. I think it goes back a few years. Until about two years ago, Kathy had been very overweight. She also wore very thick glasses. After high school she got a job as a secretary. One of her coworkers helped her through a diet and exercise program. She also had eye surgery to eliminate the need for glasses. The result was as described above.

Lucky for me I met Kathy when she had just finished her transformation. We had many things in common and became friends before developing a relationship. We continued to have a good time with each other and finally decided to get married. We were both virgins when we met and decided to stay that way until after the wedding. Kathy was never on the pill and we decided that she would stay off it. We were

eager to start a family.

Needless to say our two months of marriage have been wonderful. We both enjoy sex, although we are a bit naive. So far we haven't ventured beyond strait missionary intercourse. I want to do a little experimenting, but Kathy wants to go slowly. I'm not in any hurry, anyway. As it is, Kathy is a handful. Although shy and reserved, she heats up fast. It must be all those years as an ugly duckling. Her pent up passions are very close to the surface. All she needs is a little rubbing here or there and a passionate kiss and she gets super horny. She especially likes to have her large breasts played with.

As I said, I was looking forward to showing off my beautiful new wife to my friends. I thought it might be fun if Kathy bought a new outfit for the game and party. I told her to get something real sexy. Something that would make my friends green with envy. At first Kathy was lukewarm to the idea. The more I begged her and one night of passionate sex changed her mind. The day before we left on the trip Kathy went shopping with her friend at the office. I ask her to show me what she bought but she told me I would have to wait for the game, the little tease.

The drive down was uneventful. We checked in to our hotel late and went right to be bed, after a nice twenty minute role in the sack. Kathy again teased me about her outfit for the game. The most she would say about it was, "You wanted me to look sexy for your friends. I don't think you or they will be disappointed."

We slept in late the next day. We were to leave for the game at noon. The game was at two. I got showered and dressed first. I called two of my friends that I knew were staying at the hotel and made plans to meet them in the lobby. I told Kathy to meet me down there when she was ready.

I left Kathy in the shower and headed downstairs. I met Jim and Dave in the lobby and we sat down and renewed acquaintances. We talked about business and politics and swapped a few recollections about the past. I learned that Jim was married and Dave was still single. Jim said his wife hadn't made the trip. Jim said that he thought that he and Tom were the only married guys in our group. Before I had a chance to tell Jim and Dave about Kathy, I notice that something had their attention.

Jim said, "Would you look at the ears on that rabbit." Dave offered, "Looks like a high priced hooker to me." Before I could turn to see what they were talking about Jim added, "I think she's coming our way." As I turned, I saw Kathy approaching. I couldn't believe my eyes. Jim and Dave just stared with their mouths open. We stood up as she swayed sexily over to us. Kathy put her arm around me, gave me a peck on the cheek and said, "Hi honey."

We couldn't stop staring at Kathy. Dave was right. Kathy did look like a high priced hooker. Her outfit con-

sisted of a top that looked sort of like a corset, a short frilly flared skirt, thigh high white stockings and blue pumps with five inch heels. The top was made of blue denim and laced up the front. The laces pulled the two sides of the garment to within two inches of each other resulting in a teasing view of her smooth tanned skin. Closer to her breasts the sides separated more revealing the insides of each breast. It was clear that the top was meant for a bust several sizes smaller than Kathy's. In profile, the bottom of her breasts could be seen between the laces. Only her nipples and the outsides of her breasts were covered. Every male eye in the place was checking out Kathy's breasts. She knew it too and appeared to be enjoying the attention.

Kathy's skirt was white and came to mid thigh. The hem was lace and just barely covered the tops of her stockings. I smiled as I noticed Jim and Dave looking up and down my sexy wife. Kathy whispered it my ear, "Billy, do you think they like me?" I chuckled and whispered back, "Honey, look at how there staring. I think they love you." Kathy blushed. I added, "I bet they would give anything to get into your panties." Kathy whispered a reply, "They can't. I'm not wearing any." I shot a look at her of surprise and she smiled deviously. She whispered, "Well, you wanted me to be sexy. Tina, my friend, says nothings sexier than going out without underwear." I whispered back, "You better be careful or you will give every one a free shot. The way you're dressed, these guys are not going to leave you alone." Kathy gave me a puzzled look. She really was quite naive.

