

Dear Mother Debbie - Vol. 2

INTRODUCTION:

Hello, out there on the World Wide Web. This is Mother Debbie with another addition of my Internet column. My first for 2001. (SEE Vol. 1 for why I, Mother Debbie, started this advice column).

TO MY READERS:

In this edition of my column, I have three interesting cases from readers seeking my advice on, or telling me about their situations. This edition could even be called the "cream pie" Edition. Read on and see if you agree. Lets get started with our first case:

CASE #1

Dear Mother Debbie

I'm a faithful, but sexually under endowed husband. I'm also a cuckold. My wife dates other men rather openly. I'm currently the daddy of four children that my wife has had by other men over the 10 years of our marriage. These are our only kids so far.

All the real fathers of our kids have personally and privately complimented me at one time that I was a better father than they would've been and were proud of me raising their children my wife had from them.

Our sex life pretty much consists of me eating my wife's pussy and me masturbating for relief, if my wife is not in the mood to let me have some or gives me head. My wife always desires I give her oral love after she's been on a date with her many men friends.

Both our mothers and other family female members encourage me to be satisfied with this arrangement and think this is the right marital lifestyle for me. I'm not well endowed and have a rather docile personality.

Recently, one of my wife's lovers asked me to give him some head, when he dropped by and my wife wasn't at home. I refused. My wife, as well as her family and mine have told me that I was wrong not to suck her lover's dick.

No matter how I tried to defend myself about that event, I was rebuked at every turn by all the women on both sides of the family for refusing to be his cocksucker. My wife was livid that I was so insensitive to the needs of one of her lovers. Please tell me I was right about doing what I did. I will abide by your advice.

As I've said earlier, we have four children. I'm not the real father of any of them. My wife appears to have babies from her men to prove her romantic commitment

to them. She says that our love, between she and I, is so much deeper than simple romantic emotional commitment and making babies. She claims our love is deep and true. "True soulmate love darling" - her words.

My wife has hinted that she may not be finished bearing children yet. She's said that a lot of the decision making on this rest with her lovers.

Even after all this time, I'm still a bit perturbed that I don't seem to have any involvement in my wife being inseminated. However, I do believe I've done remarkably well adjusting. The only time I know when she and her lovers are planning another addition to our family is typically after she begins to swell up.

Mother Debbie, please help me out here. I've probably told you more that you wanted to know, but It would help a lot if you gave me guidance that I could use in this situation. I'm sure my relatives and in-laws would leave me alone based on your advice.

Thank you in advance,
Anonymous Cuckold

RESPONSE FROM MOTHER DEBBIE

Dear Anonymous Cuckold

You did the right thing in giving me the background in regard to your marital environment. I must compliment and praise you and your wife for doing what it takes to make your marriage work. So many couples get divorced rather than investing a little extra effort as you and she have done. Her, for getting the extramarital fucking she needs for her sexual satisfaction due to your inadequacy in this department. You, for adapting, adjusting, and accepting the results (her used pussy and other men's babies) of your wife's extramarital emotional commitments.

I'd like to give you some general tips before I directly address the issue you wrote me about:

First of all, continue to eat your wife's pussy. I can never stress that enough for you under endowed hubbys who live the cuckoldry lifestyle. This is essential for your keeping the woman you love.

Secondly, always be faithful and let her expressly know you'll continue to jack off rather than cheat on her.

Three, don't fret in the least that you are the last to know when your wife decides to have another man's baby to prove her emotional, or lusty attachment, or bond, to him. Greet and embrace her warmly and lovingly when she lets you know she has been knocked up and bringing you another man's baby to raise and carry your last name. Of course, I always recommend in such situations that a

derivative of the lover's name be the baby's first name. Let her know that you're happy along with her and that you'll treat the baby as if it was your own. Apparently you are doing that already, so no sweat on that issue. I'm sure the real fathers of your current children respect you for raising them as well as you are doing and are probably very proud of the job you're doing. You should be pleased that they have all told you that you've done well raising their kids. You should be elated getting that kind of respectful praise. Men don't mind knocking up the wife of such a respected husband and daddy. You have every right to boast of their approval of you.

