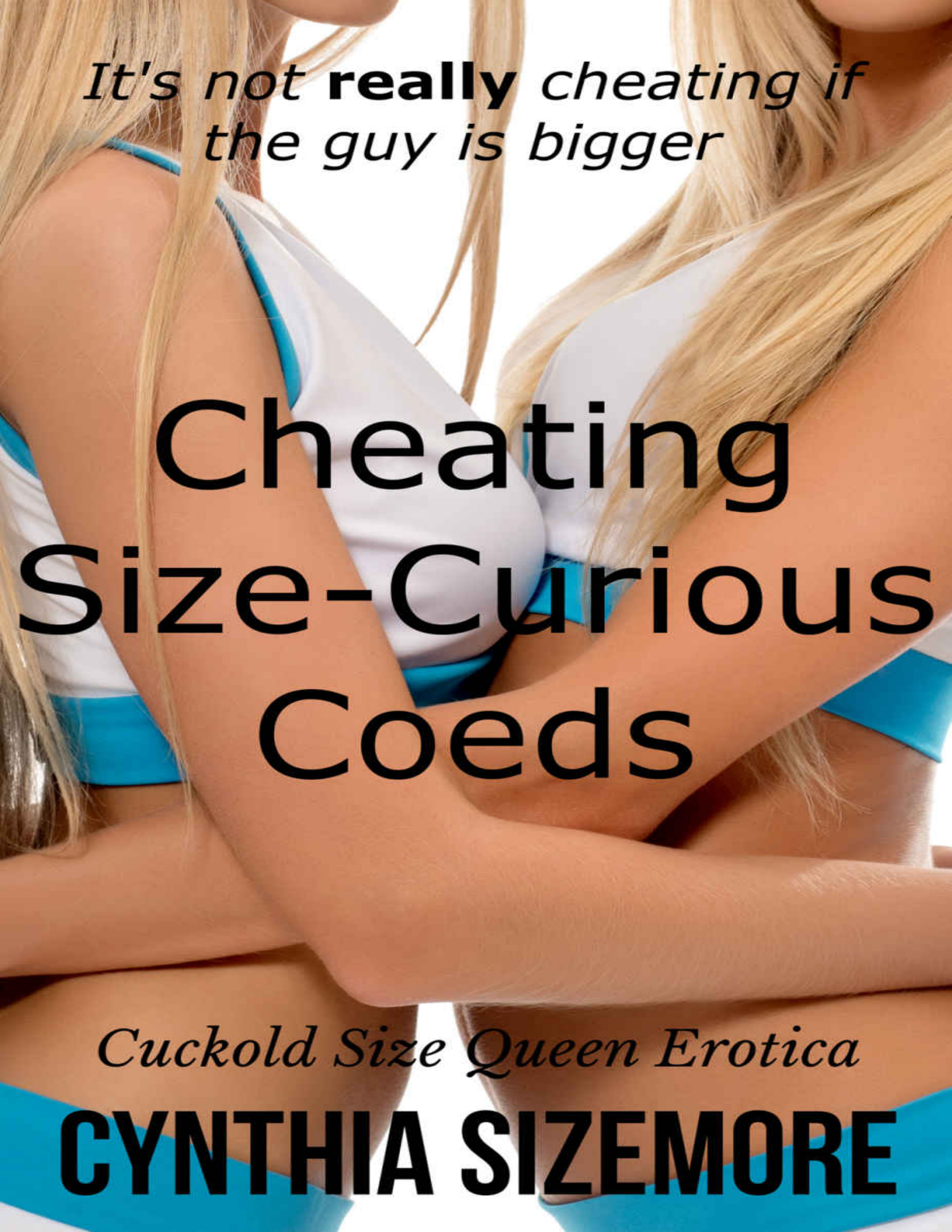

It's not **really** cheating if the guy is bigger
Cheating Size-Curious Coeds
Cuckold Size Queen Erotica
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

# Cheating Size-Curious Coeds: Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

**by**

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# About this book

Hello, my name is Jake Harvey. Long ago, I realized that I wasn't the settling down kind of guy. It was easy to see that I had a certain something special that a lot of women found attractive, and since it was in such high demand, it only seemed fair that I spread my love around. So I had resigned myself to the life of a bachelor, with all the advantages and disadvantages that such an existence entailed.

