

## Mother Debbie Vol-4

### INTRODUCTION:

Hello, out there on the World Wide Web. This is Mother Debbie with another addition of my Internet column for those of you who need the kind of advice I offer. You know who you are (SEE Vol. 1 for why I started this advice column).

In this Volume 4 Edition, just in time for Mother's Day 2002, I might add, we're looking at a mix bag of very interesting cases from my file of e-mails, including such topics as: (1) marital arbitration; (2) a perceived family conspiracy; (3) a peek at a marriage in a small town; (4) how one hubby avoided being sued; and (5) how a future hubby's perseverance paid off in winning the hand of his dream girl.

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### CASE# 1: Mediation & Arbitration

Dear Mother Debbie,

My name is Clark. I recently discovered that my wife, Claudia, has been having sex with several men. After they have sex, she has admitted to having me make oral love to her. She says it gives her a great joy to have me sucking and cleaning up all their sperm from her pussy gash and bush with my tongue and mouth.

Nevertheless, I was very, very upset at all this. You see, I was a virgin when I married her and I just assumed that this was her tasty natural juices I was lapping up. Since they were hers, well naturally I wanted to get them all up because she asked me to. I didn't know any better. I'd been doing this for her the entire 14 months of our engagement as well as for the last two years of our marriage. So you can see, for over 3 years, I've been sucking up and eating the fuck fluids of other men that have fucked her.

"Honey, I understand you're a bit upset at all this, but it was done to spare you the greater embarrassment of me telling you that your little prick just wasn't big enough or long enough or sturdy enough to satisfy me. However, sweetie, your lips and tongue were just right to give me something that big, sturdy, long dicks couldn't. Your mouthing action wasn't good enough to totally replace the dick fuckings I needed, but your sucking was an excellent compliment, especially after I'd been fucked, stretched and filled with their jism. You just don't know how exquisite you make me feel sucking my juicy oozing pussy."

I was really hurt by her words. I moved back to my

mother's house to get away from Claudia. Even though I loved her deeply, my pangs of pain were great.

My mom and Claudia's mom worked to get us back together. They both basically sided with Claudia and explained that as women, they understood why Claudia did what she did and that I should go back to her and adapt to being an understanding husband about this all.

"I-I can't believe you two are even suggesting this. Any sane person would see that she's wrong and an adulterer." I responded back to our moms as they tried to convince me to tuck my tail between my legs and go back to my cheating wife.

"Well then if you won't take our word, what about a marriage mediator/arbitrator?"

Their idea made sense.

#### CLAUDIA & I MEET THE ARBITRATOR

The arbitrator's name was Dr. Julie Kent.

"Do you think you can forgive your wife for what has happened and continue the marriage should she want to stay with you?" Dr. Kent asked.

I paused by the suddenness of the question, but after a moment I replied " If she'll stop her wayward behavior, I would."

"What is your reply Claudia? Do you want to stay married to Clark?"

"Yes I do. I truly love you Clark, but I must have my sexual satisfaction." Claudia replied to Dr. Kent, but also addressing me too.

The discussion from there went down many different paths and took many different and twisted turns. In the end it came out that my wife had become accustomed to my sucking her well fucked pussy and that it would just be too difficult for her to go back to just my mouth and not the many `manly'-her word- dicks she's been getting. The bottom line, I was biologically at fault even though I had no control over my situation.

"You two, if a couple truly loves each other, they can work things out. Clark, you have to agree you were gullible and naive. Even your own mother and father knew that your fiancée was feeding you the coital residue from her sex affairs with other men. They thought it best for you because they knew you were better off with a promiscuous wife, than possibly no wife at all. After all, Claudia was your first true and only girl that took you seriously. Is that not correct?"

I hung my head and nodded affirmatively to Dr. Kent's question. I was appalled and sad that my family had

conspired against me by not educating about what was happening to me.

I knew my father was a wimp relative to my mom, but I never thought he'd be a party to something like this. I knew mom, in her strong willed way, usually imposed her will on him and me. But when he basically told me the same thing that Dr. Kent had just stated, I knew that he seriously believed he was doing the right thing, just as mom said she did.

