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ASHLEY LEARNS THAT SIZE MATTERS

Ashley learns that Size Matters
A Size Queen Story

by

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Ashley learns that Size Matters

"I'm telling you," said Kate, giggling a bit at the obscenity of what she was about to say, "size really *does* matter. If you'd ever been with a really big guy, you'd already know that."

Ashley blushed. This was the most intimate conversation she'd ever had with her new friend who she'd met only recently, in her sophomore year of college. Kate was nowhere near as shy about these topics as she was. That was because, unlike Ashley, Katie had been with numerous guys. She was always talking about a new one in fact.

Ashley had only been with one guy: Matt. And Matt was great. He was very good to her: sweet, romantic, thoughtful. She even lost her virginity to him. It hadn't been as awkward as she'd feared, but it hadn't been exactly fun either. In fact, sex with Matt was always a little disappointing, but that didn't really matter, did it? A relationship was built on something more than just physical compatibility.

"But…how big is **big**?" she asked, finally summoning the courage to ask.

"I'd say seven inches and above qualifies," laughed Kate, "but the guy I'm seeing now is even bigger than that."

Ashley's heart pounded at the thought. The idea of facing down a huge cock made her mouth go dry and her hands shake just a bit. It was so intimidating, but also so exciting.

She had to stop herself from thinking like this. It wasn't fair to Matt. There's nothing he could do about his cock size, after all. But how big – or small – *was* he even?

She couldn't just get out a ruler in bed, right? Why was she so curious?

Kate got a worried look on her face.

"Don't tell me that Matt is small…"

Ashley shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't really have any means of comparison. He's the only guy I've ever been with."

"Ok," said Kate, "here's a banana. Show me what he looks like in comparison. Is he bigger or smaller?"

"Oh Kate," said Ashley, blushing, "I feel bad talking about him like this."

"It's ok," she assured her friend, "it's just us girls. I won't tell him, I promise. But it must be really small if you're afraid of showing me."

Ashley nodded and pointed to a place about halfway up the banana.

Kate laughed.

"Oh my god. Can you even feel that inside you?"

"Yes!" said Ashley defensively, "I mean, I'm pretty sure I can."

"You're *pretty* sure? Oh my god, you poor, poor girl."

Kate was laughing now. Ashley was beet red and more than a little angry.

"I love Matt just the way he is and nothing's going to change my mind," she snapped.

"That's exactly what I thought," laughed Katie, "until the first time I was taken by a real man."

Ashley thought it was a strange choice of words: taken.

"*Taken*?"

Her curiosity had overwhelmed her anger at the slight against her boyfriend.

"Yeah, most of these guys with big dicks are total alpha males. They fuck you long and hard and give you multiple orgasms. The thing is, they usually do it for their own pleasure, but in the process you end up coming over and over again. The guy I'm with now, Carl, actually specializes in turning girls into sizequeens."

"What's a sizequeen?" asked Ashley, confused.

"Ha ha, you've never watched *Sex and the City*?"

She shook her head.

"A sizequeen is a woman who loves large cocks. The bigger the better. Carl claims that actually all women are sizequeens. Some of them just don't know it yet."

Ashley gulped. Could it be true about her, too? She tried to resist the feeling that was rising in her gut: a strange mixture of arousal, intimidation, shame and pure animal lust.

"So how does he…'turn them'?"

"He just fucks them so good that they're forced to admit that his cock is superior to their boyfriend's," laughed Kate, "I've listened to it happen before. You can't understand how correct he is about all women being sizequeens until you hear some sweet little thing moaning like a slut and calling him 'Daddy' while he pounds her poor little pussy into submission."

Ashley flushed red.

"It looks to me like you might enjoy that kind of treatment yourself," chuckled Kate, "Don't worry —I don't mind sharing. I wouldn't be with him if I did. And he's very discreet. There are lots of girls with boyfriends who he sees regularly. It's almost like he has a rotating harem. A harem of sizequeen sluts!"

"No," said Ashley, shaking her head shyly, "that's not really something I'm interested in. I could never cheat."

"Carl has a philosophy that I follow too," said Kate, "it's not really cheating if your boyfriend's cock is less than six inches. Because if it's less than six inches, you're fucking a *boy*, not a man. And every girl deserves to be fucked by a *man*."

