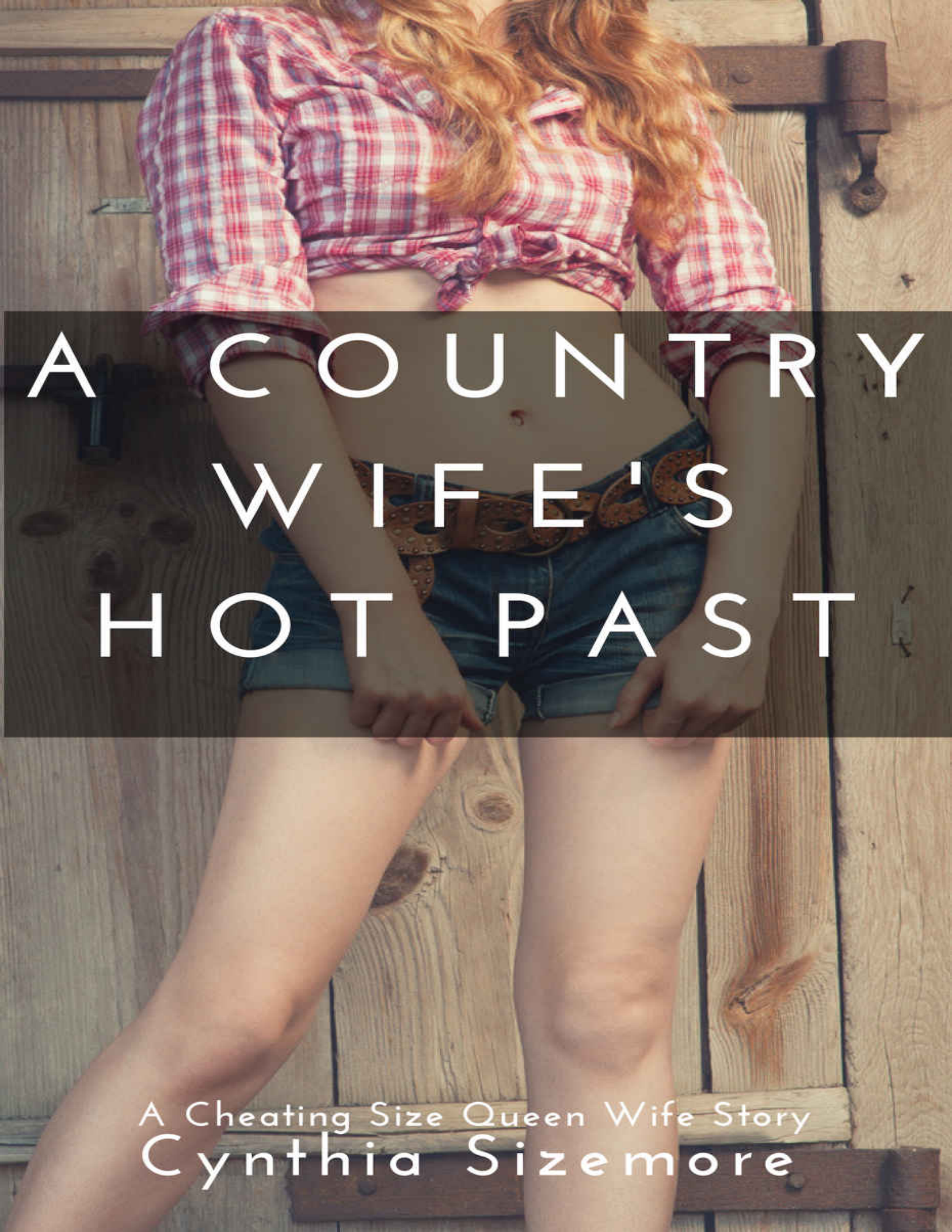

A COUNTRY WIFE'S HOT PAST
A Cheating Size Queen Wife Story
Cynthia Sizemore

A Country Wife's Hot Past:
A Cheating Size Queen Wife Story

by

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A Country Wife's Hot Past

Life on the farm was tough sometimes for a girl like Maggie. She was used to the city life, and missed a lot of the amenities. There were the shopping malls just a subway ride away, the fun restaurants and bars and the people that went to them.

Maggie missed **those** people. The strangers in bars. The **men** to be exact.