Lastly, I agree with your wife and other family members. You were wrong. I see nothing wrong with you sucking the dicks of her lovers. DO IT! I believe it can only make a better husband out of you. You'll really get to know more about her men by mouthing their stiff dicks and being on the receiving end of their spurting rods and being a recipient of their creamy hot semen. Yes, you'll definitely get to know a man better by sucking his dick and tasting his sperm, especially if that man is fucking your wife. You'll find out how many times he's good for coming as well as how long he can hold out before flooding your mouth pussy with his cum. Beside making your own assessment that he's worthy of fucking her fine pussy, You'll have a better understanding of why she needs other men over you. It'll be an invaluable experience for you.

Sincerely,
Mother Debbie

RESPONSE BACK FROM ANNONYMOUS:

Mother Debbie,

Thanks so very much for your advice. It's been six months since I got your reply. I'm writing to let you know that I took all your advice and it has made a difference in our marriage.

First of all, I don't refuse her boyfriends anymore when they want their dicks sucked. In fact, they come by frequently just for me to do them now, even when my wife is here. They are quite robust, so often they have enough cum for my wife and me. In addition to lapping up my wife's slimy pussy in her lovers' presence, I have also started licking up the cum slime from their big dicks after they fuck her. You were so right about being able to assess their sexual stamina and the robustness of their sexing ability by being a cocksucker for her real men.

Also, two of her studs have also fucked me too. That really has made me feel as if I've got to know them better. You were so correct, getting to know about pleasing another man's dick can't help but reduce tension and bond you and your wife's lover closer together. It also has made me more popular with my family and in-laws also.

Thanks again for your advice Mother Debbie. You have made our marriage and cuckoldry lifestyle even better and brought us all closer together.

Very Sincerely,
Anonymous Cuckold

MOTHER DEBBIES COMMENTS ON CASE #1:

It really makes me feel good to have helped this loving couple enhance their marriage, especially the devoted husband. I can not over stress that wives are very appreciative of husbands helping out around the house, as well as helping her out when she has several studs to service too. Cuckolds, take note. Your esteem will rise in the eyes of your wife when you become a cocksucker (and/or sissy cunt) and help out when she either gets behind on her extramarital fucking, or is unavailable when her lovers come by for a quickie.

Now lets look at our Second Case:

-----CASE#2-----

Dear Mother Debbie,

My name is Howard and my wife's name is Helen. Helen is the love of my life. The type woman I never thought, in my wildest dreams, that I'd ever be able call my own or have wear my name. She is not only beautiful, but vivacious with her 36-24-26 figure on a small, larger than petite, 5'6" frame. She has jet-black hair and very smooth unblemished alabaster skin.

Myself, I'm quite ordinary, with many even saying I'm geekish and that I easily blend in the background. I've always been told I'm an unassuming person, with an easygoing manner.

Mother Debbie my problem is that for the last 3 months, I'm almost sure my new bride is having an affair and is not really hiding it. I say that because the taste of her lush cunt has recently, well actually for the last 3 months, has been heavily coated with and oozing a considerable amount of what looks like semen. Plus there is no doubt her cunt has been fairly freshly fucked within a few hours of her straddling my face with her sloppy snatch.

You see another concern of mine about this is that she requires me to wear condoms when we have intercourse. At first I didn't know what to make of the situation. I hate to admit it, I wasn't really sure what I was tasting, but as her cute cunt became slimier and sloppier, it became obvious what was going on.

The taste of her started off mildly creamy and got

progressively creamier with more of a gamy aroma. That mixed with other signs such as fresh reddish hand prints on her rear and tits, not to mention her much looser pussy slot as well as the puffy inflamed condition of her cunt lips also.

Also our sex activities has also taken a turn. Now when she comes in from her "evening outings", I'm usually in bed. Most nights it's always after 2AM when she gets home from her outings. Helen wakes me up and French kisses me passionately. The smell of alcohol and now what I suspect is the taste and smell of her having sucked cock is reeking from her breath. Nevertheless, her kisses are good as she's never kissed so passionately before, at least with me.

After her fervent kisses and embrace she guides my head to her tits. Her nipples are usually very erect. Something I hadn't seen before she started going on her outings.

Whenever there is dim light in the bedroom, I can see the outline of large handprints on her luscious boobs. I cringe at the site, but nevertheless proceed to enjoy the warmth and white softness of her warm bosom.

