

# Friend in Need

by Phil Phantom

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We financially outgrew our suburban neighborhood about a decade ago. We bought this 3/2/2 cracker box sixteen years ago. We've added on, built a pool, deck, sauna, weight room, and den. Our neighbors are jealous, but they're still friends. We've known most of them from the beginning--four couples especially. They've all been through tough times. Cheryl and I have helped them all from time to time. I'm lucky, I suppose. I'm a top-notch salesman. I'm never out of work or money. I'm also free with my money. My friends think I'm generous to a fault. When we go out as a group, I usually grab the check. We entertain a great deal. Our home is like a yuppie playground. The drinks are free, the music is sixties/seventies, and there's no need to drive home drunk. Either stagger home or crash where you are.

Frank and Rachel are our best friends. We knew them from high school. Frank is an auto mechanic; Rachel sells Avon--mostly to Cheryl. Cheryl is fucking Frank fairly regularly. I've had the pleasure of bopping Rachel a few times when she gets shit-faced. Cheryl is bisexual. She's had Rachel more than I have - also when shit-faced.. Rachel gets teased about that a great deal. She's straight as an arrow with a body that is anything but straight.

Ed and Inez live next door. Ed owns a dry cleaner. Inez keeps the books. I loaned them the money to start their business. Inez paid the interest to Cheryl by periodically depositing tender kisses between her legs. Ed paid interest as well, making sperm deposits in Cheryl's sperm bank. Though the debt has been repaid for years, Ed keeps paying interest. Ed and Inez are not bad looking; but, of the girls, Inez would have to be considered the only plain one in the bunch and a little on the chubby side. I've never fucked Inez, probably never will.

David and Sue are our holy rollers. They never miss church, though they've given up on winning converts from any of us. David is the only guy that has never fucked my wife, though she has tried. Sue, on the other hand, will lift her skirt and spread her legs at the snap of my finger. I had to use a little friendly blackmail to condition her - a few immodest pictures taken at a drunken bash on New Years Eve 1986 did the trick. Sue needs an excuse to commit adultery, but GOD can that woman commit adultery! She's a genuine three-holer holy roller. Praise the Lord!

She's also the mother of my second child (two-year-old Jennifer). This caused quite a scandal. I have fire red hair. David and Sue are both brunettes. Jennifer has fire red hair. David just started returning to the group last year, though Sue never left. David turns a blind eye to his wife's infidelity. I get a big kick out of making it difficult for him. Getting her pregnant was easy. I simply told her to get off the pill and avoid sex with Dave during ovulation. I ordered her track her cycles for me and report to me for twice-daily screwings at those times when she was most fertile. She put up a mild fuss, swore she

couldn't, but the next day, she presented me with her unused pills and a chart. Sue is my little whore and I treat her as such. Cheryl gets a kick out of that. Sue has resisted my attempts to get her and Cheryl together. She's weakening, though.

And last, but certainly not least, Neal and Diane. Neal was everybody's best friend, a regular party animal. He had a joke for every occasion, the life of every party. He and my wife were lovers. Diane was by far the most attractive woman in our group. She was also the youngest at twenty four, the most educated, the most cultured, and the most stuck-up. She stands five two, has a full head of silky brown hair down to her ass, and has a figure that stops express trains (38-22-36). Rachel gives Diane Avon cosmetics to wear just for the free advertisement. Frankly, Diane could make a mud pack look good. She has perfect white teeth, huge brown eyes, and full lips. I'm a leg man, and I've never seen finer legs on any woman. Unfortunately, Diane doesn't mess around, drink, or have any vices to exploit. She's new to the group. Neal married her three years ago. We, at least the guys and Cheryl, were excited by her addition. We've been salivating ever since her arrival.

Neal died in a car wreck three months ago. He was a great guy but a lousy driver and lousier gambler. He had no life insurance and owed a fortune in gambling debts. Diane had never worked a day in her life, had no family to turn to, and we were her only friends. When they came to foreclose on the house, we naturally took her in. What are friends for?

