

Dear Mother Debbie - Vol. 1

INTRODUCTION:

Hello, out there in Internet Land. This is Mother Debbie. In my little corner of the World Wide Web, I'm your sounding board, advisor and in general, I provide motherly advice to those mothers' sons who are in the less endowed crowd. You know who you are. You're not jocks. You have a small prick. You are not very sexually experienced. You are mild mannered. You have an unassuming personality. You are trusting, altruistic, optimistic and always looking for the good, rather than the worse in people, especially in the women in your life. You may've been labeled as a wimp, sissy, or mama's boy by your family, friends and others. You may be the ones who've been taken advantage of, even if it was done with love, by your girlfriends, fiancées, wives, and sometimes by your own mothers, sisters, aunts, or other relatives. You may have been lovingly coerced into accepting a very subordinate or cuckold role in a relationship with the woman you love. If the above characterizes your situation, write and tell me all about it. Maybe my advice can help you make a decision, or offer you solace for a decision you've already made, or that was made for you.

I got started on my crusade to be an advisor and counselor to wimps, mama's boys, pantywaists and cuckolds because of my own son.

He looked pathetic as he told me of his situation. That is, his girl had cheated on him and probably was going to leave him, due to his not being able to satisfy her with his minuscule prick. As I worked with him and her to resolve their differences and to develop a new type relationship, I realized that there were probably many others who were in need of my motherly advice in these situations.

Incidentally, my son and his girl formed a much closer relationship and are now married, thanks to my intervention. It took some careful negotiating and counseling to get my son to see and accept that being a faithful loving cuckold husband was really the key to him having a solid loving marriage. I have three wonderful grandkids. Even though my son is not the biological father of any of them, he has learned to be very happy being their legal daddy while being an understanding, loving and faithful husband with a promiscuous wife.

TODAY'S CASE

Today's column is devoted to correspondence between Gerald and I about his Marriage. This is Gerald's Case:

Dear Mother Debbie,

Thank you for inviting me to write you about my situation after I made contact with you through a friend of your son. I appreciate you taking time to be an advisor on my state of affairs. I don't mind you sharing it with your readers, especially if other can be helped, by you helping me. I appreciate you not using our real names for your column.

I've been married for eight years to the girl of my dreams. Her name is Gail. We have three children, with a fourth on the way.

When I first met Gail, I couldn't get her to pay me much attention. She is a very beautiful brunette with a 36-24-36 figure. She was always dating the handsome guys in high school. You know, the multiple school letter guys who excelled in all the sports they played. There were five in particular. Each was a big time school jock. They were also rather handsome and muscular as compared to me.

She seemed to go from one to the other as being there steady girlfriend. I guess it depended on who was the most popular at the time. Anyway, my efforts to work into this circle with her was rather futile until I happened to mention to mother about my futile efforts in trying to get a date with her.

Mother has always been concerned about me meeting and dating the right kind of girl, being that I'm not a very outgoing person.

My mother knew Gail's mom and she said she was going to do some intelligence work to find out more about Gail's desires.

I was so thrilled mom was helping my efforts.

She and Gail's mom soon started talking and had several conversations about us dating.

Mom had asked me to leave the room when they were having one such phone conversation. I tried to eavesdrop through the closed door, but to no avail. I later got the idea of lowering my mini tape recorder in a nearby air vent to record the faint sounds of the phone conversation from two rooms away. It worked great.

However, what I heard puzzled me since I was only hearing one side of the conversation.

"I know what you mean... Uh, huh... and believe me my Gerald would appreciate just doing that since he doesn't... uh, huh... You're so right to be concerned about her having someone who'll really care for her, the person, and not worry about what people... Uh, huh... As a mother, I want what's best for him too and one of those nice girls who doesn't, is not always the best... Uh, huh... Especially for someone like my Gerald... Uh, huh... Experience is

important and does help a relationship, especially where one partner is not... Uh, huh... Well good, I'm so glad we can help each other out because we both want what's best for them."

Mother surprised me some days later that she and Gail's mom had arranged for us to meet for something called an "after-date date."

I was very perplexed at what she meant. It turned out that I was to meet Gail after she's been on her regular dates. These clandestine meetings were designed to help us determine if there was the possibility of us having a relationship that was going anywhere.

