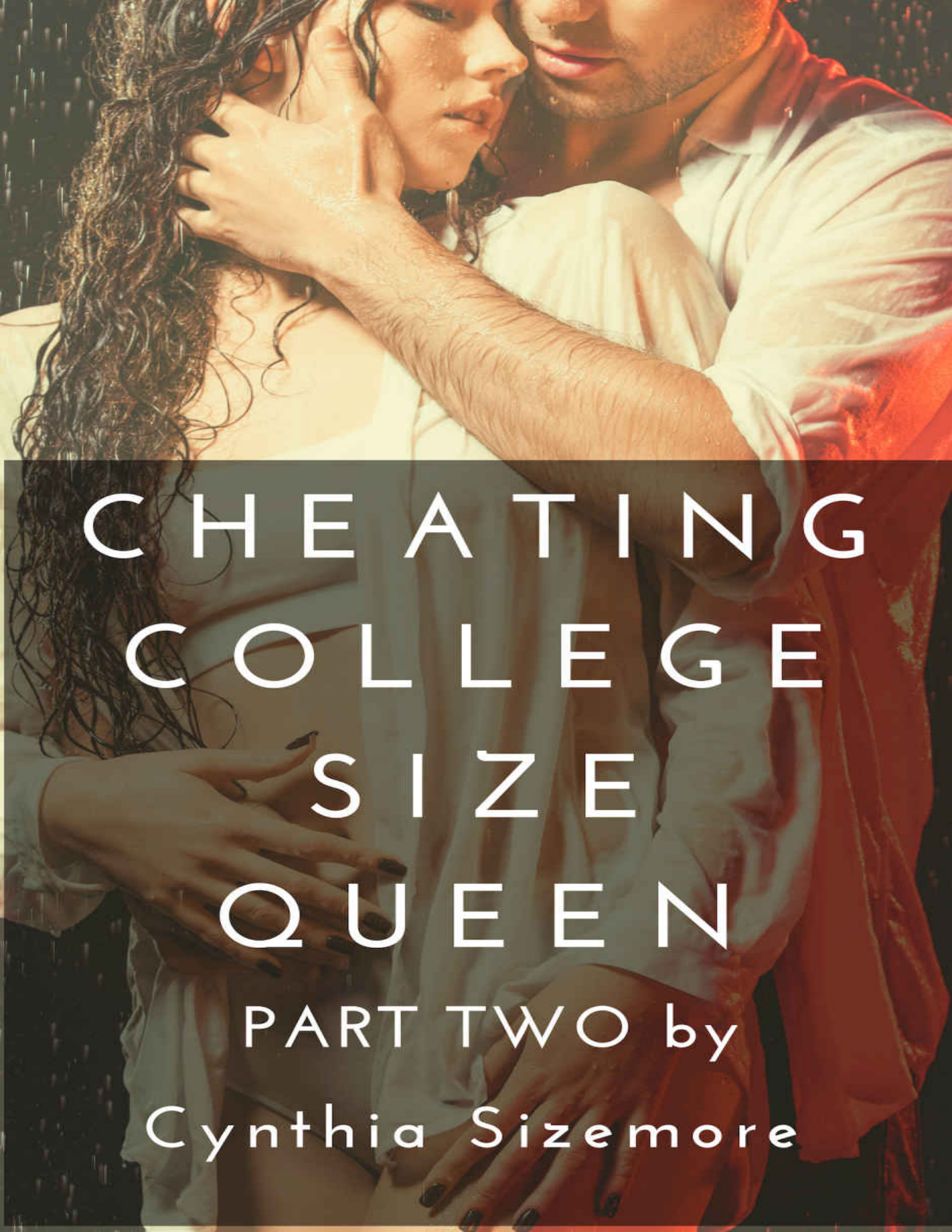


CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN

PART TWO by

Cynthia Sizemore

CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN
BOOK 2

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN: Book 2

Introduction

You don't have to read the first part of my story to understand or enjoy this one, but knowing what happened in part one might enhance your enjoyment of part two.