Come to think of it, that was pretty much **all** Maggie missed about the city. The men. The string of different types of men, and all of the surprises that they held when she...got them behind closed doors.

Maggie hadn't moved to the country for her health. Well, at least not for her *physical* health. Her *financial* health was another matter entirely. She'd been lucky enough to score a millionaire farmer in his 70s. He was old enough to be her grandpa, but also rich enough to be the president. Or almost, anyway. In any case, Maggie didn't have to worry at all about money, and that felt great.

But there were some things that money couldn't buy, and some itches that cash couldn't scratch. Maggie felt an absence in her life, a hole of sorts that almost felt physical at times.

You see, before Maggie had become the wife of a formerly lifelong bachelor farmer, she'd been quite a promiscuous woman. A slut, even. Maggie hated that word if she was in a nonsexual situation, but the moment that her panties got wet, nothing seemed hotter.

Slut. Size queen. Whore.

Why not own those words, she said to herself, you were a *slut* in the past. There's nothing wrong with it, after all. Men get praised for scoring with lots of women, so what was so bad about a woman having sex with lots of guys?

If the question of her slutiness was still an open one, the question of her preferences was not. Maggie liked alpha males. Big, strong daddy types with big swinging dicks. Guys who knew how to keep girls like her in line. All of that was certainly the direct opposite of her geriatric husband Peter who, even in his prime, had always relied more on his money than his sexual prowess when it came to wooing women.

That's why when she saw their new farmhand, Dave, Maggie felt almost like she was in the city again. She immediately set her sights on getting him alone.

Dave was around 45, that is to say, a good deal older than Maggie. He had a weather-beaten face that made him look handsome and distinguished, but not as "distinguished" as her husband. He was good with the horses, which Maggie appreciated, because as beautiful as she found the creatures, she was in no way accustomed to caring for them.

There was something else that Maggie appreciates about Dave, though. Something that she found quite significant about his physique.

She'd spied on him a few times during hot days when he'd taken his shirt off down by the pond where swam to cool off. She'd watched him from a grove of trees and admired his chiseled abs and biceps. But those weren't the main attraction. Not at all. The main attraction was what swung between his legs one day when he thought he was all alone: his big, fat, long,

heavy cock, which even in its flaccid state outmeasured her husband's by several inches. Maggie always loved a show-er.

Oh, yeah. There was something else that Maggie had discovered about herself during her wild youth. She was what's known as a "size queen." She liked big cocks. Loved them in fact. A big dick would have her dropping to her knees instantly in a state of worship, while a small one would leave her indifferent, or even amused. Her husband Peter's dick fell into that last category. Not that he'd even be able to use it if it had been longer. She'd long grown sick of riding him gently once a week after he took his little blue pill. As outgoing as she was, she needed to give up control in bed. She craved it. She may have been a sizequeen, but she was submissive as well.

That's why it was so great to meet Dave, a guy whose dominance was readily apparent in his every interaction. Even though he was technically her subordinate, he oozed masculine authority in his every word and gesture.

Soon, it was as if she was obsessed by him. Every morning she'd get up early and go out into the balcony in her dressing gown so that she could watch him do his chores in the stables. Sometimes she even used binoculars, telling her husband that she was only birdwatching. The best times were during the summer when he'd go shirtless due to the heat.

It was during one of those long, sultry summer days that Maggie finally got a chance to make her move. Her husband went into town for his usual haircut, and she knew he'd be tied up in the barbershop and getting the oil in his truck changed for at least two hours. He always took his time when he went to town.

"Dave," she called out across the field, "why don't you come in and cool off with me for a moment?"

Dave approached the house slowly, as if coming inside had been his idea. God he looked great.

Maggie had made sure that she looked great, too. She was wearing her dressing gown, a sheer number with her bra and panties clearly visible under it. She'd done her makeup even though she wasn't dressed. She hoped that Dave would notice this and understand what she had in mind.

It didn't take a genius to know what she was up to. And Dave was no idiot.

"Ma'am," he said, taking her hand and then stepping just inside the house, "shouldn't you be wearing some clothes at this time of day?"

"The heat has been so terrible. I think there's something wrong with the air conditioning."

Dave smiled. He wasn't buying her story in the least.

"Do you know what I'd do if my wife met a man at the door in a gown like that wearing that much makeup and told him the air conditioning was broken?"

She returned his sly smile with one of her own.