Ashley thought for a while and looked at the banana.

Kate followed her gaze.

"Carl is nine inches when he's fully erect," she said, "next time you're in bed with sweet little Matt, see if he'll let you measure him. Then you'll get an idea of what you're missing."

She winked and stood, "sorry, I've gotta go meet Carl now. I'll text you about when to come over tomorrow for our group project."

"Ok," said Ashley, "see you tomorrow!"

That night, Matt came over. They were supposed to study together, but Ashley wasn't in the mood. Neither was Matt.

Soon, they were on her bed making out. Ashley was really aroused after the conversation she'd had with Kate. She also wanted to prove to herself that Matt was more than enough for her. She moaned softly as he kissed down her neck slowly. He always waited for her to escalate things. He never just tore her clothes off or started pawing her. Ashley appreciated that. It was very gentlemanly.

But something inside her that had been awakened by her conversation with Kate caused her to wonder if that was what she really wanted. She decided to do an experiment.

After they'd made out for a few minutes, she'd taken the lead by putting his hands on her breasts and then unzipping his pants. She took his cock out and played with it, feeling how hard it was in her hands.

"Hey," she said, smiling at him mischievously, "have you ever… you know…measured it?"

He blushed, "I guess I'd be lying if I said I hadn't."

"That's what I thought," she laughed, "I think all guys have measured at least once. Let's see how turned on I can make you. I'll measure you, then blow you for a while and we'll see if I can make it even bigger."

Matt seemed both concerned and aroused.

"I like the idea of you blowing me, but you always said that bigger isn't better, right?"

"Oh of course," said Ashley, "I was just having a conversation about that with Kate. I told her that size really doesn't matter to me. Or to most women."

"That's good," he said, "Ok, go ahead."

Ashley giggled and opened a drawer on her desk. She pulled out a ruler and pressed it to her boyfriend's pubic bone.

"Ok," she said, "it looks like you're at about 4 ½ inches, big boy."

"It's not that big," he stammered, "but you still like it, right?"

"Of course," she assured him, "but let's see if we can make it even bigger!"

He sighed as she took him into her mouth. It was a bit like sucking on a finger, she thought. Even though it was her mouth and not her pussy, she couldn't help but feel a bit unfulfilled.

It was clear that Matt was enjoying her efforts, however.

"Oh yes, Ashley," he moaned, bucking his hips up towards her mouth.

"Don't come yet!" she laughed, "we have to measure you again!"

"Ok," he said, "do it quickly because you've got me so close to coming."

She measured him again.

"4.6," she said, "I made you grow by 0.1 inches, just by sucking. That's pretty amazing!"

She did her best to pretend to be excited about this number, which she now understood was unimpressive.

She smiled up at her boyfriend, jerking his small cock next to her face as she urged him on.

"Come for me," she said in her most seductive voice.

He groaned and shot his load all over her hands and his own chest. She couldn't help but be a little disappointed at how little cum there was. He'd probably been jacking off again.

A few minutes later, he brought her to a small orgasm using his fingers. Even though she had come, Ashley couldn't help but feel unsatisfied. Her mind kept wandering to that banana, and the ruler…

"10 tomorrow," said the text message from Kate.

That's when they would meet to discuss the group project.

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The next morning at 10, Ashley buzzed Kate's apartment. The door opened without Kate saying anything on the intercom. A few minutes later, Ashley was on the doorstep, knocking at the door. She was shocked to find Carl, Kate's big-dicked boyfriend, whose only job seemed to be convincing women that bigger was better.

She was clearly flustered as she shook his hand.

"Sorry if you're surprised to see me," he said, "Kate had to step out for a few minutes unexpectedly. She told me to make sure that all your needs are taken care of before she gets back."

A delicious shiver went down Ashely's spine at this turn of phrase. All of her "needs?" That clearly had to be an innuendo.

Carl was tall, dark-haired and remarkably handsome. He was also about ten years older than Ashley. All of this alone would have been enough to set her heart aflutter under normal circumstances, but combined with his reputation, Ashley was positively on fire with anticipation. Why was Kate gone? Had she told Carl about their conversation? Was he going to try to "convert" her?