I introduced Kathy to Jim and Dave. They couldn't believe she was my wife. Kathy had to show them her wedding ring with our engraved initials. Needless to say, they had fallen in lust with Kathy and I couldn't have been prouder. We headed for the game in our car. We took our seats in a block that Stan had arranged for us. About ten of my buddies showed up and not a one with wives or dates. Kathy was the only female in our group and she was getting a lot of attention. As usual, nobody believed that she was my wife.

Despite Kathy's shyness, she warmed up to the group. I think all the flattery helped. By the second half she exuded a confidence that I had never seen before. She began to hold herself in a more provocative way. Her posture emphasized her large breasts. She allowed her skirt to ride up her leg. I'm sure a couple of my friends sitting below us used those opportunities to steal a look at her privates. I think she knew what was going on, too. When she spotted someone looking in the direction of her skirt, she nonchalantly dragged her hand across her thigh causing the hem to ride higher. I figured she was making up for all the flirting that she had missed as an ugly duckling.

The highlight of the 'Kathy show' was when our team score its only touchdown in the second half. Kathy began to jump up and down as we cheered. Several people down below us including some of my friends, starred in surprise as Kathy's skirt floated high enough to expose her blond bush. To my

surprise, however, Kathy had shaved off all of her pubic hair. I made a mental note to ask her about it, later. When she had finally settled down from her bouncing I noticed that her top had been overwhelmed by her large chest. One of her nipples had become uncovered. I whispered to her about it and she looked down. Rather than quickly fix her top, Kathy took her time and slowly adjusted her top. Finally after several moments she covered her nipple that had hardened, noticeably. The whole act seemed to have been calculated to draw attention to her top so that everyone would see her exposed breast before she covered it up again. If I didn't know her better, I would say that Kathy was becoming an exhibitionist.

The game came to an end with our team losing. It was disappointing but we were here mainly for the company. We headed back to the frat house. The undergraduate brothers had hired a band for the after-game party and they were already playing when we arrived at the house. We grabbed a beer and headed for the dance floor. After downing my beer, I grabbed Kathy for a dance. She giggled as we began to gyrate to the beat. Kathy was careful to make no sudden moves. She was aware that people were looking at her and thought it better not to expose herself. She swayed to the music and swung her arms in enough of a jerking motion to impose on her top the extra burden of containing her jiggling breasts.

The next song was slow. I got a chance to hold Kathy's luscious body close. The feeling of her breasts mashing against me was making me hard. She smiled deviously as she nudged her right knee into my crotch. She put her head on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, "Honey, this whole day has made me so horny. I really like the looks that I'm getting from the men. I think I'll dress sexy like this all the time. You better be ready tonight, because I'm gonna fuck your brains out." The last line surprised me. I had never heard Kathy use that kind of language before. She squeezed my neck as she pulled herself up to give me a very sloppy kiss. My cock twitched. I was looking forward to satisfying Kathy's demand.

After our dance we went back for more beer. Before we reached the bar, Jim was asking me if he could dance with my wife. I looked at Kathy and said, "Its up to the lady." Kathy said, "I'd love to, Jim." He whisked her off to the dance floor as I headed for the bar. I got our drinks and waited at the bar for Kathy to return. I watched Jim and Kathy dance, and admired her body as I'm sure Jim was close up. He seemed to looked at her chest more than her face. The next song was slow and before Kathy could head back to meet me, Jim had corralled her for the dance. He put his arms around her waist and pulled her close. Kathy tried to remain apart a respectable distance. Jim's clutches were putting a strain on her back, however. Finally, Kathy gave in and let Jim feel those magnificent breasts mashed against his body.

When the song was over, Jim reluctantly let Kathy go. She joined me at the bar looking somewhat flustered. She

was obviously blushing. I asked her what was wrong. She told me that she felt Jim get hard when dancing slow with him. Before the end of the dance he began to grind it into her stomach. I ask her if I should talk to him about it and she quickly said no. I think she blamed it on the sexy clothes she was wearing. Before Kathy could take a sip of beer, Dave was requesting a dance. She told him she would after her beer. He seemed impatient so Kathy hastily drank her beer.

