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I had been married to my wife, Mary, for only one year, but I was already sexually bored. At 20, Mary was very pretty and petite at only 5' and 100lbs. She had full breasts with long, dark nipples. Her butt was round and firm, and the dark bushy hair between her legs turned me on, just thinking about it. Still, our sex life was growing increasingly dull, at least for me. Mary was too conservative. There was no "lust" in our sex life, and I wanted exactly that.

One night over drinks, I shared my frustrations with Tom, a friend since we attended pharmacy school together.

"There must be something wrong with me. You know she's sexy, Tom. I've noticed how you've looked at her breasts and hips."

"In fact," I admitted, "something about the way you look at Mary seems to turn me on... I mean, a husband shouldn't have those feelings; it's wrong."

An odd, almost lustful look came over Tom. "Well," he said, "Could it be that you're the kind of husband that would like to watch his wife having sex with another man?" "

"No, of course not!" I lied. "That would be disgusting! What kind of husband would have those kind of fantasies, for god's sake? And besides," I sputtered, "Mary would never go for it."

"Well, just relax; you'll work it all out", Tom said. "Maybe all you and Mary need is a change of scenery."

Tom told me that he often visited a guest ranch in the hills to the South, and suggested that Mary and I be his guests for the weekend. As he stood to leave, Tom said with a leer "I'll pick the two of you up, Friday afternoon, buddy, and hey, remind Mary that it'll be hot and to wear something, you know, cool."

Tom's leer and suggestive comment suggested that I should be offended and jealous. However, I was oddly turned on to suspect Tom was thinking of Mary's young body, sweating in the July heat. Good grief, I thought to myself. What is the matter with me; simply accept Tom's suggestion for what it was worth. "Sure, we'll be ready," I said.

Mary was eager for a weekend retreat. Friday afternoon, Tom stopped by the house to pick us up. Mary had, indeed, dressed for the sticky summer heat. She looked very sexy, wearing a thin, low-cut white blouse that allowed glimpses of a skimpy, sheer bra beneath. Her dark nipples were just barely visible, teasing any man to stare. Not in keeping with a western theme, she wore a short, light skirt that had a slit on the side, exposing her legs to mid-thigh. The lines her white, sheer panties over her pear-shaped butt showed through the thin skirt which did not escape Tom's notice as she approached his car. Tom maneuvered us so that Mary sat in the front seat, between Tom and me. As we set off, Tom produced a flask, and offered us a drink to celebrate the weekend. I had only a sip, and noticed an odd, bitter taste to the liquor. Mary swallowed a large gulp, and wrinkled her nose at the odd taste. "My own concoction," laughed Tom, "and I guarantee it will help you, uh, relax."

As we drove, I noticed Tom had none of the liquor. True to his prediction, I found myself more and more relaxed, even sleepy. Mary leaned her head back on the seat, her legs opened slightly, and her breast jiggling, gently. The white lines on the highway began to have an hypnotic effect on me, and I felt as though I were asleep, or better, awake but dreaming. "You must be too hot, dear Mary," grinned Tom. To my shock, he reached around Mary's shoulder to undo the buttons on her blouse,

exposing her white, sheer bra and the cleft between her breasts! Amazingly, Mary did not object! It was as though she knew what Tom was doing, but was helpless to stop him! I couldn't allow this to happen! This was my wife, after all, and I was to protect her! Yet, watching Tom's hand slip beneath Mary's bra to fondle her rich breasts, I felt my cock start to swell. No, no, this isn't right, I started to say. But then, I realized that I could barely speak, nor could I raise my hand to cover Mary's chest. Surely, Mary and I had been drugged!

"Just calm down, old boy," said Tom, noticing my twitching attempt to protest. "Mary doesn't seem to mind, thanks to my little pharmaceutical experiment." As though to prove his point, Tom pulled open Mary's slit skirt to reveal her dark bush beneath her sheer panties, curly hair peeking from each side of the narrow crotch band. I thought I heard her moan as Tom's fingers found her thinly covered slit. With no hesitation, Tom pulled out his thick, heavily veined cock, already glistening with clear, pre-cum lubricant. Driving with one hand, he alternated from fondling his cock and fondling my wife's body. Instead of jealousy or protectiveness, I felt lust, real lust. My own cock was hard, and my mind was racing with thoughts of Tom fucking my petite Mary. Little did I suspect what adventures Tom had in mind for Mary, but I began to get the picture as we pulled into the courtyard of the guest ranch.

Three men approached our car, all of them drinking in the sight of my little Mary, her clothes opened and her secrets revealed. Tom leaned over toward me and said "Buddy, I know what you want better than you do." The men picked up my helpless wife and Tom half-carried me along behind them. As the men carried Mary, their hands were all over her. By the time we got to a large room with only a huge bed as furniture, Mary was nude except for her panties. "Now, my friend," Tom growled, "I'll tell you a little secret." He told me that the aphrodisiac he had given us temporarily destroyed most voluntary muscle control, but left the victim completely conscious and aware. As the men laid Mary face up on the huge bed, Tom told me that I had two choices: watch and enjoy, or watch and not enjoy. My cock chose my answer; it was already wet and slick beneath my pants. Tom noticed and smiled as he put me in a chair, close to the bed. "Now you will be introduced into the kind of sexual depravity that you will want to repeat again and again," Tom said. "You know the drill," he said to the three men.