There was at least one major advantage to my lifestyle, however: due to my **very large endowment**, I attracted women who were size queens already, or at least what we call "size curious." And in my experience, most women fell into one of those two categories, and once they had satisfied their curiosity, they usually moved quickly to the other category. That's right: **most women are either already size queens, or poised to become them with the right kind of encouragement**. At least in my experience. And that's why I decided to write the story of how I turned two particular young women from size-curious coeds to full-on, wanton size queen sluts.

This is the story of my encounters with three women, all of them taken: Molly, Vera, and Monica.

# Part 1: The Backdoor Exception

My work had brought me to a mid-sized college town in the Midwest. I love towns centered on universities, because institutions of higher learning always attract young women who are interested in… erm...*advanced learning opportunities*... with older men. And I've discovered that when an attractive older guy comes into the picture – especially a confident, dominant and hung one – it doesn't matter **at all** if these girls have boyfriends.

After my afternoon business meeting, I went back to the hotel to rest up. College girls go out late.

Finally, after an hour of cycling in the hotel gym to get my blood flowing again, I put on a carefully chosen, age-appropriate outfit of an oxford shirt, sport coat, slacks and sneakers. If you want to fuck college girls, you can't look like their dad or like another college guy. I looked somewhere between a businessman and a younger college prof. In other words, perfect.

Around 10:00PM, I headed to the bars. The first place I went to was a fairly sports bar with a mixed-age clientele. I couldn't show up at a bar that *only* attracted students, or I'd be totally out of place: a creepy older man ogling the young women. But at a bar like this I could come across as exactly what I was: a sophisticated, well-dressed man in his mid-thirties out for a drink after a successful business meeting.

I took a seat at the bar and ordered a drink. I was happy to be greeted by a perky young woman who introduced herself as "Molly."

"Hi Molly," I said, "I'm Jake. Very nice to meet you."

"Hi," she said, meeting my eyes, but with a slightly shy note in her voice that was uncommon for a girl her age who was used to

tending bar.

Molly was petite, with curly blond hair and big blue eyes. She had a really innocent "girl next door" look, and was actually dressed very modestly, and a bit strangely for a girl looking to pick up tips at a sports bar: she wore a cardigan sweater over a tight white blouse with a neckline that just hinted a bit at cleavage. Her smile was absolutely amazing, and it appeared that her rack probably was as well. The fact that she kept her tits so covered only enhanced the erotic pull they had on me.

I admired her slim waist and ample backside as prepared my drink. God, how I'd love to have a chance to introduce this sweet young co-ed to rough sex with a well-hung older man.

"Get something for yourself too," I said, when she brought my drink, "it's on me."

"Oh," she said, "I'd love to, but I'm actually too young to drink."

"What? Really? But you're allowed to tend bar?"

"Yeah," she said, a bit sheepishly, "state law says you can serve drinks at 19, but not actually drink one until you're 21."

"So you're?"

"20," she said, "and my 21st birthday seems sooo far away!"

"Don't worry," I said, taking a sip of my scotch, "it'll be here before you know it. If I come back through town, I'll buy you a drink then.

"So you're just passing through?"

"That's right," I said, "I do a lot of traveling for work."

"Where are you from originally?"

I told her. Amazingly enough, she turned out to be from my hometown. We even knew a few of the same people, even though she was obviously much younger than me and had graduated from a different high school.

Normally I might have been put off by the fact that we had personal connections, however tenuous they were. I didn't want to fuck things up with a younger woman and somehow have it get back to my relatives. But things just seemed to flow so naturally with Molly that I decided to throw caution to the wind and do my best to find out what that cute ass would look like bouncing on my big dick.

The bar slowly began to fill up, and she had to attend to other customers, but Molly checked back with me several times, stopping to make small talk each time she did. I was careful not to seem too interested, so I also struck up a conversation with a group of women in their mid-forties, who were in town for the football game tomorrow. I did some fairly heavy flirting with a curvy bottle-blond MILF type named Monica. Monica looked like the type of woman who wouldn't let a wedding ring stop her fun, so I wasn't at all concerned when I saw the huge rock on her finger.

Seeing Monica and I laughing must have spurred Molly's sense of competition, because she came over and started asking me more questions about who I knew from our hometown. Finally I saw an opportunity to take things to the next level and get a chance to give this innocent-looking girl the dicking of her young life.

"Hey," I said, "maybe we should continue this conversation somewhere a little more private. When do you get off work?"

To my utter surprise, she nodded and said "I'm actually done right now.  Meet me out front in 20 minutes."

She disappeared into the back of the bar without saying anything else to me or even looking back.