"Son, you'll get use to the taste of other men's cum dripping from your wife. I got used to the same thing with your mother. She still fucks around on me and I still eat it out of her messy snatch. See how loving toward each other we are? You and Claudia can be the same as we are."

I was hoping to get away from being a wimp like my dad, but it seemed that forces were going against me.

I loved mom very much even though she was so strong willed and dominant over dad and I. Yet I yearned to be the master of my own castle and have a darling supportive wife who looked up to me. Now I find out that I was just a figurehead master, and that I wasn't that different than dad. I say that because as I thought back over things, Claudia controlled me through her making me believe that I was pleasing and satisfying her sexually, when in reality, I was only going where she manipulated and guided me.

It dawned on me that dad was right. That is, that lovely creature like Claudia didn't really need me as much as I needed her.

That is the reason when, Dr. Kent suggested that Claudia and I keep the same basic sexual arrangement we'd both become accustomed too, for the next few weeks and gradually try to work some change into our marriage.

"It does no good for either of you if we suddenly change your customary sexually relief habits. Clark, you've become acclimated to ingesting semen, just like other things, you could have withdrawal anxiety if you suddenly stop sucking up the quantity your body has become accustomed too. Claudia will also have a similar type anxiety to and this will make her more miserable to live with and affect her loving disposition. Otherwise she could become dominant, cruel and tormenting toward you. You don't want that do you Clark?"

Again, I hung my head and nodded side-to-side.

"Clark darling, I see Dr. Kent's point. It'll be difficult for us both to stop cold turkey, what's we've been doing for the last 3 years. I'll compromise. I'll cut back on the number of men I let fuck me. However, I still need the delectable joy of feeling you mouthing my gaping stretched battered pussy lips and sucking up the creamy cum that the men, I do get fucked by, shoot off in me."

"Excellent compromise!" Dr. Kent said loudly at my wife's statement. "After all, Clark, you did admit that your wife's juices were tasty and a delight to your tongue, even though you weren't aware that the mostly milky goo contents came from other men's dicks and balls. I'm saying this to remind you that what you were eating was not unpalatable before, now the taste won't be any different than before. You'll just have to make a mental adjustment. If you truly love this woman as much as you say you do and want to save this loving marriage, then you'll compromise likewise as she's doing. Clark a good husband would not hesitate to keep the woman he loves pleased, no matter that his own tool alone, wasn't adequate for the job, or that he had to use his tongue in combination with other's tools to get the job done. The important thing is being man enough to get the job done. Clark, you do want to prove to your wife, and her family, and your family too, that you are man enough to get the job done?"

"W-Well y-yes b-but..." I stammered in response to Dr. Kent's slightly confusing statement.

"Then it's settled! Until further notice, Claudia you are still to let your other men fuck you, but not as many as before. Remember?"

"I'll remember Dr. Kent. I'll cut out my weekly one night stands at few of the local pubs and taverns and just concentrate on my regulars." Claudia replied to Dr. Kent's reminder to her.

"And Clark, you are to still suck up all the fuck they do shoot in her. It's for the good of you and your wife. Remember?" Dr. Kent said as she stood up and started ushering us out of her inner office.

"Y-Yes." I softly mumbled in my confused and mentally tired state.

WEEKS LATER

"Claudia, I-I don't know h-how to say this, b-but it just doesn't appear that you've cut back. I-I still seem to be s-sucking and e-eating the same a-amount of their stuff from you a-as..."

"The same amount of their jism as before? That doesn't surprise me. It seemed that even though I've cut back on the number of men beside you fucking me each week, that is from six, to three, it appears that they are fucking me more and therefore the amount of the jism in me has basically stayed the same. After all, dear, not to hurt you, but they do come several times, and when they shoot, they squirt some heavy loads." My wife said with somewhat of a slightly impish smile.

"Claudia, I know Dr. Kent said not to rush things, b-but it has been six weeks and things really haven't changed

from before we went to see her."

"Of course they have honey. We are more open about things now. You know the three guys that are helping you out and whose jism you're eating. You get to see them come and pick me up and drop me off from their dates. Many times you've come in from work and found me in bed with them. You've gotten more use to them being apart of our marriage, both our folks have too. And Don't forget, I've cut back 50 percent of the men I were fucking. I'd say we've accomplished a lot and we both should be proud of that."