In the first installment of this story, I told you about how I went from being an innocent, naïve and inexperienced young woman from a very religious background to the plaything of a hung college basketball player (Chad), all while dating a nice guy (Jason) on the side. I knew I wasn't exactly being a "good girl," but at the same time there was something so natural and innocent about the game I was playing: I was submitting to the most well-endowed stud I could find, while relying on the nice, stable guy for emotional and financial support.

It was a story as old as time.

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.

"He's busy," said one of them, nodding to the ceiling.

The lighting fixtures were shaking with each thrust as Chad bottomed out in some lucky girl's pussy.

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?"

That got them to pause and look up from what they were doing.

"I think that's gotta be me," said Michael, another basketball player. He was tall, black and built. One of the star point guards.

"Do you want to get lucky?"

"Hell yes."

He dropped the controller and stood up.

"Why don't you show me your room, big guy?" I said, smiling at his package which could already be seen to be rapidly hardening.

"Aww, can't we watch?" said one of the frat guys.

"No," I laughed, "but maybe if you're lucky – and hung enough – you'll be next."

A whoop went up from the group of guys. I have to admit, it turned me on a lot, realizing that I was at the center of attention. It started my mind reeling. What would it be like to be to do it while someone else was watching? And what would it be like to be with more than one guy at once?

My experience with Chad had shown me that men enjoy putting their cocks in more than just one hole. Why couldn't a girl take multiple cocks at the same time? It only made sense. Besides, he'd even mentioned that sometimes he'd "shared" girls with other guys on the team. What did he call it?

That's right: a "gang bang."

Ha, I thought, if he wants to bang other girls during our weekly meeting time, maybe I'll have a little "gang bang" with his friends.

But I wasn't quite ready for that, so Michael was going to have to do.

Michael took me upstairs to the door of his room, which was down the hall from Chad's. I could still hear the girl Chad was with instead of me, moaning for him to fuck her harder and faster.

"They've been at it for a long time," laughed Michael, his low, sonorous voice tickling my privates without even touching them, "I guess he's really something in bed."

"He's alright," I laughed, still feeling a little jealous if I was totally honest with myself, "but I have nothing to really compare him to."

"Not even your boyfriend?"

Michael seemed to know a lot about me already. I guess it was only natural for a guy like Chad to talk.

"He's my fiance, actually," I said, "and no. We're saving ourselves for marriage."

Michael raised his eyebrows wryly.

"Well, you know what I mean," I said, "he's saving himself. I'm just having some fun."

"With the whole fraternity?"

"Look," I said, growing impatient, "do you want to show me what you're packing or not? I'm on a schedule here, and I need to get fucked."

He opened the door to his room and gestured me inside.

"Then you better get on your knees you little whore," he commanded, pulling down his shorts as he guided me into a kneeling position.

I loved being manhandled like that.

"Yes, Sir," I said, grinning up at him as he unleashed his gigantic black anaconda.

"I prefer 'Daddy,'" he said, smiling back as he stroked his rod.

"Ok, Daddy," I said, playing along, "just how big is that cock?"

"I've never had the need to measure it," he said, "every woman that's seen it has said it's the biggest they've ever been with, and that's enough for me."

"Well now I wish I'd measured Chad," I laughed, "because I'm not sure whose is bigger."

He gave a long, low chuckle that gave me tingles.

"I guess maybe someday we could compare," he said, guiding my mouth to his mushroom tip, "but for now, why don't you show me some of those legendary cocksucking skills?"

Legendary? I guess this is what they mean when the say that a girl has a "reputation."

I looked up at him as I began to choke on his gigantic cock. It felt at least as long, and perhaps even thicker than Chad's.

"Yes," he groaned, "you white sluts all love the BBC, don't you?"

I stopped, pulling off and looking up at him in astonishment.

