

BECOMING A

SIZE QUEEN

BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Becoming a Size Queen

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Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older.

Amy heard John, her boyfriend's roommate, before she ever saw him. At first she couldn't tell what the sound was that was coming from the other side of her boyfriend Kevin's wall that Friday night.

"Is that your roommate?" she whispered to him, "is he having phone sex or something?"

Kevin rolled his eyes.

"It's probably not *phone* sex," he whispered, "that guy juggles like three or four girls at a time, and one of them is here almost every night. He meets them all online. Some of them come back again and again. It's like they can't get enough of him."

"What, really?" Amy's face lit up, "what juicy gossip. Now I can't wait to meet this stud," she smiled.

A look of concern flashed across Kevin's face.

"Oh come on, I was only teasing," she said, punching her boyfriend's arm, "that's totally gross, of course."

Now the low, masculine moans coming from the other side of the wall were unmistakably sexual in nature.

"Shh..," said Amy, "I think I can understand what he's saying."

The young couple held their breaths together remaining absolutely silent.

Slowly, the muffled words became comprehensible.

"Lick those balls honey," whispered the gruff male voice, "show me how much you love that big fucking dick."

Amy covered her mouth, suppressing her amusement.

"Oh. My. God," she mouthed to Kevin, shushing him again quickly before he could respond.

"Are you ready for daddy's big fucking dick?"

Amy blushed, still, covering her mouth in disbelief.

"Yes, sir," a feminine voice replied.

There was a sharp slap like the sound of leather against skin.

The girl yelped sharply.

"Yes, *daddy*," she corrected herself.

"That's so *filthy*," mouthed Amy, her eyes wide.

Kevin seemed even more pained.

"I'm putting on some music," he said, pulling out his phone, "I don't think we should be listening to this."

As the downbeat music filled the room, Amy closed her eyes and concentrated.

Underneath the beat of the music, sometimes in sync with the beat and sometimes in syncopated contrast, she began to pick up the unmistakable sounds of human coitus.

Fucking.

Raw, aggressive, passionate and animalistic fucking.

She felt herself getting wet as the yelps of the young woman on the other side of the wall increased in tempo and frequency.

"Oh Daddy, Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy…," the young woman groaned.

Amy blushed. She'd never thought the whole "Daddy" thing was hot, but now she was starting to reconsider. Maybe for the right guy…

Kevin went into the bathroom to get ready for bed. Amy instinctively turned the stereo down the moment he left the room.

At first she was afraid that the sudden change in volume had spooked the two lovers next door, but she was soon relieved to discover that they continued unabated.

Now that she could experience the sounds even more directly, she began to imagine what she was seeing in her mind's eye.

At the same time, her hand drifted down between her legs.

She closed her eyes and imagined a tall, handsome man with brown eyes and black hair holding back the legs of a poor pretty young thing as he pounded her mercilessly with his giant cock.

This scene corresponded in fact quite well with its real-life audio accompaniment.

A few short moments later, Amy's pussy clenched down around her hand and she bit her bedsheets, crying into them as she had the hardest orgasm she'd experienced in months.

From then on, she became obsessed with the idea of catching her boyfriend's roommate having sex. And it turned out not to be difficult at all.

He was fucking. *Always fucking*. Different girls, too. Sometimes Amy ran into them in the hallway or the kitchen. It never seemed awkward. They usually had a smile on their face and a sex-tossed look about them that Amy envied.

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Finally, one day, it happened. She came to see Kevin but he wasn't back from work yet, so she knocked on the door and John opened up. After months of hearing him fuck, Amy finally saw the man himself.

And he was gorgeous. Tall and built, with a confident air even as he stood there.

"Kelly?" he said, "you looked taller in your pictures."

Amy blushed. Did he mistake her for one of his hook-ups?

"Oh no," she said, "I'm sorry. My name is Amy."

"Hi, Amy. I don't remember chatting with you."

He looked her up and down and smiled.

"But I certainly won't turn you away…"

"Oh no," she said, blushing, "I'm Kevin's girlfriend."

"Oh? I didn't know he had one. Nice to meet you, Amy. Go ahead and make yourself comfortable."

He gestured to a couch.

"Thanks," she said, taking a seat.

Just then, there was another knock at the door.

"That must be Kelly," she laughed, looking nervously at the door.