I honestly thought it might be a ploy to get rid of me, but I decided to take her at her word. I had a few minutes to kill, so I went back over to the MILFs and got Monica's number for later. She dropped several unmistakable hints about being in town to have fun, and we made tentative plans to do something after the game tomorrow. But in the meantime, there was Molly.

I waited for exactly twenty-two minutes, then said my goodbyes and left the bar.

I came outside and Molly was standing there, looking at me with a twinkle in her eye.

"Still want to get out of here?"

"Hell yes!" I said, "where to?"

"My apartment is just around the corner," she said, "and my roommate's gone, so it will be quiet."

Awesome. She was looking to get laid just as much as I was.

We walked for about five blocks, not saying anything at all. The sexual tension was palpable.

"Here's the place," she said, stopping at a drab door and punching in a code, "I hope you're not too offended by the mess."

"Trust me," I said, following her through the door and up the stairs, "I'm sure I've seen worse. I was in college once too, after all."

"Ha ha, and how long ago was that?" she teased.

"Are you saying I'm an old man?" I replied, "I'll have you know that while I might be elderly, I do have the benefit of experience."

She unlocked the door to her apartment and turned back towards me, looking up at me as I stood extremely close to her.

"Experience is exactly what makes you so hot," she said.

I grabbed her and pushed her gently into the room. We immediately started making out like crazy. Our hands were all over each other.

"Oh God, Jason," she moaned, "we shouldn't be doing this. But I want to so bad."

"Why shouldn't we?" I asked breathlessly, "we're two consenting adults."

"I know," she said, "but I'm not usually this kind of girl. To just bring a stranger home with me to my apartment."

"I'm not a stranger, remember?" I teased, "we both know the Nelsons and had Linda Hanson as a pediatrician."

"That's a good point," she said, smiling, "I guess you're not just some rando I met on the street."

I kissed her again, reaching down and squeezing her amazing ass. I wondered how sexually experienced this angelic-looking coed was. She was definitely going to add another notch to her bedpost tonight, that was for sure.

As we kissed, I slowly moved my hand down her pants in the back, feeling her smooth ass. How I longed to see it in all its glory.

"My neck is getting tired," she said, alluding to our difference in height that forced her to strain her neck when she kissed me, "how about we move to the sofa?"

"That's fine with me," I said, taking her into my arms and plopping onto the sofa.

"Wow," she said, giggling, "you're so strong."

"Just wait until you find out what else I can do with a sexy little thing like you," I said, kissing her and moving a hand between her legs as she curled in my arms.

We made out for a few more minutes in this position, my hand between her legs, gently rubbing her pussy, while I unhooked her bra with the other hand, finally letting her amazing breasts spring free, even if they were still covered by the t-shirt she was wearing.

It was then, however, that she broke our kiss and looked at me, saying "I can't sleep with you tonight, I have a boyfriend."

Like I said before, this is a common objection, and if a woman has already allowed you to come to her apartment, kiss her and fondle her, it's clear that she really does want to sleep with you, but is just looking to rationalize it to herself. I was, therefore, completely unfazed.

"That's fine - there's plenty of other things we can do," I said confidently.

"Mmm," she said, "and I want to do them all."

I decided not to comment on her strange ethics surrounding the question of what constituted cheating. Soon we were kissing even harder. Her soft red lips that tasted amazing, and the scent of her hair was nothing short of intoxicating. I grabbed a handful of it as I became slowly more aggressive. I was determined to thoroughly use this young woman, even if my penis never actually penetrated her vagina.

She reached down now, as things got more heated, and touched my bulge through my pants.

"Mmmmm," she whispered, "you seem nice and thick."

A few seconds later, however, she realized exactly what she was feeling.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed, "you're...is that really…?"

I chuckled. I loved introducing women to their first big cock.

"It's all real, baby. And it's all for you tonight," I said, "are you ready to see it?"

She nodded.

"Ok," I said, unbuckling my pants and pulling them down, along with my underwear, exposing the full length of my throbbing erection, which shot up from my lap like a club.

"Holy fuck!" she said, giggling a bit now as she gingerly reached out to touch my pole, "I've never seen one that big before. It doesn't even seem real."

"It's real," I said, "and honestly, as huge as it is, it's only 8 ½ inches. The problem is that you've been told all your life that four inches is really six inches, so when you see one twice as big, it probably looks like it's a foot long."

"It really does," she said, grabbing my shaft a bit and giving it a gentle stroke with the help of the precum that oozed from my tip.