Ashley didn't know what was worse: the idea that he would try to get her to cheat or that he wouldn't.

"Come on in," he said, "Kate said to wait in her room. Let me take your coat first. And can I get you anything to drink?"

Ashley blushed.

"No thanks," she said, trying not to meet the hot, hung older man's gaze.

Just then, she got a text from Kate.

"Go into my room and look on the computer. There's a surprise for you there."

She walked down the hallway and into Kate's room. She closed the door behind her and sat at the computer desk. There, as promised, was a note in Kate's handwriting.

"Dear Ashley," it began, "use the headphones on the computer to watch the video and see what you've been missing."

Ashley gulped and felt her palms begin to sweat and her knees grow weak. Her heart pounded as she clicked on the play button on the computer.

She almost forgot to put her headphones on.

At first she couldn't tell what she was seeing. Then she realized that she was watching a video made in the very bedroom where she was sitting. A pretty young woman sat on the edge of the bed, waiting anxiously. It wasn't Kate, but Ashley recognized her as Nadine, a smart, nerdy type of girl who had been in a few of her classes last semester. Like Ashley, Nadine had a serious boyfriend. So what was she doing there?

A few seconds later, the door opened and Carl walked in. He said something to Nadine that Ashley couldn't quite hear. Nadine reacted immediately, nodding her head and looking up at him with an expression that seemed like concern. Then she stood up and bent over the bed, looking almost directly into the camera.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she said, "please punish me with your big cock."

Ashley flushed in embarrassment. She'd never imagined that Nadine could be so…slutty. She had to admit at the same time that this little roleplay was making her wet. Carl was so commanding and masculine. It was only natural for a younger woman to call him "Sir."

She watched as Carl began to spank Nadine, first with his open hand, then with a belt. The young woman's face began to contort in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Please spank me, Sir," she moaned, "make me your good little girl."

Ashley was wet. Her hands were trembling and her panties were totally soaked. What was she going to do? She had to leave.

But she was rooted to the spot.

She knew what she wanted to see. What she needed to see.

His cock.

Finally, after Nadine had been reduced to tears and was begging for a taste of "Sir's" dick, Ashley finally saw it. She watched as Carl slowly unzipped his fly and then took down his boxer shorts. She couldn't help but gasp as it sprang free.

"Oh my god," she said out loud, forgetting she was alone.

She was transfixed by the sight on the screen. The sight of Carl's large, veiny cock that seemed to have a personality all its own.

She felt her pussy start to throb as she watched Nadine start to pleasure his huge member, trying in vain to wrap both hands around it as she pumped it in and out of her mouth.

"Umph gmph gmph," she moaned, choking on his cock as she tried to take him deeper.

"Such a good little slut," growled Carl as he reached down to spank her ass while she sucked him.

God damn it. Ashley wanted this. She wanted it so bad. She decided right then and there that she would find out what a big cock felt like, her boyfriend be damned. Besides, he's never have to find out. If Carl was really as discreet as he said he was, there was nothing to worry about. It would be almost as if it had never happened.

On the video, Carl was slapping his enormous erection across Nadine's face, telling her that she was his dirty little slut.

I'm real life, Ashley had her hands between her legs, hiking up the tartan skirt she was wearing in order to push her panties aside

and play with her clit. She could no longer stand just watching this girl please a gigantic cock and simply had to touch herself.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself," said Kate, who was suddenly standing beside her, "so what do you think? Want to try it? I'm here to help so you won't get nervous."

Ashley was so aroused that the embarrassment of the situation didn't register. She merely nodded.

"That's great. Don't worry," said Kate, "he's good at taking control. He's going to make us both feel incredible. But just in case, the safeword is 'yellow' if you want him to slow down, and 'red' to stop. If you can't talk, just tap his leg three times."

Ashley bit her lip when Kate mentioned not being able to talk. She knew there was only one reason that that might happen...

Ashley nodded to signify that she understood the ground rules.

"And don't worry," said Kate, "this is just our little secret. At least for now."

"For now?" Ashley was confused.

"Well, let's just say that a lot of girls end up telling their boyfriends about how much fun they've had with a big cock. It's sort of a side effect of becoming a sizequeen."

"I don't think..."