During that first week, she was treated as a guest. As we got to know her better, and realized how dire her circumstances were, we began seeing her in a different light. She was helpless on her own and frightened of the outside world. All she wanted to do was read and tend the garden. Cheryl was the first to suggest that we make Diane work for her keep. This idea came after repeated rejects to her advances. I tried to put the make on her myself, but grounded out at first base. Cheryl was pissed. She wanted to make Diane a domestic servant. She said she could train the bitch. When she described the uniform she had in mind, I smiled and told her to go for it.

At dinner that evening, Cheryl dropped the bomb on Diane. Diane sat meekly listening as Cheryl explained the necessity of either sending her away, or putting her to work. Diane's submissive acceptance inspired Cheryl to sharpen her tone. She came across as a strict task master, warning and threatening Diane. Cheryl offered work in exchange for room and board and a small allowance.

I was embarrassed, so was our son, Jason. Jason was seventeen and Diane's presence in the house had him in tight pants most of the time. He revered Diane, treated her like a goddess. Hearing his mother treat her like a low-life domestic boggled his mind. Seeing Diane accept it, boggled mine. By the time Cheryl was through, tears started flowing down Diane's cheeks. To add insult to injury, Cheryl told her that it was not proper for domestics to eat with the family. She told her to take her plate to the kitchen. Diane hung her head, picked up her dinner, and departed.

When she was out of ear shot, I looked to Cheryl and started to speak. She shushed me with a raised hand, and said, "Don't say anything, Red. I know what I'm doing." She looked at Jason and added, "Do you like her, Jason?" He nodded. "Would you like to see what she looks like naked?" His eyes bugged out. He swallowed hard and nodded vigorously. "If I am successful, you'll get more than that."

Jason turned to me and said, "Let Mom handle this, Dad. She knows what she's doing."

The boy thinks with the head of his dick, but so did I at his age. I said, "Hey, she's all yours, Cheryl. I'm staying out of this completely."

Cheryl began at once to train Diane. She started with the cleaning-up after dinner and dogged her until late in the evening. Diane could do no right. Cheryl brought her to tears several times. Cheryl reminded me of a drill sergeant at boot camp: loud, degrading, demeaning, and authoritative. What's more, Diane reminded me of a young trainee: frightened, nervous, unsure, moldable.

Jason and I cringed when Cheryl first slapped Diane across the face for not addressing her as ma'am. We left the room when Cheryl forced Diane's nose into some gravy she'd spilled on the floor. After three days, Cheryl had Diane stepping and fetching. She had her calling her ma'am, calling me, sir, and calling Jason, master. Jason loved his title.

On the fourth day, after breaking a cheap vase, Cheryl instituted spanking. She took Diane by the elbow and marched her into the garage. We heard the smacks and cries. Right after the spanking, Jason disappeared into his room for an hour. I later learned that Cheryl had administered the spanking on Diane's naked ass after making her lift her skirt and bend at the waist. Cheryl dragged her panties to her ankles. She described Diane's pouting sex lips and her extra large clit. She took the spanking well and juiced-up nicely. Cheryl reported that her training was progressing well. I had to agree.

By week's end, Cheryl was taking Diane to the garage hourly it seemed. Diane spent more time in the garage than out. Jason spent as much time in his room as Diane spent in the garage. For major infractions, like forgetting to call Jason, Master, Cheryl used a wide leather belt and made her strip naked. After a punishment session, she made Diane stand with her nose pressed into a corner for up to three hours, still naked. Jason and I found countless excuses to go to the garage after a whipping. God, what a body!

Cheryl did not hit Diane hard, but she did redden her ass and thighs. Diane never laid out or even wore a swim suit. She had no tan line, and her skin, besides being blemish free, was the color of cream all over. The reddened area stood out in stark contrast. You could see where every blow landed for hours afterwards. Having us see her naked backside caused Diane no end of embarrassment. She clenched her legs tightly together and pressed bodily into the corner as though trying to merge with the wall.