"That's nice," I said, reaching up under her shirt and playing with her tits, "would you like to move things into the bedroom now?"

She nodded.

"Good," I said.

I took off my shoes and stepped out of my pants and followed her into the bedroom. She sat on the bed and took my cock into her mouth, staring up at me with big eyes as she kissed the tip. She had a look on her face of pure lust.

"I think you might turn me into a size queen," she said, holding my gaze, "this thing is so fucking beautiful. It's a good thing we're not going to have sex, because I think you would break me with it."

That's right. She didn't want to sleep with me. Just suck my cock and talk about how big it was. I had to laugh internally. This girl's poor boyfriend. Oh well, he wasn't my problem now!

But I had a hunch in that moment. I decided to test the waters. I saw a picture of her and a guy about her age on the nightstand.

"Is that your boyfriend?" I asked.

She turned, looking at the picture, as if there had been a different picture I might have been talking about instead.

"Yeah," she said, a bit embarrassed, "I guess I'm a bad person for doing this with you. It's just that I thought you were so smart and handsome, and I've always wanted to have totally rough, uninhibited sex with an older man."

"I thought we weren't going to have sex."

"We're not," she said, "but you seem like the dominant type, and I crave that so much. I'm naturally submissive, but my boyfriend just can't bring himself to be mean to me."

"Hmm," I said, "I can definitely do something about that. What's your boyfriend's name."

"Gavyn," she said.

"Well," I said, "if Gavyn can't give his girlfriend the dick she needs, I have no choice but to step in. But before we get rough, let's establish some ground rules, ok?"

"Ok," she said, "I can't believe this is happening. I'm so excited."

"Me too," I said, "the first rule is this: I will respect your boundaries at all times. If you don't want me to fuck your pussy, I won't."

She nodded.

"The next one is, we have to have a safeword. If you feel uncomfortable, say 'yellow,' and if you want me to stop entirely, say 'red.' If you can't talk, tap me or moan three times in a row, and I'll stop. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she said.

"Sir? I like that."

"Mmm," she said, "or would you prefer 'Daddy'?"

"Oooh," I said, as she began to suck my dick again, "you know just what Daddy likes."

She wasn't the first college girl to call me that, and she probably wouldn't be the last, either. I absolutely loved it. There was something so arousing about an innocent-young woman begging for her Daddy's cock. Probably because her actual father would be absolutely shocked and appalled by her behavior.

Since she'd told me she wanted me to be rough and dominant with her, I grabbed a handful of Molly's hair and began to control the rhythm of her sucking a bit.

"Show me how much you need that big fucking dick you little slut," I panted, "suck it like a good girl. I bet you don't suck your boyfriend this good, do you, honey?"

She looked up at me and took my dick out of her mouth.

"No, Daddy."

I slapped her face with my cock. She was clearly shocked, but didn't say her safeword, so I pushed my dick back into her mouth and grabbed her head again.

"Such a good little cocksucking slut. If I were your boyfriend, I'd keep you in line so that you wouldn't be inviting strange men to your house to fuck your face."

A few moans of arousal was her only answer.

I looked around the room. It was messy, with books and papers everywhere. There were a few posters on the wall, for bands I hadn't heard of, and there was a large stuffed teddy bear on the bed. It made the whole scene even dirtier somehow. Here I was, facefucking a girl who was approximately half my age.

I made eye contact with the picture of her boyfriend and smiled back at his image. If the poor bastard only knew.

I decided I would see just how far Molly would go without technically cheating (at least according to her strange rules).

"Ok," I said, pulling her head off my cock, "take your clothes off now. I want to finally see that tight young body."

"Yes, Daddy!" she said breathlessly.

She pulled her shirt off over her head, taking her bra (which I had already unfastened) with it. A few seconds later, her jeans and panties were in a pile on the floor as well. I sat down next to her on the bed and looked her over while I played with with her amazing breasts.

She was the definition of "busty petite": pert, perfect boobs that had a bounce in them that only occurs in women in her early twenties. Her nipples were incongruously small for the size of her rack, and were pleasingly pink and erect. Instead of looking out of proportion, they lent her entire body a kind of innocence.

I spent a few minutes kissing, teasing and sucking them while I fingered her (extremely tight) pussy. Her public hair was so fine and wispy blond that it was clear she didn't trim it at all. She didn't have to.

"Mmm," I said, "Gavyn is lucky that he gets to fuck this tight little pussy. It would be an absolute delight to break it in."