"Yes indeed," he said, "you're going to have to excuse us. Kevin told me he wasn't coming back this afternoon, and we'd been planning on being alone."

Any blushed. She knew *exactly* what that meant.

"Of course. I won't bother you. I'll just be doing some homework."

That was when Kelly stepped through her door, shaking John's hand briefly and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh…," she said, looking at Amy in surprise, "is there a line or something? I didn't want a threesome."

Amy turned beet red.

"No," she stammered, "I'm not…"

"It's ok," laughed John, "she doesn't have to join in. But she can watch if she wants."

Amy was too shocked to respond.

"I'll leave the door open," he laughed, winking at her as he ushered Kelly down the hall, "in case you change your mind."

Amy blushed in fury. What kind of right did he have to suggest such a thing? Where did he get his cocky attitude. She was going to make sure that Kevin gave him a talking to as soon as he got home.

Another part of her wondered, however, how it was that he attracted so many women so effortlessly. What did he have that other guys didn't?

It took her several minutes to gather her courage as she sat on the couch, waiting for the sounds she knew would come. She didn't have to wait long, however.

"Good girl," she heard John say, "get that big dick nice and wet."

God, thought Amy, he's so crude.

One thing that he'd said did in fact catch her attention. Some he'd said often. He always called his dick "big." That's not something that Kevin would have ever said about his own dick. And not something that she would have said about it either.

Amy had never actually been with a guy with a big cock. Could that be the reason that all of these girls were beating down his door?

Could it really be *that* much better?

Just then, Amy got a text from Kevin.

"Sorry babe, I'm running about an hour late!"

Great, she thought, now I'm going to have to listen to those two fuck.

But what she was really afraid of was that she was going to be tempted to watch them fuck too. And that's exactly what happened.

A few minutes after John's "cocky" outburst, she heard the unmistakable sound of feminine pleasure. This, in turn, caused an unmistakable physical response: Amy's panties were soaked.

She decided that it wouldn't be so bad if she went to the bathroom to masturbate while she waited for Kevin to come home. After all, she'd gotten off on listening to John fuck several times before.

She tiptoed down the hall, past his bedroom door. Her heart leapt as she saw that it was, indeed, ajar.

She paused for a moment and turned her head to look. From the darkened hallway, she had a good angle on the action. And what she saw both shocked and aroused her.

Kelly straddled John, facing him, away from Amy. She slid up and down the largest prick Amy had ever seen, or could even imagine. It was at least 8" long, and as thick as her arm. Amy felt her knees weaken as she heard the other woman's moans.

"Oh god, John, yes. Yes."

"You love this cock, don't you?"

"Yes, I love it."

The girl's voice was desperate, hungry.

Amy's hand was in her pants now. She couldn't take her eyes off of the site of the young woman sliding up and down John's thick dick.

Slap! Slap! John reached behind and spanked the girl's ass, causing her to help in delight.

"Yes! Spank me, I'm a bad girl," she moaned.

"You're fucking right you are. Taking this big cock behind your boyfriend's back."

Amy froze. So this girl had a boyfriend too? God that's hot.

"I can't help it," she moaned, "I'm a sizequeen!"

"That's right you are you little sizequeen slut. You'll do anything to get a dick like this."

"Fuck yes," she moaned, bouncing on him even faster now, "I'm going to come!"

"Come on this big fucking dick you little whore. Your pussy is my property now. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, John…" she squealed, reaching a climax that stole her breath for a few seconds as her hips bucked against him uncontrollably.

Amy's pants were unzipped and part way down her thighs. She fucked herself with two fingers as she watched the other woman climax.

God, she thought, why does this turn me on so much?

Kelly slowly pulled herself off of John's cock and then slipped the condom off, looking up at him as she stroked it with one hand.

"I've never come that hard with my boyfriend," she said, smiling at him, "his dick is so small compared to yours."

"Well you never have to see that dick again, honey," he laughed, stroking her hair, "now be a good girl and show your appreciation for this big dick."

Any watched as Kelly, kneeling next to John on the bed, began give him a long, slow and sensual blowjob, as if his cock had been coated with an irresistible flavor of some sort.

She licked up and down the shaft, flicking her tongue against his head, kissing it, taking in her lips and then slowly into her mouth, and, with a lot of warm-up, her throat.