"They never do, honey," said Kate, laughing, "until they experience the power of a big cock for themselves. Let's get you ready for Carl."

She looked Ashley up and down.

"Very nice skirt. He loves the schoolgirl look," she said, noting her friend's plaid skirt, "take your shoes off and lay down on the bed there."

Ashley did as she was told.

"Now let's put your hair up in pigtails. Carl is a big fan of those."

Ashley nodded. Kate went to a drawer and got out two rubber hair bands and secured her friends hair into a pair of pigtails.

"Beautiful. You look so sweet and innocent. Ready to be absolutely ruined by a huge cock. This is going to be so much fun!!! I'm really excited for you," she exclaimed, almost giddy with excitement.

"I'm a little nervous," confessed Ashley, "I've never done anything like this before. I've only every been with one guy."

"There's no reason to be nervous," Kate reassured her, "he's broken in dozens of girls exactly like you. And even though he can get rough at times, it's all in the spirit of fun and pleasure."

Ashley nodded, folding her legs up under her as she lay on the bed.

"Uh-uh," scolded Kate, "spread those legs for me, honey. Keep your skirt on, though. I have the perfect way to get you to relax. But first, I'm going to tell Carl that we're ready for him."

Ashley spread her legs apart on the bed, very self-conscious about exposing herself like this to her friend, but also so horny that she didn't care enough to protest.

"Very good," said Kate, opening the door and calling for Carl.

"He'll be here in a minute," said Kate, shutting the door and turning back towards her friend, "in the meantime, let me help you get ready."

She climbed onto the bed and knelt down, giving Ashley a sly grin as she prostrated herself between Ashley's legs.

"Just relax," she said, "if you're not comfortable with a girl doing this, you can pretend I'm your small-dicked boyfriend. What was his name?"

Ashley couldn't answer. She drew in her breath sharply as Kate gently pushed her panties aside and inserted a finger into her warm, wet folds.

"I've got to make sure you're as aroused as possible or he's never going to fit," she explained, bending down to kiss her friend on the labia, "and besides, this will be fun for both of us."

Ashley nodded and gasped again as Kate began to lick and tease her clit while slowly working a finger in and out of her tight tunnel. She'd never even thought about the idea of being with a girl, but the sensations that Kate caused to course through her body muted any kind of protests that she possibly could have made. The feeling of her tongue, lips and fingers was absolutely incredible. Ashley closed her eyes and put her hands above her head where she grabbed the bedsheets as she gave herself over to Kate's talented caresses.

Soon, moans of feminine pleasure filled the room. They came not only from Ashely, who was bucking her hips up to meet Kate's mouth as the tempo of her efforts increased, but also from Kate, who moaned into the other woman's cunt as she pleasured it, sending delicious vibrations throughout her entire body.

“Fuck yes,” moaned Ashley, “I’ve never...been with a girl… but this is… incredible...”

“Mmmm,” moaned Kate, directly into her clit, “mmm...”

Then she paused for a moment, removing her lips.

“But if you think this is good, wait until you feel what Carl’s dick can do.”

“I want it so, so bad…,” moaned Ashley, her eyes still closed, “I want to be filled with cock...”

“Your wish is my command.”

A low male voice startled her out of her reverie. It was Carl.

“Oh fuck,” exclaimed Ashley, “I didn’t know you’d come in.”

She blushed and averted her eyes after glancing at him briefly.

“I’m here,” he said, stroking her hair as his girlfriend continued to lick her clit, “and I’m ready to break in that cute, pink little pussy.”

“Oh God,” moaned Ashley, “I want that so bad.”

She looked down at Kate, blushing. Kate paused and pulled away from her, sitting back on her haunches and giving Carl, who was standing next to the bed, a long kiss.

“How do you want to take her, honey?” she asked him.

“I like her just like this,” said Carl, “on her back, with her legs spread. Panties on.”

"Yes sir," replied Kate, who hopped off of the bed to make room for Carl, "would you like me to help you at all?"

"I think it would be nice if you would hold her arms down while I push inside her for the first time. It might make her feel more secure. What do you think about that, Ashley?"

"I'd...I think I'd like that," stammered Ashley, her cunt absolutely ablaze in anticipation of the orgasm which Kate had so expertly brought her to the brink of.