Kathy's dance floor experience with Dave was similar to Jim's. When she returned she was again blushing. It seems that her dance with Dave had produced an even larger erection. Kathy drank down another beer quickly. Either the beer or the dancing or both were having a noticeable effect on Kathy. She didn't act drunk but she appeared to be having a very good time. She wasn't able to spend much time with me. My friends kept her busy on the dance floor. I began to notice that Kathy was getting cozier with her partners. Her hips appeared to be doing as much grinding as the men were. One of the undergraduates started a conversation with me and I lost track of Kathy.

After about ten minutes, I found her again dancing slow with a man I had never seen before. He must have been an undergraduate. He had both hands on Kathy's bottom. I could see that he was squeezing each globe. Surely, she was aware of what the man was doing. I also noticed that she was thrusting her pelvis against his leg. I decided it was time to cut in. I tapped the guy on the shoulder and he slowly looked my way not wanting to take his attention off the babe in his arms. "Cutting in," I said. His reply was, "Go away." Kathy heard me and whispered something into his ear. Immediately, he separated and then backed away.

I poured myself into my smiling wife's arms. Kathy hugged me tight. I said, "Looks like you two were getting a little frisky." Kathy giggled and said, "These guys are just getting me worked up so that I'll wear you out, tonight." I said, "Sounds great to me." Kathy cooed in my ear, "I want to feel your hard cock rubbing against my belly." Her boldness surprised me but my cock obeyed her demand. She moaned as we both began grinding into each other. Kathy was hot and she was getting me hot. She said, "Lets leave and go to the hotel." I said, "I'd love to but we've got to go over to Stan's place." Kathy wined in my ear, "I can't wait for that. I've been parading my body around all day making cocks hard and now I want one in my pussy. I want someone to suck on my tits."

Her dirty language blew me away. She had never talked that way before. I said, "I've never seen you so worked up before, honey." Kathy replied, "You haven't been the one out here on the dance floor listening to what the guys want to do to me." I broke away and looked at her face. She had a cloudy dazed look on her face. I asked, "What were they saying?" Kathy said in a husky voice, "You know, they want to have sex with me." I asked her to be specific. She said, "One guy wanted to lick my pussy. Another told me he had a 10 inch cock." Kathy shuddered slightly when she

mentioned the cock. She continued, "This last guy wanted me to go up to his room here. If you hadn't cut in he may have had his way with me, I'm so hot."

Before I could say anything, Stan was tapping my shoulder and telling me that the group was heading to the house. Kathy and I followed him outside where we met Jim and Dave. We climbed into the car and headed for Stan's. On the way we chatted about the weather and other trivial matters. Kathy seem to calm down a bit. Jim and Dave were behaving themselves. We were the last ones to arrive. Everyone seemed anxious to see Kathy again. She had lost all of her shyness and didn't seem phased that she was the only woman. I watched, with humor, the faces of my buddies as we walked up the driveway. Kathy was out strutting in front of us walking as if she was advertising her body.

When we had entered and sat down, Stan pulled me to the side. He told me that he was running low on beer and asked if I could go get some. I said sure without thinking. I headed out into the night air and got into the car and headed for the nearest store about half an hour away. It suddenly dawned on me that I shouldn't leave Kathy alone in her present state. I wouldn't put it past my friends to take advantage of my wife. I circled the block and headed back to the house. I parked down the block and walked through the side yard and entered through the kitchen door. I heard music coming from the main room where the party was underway. I peaked through the door from the kitchen to the main room. There was Kathy in the arms of Stan dancing to the slow number. It occurred to me that, with the music in Stan's control, all the songs would be slow.

