

Confessions of a Cuckold

When I think back to my past I can remember the first time that I realized I had these feelings. Of course at that time I didn't know what a cuckold was or even know there was a name for the feelings that I was experiencing.

I was only nineteen and I had just arrived home on leave from boot camp. That night I was parked with my girlfriend Ann in a remote place that was popular with the local teenagers because it was dark and private.

I had never in my life been away from my hometown for so long and I would be home for one month before I had to leave again go to my new duty station in Alaska. I had missed Ann while I was away and I wanted to marry her and have her move up with me to Alaska,. However while I was home on leave I planned to make up for lost time and have as much sex with her as possible.

Ann and I had been together for the past year and a half and we had a very active sex life. She was nineteen years old, tall and slender with strawberry blond hair and 38DD tits. She loved sex every bit as much as I did.

After we kissed for awhile she stopped me and said that she needed to tell me something. She confessed to me that she had been unfaithful while I was at boot camp. My heart felt like it was going to explode and my stomach twisted into knots.

She told me that she went to a party at a friend's house and got drunk. She described in detail how my friend (who was married) took her into his garage with a couple of his buddies who were visiting from out of town. She told me that they all took turns fucking her. Then she told me that she met the three of them a few days later and fucked them again. She confessed to me that she enjoyed the sex with them very much. She told me that "It scared her her at first but she came so much that she thought she was going to pass out".

A million thoughts raced in my head at once. I was angry and filled with jealous rage, but then she dropped the proverbial bomb into my lap.

"One of them had a really big dick," she said.

Of course I had a very intelligent response ready and waiting, "Huh?"

"His name was Mike and he had the biggest dick I ever saw. It felt amazing."

The next words out of my mouth shocked even me, "how big was it?" I asked.

She described in detail what it looked like and how it felt. "Did you suck it?" I asked.

"I sucked all of them," she said matter of factually.

It was then that I realized that I was very aroused by what she was telling me. I was still very angry but I was sporting a very strong erection. These conflicting emotions confused me greatly but you have to remember that logic and reason are not exactly your strong suit at nineteen.

Ann and I broke up that night but I managed to extract some revenge on the friend that orchestrated this whole affair. I tracked down my ex-friend and beat him senseless. Then I went to his apartment and told his wife what I did and why. She was understandably upset about learning that her husband of only nine months had cheated on her. She was so mad in fact that she decided she needed revenge on her cheating husband too. She invited me to stay with her at her apartment for the rest of my leave. She threw her husband's clothing out the front door and bolted it shut so he could not come in.

I spent the rest of my leave fucking my ex-friend's wife as many times as I could manage.

I did not return to my hometown for three years. When I got out of the military I went to college, got my degree and finally got a good paying job. My new job required a lot of travel so I didn't spend much time at home. One day I ran into Ann at a grocery store and we chatted a bit. I had not seen her since the night we broke up a few years before.

She had been married and had a kid but now was divorced. I couldn't help noticing that she still had an amazing body even after having a baby. If anything her tits were larger than before.

I ran into her a couple more times and we started having sex whenever I was in town. I knew she was looking to get married again but I had no interest in anything more than just casual sex.

One time after sex I asked her about other men whom she had sex with. At first she was hesitant to discuss her past, but at my urging she eventually talked more openly about her sex life over the past few years and even gave me detailed descriptions of her experiences. She even admitted to cheating on her husband during their brief marriage.

I quickly realized the more she told me, the more turned on I was becoming. It got me so hot that I had to fuck her again. She caught the hint and teased me about how much she liked well endowed men.

"Why do you like them so much?" I asked hoping to gain a little insight.

"I don't know exactly," she replied, "it's just different, you know what I mean?"

"Not exactly," I replied.

"It's hard to describe how it makes me feel. I love the feeling of a big dick when it starts going inside me and also when it's all the way in. It makes my pussy feel really full.