Mother Debbie, I'm eating an awfully lot of sloppy wet slimy pussy. However, I do love her and am afraid of losing her. I do get a thrill from knowing she really gets off under my tonguing in a way I know I can't do otherwise. I am however wondering whether I should continue to pretend that nothing is wrong and go about my usual business?

As I've said, I tend to be rather non-confrontational. I've not said anything because I'd hoped she would open up to me what the problem is. However, it's obvious she getting better sex from men with dicks bigger than my 5 inch prick.

"That was so good darling. Now why don't you wank yourself off then call it a night. I'm a bit too tired to let you ride." This statement from her began to be repeated more and more after the first week of marriage.

Mother Debbie, the issue is should I confront her over my suspicions? The other side of the coin is what should I do if she admits there are other men in our marriage?

Sincerely Yours,

Ambivalent

MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY

Dear Ambivalent,

You've come close to answering your own question. Yes, if you confront your wife, you must be prepared for her answer to your questions. If she is seeing other men, the real issue is what are you going to do about it? If

she loves you and wants to stay with you, but has become dependent on their better endowed sexing, my advice is for you to accept that and adapt.

Mark my word, you must also be prepared for her insisting that you keep on sucking up the fuck residual from her slimy snatch. However, this should not be a problem since you've already been doing this for some time now. Get use to it, if you want to keep your wife, you'll be eating a lot more over the years.

Another caution, you must not be caught up in the trap and believe that sex between her and other men is equal to love.

Also should it come to this, you must not under any circumstance get caught up in the belief that if your wife comes home with another man's baby in her belly, that she loves you any less or is trying to humiliate you by having his child (or children, yes there may be more than one time) for y'all to rear. In order to keep the good physical sexing of her studs, these men may desire some unusual forms of payment for the services they provide to your marriage, hence the babies your wife may have to commit to having to keep them giving her what she needs, and your marriage needs - her happiness. Get it, their dicks keep her happy. As a team, you two pay by her having their kids, and by you being a good husband and daddy. This keeps your wife happy and the marriage harmonious. By accomplishing that, by definition, you're a good husband.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

REPLY FROM AMBIVALENT:

Mother Debbie,

Thank you so much for your advice. After receiving your response, I decided to sit down with my new wife and discuss things. You were right on the mark about every thing.

She was sexing two other guys, who were far better endowed than I am. One is a co-worker at her job and her other "stud fuck buddy" - her words - is a friend of her co-worker. The two men have basically been using my wife as their "sex toy" - her words.

She seems really gleeful at being a sex plaything for the two men. It bothered me to hear her tell me that she felt so free and uninhibited doing things for them that she would never do for me, like for instance, blowjobs.

"I don't meant to hurt you dear, but your peter is just to small to give me the same pleasure I get by sucking on a mouth filling, big manly cock." Her reply to my question did hurt, but as you implied Mother Debbie, I do

have to be concerned about her happiness, for our marriage to be a happy one.

The more we talked, it was obvious, I would have to accept and adapt to her continuing to be the sex toy of her two studs.

"Yes darling, we must still be intimate in the way we have so far, so as to keep the bond of our love, and yet keep it linked to the physical lusty happiness they give me. Yes, I still want you to prove your love me by doing what you've been doing. I need your mouth on my ravished and dick hammered pussy to fulfill me fully, and in a way that the guys just can't do. Anyway, they don't suck pussy, and especially so after they use it. I think that's a job you should do and one that I know you do so well, my darling husband." The tone of her words seemed to indicate a sense of husbandly pride as she spoke. However, I could only stare in stunned surprise at the content of her statement. Oh well, I took it to mean she didn't mean anything insulting, it was just how her words came out.

After more thought and deliberation on the whole subject, I came to the conclusion that if being a good husband meant having a wife that is an admitted "sex plaything" to other men, then that is the way things has to be for us to have a good marriage.

Also, before I close Mother Debbie, my wife did hint that both of her studs have discussed with her what features a baby by them would have. So I guess you were also on track about that possible being something I'll have to deal with down the road.