So you see Mother Debbie, my situation is not a whole lot better, the only thing that I seemed to have accomplished is that my wife is basically not cheating on me anymore, as I now know what she doing and who she's doing it with. Because of Dr. Kent, I'm an unwitting partner in this whole mess.

To make matters worse, both our families have become fond of my wife's three masculine handsome lovers. Both our families have invited them over for Sunday dinner on more than one occasion.

When they come to my family's home, mother makes me and dad serve their plates and after dinner coffee to them. It's so humiliating for me to do that, especially while wearing a white lace trimmed apron. However, I'm still not forceful enough to embarrass mom by not doing what she tells me to do.

Dad has encouraged for me to keep the peace with mom at all cost. He says that I should swallow my pride and show my wife's three lovers that I am not insecure at them being the alpha males in my house and marriage.

Claudia's mom made some small talk two weeks ago about what pretty babies my wife and the three could make. I think she knows I heard her. I saw my wife's eyebrows arch at her suggestion too. Which means, she took serious note of her mom's suggestion.

To make matters worse, not long after that incident, my mom had mentioned something to Claudia about it being time she got her some grand kids. I wondered why she didn't consult me. Was there a hidden meaning?

Now I'm really worried. If she becomes pregnant from one of them, she would have even less use for me.

I've taken all Dr. Kent's advice and now realize that maybe she really has been trying to help me all alone. She helped me make the mental adjustment to getting over eating my wife's lovers' semen from her pussy. Not only that, but I've also become a cuckold in the process. Actually, I've become a premium type of cuckold, or a wittol. My cuckoldry is basically an established part of my marriage, no matter how hard I tried to prevent it. External natural

forces have beat me down.

I have really worked hard to please my wife even more with my tongue the more she gets fucked. I sincerely think she appreciates all my oral efforts. I've also taken Dr. Kent's advice and given up trying to hide from her lovers that I suck her semen saturated slimy snatch.

They know this is the only real hold I have on her, and I'm trying to make sure I use it for all it's worth. I know I love her dearly.

I've gotten over doing it for her while she and one or more of them are lying in our bed resting between fucks.

Mother Debbie, please help me with a solution or some sound advice for my situation. I think it has reached a point of no return for me. You think it's too late for me to recover?

Yours sincerely,

Clark

\*\*\*\*\* MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Clark,

You have nothing to fear, from all my years of experience, yours is a very desirable situation for you to be in. First of all, your wife is not about to leave you for one of those three Adonis fuck lovers or baby makers. You're not only her pussy lapper husband, you're her soulmate. You're giving her an ego-satisfying boost no handsome big dick man ever could. You're devoted, loyal, and now know your place. That means so much to a woman such as Claudia.

So what if one or all three of her handsome studs knock her up? Part of them babies will be from her. The time is now to get your two cents worth on this thing about her making babies. Let her know that she doesn't have to worry about a thing if she gets pregnant, as you are her husband and you are there to be the daddy of them all.

This can only make her love you even more by having you admit that you'll accept other men's babies your own.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

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CASE#2: Family Conspiracy

Mother Debbie,

I just wanted to write and alert your readers,

especially unsuspecting husbands, that if they're not careful, they can be the victims of a life long conspiracy, by close family members and in-laws, if they're not careful.

I should've picked up on the fact that there was a conspiracy against me when our first baby was born.

The conspiracy involved my wife, her Mother and my Mother.

I was sure the child looked more like the water meter reader than me. However, my Mother told me I was being silly and that our first born, a boy, looked just the way I did when I was a baby.

I still had my doubts, but Mother, who is very strong willed, didn't like to be disagreed with.

"Son, this baby is yours, and that's final. There'll be no more such talk of this baby not possibly being yours. Understand?"

"Y-Yes ma'am." I nervously replied in a shaky meek voice. Even for me I was surprised at her stand on the matter and the outright rejection of my concern. Even though I thought my accusation had merit, I was easily intimidated by my mom. I meekly accepted her conclusion on the matter even though I didn't like it.