"I think I'd like to find out."

"I'd give her a nice long spanking with one of her hairbrushes," he said, matter of factly.

"Well I guess you might be interested to know that I keep one of my favorites in the cabinet over there," she said, pointing out the drawer, "it's available if you'd like to go get it."

He smiled, “I’m going to have a seat in that chair over there. You will go to that cabinet, bring me the brush.”

“Oh really?”

“Only if you want to know exactly how I’d treat a woman like you.”

Maggie felt her panties soak through. She loved how authoritative he was. She needed this kind of treatment. She needed it so bad.

But even more than a spanking, she needed his big, thick cock. But it was clear she was going to have to earn it first. And that was a huge thrill.

She went over to the cabinet and removed her favorite hairbrush, a family heirloom made of polished mahogany. She looked at it for a moment, turning it over in her hand. She wondered if it had ever been used to warm her mother or grandmother’s backside. Something about that kind of old-fashioned discipline really appealed to her. Her husband could never provided it.

“Thank you,” said Dave, taking the brush from her and flicking some dirt from his trousers, “now get over my lap you little slut. You’re not fooling anyone with this innocent wife act.”

She tried to act surprised.

“I don’t know what you mean!”

But at the same time she was protesting verbally, she was obeying physically. She bent down over his lap, wiggling her ass seductively at him.

"Let's get these out of the way," he said, grabbing her panties in both hands and ripping them off of her bottom.

"Hey!" she protested, "those were my favorite pair. You sure are rough, Mr."

"Your husband has enough money to buy you plenty more of those and you know it," he laughed, "and I couldn't help but notice that these are soaked through. Now what kind of woman gets this wet from being taken over the lap of the hired help?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," she protested, wiggling her now-bare ass at him, "I'm a very good wife."

He ran the hairbrush over her buttocks, letting her feel the smooth wood.

"I'm going to enjoy showing you your place."

"Well then why don't you get started?" she asked, a note of challenge in her voice.

She soon regretted challenging him. He rained down a volley of blows on her poor, vulnerable buttocks, turning them both a light shade of pink and causing a pleasant burn to permeate her nether regions. Her pussy felt like it was on fire, but he didn't give her any relief. If he had stopped to finger her even for a moment, Maggie would have certainly come.

But he was taking his time with her. Teasing her. He knew exactly what he was doing.

She cried out from each blow, less from the pain than from the delicious feeling of finally submitting to his strong masculine

presence after so many weeks ogling him, and so many long months with a husband who simply couldn't measure up. She knew that she was only a few minutes away from the deep-dicking of a lifetime, and her body ached for it.

When he finally stopped punishing her, tears were running down her cheeks.

"I've learned my lesson," she panted, "can I please show you what a good girl I'll be from now on?"

"You certainly can," he said, throwing the brush to the side and helping her to her knees in front of him.

She grabbed at his belt buckle, eager to finally experience what she'd been dreaming about for months.

"You're one cock-hungry slut," he laughed.

"Are you going to satisfy my hunger?"

"I sure do aim too, ma'am."

She succeeded in unbuckling the belt and unzipping his fly. She licked his lips as he helped her lower his pants and underwear, finally revealing his erection in all its magnificent glory.

"Wow," she said, awestruck.

"Big enough for you?"

He smiled.

"It's just. I don't know what to say," she said, gripping his shaft and slowly rubbing the precum from the head onto its

length.

"Have you ever had one this big?"

"I've been with hung guys before," she said, "but you make even them look tiny."

"Then there must really be no comparison to your husband."

She laughed dismissively.

"Peter's like four inches on a good day," she said, "you're more than twice that."

"That's right," he said, running his hand through her hair, "but that's enough talk for now. Why don't you get that monster in your mouth. Get me nice and wet."

She didn't have to be told twice. She licked the shaft hungrily, lubing it as best she could while she used both hands to form a ring, jerking him up and down into her open mouth.

"Mm," she said, looking up at him, "I can't wait for you to break me with this big fucking dong."

"You've got a very filthy mouth for such a pretty lady," he laughed, "but what did I tell you about talking?"

He grabbed her head and pushed her down on his dick, controlling her now with both hands as he began to fuck her face.

Maggie put her arms behind her back, instinctively giving over control of the act to him. This was exactly what she'd been craving, what she'd been missing for so long being married to an

older guy and stuck out here in the country. She wanted nothing more than to be used as his personal fucktoy for as long as he wanted to use her.