Soon, her head was bobbing up and down on his cock, her throat bulging slightly with each stroke.

Amy has never deepthroated anyone, and had certainly never seen something this incredibly obscene in real life. Why did it turn her on so much? She was on the verge of an incredibly powerful orgasm…

Just then, Kelly paused, coming off John's cock and taking a moment to catch her breath.

"I'm going to come soon," he panted, "but I want it all over your slutty face."

Amy has heard that guys liked that sometimes, but she'd never considered it a turn-on. Until now.

She watched as Kelly dropped to her knees, looking up at John as he stood over her. She was facing away from Amy now, and John was facing right in her direction.

His eyes closed and seemed to roll back in his head as Kelly began to jerk his cock, licking at the underside and massaging his balls at the same time.

"Oh please," she begged, "give me your cum."

"Oh yes," he groaned, one leg visibly trembling as his orgasm built.

"Fuck yes, please coat my slutty face," moaned Kelly, licking her lips as she stroked his gigantic cock.

"God yes," he moaned, "here it comes, slut!"

Amy gasped as she saw the first few ropes splat in thick sloppy lines across the other woman's face. It was so humiliating and so hot at the same time, the idea of being used like that. And it was clear that Kelly loved every second of it.

John wiped the last few strands of cum on his young partner's face.

"Good little slut," he laughed, "stay right there and we'll take a picture."

He grabbed a phone and snapped a picture.

"Maybe we'll send this to your boyfriend sometime," he laughed, "if we feel like showing him what a sizequeen slut you really are."

Then, almost without pause, he looked up and out the door of the bedroom, directly into Amy's eyes.

"You're next," he mouthed, giving her a sly smile and a wink.

Amy was shocked. He could see her? How long had he known that she was watching? She slammed the door instinctively, panting as she tried not to panic.

This can't be happening, she thought, I went from faithful girlfriend to total slut in the space of a few days. All for what? Some guy's dick?

Fuck, fuck, fuck. It wouldn't be long before Kevin would be home. How was she going to look him in the eye after being caught by his roommate perving out on a huge cock?

She quickly tried to pull herself together and tidy up her appearance. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

There was a knock at the door. It was Kelly. Of course it was — she was still coated in spunk!

"Hey, just a second!" said Amy, knowing she was going to face the music now.

She opened the door and the other woman quickly slipped past her, muttering a "thanks," before shutting the door behind her. Amy turned and found herself face-to-face with John.

"You liked what you saw, didn't you?"

"Get the hell away from me," she spat back, "I don't know what you're talking about."

He placed a hand on her wrist and then cupped her cheek in the other, gently guiding her gaze towards his. Amy's resistance melted with that dominant move. She was all his now.

"Quit playing around. Let's discuss this like adults. Tell Kevin you're leaving, but wait in my room. Close the door."

Amy felt like she was in some kind of dream. Without knowing how or why, she managed to nod in assent.

"Good girl," he whispered, swatting her ass as he guided her into the bedroom.

What am I doing? Amy thought as she closed the door to his room and took a seat in the only chair she found, which happened to be next to his computer.

She got out her phone, and with trembling hands, texted Kevin.

"Sorry something came up and I can't stick around any longer. Maybe we can hook up later :(."

On the other side of the door, she heard the shower start. Great, were they going to fuck again? And what was she doing there anyway? What could they possibly talk about?

She started to look around his room. She couldn't help it. Most of his stuff looked pretty unremarkable. He had a couple of bookcases filled with old college textbooks and some fantasy novels. He had a dresser with a picture of what must have been his mom and dad.

Then she glimpsed at the closet and saw something interesting: a single leather strap hanging down and preventing the door from

closing completely.

She opened the door and gasped as an automatic light came on, exposing several rows of odd-looking tools. There were several wooden paddles of various sizes, cuffs of various sorts, a few ball gags, some riding crops and canes, a few small whips, and some other things that Amy had never seen before.

What the hell? This guy is not only hung, he's also into all of this perverse stuff too?

But Amy had actually been into the same stuff for as long as she could remember. She'd even tried to bring it up with Kevin a few times, but it was clear he was completely vanilla. Now here she was, in the room of a guy who obviously loved it as much as she did, and was extremely experienced to boot.

She felt herself getting wet again as she ran her fingers across the smooth surface of one of the paddles.

What was she doing? She had to stop this. She was a good girl. A faithful girlfriend.

She sat down in his chair again and then stood up. She was about to leave the room, when she heard someone come in the front door. The shower was still on so it had to be Kevin.

Fuck. She couldn't leave now. If he saw her coming out of his roommate's room, it would be impossible to explain. As long as he was out there, she was trapped.

The showered stopped. A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened. She heard muffled conversation and then the front door open and shut again. Kelly must be gone.

After a couple more minutes of conversation, the door to John's room finally opened, and he slipped inside, closing it behind him, giving her a huge grin.

"So…," he said, "what did you say your name was?"

Amy was furious. She was risking her whole relationship on a guy who didn't even remember her name?!

"It's Amy, you son of a bitch," she growled, folding her arms defensively.

"Ok, sorry," he said, "I really did remember your name. I was just teasing. Relax."

His quick admission threw her off guard. Her arms fell and she smiled.

"I don't believe you," she said, "but I guess we've also only met once."

"Don't worry about it," he said, smiling at her, "now why don't you relax and have a seat on the bed? As long as Kevin's out there, I don't think you're going anywhere."

She relaxed, happy to give up her will to someone else in this tense situation.

"I know you probably have a lot of questions," he started, "and it's totally normal. I'd wonder what was going on here too, if I were in your position."

Amy nodded. He went over to the computer where she'd been sitting and logged in.

"I have a very special gift," he said, "and I'm not just talking about my cock."

"Ha!" said Amy.

"I'm serious," he said, opening a browser window, "I'm an expert at turning normal women into sizequeens."

Amy was silent for a moment. She had to admit that she believed him.

"And just how do you do that?" she asked, not too flirtatiously, she hoped.

"The truth is this," he said, showing her a website with his profile, "almost every woman these days is at least a bit curious about what it would be like to be with a really big guy. Only a few of them actually have the courage to seek me out. And those that do have more than a mere curiosity. They have a burning desire."

"So these women just click on your profile? There must be hundreds of guys out there with big cocks. What makes you so special?"

"Because they know exactly what they are getting with me. They can read testimonials, and even watch video…"

"And how does a woman know she's a sizequeen if she's never had a big dick before?"

"She knows it, deep down," he said, smiling, "and I think you know it too…"

"I don't know what you mean," said Amy, feeling dizzy all of a sudden.

Was this really happening?

It was. John clicked on a video, and Amy watched as a petite young redhead got the dicking of a lifetime. She couldn't take her eyes off of that long, thick, slick pole and the way it disappeared all the way into the small woman's hungry pussylips.

"I," she said, "I think I need to get going. Kevin's waiting for me."

She stood, but he stopped her with a gesture from his hand, raised authoritatively.

"If you go out there now, you're going to have a lot of explaining to do. But if you stay in here, you'll get to try it out. No strings attached."

"Try what out?"

He smirked, then gestured toward the screen, where the young woman was now stroking his dick next to her face.

"That," he said.

Amy gulped. She almost couldn't believe what she said next.

"He can never know."

"Of course not. All the girls say that. At least at first."

She did her best to give him a withering look.

"Ok," she said, "what are you waiting for? Let's get started. Let's see how you 'convert' these girls, hahaha."

She hoped her nervous laugh would cover up how horny this encounter had made her. She was ready to fall on her knees and beg, no, worship him.

He grinned and began to pull down his boxer shorts, letting his huge dick swing free in front of him. Amy paused and looked at it. Even though she had seen it before, nothing had prepared her for how good it looked up close. Her mouth began to water.

"The first step," he said, "is to get acquainted with it. Make friends with the cock."

"How do I do that?"

"Get on your knees," he said.

Amy felt herself obeying, without even understanding why.

"Good girl," he said, "now go ahead and touch it. Gently."

She reached up and gingerly began to stroke the shaft.

"Feel its weight. Its heft," he said, "this is part of the appeal. Most women want to be submissive to their male partner," he went on, stroking her hair, "and it's difficult, psychologically speaking, for them to truly submit to a small-dicked guy. Only a few women understand this consciously, but almost all understand this at some level," he continued, as Amy felt his cock rapidly expanding.

"A woman wants to be overwhelmed by cock. Taken up to the limit. Not every woman realizes this, but almost everyone one of them grows to love it once they experience it."

His dick was completely hard now. Any couldn't believe it. It had to be as long as her arm!

"Go ahead and play with it," he said, "kiss it, lick it. Get to know what's about to change your life forever."

Amy laughed. This guy had a lot of nerve.

"You sure do think highly of yourself, don't you?" she scoffed, stroking his dick and then giving its oversized mushroom tip a kiss, "where did you get this confidence?"

"I'm simply applying the principles of psychology," he said, "there's nothing magical about it."

She smiled and began to tease the underside of his cockhead with her mouth. She could already taste his salty precum, and it tasted delicious.

"You can probably already feel yourself falling under its spell, can't you?" he said, running his fingers through her hair.

What was she doing there? On her knees sucking her boyfriend's roommate's cock with her boyfriend only a few feet away?

Amy realized two things in that moment: first, that she was a bad girlfriend and second, that she was a sizequeen. There was no

more denying it now.

She started to moan in pleasure instinctively as she worked her tongue and lips up and down his turgid rod.

"That's it," he said, "you're getting the hang of it now. Such a good little sizequeen slut."

Amy blushed, but she knew he was right. She was a slut.

"Ok," he said as she slurped his cock, looking up at him for his approval, "I'm going to take control now. I want you to say 'red' if you need me to stop, and if your mouth is full, you can tap on my leg three times. Ok?"

"Ok," she said, smiling.

"Good," he said, taking hold of her head with one hand while he brandished his dick with the other, it's time to really break you in."

"Open wide for me," he commanded, "relax your jaw. And don't be afraid to gag. It's normal when you're learning to take a big cock for the first time."

What was she doing there? Amy couldn't believe it herself. She opened as wide as she possibly could, and let John take control. He was surprisingly gentle at first. He slipped his gigantic phallus between her lips and to the back of her throat several times, very slowly, almost as if he was making love to her mouth.

"That's a good girl," he said, encouraging her in soft tones, "you're going to be taking this whole cock before you know it."

He began to push just a little further into her throat with each thrust now. It hurt a bit at first, but she soon became accustomed to his size, and came to enjoy the sensation of his gigantic prick impacting her tonsils.

"Good girl," he said once more, "now I'm going to push you a little further. Are you ready for this?"

He pulled out to give her a chance to answer. She nodded, looking up at him obediently. She felt almost hypnotized, completely at the mercy of this superior man with his superior cock.

"Have you ever deepthroated your boyfriend?"

She shook her head.

"This is going to be a challenge then."

"If I wasn't up for a challenge, I wouldn't be here," she said, smiling up at him.

God, she thought to herself, what's gotten into me?

At the same time, she heard Kevin go down the hallway and into his room. He'd be able to hear everything that happened from here on out. Except he'd have no idea that it was his innocent-seeming girlfriend who was being transformed into a sizequeen slut on the other side of the wall.

But she didn't have any time to reconsider what was happening; not that she would have wanted to. Soon, John's gigantic prick was pushing into her throat, stretching her open more than she'd ever thought possible. She strained her jaw to the utmost to accommodate his girth. She felt her eyes begin to water, and soon tears slid down her cheeks. She wasn't suffering, however: she absolutely loved it. Of course it hurt a bit, but the feeling of being absolutely overwhelmed by a masculine man with a huge cock was exhilarating.

"Such a good little fucking slut," he moaned, "you're going to take my cock in your pussy next, right?"

"Mm hmm," she groaned between thrusts that made her throat distend.

"Good girl. Get that pussy wet for me. Play with it."

Amy's hands shot down between her legs. She slipped a finger under her panties. Fuck she was wet.

His balls slapped into her chin as she opened her throat entirely, taking his entire length. She'd never have thought it possible even a few minutes beforehand, but here she was: deepthroating nine inches of the most delicious cock she'd ever encountered. All while her boyfriend listened from the other side of the wall. He had no idea it was her, of course. He thought she was just another sizequeen slut looking for a good hard dicking.

She was beginning to think that that was exactly what she was. And she loved it.

"Ok," said John, taking his cock out of her mouth and slapping it across her face a few times, "I'm ready to stretch that pussy. Is it nice and wet for me?"