Cheryl was quite pleased with the progress she made with Diane. She had Diane attending her toilet: bathing her, painting her toes, doing her hair and make-up, even trimming her pubic bush. Cheryl shaves her cunt lips, or used to until Diane started doing it for her. In addition to these personal services, she calls on Diane to clean her after sex with Frank. She said she could make her do it with her tongue, but was saving that for a special occasion. I was in awe of Cheryl's success.

The others knew nothing of Cheryl's work. They only knew that Diane was helping out around the house. Whenever someone stopped by, Diane was busy. Cheryl planned a coming out party for Diane. On the Friday before the weekend get-together, Cheryl handed Diane her new uniform and ordered her to put it on. She instructed her to wear it without bra or panties. Diane took one look at the dress and cringed. She begged Cheryl not to make her wear it. Cheryl was adamant. Jason and I were introduced to the dress at dinner that evening. We almost fell out of our chairs.



The dress was exceedingly short with an open bodice. The ruffled lace hem did not hide her lower moons, nor did it hide much in front. Were it not for the white apron, we could have easily seen her pussy. The tiny apron just barely hid her cleft, coming just below the juncture of her thighs. She wore wide-pattern fish net stockings and a pair of five-inch heels. The waist pinched in tight and flared to the bust line. The wired top cupped her breasts, presenting them more than covering them. The full upper globes quivered in the half cups. The tops of each nipple crested the rim. When Diane turned, we saw that the back was open to her ass, showing the top of her ass crack framed by the tails of the bow. Diane was beet red throughout dinner.

After her first departure, I turned to Cheryl and said, "Outstanding! How did you get her to put that thing on?"

"It was easy after I gave her a real whipping. If she bends over, you'll see the welts."

"No Shit! What did you use on her?"

"I cut a switch from the willow tree."

"Damn, and she took it?"

"Yes, she took it. Honestly, Red, you amaze me sometimes. Do you really think she doesn't want this? Christ, she almost had an orgasm while I was doing it."

Jason piped in, "Mom, are you serious? She liked it!"

"Jason, sweetheart, you know nothing about women. If you learn nothing else, remember, never listen to what a woman says. Learn to read body language. A woman's body can't lie."

"I don't get it."

"Well, I'm sure as hell not going to give lessons. Maybe your father can clue you in. He does know some things."

Diane returned with ice tea and looked flushed. She bashfully made the rounds, filling our glasses. Jason and I tried reading her body language. All we could read was, "Please! Stop staring at my body." Cheryl must have read, "Please do something to make me show my pussy and naked ass."

Cheryl's fork flipped from her hand and landed on the floor behind her. Diane eyed it nervously. Cheryl said, "Remember how I told you to pick things up. There's a fresh switch in the garage if you forgot."

Diane's face reddened. She moved to the fork, facing away from me and Jason. She took a deep breath then bent from the waist with her feet about eighteen inches apart. Her skirt rose up over her streaked moons and her pussy peeked out from between her tawny alabaster thighs. Her shiny pink clit hung out at the bottom of the slick coral crease and her full inner lips fanned out like an orchid. Her asshole could also be seen when she was at her lowest. She picked up the fork and slowly returned to an upright posture. She remained fully doubled over with her head past her knees much longer than was necessary - a five second count, I learned later. She then stood slowly, wiped the fork on her apron, and returned it to the side of Cheryl's plate. Cheryl smiled and dismissed her. Her whole body had a red glow. When Diane left the room, Cheryl said, "If you two can't read that body language, you're both blind as bats."

It was an obscene display, totally out of character for Diane. Jason looked confused. I turned to him and said, "Son, that wasn't just a vagina you saw, that was a very aroused vagina. She loved showing it to us, despite how she acted."

"How can you tell?"

Cheryl said, "Hold on, Red. Before you start, I think I'd like to take my leave. I'll go check on the help." After she left, Jason smiled and said, "Mom doesn't embarrass easily. This must be good."

"I don't think it is embarrassment as much as discomfort. Anyway, did you notice how full and open her cunt was?"