"This is a much better use for that pretty mouth," he said as he pushed her even further down on his huge cock.

She couldn't answer, but she happened to agree. Her punished backside was so deliciously sore. She'd never forget who was in charge when he was around.

He pulled out for a moment, letting her catch her breath.

"Look up at me," he demanded.

She did so, a look of absolutely worship on her face. She felt herself entering a mental state that she could only describe as "cockdrunk." It was a feeling that she'd experienced perhaps once or twice in her life up to that point, always with a dominant alpha male who knew how to show her her place.

Dave has managed to induce this state in her by fucking her face. God only knew what it would be like when he finally fucked her pussy.

He slapped her face with his erection, once across each cheek. God it felt so good submitting to a man who deserved it for once. A man nothing like her husband.

"What do you want, slut?"

"I want you to fuck me. Please."

"Keep begging," he laughed, slapping her again with his oversized dick.

"I want you to break me open with your big prick," she pleaded, "I want you to ruin my tight pussy with that monster."

"That's more like it," he grinned, "bend over and grab your ankles. You can do it. I've seen you do yoga."

She didn't have to be asked twice. Shedding her robe, she stood up and bent down, grabbing her ankles and offering his big prick a perfect target.

"Ok," he said, guiding his cock to her pussy, "this is going to be a tight fit at first even though you're so wet. It might hurt."

"Yes, please," she purred, "I want you to hurt me with that big prick."

She loved how her was brushing up against her raw spanked ass as he worked his big prick between her folds and into the first few inches of her tight tunnel.

"This is a very tight pussy," he remarked, "I can tell it's been too long since you've had a proper dicking."

"Too fucking long," she sighed, "please put it in me. Fuck that pussy like you own it. Because you do."

"God you're such a slut," he growled, finally succeeding in penetrating her completely, "tell me how you need it."

"I need it fast, hard and deep," she urged, "give it to me good."

He began to fuck her hard, grabbing her hips for leverage as he slammed her down on his big prick.

She loved the sensation of his thighs slapping against her sore ass as his prick stretched her in ways she hadn't felt in years — if ever. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up.

"Look out the window you little whore," he growled, "it looks like your husband's car is coming down the driveway. If you want me to stop fucking you I will."

"Don't stop," she pleaded, "I don't care. I want him to see. I want him to see how I need to be fucked. How a real man fucks a woman."

"Good girl," he laughed, "let's show him what you've been missing all these years."

He moved to the couch and sat down, lowering her onto his prick as she straddled him. The first thing Peter would see when he came through the door would be his wife riding an absolutely gigantic cock, and having the time of her life doing it.

It serves him right, thought Maggie.

She bounced up and down on Dave's dick, riding his slick pole with abandon as he pawed at her sore asscheeks, using them to guide her on his prick. He was slamming upward into her as well, pounding her so fast, hard and deep. Exactly what she needed.

She didn't even hear the door open. All she knew was that right before she was about to reach orgasm, she became aware that her husband was standing next to her, a look of total shock on his face.

"Hi honey," she moaned, breathless from the hard dicking she was receiving, "I'm so close. I'm going to come…"

“Come on this big fucking dick you cheating slut,” growled Dave, “show your husband what a whore he married.”

“Oh god,” she moaned, “oh fuck yes…”

Suddenly, her entire body tensed for a few moments, then experienced a slow-moving intense explosion of pleasure that left her shaking as she collapsed into Dave’s arms.

“Oh Dave. It’s so good. Yes. Fuck. Yes.”

The orgasm had almost robbed her of her speech. Slowly, however, she came to herself and realized that she owned her husband an explanation for the scene.

Dave beat her two it. He lifted her off of his dick slowly, pulling her onto his lap, where she turned and faced Peter.”

“Hello, Sir,” said Dave.

The older man simply nodded slowly, his eyes wide in wonder.

“I guess you’d like an explanation,” he continued.

“It’s simple, really,” Dave continued, “she met me at the door dressed like a total whore. So I had no use but to treat her like one. I think you can judge for yourself how much she enjoys it. She needs it.”

Her husband said nothing.

“Honey,” she said, “I’ve been meaning to talk to you. It’s not what it looks like, I can explain everything.”