"Good! Now stop whining and start being a good daddy." She said with what appeared to be a slight smirk and a bit of a sly smile on her face as she looked at me.

My wife seems to have kids based on orders our mothers gives her as to what features they want in their grand kids. We have 5 kids so far, all with features I've overheard one or both of our Moms have discussed at one time or another. We have a blond daughter, and a brunette daughter with Italian features. We also have a fraternal set of red head twins. Mother wanted a red head grandson, but was delighted with the outcome of a granddaughter too. I was devastated.

Our last family addition was the dusky skin Jasmine. I knew her biological father was black and strongly favored one of my co-workers. I later found out it was my Mother's desire to have a daughter with a permanent suntan look.

After each baby was born, all three women, that is my wife, her Mother and my Mom boasted of how strongly each child favored me, even our red headed twins and our coffee skin daughter Jasmine.

As you might surmise, I have none of the features of my legal children or any resemblance to them. They are all by lovers my wife has had during our 14-year marriage.

With some sleuth work on my part, I discovered that





CASE#3: It Takes a Village

Dear Mother Debbie

The saying that it takes a village to raise a child is a lot like what has happened to me, except in a different context. What has happened to me is that it has taken a village to make my family. That is, a village of men other than me.

At least that's what seems to be my wife's philosophy in that she has let 4 men in our small town inseminate her over the last ten years of our marriage. In fact, she was pregnant at the altar with my best man's baby and I didn't find out about it until the baby was born 7 months later.

She'd told me the baby "was going to be mine". When I confronted her later, she said she hadn't lied. "Darling, since we were going to be married, the baby is now yours and ours, right? Besides, you shouldn't get upset over who put it in me, the baby is innocent of that and besides, he is now our love and joy. I love you darling and want to be your wife, no matter that I got pregnant by another man. If you love me and call yourself a man, you'll not bring this up again."

I didn't bring up the subject again, after all, I didn't want to make it easy for my friend and best man, to walk away with my wife if she still wanted to stay with me. Otherwise, he'd have her and his baby - "our baby".

People around town knew that it was my best friend Dave's (Not his real name) child. The boy looked just like him. They put the best on the outside by saying he favored my wife more than me. I put up with all the whispers behind my back because I did love my wife greatly. She finally admitted that Dave's big cock and his ability to sex her for up to an hour continuously is how she got involved and ended up getting pregnant from him.

It took about a year to pull all the details out of her, but in the end she finally admitted that she wanted to have Dave's baby, that why she got pregnant, even though she truly loved me. I questioned as to how this could be, but she just told me "I do love you even though I had another man's child, and if it should happen again, please honey, don't think it's because I think any less of you."

Of course, the "if it should happen again" part really shook me. During this time, my wife also let me know that she needed more than what my small prick and tonguing action was doing for her. After a while, her statement and my recollection about other events - like her going out several times a week to see her old class mates and leaving me home to baby-sit - hit me like a cold blast of air. Come to think of it, she never did say if they were guys or

gals. The truth did come out - they were all guys. She basically let me know she was cuckolding me and I wasn't smart enough to realize it. She later told me I shouldn't be upset.

So Mother Debbie that's what happened three more times up until the present day. Why did I put with this, well, I do love my wife and we do get along rather well and have so much in common, even though she has this thing about having other men's babies for us to raise. I don't know if I made the right decision to simply accept and go along with this quirk of hers, but I didn't want to lose her for fear I'd never find another woman with her charm, intelligence, and wit- especially in such a small town.

I'm so glad we have the Internet and the ability to share thoughts and compare lifestyles worldwide. Otherwise, I never would've known about your column. I guess for what it's worth, the reason I'm writing is that I just wanted your opinion if I did the right thing. That is, to stay married to the woman I love, even though I've endured much humiliation caused by her over the years?

Sincerely,

Humble

\*\*\*\*\* MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Humble,

You most certainly made the right decision. There is nothing more to be said. You said you live in a small town. In such a place, probably your options for as pretty a wife as you have is probably limited. Therefore, you really did make the right decision and as you've learned, over time you did become desensitized to being the lesser man, but in the process become a well respected husband to your wife and a great daddy to the babies your wife had by her studs.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

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CASE#4: Legal Cuckold

Dear Mother Debbie,

I'm fairly certain that I love my wife too much. I say that because I've stood by while she's had two babies by other men - two of her old boyfriends. She's currently pregnant again by another old boyfriend. I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. Let me explain things first.