I thought it strange, but I went along with the idea. I'd do anything to get Gail's attention. With both our moms working on this scheme, whatever it was, I was sure that something good had to come out of it.

Our first date was to be on Friday night after Gail would be coming in from her date with the captain of our high school football team.

Her mom was to call me when they came in. I was to go over to her house and her mom was to let me in the back door and introduce me to Gail.

I got the call at midnight and drove over to Gail's house. I generally never went out that late, but since both our families had agreed to this, I was permitted to do so.

When I arrived at Gail's house, her mother received me warmly and instead of showing me to the living room, she ushered me directly to their basement guest bedroom, where Gail was lying sideways on the bed, watching TV.

Gail looked beautiful as usual, even though her hairdo appeared a bit mussed up, her general appearance was one of looking a bit disheveled.

"Hi Gail!" I said in an enthusiastic tone.

"Hi Gerald." She replied back, in a softer tone. She also yawned slightly after doing so.

"You kids have fun." Spoke Gail's mother as she departed, closing the door as she left the room.

"Look Gerald, I'm doing this just because mom asked me too. You know you and I are worlds apart socially."

"I-I know Gail. I-I just wanted to have a chance to talk to you. You're so beautiful. I'm always thinking about you." I blurted out as I stammered my words.

"Okay. Well what do you propose we do on this after-date date?"

"I-I just thought we could talk about things and..."

"Gerald, Look! I've just come in from a date where I've been fucked for a straight hour. I really am not in the mood for chitchat. My pussy has been well fucked and is still wet and leaking."

"What?" I blurted out.

"Put two and two together stupid. You wanted to see me, right? What self-respecting guy would agree to see a girl after she's come in from being with another guy? Everyone, including my mom and your mom knows I'd be coming home with a used, semen coated cunt. They knew I wasn't going to give up any to you, er... HmMMM, unless they mean for you to eat some creamy coochee. Maybe that's the real reason our moms got us together."

"Coochee? Creamy?" I blurted out with a questioning tone in my voice. Before she could finish what she meant, I'd deduced what was implied by the words she'd spoken. I was so caught off guard by her revelation and this turn of events, that I had to sit down. It was now apparent to her I'd walked into this situation blindly.

"Look Gerald, have you ever eaten pussy before?"

"N-No." I replied sheepishly as my face burned a bright red.

"So, you have a virgin tongue? How interesting? Well we can solve that in a flash and we both can benefit from this after-date date."

Before I knew it, Gail was pulling off her clothes. As I stood there stunned she was before me totally nude. It was like being before Venus. The only difference was that there were obvious red handprints all over her 36C tits and upper torso, including small reddish hickeys on her neck and in her cleavage space.

There was also a distinct odor about her that exuded an erotic, strong feminine fragrance. After a few whiffs and before my nose adapted to it, it was obvious it was the residual fuggy after aroma of her having had sex. The strange aroma was basically emanating from her trimmed, but slightly messy, black hairy triangular bush.

She'd closed the distance between us and was now only about six inches in front of me as she raised her leg and placed it on edge of the chair I was sitting in. The low chair caused me to look almost straight into her snatch.

I'd never been this close to a pussy before, but it was apparent she'd been fucked. The odor of sex was now stronger, even if erotic. On closer inspection her gaping cunt lips were reddish and there was a definite wetness in her crotch and along her very shapely upper inner thighs.

"Well Gerald, how does my pussy look? Mom told me your mom said you're virgin. So you're a double virgin. Well look, we can solve part of that. All you have to do is soothe my cunt with your mouth. I want you to know I don't often give up my pussy up this soon on my first date, but the idea of your virgin tongue in me has got me heating up. You aren't going to let a lady suffer due to a lack of sexual attention are you? C'mon Gerald, put your tongue to work. I'll show you how I need you to lick and suck."

Speechless, awed, cowed, confused, sexually intimidated, and perspiring profusely, I let Gail remove my glasses and pull my face to her slimy, well trimmed, but disarrayed bushy crotch.

As I returned home about two hours after arriving at her house, Gail had labeled me a promising cunt sucker, after I'd tongued, lapped and in general, sucked her to three rousing orgasms. She let me know that she'd never been so turned on. It made me feel super to have the girl of my dreams tell me I'd pleased her so well, even if I had to extract another guy's fresh jism from her luscious gash in the process.