"Why are you talking about the British Broadcasting Corporation, you weirdo? I thought you wanted your dick sucked."

He laughed.

"BBC means 'big black cock.' I thought that was common knowledge."

"Not where I'm from," I said, "but I will suck your big black cock – sorry, your 'BBC,' Daddy, if that's what you want."

"That's exactly what I want, slut. Now get back to work."

"I will," I retorted, "and for your information, it's true that I love the BBC. Dr. Who is great, and those Jane Austen adaptations make any girl of any race cream."

He had to laugh.

"Chad said you were funny. But he also said you gave amazing head. Let's find out."

I gave him what I considered to be an extremely enthusiastic and thorough blowjob. After all, I had a reputation to uphold! If I was going to be known as a slut around the frat, at least I should give the guys a thrill while I was at it.

Of course, all of this slutty behavior gave me a thrill as well. I wondered what Jason was doing while I was on my knees servicing what amounted to a total stranger. Was he at home reading his Bible? Watching porn? Wondering what his cute fiancee was doing right now?

There was no way in the world he'd imagine the truth: me on my knees, trying my hardest to please large, big-dicked African-American basketball player.

"Yeah, that's it," he groaned, "I like my nuts licked. Keep going."

I was pulling out all the stops. Trying to make this a dicksucking for the ages. Knowing somewhere in the back of my mind that if I

succeeded, my reputation would be even further enhanced.

"God damn," he groaned, massaging the back of my head as I took him deep, "I need to feel that pussy."

"Please go ahead," I said, "I want you to split me open with that big dick. If Chad doesn't want this pussy, I guess it's all yours. Daddy."

I tried to give him my most innocent look possible after having uttered something so utterly obscene.

"Get those clothes off, bitch. Or at least the pants."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, peeling down my yoga pants and panties.

I bent over his bed, wiggling my ass seductively at him.

He gave me a few spanks.

"Ohh, Daddy. Have I been bad?"

"You sure have, you little slut. Hold still so Daddy can give you this big cock."

"Mmmm...yes please!"

He felt so incredibly thick as he pushed himself inside me. I looked up and into the mirror on the closet and admired his chiseled abs. You don't need abs like that to play basketball well, but they probably help a lot.

"Oh Daddy," I moaned, "I need that dick. I came here for dick and you're giving it to me soo good."

"That's right you little white slut," he groaned, "all you little whores love this big black dick. You can't get enough."

"No, Daddy," I groaned, "I really *can't* get enough. I need you to show me just how good it is."

"I heard you like it rough."

"You heard exactly right," I said, looking him in the eye through the mirror, "show me exactly what you've got."

"Fuck yes," he groaned, starting to slam into me, slapping my ass and pulling my hair, "take this big dick you little bitch."

In the excitement of being penetrated by him for the first time, I'd forgotten to insist that he wear a condom. I couldn't tell if he had one on or not.

"Are you wearing a condom?"

"Of course," he said, "I wouldn't risk fucking a slut like you without bagging it up first."

I might have been a little insulted by the implication, but the fact was, I loved the idea of suddenly being this huge slut, despite the fact that I had, of course, only had sex with one guy before him. Strictly speaking, I was *not* a slut. But I guess the slut is always in the eye of the beholder.

He continued pounding me hard from behind, commanding me to come on his big black dick. I had no problem doing what "Daddy" wanted, telling him all the while that I loved his cock. I was impressed with his staying power. Usually when I talked that dirty, Chad, despite his incredible stamina, couldn't hold back any longer.

"Wow," I said, my face flushed with post-coital glow, "you gave me a workout. But you better give me some of that cum to taste soon, because I'm going to have to get going."

"Don't you worry about that, you fucking slut," he groaned, pulling out and smacking my ass hard, "get over here and get on your knees and prepare for Daddy's load."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, suddenly feeling extremely kinky because of what I knew my father would say if he heard me talking like that.

I got on my knees and looked up at him sweetly.