With Sincere Thanks,
Ambivalent

MOTHER DEBBIES COMMENTS ON CASE #2:

I just can't express how tingly and contented inside it makes me feel to have helped out a confused husband and see the positive results it makes in a marriage. Now lets look at our third Case:

-----CASE# 3-----

Mother Debbie,

I read you First Edition, i.e., Vol. 1, and thought your advice made so much sense and was so correct for the reader you aided in making his marriage rock solid. To me it demonstrated that cuckoldry is an acceptable way to infuse stability into a marital relationship that otherwise may falter if that option is not there. I just wanted to share my situation as proof of this.

Mother Debbie, Joan, my wife, and I have been happily married for several years. Earlier, before we were married, I'd dated Joan for a year before we got engaged. We were engaged for a year also. So therefore, we had been a committed couple for slightly over two years. Our wedding was two months away when the events immediately below started to occur.

I first must say, at the time, I really loved her and I believe she loved me too. We got along so well, both intellectually and we both like doing so many things together.

While dating, our sexual relationship consisted of us doing heavy petting and me licking her pussy and lapping up the abundant juices she generated. By the way, she didn't let me start sucking her cunt until after I gave her an engagement ring.

I was virtually a virgin and very inexperienced in sexual matters, so when she said it was proper for me to not go beyond kissing until we were engaged, I accepted that. Later, after we got engaged, she said that until we were married, she would only permit me pussy sucking privileges and that I could jerk off for her after I ate her out.

Well anyway, when I first started sucking her cunt, it of course was good to be intimate with her and she tasted wonderful. Her pussy had a mildly sweet sour twang of a taste, with a bit of a pleasant erotic musk aroma. The more times I sucked her delightful muff, she was even juicier and her sweet cunt tasted creamier and with more full body too. She told me it was her natural feminine musk and it meant she was generating it because she was thinking of me. Well I accepted that and for 10 months I relished eating her out and devouring her feminine `musk juices'.

Well that's the background of our relationship in brief. The next part of my story has to do with Jenny, who's a close friend of Joan.

Jenny, a friend of Joan and I, and who has been chummy with Joan for a while, came to me and let me know that Joan was getting jittery about marrying me, because she didn't know if I truly loved her or that she was ready for marriage yet.

"I think she is going to cook up some really wild stuff to test your love for her." Jenny said to me in secret. Jenny said she didn't have any details or clues as to what Joan was going to tell me.

The old saying is that to be forewarned is to be forearmed. I thanked Jenny and felt contented that I would be ready for my fiancée's testing of my love.

Well, about a week after Jenny clued me, Joan told me we had to have a talk and it was then she dropped a bombshell on me. It appeared she's been sexing 5 different guys the whole time we were dating and engaged.

She revealed, in her words "I've been fucking routinely since I was 15. Rarely has a month goes by that I haven't been laid at least three times a week."

I tried to act devastated, since I was confident it was a ruse to see my reaction. I feigned that I was hurt and felt betrayed, since I assumed we were both faithful.

"I was emotionally faithful, but not physically or of the flesh faithful darling." She replied to me.

She further revealed that her "musk" juices, which I savored so, was actually the cum of the five studs she'd been fucking regularly. I cringed at the creativity of her mock fantasy. The mere thought of having been fed a steady diet of other men's ejaculated sperm over the last ten months, caused a realistic reaction without having to pretend. I continued to pretend to be speechless. After a suitable time of mock shock, I inquired why she didn't allow me to have intercourse with her.

"Silly, I didn't want you to think I was easy. A good catch like you would've thought so much less of me if you got into my panties too easy." She replied.

"B-But, after all the time we've been together, and being engaged too, surely it would be reasonable for us to..."

"Darling, a girl can never be too careful when she's trying to capture the man of her dreams. Plus, you ate me so well and always made me feel so super with your tongue. Also, I ran the risk of you losing interest in me once you got into my pussy."

I assured her that would definitely not be the case.

She went on.

"Honey the reason, I wanted to tell you all this is that if you love me as you claim you do, then I have to let you know that I need to continue to have sex with other men. You see... And I don't mean to hurt you darling with what I'm about to say, but I can tell you, your little prick is not going to satisfy my pussy itch and give me what I need. You give great head and it's really good for me after the guys have fucked me. Your tongue carries me to seventh heaven as you're licking up after them. You see, I need all you have to give me and their heavy duty robust cocks too". I could tell she was very sincere in her statement. That concerned me, but I went along with things, based solely on the information from Jenny. Joan was indeed doing a great job of acting.

