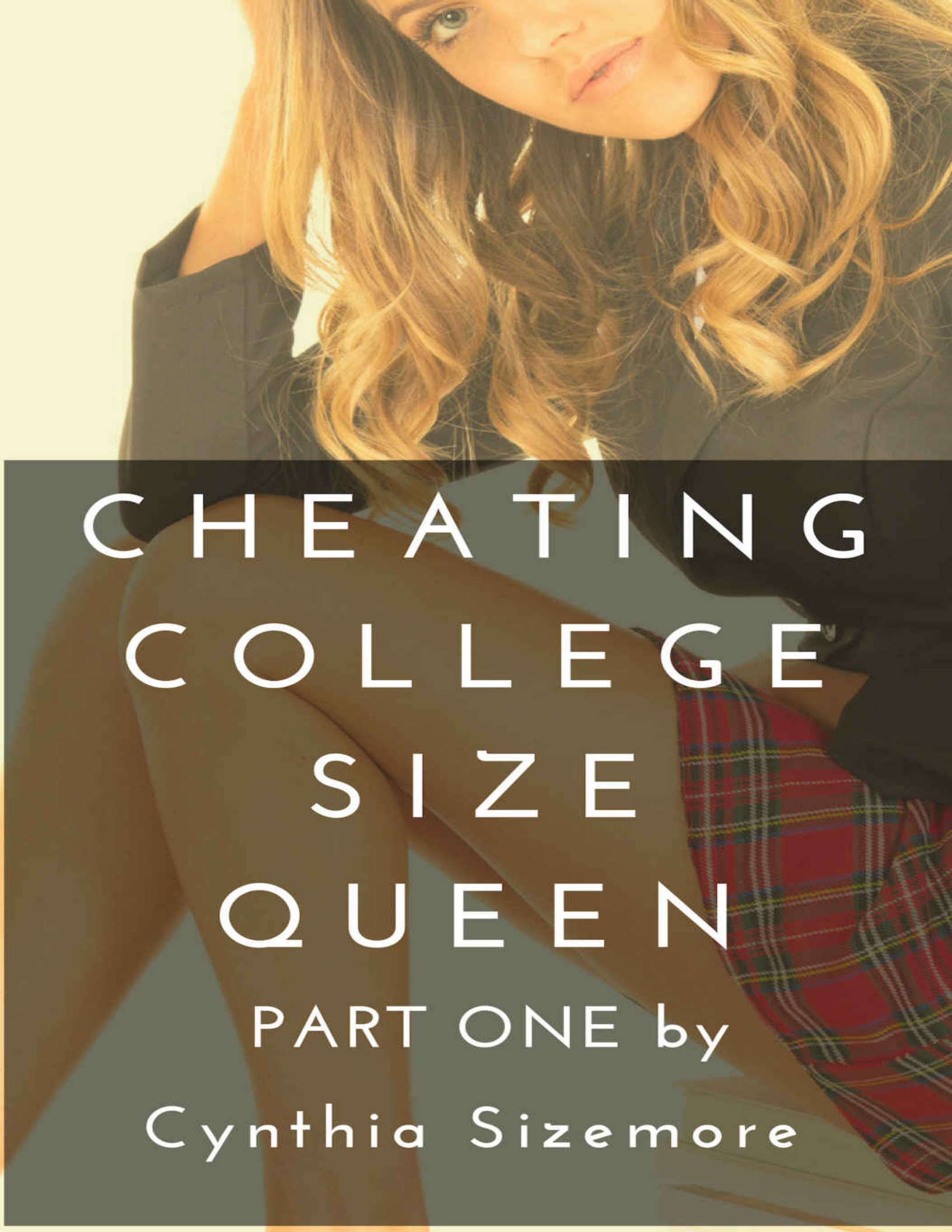


CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN

PART ONE by

Cynthia Sizemore

Cheating College Size Queen:
Book 1

by

Cynthia Sizemore

Copyright © 2018 Cynthia Sizemore

cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

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.

CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN

My name is Stacy, and I have a confession to make. Well, it's less a single confession and more a long series of scandalous incidents that all concern a central constellation of characters: me, a sweet, inexperienced freshman, Chad, the athletic, alpha basketball player, and Jason, my naive, church-going boyfriend. Jason had my heart, but Chad was allowed **everything** else. And I loved them both. To me, our arrangement was perfect. Even if Jason didn't know anything about it at first.

It all started right after I turned 18 and went off to college. I came straight from the country and onto the campus of a Big Ten Midwestern university. I laugh now to imagine how innocent I was back then. My parents had been extremely religious, and had done all they could to help me maintain my sexual purity up until I left the house. They'd been quite successful in this respect, but as is so often the case, their strictures had not only *repressed* my urges, they'd also *awakened* a burning curiosity in me for more knowledge of all things carnal.

Of course I had a general idea about how sex worked, but I didn't really know any of the dirty details. And I'd certainly never watched pornography. It was entirely against my religion and my chaste temperament.

The only hint of real male genitalia that I'd gotten came in the form of flowery passages from my grandmother's romance novels. Those florid descriptions certainly captured the emotions surrounding a woman and a man being together, but in such euphemistic language that I often found myself even more puzzled by them than by the embarrassed explanations offered by my teachers.

So imagine my surprise when, during the first week of my freshman year, I learned that men's cocks were not only much **longer and thicker** than I'd imagined, but also that they got **extremely hard**.

I know! You might laugh about this now to think that a college girl could be that naïve. But this was just before cell phones became ubiquitous, before the internet — and internet pornography —ruled over every aspect of our lives and libidos. It was, in short, a more innocent time.

I still remember the first time I got an inkling of the truth. My outgoing, promiscuous friend Lisa had just had her second cocktail of the night and was telling me – her completely sober, virginal church-going roommate – all the dirty details.

"What?" I giggled, putting my hands over my face and blushing, "he was **how** long?"

"Like five inches," my roommate Lisa continued, "I know. I should have laughed at him like you did. But I left him put it in me anyway."

"Something that **big**?" I asked, incredulous.

"That **small**, you mean," she answered with a laugh, "I could barely feel him inside me. "

"But I thought…I mean aren't most guys smaller than that?"

"Ha!," she said, "you're a virgin?"

"Yes," I said sheepishly, "how did you know?"

"Because you seem to have no idea how big a cock is. Or even what it looks like."

I blushed when she said the word *cock*. I had heard it a few times, and I knew it was a bad word. Or at least one that good girls didn't use.

"Sure I do," I lied, "they're about this long," I said, indicating something as big as I could imagine, which was about the size of a tampon, "and this big around."

I indicated the girth of a tampon.

Lisa almost doubled over laughing.

"Oh my god," she said, "**thank god** I've never met a guy that small."

I blushed. I really had no idea what she meant! But I decided I was going to find out.

That weekend I went to a party, determined to find a guy to experiment with.

I must have had some sort of aura of innocence about me. I know I was quite attractive in general, but those first few weeks at college were filled with guys asking for my number. One of them was this guy named Chad, who turned out to be a basketball player.

"That's a guy who's definitely packing," said Lisa, smiling as she noticed me checking him out.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"First of all," she said, "look at those shorts. Guys with big dicks usually have to wear something loose-fitting, or they'll cause a scene every time they get hard."

"Oh," I said, "I guess I've got a lot to learn."

"There's another give-away," said Lisa, "watch how confident he is. He is not at all afraid to talk to women. I think he's coming over here now..."

She was right. Chad sauntered up to us, a cocky smile on his face, and fed me some kind of obvious lie about seeing me in his calculus class.

"I passed out of calculus," I said, enjoying his flirtatious tone, "I'm on to much more advanced topics."

"Well that's great," he said, not missing a beat, "because I'm looking for a calculus tutor."

I gave him my number, telling him that I'd be happy to tutor him any time. Calculus came easy to me.

Several weeks went by, and he never called.

I had almost forgotten about him when I met Jason.