"Good," he said, "then let's do it."

"Oooh, this is going to be so fun!" squealed Kate, moving forward to hold her friend's wrists to the bed while her boyfriend began to mount her, "I just love watching you break in innocent girls with your big fucking dick."

Ashley smiled up at her friend, trying to wipe the look of worry off her face. She was extremely aroused and wet, her cunt absolutely aching to be penetrated by Carl's huge cock, but she was also more than a little concerned about just how it would feel to have her insides stretched by his monster.

"It's ok," reassured her friend, "he's going to be gentle. At least at first. Right, Carl?"

"That's right, babe," he said, putting his cockhead at the entrance to Ashley's wet, eager young pussy, "but I'm going to give this little cunt a workout after that. That's what you want, isn't it? To really understand what it's like to be with an alpha?"

"Yes sir," whispered Ashley, looking up with watery eyes.

"Go ahead and watch it go in," urged Kate, "it's an amazing sight. That thing is as long as your arm and it's about to disappear

inside you."

Ashley looked down and gasped in surprise. She had seen his cock on video before, but nothing could prepare her for the reality of watching this monster dong prepare to penetrate her. She felt like she was losing her virginity.

No, it was even better (and worse) than that, because she'd barely been able to feel her 4-inch boyfriend the first time he'd fucked her. (Ok, her 4.6-inch boyfriend. But these minor distinctions barely made a difference now that a cock as long as her arm and as big around as her wrist was being forced inside her).

"Go slow, please," she moaned.

"As if I have any other choice," laughed Carl, "you have one tight little pussy."

"Mmm," said Kate, licking her lips at the sight, "you look so good in that cute little schoolgirl skirt with your legs spread for my boyfriend's big fat cock. What would Matt think if he saw you like this?"

Ashley blushed, but didn't respond.

"It's ok," she continued, as Carl pushed the tip of his head past her resistance and coaxed a soft moan from Ashley's lips, "he'd think his sweet little innocent girlfriend was a total slut. And you know what? He'd be right."

"Oh God," was all Ashley could answer.

She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip as Carl pushed himself even further inside her. Unlike with Matt, she could feel every single millimeter of his delicious rod as it slid into her, bit by wonderful bit.

"Oh God," she moaned again, "it's so big. I can't believe how big it is."

"Does it feel good, baby?" asked Carl, his hands resting on her thighs to ensure that she was stretched as wide as possible for him.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I need more of it. Please give me the whole thing," she cried, "please fill me up."

"Now that's what I like to hear," said Kate, reaching down and tweaking one of her friend's nipples, "a girl who knows what she wants."

"Fuck yes," groaned Carl, finally bottoming out in her sweet, tight tunnel, "you love this big dick, don't you, you little bitch?"

"Ugh," moaned Ashley, "I love it. Please give me your cock, Carl."

"Yes," urged Kate, "break that tight little pussy. I want to watch you ruin her."

Carl grinned and began to fuck her hard. Ashely barely had time to react or adjust to the waves of overwhelming pleasure that began to surge through her tight young body.

"Oh god," she cried, almost shrieking in pleasure, "it's so big. It's so amazing..."

"Is it as good as you thought?" asked Kate, holding her in place as Carl rammed his entire length into her greedy cunt.

"It's better. Oh fuck. Oh fuck oh fuck," moaned Ashley, "I'm going to come."

"Yes you little slut," growled Carl, "come on this fucking prick. This is just what girls like you need. You're never going to even be able to feel your small little boyfriend again when I'm done with you."

I never could feel him to begin with, Ashley thought to herself, but was too caught up in the oncoming orgasm to verbalize that thought.

"I think she's coming, honey," cooed Kate, "she looks so cute..."

Carl didn't let up in the slightest as Ashley grabbed him with her legs, hungrily pulling his gigantic dick into her as she tensed down on it with her pussy lips.

"God yes!" she cried, "oh fuck, I love fucking this big dick..."

Her orgasm caused her to leave her body for a moment – at least that's what it felt like.

"My god," she said, when she had finally recovered, "that was incredible."

"Had enough?" teased Kate, smiling down at her.

"Fuck no. I need more."

"I knew she'd say that," said Carl, "I want to fuck this little whore from behind. That way I can really give it to her."

