

# Confessions of a Slut

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*A wife confesses her love of sex*

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I am a slut. I make no apology for it; I offer no excuses. I like sex and I am a slut. I am also not ashamed to admit it either. Yes I know I am a woman and shouldn't be saying these things but why shouldn't I? A man can fuck as many women as he is able to get into his bed and be lauded for it. He will get pats on the back from his mates and be given fanciful names like Stud but a woman can't. She gets labelled with derogatory names like slut and whore just because she likes sex. Yes, it is unfair but I don't care what society says. I am a Slut and proud of it! I wasn't always a slut; in fact right up until I got married I was quite a good girl. Had very few boyfriends and the man I married when I was 20 was really the first one I had given myself completely too. It was marriage that changed me. After the initial honeymoon period when everything is lovey-dovey and love-making is wonderful you settle into a phase when you need more deeper and satisfying sex. Love-making, in itself, is wonderful. I still enjoy making love with my husband; always have and always will. He's a good man; loving; caring; considerate and a great father. I wouldn't change him for the world. But as for sex? No. I am sorry, he cannot satisfy me in the way that I need. There again is he meant to? Is a husband meant to be the sole satisfying partner of a woman? I don't think so. His love-making can satisfy me but sometimes I need sex; sometimes a woman needs sex, full on, cold-blooded sex. My husband can't fulfil that part of me; for that I need other men, and not just singularly either. Yes I like and need gangbangs. I told you didn't I, I am a Slut. My Slut initiation took place at a party; it was a friend's birthday and we had been married a couple of years by then. I met a guy there; never seen him before. He wasn't anything special; don't even know whether he was married or not; can't even remember his name either! All I know is that he wanted sex. We had danced a couple of times and he had given me a few gropes on the bottom to let me know that he wanted me. When he asked if I would go outside with him I followed; hubby was busy in a corner of a room chatting to some mates and I just slipped out without him knowing. We found ourselves at the bottom of the garden up against a wall and we started snogging. His hands were quickly all over me and they found their way to my knickers and I found myself groping his bulge. I didn't even know it was possible to fuck

standing up; that's how naive I was about sex, but he managed to scoop me up while I pulled my knickers to the side and guided him in. It was nothing special; fast and furious, as I hung on to his shoulders while he pumped away at me, but it was my first experience of lust and I enjoyed it. I didn't cum but there was a warm satisfying feeling as I walked away feeling my knickers wet and sticky with his cum. He had cum; he had satisfied himself with me and that made me happy. Good sex is not always about satisfying yourself; sometimes I can get off with knowing that another man has satisfied himself with me. My next extra-marital encounter was with a work colleague. He was married and had asked me out a few times. My job then, as now, meant going away on regular courses and we found ourselves going away on a particular course that required an overnight stay at a hotel. I had already decided that I was going to let him fuck me and when he asked if we could dine together that evening I said yes. He was still trying to chat me up and started going on about his wife and how she doesn't like this and doesn't do that. It was the last thing I wanted to hear about and I told him so. He was a bit shocked when I told him to shut up talking about her and let's get finished so we can get to bed. We didn't even have a dessert and left half a bottle of wine, we were that eager. Although I was dying to strip and get into bed I restrained myself to let him undress me. I always prefer it when the man undresses me and it is even more exciting the first time. I know that they have probably spent ages wondering what you look like naked; I know he had, working so close with me. I allowed him to spend a few minutes just standing there admiring me and then I reached for the belt of his trousers. "Come on let's fuck." I told him. It was much more satisfying than the first time. We took our time, kissing and fondling before getting into a sixty-nine position. I love this position; orally stimulating each other before getting down to actually fucking. He was quite big and thick too; although uncircumcised. It didn't matter. When it came to get down to sex he went to get one of his condoms but I told him not to bother. I wanted to feel his cum. I know its safe sex and all that but the whole idea of sex to me is to share your love fluids. I like to feel a man cum inside me and I also hate the feel of rubber against my sensitive parts. He came quickly the first time; too quickly, but he was excited. He had waited a long time to get this far with me and it was difficult to hold back. He made up for it the next time though and the time after that and our fuck in the shower next morning was also very satisfying. He told me afterwards that his wife only allowed him sex once a week; a Sunday morning treat before he gave her breakfast in bed, as he put it. Well I had just given him a month of Sundays! He left a very satisfied man and I, of course, was a very satisfied woman. I had learned about the joy of sex and I intended experiencing more. We met up a few times after that for sex; twice in my bed while Phil was away on business. I also got laid by another couple of guys over the ensuing months; one a washing machine engineer who came to fix my machine and a sales rep from work who gave me three afternoons of very energetic sex in his hotel room. One thing that I learned from these experiences though, apart from the sex of course, is that men and women view sex differently. A woman can divorce sex and love; she can have sex without any emotional involvement; enjoy the encounter for what it is, a mutually satisfying occasion. Men can't. Afterwards when you are lying there quite happy to cuddle and enjoy the moment men will start getting emotional. Words like 'love' and 'we' crop up into their vocabulary. I have learned that they want and need more than sex. Once I start hearing