My wife is a Paralegal. The first time she got

pregnant - it was by Leon, she came to me with a legal document. Before handing it to me, she admitted to an adulterous affair behind my back and that she was now pregnant with Leon's child.

I was devastated that she'd cheated on me and to add to it, she was pregnant on top of that. Sure, I had reluctantly given my permission for them to go out socially as friends, even though it was at her persistent insistence. She didn't want me going out with them, even though I'd asked, no really, I begged. She still didn't relent. I was left at home while they went out socially for several months.

"Darling, I know I was wrong to permit my self to become passionate with Leon and even worse that I let him inseminate me. However, it happened. Now we are faced with a legal situation." This is the statement my wife made to me before explaining that now she was with child, we faced a possible lawsuit from Leon if we didn't agree to the terms of the legal writ she had in her hand.

It turned out that Leon was proposing to sue us as a couple, because I had failed to prevent my wife from arousing him and therefore him getting her pregnant as he satisfied his and her sexual lust.

He claimed that because I was not with them on the date they were on, I was negligent for not being there to prevent him from fucking her and for her not being able to refuse him.

To make matters worse, Leon, who was Pro-life, insisted that my wife carry the baby to term and that the baby be claimed as our son. If we failed to do this, he'd sue us for a million dollars.

After reading all this, my head was spinning and couldn't believe all the legal mumbo jumbo I'd read. I asked my wife if he could demand such a thing. She nodded her head affirmatively. She recommended we agree to Leon's terms. After a bit of discussion, I gave in to my wife's recommendation, after all, she knows about these things. Agreeing to Leon's demands would also not cost us a penny as my wife could draft up the documents.

She felt insulted when I proposed we get a lawyer. She was so angry that she threatened to leave me. I quickly apologized.

A few days later, my wife drafted up what she called a Settlement Decree Document. At the signing of the document, Leon was present along with my wife and I. To my chagrin, my wife brought a woman co-worker from her office to act as a witness.

I'd often heard my wife refer to this woman as a gossiping busybody. I just knew the news of my cuckoldry would be known all over my wife's office.

I had to sign several places agreeing to the following terms:

-I agree that I was cuckolded, but would never seek any remedy from Leon for being the party that caused me to be cuckolded.

-I would not contest the paternity of or seek child support for the child my wife was pregnant with.

-I would raise the child as our own without question, and not treat it any different than as if it was my own, even though I was fully aware that Leon is the true biological father.

-I also agreed to let the child's Christian, or first name be a derivative of Leon's first name as proposed by him. He proposed: Leo if a boy and Leila if a girl. The child is to carry my last name.

There was also a clause in the agreement to cover this situation happening again with Leon. You see, she and he both let me know that their friendship was not going to be terminated because of this unfortunate lapse of negligence on my part. In fact they are still going out socially while she's pregnant.

I was most unhappy about the clause, as well as her and Leon continuing to make social outings, but my wife insisted upon both.

She says it's insurance against future law suites by Leon should he get aroused at her beauty and seduces and inseminate her due to me not intervening and preventing it.

I feel as if I'm caught in legal quicksand. Please provide me any advice you can Mother Debbie.

Sincerely,

Legalized Cuckold

\*\*\*\*\* MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Legalized Cuckold,

I appreciate you sharing your situation with our readers. I know you may be upset at me, but I have to agree with Leon. You were at fault. Even though your wife didn't desire you be out with her when she was out socially with Leon, you could've easily let her know she could call you to vacuum his (or any other man's jism) from her pussy, in case some extra-marital fucking occurs.

That is what you should've been telling her instead of begging to go with her. This is also a word of wisdom to other hubbys out there whose wives go out socially with men friends.

At least between the Settlement Decree, and my advice, you'll be ready for the next time your wife goes out socially with her men friends. My advice will help prevent pregnancies and draw you and your wife closer emotionally. Sucking your wife's wet spermy pussy has that effect, especially if it's another man's spend in it.