"Heck yeah!"

"Did you see how her clit stood out, all pink and wet looking?"

"Yeah, I noticed."

"Did you see how her inner labia lips were full open and wet?"

"You mean the flabby part?"

"Right, and besides, that pussy was drooling. Normally, you can't see inside a pussy with the legs that close together unless it's aroused. Pussies are like cocks, when aroused, they fill with blood, swell up, and open up. That pussy was ready for a fucking."

"Wow! Is Mom going to let you fuck her?"

"When the time is right, she'll probably let both of us fuck her. Just be patient."

"Do you really think it might happen?"

"It sure looks that way."

Jason pushed back from the table and stood, saying, "I've had enough dinner. I'm going to my room."

I smiled and said, "Don't wear it out, Son; you might need it soon." He blushed and left.

Cheryl returned right after he left. She smiled and said, "My poor baby. I heard what you told him. That was beautiful; I should have stayed. Hell, I should have told him myself. I don't know why I get this way around him. I'd like to be totally free and open. I can't even bring myself to walk around naked in front of him. Isn't that silly?"

"I'm sure he wishes you would. Go see him right now. You can break the ice."

"Yeah, right. I could give him a hand, I suppose."

"Hand, hell, the kid needs a fuckin' blow job."

"Well, he'll soon be getting that from the maid. By the way, she's hotter than hell. I fingered her in there. Her pussy feels like membrane soup." Cheryl held her wet hand up and said, "Want a whiff?"

"Please, I'm eating dinner."

"Excuse me! Since when did you become a connoisseur?"

"When I get a whiff of Diane's pussy, I want to get it off my own fingers, thank you."

"Suit yourself, but it might be a few days."

"Not by the looks of things."

"Hey, if you want it, she's in the kitchen. Just bend her over the counter and pork the slut."

"I'll wait. I don't want to scare her off at this point."

"Shit, Red, we couldn't drive her off with a team of killer dogs. We're stuck with the bitch."

"Poor us. What WILL we do?" Cheryl smiled.

That evening, we were treated to a punishment session in the living room. Cheryl made Diane strip right in front of me and Jason. She then took a belt to her ass and thighs. Cheryl made her stand with her ass facing us and took her time. Diane's juices were drooling down her inner thighs before Cheryl was through. Afterwards, she made Diane stand in the corner facing us until bedtime. Jason had to leave the room twice.

Saturday afternoon, everyone gathered at the house for a pool-side barbecue. Diane kept out of sight until the critical moment. It was her job to bring out the ribs. Everyone knew that something was going on because Cheryl requested that they all leave their kids at home. Cheryl waited until everyone was settled on the deck, then rang a bell. When Diane stepped through the patio doors in that uniform, carrying the platter of raw meat, there was a sudden mass intake of air, absolute silence, then a pin dropped. Sue also dropped her drink.

Diane never looked sexier. She had a full body blush as she stepped awkwardly towards the table, trying not to catch her spike heels in the decking cracks. The wind whipped at her thin apron, treating us to flashes of her pussy, freshly shaved bald. All eyes followed her progress as she twisted away from the wind. Tongues fell to the deck; flies flew in and out of open mouths. Diane set the tray beside the grill, turned to Cheryl and said, almost in tears, "Will there be anything else, Ma'am?"

"No, just attend my guests and keep their drinks fresh." Diane did a curtsy and departed. Cheryl smiled at our astonished guests.

I wasn't sure how our friends would take this. Diane was a friend, our beloved Neal's widow. They'd grown accustomed to Cheryl's bizarre behavior. The women accepted Cheryl as a mistress to their husbands. Her bisexuality was an amusement. Inez and Rachel had experienced Cheryl as unwilling lovers. Neither was bisexual. Inez had taken quite a ribbing while she was paying interest on the loan. Cheryl used to take her off from the group and return her with a wet face. The women all knew that if they got too drunk, they were likely to be assaulted by Cheryl. It was a running joke. They playfully called Cheryl a sexual predator. When Diane came into the group, we all knew she'd have to have her. Diane proved to be unreachable. She never let her hair down, never drank, never got crazy. She was always modestly dressed and always the proper lady. Seeing Diane play the subservient maid in that outfit told volumes. They all knew how vulnerable Diane was and how determined and crafty Cheryl could be.