I sat quietly. I pretended to be speechless. She went on.

"Jason, we have both invested a lot of time in this relationship and I think it can work out very well, even with me continuing to see other men while we're married."

I was trying to figure out the best way to handle all of this. I decided to play it by ear. I figured I couldn't go wrong by pretending to be hurt at what she was suggesting. I'd reject the idea at first, but later capitulate. I finally made up my mind to reply and told her that I didn't think I could endure the pain of knowing that she was out with someone else.

"Jason, I want to be with you and you want to be with me. What are you worried about? You've been sharing me with at least five other men for the last two years as well as eating their jism for the last ten months. The only difference now is that you know about and then you didn't. Doesn't my honesty mean something here? Are you worried about some silly male pride of sharing me?"

I feigned to be hurt. I hoped my acting was as good as hers. We went round and round about how we would handle things if word got out and so and how I would handle being humiliated.

To make things even more iron clad, she wanted a prenuptial agreement that also was consistent with what we were talking about, that is her having outside partners, but vehemently rejected that idea of me unfaithful as she would be.

"Darling, I will be seeing other guys cause you need their help. I have all the pussy you need. I would not tolerate you being with another woman and that's final. Do you understand me?"

Her look of dead seriousness stunned me. I could only nod acceptance in reply to her. The tone of her voice changed as she continued.

"Sweetheart, now that we have that out of the way, I have to say that you must really love me to even go this far in discussing this subject with me. And that means so much to me. But what I have to say next will be the acid test to see if your love is true and I definitely want this in the pre-nuptial agreement."

She looked me deep in my eyes and dropped the biggest bombshell yet in her fantasy arsenal. I was indeed in awe of her creativity.

The gist of the bomb was that she'd promised the five studs she'd been sexing the last two years that she'd have a baby from each of them, and that the children would carry a suitable variation of their first names, and my last name.

"Surely you c-can't expect me to believe that?" I blurted out, as I almost felt compelled to tell her about my meeting with Jenny. Instead, I collected my thoughts and continued to play it cool and stay calm. I wanted to see her reaction to all this.

"I know this would be hard for you to swallow Jason, but if I can't have their kids, I don't think I'd enjoy getting pregnant from you, considering the endowment of your baby making equipment. Not to hurt you, but a woman wants to feel the passion and have a man probing the bottom of her cunt when she's getting inseminated."

He answer again caused me concern as I knew she was pushing the limits on my feeling, especially after having basically trashed my manhood in the process.

I sat silent, looking hurt and distraught. I really wasn't faking much of it either.

"Darling, I know we both love each other deeply. I see what I've proposed as workable. And besides, it'll prove to me you're the right man for me. The guys who I'm fucking just want one thing from me and that's what's between my legs. You on the other hand are in love with the real me. I know I'm in love with the real you. The you that I know will make me a wonderful husband."

"But Joan, w-what about others finding out I-I'm, well, I guess you call it a-a cuckold... and the kids, somebody is sure to notice that they may not resemble me." I stammered, again some of this was not all acting as I thought of the fantasy becoming reality.

"Jason honey, yes. that is a distinct possibility, or they could all look more like me, nothing is for certain. Otherwise, if word does get out, you can always resort to doing the right thing."

"What's that?"

"Tell them that you indeed do love me enough to stay with me and allow me to have babies from other men."

I was again at a loss for where this was going to end. My fiancée took care of that as she gave me a copy of a pre-nuptial agreement. It included all the things we'd talked about earlier plus the provision that there would not be any paternity protest for any children born of the marriage and that I would consider them all mine legally, without question.

Joan left me with the document and gave me 24 hours to sign it or the wedding and our relationship were finished.

She left me holding the agreement and a blank look on my face. I was truly perplexed by this all even though I suspected this was all a ruse. This all had to be a fantasy.

I repeatedly looked at the agreement over and over again before seeing Joan the next day. I came to the conclusion that if I didn't sign the document it would give her an excuse to say I wasn't serious about her. So I threw caution to the wind and accepted the document as also being a fake also and put any idea of it being realistic out of my mind. I signed it with a chuckle at how clever I was at knowing about her scheme to have written proof of my love for her.