Amy nodded.

He reached down and spanked her ass, hard.

"I didn't hear you, slut."

"Yes, sir," she said, "my pussy is wet for you."

"That's much better. Take off your clothes and lay on the bed."

She removed her clothing quickly.

"Hand those panties to me," he ordered.

She did what he said. Soon, she was lying on the bed, almost trembling with anticipation and desire as he slowly stripped off the rest of his clothes as well, exposing an athletic, muscular torso and abs. There was no way that Kevin could ever compete with him. He was the perfect specimin of a man, and not just "downstairs." No wonder he had a constant stream of women coming and going.

But the going didn't interest Amy. She was more keen on the coming. She wanted to finally find out what it felt like to be filled with a huge cock.

She didn't have to wait long. John climbed onto the bed and pushed her legs apart, positioning her so that she was spread obscenely for him. She felt vulnerable, as if she were on display. She loved the way he positioned her exactly where he wanted her before he put the head of his cock right at the entrance of her tight tunnel.

"Ready for this big dick, you fucking whore?" he laughed, "you're not going to be able to go back to your boyfriend after this."

Just then, her phone buzzed. John picked it up from the nightstand and read the message, smiling. He then passed her the phone. It was from Kevin.

"Hey honey," he'd written, "he's at it again. He's banging some slut who has a boyfriend. Typical."

"OMG," she replied, "so gross. He must have a big dick or something."

John smiled as he saw what she wrote, then he thrust forward, eliciting a cry of pain mixed with pleasure as he penetrated her with about the first two inches of his length.

"God that's big!" she sighed, "fuck, I already...I'm already so..."

Her eyes rolled back into her head as he strained for a moment and pushed into her again, this time sinking almost half of his

length.

She licked her lips and looked up at him, smiling, then down at the gigantic prick slowly disappearing between her legs.

"You feel amazing," she said, "I didn't think it was possible to feel this full. I think you're going to have me cumming in no time at all."

Her phone buzzed again.

"Do you really think that might be the reason? That his dick is big?"

She showed the screen to John.

"I really do," she wrote back, moaning in pleasure as John pushed all the past her final resistance, bottoming out on her cervix.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, "oh God...I can't believe it...I'm about to come ..."

"Yes," groaned John, not even thrusting yet, "come on this big fucking dick."

"Oh God," she moaned, "I'm going to..."

In that moment, he reached down and stroked her clit gently, with the skill of a man who know exactly what he was doing.

"FUCK!!" she groaned, her legs seeming to fall out from underneath her as a slow-moving wave of pleasure began to pulsate from her insides outwards.

"God damn," he chuckled, "you really are a born sizequeen."

A full thirty seconds later, when she had almost fully recovered, she looked up at him, her eyes glazed in a sex-drunk stupor.

"Shut up and fuck me. Give me that big fucking dick."

"That's what I wanted to hear, you whore."

Her began to pound her, slipping a hand around her throat as he did. He didn't press down too much, it was more a gesture of control. Amy loved it.

"Oh God, John," she moaned, "this dick is so good. God I love it."

"Tell me you love my cock, slut. Tell me exactly what you love."

"I love your cock," she moaned, "fuck I can't believe how big it is."

"Look down and watch that monster disappear between your legs."

"I am," she moaned, "God it looks so good. I want you to pound me with it. Just break me. Ruin me for my boyfriend."

Amy would have considered the kind of language she was using, or the amount she was talking, if she'd been able to think rationally at all. Kevin was just on the other side of the wall, and he knew her voice intimately. The more she talked, the likelier he was to figure out exactly the game that was being played.

In the meantime, however, Amy's breath had been taken away by the short, shallow fuckstrokes that John was meting out with his dick.

"That's a good girl," he whispered, "take that big dick. How big is your boyfriend's cock, honey?"

"Too small," she moaned.

He slammed into her even harder. She was on the edge once more, about to float off again in the sea of big-cock bliss.

"How small, exactly?"

She didn't have time to think, she just blurted.

"Four inches, maybe. Maybe five."

He pressed her legs back and began to pound her cervix directly. It hurt, taking her breath away in an overwhelming, but not unpleasant way. She felt her orgasm spreading once more. She was so close.

"Please make me come again," she moaned, "I'll do anything, just don't stop..."

"Anything?"