I reveled in the fact that I'd finally done something so super and awesome. I really felt that I'd achieved some sort of ritualistic passage of rite of manhood. The taste of her warm syrupy wet and pink muff meat was far better than it looked. However, I quickly got over the fact that it tasted so much better than her pussy's nasty looking messy appearance.

Even though it was about 2:30 AM, when I reached home, mother heard me come in and came down to talk to me. I recounted the evening for her. She too was very pleased at what I'd accomplished and done.

"Gerald, a woman knows she can always find a man that'll want to put it in and fuck her. But a woman knows she really has a gem if she finds a man that delights in sucking her pussy, and even more so if he doesn't mind doing her after another man has fucked her. If you imprint the good feeling from your tongue on the girl you want, you won't have to worry about losing her to another guy."

These were mother's words to me. Being so desirous of Gail, It was good to hear I at least had an option or strategy to think about in trying to win her over, even if it was only being able to lick her up after she'd been fucked by other guys.

Our clandestine relationship went on through the remainder of senior high and for the whole time I was in college. It was very embarrassing to me to see many of the guys in senior high and at the college and know I was eating their spent jism from Gail's pussy. However, the secret nature of my relationship with a girl as beautiful as Gail tended to counteract my embarrassment and was a

definite boost to my ego. That is, knowing that I could make her feel very good, even if only with my mouth. I definitely appreciated her secrecy in the matter also.

I intentionally went to a local college to be near my Gail. Over the four years, I'm sure I tongued out many quarts of other men's spent sperm. My only reward was being able to be intimate with Gail in this oral manner even if my reward was blue balls, and then having to jack off for relief.

Gail had let me know that she'd expected me to be faithful to her, in this unusual and secretive relationship we had. It went without saying she wasn't going to be faithful to me. She let me know that she'd cut me lose if she heard of me dating or going out with anyone else. Hence, I didn't. She considered us as having a serious and significant relationship in which I was her dedicated pussy licker. She definitely said no to us having intercourse until we got married, if the relationship went that far.

"Gerald, if this relationship endures, and we get married, I will only marry you if you to come to bed on our wedding night a virgin. It would mean so much to me. Anything else is unacceptable." Gail was very serious as she spoke and this was one issue on which she was non-negotiable. Therefore, I agreed to remain a virgin and she made me promise to continue pulling my peter for relief.

In the meanwhile, even though Gail refused to help me masturbate, she encouraged it and often had me do it in her presence. She always had this funny Mona Lisa type smile as she watched and urged me on as I pulled and beat my meat.

I was a bit put off by her occasional comments about how small my prick was, but she also made up for that by saying that cock size was not an issue, since we meant so much to each other.

Mother not only knew about me jacking off for her, but also encouraged me to masturbate. Sometimes, as a treat, mom would let me suck her tits, and pussy on occasion, and jerk me off with her soft delicate hands, and a few times with her feet. All the while she, and Gail's mom too, encouraged me to keep the torch burning for Gail, as well as to remain virginal.

Gail wasn't the college type and held various low wage jobs. However, she became more promiscuous after high school and eagerly told me about her various wanton sexual exploits as I dutifully continued licking and sucking her delectable creamy cunt meat. I tried to dissuade her from telling me about her many and varied sexual encounters, but it was to no avail. She did so anyway. It became apparent she thoroughly enjoyed not only giving me a blow by low account, but also literally rubbing the results in my face.

Over time, she and I became emotionally closer in our

relationship and became steadies and committed ourselves to each other. However, she still wanted to have platonic dates, as she called them, with other guys, since I still had college work to take care of. I was hopelessly in love with her and hoped she'd change her ways after truly knowing my love for her was deep and real.

She told me that she thought I loved her with a true love, however, she wanted more proof. She wanted me to take a sworn oath on a bible, and no less in front of both our moms, that I would remain faithful and keep myself a virgin until our wedding night.

I was very reluctant to take such an oath, but both our moms reminded me of all the time we both had invested in the relationship. Gail also said that she'd be heartbroken if I gave up on our unique relationship.