“Yes,” she whispered, grabbing my cock, “I know. It would be so much fun. I don’t know what to do. I...I… want this inside me so bad. But I just can’t cheat on him.”

Again: to me, this was a strange definition of cheating. But I wasn’t going to argue with her and risk the rest of the evening going south. I was super horny and convinced that this girl was going to let me do even kinkier things to her than she’d ever allow her boyfriend.

I started gently playing with her clit, and she let out a loud moan.

She was quivering with arousal at this point, and I thought to myself that there was **no way** she’d keep her promise not to fuck me.

“You’re driving me crazy,” she moaned.

“That’s the idea,” I said.

Then I started kissing down her chest towards her stomach, finally coming to her sweet, fragrant young pussy.

I teased her labia and clit slowly and gently with my tongue while I continued to slowly fuck her with just the tip of one finger.

I could tell she was getting close, so I moaned into her clit to show her how much I was enjoying her taste. That seemed to bring her right to the edge. She grabbed my free hand so hard it hurt, while flexing and tensing her entire lower body as she begged me not to stop. Finally, she climaxed hard.

“Oh FUCK DADDY!!”

“That was very dirty, young lady. What do you think the neighbors are thinking right now.”

“Probably that I just had the hardest orgasm of my life. Which is true.”

She grinned at me, her normally pale face completely flushed. We lay there for a few minutes.

As she began to come down from her orgasm, she grabbed my cock and started kissing me hungrily.

“Fuck I need this so bad. I want to make you feel as good as you made me.”

“Have you changed your mind? Do you have a condom?” I asked.

“No,” she said, “I’m sorry. I just can’t. But I want you inside me so fucking bad.”

My raging boner also simply wouldn’t accept the fact that I wouldn’t be able to penetrate this angelic-faced coed.

“Do you have any lube?” I asked.

She did, in fact. Right next to the bed. Thinking I wanted a handjob, she grabbed the bottle and squirted some into her hands and grabbed my cock, smiling at me as she did.

“Do you like this?” she asked, her baby-blue eyes shining as she stroked my cock.

“Fuck yes,” I said, almost ready to just let her jerk me off onto her tits.

But I wasn’t quite ready to blow my load so quickly.

“You like doing that,” I said, “you seem to have a lot of experience.”

“I like to think that I know what I’m doing.”

She reached down to tease my balls.

“So young and yet so good at jerking a big cock already...so naughty.”

“Maybe I am kind of a bad girl,” she laughed, “what are you going to do about it, Daddy?”

I laughed.

“Maybe I should spank you.”

“Maybe you should,” she smiled.

That was the opening I’d been waiting for. I pulled her hands away from my cock for a moment and sat on the edge of her bed. Then I pulled the naked girl across my lap, for the first time able to examine her ass in all its glory. It was perfect.

Being naturally dominant, I spank basically every girl I fuck. Some of them absolutely love it, almost more than sex, but I have yet to meet a woman who doesn’t enjoy it on some level. There is something so primal about taking a woman over your knee and showing her her place before you fuck her. The pussy responds to this kind of treatment on its own. There is no way a girl can resist it.

It also helped, of course, that I was quite an experienced spanker. I knew that most girls need a warm-up period before they can take the really hard spanks. So I was using a technique I'd perfected through my years of warming female bottoms, both old and young: planting two softer spanks followed by one harder one, all on different locations on Molly's luscious ass.

Molly, however, didn't need a warm-up at this point, and started teasing me.

"Ha, ha I can barely feel that. Is that really all you've got, Daddy? I thought you were going to punish me."

This, of course really got me going. I started going harder and harder, finally smacking her ass so hard that the palm of my hand smarted.

As this harder spanking started, she grabbed the sheets of her bed tightly and bit her lip, breathing roughly through her nose and letting out amazing little moans that kept my cock (which was pressed against her stomach and still slick with lube) rock hard.

At the same time that I spanked her, I was fingering her pussy and ass, bringing her closer and closer to another orgasm.

Finally, just as I was absolutely pummeling her ass with my open hand, she was cumming again, her pussy clenching down on my fingers that were buried in her ass and pussy.

"Had enough?" I teased, as she had finished groaning into the pillow.

Her ass was a wonderful shade of red.

She looked back and up at me, biting her lip, with visible tears at the corners of her eyes.

She nodded and moaned "mmm-hmm" submissively.

Her entire demeanor and tone changed after the spanking.

"That...was amazing," she whispered, cuddling close to me, against my slick, hard and as-of-yet-unsatisfied cock.

I continued to play with her asshole with one finger.