"Please coat me with your big load," I cooed, "I need Daddy's cum."

"Fuck," he groaned, wanking his dick frantically as he held my head in place, "open up for Daddy."

I stuck my tongue out to receive his thick, gooey load, which slapped against my tongue and cheeks with an audible splat.

"Mmm...thank you, Daddy!" I exclaimed, licking it up as quickly as I could, "you taste delicious."

Just then, there was a knock at the door. It was a shirtless Chad, his wonderful cock outlined in his boxers.

"What the fuck, Mike?" he said, "you're up here with my girl?"

"I'm not **your** girl," I said, feeling a little feisty, "you know I'm engaged. And who was that little slut you were banging just now?"

I looked behind him, down the hall, and saw my roommate, Lisa, the girl who had first introduced me to the joys of big cocks.

"I see," I said, "well, no hard feelings. I guess you have enough dick to go around."

"And you have one incredible pussy," said Michael, wiping his dick onto my cheek, "thanks for letting me take a test drive," he said, looking at Chad.

"My pleasure," he said, smiling at me.

"Hey," I protested, "don't I get a say in this?"

"Of course, babe. But you already said yes."

He had a point there. Once again, the incredible slutiness of the whole situation was somehow intoxicating. A big grin spread across my face as the other frat boys started cheering when I appeared at the bottom of the stairs once again.

"My turn next time," said one of them, "I can fuck way better than Michael."

"You'd better be packing," I laughed, looking down at his crotch, "this pussy has a 7-inch minimum."

They *loved* that line. The hoots of laughter and cat-calls rang in my ears as I pulled up to the house where I would meet Jason for Bible Study. How had I gone so far astray from what my parents had taught me in such a short time? I knew the truth. Deep down, I'd always been what I was: a size queen slut. I started to wonder where I had gotten it from. Were all the women in my family like this? I shrugged off those concerns for a moment and went into the house to meet the other members of my small group.

***

Because we were engaged now, I decided it would be ok if I gave Jason a handjob now and then. I was careful not to make it a regular thing. I didn't want him to feel entitled to it, after all! That day, after Bible Study, we went to my dorm and started making out. Since we had recommitted ourselves to chastity, we were almost never alone together, so when we got the chance to fool around like this, it was explosive.

Of course he had no idea how to touch me, so I took the lead, reaching into his pants and stroking his cock. Since I was used to handling Chad and Michael's big meaty members, I couldn't help but giggle a bit. I immediately felt guilty.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, it's nothing," I said quickly, "something Lisa and I were joking about earlier."

"I see," he said, clearly skeptical about my explanation.

"Mm, does this feel good?" I asked, unzipping his fly for better range of motion, "I can get some lotion."

He nodded. I pulled a bottle of hand lotion out of my purse and began to wank him harder.

"Do you like it when I stroke your little guy like this?"

I don't know why I said it, but I just couldn't help myself.

He blushed, clearly embarrassed, but nodded yes.

"I like stroking your cute little cock," I said, grinning at him.

I could tell he wasn't going to last long.

"Ohh….ahh…"

The next thing I knew he had coated my hand in a few small dribbles of cum.

"That wasn't very much," I said, disappointed, "have you been jerking off?"

"Stacy…," he started, "what's gotten into you? Why are you talking like that? What about sexual purity?"

"Easy for a guy who just got a handjob to say."

"But you're my fiancee."

"Exactly."

I could tell he was really surprised at my words and actions, and if I was honest, they surprised me as well. What had gotten into me recently?

"I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings," I said, doing my best to look contrite.

"It's ok," he said, "it's just… you haven't been seeing any other guys have you?"

I panicked internally, but tried not to show it.

"No – why would you ask that?"

"No reason. It just seems like you really know what you're doing when you… you know."

I did know. Chad had taught me so well to wank a dick that I'd forgotten the necessity of playing the ingenue when I was around

him.

"I'm just a natural, I guess!" I said, giving him a peck on the cheek and reaching for the tissues, "but you don't seem to mind."