For the longest time, nobody spoke. Finally, Rachel stood and toasted Cheryl, saying, "Well, I suppose congratulations are in order. Maybe now I can tie one on without worrying about waking up with a woman's thighs clamped over my ears."

Nervous laughter broke out, thawing the tension. Frank said, "How is she, Cheryl?"

"As a maid, she sucks." Everyone broke up laughing at what they thought was a double meaning.

Inez said, "It just takes practice. Like they say, once you get past the smell, you've got it licked." More laughter followed.

Diane returned carrying a tray of fresh drinks. She seemed to be adjusting to the exposure. Though still flushed, she no longer bothered turning against the wind. She let the wind blow her apron up and tolerated the eyes feasting on her privates. At first, her old friends tried not to be obvious about their stares. Before long, they looked openly, unabashedly, even dipping heads to look between her legs. Even the women participated. Amazingly, no one treated her as an old friend, an equal. Cheryl never told them how to act, they just picked up on it. Comments about Diane's body began to flow in her presence. They spoke about her as though she weren't there. Cheryl enjoyed Diane's humiliation. Diane kept her cool composure even when someone poked a head under her skirt. She almost lost it when Frank grabbed her ass and made her spill a drink on the bikini-clad Rachel. Rachel swiped scotch off her bare legs and cried, "Clumsy bitch!" Rachel had never been terribly fond of Diane.

Diane turned fearful eyes on Cheryl and set the tray down. She apologized and began wiping Rachel's legs with a hand towel, giving the rest of us a delightful display of her naked pussy. She seemed oblivious of the show she was putting on as she swabbed Rachel's widely parted legs. Ed leaned in close to me and said, "I don't fuckin' believe this. You fuck her yet, Red?"

I smiled. Frank leaned around Diane's leg and looked right into Diane's crotch from the rear and exclaimed, "Jesus H Christ, her cunt is bald as a baby's butt. His hand went between her legs, instantly bringing Diane erect. She stiffened as Frank entered her. Cheryl shouted, "You take care of Rachel, bitch!" Slowly, trying to ignore Frank's plunging fingers, Diane returned to wiping Rachel's dry legs as Rachel hung her legs over the arm rests of her chair. Frank was lewdly finger-fucking Diane using his

two middle fingers and whipping her crotch into a froth. Diane's knees appeared ready to buckle as she dutifully accepted the abuse and attended Rachel's inner thighs.

During this lewd exhibition, Dave and Sue sat quietly on my left, Sue at my side. Sue was taking it all in. Her eyes rarely left Diane's loins. Dave hadn't said a word. He had long ago learned to leave his morality at the door. He knew that at some point during the party, I'd take his wife by the hand and lead her to my bedroom, usually at a time when everyone was looking and could see where we went. Afterwards, I'd return her looking fresh-fucked, her hair a mess, her lipstick smeared, and semen trailing down her legs. Sue enjoyed being put on display in this way, though she always protested mildly. With Sue, you can only get her to do what she wants to do anyway. She just needs to feel helpless and pressured.

As she watched Frank abusing Diane, her face and neck grew splotches of red, a dead give away to her state of arousal. When Diane fell to her knees and succumbed to a powerful orgasm, Sue reached over and gripped my hand tightly, telegraphing her immediate need. When I didn't respond, she tugged. When that didn't work, she stood and pulled me to my feet, leading me into the house. She dragged me to the bedroom, shut the door, and attacked me. The woman was insatiable. She had me exposed, on my back, and mounted in record time. I took advantage of her aroused state to press once again on behalf of Cheryl. I said, "Sue, I'm getting tired of you putting off my wife. She wants you. Either you make yourself available to her, or I'm sending your pictures out to your parents and telling them who their grandchild's father really is."

