

## A Bride's Confession

Can you imagine how it feels 2 months after your wedding to discover that you've married one of the biggest sluts in town?

I didn't find out until she let me know that we were expecting our first child.

"Darling, I have a confession to make and it's going to test if you really love me as much as you say you do." My wife said to me after dinner one night.

"Cindy dear, you know I do love you very much. What do you have to tell me?" I asked inquisitively as I held her hand.

"Honey. I do love you very much. You're the only boyfriend I've had that's treated me like a lady. The only one that respected me for the real me, not my body. You really are the man of my dreams. The husband I've wanted and needed. The man I've wanted to be the daddy of my children."

Listening to wife made my head swell mentally. I pondered what was she leading up to, but I was enjoying the ride so far. She went on.

"I didn't tell you this before we got married for fear of losing you darling. But, er, well I lied to you. I did have sex with someone before you."

"Oh, I-I see." I said softly, not expecting that this was the path she was heading down. "What was his name? Have I-I met him yet? You know with me being new in town and all."

"Well, actually honey it was with more than one fellow."

"Oh, er. W-Well, have I met them?"

"Well, you've met several, but not all of them." She replied looking deep in my eyes.

"S-Several. A-All of t-them?" I gasped.

I leaned back on the sofa as she went on to explain how from high school to the present, she'd been continuously hounded by boys and men to have sex and how she found it hard to resist their advances and strong seduction techniques.

"Oh they would tell me their dicks were aching or throbbing and they needed to fuck." Was her response to my asking about their strong seduction methods. "You know how sensitive I am to other people's needs. I found it very easy to identify with their need to nestle their heated

aching cock in my warm juicy pussy, you know, to get all that hot creamy cum out of their cocks."

I looked at my new bride with absolute bewilderment.

"The fellows were always so appreciative of me doing that for them, or sucking their cocks for them also. Many times I did both for them. Especially if there was a group of them and they were too impatient to wait their turn to get in my pussy. It was not unusual to have guys standing in line for me to suck off as well as a line to get some of my pussy."

"G-Group? L-Lines?" I blurted out as I squirmed and looked even more shocked.

"Yes. You see, I like helping the guys get off. It gives me such a good feeling knowing I've done a good deed for them by taking their hot pent up sperm down my throat or in my cunt. I really do darling. I'm really proud of all the boys and men I've pleased since I was fifteenth. Here darling, I want you to be the first to share this with."

She pulled out a large three ring binder that was over 3" thick.

"It's my diary. I've kept track of all the times I've had sex since from then to now. This is very special to me, and as my husband, I want to share this special side of me with you."

I was speechless.

I followed her explanation of the codes and numbers in the diary. In the span from age 15 to 24 years, 9 years, she's been with 400 different men and had sex over 3,500 times. By her estimate, she'd performed over a hundred gang bangs.

"Dear, I'm telling you all this, well, because, something else special has happened."

Her revelation almost made me fall off the sofa.

"Y-You're preg-pregnant! B-But y-you can't be. I-I was using..."

"Yes darling you were using condoms just like I asked you to, but the other fellows I was sexing weren't using anything."

"W-What! Y-You mean..."

"Yes darling, they had me on a meat to meat basis. I let them do it to me flesh to flesh. I wasn't ready to let you sex me that way yet. You know, without latex on."

"W-Why?"

"Well darling, I know one of the key reason why

couples drift apart and divorce is that often the husband, starts to take his wife for granite and treats her only as a sex object. I didn't want that to happen to us. I wanted you to still have something to look forward to. You know, like having me without a rubber on during special occasions, so as to keep the excitement in our marriage."

"Special o-occasions?"

"You know like your birthday and our anniversary. Those type of things."

Again, I was flabbergasted and speechless as I gave Cindy an incredulous stare.

"S-Surely y-you're joking! H-How..."

"No darling I'm not joking. This is serious business here. I love you too much to let you put the fire out in this marriage. I've seen it happen too many times. My way, you not only have something to look forward to, but there is the competition aspect of it all, by the way which you men thrive on."

"Competition?"

"Yes honey, with the other guys who'll be doing me on the side."

"What! O-On the side?"

My new wife went on to tell me she fully intended to continue seeing many of her favorite lovers so that I wouldn't lose the competitive edge in our marriage.

"Competitive edge?" I asked astounded at her terminology.

"Sure, you have the edge, because I love you and you know what makes me tick. And besides, you probably have these guys beat anyway, since I just adore the way you eat me out. Just for your info, you're only one of three guys who've eaten my pussy since I was fifteenth. You're the best at it too. It seems every since the guys knew I like to put out, no one seems interested in giving me head. However, darling you do a great job of going down on me. A girl appreciates that in her husband. That's another edge you have too."

I wondered if Cindy knew just how backhanded her compliment sounded. However, by this time I was confused to the point of getting a headache. We'd gotten off on a tangent and I knew we had to get back to the primary point, which would demand more immediate attention other than my new bride's promiscuous past.