"Yes," she pleaded, thrusting up with her hips to meet his strokes, "anything. I need to come on your huge prick so fucking bad."

"Tell me your name, slut."

"Amy," she whispered, not quite ready for Kevin to hear her.

He reached up and slapped her face, not hard, but hard enough to get her attention.

"You remember the safeword, right?"

She nodded.

"Good. Now tell me your name. Say it loud."

"Amy," she said, a bit louder than before.

"That's right," he grinned, "your name is Amy. And what's your boyfriend's name?"

"No...," she moaned, trying to get him to start to fuck her again, "I can't..."

"If you really want me to stop, you'll say the safeword, slut. But you don't really want me to stop, do you? You really want to tell your boyfriend the truth, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Do it. I want to hear you tell him the truth. Right now, with my cock buried in your pussy. If you do that, I'll let you come."

"Ok," she stammered, "my name is Amy, and my boyfriend's name is Kevin."

"Good girl," said John, picking up the pace once more.

She groaned in ecstasy, too much in her own world of pleasure to feel any guilt whatsoever about the immense betrayal she'd just committed.

"God yes, John. My name is Amy and I'm dating a small-dicked guy named Kevin who can't satisfy me," she moaned, a bit shocked at what was coming out of her mouth.

"That's fucking right that tiny-dicked wimp can't satisfy you," growled John, fucking her harder and more animalistically now, "I'm going to turn you over now so that you can tell him even more clearly."

He grabbed her and flipped her onto her stomach, slipping into her pussy again from behind and then railing her so that the entire bed slammed into the wall. It was a sound that Amy had heard many times from the other side of the wall, where she knew her boyfriend was listening.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up.

"Tell him," he ordered, "tell him what you need."

"I need John's cock, honey," she groaned, "I'm addicted to this big prick. He fucks me better than you would ever be able to."

"Oh god, yes," she continued, arching her back a bit as she felt the orgasm become inevitable, "ruin my tight little pussy with that

big cock."

"YES!!"

Her orgasm carried her away again, for what seemed like a full minute of absolute bliss, and when she returned to herself, John had pulled out and was turning her onto her back once more.

"Let's do something fun," he said, grabbing her phone, "unlock this for me."

She grabbed it an input her code, fairly certain of what was coming next, or at least the general outline of what he had in mind.

"I'm going to coat that pretty face of yours with my cum," he announced, stroking his oversize dick right above her face, "and I'm going to send a picture to your boyfriend."

"Fuck yes," she groaned, reaching up and playing with his balls, "show him what a woman will do for a guy with a real dick."

"Here...it comes...," moaned John, shooting rope after rope of cum from across her face and hair.

She closed her eyes at the last minute and didn't dare open them. She heard the "click" of her camera phone.

"You look perfect," said John, "like the perfect sizequeen whore."

She scooped his cum up with her fingers and began to slowly eat it, putting on a show for him.

"Fuck this tastes so good," she sighed, still basking in the considerable afterglow of the orgasm.

Finally she was able to open her eyes.

"I filmed all of that," smiled John, "maybe we can watch it together with Kevin. When we tell him the truth about what you really are: a whore for big cocks. Just like every woman who tries one."

Amy smiled at him.

"Only if you promise to fuck me while we watch it. I'm not sure if Kevin's earned the privilege to see that yet. Maybe if he's really lucky."

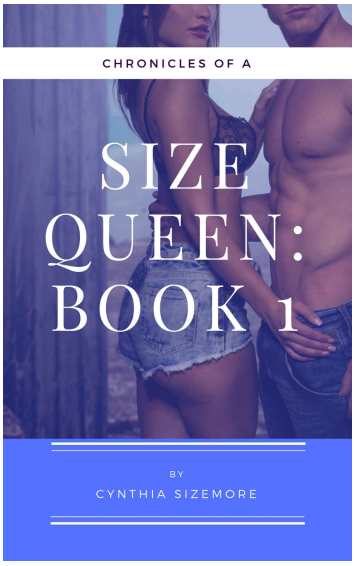
"I guess you're right," said John, "we'll have to wait and see."

And so it was that Amy was able to admit her true nature, both to herself and –indirectly – to her boyfriend. She had become a

sizequeen.

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.

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.

Add her on Google + and to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail her at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.