Jason was a guy at church who I really liked. He was tall, handsome, and he played the guitar. we went out several times. We kissed every time, but only on the fifth date did things get a little more intense.

We got back to his dorm, and after a few minutes of fumbling I had his pants down and my hand on his cock. It was a lot bigger than a tampon, but after the weeks of anticipation, and all the conversations with Lisa, I was disappointed.

He must have sensed that because he asked me what was wrong. I summoned up my courage and told him, not really realizing at the time how sensitive guys were about the subject.

"I guess I thought…it would be bigger?"

The look of disappointment on his face was palpable. But I was disappointed too! And the fact that he was so insecure was also a major turn-off.

Something else happened in that moment, too. I realized that humiliating him about his cock size was **a major turn-on for me**. I was very ashamed of this feeling, however, so I repressed it until a later date. It would come out eventually, though, in a quite explosive way.

Jason and I kept dating, and it was a long time before I mentioned his meager endowment again. In fact, I didn't see his cock at all during the next year or so. I told him that I'd had second thoughts about getting physical with him because of religion. The **real** reason was to be found in another place, of course. He seemed to accept my reluctance, but I could tell that he didn't totally like it. Jason was the kind of guy who was just happy to be dating a girl like me. Or probably would have been happy with any girl, to be honest.

In any case, I still had a burning curiosity about sex. And a burning need to finally lose my virginity. But at the same time, I wanted it to be with a guy who was worthy of my tight young body. More and more, I was convinced that a guy's sexual prowess could be predicted by the size of his cock. And Jason, as sweet as he was, simply couldn't measure up.

The cock size hypothesis was the only thing that made sense in my mind! How else could certain stupid guys be so

confident, and such smart and successful guys so shy? It had to come down to dick size, right? It helped, of course, that Lisa agreed with me.

I started lusting after more confident guys.

It was around that time that I finally got a call from Chad. It had been about two months since I'd met him for the first time, but I could still remember the confident way he'd carried himself. If anyone had the kind of cock I was looking for, it must have been him.

He'd completely forgotten about the pretense of needing help with calculus. He asked me to go to a party at his frat. It was completely clear to me that he wanted to fuck me. I wanted to see if he was confident enough to try, and if he'd measure up to the task of finally claiming my young pussy.

I arrived at the frat and Chad met me at the door. I'd made an excuse to Jason earlier in the day, telling him that I was going to study with my friend Natalie. I needed to keep him on the back burner, because there was no way I could introduce a guy like Chad to my family. They'd take one look at him and know the truth: he was a total player, a guy out to lay as many girls as he possibly could, with no intention of settling down.

That's **exactly** what I liked about him, of course.

It didn't take long until we were in his room, and my hands were down his pants, fishing around for what I hoped would be a cock worthy of destroying my virginity.

"Oh wow," I said, closing my hand around his meaty, rapidly hardening dick.

He laughed, “You’re an eager one aren’t you? I didn’t have you pegged for a size queen. You look so innocent.”

“Shut up!” I said, playfully slapping him on the arm, “I’m very innocent. I just want to see what I’ve been missing.”

“I’m happy to show you,” he said, pulling down his shorts and revealing what I could only describe as the most beautiful big dick I’d ever seen.

It had to be almost ten inches long, completely flaccid. It looked like it would absolutely break me in half if he actually fucked me with it.

But that was exactly what I wanted. To be broken. To be used by the biggest cock I could find. To be absolutely conquered by an alpha male.

And for some reason, the fact that I was still dating Jason made this thought even hotter. I thought about how good it had felt to tell him his cock was small. Then I felt ashamed. The feeling soon passed, however.

That first evening, we kissed for a while longer, me just stroking Chad’s shaft with the help of the ample precum that leaked from it as lube.

“I want to have sex,” I told him, “but I’m a virgin. I don’t think that thing is going to fit inside me.”

“It’s ok,” he said, “it will definitely fit, but it’ll take some time. Why don’t I show you some other stuff first?”

I smiled at him. I was more than happy to learn from such an alpha male. That evening, he showed me exactly how to

stroke him off. I sat next to him as he reclined on his bed, watching me as I played with his big fat dick.