Joan was very pleased at my signature on the agreement when I brought it over to her place.

"Darling this proves you are the man I knew you to be, as well as the right man for me to marry. A man that is secure in his manhood and a man that I know I love." She said with a very bright smile on her face as she handed me a cup of coffee and urged me to drink it and let her know how I liked the new import blend she was trying out.

I did as she requested, expecting any moment to have her come out and tell me all this was a ruse.

The coffee was okay, except I couldn't really see the difference between it and her normal blend.

I was half way through the cup when it happened. I tried to twitch my toe and nothing happened. I was paralyzed. I couldn't even speak. I was trapped with no way to signal to anyone. I was glad I could see Joan walking over toward me. I was so glad she was a registered nurse. She would know what to do.

"Feel comfy darling? Here, let me take that cup before you spill what's left of it. Good! the little drug I gave you has taken effect. I have a little show planned for you. Yes dear, I know you can't speak. No, the show won't last too long, maybe an hour or so. Just enough time for you to see Johnny, one of the guys I told you about, fucks me and fill my cunt a few times. After he leaves, I'll be over here to feed you a heavy dose of my creamy pussy musk. You see dear, you can breath, see, move your eyelids, lips, tongue and swallow, but not much else. Your vocal cords have been put to sleep. I need your lips to function so you can eat his cum out of my pussy because I'm going to put the antidote in my cunt so you can eat them both at the same time. Don't worry, the antidote is odorless and tasteless. It won't spoil the cream pie we're going to make for you in the least."

Being totally helpless, I could only watch as Johnny, who I'd never seen before, came out of a bedroom wearing only a Tee shirt. He started to fondle, kiss, and obscenely grope, and then finally fuck the girl I deeply loved, right in front on me, not more than 10 feet from my paralyzed body.

I was doubly shocked that the stranger sexing my wife-

to-be was also a black man.

I have to say, he had a tool on him that would be envied by any less endowed fellow like me. His erect member jutted out like a pole of steel - black steel, I might add - and was at least 8 inches. It looked almost 2" thick.

I hated what was happening to me, not to mention the hurt and humiliation I felt that Joan had not only done what she was doing to me now, but what she'd perpetrated on me over the past months.

She and Johnny put on quite a sexual performance. I knew he came at least four times and it seemed as if his member never softened or languished until his final cum. I hated to admit it to myself, but I had to admire the guy. I also had to admit to myself that Joan also deserved some credit for her part in accommodating such a magnificent tool.

I mentally sighed. I knew I'd lost her for good if she was accustomed to the kind of sex that was demonstrated before me.

After the two were through basking in the afterglow of their lusty hot fuck session, Johnny got dressed and left after a whispered conversation with Joan.

"Darling, I know you're filled with all sorts of feelings and questions, but the first thing you'll have to do is to take your medicine. That is the antidote, which I slipped in my pussy and had Johnny ram it to the bottom with his lovely rod. The capsule will soon be dissolved and spread the anti-dote around the bottom of my cunt. That means you'll have to suck my pussy extra good to get the full dosage. It not it'll take much longer for your paralysis to wear off. Understand? You can blink your eyes twice. They are still movable."

I blanked twice.

What happened next was so surreal. My fiancée positioned me so that she could straddle my head as I sat on the couch. She advised me that my throat muscles should be working also.

I blanked twice for her verification.

The only way to confirm that she had indeed been telling the truth was for me to put my mouth on her jism saturated twat and taste the residual slimy mess of their fucking that was before me. Surely, this unctuous fuck slop couldn't be the pussy musk I'd savored before.

However, in order to get the anti-dote, I didn't have much choice except to become her fuck eater.

As her messy snatch came closer to my face, a strange

sensation shot through me as I picked up a familiar, but now stronger odor. Another sniff confirmed it to be the same fragrance of her pussy musk.

I became alarmed at what I thought was fabrication now had become reality. I felt both her hands on the back of my head. Suddenly my head was pulled into her slimy, oozing, soft, bushy crotch.

My face was pressed tightly to her gaping fuck slot with no way to prevent a good bit of the whitish goo from getting in my mouth. In no time I realized that Joan was not lying.