The men put a large pillow under Mary's hips to arch her pussy upwards. One of them pulled her panties off, to reveal her hairy cunt already glistening with silver threads of lubricant. On cue, they tied her wrists and ankles to each bedpost, and began undressing. Mary, conscious but barely able to move, felt the three naked men get on the bed beside her. One began sucking her already hard, inch-long nipples. Another knelt above her face, stroking his dark, hooded cock. The third had his hand buried in her hairy crotch, his fingers sliding wetly in and out of her sweet pussy. Mary's moaning became louder. It was as though the drug had completely removed all of her inhibitions, releasing a lust that she had deeply buried within her. "Right now, it's the effects of my little chemical surprise that she's feeling," Tom whispered in my ear, "But, after our little 'treat', you'll see a side of your petite little wife you'll never forget."

One of the men quietly left the room, smiling a wicked smile; the others continued kissing and sucking Mary's nipples and clitoris, until he returned. He was carrying a large picnic cooler, which he placed at the foot of the bed. One of the men turned on a video camera mounted to the bed's foot post. The other two stroked their hard cocks and leered at Mary's spread-eagled body as Tom opened the cooler. "Now, my friend," he hissed, "You will see Mary's true appetite for lust!" To my horror, Tom pulled from the cooler a wriggling, writhing mass of large eels! Oh my god, I thought, I've got to stop this! My own body betrayed my true reaction, however, for as Tom gently pulled the eels apart on the bed between Mary's thighs, my own cock started to dribble a thin, gray cum from its purple slit.

As the eels happily untangled themselves, Tom covered them with petroleum jelly. The eels were thick and lively, three of them, squirming as the men kept them close to Mary's pussy. The eels were about 10 inches long, two inches thick, and obviously curious to explore their new surroundings. Although not frightened, the eels did not like the bright lights of the video camera. As Tom placed the head of one of the eels against the slippery lips of Mary's pussy, it gleefully welcomed the darkness of her cunt. Slowly, Tom began slipping inch after inch of the glistening eel into Mary's slit. Mary's eyes widened and her mouth opened in a silent scream, as the twisting, writhing eel was slowly slid into her pussy! Almost the entire length of the eel wriggled and squirmed inside Mary. Taking another eel and then the third, Tom slid their squirming, tubular bodies into Mary's slippery cunt! All five of us men watched as the three happy eels reveled in the tight, warm cave they had discovered. As they wiggled deeper and deeper in their glee, I could actually see the lower part of Mary's stomach bulge and undulate from the eels' squirming within her. Only the last few inches of each eel were outside the lips of my lust-crazed wife. It looked as though three fat, gray cocks were growing from her dripping pussy as the eels twisted and knotted inside her.

Mary was consumed with lust, partially from the drug, but more and more from her realization of a welcome depravity she had never imagined! A series of shuddering orgasms began to rock her body! The surface of her belly bulged and quivered from the movements inside her and from her ceaseless orgasms! Her nipples were swollen, her neck was dark red with pleasure, and she came and came and came! Suddenly, Mary arched her back and gasped loudly. Her degraded pleasure was too much for her, and she slid into an unconscious darkness. Even while unconscious, her body twitched and humped as if having a mind of its own. The juices from her pussy oozed down between her ass cheeks, and inside her the eels began to tire.

Tom carefully removed the eels from Mary's pussy, and put them back into the cooler, none the worse for their adventure. He and the men were not put off by the fact that Mary was unconscious, and as the video camera taped every movement, they began taking turns fucking her slimy pussy. First Tom, then another, then another would hump his glistening, thick cock in and out of Mary's belly. They would try to fuck her mouth, but being passed out, there was more pleasure in using her cunt. One man had been driven too far by what he had seen earlier, and pulled back the thick hood of his fat cock to spray watery squirts of cum onto her stomach. This was too much for the others and Tom, and one by one; they fucked, pulled out, and came on my wife's body. When they were spent and Mary was covered by ropes and trickles of their cum, they dressed and left, except for Tom.

Tom knew I wanted one more thing. "It's your turn, mate," he said. "The drug has long worn off both of you, by now," he explained. "What you are feeling, now, is just plain lust, so go for it, buddy!"

He was right, of course. I had discovered the depravity and lust I had been craving. As I slid my six inch cock into my wife's slit, I could feel it sloshing about in the petroleum jelly from the eels and the cum and lubricant of the four men that had used her before me. Just as I began to squirt my own cum into the mixture, Mary awoke and began cumming again! Tom waited until we finished and then spoke.

"I'll take you home, now," he said, "But remember this night as one of many to come." He reminded Mary that she need have no sense of guilt at her lust. After all, he explained, she was not in control of the situation. Besides, Tom reminded, he had videotapes that could destroy our careers if we did not cooperate. At the threat of blackmail, not to mention her recollection of her thundering orgasms, Mary whispered, "We have no choice, after all." Mary was exhausted, and she gave me a look of helpless resignation as Tom gave her a deep tongue kiss, felt her still-dripping pussy, then left. "See you soon," he called back to us. Even as spent as I was, I felt my cock twitch in anticipation.