"This thing is like a can of Pringles," I marveled, my two petite hands completely unable to encompass his girth.

"Ha," he said, "it's actually not quite **that** big. But you know, there's a guy on the team who must be almost that big around."

"How do you know that? Do you like to look at each other naked?"

I smiled at him teasingly.

"No," he said, "but if you must know, sometimes we...kind of share girls."

"*Share* them? Like you both date them?"

"It's not exactly dating. Sometimes we all take turns fucking the same girl. It's a team tradition."

My jaw was on the floor. At least that's how I felt. I must have looked shocked. But the truth was, I was intrigued, and **completely turned on**.

"You have to tell me more about that sometime," I told him, stroking his shaft a bit harder with the lube that he'd provided, "I've never heard of something like that."

"You've never heard of a gang bang? Really?"

"Really!" I said, truthfully, "I'm a very good girl, after all."

"Right," he said, "you're a good girl who's here stroking my cock while your boyfriend goes to Bible study."

I had to admit he was right.

"But stroking it doesn't count as cheating, right?"

"I won't tell if you don't."

"Thanks," I laughed, "now tell me what I should be doing."

"Keep stroking it with both hands," he said, "a little fast though."

I did my best to follow his instructions. His cock felt so big and heavy in my hands. It made me feel so small and soft and feminine. I knew in that moment that I would never be able to respect a guy whose dick was any smaller than that.

I stroked it up and down, slicking my hands down with lube when needed, and giggling in delight as I watched his big dick twice and start as I pleasured it.

"Oh fuck," he said, "you're a natural. I think you're going to be in high demand if the other guys hear about this."

I blushed a little. I was secretly very proud of being praised like that, but I also wasn't sure if I was ready to be "shared" with the other guys just yet.

That would all change soon, however.

"Oh God," he groaned, a look of concentration overtaking his face, "I'm going to come."

"What?" I said, stopping mid-stroke.

As funny as it sounds now, at that time I had no idea what he was talking about. Of course I knew that semen – that is to say, sperm – came out of men's cocks and fertilized eggs inside women, but I had never really thought about how it happened. Or how much of it there would be.

"Don't stop!" he yelled, frustrated, "keep stroking."

"Sorry," I said, embarrassed, "I just..."

But my thought was interrupted as he began to shoot rope after thick rope of gooey semen. His cock erupted into the air like a geyser, his cum spraying all over his bedspread and his clothes.

"Oh wow," I said, looking at my hands, which were absolutely coated, "I didn't know that was going to happen. I'm really sorry for making such a mess."

"Don't worry about the mess," he said, a look of satisfaction crossing his face, "though maybe I will teach you a better way to clean up next time."

"That would be great!" I said, grabbing the tissues, "I can't wait for next time!"

He gave me a kiss, then told me to get lost. I didn't mind at all. After all, I had Jason to play the role of boyfriend.

The next time I came over, I gave him another long, slow handjob while he played with my tits. I really liked pleasing him. It was never about my pleasure at all. I didn't even cum – at least not then.

I simply **loved** playing with his huge cock. It made me feel like a woman.

The second time he came I was more prepared for the actual event, but still unsure what I was supposed to do. So I asked him.

"A lot of girls like to eat it," he said.

"Eat it?" I looked at him in puzzlement, his monster cock dwarfing my tiny hands.

"Yeah," he laughed, "like they swallow it."

"How does it taste?"

He laughed.

"I would be the wrong person to ask."

"Ok," I said, "I'll try it this time."

"Oh god," he said, as I bent down to put my mouth just over his cock.

"I can't wait to taste it," I said, smiling at him as seductively as I could.

"Here it comes," he groaned, shooting the first powerful spurt directly into my mouth.

I gagged a bit in surprise, but then recovered in time to catch the next few spurts of cum in my mouth, as the rest hit my chin and chest.

I kept stroking until he was completely finished, then I swallowed and lifted my cum-covered hand to my mouth, licking it off greedily.

"Mmm," I said, genuinely surprised, "it tastes really, really good."