Suddenly, I had to duck into the pantry when I heard someone coming. I was trapped. I hoped nobody would need anything in the pantry. I looked around and notice at least ten cases of beer. It appeared as though they sent me on a phony errand to get me away from Kathy. I overheard Tom and Jim talking in the kitchen. Tom said, "Can you believe that a fox like Kathy married him?" Jim answered, "I can't figure it. I can't believe he can handle a hot fire cracker like her." Tom continued, "Well now that Stan's got rid of hubby, I figure she'll be begging for a cock in about ten minutes." Jim said, "It will take Billy an hour to get back. By then Kathy will be so hot for cock that she'll ignore her husband." Tom asked, "Did she rub you while dancing tonight?" Jim replied, "Yea! First she kept pushing those big tits into my chest and then latter she grabbed my cock. I almost fucked her on the spot."

I found it hard to believe that my new bride would actually cheat on me. But, when I heard Jim say that she grabbed his cock I knew that it was a possibility. I had thought that it was the guys that I had to worry about. Could it be that my wife was so easy that she would fuck anybody. I moved closer to the pantry door and was able to see through the slats. The angle was such that I had a view through the kitchen and into the main room. There was Kathy grinding against Stan. His hands were clutching her bottom.

She was rubbing her tits and her mound against him. I had to figure out what to do. I knew that if I didn't stop them, then what Tom and Jim had suggested might happen.

The action seemed clear cut. So why wasn't I moving. Something was holding me back. I looked again into the room. Kathy was still dancing with Stan. There was a difference, however. Stan now had his hands under Kathy's skirt and they were kissing passionately. The other nine guys were looking on with great interest. I began to notice something else. I was getting hard. Was I enjoying Kathy's show?. I knew that if I didn't act now it would be too late. Hell, it was already too late. Stan had move one hand to Kathy's pussy. She didn't seem to be fighting him. In fact, she raised one leg to give Stan easier access to her pussy. They continued to kiss. Their tongues were clearly visible probing each other's mouths. I watched as Kathy moved a hand to Stan's crotch and began to rub his bulge. It was too late and I was glad. My mind filled with the image of all my friends fucking my wife. I resolved to stay in the pantry and watch whatever happened.

Stan led Kathy over to the couch when the song ended and set her down. He sat next to her and they resumed kissing. I know that makes Kathy hot. Jim sat on her other side and began to squeeze her tits. This also makes her hot. Stan started stroking her long slender legs. Each stroke would get closer to her pussy. Finally, Stan's hand moved under her skirt and began rubbing Kathy's opening. She began to squirm on his hand. They had her worked up to fever pitch. Stan broke the kiss and concentrated on Kathy's pussy. She surveyed her body and the four hands working it over. Through her moans she asked, "When will Billy be back?" Jim answered, "He'll be gone for a while, Baby. Just relax." Kathy continue, "I need him." Jim asked, "Why do you need Billy, Kathy?" She replied, "I need him to fuck me."

I secretly cheered Kathy. In a way she was being faithful to me. I realized that she was allowing these two men to paw at her, but she acted as if she would only let me go all the way. I thought for a moment that I should break it up. Kathy, after all, still wanted me. The side of me that was winning still wanted to see Kathy gang banged. Jim took his shot, "Well baby, maybe I can help you. Billy will be gone for a while yet." Kathy continued to squirm as they rubbed her. Kathy's face showed a passion that I'd only seen tonight. She said breathlessly, "You can't help me. I need my husband."

Stan piped up, "Baby, we're helping you now. Why don't we stop the foreplay and get down to some serious sex." Kathy looked at Stan and said, "I'm a married woman. I can't cheat on my husband." She was trying to remain faithful but their roaming hands on her aroused body were weakening her resolve. Stan continued, "It wouldn't be cheating, Baby. Billy is our fraternity brother. We always share everything." I rolled my eyes. Kathy asked in a breathless voice, "Are you sure?" Jim interrupted, "That's right, honey." Kathy moaned and put her right hand over

Stan's as it teased her clit. She pushed it hard into pussy as she shuddered with an orgasm. Jim had used our mutual pet name 'honey'. They had her now.

When Kathy regained her senses she said, "I need a cock in my pussy bad. I don't know who to ask. There are too many of you." Jim said, "Remember, honey, what Stan said. We share everything with everyone." Kathy asked, "You mean that you want me to let all of you fuck me?" She shuddered as she made the statement. Stan replied, "Baby, you look hot enough to take all of us on and want more." Kathy moaned as she said, "I think you're right. But who goes first?" Stan said, "I think you should stand up in the center of the room and do a strip tease for us. We'll gather around and take our cocks out. Whoever has the biggest cock at the end of your dance will fuck you first." Kathy breathlessly replied, "OK." She added as an afterthought, "What about Billy?" Jim said, "Honey, He'll join in when he gets back."

The dance was a contrivance. Everybody in the room knew that Stan had the biggest cock by several inches. Everybody went along just to see Kathy strut her stuff. Stan and Jim took their hands off Kathy. Stan's hand was coated with juice. Kathy was ready. She stood up and moved to the center of the room. Stan got up and started some good bump and grind music. Kathy began to sway seductively. It looked to me like she had done this before. She was very polished. Stan moved up behind her and put his hands on her waist. Slowly he moved his hands up as she slowly swayed. Stan surrounded Kathy's tits with his big hands. They were still no match for Kathy's huge hooters. He pushed them up and together as if in offering to the fraternity brothers. Kathy moaned and let her head lie back on Stan's shoulder. She extended her tongue to meet Stan's. This surprised me somewhat. She had never initiated a kiss like this to me.

Stan broke away after a minute and sat down. He fished his rapidly expanding cock out of his pants. The rest of the guys did likewise. Kathy's dance became more suggestive. She wasn't wearing any underwear and my guess was she would leave the stockings and shoes on. This left only her top and skirt to shed. She began to dance around the room giving everybody a close look at her body. Kathy began to tease the guys with dirty talk. She said, "I bet you guys would like to get a good look at my tits wouldn't you?" Everyone groaned, "Yes." Kathy continued, "I guess after that you'll want to see my tight cunt." I couldn't figure out why she was talking so dirty. This was unusual for Kathy. Again everyone answered yes.

Seductively Kathy put an index finger in her mouth, then traced a wet line down her chin and throat and between her substantial tits. Her destination was the lace bow that held her top in place. Tom asked her what her measurements were. I braced for the usually "I don't know." Instead Kathy proudly announced, "37DD-22-34. Am I woman enough for you?" Everyone shouted, "Yess!!" The little devil. She knew all along. I revised my figures. Kathy was more slender than I

thought. As the guys cheered her on, she slowly pulled on the string, untying the bow. When it gave way the laces loosened quickly causing the gap between halves to widen noticeably. Her firm young 19 year old tits had no sag to them at all. The top Kathy wore did push them together deepening her cleavage. It was a devastating effect if not slightly uncomfortable to Kathy. Her tits had now pushed out to their normal position on her chest. The nipples were still covered, however. Kathy continued to dance with more aggressive moves. This caused the top to separate more. After several minutes of this her large nipples were fully visible. It was an effective tease. Her aureoles were at least two inches in diameter and her nipples protruded three quarters of an inch. Kathy had world class tits.

Kathy danced around the room showing her tits. She said, "I really need somebody to suck on my nipples. Do I have any volunteers?" Everyone shouted at once. Kathy strutted over to Tom and John. She thrust her tits out to the front and her ass out to the rear and through her head back causing her silky long hair to fly about. Tom and John each latched onto a tit and began sucking. Kathy wailed at the obvious sensation. After only seconds she broke free from their mouths and moved on. She went around the room giving everyone about 10 seconds. It was frustrating as hell for these guys. I'm sure that when each of them got their turn with Kathy, they would show no mercy.

When everyone had a sample of Kathy's tits she moved to room center and stopped. The music was still going but she stopped. Everyone was wondering what would happen next. Kathy's answer was to suddenly grab the sides of her top and pull. In a split second she had her top stretched enough to push it to her feet. Kathy stepped out of it and began to bounce around the room, her tits trying without success to fully keep up. The guys yelled their appreciation of Kathy's bare top. The style of her dance was very good as well. She seemed to be a natural tease.

Calls began to come for her to take off her skirt. She taunted them, "You boys want to see what I have under here. What are you going to do with it? Do you want to put something in it? I want you all to put something inside me. I'm so hot for it. I need it like I need to breathe. Show me what you have to put inside me." Everybody groaned and waved their rock hard cocks at Kathy. She turned her attention to the cocks waving her way. She must have just noticed the sizable tools waiting to fill her horny cunt. Her eyes were wide. She licked her lips. As quick as she disposed of her top she pushed her skirt to her feet and kicked it away. My sweet wife was left naked from head to thigh. The white stocking on tanned skin emphasized her long slender legs. She left her stockings and shoes on. The shoes caused her to strut. That was the effect she wanted.

Kathy slowly danced around grinding her cunt just out of reach of hands and cocks. Boy could she tease. Her bald pussy seemed to be hunting. Looking for that biggest of cocks. She resumed her taunt, "My body wants a big hard cock. My body

wants to fuck! My tits want to be sucked. My pussy is hungry for a cock. Does anyone have a big one to put inside me. My body feels empty without a cock inside it. I've been waiting all day for a cock to put in it. My husband wouldn't give me his. One of you will have to do. Now , who will it be?" Her pussy thrust itself in all directions looking for a cock to fill it. Finally, and without fanfare or delay she slid into Stan's lap and impaled herself on his 10 inch cock. She began to bounce up and down like a wild woman. Her tight wet cunt was so slippery that the foot long penetration was effortless. After about three strokes, Kathy came hard. She kept pumping through her orgasm. I could tell that Stan was struggling with Kathy's tightness. The way she was working on him, I knew he couldn't last long.

Kathy's tits were bouncing wildly. Stan couldn't suck them so he had to keep his head from being bludgeoned by them. He was being ridden hard and it was all he could do to keep up. After a minute or so Kathy came again. All this was new to me. We had never had sex with her on top. She only orgasmed once a night with me. This was different of course. Kathy had been working herself into a lather all day long. In less than two minutes he began to moan. In a split second I realized that Kathy was unprotected. She wasn't on the pill and Stan wasn't wearing a condom. As far as I knew Kathy was ripe for pregnancy.

Should I run in and tell her before Stan fills her cunt full of sperm? Why had she forgotten? Again I hesitated. A small voice told me to save my wife from getting pregnant with another man's baby. The winning and louder voice didn't want to stop the lewd show. So what if Kathy got pregnant. It was sort of cool to be present when conception occurred. We were all witnesses to the event. Again I waited for the event to happen.

Finally, Stan thrust hard back at Kathy and stiffened. I could see the white goo escaping from between Stan's cock and Kathy's pussy lips. There it was. She was pregnant. But maybe not. Kathy bounced off Stan and sat on the floor. She looked down at the copious flow exiting her cunt. She used both hands to collect the excess flow. She wantonly put the slimy white goo into her mouth as she looked around the room and all the guys. Her eyes said, "Soon I'll get yours." This was one of the things that Kathy and I had discussed. She seemed dead set against touching cum, much less eating it. I wondered what had changed her.

Kathy quickly got up and jumped on the closest hard cock. Again her hips were a blur as her cunt milked the cock inside it. I couldn't see who she was fucking. He grabbed her tits and held them still so that he could suck them. Probably, one of the guys most frustrated by her strip tease. She gave his cock a hard ride as he abused her tits. They were each getting their licks. After a couple of minutes they both came. He thrust into her hard and held still as she shoved his head between her tits and smothered him. That was two loads. It was going to be like Russian roulette. Who would be the daddy of her baby? Again Kathy slid off and ate the excess cum. She

didn't get it all. As she moved on to the next cock the white stuff oozed out of her hole and trailed down her thigh until it soaked into her stocking. The cum gave the once white stockings a slight yellow tinge.

Kathy fucked every guy in the place hard. All the sex was hard and raunchy. She didn't hold back. Her passions had been pent up all day and probably most of her life. Her athletic body allowed for great endurance. The guy who lasted the longest was Tom. Kathy got him off in three minutes. Most of the guys filled her cunt in under a minute. Her tight cunt and furious pumping was just too much for them.

Kathy had been going at it for just under an hour and was showing no signs of tiring. She fucked and sucked, and licked balls with her tongue. She took one after the other. At that point the yellow tinge to her stocking tops had become a stain. One wonders at the number of loads required to produce those stains. The funny thing was. Nobody seemed to miss me. Kathy was too busy getting the shit fucked out of her. My buddies were too busy fucking, double fucking, triple fucking and quadruple fucking my wife.

After an hour and a half, the ranks of my friends had dwindled to zero. Kathy, however, was still going strong. She had, by now, at least two dozen orgasms. She had consumed in parts or wholes at least forty loads of cum. The stain on her stockings had spread about six inches down her legs and half way around. Kathy's pussy was still hunting for a cock to fill it. Kathy began to beg for another cock. Stan told Kathy that if she wanted more cock to go to the frat house. I figured that it was time to make an appearance. I walked through the kitchen and into the main room. Male bodies were everywhere. The smell of sexual fluids was thick. Kathy looked at me with frightened eyes. I said, "Have you enjoyed yourself, Honey?" Kathy was still afraid. She managed to croak out the question, "What did you see, Billy?" I replied, "The whole thing, Kathy."

Kathy's eyes began to tear until she saw the smile on my face. She asked tentatively, "You're not angry with me?" I shook my head no. Kathy jumped into my arms and hugged me tight. A moment later she broke away and furiously started working on my pants. She had my mighty six inch cock out in seconds. She engulfed it and began sucking. She licked my balls. She tongued my asshole. I was finally getting the treatment my fraternity brothers were getting. Suddenly, Kathy stopped and said, "Fuck me, Honey. Give it to me hard. Oh, I love you so much. Fuck me, please." I turned her around and gave it to her doggy style. I plunged into her overworked pussy and fucked her hard. After a while I pulled out and impaled her ass. I switched fucked my wife for ten minutes and gave her two of her hardest orgasms of the night. When it was my turn to come, Kathy begged me to fill her mouth. I pulled out of her ass and she spun around and took my second load of the night down her throat. Kathy cleaned me up as said, "I longed to taste you all night, Honey."

We left Stan's place without saying good-bye. No one was awake. As we drove away, I formulated a few questions for

Kathy. The first one was obvious. I looked at Kathy's beautiful face and asked, "Do you think you're pregnant, Honey, after taking dozens of loads of cum in your pussy?" She looked at me with a smile. My first thought was that she obviously was aware of the potential and it didn't concern her. That meant that either she wanted to get pregnant or she had taken some precautions. Either way I was about to learn a secret of Kathy's. I prompted, "Well?" Kathy replied, "Don't worry honey, I wouldn't risk getting pregnant by another man." I urged her to continue, "Then, how?" She said, "I'm wearing a diaphragm."

In my now sober state I was relieved. I thought back to the period in the pantry when I had wanted my wife to be unprotected and shook my head. How could I have wished that? It's funny what lust will do to a person. Of course, this brought up another question. I asked, "What made you think to wear a diaphragm? I thought we were trying to start a family. The only reason that I can see that you would wear a diaphragm is if you expected to have sex with someone other than me." Kathy cleared her throat and began, "I have Tina to thank. She suggested that I get one before we were married. At the time we hadn't decided whether we were going to have kids or not. She recommended that I get fitted for one just to have it done." I said, "Well I'm glad you had it with you. What made you put it on." Kathy continued, "After you left the house, your friends started coming on to me. You know how horny I was. I wasn't sure if I could fend them off. At first I didn't know what I'd do. They were rubbing against me and I needed you so bad. Then I remembered the diaphragm in my purse. As a precaution I excused myself to the lady's room and put it in. As it turned out I couldn't hold out. I was weak and I needed to get fucked. You weren't around so I fucked your friends. I was so hot that I could have taken on an army. I'm afraid I still am. I'm sorry, Honey, I guess you just married a nasty slut."

I confessed to Kathy that her gang bang had turned me on to watch. I said, "I figured that my friends were getting rid of me so they could get to you. I came back after circling the block. When I saw you I got horny watching you with my friends. It was a great show. I watched from the pantry. I couldn't believe how nasty you got. You did things to my friends that you told me you would never do to me." Kathy sighed with sympathy for me, "Honey, I'm sorry. I'm new to this. I found out things about myself that I never knew. Let's face it. I'm a cock sucking slut and I don't want to change. If anything, I feel like I've only scratched the surface. I want to do everything, now."