"Don't struggle darling, you must eat all of my creampie." I heard her say as I felt her one of her legs looped over my shoulder, seating her pussy firmly in my face. The more I struggled, it seemed the more goo I got in my mouth and smeared over my face.

The strange thing was that the taste this time was much richer and even better than before.

My paralysis gradual wore off within an hour after consuming the full contents of my fiancée's heavily loaded and semen soggy hairy fuck box.

I was very angry, but I was so embarrassed too. I simply washed my face and left without talking to Joan. She continually tried to assure that I was okay, as well as justify her actions of using a special muscle relaxer on me. It was difficult understanding, at that time, how her doing what she did, was her way of showing that she loved me, and that her love would include her getting good fuckings from others.

--WE BREAK UP---

After her show and tell, Joan and I broke up. I was so angry with her. However, we kept in touch. Her concern for me seemed genuine and at least that made me feel better about things.

"Jason Honey, look at it this way. You're good at eating my pussy. I suspect we both know that's the best way you'll ever be able to get me off anyway. Like you told me, it takes a while for you to recharge for your second come anyway. What did you tell me? I think you said a couple of days. Didn't you?"

I know my face was beet red in response to what she said. I held my words, because I felt she had gone way beyond the limits of decency with such a crude and biting remark. However, I tried to keep my wits about me.

"Joan, I-I don't want to go there. It's obvious you're getting what you need f-from Johnny and the

other guys. I-I can't compare with them. Surely you don't need me." I replied softly into the phone receiver.

"Jason darling, I want you. I really love you. I want you to see that we can have a viable relationship and marriage, even with the guys fucking me, you know, the way you can't... and darling, with you sucking me, the way, they can't, it'll all work out so well. You'll be doing what you do best and so will they. Why can't you understand and accept that?"

"J-Joan, I-I can't deal w-with this now. I-It's bad enough that I'll be a cuckold, to say the least, but a spent jism sucking cuckold is-is..."

"A sign of a man secure with the manhood Mother Nature gave him darling. Jason honey, we both know you're fond of my choochee cream after me and the guys fuck. You've eaten a lot of it over the last few months. You've never sucked it when their dicks haven't been in it first. That's a fact. In fact, you didn't want to admit it, but you came in your pants one time while you were sucking my fucked muff." Joan interjected as she cut me off.

I was really embarrassed that Joan had picked up on and remembered that one incident.

"J-Joan, I-I don't want to talk about this anymore. I-I have to go. B-Bye." I said with a trembling cracked voice as I hung the phone up.

I really missed Joan something terribly after my self imposed break up of our relationship. After all, it's hard accepting I'd been eating other men's spent jism from a cunt that was denied to me until wedding night.

Joan continued to call to see how I was doing from time to time. I also called her for the same. This eventually lead to us having a date which was suppose to be a friend date, but it ended up with my mouth back on her delectable cunt, which I now knew to be slut pussy. This time there was no jism flavoring, just pure tasty hair pie.

The taste was not as rich, but still very good.

"I miss you darling, without you around, I don't have anyone to suck my pussy anymore. As I've told you, the fellows just like fucking me."

I know she didn't mean that to be condescending, but it did have a slight ring of put down to it. On the other hand, I knew from some other discussions we'd had that her studs were not keen on pussy licking, especially after they all knew that at least

four other dudes were dicking her regularly.

Anyway, I chucked it up to another less than manly thing we less endowed guys have to face in life to be with the women we love.

I knew I missed Joan very much, but I just didn't know how we could ever get together in the marital lifestyle she desired of me.

"Actually, Jason, this break up has been good for us. Now you know everything. We could just as well pick up from where we left off. You could still be eating me out and jerking off just like you use to do and there really wouldn't be much difference than before, except you'd know where my pussy musk came from. It'd also be so much more romantic for us now darling. We could concentrate on us bonding closer rather than me spending so much energy trying to hide things from you."

I had to admit some of the things she said sounded logical, but I still had to get over playing second, no sixth fiddle, and then living with the obvious result of the affairs Joan would be having.

We talked about these things, we argued about them. I tried to negotiate with her about them and she negotiated them with me. We went round and around. It got to the point where I tried to limit the kids to two. I guess the mere fact I wanted her so bad I was willing to give into her at least having two men's babies for us, warmed her heart, as she became rather affectionate and cuddly.