"I think you're mastering this skill," he said, "next time, we'll have to teach you something else."

"That sounds great," I said, beaming, before cleaning off and then setting off to meet up with Jason, an extra spring in my step.

I was always extra nice to Jason after these encounters with Chad. Playing his sweet, innocent girlfriend only made the entire game even more arousing for me somehow.

And it wasn't really cheating, was it? I mean, if I could shake another guy's hand, what was the matter with jerking off his cock? We hadn't even had sex yet!

The next time I visited Chad, he asked me if I'd like to give him a blowjob.

"Sure," I said, having only a vague idea of what that entailed, "but I don't actually blow on it, do I?"

He laughed.

"You're funny, Stacy. Slutty but funny."

"Slutty *and* funny," I corrected him, "in that order."

"Ok," he said, "slutty *and* funny. Now how about you get on your knees and see how much of this cock you can fit in your

mouth.”

I was eager to please as always. I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth as wide as I could, struggling to fit him inside. I lapped at his cockhead, already tasting the precum, which augured the reward to come through its salty, rich flavor.

“Oh Stacy,” he groaned, looking down at me as I worked his shaft with my hands and his head with my mouth, “you’re such a good little cocksucker. Is this really your first time?”

“Mmmhmm,” I answered, my mouth stretched almost to the point of pain as I bobbed up and down on him, trying to simulate the handjob, but with my tongue.

“Keep sucking that dick,” he encouraged me, “we’ll work on deepthroating later.”

I have to admit, I had an idea of what he meant this time, given the proximity of his cock to my throat. I even tried to press it past my gag reflex, but soon had to stop and come up for air, in the midst of a coughing fit.

“Sorry,” I said, when I’d caught my breath, “I promise I’ll get better.”

“You’re a natural-born slut,” he laughed, “Don’t worry — we’ll train you well.”

I wondered a bit about why he’d said “we,” but in the heat of the moment, I simply shrugged it off as the “royal we.”

A moment later I was back on his cock, once again trying to force his mighty girth into my tight young mouth.

"God you love sucking dick," he groaned, "I definitely don't believe that this is your first time."

"Mmmm-mmm," I protested, moaning on his cock.

I stroked him fast and faster, reaching down and playing with his nice heavy balls.

"Do you have a lot of cream in there for me?" I said, looking up at him with my innocent eyes as I stroked his shaft quickly.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, and began to rope into my mouth and onto my face and chin.

I later learned that this was called a "facial." It was my first, but certainly not the last.

I savored every drop of his salty cum, while he watched in disbelief.

"I've never met a girl who loves cum as much as you," he said, "you're a natural-born cumslut."

"Mm I guess I am," I laughed, heading to the bathroom to check my makeup before I went off to meet Jason.

We were going to see a movie later. I loved the thrill he clearly got from holding my hand during the screening. I even made out with him a bit. I wonder if he could tell that I'd been sucking another man's cock just an hour or so before…

A week later, I told Chad that it was finally time for him to fuck me.

"It's going to be a very tight fit," he said, playing with my pussy with one hand as he stroked his enormous cock in the other.

"I know," I replied, "but I think that's going to be the fun part. We can go slow..."

I had no idea just how slow we'd have to go. Despite the fact that I was soaking at the idea of finally being fucked by the monster cock I'd been learning to please over the past few weeks, he still couldn't get more than just the tip of his broad head into my tight pussy. We decided to call it a day after about half an hour of trying.

I gave him a sloppy, enthusiastic blowjob instead, and let him cover my face in his warm spunk while I begged for it. Then I licked it all up and thanked him while I headed off to meet Jason.

We were at a church retreat that weekend. The men were in one campsite and the women in the other. At night in the bunk beds, I played with my pussy, imagining Chad finally breaking me with his big dick. God I needed that. I needed to be filled, claimed and taken the way that only a well-endowed man was capable of.

The next day, we met with the boys' side of the camp for some games, and, later, prayer. I snuck away with Jason for a moment and we held hands in the woods. He kissed me and told me at that moment that he loved me.

I gave him a nice, long kiss, and told him that I loved him too. And I did. I loved everything about his personality and his values, and I knew that he would make a great provider. There was just one problem:

I loved Chad's cock even more.

So after that time, I kept visiting Chad, almost every week, usually on Friday afternoon after class. I knew that I was just a warm-up for the other girls he would be fucking after the parties that weekend, but I didn't mind. After all, I didn't really want to date him, just fuck him.

And it took us a long time before we were really able to fuck. It took three more long, delicious sessions of me laying on his bed, my legs spread apart, looking up at him pleadingly as he slowly worked his big prick into my tight pussy. I loved the feeling of being stretched open just a little more each time. It was a slow, wonderful process.

Each time, he'd be able to fuck me with just part of his length.

"This is, without question, the tightest pussy I've ever been inside," he moaned on the second occasion, "I wonder what it feels like without a condom."

"You can take it off," I said, grinning, "just don't come inside me."

His face lit up like a kid's on Christmas. He pulled out and stripped the magnum condom from his huge, magnificent cock and pushed it back inside me – as far as it would go, that is.

"God that's good," I moaned, "I want you to fuck me. Just give it to me."

He fucked me with about half his length, knowing that he couldn't fit the whole thing just yet. His girth stretched me to the limit, sending new sensations coursing through my body.

I was about to experience my first orgasm. Even when I'd played with myself – which I'd started to do more frequently – I'd never achieved orgasm. I had no idea what one really felt like. I know that sounds a little strange, but I've sense talked to women like myself who thought they were orgasming but really weren't

Anyway, that day that Chad fucked me, without a condom, and with only half of his length, I felt a feeling originating in my pussy and clit begin to spread over my entire body. This was much more intense than anything I'd felt before. I didn't know what was happening, but I didn't want it to stop, either.

"Oh God," I moaned, "it feels so funny...so...good!"

"Go ahead and come for me you cute little slut," he encouraged, "just relax and let it happen."

"Don't stop fucking me with that big cock," I moaned, surprising myself with the obscenity of my remark.

He grunted and moaned as he pumped his gigantic prick into my overstuffed cunt. I squealed in delight at the skewering his cock delivered. I loved the feeling of being totally at his mercy, completely overwhelmed with dick. It was like no other feeling in the world, and it was certainly something that Jason could never compete with.

"Oh! Oh!OOOOOOOOOOh."

Chad later told me that the sounds of my first orgasm reached some of the other frat brothers in the kitchen, three floors beneath us.

I almost blacked out from the pleasure. My vision went blank for a moment as my body was racked with a tidal wave of

bliss.

"My God, Chad," I said, my face flushed with my very first post-coital glow, "that was magical. I think you have a magical dick."

"And your tight little cunt is pretty good as well," he groaned, pulling out his cock and spraying down my breasts and belly with one of his signature voluminous loads.

"I needed that," I cooed, scooping up his cum and feeding it to myself slowly.

"Me too," he said, "that was amazing to watch. What would your boyfriend think if he knew you were doing this stuff with me on the reg."

"I don't know," I laughed, "maybe he'd like to watch. He's got sort of a cucky vibe. And I obviously love cheating."

"Maybe you should tell him," laughed Chad.

"Na," I said, "I like it better that it's just our dirty little secret."

"Suit yourself," said Chad, "but next week, I'm going to bottom out in that pussy. I know it."

The next week began normally for the most part. I had coffee with Jason on Monday, and went to Bible study with him on Wednesday night at the student center. There was a guest lecturer speaking on the importance of sexual fidelity within the context of marriage. I nodded along with everything she said, becoming more and more impassioned myself as her rhetoric became more and more fervent.

"I'm glad we feel the same way about these things," said Jason, afterward, "it's so hard to find a relationship like ours these days."

"I agree," I said, drawing closer to him.

If only he knew just how *unique* our relationship actually was.

"I'm glad you do," he said, "because I've been thinking about asking your father a very important question soon.

He gave me a knowing smile, then kissed me on the cheek goodnight.