"Gerald, you want to break my heart, don't you? You're being cruel. You know how much I'm going to miss the thrill of having you suck out the wild oats other guys have sown in my hot cunt. Please Gerald, prove to me that you truly love me. Don't hurt me darling. Promise me you'll continue to eat wild cream of oats from my pussy as you jerk off and wait until it's your time to plow my muff." Gail spoke in a serious tone.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I wondered if she knew how the words she spoke sounded. However, the intent, not the contents, of her words had an effect on me. I knew what she meant. Even if what I'd been doing was utterly humiliating to me, it had endeared me to her and she'd be heartbroken if I stopped. After some thought, I capitulated and took the oath.

I became her betrothed. To show that she was serious about her love for me, she also swore to me that I would be the only man that she'd let suck her pussy after it was fucked.

Even though her dates with her many men friends were suppose to be platonic ones, Gail always came in from them with a sperm soaked pussy. In spite of this, I still believed she loved me. I know I loved her deeply, even though I didn't like what she was doing with other men.

She continued to explicitly recount her various sexual experiences and always described and raved about the larger dicks of the man or men who'd fucked her, while I slurped up the frothy jism that they'd deeply deposited in her. However, I hoped that our love for each other would eventually wean her away from her other guys and make her truly and totally mine.

My mother and Gail's mom constantly reminded me of my sworn pledge to be faithful and remain a virgin for Gail until we wed. Despite my pledge, I still tried to get Gail to either move the wedding date up or let me put it in. You see, I was eating an awful lot of used sloppy pussy

made that way by other men. Not being able to get some in the same manner so many others were, was really bothering me.

"Gerald, you must not be impatient. Gail will let you know when she thinks it the right time to get married." Mother said.

These words were also a recurring comment from Gail's mom also.

We finally got married, but there was a condition that my new bride insisted upon. I was not to put my prick in her cunt until our fifth wedding anniversary. She was non-negotiable on this. To say I was truly and utterly devastated was an understatement. However, I was eventually browbeaten into accepting her conditions and had to make a promise to her on the matter.

"After all dear, you've invested too much time into this relationship to let it go away because of such a trivial thing. Five years will go by before you know it."

I didn't like mother's words and advice, but I heeded by them, even though she was correct about all the time and pussy sucking I'd already invested in this relationship and yet was still a virgin.

For the first five years of marriage, I was not permitted direct entry into her cunt with my prick. Of course, my tongue was a routine visitor in her tasty juicy coochee.

To make matters worse, my new wife had three babies during the five years - all from different men. She was even two months pregnant when we stood at the altar to say our wedding vows. On our wedding night, I ate the best man's cum out of her pussy and didn't find out until seven months later he was the father of our first born. His name was Earl, one of my very close friends.

On our honeymoon, Gail gave herself to several strangers and it seems I ate strange semen out of her cunt every night for 10 days. Her reason for being promiscuous with strangers, she had a need for dick and she didn't want to be the cause of me breaking my promise to not put it in until after five years.

I looked at her strangely as she told me her strange reason. However senseless her reason to me, she still held steadfast to me not putting it in until our fifth anniversary. I was so peeved, not to mention humiliated and disgraced beyond belief. However, I capitulated to her demand because I loved her. She told me if I loved her I would do this for her. I guess that's what love is all about, being unselfish and doing things for the one you love even though you suffer.

It was especially terrible when she began to swell

during pregnancy. Many men had her during this time, while all I could do was eat up the results of their fuck sessions and wait for my turn - in five years - to get some of my wife's seemingly public pussy.

I looked so longingly toward our fifth wedding anniversary to be able to have my wife wet and raw, skin to skin. However, when my time came, she again surprised me on the night of our fifth anniversary.

"Gerald honey, our marriage has been so good so far. We haven't had any problems with you being inattentive or taking me for granite, but I'm really afraid that if I let you have me the way you want me now, we may not make it to ten years. They say a good marriage has a much better chance of surviving if the couple makes their tenth anniversary and there's still a lot of spark in their relationship. I guess what I'm trying to say darling, If I let you have me the way your friends and the other guys do me, you'll lose interest in me. You won't find me intriguing anymore."

I assure her I would and that there would no part of me taking her for granite or me showing any complacency in regard to her relationship with me.