"Yes sir," said Kate, helping Ashley get into position, "how can I help?"

"I want you to spank her with the paddle while I ruin her tight little pussy. We're going to punish her for being a cheating little

sizequeen slut, and send her back to her boyfriend with a red ass and a cunt full of cum."

"Oh fuck," moaned Ashley, who had always wanted to be spanked during sex.

She was a little worried about how much the paddle might hurt, but another part of her didn't care at all. All she wanted was more of that huge fucking dick breaking her tight little pussy.

A moment later she was bent over the bed.

"Give her a couple of spanks first so that the slut knows we mean business," ordered Carl.

"Yes, sir," said Kate.

Ashley closed her eyes and grabbed the bedsheets as Kate brought the wooden paddle down hard across her ass.

"Ooowww," she moaned, "that hurt."

"Good, that's the idea," laughed Kate, "but you remember the safeword, right?"

"Yes," panted Ashley, tears coming to her eyes, "please keep punishing me."

"Give her one more," said Carl, "then I'm going to fill that little schoolgirl cunt."

WHACK! WHACK!

Ashley cried out in surprise as Kate disobeyed Carl's orders and spanked her not once, but twice.

"Fuck that ass looks good," laughed Kate, "have fun destroying her cunt again from another angle."

"I aim to," said Carl, pushing his gigantic prick into Ashley.

"Oh god," she moaned.

The sensation of the spanking caused a warm glow to suffuse her entire backside which blended perfectly with the sensation of Carl's enormous member pushing its way into her swollen cunt.

"I love to watch you violate her like that," whispered Kate, "I hope you'll let me be next."

"Only if you're lucky," he laughed, grabbing a handful of Ashley's hair and pulling her head back.

"Look at yourself," he ordered, "look in the mirror and tell me what you see."

Ashley opened her eyes and saw herself bent over the bed, Carl's shirtless torso and gruff face, concentrating hard on giving her the fucking of a lifetime.

"I see you fucking me," she moaned.

Carl nodded to Kate, who smacked her ass with the paddle once more.

"No, you see a slut cheating on her small-dicked boyfriend."

"Oh fuck," moaned Ashley, both from the pain of the spank and the pleasure of Carl's long but rapid strokes.

"Tell me what you are, Ashley," he ordered, slamming his prick into her mercilessly.

"I'm … I'm… just..."

WHACK!

"Tell him you're a slut. A cheating slut who loves big cock," ordered Kate, brandishing the paddle once more.

"I'm a… oohh...I can't say it..."

WHACK! WHACK!

Kate spanked her even harder as Carl began to absolutely slam her into the bed. Her entire cunt was on fire and she felt herself on the edge of another immensely powerful orgasm.

"Ok," she groaned, "I'm a slut. I'm a cheating slut..."

WHACK! WHACK!

"And?"

"I...oh my God…," Ashley felt her entire body tense.

The feeling of taking such a long and sustained pounding had almost caused her to lose her mind.

"Oh god," she groaned, "I'm a cheating slut who loves big cock. I can never go back to my small-dicked boyfriend."

"That's it," urged Kate, "keep going. Just let all of those feelings out and come on Carl's nine-inch prick. Just keep telling us how you feel."

"Matt's cock will never satisfy me," she stammered, surprised at what was spilling out of her mouth, "he can't give me what I need."

"That's right you little sizequeen slut. All women love it big," laughed Carl, reaching down and slapping her ass with his hand.

"It's true," screamed Ashley, so close to coming, "I will never be able to come again without a big dick inside me… please fill me...I need your cum so bad Carl. Claim me with your seed. My pussy is all yours now..."

"Oh fuck," moaned Carl, "this little bitch has a seriously filthy mouth. It's always the innocent-looking ones, isn't it?"

He smiled and started fucking her with several short, shallow strokes followed by several more deep ones.

"Oh god," he groaned, "it's time to give this little whore what she wants."

Ashley felt a flood of semen spurt against her cervix just as she reached heights of bliss she'd never felt possible. His cock had found places inside of her – both physically and psychologically – that she had never known existed. She could never go back to the way she was before. She could tell that even as she felt her entire body contract and her cunt flex around his member, greedily milking it for every last drop of the magical liquid that drained from his heavy balls.