Big dicks reach deeper than regular ones so I get more stimulation from it."

"What about regular size guys?"

"Well you're a little bit bigger than average, but only about an inch bigger I think. It feels really good when we have sex but there's still places inside that your dick can't reach. Bigger dicks reach into deeper areas that don't get touched very often."

By now my dick was rock hard again but I didn't want to fuck her just yet. I was getting an education that few men ever get. I was learning a woman's perspective on a man's penis and I wanted to hear more.

"So you're saying that a longer dick not only makes contact in the areas that normally receive stimulation with other men, but longer dicks also stimulate areas that regular dicks can't reach."

"Well yes and know."

"Ok , I'm confused."

""If it's long and skinny it doesn't make firm contact everywhere so it might only be a little better. Thicker dicks are better because they fill me up more and give me more stimulation.

It's not just the feelings either. I like the way a really big dick looks when it's hard. When a man has a big dick I can't keep my hands off of it. Seeing it makes me instantly wet. I like the look of a man with a big dick hanging down between his legs, it's really sexy.

When a big dick is in me everything is full and it feels so good. When he shoots his load in me I can feel every surge as he pumps his cum into me."

A feeling of sadness swept over me. "I will never be that guy" I thought to myself. I'll never have that big dick that she wants. I'll always be her second choice.

At that point I'd had as much as I could take. I resigned myself to the fact that there was no future for us, no second chance that we both secretly wanted.

I rolled her on top of me and slid my dick into her very wet hole. I watched her big tits sway as she rode me with enthusiasm. A few minutes later I blew another load into her well used pussy.

She continued to ride me at a much slower pace as I descended from the high of my climax.

She looked down at me and smiled, "You really enjoyed my talking about this stuff, didn't you?"

I felt like a giant curtain had been lifted right in front of me and I was suddenly able to see all the truths of the universe. It was both fascinating and terrifying at the same time.

At that time I still had not ever heard the word cuckold nor did I know such a fetish existed. I wondered for some time just what all my feelings meant, and then it came to me. I am a voyeur. I reasoned that if I like to hear about my ex girlfriend's slutty exploits. It was the same as watching her do these things (almost).

I looked back up at her but gave no reply.

She bent down and kissed me, "You're weird," she said with a giggle.

I'm weird. She's the one who tells men that she loves them then cheats on them, I thought to myself.

We drifted apart after that. I went back on the road and when I returned I discovered she had moved out of state. It was for the best because a relationship could never work for us.

Over the next two years I dated a several women but never found one who was interested in the

relationship I wanted. Many of the women I met had a kid or two and was either divorced from the father or he was never in the scene at all. I wasn't interested in supporting someone else's kids.

Around that time I noticed that my taste in women had changed. The women that I now found myself attracted to were as they say, a little on the trashy side. (Ok they were sluts.)

They were easy to get into bed and a guy like me with a good paying job were high on their target list. When I had them in bed I would ask them about their past sexual experiences. Most of them played down their past probably not wanting to seem too loose or slutty. Overall it was pretty unsatisfying listening to their vague descriptions and evasive answers about their past.

I still had no clue about how to find a woman who would give me what I wanted.

One afternoon I met a woman at a deli near my house. Her name was Lisa. She was wearing skin tight sweat pants that displayed her shapely legs and a low cut T-shirt that made every man look at her firm thirty six D's. It was easy to see that she took great care to keep her body in perfect shape.

We hit it off immediately and got to know each other over sandwiches. Lisa was an aerobics and Yoga instructor who owned her own studio.

After lunch we went to my place and spent the rest of the day in bed. Lisa was an amazing lover. She was energetic and enthusiastic in giving and receiving pleasure.

I asked her about her past sexual experiences and to my surprise she was very uninhibited about talking about her past. She described to me in great detail what she said were some of her best and worst sexual experiences. While she was telling me about her past she took my dick in her hand and gently stroked it. It didn't take long before she had complete control of me. Her words were intoxicating to me and before I realized it I had cum all over her hand. It was a very powerful climax for me. She continued stroking me with her hand covered in my cum.