those words I know that it is time to find fresh fields. I already have a man to give my love to; I don't need another one! It was shortly after ending the last of these very satisfying encounters that I experienced my first gangbang. Phil, my husband, is quite a popular guy and has many friends, especially at the local rugby club where he likes to enjoy a night out as well as watch their home games. He is not an active sportsman, more of an armchair one. I sometimes go the club with him; they have do's there occasionally and I also join him on the odd night out. The guys there are like most guys; always horny and if they can get a fuck without their partners or girlfriends finding out they will. I had been asked out by some of them a few times but I had always declined. They were Phil's friends and I had never wanted to humiliate him in that way but sometimes circumstances change. We had a barbeque one bank holiday Sunday, quite a few friends and neighbours attended including some from the rugby club. It was the usual thing; lots of drink, steaks and burgers etc. and lots of group chats. Someone started a conversation about sex and I got on my soap box about the inequality of sexual freedom between men and women. After a while someone else started a conversation about sport and I left them all to it. By the time the sun had started to go down most had gone home and all that were left were seven guys from the club and Phil, of course. He was drunk though, he had been on the Sangria as well as beer and he was out of it. The guys stayed behind and helped me clean up and then a couple of them carried Phil upstairs for me. I made them put him in the spare room; I didn't want him with me in that state. When he gets like that he will be snoring his head off and I didn't want that. I undressed him and left him to it; I knew he would be out for the night. I had no intention of doing anything with any of the guys; in fact I wanted them to go home because I too wanted my bed but there were a few half empty bottles of wine left and we all sat in the lounge finishing them off. I sat on the floor with my back against the settee; two of them were sat on the settee itself but the other five were sat on the floor with me in a sort of semi circle around me. We chatted about this and that and then Brad, the sort of leader of the pack started back on the conversation about sexual inequality. He agreed with me. "I mean," he said. "If we were to have a gangbang now people outside would say you were a slut etc., while guys would think we were just being lads. It's all wrong. A woman is entitled to feel free enjoying sex just as much as a man does." The word gangbang had never entered my head but I suddenly felt like a lamb surrounded by a pack of wolves. "You sound as though a gangbang comes as second nature to you." I told him. "Well we have had our moments." He replied. The tension in the air was very evident. "Anyone I know?" I asked, nervously. "Well, that would not be very gentlemanly of us to say would it?" He replied. "We like to think of ourselves as discrete; after all we too have wives and girlfriends." I knew then that I had been singled out by them for a gangbang. I was shocked and very nervous but there was also an excitement stirring inside me. As I said earlier, I can get off on the fact that another man has been satisfied by me even if I get nothing out of it. "Are you asking me for a gangbang?" I suddenly found myself saying. "Yes Sue, we would like to fuck you." Brad responded. I looked up at the faces of the guys sitting round me; mouths half open, almost drooling and eyes full of lust. "Are you up for it?" One of the others sat behind me asked. I said nothing for a moment. I was thinking about it; wondering what it would be like. I had often thought about having a threesome, two guys at once, but seven! "I