He smiled meekly, as if he understood. She was a little surprised that he wasn't furious. He seemed thoughtful. Maybe even a little eager.

"Look," she said, "I'm sorry. You must have known for a long time that you weren't really enough for me. I've had a lot of experience. And you can take the girl out of the city, but you can't take the city out of the girl."

He nodded.

"I needed something bigger, honey. And, as you can see, there's just no way you can compete with this."

She grabbed Dave's cock which was still rock hard and hitting up next to her thighs. It was about the length of her forearm.

Then her eyes fell on her husband's pants.

"Sweetie pie," she said, "I think your little teenie weenie is all hard from watching your wife play with a big dick."

He turned red, but nodded.

"Maybe you'd like to watch us continue? Poor Dave here hasn't even come yet."

Her husband nodded enthusiastically.

"Wonderful," said Dave, "I have an idea. Let's go upstairs to you bedroom. I think it's only fair for your wife to be satisfied by me in the place where you've failed to do it so many times: your marriage bed."

Her husband eagerly agreed, leading the way up the stairs. Dave picked up Maggie in his powerful arms as if she were his bride and he were carrying her across the threshold.

When they got into the bedroom, he threw her onto the bed, and was about to mount her, when Maggie stopped him for a moment.

"Are you sure this is ok, honey? We can talk about it if you want."

He nodded, smiling as he took a seat in an armchair near the bed.

"Of course," he said, "this is something I've wanted for you — for us — for a long time. Why do you think I hired to biggest-dicked farmhand I could find?"

"So you…planned this?"

"'Fraid so, ma'am," said Dave, smiling at her, "your husband knew you'd had a bit of a slutty past, and was looking around for someone to make you happy. He wanted you to really want it, though, and that's why we let you make the first move."

"Oh honey, you're the best!" she exclaimed, jumping up and hugging him and giving him a peck on the cheek, "I love you. I just need more big dick in my life."

"I know, sweetheart. And I want to help you get it. Now are you going to help this poor man come or what? He's been waiting a long time to unload in your sweet young pussy."

She smiled, absolutely overjoyed that her husband understood her inmost need.

"I want him to come inside me, honey."

"Gladly," said Dave.

Peter nodded, agreeing.

"I know you've been deprived of alpha cock for too long," he said, "and I want to make it up to you now."

"I'm not on birth control," she reminded him.

"That's ok," he reassured her, "I want him to have you unprotected."

"I want that too, honey," she said, "so, so much!"

"Well then," said Dave, stroking his angry-looking erection, "what are we waiting for?"

Dave kissed her forcefully, pushing her back onto the bed once more and spreading her legs, ready to mount her and shoot his potent seed deep inside her.

"Oh god," moaned Maggie, "I've been waiting for this moment for so, so long."

He smiled down at her, adjusting the angle of her hips as he prepared to penetrate her. Peter looked on, reaching into his pants now and stroking his cock.

Maggie bit her lip and looked first at her lover, then at her husband.

"I'm so glad you're here to see this, honey," she said, her eyes full of big cock-induced bliss, "your wife finally getting what she needs."

"Ok," she said, looking back up at Dave with a mischievous grin, "are you going to ruin that little pussy or what?"

Instead of answering, he pressed his cock into her, penetrating her with the first four inches or so. Already she was fuller than Peter had ever made her.

"Oh god," she said, looking down at the gigantic cock ready to split her in two, "just look at it, Peter. Watch how it stretches my tight little pussy so much better than you could ever do…"

"Ugh," she cried out as Dave succeeded in pushing himself into her from the hilt, "please just fuck me already."

He pressed her legs back further to facilitate entry, then leaned down to give her a kiss.

"You too," she said, calling Peter over and giving him a smooch, "I love you so much for helping make this happen, honey."

"I love you too, sweetheart," said Peter, taking hold of her hand, "I just want you to be happy. I think we can all benefit from this relationship."

"If you don't mind," said Dave, clearly feeling impatient, "I'd like to fuck this slut now. My balls feel like they're about to explode, Sir."

"You're in charge, of course," said Peter, stepping back but still holding his wife's hand.

"He definitely is," grinned Maggie devilishly, playing with one of her nipples with her free hand, "please just fuck me."

His first strokes were hard and deep. He was a man who knew how to show that he meant business when he fucked. Maggie gasped as the headboard of the bed slammed into the wall and sent incredible vibrations through her entire body.