I'd made this idle threat so many times, it was quite powerless. This time, however, Sue said, "Is there no other way?"

I said no, somewhat surprised. She hung her head in mock surrender and said, "I won't resist. Is she going to treat me like Diane?"

I hadn't thought about that, but quickly said, "You can count on it, and Dave better learn to accept it."

She looked into my eyes while riding my cock and said, "Dave knows his place, Red. Our daughter is proof of that. If he pouts or complains, he knows he won't get any for weeks." She paused, then said, "When are you going to tell Cheryl?"

"Right after we're through."

"God, do you think she might put me and Diane together?"

"How do you mean?"

"You know, make us do things to each other, put on a show."

"You mean like make you lick Diane's pussy in front of everyone."

"YES!"

"In the nude?"

"YES! Both of us."

"I think she will."



Sue moaned and bucked harder, riding my erection. After a few moments, she said, "Red, I'm pregnant again. It's yours. I told Dave right before we came over."

"Did you tell him it was mine?"

"Yes, but that wasn't necessary. Since I've been off the pill, he's been using a condom."

"No wonder he was so quiet."

"Red, are you going to make me carry this one full term also?"

"What do you think?"

She rode me harder, bucking furiously. She exploded in climax and slowed to a slow, gentle easy ride, moaning in ecstasy. She looked at me through glassy eyes, smiled, and said, "Everyone knows I'm your whore, Red. Tammy [her thirteen-year-old daughter], the neighbors, the church, even my parents know. Anyone that knows you and takes one look at Jenny knows. Going anywhere with her is like having a sign on my ass that says, 'Red's Whore.'"

"Good, soon you'll have two signs, won't you?"

"Yes! You bastard, you've ruined me. I'm not going to fight you anymore."

This declaration was more than I'd dreamed. For the past two years, I've been trying to set Jason up with Tammy. Sue has steadfastly refused. Tammy is not allowed to date and rarely visits us. She has blossomed into a gorgeous teen in the past year, a small version of her mother. Jason has had his eye on her ever since she developed tits. Sue knows damn well that to let Tammy go out with Jason was tantamount to handing over her cherry. Jason has a bad reputation. I've bailed him out of three statutory rape charges by paying off parents. I said, "In that case, tell Tammy she has a date with Jason tonight."

Sue stopped her motion to stare at me. She shook her head slowly, then said, "You won't give up, will you?"

"No, I won't."

She thought for a moment. My dick grew inside her. She felt it stir and began moving once again. She bit her lower lip and then said, "All right, I'll do it."

I reached to the bedside phone and handed her the handset, saying, "Call her."

She took it, paused, then dialed. She said, "Hello, Tammy. Sweetheart, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go out with Jason tonight....no, on a date....yes, I've changed my mind. I think you're old enough now....I don't know where he's taking you, just be ready by eight."

I cupped the mouthpiece and said, "Tell her to wear a sexy dress."

"Honey, you better wear a dress. He might take you to a nice restaurant....No, wear the yellow one....I know what I said about it, but you do look cute in it....No, I'm not setting any curfew. Jason's a big boy; he knows when too late is. Okay, bye." She hung up and said, "Are you happy now? I'm surprised you didn't make me tell her to go without panties."

"I didn't think of it, but panties are no problem for Jason."

Sue rode my now stiff erection, building up speed. She moaned, "God, I can't believe I'm setting her up for this. Just last week I forbid her to wear that dress again. It's at least two sizes too small. She must think I've lost my mind. Dave will be livid."

"What's one more whore going to matter?"

"That's true. Besides, misery loves company."

She was bucking and bouncing again. I said, "You don't look miserable to me." She smiled. Jason smiled when I told him he had a date with Tammy and that he had no curfew.

Sue had worn a modest two piece swimsuit covered by one of Dave's shirts. When we finished fucking, I made her wear only the shirt. In addition, I only let her button the two bottom buttons. When she stood, semen poured down her legs. She looked at herself in the mirror, turned and looked at the rear view. She looked at me and smiled bashfully, saying, "This will definitely blow Dave's mind, not to mention the rest of them. Are you sure you want me to go out there like this with Jason still home?"

"Sure, why not. He'll be fucking you one day. He may as well get a peek."

"My, but we are bold now, aren't we? I see you took me at my word."

"Absolutely. Come on, you have a show to do."

I led Sue to the patio doors and eased her through. She got a sudden case of nerves at the last moment. Diane passed her on the way in and looked down. Someone had pulled Diane's top below her tits and removed her apron. The stiff top pushed up on the underside of her big mounds distorting them grossly. I gave her left tit a squeeze as she passed me.

All eyes focused on Sue as we stepped onto the patio. Sue blushed and headed for her chair. Dave looked away in disgust. Everybody else smiled. I gave Frank and Ed a high five. I took Cheryl aside at the first opportunity and filled her in on the latest developments. She was delighted to say the least. She told me that Ed yanked Diane's top down and fingered her to another climax. I noticed that his hand had been a little sticky.

I went to tell Jason the good news as Cheryl returned to the party. When I returned to the patio, Cheryl had Sue's shirt wide open and was inviting everyone to feel the baby kick. Of course, no one could feel the baby kick. It was only two months along. They did, however, feel Sue. She took the groping of her crotch stoically. Only Dave and Inez abstained. I went over and patted Dave's shoulder, saying, "Well, it looks like you're going to be a daddy for a third time."

He looked up and said, "No, you are."

"Now, now, Dave. Let's not split hairs. What comes out of your wife is yours, old buddy."

"That's awfully generous considering how much you've put in my wife."

Sue shot her husband a disapproving look as Ed fingered her cunt. She said sternly, "Dave, I warned you about that attitude. What goes into my body is none of your fucking business. Now, you apologize to Red this instant."

Dave looked at the fingers plowing his wife's furrow. Sue widened her legs and drew the shirt flaps off her breasts, leaning back. He looked to me and said, "I'm sorry, Red."

Sue smiled, then added, "Dave, Jason is taking Tammy out tonight. I want you to give him some money. This is her first date. I want it to be special. Tell him she doesn't need to be home at any special time and give him a condom."

Dave looked at his wife with incredulous eyes. She stared hard right back. For a second, it looked like Dave was growing a spine, but he stood and checked his wallet. He went into the house, headed for Jason's room. I found out later that he gave Jason fifty bucks and a condom.

While Dave was seeing Jason, Diane returned. Cheryl stripped her and ordered her to kneel before Sue. Sue had her legs draped over her chair arm rests. The rest of us gathered around as Cheryl ordered Diane to lick Sue's pussy. Diane slowly dipped her head between Sue's legs and licked. Sue grabbed her head and pulled her in tight. Frank knelt behind Diane and entered her pussy. After Frank came, we had the two girls get into a sixty nine with Sue on top. Ed mounted Sue. After Ed came, they flipped over and I fucked Diane in the ass. Inez dropped to her knees before Cheryl and ate her pussy. Rachel fingered Inez and herself at the same time. Dave walked in on this scene. Jason caught the tail end of the act as he headed out the door on his way to pick up Tammy. They got home at two in the morning. Sue and Dave had just left. Inez and Ed were leaving. Frank had passed out. Rachel, Diane, and Cheryl were using the master bedroom.

I sat on the sofa, recovering as Jason led Tammy inside. Tammy's yellow dress was torn to shreds. Her right breast hung out and the skirt was ripped up the front to her navel. She had no bra, panties, or shoes. Cum matted her hair. Jason tugged her along and stood her before me proudly. I surveyed her young body and smiled. Jason parted the skirt halves to show me her cum leaking pussy. I gave him a thumb's up. He smiled and took Tammy to his bedroom.

That was a banner day at our house. Diane is now a well-trained whore, as are Sue and Tammy. Diane wears only the apron, now. She sleeps at the foot of Jason's bed. Tammy is a feature performer at our parties. Everybody fucks her, and all the women hope it isn't a red head.