suppose.....” I started to say. “I suppose a girl in my position, with seven guys and all that, would find it very difficult to fend them off if they wanted to take her and use her” There were a few moments, long moments, of silence and then they pounced. One of them took the glass from my hand and the next thing I knew was that hands were tearing at my clothes. I had on a top, jeans, socks and shoes; as well as underwear of course, but I was naked in a matter of seconds. Held down; stripped naked and made ready for them. The last item of clothing to be stripped from me was my panties and the man who took them from around my ankles put them inside his trouser pocket. Intended no doubt as a trophy. While some of the guys took the cushions off the chairs and laid them out on the floor before stripping, others started to fondle me. Hands squeezed my breasts; fingers tweaked my nipples while other digits invaded my womanhood. I was to savour those moments a long time afterwards; savour to enjoy during periods of masturbation the feeling of being forcefully stripped naked and fondled by a group men before being gangbanged. Once all the men were themselves naked I was then lifted up and carried to the cushions. Hands lifted my legs into the air before parting them and my arms pinned down, There was a brief debate among them about who would be first and it was Brad that eased his naked body between my thighs and pushed his large erection against my opening. He looked down at me; staring into my eyes before pushing forward. “Is this what you want?” He asked. I didn’t answer him; he could no doubt see from my wetness that I already wanted it. “You’re getting it anyway.” He said, and the others agreed. It wasn’t a long fuck but it wasn’t meant to be. They weren’t making love to me; they weren’t lovers intending to give me pleasure as they took pleasure from me. They were there solely to take pleasure for themselves. I was just a fuck, their fuck. That is what a gangbang is all about. But I did get pleasure; more pleasure than I had experienced ever before. I didn’t need a long slow fuck to satisfy me I just needed to feel used, and used I was. After Brad pulled out of me another man got between my legs and pushed his cock into my wet cum filled hole before pounding away to release his seed into me. Meanwhile the guys pinning my arms down had released me and I was able to reach out and grab a cock either side of me. I couldn’t pull them to my mouth because someone else was already forcing his cock between my lips. I was still pumping the cocks in my hand when another took his place between my thighs and began fucking me. I had started to cum for the second time as the cocks in my hand began to release their seed. I love the feeling of hot cum ejaculating onto my skin almost as much as I love to feel it inside me and these two cocks had plenty of cum. It splashed everywhere, including on the man whose cock I was forcefully being made to suck. It went into my eyes, into my hair and even into my ears. My hands also ended up being full of cum. Some of the men had the stamina to go round again and when the tenth and final one finished pumping his seed into me I was pleased. I was almost exhausted. Brad crept upstairs to check on Phil and at the same time brought some towels down from the bathroom. The same guys who minutes earlier had treated me like a slut; used me like a whore, stripping away any dignity I might have had behaved like gentlemen and helped me clean myself up. It was a moment of tenderness and gentleness that I appreciated and more importantly made me feel their equal. We sat for a while drinking more wine. Once again I sat back against the settee but I was naked except for the towel under me and between my legs. I suppose anyone walking in at that stage and seeing the eight of us

all naked drinking wine would have thought we were all stark raving mad but we just sat there and chatted as if everything was normal. Of course it wasn't normal and soon the natural instincts of the males started to rise again; rise like their cocks. Brad stood up and looked down at me and asked me if I was up for more fucking. I smiled up at him. "I thought you were the bosses." I replied. "I thought by now you lot would have had me sucking your cocks ready to give me a good doggying!" I don't think that many nano seconds passed before I was pulled up onto my knees and forced into servicing their cocks; cocks that still tasted of their cum and my juices. It wasn't long afterwards either before I was pulled across to the cushions again; this time made to kneel down while each one took his turn with me. I enjoy fucking doggy fashion; men seem to be able to thrust more powerfully as they hold on and use your hips as leverage. I also like the feel of their balls slapping against my bottom. But I was glad when the last one had finished; I was starting to feel sore and exhausted from my orgasms and my legs and inner thighs were covered in cum. After I had recovered I went upstairs and showered before slipping on some clean panties and a nightshirt. Downstairs I found that the men had all dressed and had cleaned up and put everything back into place. Brad had even gone to the utility room and put the towels on a wash for me. Gentlemen to the last! We shared another bottle of wine and after a few gropes and kisses they quietly left the house using the back door. It was almost as if nothing had happened and if Phil suddenly appeared then he would think so too. But I knew something had happened; my pussy was sore and I felt weak at the knees. I had after all just had my first gangbang. It would be a long time before I would experience all seven together again but it was not too long before I was experiencing them either individually or in twos or threes. It was Brad who had me first; he came back home with Phil about a week or so later. His excuse was to borrow an electric drill but he had really come to see me. While Phil was in the garage he told me that he wanted to see me again and that the other lads were interested too. I told him that seven were too much to handle in one go but anything else I would be up for. It aroused his manhood and we kissed and groped and as I groped him I also told exactly what I wanted from him and them. "If you lot want to fuck me and use me for your pleasures I don't expect to be asked." I told him. "I expect the man to be the boss, if you get my drift." He smiled. "You expect to be told then?" I nodded. "Yes. Just a phone call telling me to be ready for a fucking will suffice." I told him. "Your phone will be constantly engaged then." I kissed him and groped again before Phil came back. "Is that a promise or a threat?." I told him quietly. He called me a couple of evenings later telling me that Phil was in the club and that I was to get ready for a fucking. "I'll be over in twenty minutes." He told me. It was just enough time to grab a quick shower and slip on some stockings and suspenders. I never even had time to get dressed properly and had to make do with a dressing gown. It saved a lot of messing about though as well as time. A quick kiss at the door and then straight up to the spare room for a well needed fuck. It was to become a regular Friday night routine over the next few months and not restricted to just Brad. The others joined in as well. Sometimes I managed to fit in three of them of an evening. When one returned from my bed another would make his exit and come to me; all the time Phil would be in their company and not know a thing that was going on. A cruel form of cuckolding I know but I am a slut remember. On a few occasions I actual went and joined them in the club when that last one had left.