"God yes," she moaned, "give me that cock you fucking stud. Show my husband how a real man fucks."

She looked at Peter and winked, knowing how much he would love her talking like that.

"Give me your cum," she continued, "I need cum so bad."

He grunted in exertion as he pounded her tiny pussy, causing Maggie to wail in pleasure.

"God yes," she moaned, "I'm close again honey. Are you ready to watch your wife come on this young stud's cock again?"

"Go ahead," said Peter, stroking her hand lovingly, "come for us, sweetie. You look so beautiful when you do."

"Oh god, oh god," she panted, right on the edge of climax, "it feels so good honey. I need this big fucking cock."

"Take it you little size queen whore," growled Dave, his face determined as he pounded into her, slamming her hard into the mattress with long, powerful strokes, "You wanted a big cock and now you got it."

"Fuck yes," she squealed, "I'm coming!"

The entire world seemed to melt away as she came hard on Dave's cock. Her pussy clenched down around him as if trying to pull his entire body inside hers. She bucked her hips

involuntarily again and again. It felt like the orgasm would last forever. Finally, it was over.

Dave, however, was not yet finished.

"Come inside me," she encouraged, looking up at him with a look of pure lust, "I'm totally unprotected. My pussy is yours to claim."

"Do you want to see that, honey? Do you want to see another man claim your sweet, fertile wife? Do you want to watch him breed me? It's only natural that a younger, stronger, big-dicked guy should be the one to knock me up," she added, looking into Peter's eyes and clenching his hand as Dave fucked her faster and faster.

"Oh god, sweetie. I know he has a big load saved up for me. Don't you, you big stud? Do those big balls have a nice creamy load to fill me?"

"Uhhh," Dave exclaimed, grabbing both her thighs and thrusting forward, holding himself directly on her cervix as he sprayed it with more than a dozen shots of his thick cream.

"That's it," she encouraged, "Get it in there nice and deep. I need to be filled so, so bad."

"Shit," said Dave, "you have such a filthy mouth. I couldn't hold out any longer."

"Thank you so much," she said, looking up at him, then pulling him in for a kiss with her free hand, "I feel so full now."

"You should. That was the biggest load I think I've shot in my entire life."

“Mmm,” she said, reaching up and grabbing his balls and giving him a sultry glance, “are you sure you don’t have any more in there for me? I really want to find out what you taste like. I think Peter might like to watch me eat your cum, too. Wouldn’t you, honey?”

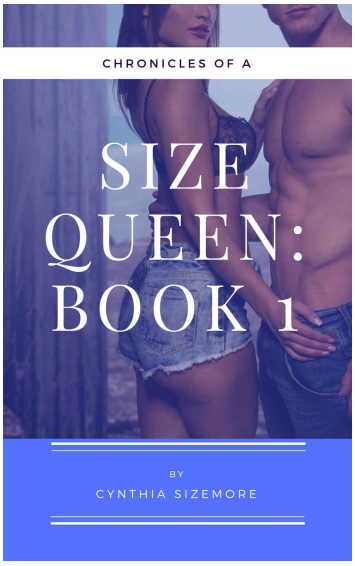
“You know I just want to make you happy,” said Peter.

“Well,” said Dave, “I guess we know what we’re doing after lunch!”

She grinned. Finally her lust for big cocks had been satiated. At least temporarily. And with two guys like these in her life — her cuckold and her bull — Maggie didn’t miss the city anymore. She had everything she needed. Right there in the country.

The End

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



In the form of a letter, a wife finally tells the truth -- the *whole* truth -- about her past relationships, both before and after she met her husband in college. She has a prescription for the survival of their

relationship. But only if he can face the truth -- the l*ong, hard* truth -- about her preferences when it comes to the male endowment.



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

Amy's boyfriend has a very popular roommate named John. Amy can hear him "entertaining" women at all hours of the night.

It doesn't take long for her to discover the secret to his success with women -- and what a BIG secret it is!

Before she knows it, Amy is swept off her feet and set on a journey of self-discovery during which she discovers the powers of John's member. Her relationship with her boyfriend Kevin will never be the same. The truth hurts, but she knows she has to tell him about her preference for the larger male endowment.

The way that she chooses to do so, however, will shock as much as it arouses...

About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband.

Follow her on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

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