"Wow, you're just like my husband," she said.

"What?" I said, almost shouting.

"It's all right. Relax, my husband is ok with this," she squeezed my dick in her hand and that had a calming effect on me.

"You're married? What do you mean I'm like your husband?"

"He's a cuckold just like you."

"What's a cuckold?" I wondered if she was somehow making fun of me.

She smiled at me, "did you enjoy hearing me tell you about my sexual past?"

It was plain to see she knew the answer to that question, my cum was still all over her hand.

"Sweetheart you just blew your load listening to me tell you about my experiences having sex with other men. I can see it in your eyes when I tell you about my other men.

Baby relax, this is a good thing. The stage you're at with this fetish right now you're only a small step away from watching your wife or girlfriend have sex with another man and getting off to it. I promise you that once you get a taste of the lifestyle you'll always want more. You can't help it, it's who you are.

"You make it sound like a disease or something," I muttered to her.

Its not a disease, its like an evolutionary step but on a very personal level. Sweetheart you're a cuckold but you just don't know it yet, or at least you will be one when you hookup with the right woman."

I remained silent as I tried to let all of this sink in. My mind was racing to find another explanation for my actions.

"I just like hearing about things, sort of like a voyeur but only verbal," I said in a weak attempt at denial. Inside however I knew she was right.

"Don't run from this baby, embrace it. You're a great lover and you'll make any woman happy but if you find the right woman who would love how you are, she would make you happier than you could imagine. And the bonus for her is that she will have an amazing sex life with you and her other lovers. Few people ever get to be this happy.

And there's the other thing."

"What's that," I asked.

"Cheating. The truth is that women cheat on their husbands. I see it all the time. Women come to my studio to get into better shape so they are more attractive to men. They meet men at my studio all the time and end up in bed with them sooner or later.

The statistics say that married women cheat on their husbands about fifty percent of the time. The truth is it happens a lot more often than that. It's more like seventy five to eighty five percent of women cheat at least once in their marriage and at least half of that group cheat many times. The blunt truth is that eventually almost all women would cheat if they had the opportunity and they were sure they would not get caught.

My point is the odds are high that your future wife will cheat on you, so instead of her doing

It behind your back or worse, you discovering that she has cheated, you should find a woman who will understand what you need and and give it to you. You'll both be happier and she will work hard to keep herself looking good to other men so you will also have a wife who won't let herself go right after the wedding."

Lisa's mention of cheating hit home with me. It brought up painful memories of my old girlfriend Ann. The statistics Lisa mentioned were a little bit startling but they made sense. I felt like that secret curtain between men and women had just been opened a little more and it was un-nerving to see the truth.

Lisa had made a good case for the cuckold lifestyle but I still resisted the idea.

"So how do I find women that will do this?" I couldn't believe I was asking her this.

"I don't know. I guess you'll just have to ask the woman that you're in a relationship with and don't get married until you find a woman you love who will want to do it.

Lisa gave me a lot to think about. After she left I went online and did more research on the subject. For the most part I didn't like what I was reading. Most of what I read portrayed a cuckold as a weak submissive man who is dominated by a wife who only keeps him around for his paycheck and the pleasure it gives her when she humiliates him.

I had no desire to live like that and I couldn't imagine how any man would want to. The thought of it repulsed me.

I ran into Lisa again a few days later at the same deli.

"I did a little research online and I'm sure I'm not a cuckold," I told her.

"So what you're saying is you looked online and saw several porn sites and a few erotic story sites and all you were able to find was a monstrously distorted image of what a real cuckold relationship is like.

Baby those sites are just putting stuff up there that they think people will want to see and read. It's no more real than the regular porn that you find online. Think about it, how many housewives look like the women in those videos? Do you think average housewives hang around the house dressed like that? Did you really believe pool boys all look like the ones in the movies and are all hung like horses?"