The Decree document will protect you from future law suites from Leon only, should he succeed in letting his lust get the best of him and knocking her up again.

If there is the possibility of your wife going out with other men socially, I'd advise getting these men to grant you a waiver of personal negligence, as well as you granting them a waiver of liability. That is, liability for any child support, should they seduce, and are successful in knocking up your wife.

You could have these pre-printed up as a form letter and have your wife carry several in her purse. The Waiver would simply let the other man know that he was free and clear of any worry should he inseminate your wife, as well as that he couldn't sue you for not being there to stop him from doing so.

I hope this helps.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie

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CASE #5: And The Winner Is?

Dear Mother Debbie,

I have good cause to celebrate and be happy as I write you. I'd been pursuing Carla for over three years to marry me. The wedding is in June. My Mom always told me persistence would pay off. It has for me.

Carla is a stunningly beautiful brunette that I fell head over heels in love with back in high school. She was always associating and dating the campus in-crowd - primarily, the sport jocks.

You see, Carla saw me as a nerd back then, and to some extent now also. However, she says I'm quite intelligent and that we actually compliment each other's personality. You see, she's quite outgoing and I'm very much a homebody that likes to watch TV and work on the PC. She said we would make a good match, but she wasn't ready to settle down and get married.

Because Carla was always after the handsome macho jock type guys, I very seldom went out with her publicly. However, she didn't mind me coming by after they brought her home, or after they left, from coming home with her.

Many times I'd wait in my car outside her apartment until they departed. She would signal to me to come in after they left. You see, we had this prearrange set of signals. One was to say come on in. The other was for me to not come in, but go home.

If I did come in, which was almost all the time, we would cuddle and kiss. I knew she cared for me because she let me suck her pussy before she went to sleep.

We both knew I was sucking up the slimy seminal spermy remnants of her date's spent jism, even though, she as the offeror and I as the acceptor, never said anything about the matter. However, I saw this as good things in two ways. One, a test by her for me to prove my love for her; and secondly, a means to be closer and more intimate with the girl of my dreams.

After all, I see being able to get some of her pussy a treat, even if I did have to let my tongue wade through other men's copious spends of frothy semen, as well as having to put up with her disheveled bush and pouting, gaping pussy lips, caused by the pounding of her dates' big dicks.

After my sessions with her, sure, I went home with blue balls because she wouldn't permit me to have normal intercourse with me, as she did with all the other men that dated her.

Even though she wouldn't let me have her like all the other had her, I knew our relationship was special. She even said so.

"Our relationship is on a different plane." She said to me one night after I asked her if I could put it in.

I'd done so after I'd sucked her very messy cunt clean one night. This particular night, her date had gotten off 4 times and shot off huge amounts of cum in her. I couldn't believe one man could shoot that much jism during a sex session. He really left a slimy mess between her legs.

This night I was really hard up. I was throbbing. I needed some bad. I'd just assumed that Carla would grant me such a small favor after all the heavy duty clean-up sucking I'd done for her that time. I even promised to clean up after myself orally.

That was when she brought up the different plane our relationship was on.

"If I'm your dream girl as you say I am, and I let you have some now, your dream of me will be less vivid than before, because you won't have to wonder how good it will be to put it in me."

I had to ponder her statement and reconcile it with the ache in my straining cock. However, in the end, she

let me know that I wasn't getting any that night because she still wanted me to keep the thought of sex with her as being a resplendent, wondrous, nirvana type experience.

"However, since I think so much of you, I'll permit you to jack off while I watch. That way, you can get off while imagining how good it'll be when you do get the chance to fuck me. Think about that while you beat your little thing for me."

Even though disappointed that she wouldn't let me have some, I couldn't help but admire the profoundness of her rationale for wanting me to keep the dream of her vivid. That just goes to show you how deep this girl is as well as how much she valued our relationship.

I also had to admit to myself that it was thoughtful of her to allow me to share such an intimate experience together as pulling my peter in her presence.

As our relationship grew, she let me jack off more and more after I'd sucked her wet and gooey, but warm soft tasty pussy meat.

Because of this increased interest in me getting enjoyment too from our being together, I just knew I was making progress in winning her over to be mine.