"That was..." she moaned, falling forward onto the bed in a heap, "the most… incredible..."

"Open up, slut," said Carl, smiling as he dangled his dick in front of her face, "I need you to clean me up."

"I want to help!" pouted Kate.

"I guess I can't say no to that," he grinned.

Ashley felt like she was under his spell now. Her punished cunt still filled with his seed, she dropped to her knees next to Kate and looked up at him in worship.

"This is how guys like Carl deserve to be treated," said Kate, stroking his dick while she looked up at him, "and guys like Matt...well..."

"They don't even deserve to watch," laughed Ashley.

"Now you're learning something," laughed Kate, taking the first few inches of his beautiful fuckstick into her luscious lips.

Ashley immediately buried her face in his balls, sucking and licking them as her friend worked his rod. She would have never done this for Matt, but this was something different. It felt so natural. So perfect.

"Your turn," said Kate, coming up for air, "I want you to feel what it's like to suck a real man's cock."

Ashley opened wide and eagerly devoured as much of his cock as she could possibly fit in her petite mouth. As she was doing this, Kate's head had disappeared somewhere below her, licking his balls.

Carl grabbed Ashley's pigtails and began to use them as handles to fuck her face.

"I think she should come clean to her boyfriend and tell him the truth," he laughed, "what do you think? Would he like the idea of his cute little innocent girlfriend on her knees worshiping a big fucking dick?"

"Mmm," said Kate, coming up for air, "I think he might. He'd know that he'd never be able to satisfy her the way you can. And that's ok. It's only natural."

"Fuck yes," said Carl, fucking Ashley's face so hard now that slurping sounds filled the room, "I'm going to coat her cute little face. I want you to lick it all up."

"Mmm," moaned Ashley, nothing else on her mind but pleasing the dominant, hung man who she knelt in front of.

A second later, he pulled his cock out and Kate grabbed it, stroking it right in front of her young friend's face. Ashley closed her eyes as shot after shot of warm hot semen sprayed onto her skin.

What would have been degrading if done by another man felt wonderful done by Carl.

"That's it, honey," said Kate, "claim her. I'm going to take a picture. Is that ok, Ashley?"

"Yes," she said, swallowing some of the cum that coated her lips inadvertently as she did so.

"Good."

She heard that click of a camera phone.

"That's a good shot," Kate said, "I even got Carl's cock in it too, for good measure."

"Perfect," laughed Ashley.

"Clean her up now," ordered Carl.

"With pleasure," said Kate, who began to compete with Ashley for the warm sticky cum that coated her face.

Ashley had never thought that cum could taste so good. After it was gone from her face, she and Kate kissed passionately for a few minutes, savoring the sweet and salty aftertaste.

"I love his taste," said Kate.

"So do I," laughed Ashley.

"You've earned it," said Carl, "you both did a very good job. Thank you."

"No, thank both of you," said Ashley, looking up at him in adoration, then turning to Kate, "for teaching me in the best way possible that size truly matters."

"Our pleasure," said Carl.

"Mmm-hmm," agreed Kate.

She left the room for a moment, then came back with a stack of towels.

"Let's get cleaned up," she said, "then you can go home to Matt. I think you have a lot of thinking to do. Maybe you'll even show him that picture we took..."

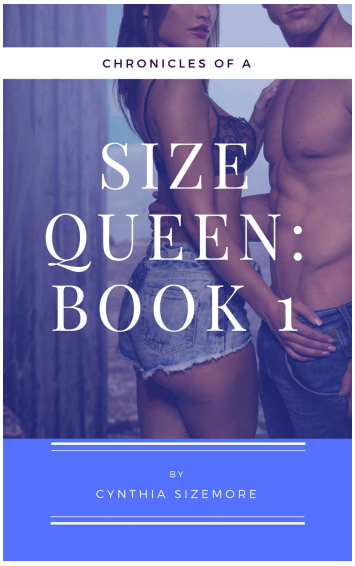
"Maybe…," said Ashley.

A lot of new, confusing feelings were coursing through her now that she had a moment to think. What exactly would she tell Matt, if anything?

No matter. For now, all she wanted one more shot at pleasing Carl's big cock. And in the shower, she got it…

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

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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.

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