Spending the last half an hour of the evening having a drink with my hubby and the men who were fucking me regularly was exciting and very fulfilling, especially the time when three had come round at once. To hubby I was a paragon of virtue but to them I was a slut that they were shagging on a regular basis. They were not the only ones though that I was being a slut with. During this time there was also an experience of another gangbang. Among my other activities I was also a member of a fitness club. I liked Pilates and Aerobics, as well as keeping me fit it kept me trim as well. The regular receptionist went off on her holidays and I got roped in to standing in for her. It wasn't particularly arduous, just a case of signing people in and out and looking pretty at the front desk in my leotard. It was also summer and many were away on holiday so it wasn't very busy at all. I had some admirers there; men like many others always on the lookout for sex. I had never bothered with any of them though; I was getting more than enough elsewhere! On that particular night there was just me and five guys from the judo club left at the end; they had been doing some training in the gym. They were chatty and flirty after their session and as they went off to get showered and changed one of them said that if I got lonely in the ladies changing room I could always join them for a shower. The rest all laughed. I thought about it for a few minutes; it would be fun but I wondered what their reaction would be if I did actually grab all my things and join them there. It was a last minute decision but I did grab all my things and go into the men's changing room. I knew the layout because it was my job to check the rooms before locking up. They were all in showering when I walked in and found an empty locker in full view of the shower. I turned my back on them as I undressed and took a deep breath as I grabbed my sponge, shampoo and body wash and went to join them. For a few minutes I thought I had made a big mistake. They were sort of stood at one end of the showers and I was at the other. I could feel them standing there just looking at me. I finished my hair and started to wash my body down and they still stood there so I just said "No one going to volunteer to scrub my back then?" They were over like a shot and I just handed one of them my sponge. He started to wash my back but others joined in using their hands all over the front of my body. I enjoyed feeling their hands all over me; fingers exploring my private parts and penetrating me. I also enjoyed seeing their cocks at full erection and I reached out and started to fondle them. I thought about getting onto my knees and servicing them with my mouth but I wanted to feel cock inside me. "My husband will be waiting in the car park for me in a little while, if you want a fuck you better get a move on." I told them. The next thing I knew I was lifted against the shower walls; scooped up into someone's arms and penetrated. My second time against a wall but this time it was smooth and there was more than one. They each took turns with me; lifting me up against the wall and thrusting away at me. They also helped each other hold me up while one of their number fucked me. It was truly a group effort and a very satisfying fuck. In the end I was left alone; sitting on the shower floor with their cum draining out of me while the hot water cascaded down. Although I saw them again I did not do anything with any of them. It had been a one off experience and a good one at that but, as I mentioned earlier, I had seven other guys who were regularly taking care of me as well. Even a slut has her limits! It was shortly after this that I had my first interracial sex experience, a guy I met in the hotel where I was staying overnight during a seminar. I had been hit on a few times that evening; guys coming up to me and asking me if I wanted