Here it was on the night of our fifth anniversary and I was still trying to convince my wife to let me put it in. She was wearing me down in my discussion with her on this matter. She threatened to call our mothers in to mediate our discussion. I knew I'd better compromise with the best deal I could. You see, I think highly of my mom and mother-in-law. However, for some reason they seem to favor Gail's side in any previous discussion we've had when it comes to our intimate marriage issues that they find out about. I was suspicious that this situation would go the same way if I didn't find some way to negotiate a compromise on my own. It took a bit of doing, even though she was reluctant, I got my wife to agree to let me put it in at least once a month wearing a rubber.

I was so proud of my negotiating skills. And believe me, I was happy to be able to put it in, even with a condom on as compared to waiting another five years.

After our discussion/negotiation, which was sometimes heated, we kissed and reconciled. Being in her arms even after such a brief disagreement was rewarding. I knew I loved this woman even if I was paying such a high price in regard to my manly pride.

Back to the first time she got pregnant by one of her Platonic dates, she said it wan an accident and that pills weren't fool proof. She was right. She showed me the fine print on her birth control pills box and it said there was one chance in several hundred thousands that it could happen. Well I gave up and accepted that the law of statistics was not on my side. Also, she blamed me for not sucking all of Earl's semen out of her.

The other times she got pregnant, she did admit that her lovers simply told her to get off the pill and to have a baby for them to prove she had some sort of emotional attachment to them since she was already married to me and couldn't prove her love by marrying them. She also said that one of her lovers repeatedly indicated if I really and truly loved her, I wouldn't quibble over her having his baby. Hence, she could prove her emotional attachment to him and have me prove how deep my love was for her at the same time.

"Gerald, I thought about what he said and it did make sense that if you loved me, you wouldn't abandon me but accept me with his child in me and love me the same. For you to do otherwise meant you weren't serious in your love for me."

No matter what I said to disprove her logic, she continued to be unfaithful and did get pregnant with the child of her handsome lover. My only influence was to try and be as an effective oral contraceptive I could, while the conception efforts were on going between he and her.

I failed three times in preventing her from becoming pregnant. It seems that other men who inseminated her used the same illogic rationale for doing so.

Well anyway, I did prove them right in one way, I didn't forsake my wife. I proved my deep love. I accepted her as well as the babies they'd put in her too.

I worry a great deal that she'll bring home yet another baby as a result of her so called platonic dating or being required to prove her "emotional attachment to her lovers" rationale.

Speaking of kids, She often likes for me to baby-sit our kids when she goes out on her platonic dates with her many men friends. I generally do, since I don't really dance too well or like crowds and loud music or noisy places.

"I'd feel better if it's you watching them. Plus it'll help you bond better with the kids darling." She frequently tells me.

Please, Mother Debbie, tell me what I can do to turn my marriage around and get my wife to see that it's time she focus more on being my wife totally, versus being the woman of other men too. The thing that really hurts me now is that since she and I attended a company Christmas party last year, she's having platonic dates with several of my co-workers. Please help me explain to her that her platonic dates are just a sham and that there is no such thing since she's having sex repeatedly on all these dates.

Thank you for listening to my tale of woe. I'm sure I've left out some details and made things sound a bit

confusing, but I've tried to cover all the important parts of my situation and experiences of me and the woman I love so dearly. I thank you in advance for any advice that can help me get my wife on the road to being faithful to me.

Yours truly,
Gerald

MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY:

Gerald, first of all, thank you for writing and sharing your situation with me, and now my readers.

Gerald, I hate to tell you this, but a platonic date doesn't preclude the possibility that your wife and her man friend won't have sex. It occurs due to the natural sexual tension between a man and a woman. So you can rest easy about that occurring. It can. There is nothing you can do about it, so don't worry. The best thing you can do is always be ready to give your lovely wife some good and enthusiastic mouth loving time she comes in the door from those dates. If her cunt is reddish, smells a bit gamy, and appears to have been fucked and is coated with or oozing sperm, don't get excited, take it as a normal event. All you have to do is lick her and suck it all out. Don't even mention that she appears to have had intercourse unless she brings up the subject.