My *father*? He wasn't one of those guys who was so old-fashioned that he'd ask the woman's dad for permission to marry her, right?

Oh my God, he *was*!

Of *course* he was. He probably already had the ring.

That night I tossed and turned in my bed. On the one hand, I was still very young. I didn't intend on giving up my sexual experiments any time soon. Settling down with Jason would mean no more fooling around with Chad. It was one thing to do that stuff while we were dating, it was something else entirely to do it when we were married. Right?

But on the other hand, it seemed like the perfect arrangement. I never had to worry about Jason's loyalty, and I would be the perfect wife in every aspect of our lives that counted. Just not in that one, particular area:

Sex.

Chad, and well-endowed guys like him, would own my vagina.

It may not have been culturally acceptable, but it felt completely natural to me: I'd be supported by the nice, stable guy, and sexually pleased by the most dominant, big-dicked alpha males.

That Friday afternoon, I went to Chad's frat to allow him to continue breaking in my pussy. I knew that today would probably be the day that he finally succeeded in going balls-deep, that is to say, completely stretching me out and finally owning me.

I was giddy with excitement like any girl who knew that she would be proposed to. Having this filthy little secret on top of everything only made my pussy wetter and my nipples harder as I knocked on Chad's bedroom door.

"On your knees, slut," he ordered, pulling down his workout shorts and letting his enormous cock flop out.

I dropped to my knees immediately, obeying him instinctively. I loved his authoritative tone, and the way he didn't hesitate to show me my place. Jason would have never been so direct.

I slobbered on his rod for about 15 minutes, looking up at him in adoration as my jaw muscles got the workout of a lifetime. Pleasing him was all the foreplay I needed. A few minutes later, I was striped of my clothes, my legs spread on his bed as he impaled me on his tremendous endowment, this time balls deep.

It felt amazing to finally be able to take his entire length, after such a long build up. So good, in fact, that I actually had a sizable orgasm the moment that he bottomed out in my tight little cunt.

"God Chad," I cried, my pussy muscles clenching around his gargantuan member, "Jason's going to ask me to marry him."

He didn't miss a beat. That's what I loved about Chad. Well, not really loved. I was still going to save that word for my husband. It's what I appreciated about him.

"No matter who you marry," he said, slamming my pussy with his entire length, "this pussy will always belong to me. And you'll never be able to forget this cock."

"Oh God, Chad," was all I could say as I moaned and came again for the second time in only a few seconds.

I knew he was right. But what did it matter? I would never discuss the intricacies of doctrine or child-rearing with Chad. That was what **Jason** was for. **Chad** was for fucking. For the purposes of straight-up, primal breeding. It was a need that I had that went deeper than the trappings of civilization and religion: **a need to submit to the man with the biggest cock**.

Not just submit to him: to be **inseminated** by him. And that is why I said those words to Chad in that moment, right as he pounded my unprotected pussy with his huge hard horsecock.

Their emotional truth was as powerful as the physical act they described:

"Please come inside me," I demanded, pulling him in closer with my legs.

Chad knew I was totally unprotected. But despite (or because) of this, I heard him let out a cry of delight and begin to pump me even harder and faster than before.

"Here it comes you little whore," he growled, putting a hand around my neck and lightly choking me as he held me down and began to pump me full of seed.

"Oh God," he moaned, slamming himself all the way to my cervix and unloading a powerful spurt of cum directly into me, "take it you fucking whore. Take this cum like the little slut you are."

"Oh God, yes," I moaned, "claim that unprotected virgin pussy, Chad. It's yours, now. No other man can have it."

This wasn't entirely accurate, of course. Other men would **definitely** be allowed to fuck my pussy. But only **he** got to be the very first.

He grinned at me and pulled out, moving up towards my mouth and slapping his still-erect cock across my face for cleaning.

I eager took his still-rigid erection into my mouth and sucked the last of his cum from its tip. It felt so right, serving him like this, but I knew that Jason was waiting at the restaurant for me, and I had a feeling he had a special surprise in store.