"But what about you being pregnant, surely you don't intend to..."

"Yes darling, I intend to have this baby. I want this

baby for us."

"B-But Cindy. D-Do you know what this will d-do to me?"

"No honey, what?"

"W-Why it-it'll make me look like a fool. That is, with you having another man's baby. B-By the way, who is the father?" I asked wiping the sweat from my flushed face.

"I won't know until the baby is born. It belongs to either Louis, Joe, Nash, Mike, or Vic."

I almost fell off the sofa at her revelation.

We had a very in-depth spirited discussion about the whole scenario and finally I gave up when it was apparent that my new wife was intent on having her lovers' baby and making me a cuckold.

I got a headache and stormed out of the house to take a walk and cool off. After the short walk I decided to drive over and talk to Cindy's family about this severe crisis in our rather short marriage.

"Y-You knew about this Mrs. Adams?"

"Yes Carl, my husband and I knew about Cindy's current activities with her male friends as well as her being two months pregnant. Isn't it wonderful y'all will be having the patter of little feet running around your new house? Jess and I are proud that we're soon going to be grandparents."

"But Mother Adams, s-she doesn't know who the father is. Did you know that? The only thing she's certain about is that it's not mine."

"Carl, I don't mean to hurt you, but we don't see that as a problem. Are you saying you don't love our daughter enough for her to have another man's baby?"

"What? Sure I love her. B-But there are limits that a man can..."

"Carl, love should not have such arbitrary limits. After all, do you know that one of the reasons she continued to see her men friends is because of your shortcomings and inadequacies in the prick department."

Her comment caught me off guard and was like a punch below the belt punch. It took me a moment to gather my thoughts.

Not getting much sympathy at my in-laws, I went to my family and apprised them of things.

"Y-You knew too?" I blurted out in shock at my mother's revelation.

"Yes son, your father and I were aware of what Cindy was doing. In fact, she talked to us about the baby and we assured her that we supported her decision to go to term as well her desire to give our new grand baby the Christian name of his real father, that is, once she figures out who he is. Of course, the child will carry our last name."

"W-What! S-She didn't even tell me all that."

"I know. She called and said you stormed out of the house all huffy and puffy because of the little matter of her scrap book and her being knocked up by one of her studs."

"L-Little matter? I-I can't believe this." I said hanging my head in my hands as I sat down.

"Son, we understand how you feel, but you have to realize that Cindy has a special love for you. A love that you're going to find it difficult if not impossible to find in some other woman."

"W-What do you mean Dad?"

"You love her deeply, right?"

"Y-Yes I do."

"As I said she loves you. Emotionally you two are very compatible. It's in the physical sense where things are a bit different. This is where you two will have to make adjustments. Cindy needs more than you can provide her in bed, hence, it'll fall to you to make some adjustment in that department."

"W-What kind of adjustment?" I asked in puzzlement.

"It shouldn't be too difficult for part of your adjustment. She told us you were a very good pussy eater."

"S-S-She did?"

"Don't be so shocked sweetee. You should be proud that an experienced girl like Cindy gave you such a high rating. Considering all the men who've been in her pussy, you should feel good about her saying that."

Mother's words left me cold.

"Yes son, pussy sucking will be a staple of your marriage. The other part will be other men's dicks. She needs to get more than your mouth and smaller prick can give her."

I looked at my father wild eyed, realizing he was dead serious.

We three talked for a prolonged period of time.

"No son, I couldn't live with such an arrangement. But son, you're not as much of a man as I am. You have to realize that." My father's response to my question were a slap in the face, even if they were true.

"Yes Carl, you just don't have it in you to be a real man like your father. Therefore, you have to be what you can and to hold onto your wife the best way you can. If that means getting help from real men, then it's only logical for you to do that, especially if you love and want to stay in Cindy's life."

Again, mother's words really hurt, even if true. I returned home.

Cindy and I had a long talk. This time, I found her to be more confident, since she now knew that she had the backing of both our families and I didn't.

"Yes Carl, I still want you as my husband, but no, I still want to fuck other men. I want to because I need what they can give me."

"I-I see." I softly replied as my new bride answered my question.

"Carl, don't look so sad. It won't be as terrible as you're thinking it will be. There are only four guys who I'll be fucking regularly, and maybe a friend or two of theirs. It's not like I'll be a slut to an army of men."

I was stunned at what she said, but I did love her.

She was telling me she would be a slut for at least four men and a few of their friends, but not a slut to an army of men. I guess that should be of some consolation to me.

To make a long story short, Cindy and I remain married. I reluctantly became a cuckold husband. Overall, it continues to be a loving and happy marriage, as long I remember I'm not the real man in the house. Over the years and 3 more kids later, it became easier for me to accept my status as a figurehead husband to my beautiful wife, as well as the legal daddy to our children, all of whom she had by her other men, her `real men'.