"Mm," she groaned, "that feels so naughty. It's the first time anyone's ever touched me there."

"Would you like to try something larger?" I asked, "it technically wouldn't be cheating."

"Hmmm, are you sure about that?"

"It's a well-known loophole," I said.

"Mmm...Ok...just do what you want," she moaned, still basking in the afterglow of the orgasms and spanking.

I decided there was no use now in being shy.

"What I want is to fuck your ass."

"Ok... go ahead," she said, her voice somewhere between anxious anticipation and lazy satisfaction from her latest orgasm.

I pulled her legs down, positioning her so she was bent over the bed. Then I got down and stood behind her.

A problem soon became apparent, namely that I was much taller than her and my cock also had a strong upward curve, so if I fucked her from this angle I would be forced to do a strange crouch/stand.

"Lay on your back on the bed," I ordered her.

She obeyed, splaying out on the bed with her legs spread and her pussy and asshole exposed. I looked down at her tight little cunt, longing to simply plunge my cock inside her and claim it for myself.

But I had to respect the ground rules she'd laid out, so I squirted more lube onto my cock and slowly pressed it to her tight little asshole.

"Go slow please," she said.

"Of course," I said, "play with your clit while I fuck you."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, her hand moving in slow circles around her pussylips and clit as I began to line up my cock for the initial attack.

I pushed into her gently. Luckily, the fingering and orgasms had warmed her up, so it was surprisingly easy to work my cockhead into her tight coed ass.

She bit her lip, wincing a bit as I pushed further inside her.

She was breathing roughly through her nose again and whimpering, just as she had during the spanking.

"Good girl," I encouraged, "the full girth is almost all the way in."

I squeezed some more lube on my cock and pulled out for a moment to coat it completely, before pushing back into her tight ass.

Her little whimpers of pain or pleasure or both caused a shiver of arousal to shoot down my spine.

"Good girl," I repeated, pushing my cock to the hilt now as she let out another high-pitched moan through clenched teeth.

I looked down and saw her pretty young face contort itself -- in what? Pleasure? Pain? Some combination of both, no doubt. In that moment, I had totally lost interest in anything that didn't have to do with my cock and what it wanted.

I pulled her hair harder and held her arms down with my other hand as I began to fuck her with long, smooth strokes.

I couldn't help but vocalize now, slowly losing my inhibitions completely as I slid my cock in and out of her tight, well-lubed asshole.

"Yes," I moaned, "yes...god, it's so fucking good."

"Where's my cock?" I growled, jerking gently on her hair so she'd know an answer was required.

"Where's my cock, Molly? Look me in the eye."

"It's...ahh," she groaned.

"Where?"

"It's in my ass," she whimpered.

"That's right," I panted, fucking her harder now, "you've got an older man's cock in your tight virgin asshole."

"How big is that dick?"

"It's...8 and a half inches, Daddy," she moaned, her hand circling her clit quickly.

"That's right, whore. You're getting fucked with 8 ½ inches of cock. Is this the first time you've had a cock in your ass?"

"Yes, Daddy" she gasped.

"You're not such a good girl now, are you?"

"No, Daddy..."

"What would Gavyn think if he knew you were letting an older man fuck your tight little asshole?"

"He'd think I was a slut, Daddy!"

"Tell me this is the biggest cock you've even had."

“It’s so fucking big, Daddy,” she moaned, “it’s so much bigger than my boyfriend’s.”

I reached up and slapped a nipple.

“You wanted it rough, you little slut, and now you’re getting it,” I growled, “I’m going to fuck your ass until I come all over that innocent little face of yours. What do you think about that?”

This time, her only answer was another series of yelps as slammed the entire length of my cock into her ass.

I was getting closer and closer to shooting what I anticipated would be an absolutely gigantic load. I’d been on the edge all night, and it felt like a positively explosive result was in preparation, one that I couldn’t hold off for much longer.

As my own orgasm approached, I also lost my ability to self-censor.

“You love this cock, don’t you?” I moaned, “I know you love getting your tight little ass fucked. But you’ll never let that boyfriend of yours do it will you?”

If she was at all embarrassed by my remark she didn’t show it.

“No, Daddy. Only you, Daddy!”

“Fuck, you’re such a good little fucking slut,” I blurted as my orgasm began to approach, “such a fucking sexy little whore,” I finished, pulling out of her ass and shooting the first spurt of cum up across tits, all the way to base of her neck.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, moving up a bit so that the rest of the cum landed on her face.