This ended in me eating her out again and her jerking me off afterwards. Her hands felt so good on my throbbing little prick.

The whole while she was working on my member, she was working on me to accept her having all five kids.

TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT:

Joan and I ended up getting married, with me abiding by all of her terms proposed in her pre-nuptial agreement - including 5 kids.

I finally came to grips with the fact that it was useless to try and compete with better cocksman, who were better at sexing her than I could ever be.

We do have a wonderful marital relationship. We get along well together. However, when it comes to sex, it's understood her other men will do the real fucking for her, with me giving her the oral delight that she craves afterward.

I've eaten untold quarts of her men's spent jism from her, but I've slowly come to see that my part in all this is just as natural as what they contribute to her pleasure and satisfaction.

I infrequently do get to put my much smaller cock in my wife, but the greater part of the time, I eat her creampie and jack off. She has helped me see and understand that performing oral sex for her and me masturbating really is acceptable and rather satisfying on a continuing basis.

We have three beautiful kids - two boys and a girl. Each strongly resembles their biological fathers, but of course they only know me as their dad. When their real fathers occasionally come by to visit, they know them as their play uncles.

Sure, none of our kids look anything like me. Our daughter is black - Johnny's baby - and our sons white. I know people do whisper. One time, Joan and I overheard a lady in the grocery store whisper to a companion that I must really love my wife to put up with her being such a slut.

Instead of being angry and offended, Joan pulled me closer and kissed me saying that she too agreed I had definitely demonstrated to her that I did love her also. She actually seemed happy and elated at the comment.

As I write this, it's Saturday night and I've just finished putting the kids to bed. My wife is out on her usual weekend date with one or all of her stud lovers. Yes, they sometimes all get together for a gang bang with my wife as the guest of honor. Tonight she's out with Lester, who is the next scheduled for her to have a baby from.

When she is not trying to make a baby and fucking unprotected, they all six get together for a gang bang of her. This happens about every six to eight weeks. She really comes home full of spent jism on those occasions.

I'm basically not an outgoing person and some might say I'm unassuming also. However, my marriage has and is working out better than I ever thought it would. All I had to do was give it a chance.

I'm married to a very beautiful woman and we have a loving, caring and honest relationship. She respects me as her husband, but it's perfectly clear who the men are in our marriage. She requires and expects me to respect them as such also.

If they call and leave messages for her, I dutifully relay them to her. Most of the messages are related to an upcoming date or they want to get in touch with her for a rendezvous for a quickie. I've gotten desensitized to things like them telling me to tell her such things as

their `dicks are hard and they need some ass'. Because of the kids, they tend not to leave such risque messages on our answering machine, but instead have me relay it directly to my wife.

Other times they call me to let me know that they want my wife to wear a certain dress or item of lingerie on a date. My wife has given me the responsibility for laying out what attire she wears on her dates with her studs.

My wife has on certain occasions invited her studs over for dinner. Whenever one of them comes over, she's sort of set the routine by having the stud sit at the head of the table and she at the other, with me sitting along the side with the kids. Most of the times I do most of the serving on these occasions as well as the cooking also.

I realize that some might say I'm a fool or a slave cuckold. A cuckold yes, but a slave and a fool, no. I'm simply showing respect for guests in our home, even if these guests are screwing my wife regularly.

Yours truly,
Jason, A Happy Husband

MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY & COMMENTS ON CASE #3:

Dear Jason,

You have a good reason to be a happy husband. Thanks so much for writing and sharing the history of your situation with us. May it serve as a model for other couples who're facing the same issues you two were. I praise you for realizing that it was better for you to come to your senses, and get back with Joan and agree to what she desired of you. You did the right thing in becoming the kind of husband she needed you to be. You have every reason to be a proud cuckold.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

-----MOTHER DEBBIE'S CLOSING COMMENTS-----

Dear Readers,

I hope the three cases I selected have demonstrated the importance and success that can be realized in marital relations when less endowed or sexually challenged boyfriends/fiances/husbands accept and adapt to the scenarios the sexually demanding women they love, want and need.

Be on the look out for my next edition.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie