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PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY JACK NAPIER


ASIAN
SIZE QUEEN
HOTWIFE
BWC EROTICA
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Asian Size Queen Hotwife

BWC Erotica

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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Chapter 1

Marie and I had been together since freshmen year of college. Now we were both 32 years old, happily married for almost seven years, both successful in our careers and happy. I thought I knew *everything* about her, from her difficulties in her relationship with her parents to her favorite foods. This knowledge extended *especially* to her sexual preferences.

Or so I thought.

It all started when we couldn't agree on a show to watch on Netflix.

"Let's try cable instead," said Marie.

“What? We still have *cable*? We should have canceled that a long time ago.”

“I know,” she said, “but it’s too late to do that tonight. Let’s just see what’s on.”

I reluctantly agreed.

Eventually, we settled on a show about four young single women in New York. One that was on the air for years, and even had two movies made based on it. Yeah, *that* one.

In this particular episode, the oldest one of the group, a MILF, was proclaiming her preference for large male members.

“I’m a size queen,” said the character, as her friends giggled.

“So unrealistic,” I laughed, “as if women really just want the biggest one they can find.”

I expected Marie to agree with me. After all, she’d told me before that she was glad I wasn’t any bigger because I might hurt her otherwise.

“I’m not so sure about that,” she said, much to my surprise, “I think there are reasons why a woman might want to at least try a really big cock once in her life.”

“What?” I said, laughing incredulously, “you’ve always said before that cock size was the least important part of a man’s sex appeal. And that – and I quote – if anything, ‘**too big is worse** than too small.’”

She smiled.

“Ok, I admit it, I said that. But can I help it if I’ve gotten a little...curious over the past few years?”

“Curious about big cocks?”

“It sounds so pornographic and crass when you put it like that,”

she laughed, “but I guess that’s the gist of it.”

“Well,” I said, “I guess what you’re saying is that I don’t qualify as having a big cock.”

“No,” she said, “of course you do! But I mean, there are guys out there who are even bigger.”

“Really?” I said, “like who?”

“Are you sure you want to talk about this?”

Her tone had gone from playful to somewhat serious.

“Yeah,” I said, “it’s ok, we share everything, right?”

“Yeah, of course,” she said.

“Ok,” she continued, muting the TV, “remember that German guy Armin that Kayla was dating for a while?”

“Armin? You mean Ace?”

“Yeah, that’s what they call him. Kind of a silly nickname”

“Don’t tell me...”

“Yeah,” she giggled, “he has a huge one. And he knows how to use it, too. She said he gave her the best orgasms she’d ever had.”

“If he was so great, why’d they break up?”

“She got a job in Germany and had to move *there*. But he still works at the cafe down the street from *here*. How’s that for irony?”

I had to laugh.

“Ok,” I said, “so he’s great in bed. Are you sure it’s because of his size and not just because he’s some kind of Teutonic sex god?”

“It might be both,” she said, “and if he’s a sex god, the fact that he’s hung can’t hurt.”

“Well,” I said, “I guess if you really wanted a pass to try out a big cock, I’d be ok with you trying it with Ace. As long as I get to watch.”

She gave me a long, look. Her expression was a mixture of surprise and confusion.

“You’re fucking with me, right? You’re not one of those guys who gets off on his wife fucking other men, are you?”

“I don’t think so,” I said, “at least, I never really thought of myself that way. But I have to admit something about the idea of you experiencing something new like this has me pretty aroused.”

She looked down and saw the rising bulge in my shorts. Then she picked up the TV remote and switched it off, climbing onto my lap and straddling me, her crotch rubbing against my stiff cock.

“So let me get this straight,” she said, leaning in close and kissing my cheek, “you want to see your petite little Asian wife take a big white cock?”

“Yeah,” I said, not expecting her to add the racial element.

It was true that we were both of Chinese descent, but we’d been raised by thoroughly assimilated parents in a diverse community, and didn’t usually make such a big issue of our identity (my wife was named *Marie*, for god’s sake! Hardly a name that screams “Asian”).

But it was clear that this aspect of our already-taboo fantasy had caught my wife’s interest.

“You want to see me on my back, taking a big German cock as deep as I can while I scratch my nails down his back?”

She had my cock out now, and was stroking it vigorously, lubing it with my own precum and a gob of her own spit. I'd hardly ever seen her this forward. It was like I awakened something inside her.

"You want to see your cute little Asian wife bent over our bed, taking Ace's big prick deep inside her?"

"Yes," I gasped, close to coming already, "fuck yes."

"Come for me," she ordered, "come imagining your petite Asian wife getting stretched by a big European cock."

I let out a groan and shot a huge load all over her hands and my own stomach.

"Great," I said, "I guess I have to change again before bed."

"Don't act like you didn't love that," she teased, licking a bit of my cum off her hand, "but there's a good reason that I jerked you off just now."

"Because you're not in the mood to fuck me?"

"No," she laughed, "because I wanted your mind to be clear when I ask you again: do you want to see me fuck Ace? Could you deal with it?"

She fixed me with a serious gaze. She wasn't joking. This was a real possibility.

"Yes," I said, "I want to see you take a huge cock. And I think Ace is just as good a guy as any."

She broke into a huge smile.

"You're the best," she said, "I'm really excited about trying this. I have kind of always been curious, especially after talking to Kayla about it..."

“Well,” I said, “we’ll have to discuss the specifics of course. And Ace has to be on board with all of this.”

“Trust me,” she laughed, “I’ve caught him looking at me a few times. I don’t think it’ll be hard to get him into the idea. In fact, I suggest we go to brunch at his cafe tomorrow. I know for a fact that he’ll be working.”

“Are you stalking him or something?” I teased.

I had to admit that I was a little surprised. What had seemed like a casual conversation was turning out to be something that had obviously been simmering for a long time.

“Ha, not exactly,” she laughed, “I guess I just...noticed him.”

“You’re such a naughty girl,” I laughed.

“Well, maybe Ace can teach me a lesson. Should I dress up like a cute Asian school girl for him? He might like that. Then again, he’s German, so he might be into something really weird. I’m not going to wear a latex bodysuit.”

“At least there are some limits,” I laughed.

Chapter 2

There were other limits too, of course, and over the next few hours, we discussed all of them before having some of the hottest, most intimate sex we’d had in years. Afterwards, I collapsed into a long and dreamless sleep, and when I finally awoke to the morning light pouring through our apartment window, I had almost forgot about our plan to approach Armin at his place of work the next morning.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” I asked Marie after we’d been seated, “they’re kind of busy today, and he might resent being bothered at work. Maybe we could just get Kayla to give us his number...”

“Honey,” she said, fixing me with her beautiful eyes, “look at the dress I’m wearing. Do you think any guy is going to be upset that I’m paying attention to him?”

I grinned. She looked absolutely beautiful in a tight low-cut sundress that showed off her ample bosom and killer ass all at once.

I could see exactly what she meant.

“There he is!” she exclaimed, waving at him.

The tall young man walked over towards us, flashing Marie a smile of recognition.

“Marie!” he said, shaking her hand and then embracing her, giving her a peck on both cheeks, “so great to see you again.”

“You too,” she said, beaming at him, “this is my husband, Mike. I don’t know if you’ve ever met.”

“Ace,” he said amiably, his German accent slight but present.

“Nice to meet you,” I said.

“I’m sorry that I won’t be waiting on you today,” he said, “but I’d love to catch up when my shift’s over.”

“Actually,” said Marie, flashing me a quick smile, “I was hoping I could talk to you for a second right now. Alone.”

Ace was a bit confused, but nodded and led Marie away to a place behind the wait station. She stood on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear. I saw his eyes go wide as she pointed in my direction. I waved and nodded, giving my approval to the indecent proposal she was laying out.

A few minutes later, the couple disappeared into the inner recesses of the restaurant. I heard my phone buzz, and found a text from Marie.

“He’s more than game,” she wrote, “he’s showing me the back room now...”

“**!!!** ” I wrote back, “don’t I get to watch?”

“Relax,” she said, “I’m just going to suck his cock. And I’ll have him take a video for you. We’re going to meet up for drinks at our place tonight. That will be the ‘main event.’”

Just then, our server arrived.

“Should I wait to take your order until your wife returns?”

“No,” I said, “I think we’ll just be getting coffee for now.”

My heart was pounding out of my chest as I waited for my phone to buzz. To anyone else, I would have just been another bored guy staring at social media on his phone while his wife goes to the bathroom. Only I knew what was going on somewhere in the depths of the restaurant.

Then, finally, there was a message.

I opened the photo from an unknown number, but not before checking over my shoulder to make sure no one was watching me.

What I saw felt like a punch to the gut and a dose of viagra all at once. There, on her knees, smiling up at the camera like a porn star, was my innocent wife holding the longest, thickest shaft I’d ever seen outside of porn. She looked absolutely thrilled to be about to tackle the challenge before her.

“See you soon,” read the text.

A few minutes later, Marie emerged from the back of the restaurant, alone. There was a mischievous smile on her face, but her hair and makeup were in perfect order.

She sat down and passed me her phone without saying a word.

There was a picture of the aftermath of what had just occurred.

Once again, she was smiling at the camera, but this time, her face

was absolutely coated in cum. I was impressed with how quickly and how well she'd cleaned up.

She placed her hand in mine, smiling at me as she caught my eye.

"Not bad, huh? We can watch the whole video together sometime. But for now, let's get something to eat. I'm starving and need something a little more substantial to eat besides German cum."

Wow, who would have thought that my demure wife could be so nasty?

"I can't wait for tonight," I stammered.

"Neither can Ace," she said, "he told me he's going to stretch my tight little pussy so good. He's apparently had a lot of experience with this kind of thing. He's in high demand because of his big cock."

I had to admit I was a bit jealous, but still completely turned on.

The evening couldn't come fast enough.

Chapter 3

That night, Ace texted that he was on his way over. Everything was arranged. We'd agreed on safewords to make sure that any one of us – me included – could stop what was happening at any time.

I sat nervously on the couch, sipping a sparkling water. We had agreed that my role would be simply to be a spectator. I would also be allowed to videotape and bring the two lovers whatever they needed, but I would not otherwise be joining in.

Marie came out of the bedroom, looking a bit nervous but extremely sexy. She was dressed in an Asian schoolgirl outfit, just like we'd

joked about before. It turned out that Ace had been very enthusiastic about the idea, and who were we to disappoint him?

“I love you so much,” said Marie, coming over to me and kissing me on the cheek, “I’m so grateful that you’re letting me do this. It’s going to be so wonderful. I promise that we’ll make love afterwards.”

“Of course, honey,” I said, kissing her back, “I’m excited too.”

I was about to add something more, but just then, the doorbell rang. It was time to begin.

“Hi,” said Ace, standing there in a tight black t-shirt and skinny jeans that left not very much to the imagination, “I brought some flowers.”

He was holding a small seasonal bouquet.

“How polite!” exclaimed Marie, grabbing them and bringing them to the kitchen.

Ace and I stood for a few moments in silence.

“So,” he said, “great place you’ve got here.”

“Thanks,” I said, trying not to be awkward, “I’m looking forward to watching you fuck my wife.”

He blushed a little.

“I’m looking forward to it too,” he said, “she already gave me an amazing blowjob.”

“I can’t wait to see the video,” I said, “I only caught a glimpse of the aftermath.”

“Well,” he said, “I hope that we’ll put on a good show for you tonight. I understand that Marie likes it pretty rough, is that right?”

“Yeah,” I said, “but we’ve all got safewords, so you don’t need to worry too much. Just do whatever you want with her, and she’ll let you know if it’s too much.”

“Perfect,” he said.

Marie returned.

“Let’s get started,” she said, beaming at Ace.

“Yes, let’s,” he said, dropping his hands to his side and taking an authoritative pose, “get on your knees and crawl over to me, slut.”

Marie gasped, and at first I thought that she was offended, but then I realized that it was quite the opposite. She dropped to her knees immediately and crawled up to him, looking up at him obediently.

“Good girl,” he said, undoing his belt, “I know you like it rough, so you’re going to get exactly that.”

She nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”

pulled off his belt and formed a loop between his two hands, running it behind her head and using it as a strap to pull her head up towards his crotch.

“Take out my cock, slut,” he ordered.

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured.

I watched as Marie reached up and unbuttoned his jeans, then carefully unzipped them. Ace’s huge, semi-rigid cock flopped out, whacking Marie in the face.

“I can’t believe that’s the second time today that’s happened to me,” she laughed.

“It looks like you need more practice,” said Ace, smiling, as he guided his massive (and, as I now noticed, uncircumcised) penis towards my wife’s mouth, “I’ll have to have you service my cock on a regular basis.”

“Yes, please,” she moaned, opening wide for him as he stuffed his dick inside.

“Remember, slut,” he said, pulling the belt and pushing her down further on his dick in the process, “you can safeword by tapping my leg.”

“Mmm...hmmm,” she moaned, seeming to strain to take his cock even deeper.

I felt my own cock getting hard, watching my wife swallow this huge white cock.

“Good girl,” he said, beginning to fuck her face, “open up for me and swallow this big white cock. Let’s see how deep you can take it.”

“Mmm-hhmhmm,” moaned Marie, her eyes watering as she attempted to open even wider for him.

She looked so cute there, on her knees, dressed like a schoolgirl, taking Ace’s dick deep into her throat.

Ace pulled out for a moment to give her a chance to catch her breath. He slapped her across the face with his huge cock and then pushed a thumb almost tenderly into her mouth. Marie sucked it instinctively.

“Do you like chocking on this big white cock?”

“Mm-hmm,” she moaned, sucking on his thumb.

“I didn’t hear that,” he scolded, reaching down and giving her a hard spank on her skirt-covered bottom.

“I love choking on your big white cock, Sir,” she moaned, a tone of pleading in her voice.

I’d never experienced her this submissive before. Usually she was the total opposite. The kind of woman who knew what she wanted and took it. I guess this whole time she was just waiting for a big-cocked alpha male to take control.

“Good,” he said, pushing his cock back into her mouth.

I watched as she strained for the next several minutes to take him as deeply as possible. He encouraged her, telling her she was a good girl when she managed to take a bit more of him into her throat, and scolding her when she failed to make progress.

Intermittently, he spanked her, first over her skirt, and then on her bare bottom after he had ordered her to remove her panties.

Her face was a mess of slobber and smeared makeup by the time he finally finished with her.

“I think it might be time to finally break in that cute little Asian pussy,” said Ace, coiling the belt in one hand as he stood in front of my kneeling wife.

“Yes, Sir,” Marie panted.

“Are you nice and wet for me, slut?”

She reached down and rubbed her pussy, bringing her finger to her lips and tasting it. It’d never seen her do something so slutty in my life.

“Yes, Sir.”

“How do you taste?”

“Good, Sir.”

“Ok,” said Ace, “I see your bedroom is over there. I want to fuck you in the bed you share with your husband.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Turn around and crawl into the bedroom. Bend over the bed and spread yourself for me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

My wife turned around and crawled on all fours submissively into the bedroom, bending over the bed and reaching back to part her legs and pussy for the dominant German’s cock. I heard his belt crack down across her ass, and then my wife let out a moan of pleasure mixed with pain.

“Maybe your husband wants to come in here and see this,”

laughed Ace.

I walked into the bedroom, taking a seat in the armchair in the corner. From my vantage point, I had a perfect side view of the action as Ace slowly pushed himself into my wife’s tight pussy.

“Oh God, honey,” she moaned, looking over at me for a moment, “it’s so fucking big. It’s almost...too...OH GOD.”

I watched as he legs began to shake. It seemed like she was about to come. That was impossible, right? All he’d done to stimulate her was fuck her face, give her a couple of spanks, and then…

“Fuck, honey,” she moaned, “I’m coming all over his big white cock. I can’t help it. It feels so fucking good…”

Ace smiled as he began to pummel my wife’s poor pussy, grabbing onto her pigtails as handlebars as he slammed into her. He fucked her all the way through that first orgasm, and then into another.

“God,” she moaned, her face flushing like she’d had took much alcohol, “I can’t believe I’m coming again so soon!”

I couldn’t believe it either. I normally managed to only give her a single orgasm per session, usually with my fingers or tongue. I don’t think I’d ever brought her to orgasm with my cock alone, but Ace seemed to be doing it effortlessly. Again and again.

“Yes, you little fucking Asian slut,” he groaned, looking down and watching his thick white meat disappearing into her tight cunt over and over again, “I know you love this big white cock.”

“I love your big white cock, Sir,” she moaned, already on the verge of another climax, “I want you to come and fuck me like this all the time. I need this cock every day.”

I had to admit that it stung to hear my wife express such a clear preference for Ace’s cock, but all I could do in the moment was sit and watching, playing with my own erection through my pants.

“Let’s try something different,” said Ace, pulling out of my quivering wife for a moment.

He pulled her up onto the bed and put her on her back, parting her legs and pushing his cock into her from above. She looked so small underneath this huge white hunk, his rippling muscles contrasting with her soft curves.

This position was more intimate, almost tender. He placed a hand around her neck in a dominant gesture as he began to pound her pussy.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “honey, he fills so good. He’s filling me up so fucking good. I need this so bad...”

I watched helplessly as my wife achieved yet another orgasm in this position, coming so hard this time that tears were streaming down her face.

“It’s so good,” she panted, “it’s...incredible. I love your white cock.”

She looked up into his eyes and kissed him tenderly.

“Please come inside me,” she begged.

I knew that she was on birth control, but this just seemed too intimate. It stung to hear her beg him like that. As if she wanted him to impregnate her.

I contemplated using my safeword and stopping the scene, but then I realized that a deeper part of me wanted to see exactly this: a dominant man claiming my wife’s womb with his potent seed.

“Fuck yes you little whore,” growled Ace, picking up the pace of his fucking, absolutely jackhammering her into the bed.

“Please fill me up. Please!”

It was only a matter of a few seconds before Ace groaned uncontrollably, shooting a huge load deep into my wife’s eager cunt.

She reached up and held him there for a long time, as if wanting to keep every drop inside her.

“Thank you,” she moaned, “I needed that so much.”

Ace bent down and gave her a long kiss on the lips, before slowly pulling out. To my surprise, he moved up on the bed so that he was straddling her face.

“Clean me off, slut,” he ordered.

Marie didn’t hesitate for a moment. She polished his knob eagerly, fondling his balls in the other hand.

Ace turned to me and grinned.

“I think maybe Marie and I would like to be a alone for a while.

What do you think, slut?”

Marie looked up at him and nodded obediently.

“It’s ok, honey,” she said, turning to me, “why don’t you go out and come back in a couple of hours?”

I was humiliated, but also extremely turned on. I simply nodded and stood, tucking my still-hard cock into my pants as I left the room, and then the apartment.

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When I returned three hours later, Marie was alone, freshly showered, and sitting on the couch in her bathrobe.

“That was INCREDIBLE,” she said, patting a spot next to her.

I sat down beside her. She leaned in and gave me a long, tender kiss.

“Thank you SO much, honey.”

“You’re welcome,” I replied.

“I want to tell you everything,” she said, rubbing my cock through my pants, “but first let me get some lube. I think you deserve a little relief, but I’m way too sore to do anything but jerk you off.”

“That’s ok,” I said, “I understand.”

And I truly did. Even if it was hard to hear, I knew that I wanted to know all the details of the rest of her encounter with Ace.

Even if I knew it would change our marriage forever.

THE END



Also from Cynthia Sizemore

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore

At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever: Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard**,

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“BDE.”

Soon, Carl is giving Lena one-on-one lessons in submission in his hotel room. What he and Lena don’t know, however, is that Mike is

watching them the whole time. He can't take his eyes off his **innocent girlfriend** who, as it turns out, is **not as inexperienced as she seems**.

Come along with Mike as he watches his girlfriend in the experienced, dominant arms of a well-endowed black man. Mike already knows he can't compete. But will it matter to Lena? Will he lose her for good, or will they be able to come to some kind of arrangement that grants her the freedom she so obviously needs and desires?

Find out in this **14,000-word novellete** that chronicles one woman's descent into submission while her boyfriend watches.

About the author

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You can follow me on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

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Cynthia