“God that feels good,” I added, “you look so good coated in cum like a filthy little college slut.”

After ascertaining that there was no cum on her actual eyes, she slowly opened them and looked at me.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” she smirked.

“Fuck yes.”

“Me too.”

She stood up gingerly and walked to the bathroom, laughing at herself in the mirror.

“Wow,” she said, “you really coated me. I guess it’s not every day that you get to fuck a college student half your age in the ass.”

“Well actually,” I said, teasing her, “it’s more like every other day. Maybe three times a week.”

She laughed at my joke, then announced that she was taking a shower, but that I could make myself at home.

Suddenly the fact that I was in a 20-year-old’s apartment seemed weird to me, and I wondered if I should go back to my hotel room. On the other hand, I knew that I had at least another load in me that night, and part of me wanted to see if she was up for round two.

So I flipped through a couple of her books and played with my phone while I waited a very long time for her to emerge from the bathroom in a robe with her hair wrapped in a towel.

“Wow,” she said, “my ass is probably going to have bruises on it tomorrow.”

“Sorry not sorry,” I said, grinning at her.

“Ha,” she said, “I love it. I’m having dinner with my boyfriend and his parents, but all I’m going to be thinking about is the rough treatment I got at the hands of a dominant older man.”

“Mmm,” I said, standing and crossing the room towards her.

I pulled her in for a long kiss.

“That was nice,” she said, “but surely you want to meet up with that other woman from the bar now, don’t you?”

“Who?” I asked, feigning ignorance.

“That woman with the fake blond hair and bad tan.”

“Ah ha. Monica. Yes, I do have her number. And I had considered making use of it. No doubt she won’t have any scruples about letting me fuck her pussy.”

“Maybe not,” said Molly, “but I can guarantee she won’t be as good of a cocksucker as me.”

“I wouldn’t know,” I said, “you haven’t really done enough cocksucking tonight for me to judge.”

“That can change,” she said, “why don’t you take a turn in the shower, then I’ll show you?”

I remembered where my cock had just been. Yes, it was probably a good idea to wash it. Ass to mouth was not everyone’s cup of tea.

When I finally emerged from the tiny bathroom which was stuffed to the rafters with women's grooming products, I found Molly kneeling stark naked on the floor, waiting for me. Her young body looked absolutely incredible.

"Well, Daddy," she said, moving forward and pulling off my towel, "are you going to let me get that cock nice and hard again?"

"Please do," I said.

A few moments later I was in heaven as the young co-ed tried her best to deepthroat me.

"You're just so fucking big," she gasped, looking at my cock in astonishment, "I really can't believe it. I might need to break up with my boyfriend temporarily so that I can give this fucking thing a shot."

"You could ask him if he'd like to watch," I said, "there are tons of cucks out there who are really into that. I should know. I fuck a ton of their wives."

"I bet you do," she said, before returning to the task at hand.

After she had bobbed up and down on the cock for a few minutes, she popped off again.

"Gavyn would never go for it," she said, "he's too insecure."

"I don't know why," I said, "you certainly haven't given him any reason for that."

"Shut up!" she said, in a teasing tone, "do you want me to suck your dick or not?"

"I guess I want you to suck my dick," I admitted.

"Good," said Molly, kneeling down further and licking my balls.

I sighed in satisfaction and let her go to work. About four minutes later, I sprayed her face for the second time that night. She was suitably impressed.

"God DAMN that was a lot. I don't think Gavyn's ever come close to that."

After she had fed herself all the cum on her face and licked off her fingers, she went to wash her hands and make us some tea.

I did end up spending the night there. After the tea, we collapsed into her tiny bed where I spooned her until the next morning, when she gave me a long, sensual goodbye handjob

before kicking me out of her apartment, my balls thoroughly drained.

"God it was fun, seeing that big cock come for me again," she said, grinning, "I think I'm addicted now. Has that ever happened to you before?"

"Often," I said, "the sad fact is, that there's not enough of me to go around. Pretty much every woman ends up preferring a big cock, once they're introduced to it."

"I certainly do," she said, "but now you're really going to have to come back and visit."

"I'm in town all weekend," I said, "maybe we can figure out another mutually convenient time?"

"My boyfriend is driving up for lunch," she smiled, wiping the cum and lube off her hands, "but perhaps we could make it work late tonight or tomorrow morning."

"I certainly wouldn't want to get in the way of that," I said, kissing her quickly, "but let me know if I can keep you company after her leaves."