"No," he said, "it was actually kind of a turn on."

What exactly was a turn-on? I wondered later. Was it me clearly showing signs of sexual prowess, or was it the fact that I'd ridiculed his penis size? I would later find out it was a little of both. But that's a story for part three of this series.

In any case, I continued to visit Chad twice a week, but now that Michael had spread the word, a couple of other guys came into the mix. I didn't let just *anyone* fuck me. I had standards. More that anything, a *size* standard of course. Lucky enough for me there were plenty of guys on the basketball team with generous endowments.

So it was only natural that I became more and more popular with the guys. I kind of became an institution in my own right, because they even started including me in their initiation rituals for new pledges. Basically, the guys would have to go into a darkened room with me, and I'd drop to my knees and give them the best blowjob possible. The goal was to last more than five minutes. Not many guys could – but most of them were initiated anyway.

Even though there were several people around listening on the other side of the door, that was still not technically group sex. I did, however, have my first experience with two guys at once a couple of weeks after I fucked Michael for the first time.

Chad had been making me dress like one of the cheerleaders while we fucked. The uniform he gave me to wear might have even belonged to an ex-girlfriend of his or something. No matter – I didn't care. I loved dressing in slutty outfits to please him.

Anyway, on that particular day, Michael was playing video games again downstairs when he saw me show up to meet Chad wearing the uniform.

"Damn," he said, "can I get a turn after you two are finished?"

"No," I said, looking at the clock, "I've got to be somewhere in forty minutes, and I don't think we've got time."

"What if we team up?"

A shiver went down my spine. It was such a deliciously slutty idea. Two guys at one time! Of course. Why didn't it occur to me that this was simply the next logical step in my depraved life.

"Let's see what Chad says," I replied, smiling mischievously.

I stood there at the door to Chad's room, holding Michael's hand.

"Would you two big basketball players like to double-team this little cheerleader?" I asked, batting my eyes innocently.

"Fuck yes," said Chad, giving Michael a high-five.

Before I knew it, I was on my hands and knees on the bed, with Michael's cock in my mouth while Chad pushed aside my panties to finger me. I moaned as they took turns slapping my ass, calling me names like "dirty little cheerleader slut."

I called Michael "Daddy," of course, which Chad found extremely amusing for some reason. But to be honest, I didn't have very many moments when there wasn't a cock in my mouth.

Those guys knew what an opportunity they had, and they took it. Michael fucked my lips raw, sliding his big hard cock into my

throat over and over again while Chad skewered me from behind. He'd simply pushed my panties to the side and kept my cheerleader uniform on. I was impressed by their staying power.

"Let me feel this big dick in my pussy," I said to Michael, signaling for the two men to change places.

"Gladly," he said, smiling.

Chad pulled out and stood next to the bed, stroking his enormous hard-on while Michael got into position behind me, sliding his mammoth cock inch by inch into my sopping wet tunnel.

"You like that, bitch?" he asked, grabbing my hair and pulling me up to face Chad's erection, which was bobbing just a few inches from my face.

"Mmm hmm," was all I was able to reply before Chad began to slowly fuck my face.

That's around the time that they started talking dirty. It was so degrading, but I loved it. I had become the kind of filthy whore that my parents would have been absolutely shocked by.

"She loves big dick, doesn't she?" panted Michael, ramming me from behind.

"The bigger the better," he replied, forcing my head down on his cock.

"She's a little cheating slut, isn't she?"

"A total whore."

"What would her boyfriend do if he knew she was over here getting stuffed with cock every time his back is turned?"

"He wouldn't think she was so innocent then."

"Maybe we should tell him. Maybe we should call him right now."

A jolt of energy went through my entire body. I let out an involuntary, low groan of excitement and pleasure when I heard their absolutely obscene suggestion.

"Let's really do it," said Chad, "that's her phone over there. Toss it to me."