"Ok you have a point, but how do I find the truth?"

"The truth about a cuckold relationship is whatever you make it. It's about how you want it to be, then finding the right woman to make it happen for you. I never said it would be easy."

Lisa leaned closer to me and put her hand on mine, "Do you trust me?" she asked.

I was mesmerized by the warmth of her breath on my ear, "Yes," I managed to stammer in reply.

"I'm pretty sure I know what you need in your cuckold relationship and would like to give you a little taste of what it could be like, if that's ok with you."

"What do you mean?" I asked cautiously.

"I have a date tonight, but after that I'd like to come by your place and continue this discussion. Is that ok with you?"

"Sure," I replied eagerly. I knew what she was implying. She wanted to tell me about her date and tease me with the details of the sex they had.

I waited eagerly at home that evening for Lisa to knock on my door. I imagined the numerous possibilities of what would happen when Lisa arrived.

Midway through watching a second movie there was a knock on my door. Lisa looked beautiful and radiated a strong sexuality as she walked in. Lisa was dressed in a very elegant black dress that without

appearing too tight perfectly fit her luscious curves.

"Wow, you look amazing," I told her.

Lisa smiled at me, "Thank you, I feel amazing too. She sat down on my couch and smiled at me again, would you like to hear about my date?" she opened her legs revealing her lack of underwear.

I felt an immediate tingling in my dick, "Yes," was all I could manage to say.

She motioned for me to sit next to her, "If I tell you, then I want you to do something for me In return. Ok?"

She saw the puzzled look on my face, "I want you to give me pleasure. A good start would be for you to kiss me."

I moved next to her and eagerly kissed her deeply. Lisa un-fastened the belt around her dress then opened her dress to reveal her perfectly toned, naked body. I couldn't help but to admire how much work she put into keeping her body so fit.

"I think these need your expert attention," she said gesturing to her erect nipples.

I licked and sucked her nipples without hesitation.

She put her hand on the back of my head and let out a deep moan, "oh yes, that's what I need," she cooed.

"Now about my date," she said, "There's this man that I date occasionally, he's not like the rest of the men I date. He's a special man and he fills a very special need for me. It's not something I would want all of the time but just once in awhile, like tonight. I really needed to have him."

I pulled away from her nipple and asked, "What makes him so special?"

Lisa giggled, "Because he's very handsome and he has a very big dick."

I looked up at her and she knew the question that was on my mind.

She smiled and kissed me, "His dick is about twice as big as yours my dear and believe me when a woman experiences a man like that she's going to want him again and again." She reached down and put her hand on my crotch, "Oh! Something got you excited?" she said, teasing.

"You should take your clothes off if you want to hear the rest."

I quickly undressed and stood in front of her with my dick pointing straight at her. Lisa reached up and grabbed my rock hard member and pulled me down to my knees in front of her. She looked me in the eyes and asked, "Would you like to hear more?"

I quickly nodded yes.

I need you to kiss me all over my body, beginning with my tummy.

I kneeled down and began kissing her softly on her firm belly. She grabbed my head and pressed it against her belly, "Oh! Yes, that feels so good. Oh yes, I really need that. Oh that's good baby, you really know how to please me." Her hips began to move in a way that told me her pussy longed to be fucked but instead she pushed my head down to her pussy, "Oh sweetheart eat it please. I really need it. Would you please lick my pussy baby?"

My head was spinning. I was feeling a sort of sexual intoxication that overwhelmed me. I slipped my tongue into her pussy and eagerly began licking her. Several thoughts were racing through my head. I was thinking how nice it will be when I put my dick in her, and I was thinking how I wish she were my wife.

And... That's when it hit me. I was eating her pussy right after her having sex with another man. Not just any man, but a man with a dick twice the size of mine. I could smell the mixture of his cum mixed with her juices.

Lisa was holding my head against her pussy and thrusting her hips wildly, "Oh God I'm cumming," she shouted.

I got past my initial hesitation and concentrated on giving her pleasure. I knew I was eating a cum filled pussy but right at that moment I didn't really care. Lisa screamed as her next orgasm slammed into her. Her whole body was rocked by the sensations she felt.

After a minutes she began to calm down but I kept licking her pussy for a little longer just to bring her down easy and prolong her pleasure.

She pulled my head up to her's and kissed me deeply. I took the opportunity to slide my dick into her pussy. It was pretty easy to tell that her earlier lover was well endowed. I slid my dick into her with little resistance. I didn't care who had her earlier, at that moment all I cared about was that it was my turn and my dick was in her. It felt so good that I could hardly contain myself.

"Yes," she hissed, "Yes fuck me. You've earned it lover. God you are such a great pussy eater," she exclaimed.

She smiled as she watched me pump my dick in and out of her. It didn't take long for me to cum in her.

"So now how do you feel about being a cuckold?"

The truth is that I was still pretty confused and I needed time to process all of this.

My job got very busy and I had to go out of town for two weeks. I didn't have any time to think about all that had happened with Lisa until my cell phone rang one night.

"Hello lover, how have you been? I haven't heard from you and I was starting to wonder."

"Sorry, work has been very busy lately. I'm in Tampa right now."

"Darn, I've missed you and I was hoping we could get together tonight."

"I wish we could. I've missed you too."

"I was on a date tonight," she said.

I felt that familiar sensation in my gut. It was a mixture of jealousy and excitement.

"Would you like to hear about it?" she asked.

I leaned back in my hotel chair and said yes. As she described her encounter with her newest lover. I soon had my dick out and was slowly stoking it. In less than three minutes I shot my load all over the place.

"Did you enjoy that sweetheart?" she whispered into the phone.

"Yes," I replied. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "I guess its true. I'm a cuckold," I said to her.

"You're not just a cuckold, you're a very good cuckold," she said sweetly.

After she hung up I poured myself a drink and reflected on my experiences with Lisa and what kind of cuckold relationship I really wanted. I started a mental list in my head of the type of relationship I was looking for.

To me Lisa was perfect. She was very loving and affectionate and she treated me with respect. Every time she mentioned her husband it was obvious that she loved and cared for him very much.

I decided that I needed a woman like Lisa. I needed a woman who would love me deeply and who would enjoy giving me the things I needed without feeling the need to be bitchy or humiliating like the cuckold wives I saw on the Internet.

Lisa had that unique talent where she could talk you into eating her pussy that was filled with another man's cum, and then make you feel loved and appreciated afterward.

Lisa and I continued our relationship for a little over a year until I met Laura.

I met her at a friends barbecue. She was a slender blonde with a very nice pair of 36D's. I later found out they were implants but they were still really nice.

I recognized immediately that she had a lot of potential. She dressed like she wanted every man to notice her and she kept her body in excellent shape. Three hours later we were in my car and she was giving me a very skillful blow job.

I had no doubt that her skills were developed through a lot of practice.

Laura and I began dating and we spent much of the time in bed. She loved it when I ate her pussy and when she got close to orgasm she would grab the back of my head and mash my mouth hard against her pussy. I would keep sucking her clit and swallowing her juices throughout her climax.

One hot afternoon we were alone at my place and decided that it was time to explore Laura's sexual past. I made us some margaritas and after we each drank a couple of them I brought out some shot

glasses and poured us each a shot of tequila. Laura emptied her glass then looked at me with a mischievous grin. "Whip it out," she said, grinning.

I pulled my cock out and she pushed the empty shot glass over the head of it and wetted it with the remainder of the tequila in the glass. After this she pulled the shot glass off then bent down and sucked my cock.

Nothing else mattered at that moment. My cock sprang to attention instantly and she sucked it with the skill of an expert.

An hour later we were laying on my living room floor catching our breath after having some amazing sex. I decided then to ask her about her sexual past, "how did you get so good at this," I asked her playfully.

"I don't know, it just comes naturally I guess."

"Well that didn't tell me anything," I thought to myself. "Ok, tell me this, what's the most amount of times you've had sex in a twenty four hour period?"

"What?" she exclaimed.

I felt that I should tread a little more lightly, "you know, what's your record for most times."

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "I don't know, I never counted. Why are you asking this?"

I was starting to become discouraged but I tried to re-frame my questions in a way that didn't sound like an interrogation, "I'm just trying to see how much stamina you have. So what's your best?" I asked while handing her another shot of tequila.

She gulped it down then handed me the shot glass. "I have to pee," she said as she got to her feet and walked to the downstairs bathroom. I made a fresh pitcher of Margaritas for us and had poured one for each of us by the time she returned.

I reached out with a glass for her but she just stood there with an accusing look on her face, "why are you asking me about this. What have you heard?"

"I haven't heard anything at all, but now it sounds like there's something I should know. Is there something you want to tell me?"

Ok, I knew I was pushing a little too hard but the hint that there was some possible promiscuity in her past was just too tantalizing to let slip by.

Laura took the glass that I offered her and drank it down in one gulp, then turned and walked back into the living room and sat on the couch. She took the bottle of tequila gulped down a couple of thick slugs.

I sat down next to her and sipped my Margarita as we both sat there in silence. After a long wait where neither of us said a word she suddenly turned to me and said, "eleven." I noticed her head wobble a bit as she spoke. The tequila had taken effect and she was pretty drunk.

"That's what you wanted to know, isn't it?" She flopped back onto the sofa, her head clearly spinning from the drink. "It was eleven," she said with a slight giggle. "I think," she quickly added, "but I didn't really count."

"Wow that must have been quite an experience. Did you enjoy it?" I asked cautiously.

She got a silly grin on her face and shook her head yes, "they were pretty good," she said.

I knew that she had just revealed an unintentional detail to me, "tell me about them."

She put her finger up to her lips as if to tell me to be quiet, "it was a long time ago. Five years. They all wanted me so I let them fuck me. I gave them what they wanted. Eleven of them. I think some of them went more than once. I was pretty drunk so I didn't keep track."

My cock grew rock hard at hearing this confession. I kissed her cheek, "you naughty girl," I said teasingly.

She grinned, "I like being naughty." I reached down between her legs and slid a finger into her pussy, "I like naughty girls," I whispered into her ear.

She closed her eyes and moaned, "I can't help it. I like to fuck. My pussy gets lonely," she moaned.

"What's the biggest cock you ever had?"

"I can't. My father would kill me if he found out."

"I won't tell."

She looked at me with surprise, "you won't? Promise?"

"I promise."

She spread her legs wider, "put it in me. Put it in me please."

I slid down to the floor and positioned myself in between her legs with my hard cock pointing directly at her opening. She slid herself down to the edge of the couch, pushing her pussy against the head of my cock. I slid it easily into her wetness. Laura let out a soft moan and said, "welcome home baby," she said in a very sexy voice.

I watched the look on her face as I slid my cock in and out of her dripping wet pussy. The expression on her face was one of total bliss.

Laura opened her eyes and smiled, "you really want me to tell you?"

"Yes, I would love to hear about it."

"Ok, well it was a few years ago. I was at a party at my girlfriends house and I met him."

"Met who?"

"Him! Oh my God him! Mister big." She licked her lips seductively. "He had the biggest cock I ever saw."

"So how did you come to find this out?"

"I was dancing with him and I felt it pushing against me. He wasn't even hard but he was bigger than most men when they're hard." She paused a moment, "we slipped out to the side of the house and started kissing. I felt it getting bigger so I reached down to feel it and it was fucking huge. He undid his pants and let it out. I knew he wanted me to suck it, but oh my God, I just couldn't stop staring at the damn thing. He pushed me down on my knees and I started licking and kissing it and eventually I got the head of it in my mouth."

I was getting very excited from hearing her story. Laura noticed this and giggled, "you're enjoying this, you pervert."

"Sure I am. Why shouldn't I? And yes, I guess I am a bit of a pervert."

Her face suddenly grew serious, "you're really not mad or jealous?"

"No, why should I be?"

"Most men would."

"I guess I'm not like most men. I like that you enjoy sex so much and I like that you've had a lot of fun with it in your past. I'd really love to hear more about your experiences."

Laura grinned wickedly, "are you sure?" she teased.

"Oh yes baby, I want to hear about all of it."

"Ok," she said. She reached down and began rubbing her clit with one finger. I continued pumping my cock in and out of her pussy at a relaxed pace.

She tilted her head back and looked up to the ceiling, "Mister fucking big." She said as if it were an announcement. "I sucked on the head of it but that was all I could get into my mouth so we snuck into an RV that was parked in the driveway to do the deed. He took his time working it into me. I was really surprised how my pussy opened up to let it in. It was an amazing feeling. I had the first orgasm before he even had it half way in, and I had a lot more after that.

I remember how good it felt when he started to cum in me. He really filled me up and the throbbing of his big fat cock made me cum again."

"He wasn't wearing a condom?" I asked.

"I doubt that they even make condoms that big."

"So why don't you want your father to know about him?"

She looked at me incredulously, "sweetheart, because he was black. If my father ever knew how many black men I've dated he would disown me. And I can't imagine how he would react if he knew I let mr big cock blow his load in me."

I looked at Laura and imagined what her pussy must have looked like after mr big cock was done with her. I imagined how it looked with his cum dripping out of her stretched out hole.

It was at that moment that my cock began to spasm and shoot my seed into her.

"Wow!" She said, "you really liked that."

I smiled at her and felt like I was blushing, "I told you I would. So what ever happened to Mr big?"

She sighed, "I saw him a couple of times after that but I didn't want it to be a regular thing."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Sweetheart do you like how tight my pussy is? Well it wouldn't be like this if I had decided to fuck him all the time." She giggled, "a girl can only take so much stretching before it becomes permanent."

I bent down and kissed her belly softly then laid my head on it. I placed my hands on her hips and rested there. I was very intoxicated by her sexuality. This was the woman I wanted, I thought. This was the woman I needed. I wanted to surrender to her at that very moment.

"How many?" I asked.

Laura giggled, "How many what?" she asked.

"How many men have fucked you?" I said in almost a whisper.

Laura put her hand on my head and stroked my hair softly, "I don't know the exact number baby."

I felt my body tremble, "please, tell me. I really want to hear it," I said to her.

Laura thought for a couple of moments, "um, I think around fifteen or so."

"Tell me," I insisted.

"Ok, maybe twenty."

"That's all?"

"How many did you want it to be."

"As many as there really were. I only want the truth," I replied.

Laura took a deep breath, "ok, it was more than twenty but less than thirty, but I really can't remember the exact number."

I lifted my head up and smiled at her, "you really like variety, don't you?"

"Sure, I like a little variety now and then," she admitted.

"What would you say if I told you that It was ok with me if you have a little variety sometimes?"

I saw a smile grow across her face and I felt her pussy press up against me, "what exactly do you mean?" I felt her body tremble.

"What I mean is, what if I told you it was ok for you to occasionally fuck other men? What if I said I would sometimes like to watch you do it."

She bit her lip and let out a little squeak, "um, you would really want me to do that?"

"Yes, but I would want you to come straight back to me and tell me all about it. Sort of like sharing the experience with me, oh and you couldn't neglect me either. I would still want sex with you as often as I could. Would you enjoy a relationship like that?"

Laura pulled my head down next to hers. She held me tightly and whispered into my ear, "for you baby, anything."