"Finish fast," I said, grinning up at Chad, "I *know* you've got another load in there for me."

"God you little slut," he laughed, "you want all my cum to yourself, don't you? How am I supposed to nut when I fuck those little cute freshmen fans later tonight."

"Mmm," I said, moving down to lick his balls, "I guess I'm just a greedy little bitch."

"Fuck yes," he groaned as my mouth slathered his testicles, "I'm going to jerk off all over that pretty face before you go and meet your loser boyfriend."

I only moaned harder into his sack.

"Loser **fiancé**," I corrected him, mumbling into his balls, "at least I'm betting on it."

He pulled me up and aimed his prick at my face, tugging at it furiously for a few seconds before loosing a stream of hot white liquid all over my face.

"I don't have time to wash my hair," I complained, "so you better not have gotten anything in it."

My eyes were completely plastered closed by his load, but as I scooped his cum into my eager mouth, I was soon able to see.

***

Later that evening, I met Jason at the campus restaurant where we'd gone on our first date. I could tell he was nervous. He kept touching his pocket, as if to make sure that something was there.

The conversation turned to our recent retreat, and the importance of sexual forbearance and chastity, especially in an

oversexualized world.

I couldn't have agreed with him more: **small-dicked guys** needed to remain chaste. To keep it in their pants while the big-cocked guys had the fun. Guys like Jason were great for going on dates with and for bringing home to mom and dad, but they could never touch those places in my soul – or pussy – that the Chads of the world could.

Jason got on one knee, tears in his eyes as he reached into his pocket and produced a diamond ring.

I could still feel Chad's cum, slowly running out of my pussy and down my leg.

"Oh Jason," I said, shrieking in delight as the heads of the other restaurant-goers turned to witness the happy spectacle, "of course I will!"

As he slipped the engagement ring on my finger, I had to accept the truth: I had become a cheating size queen slut, without even meaning to.

Read the next installment of my story if you'd like to learn about how I ended up being shared by Chad and all of his friends, while Jason saved himself for our wedding night.

END OF PART 1

Sneak preview of PART 2:

[…]

The transition from being only with Chad to being with Chad and his friends on a regular basis was a very natural one, as strange as that sounds. It was never a conscious decision on my part to become the girl that all the guys were fooling around with. It just kind of happened as a matter of course.

After Chad finally managed to get his entire cock inside me during three marathon stretching sessions that culminated with him coming in my unprotected pussy right before my boyfriend proposed marriage, I needed more.

Much more.

I started going to Chad's place twice a week now: on Fridays as before, but now on Tuesday nights as well. It was no secret to any of his friends what was happening. I'd knock on the door and come in and smile at Chad, and he'd put down whatever he was doing and take me upstairs and use my tight little college pussy in as many positions as he pleased, before cumming on my face or in my mouth and sending me off to meet Jason, my fiancé.

But one day, he didn't drop what he was doing, because what he was doing was another girl. I could hear them from downstairs while I stood in the living room talking to his frat brothers.

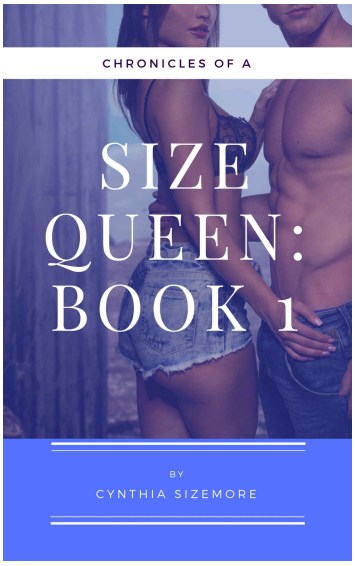
[…]

I wasn't jealous. He was only proving his worth as a fuckable alpha male. It was something that Jason would have been wholly incapable of.

But I came there looking to be **fucked**, and I didn't plan on leaving to meet Jason without getting some cock first.

"Hey," I said to the group of guys playing video games, "which one of you has the biggest dick?"

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



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

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



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

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

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

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

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

About the author

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

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

E-mail her at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.