I watched as my Nokia flip phone flew over my shoulder and into Chad's hands. Back then, cell phones didn't have security codes. It was a trivial matter for him to find the entry marked "Jason."

My entire body stiffened as I prepared to climax, both from the pounding that Michael's big black dick was giving me, and the absolutely cruel and somehow at the same time incredibly arousing plan that the two guys had hatched.

Chad pulled out his cock as I climaxed.

"Oh God, you guys are so baaaaaaad!!"

I felt guilty for how **good** it felt to come at the thought of calling my boyfriend during my first threesome.

"You're going to have to talk to him," said Chad, holding the phone to my ear as I slowly recovered from a massive orgasm, "Michael promises to be nice."

He winked at Michael, who slowed his pace.

"Oh yeah," he said, "of course."

"Hello, honey?" Jason sounded concerned, "everything ok?"

"Hi!" I tried to sound as normal and chipper as possible.

"I, um ---."

Michael chose that moment to slap my ass, hard. I choked on a shriek as he began to poud my pussy hard again.

"Stacy, what's wrong? I can't understand you..."

"I'm fine...oh God," I panted, "I think I have to call you back!!"

Michael spanked my ass three more times, loud enough that it must have been audible on the other end of the phone line, as I struggled to disconnect the call.

"You guys are such bastards," I said, laughing, "I'm going to have a lot of explaining to do."

"What's to explain?" laughed Chad, stroking his cock right next to my face, "you're a whore who loves big dick, and you're never going to change."

"Ugh, this pussy is so fucking tight," moaned Michael, his thighs slamming into mine as he continued to plunge into me from behind, "too bad that cuck boyfriend of yours is never going to experience it."

"He's my fiance," I corrected, "and he will *too* experience it. On our wedding night. And he'll appreciate it more than you two," I laughed.

"That's really sweet of you," laughed Chad, slapping my face with his cock, "now open up so I can spray you down."

I grinned up at him and closed my eyes and opened my mouth. A few seconds later, I heard Chad groan and felt the wonderful sensation of a huge cable of cum slapping into my tongue and cheeks.

"God this girl is a slut," said Michael, "and I do believe I'm about to nut."

"Do it inside her," said Chad, "that way it drips down her leg while she's talking to her boyfriend. She's a cheating college size queen and she absolutely loves it!"

Fuck. Chad had me totally figured out, and I loved it. I climaxed again as Michael grunted, pumping his seed inside me.

"Thank you," I cooed, beaming at both guys, "that was really fun. But we're NOT calling Jason again. What were you thinking?"

"You didn't exactly try to stop us," laughed Michael.

"I know," I said, "but I feel guilty about how much it turned me on."

"You're just doing what comes naturally, right? No reason to feel guilty about that."

I had to admit he was right. About ten minutes later, I was in a sundress sitting across from Jason in his dorm room. The semen-stained cheerleader uniform was in my gym bag next to me.

"What was happening before, when you called? It was like there was a slapping sound just before you hung up. And you were acting weird."

"Oh yeah," I said, stalling for time. It was probably totally obvious that I was lying.

"I was shopping with my sister, and this guy came up and interrupted us."

"Why didn't you call back?"

"Oh," I said, "because I knew that I'd see you really soon."

"Ok," he said, "I just wanted to make sure that everything was alright."

"Of course it is, silly," I leaned in and gave him a long kiss.

We had another steamy makeout session, followed by another handjob.

"It's small, isn't it?" he asked to my surprise as I stroked his half-size cock in my hand. Unlike Chad and Michael's dicks, his filled a single hand comfortably. I didn't even have to try to get my hand around it.

"Oh, no…," I said, "I mean, I wouldn't know."

"You don't ever talk to other girls about it?"

"Well, I guess maybe once or twice. But just about cocks in general, not yours in particular."

"Ok," he said, "I just get the idea sometimes that you're disappointed or something."

"Oh sweetheart," I said, reassuringly, "I could never be disappointed with something so cute."