It was about a year after this, which was almost three years into our special relationship, that she asked me if I was still interested in marriage. I immediately said yes. I must've proposed to her over a hundred times prior to that day. I was so thrilled. I knew my persistence would wear her down.

The other thing, she asked me to do was to invite the five fellows she'd been dating, one of whom probably accidentally got her pregnant, as the best men for our church wedding. Oh, did I forget to mention that she was a month pregnant?

Well anyway, I never would of thought of inviting the five handsome macho studs, but it does sort of rub it in their faces that I've has won this race.

Not only do I have the girl the five of them have been fucking over the years and have knocked up, but she's going to marry me carrying a baby one of them put in her. I'm telling you Mother Debbie, it's hard not to gloat that I got the best of them and the girl of my dreams too.

The other thing is that when we get married in June (Carla insisted on waiting until then, since I had signed her pre-nuptial agreement - see below), she'll be 5 months along. She's going to wear a maternity wedding dress with a lift up lace panel.

During the wedding ceremony, she want's me to lift up the panel and kiss her pregnant tummy.

"It'll demonstrate to me and the world that you're devoted and love me and the baby." Carla told me when she revealed what she wanted me to do.

After thinking about it later, doing that for her will send a further signal to her studs. It'll let them know that Carla is saying I'm the better man to be her husband as well as the man to raise the child they inseminated her with, even though she refused to have sex with me until after I married her.

As I said, Mother Debbie, it's hard not to feel Wicked-satisfaction at how I pulled a fast one those macho lovers of hers who were fucking her all the time while I tongue douched up their messy leavings in Carla's pussy, and beat myself off for relief.

I just know we're going to be so happy together, and the child I'll be the daddy of, will really round out our marriage. I just know one of her handsome studs will be cringing knowing that I'll be the daddy of his kid.

To show just how much in love she was with me and how much she cared for me, as I mentioned above, Carla had me sign a pre-nuptial agreement saying that I would do the following:

- Accept any and all babies that she gets pregnant with before, and during the marriage and promise to be a good provider and Father Figure/Daddy to them all.
- I would not divorce her for any reason.
- I'll perform Oral sex on command whenever she feels she needs it and reserves the right to limit sexual intercourse with me, in the best interest of my health, to avoid excessive intercourse on my part.
- I'll never question her as to where she goes or who she goes out with, and never question her faithfulness.
- She has the right to have me account for any and all of my time and where I go.
- She'll be managing all the household finances and that she'll dole out a weekly allowance to me.

It was obvious she loved me and knew that she had a man that loved her deeply, hence the irrevocable and binding language in the agreement.

I quickly signed the agreement. I'd been a fool not to agree to such good terms. Just imagine, I'm getting a wife who is concerned about being a good mother and me a good father figure and dad; concerned about financial management; insuring longevity of the marriage; and her sexual satisfaction while making sure I remain healthy and don't over-sex myself.

So you see Mother Debbie, I have persevered and won over the girl of my dreams, including an ironclad legal agreement to further hold our marriage together.



Sincerely,

The Winner

\*\*\*\*\* MOTHER DEBBIE'S REPLY\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Winner,

Congratulations! You're correct, there is no substitute for victory. You deserve your moment of glory and praise for persevering and hanging in there.

It also doesn't matter how much jism from other men you had to suck from your dream girl's frequently fucked pussy, while she denied you until you married her. The important thing is that you got the prize. In fact, you got double prizes, her and the baby she's carrying.

And I have to agree, for you, the pre-nuptial agreement really illustrates what a delightful girl you're marrying and will be happy with. You two are a good match.

And to my readers, this is a good example of what can be accomplished once you set your mind toward achieving a goal in life.

I offer my blessings to you and your new bride. However, don't be surprised if her five former studs come around and look for a crack in the solid foundation you two are building your marriage on. I'd recommend that you read a true-life story of such a couple as yourselves. It was written by C.D.E. and is titled "The Honor Of Our Love And Marriage".

Just as the couple in the story, you two may have to do exactly what they did in order to keep the wife's former lovers at bay and to keep the marriage solid and stable.

Sincerely,

Mother Debbie