Your wife may be too embarrassed to admit that she's too weak to resist a big hard dick. Hey, it happens Gerald. Take it in stride just as you've done for the last few years. Your moms, that is yours and your wife's moms have advised you correctly. As long as you keep lapping her pussy whenever she wants you to, and you keep stroking your prick whenever you need to, from all you've told me, I can't see where your marriage is in any jeopardy of breaking up.

And Gerald, as you know any marriage has enough stresses in them anyway, don't add to your wife's stress if she hasn't made a decision to let you put it in yet, unencumbered. You did well by the way in your negotiations.

If she's pleased with your tongue, be satisfied. When she's ready she'll let you know when she think it's time to let you have it wet, and skin to skin. Many women have this thing about holding back something from their husbands so that they won't take them for granite. Such little held-back joys keep complacency from creeping in the marriage. When complacency creeps in, you start to have marital problems of a most serious kind, which leads to the extinguishing of the spark in your marriage. Her having not let you have intercourse with her in your marriage five years is such a way of keeping the marriage intriguing for you. Gerald, just remember, her pussy must be worth waiting for, since so many men have been in it.

And Gerald, as far as your worry about her coming home pregnant again and bringing home another baby from another man, hey Gerald, it happens! Live with it. Just be a good daddy like you've been all along. If your wife is happy with the babies she brings home and apparently both your moms are too, then why should you be the only one complaining? Kids add joy and warmth and excitement to a household, no matter if they're yours biologically or not. They are part of your wife and as they grow up with the love of you two, you'll never know the difference that you didn't sire them and don't worry about them not looking anything like you.

Also, don't kick the baby-sitting thing, believe me you're saving money by doing it yourself.

And lastly Gerald, don't worry about your wife being faithful. That's an option for her, but not for you. You concentrate on being faithful. Remember, you're the one with the little prick.

In lieu of being concerned about her being faithful, you should be thankful she is loyal to you. A woman that married you when she was pregnant with another man's child, has to be unfailing in her love for you. If that's not loyalty, I don't know what is.

Gerald, as you implied in your letter, not being selfish is what love is all about. It's obvious she needs men who're better endowed than yourself and you would be less than a good husband if you didn't ensure she gets what she needs.

As one philosopher put it, true love means not being concerned about your own selfish pleasures but those selfish pleasures of the one loved.

Sincerely,
Mother Debbie

GERALD'S REPLY BACK TO MOTHER DEBBIE

Dear Mother Debbie,

Thanks so much for all your advice and counsel. At least I've confirmed from you, a recognized expert in the field, what my wife and our moms have been saying. That does make me feel better.

My conscience does feel clearer about many things, especially about my wife's platonic dates with some of my friends, co-workers and her many men co-workers at her job.

Anyway, you're right, I'm saving quite a bundle on baby sitting costs by staying home with the kids myself.

Also, in reference to the issue of wanting her to be

faithful, I guess you're right, loyalty is what I should be thankful to her for. You're right, she always come back to me, no matter whether it's with a wet drippy semen filled cunt or one that's both messy and knocked up.

Additionally, I also have come to see what you mean about my wife having other men's jism in her cunt when she comes in from her platonic dates. If they weren't envious of her beauty and her being my wife they wouldn't be easily tempted to give into their natural sexual desires and be as willing to put their cocks in her. You are so perceptive and astute.

Another thing that happened in this regard, one of my close high school buddies, who's been on several platonic dates with her, came by the house to visit us. He's also the biological father of our first born. My wife and he got trapped by those natural overwhelming sexual tensions several times, and hence, our oldest daughter was the result.

Well anyway, his name is Earl. He complimented me on what a good daddy I was to the kids as well as being a good husband and trusting enough to not only let my wife go out with him from time to time, but to let him pick her up in the middle of the night when he felt like talking to her.

You see several times over the last few years, he's called in the wee hours of the night and asked for Gail. He would come over to the house and they'd go in the basement guest bedroom and talk. Gail would just tell me to go back to sleep while she and Earl talked.

He said he just couldn't sleep and she'd be a good ear for him. You're right mother Debbie about just general talk resulting in platonic sex. Many times after these after midnight talks they had, Gail would come back to bed dripping with Earl's thick jism and want me to suck her cunt.

Well as Earl and I were talking about how good hearted my wife was to him and several of my other friends and their friends too, he got an erection. It was rather embarrassing for him since his member is rather large. It's much, much larger than mine, I might add.

"Gerald", he said. "I have a favor I've never asked of you before and I hope you don't take it the wrong way."

"Oh no, Earl, we've been friends too long for a mis-communications problem." I replied.

"Good. I want you to know, that Gail told me you've tasted my cum in her pussy several times. You know from us not being able to control ourselves when alone."

"S-She did let me know that s-she slipped and mentioned it." I replied blushing a deep red. After all, it's not everyday you admit to one of your close friends

you've eaten his jism from your wife's cunt several times.

"Well that helps a bit, in fact a lot for what I want to ask you next."

"Sure earl, what could it be?" I replied inquisitively.

"Gerald, my dick is hard, and I know that if I don't get some relief soon, I know as soon as I get around your wife, both her and my tensions are going to go right through the roof again and I'll be putting my prick back into her pussy again as soon as I can. Therefore Gerald old buddy, I'd like for you to help me not do that. I need your help. I need for you to suck my dick for me. No, actually it's for you and your wife, not so much for me." He said.

I looked at him strangely, but as he talked on his rationale made so much sense it was scary. He finally won me over and we went in the house and I sucked him off as a preventive precaution against my wife and her giving in to their natural sexual tensions.

So now I have a possible technique to prevent my friends and others from falling in the trap of giving in to their and my wife's natural sexual tensions.

What do you think about this Mother Debbie?

Yours truly,
Gerald

MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY

I'm so thrilled at your innovation and initiative. I want you to know I wholeheartedly agree and applaud what you did and encourage you to continue to suck the dicks of the other men who inadvertently fuck your wife on those platonic dates, as a result of them losing control. That is, if they give you the opportunity. You should even contact them and offer your services to them should they feel that they will be weak again when going with your wife and feel they can't resist the temptation.

Gerald, you have to look at every such event as this when you interact with your wife's men as a beneficial learning experience. Just think if you hadn't had the opportunity to suck his dick, you'd never have known just how much better he was at putting his sperm in your wife than you'd ever be.

However, you must understand this will probably not totally eliminate sex between your wife and the men she dates Platonically, but it will possibly reduce the number of times it happens.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

GERALD'S REPLY BACK TO MOTHER DEBBIE

You were so right about the new tool I had to combat the natural sexual tension between my wife and her men friends. The guy who originally asked to put his cock in my mouth, he has dutifully come by weekly, since that first time, for me to provide him oral relief to abate his temptation to have sex with my wife. However, it hasn't totally eliminated his temptation. Over the last four months he's still fucked her several time and she is now pregnant again by him.

So as you can see, and he admits it too, he's going to have to try harder to resist my wife's natural cock attracting beauty.

Mother Debbie, you were right about what you said about me finding out first hand how much better equipped Earl and my wife's other studs are than me. I'm telling you, the ejaculatory force of these guys is so powerful, not to mention the quantity of jism they pump out. I was surprised about it, but have learned to deal with the large volume of their hot semen that comes gushing out with each spurt as the men erupt between my lips. I have to swallow rather large gulps with each gushing pulsation. The other thing is the length of time it takes to suck them off, they really do last much longer than I know I could. Another thing, many of the guys come at least twice each time I suck their dicks. Oh well, as you've said before, it's all a beneficial learning experience for me and I should be thankful for the opportunity.

Thank you so much for all your advice Mother Debbie. I'll be writing you from time to time to keep in touch. Thanks again.

Yours truly,
Gerald

MOTHER DEBBIE'S CLOSING REMARKS

Well my friends in Internet Land, Gerald's case just goes to illustrate that keeping a marriage vibrant is still a matter of give and receive. His lovely wife has given him so much. Three beautiful babies, and another on the way - all from other men; exclusive privilege for him to suck her well fucked, in demand, juicy twat; and of course many opportunities for him to prove his love and faithfulness, first as a boyfriend, then fiance, and later as her husband; all of this despite his sexual inadequacies. Gerald should be proud, as well as commended for his devotion as a daddy to other men's kids his wife has had during their marriage, as well as doing the right things as a husband to keep his wife happy and the marriage vibrant.

Be on the watch for my next column with advice that's relevant!

Mother Debbie