a drink. I didn't enjoy it. Just because you are a woman enjoying a drink in a hotel bar doesn't mean to say that you are on the lookout for sex, even if you are a slut. I hadn't noticed him at first; a black guy sitting alone quietly reading a newspaper as he drank a beer. He glanced up a couple of times and smiled at me but he never came over to me. I had never really thought about doing it with a black guy; they are sort of out of your culture. I had heard stories that they are supposed to be bigger than most white guys and better in bed but my interest had never been aroused until that moment. I liked his cheeky smile; it was more than cheeky in fact, he was telling me he wanted a fuck; just like those guys had been doing when asking if I wanted a drink. We exchanged a couple of smiles and then I decided it was time for bed, I did have an early start next morning. I made my way to where the lifts were and as I stood waiting he suddenly appeared beside me. "If you tell me what your room number is I will give you fifteen minutes and then come up." He wasn't one to beat about the bush obviously! I gave him it without hesitation and he walked away. When I got to the room I was a bit shocked at myself for giving it to him but I jumped into the shower and just managed to dry myself when there was a tap on the door. He had a big smile on his face and an even bigger bulge in his pants. There wasn't any time wasted with small talk; he just pulled me to him and grabbed at the towel fastened around my breasts as we kissed. My towel hit the floor as his hand grabbed mine and pressed it against his bulge. He wasn't messing around and wasting time; he wanted me and he was having me. The hand on my head pushing down gently told me what was expected and within minutes I was on my knees with the biggest cock I have seen inside my mouth. I had been with dominant men before but he was different; he was totally in control; he had an agenda for me; he knew how he wanted to be satisfied and he intended making me do it his way. There were no words spoken; no forceful actions even, he just firmly but gently manoeuvred me to do as he wanted. When he wanted me to suck his balls he pulled his cock out of my mouth lifted them onto my lips and when he wanted me to rim him he pushed my head deeper under him to the place between scrotum and anus. I didn't need telling where he wanted my tongue to go. Neither did he neglect my needs for oral attention; pulling me back onto the bed he had me lying back with my bum on the edge of the bed and knees drawn back. He knelt on the floor and used his fingers and tongue to bring me to two screaming orgasms. After that it was almost two hours of non-stop fucking. In some ways it was almost like a set programme the way he fucked me; starting off with doggy he then took me sideways from behind, one leg over his shoulder and the other resting on the bed; then he made my get on top, cowgirl position first and then followed by reverse cowgirl. When he was ready to cum he flipped me over on my back and lifted my legs against his shoulders; his hands then pinned mine back and held them tightly down while he thrust his way to a climax. His groans were almost as loud as my screams. Usually most guys roll over onto their backs and recover their strength but he didn't. He let my legs go and relaxed his pinning of my arms but he stayed inside me; his cock still firm and hard. All the men I had been with up to that point and had done the same had quickly gone limp inside but not him; he stayed stiff and hard. I enjoyed it and as we kissed I stroked his bottom with my hands for a while before started to push my hips against him. It wasn't long before he got going again; it was almost the same programmed routine but I wasn't complaining, he was giving me orgasm after orgasm. Why

should I complain? This time when he came he did roll over and I fell asleep in his arms. The red clock timer on the television showed 05:27 when I woke again; I was on my side in the foetal position and he was behind me, his cock pressed against my entrance and his fingers teasing my clitty. He wanted another fuck; who was I to stop him? Who was I to say no? What better way to get woken in the morning than having a big hard cock nudging your pussy lips open? I pushed back against him and he slid inside me. The clock timer said 05:51 when I looked at it again as his cum dribbled from me. We both dropped off to sleep again until just after 7am and then we showered and dressed. He was actually ready for another bout of sex but I was exhausted and sore. The last time I had felt like that it had taken seven men to do it! We met up on four further occasions after that; all equally as good as the first time; all equally as satisfying; all equally as fulfilling. I would have seen him again and again but for two reasons I stopped seeing him. The first one was because I was beginning to fall for him. Not only was he the perfect lover but he was also nice and he was kind. Kindness is the one trait that separates a good man from a bad one. Very few are kind, I find. Many are good lovers; many are good husbands; many are good fathers too but not many are kind. Phil is kind; that's why I stay married to him. His kindness makes up for any other lack in him. This man was also kind. I had to call it a day with him. The other reason was it was time to start a family. Phil had been on to me for some about having a baby; it wasn't just him, I wanted one too. I could hardly come off the pill and risk getting pregnant by my black lover could I? Risking getting pregnant by another white guy was no problem for me; if it happened, it happened but leaving the hospital delivery room with a coloured baby would be very difficult to explain. I did get pregnant; quite quickly in fact, and our little boy is almost one year old now. He is loved and adored by both of us. Is Phil the real father? I don't know to be honest, don't forget I am a slut. I know that the father is someone from the rugby club; one of eight men if I include Phil. They were all fucking me at the time; the others knew that we were trying for a baby as well, Phil had told them all and after that night things changed. Their visits got more regular; each of them wanting to try and get me pregnant. It was almost a race to continue their genes through me. One weekend in particular was very good. Phil had gone off to an away game I spent the night with all seven of them. I lined them all up in the lounge, naked and erect and in order of size; one by one they came up to my bedroom and fucked me. They had a competition to see who could cum the most inside me and Brad won, managing 5 times! I don't need to tell you that I was very sore for days afterwards but it was well worth it. I have a feeling that Brad is the father; there are some similarities, but as I say, I neither know nor care. Our baby is loved and well cared for and our secret will always remain a secret. Am I still seeing those guys? You bet I am and others too whenever the opportunity comes along. I told you didn't I; I am a slut and proud of it. You want to stifle your sex life and put up with mediocrity from the man in life then be my guest. As for me, I like big satisfying cocks; I like multiple orgasms; I like to be fucked in a variety of positions, I like sex. Yes I know; I am a slut!