"That's just it," he said, "no guy wants to hear that their cock is 'cute.'"

"But it's a compliment!"

"Whatever."

"Look," I said, giving him a sultry look as I stroked him even faster, "I know that I've been kind of mean, and I want to make it up to you. So why don't you look at these tits while I finished you."

He had never seen my boobs before, only fondled them briefly when we first started dating.

"Oh God," he groaned, "yes, please."

I reached up and popped both of my breasts out of my bra and let them hang out of the top of my sundress.

"Do you like how hard my nipples are getting?"

"Mmmhhhmmm," he groaned, suddenly shooting a huge rope of cum into the air and all over my hands and lap.

"Ha ha ha," I laughed, "well well. You do have a lot in there sometimes after all!"

He blushed.

"Why don't you go to the bathroom and get cleaned up?" I asked him, reaching for the tissues so that I could clean myself off.

He gave me a peck on the cheek and then disappeared into the personal bathroom that adjoined the dorm. As I waited for him to return, my eyes fell absentmindedly on his computer screen. A web

browser window was open, but was minimized at the bottom of the screen. I clicked on it and was shocked at what I discovered:

An internet forum page called "cuckold lifestyle chat."

My eyes scanned the posts, quickly. My adrenaline was pumping. It was a discussion board devoted to **exactly** what I was doing: cheating on Jason with big-dicked guys. But it seemed to be from the perspective of the men being cheated on. They seemed to like it!

Could Jason **know? How much** did he know? And if he did know, was he actually *into* what I was doing? Did he get off on the idea of his sweet girlfriend cheating with well-endowed guys?

Suddenly, I had *a lot* to think about.

I heard the toilet flush in the bathroom.

Just then, my cellphone rang.

I picked it up. It was Chad.

"Do you want to be a real cheerleader?"

"What?"

"An actual *cheerleader*. The squad is short this year. There's a tryout, but you're pretty athletic, so..."

"Ok, ok – I'll think about it," I said, "I've gotta go now."

"Okay."

No sooner had I flipped my phone closed than did Jason appear before me, looking refreshed.

"Who was on the phone?"

"No one. My mom."

"Ok."

I resolved to talk to him about what I'd found. I couldn't believe it was true, but if it was, it might open an entirely new chapter in our relationship.

"So…," I said, taking his hand, "just now…I looked at your computer. Is there anything you want to tell me?"

THE END

A PREVIEW OF PART III (FINAL PART)

[...]

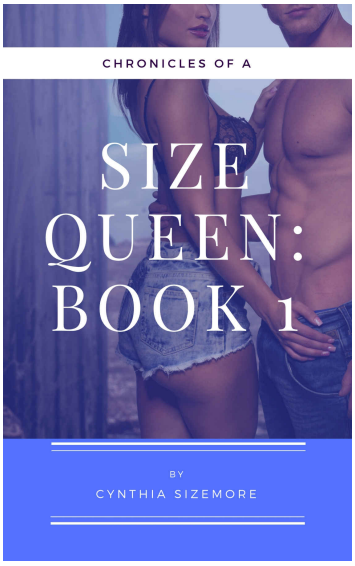
It quickly became apparent that I had been selected for the cheerleading squad not for any particular skill, but rather for other reasons. The transition from fucking the guys in the frat one or two at a time to taking on the entire basketball team during halftime was just as simple and logical as the transition I'd previously undergone from fucking only Chad to fucking Chad and Michael. This time, however, there was a difference. I was married. Or at least I would be soon.

The wedding took place the summer after freshmen year. It was a small affair – just a few friends and both of our families. My friend Lisa was my maid of honor. I could tell throughout the whole thing that something was on her mind. Finally, she cornered me after the ceremony as I washed my face in the bathroom.

"I talked to Chad. I know what's been happening in the locker room at the games."

Oh shit, I thought, *here it goes...*

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



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

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



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

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

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

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

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

About the author

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

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

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