"I'd love some company," she teased, "but I don't know if I can take much else beyond that. My butt is still pretty sore, and it'll need some time to recover!"

"Suit yourself," I said.

"Don't you have a MILF to fuck anyway? Monica or something?"

"That's right!" I said, "I *should* fuck her, shouldn't I?"

"If you do, send me pictures," Molly laughed, handing me a piece of paper with her phone number on it.

"Pictures? You're pretty kinky, huh?"

"I called you Daddy, let you spank me and fuck me in the ass about an hour after you met me. I'd call that kinky."

"Slutty and kinky aren't the same thing," I teased, giving her a peck on the cheek, "but whichever one you are, I'd love to get together again soon."

"Me too," she said, then, just before the door closed, add a breathless "Daddy."

Like I said, she wasn't the first college girl to call me that and wouldn't be the last, either. But she was definitely the most fun girl

I'd been with in a while. I immediately entered her number into my phone, making a note to call her the next time I was in town. I'd get in that pussy yet.

# “It’s not cheating if he’s bigger”

I took a Lyft back to the hotel after leaving Molly’s place. Despite the fact that I’d technically slept alongside her in the tiny, cramped bed, I was still exhausted, and my balls had been thoroughly drained. Even though I hadn’t had a chance to break in that cute pink coed pussy, Molly had still been one of the most incredible lays I’d had in a while. I’ll say it again: I love college towns!

I decided it was time to text the MILF, Monica. I wrote her an innocent message, suggesting that we meet up for a drink after the game. Monica responded with a pic of her in a low-cut top, her breasts practically spilling out of it.

“Do you like it?”

“I do,” I responded.

Her tits certainly weren’t as perky as Molly’s had been, but older women had their charms as well. I was confident that I’d have a great time with Monica, but first I had to rest.

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The game was in the morning, so it was already over by the time I made it back to the downtown to meet up with Monica. The home team had scored a thrilling, overwhelming victory during overtime, so the hometown crowds were spilling out into the street. The atmosphere was absolutely ecstatic. It was going to be difficult to find Monica and her friends in this environment. Luckily, we had cell phones, but the crowds were still going to make it difficult.

She texted me the name of a tacky-sounding Irish pub a few blocks from where I was. Normally, it would have been an easy walk of about 10 minutes. However, I soon discovered that besides the

big game, the college town was also hosting a huge block party with live music stages scattered across town. All of the streets had been blocked off, and then police were patrolling for people with glass containers or who needed medical attention. It was total chaos. I realized that it was going to take me the better part of an hour to snake my way through the crowd down the street to meet Monica.

"Meet me halfway?" I texted, "I see a bunch of portapotties. We could meet there."

"Give me one good reason I shouldn't make do with one of the college guys here," she texted back, testing me.

I responded with a carefully chosen shot of my bulge. Even if the woman seems to be hinting at a dick pic, it still pays to err on the side of caution.

"That's a very good reason," she texted back immediately, "and, fuck, unless that's trick photography, it's also a rather LARGE reason. But I really don't know if I can make it out of here."

"I'll do my best to get there," I wrote back, "I'll keep you updated."

She texted back a kissing lips emoji. I probably had a back-alley or bathroom blowjob to look forward to if I succeeded in finding her. That was a big "if," however! The town was absolutely packed.

After about twenty minutes of pushing through the crowd, I finally made it to the portapotties that I estimated were about halfway to the pub.

That's where I met Vera.

Another petite and busty one, I remember thinking, as I saw the angry-looking young woman standing near (but not in) the line for the toilets. She was dressed in a low-cut blouse and tight jeans, and had a sort of exotic look to her. I later found out that she was Russian-Jewish. She had her arms folded in front of her defensively. I decided to probe that defense.

"Hey," I said, "did you come from that way?"

I pointed in the direction of the pub, "I'm supposed to meet some friends at an Irish Pub down there, but I don't know if I can make it there before sundown."

Her hard exterior cracked a bit and she gave me a bit of a smile.

"*That* place? *O'Shannigan's*? That's the cheesiest bar in town. Only moms, dads and alums go there. You don't look quite old enough to be a dad, so I'm guessing you're an alum."

"That's very kind of you," I said, "but I'm actually not an alum, either. Just here on business. I have no association with the university."

"Well you picked a hell of a time to come downtown," she said, "I hope you're not trying to have a business meeting at O'Shannigan's."

"Nope," I said, "luckily that's all taken care of. I'm just going to meet up with some friends."

"Well," she said, "I'm actually supposed to meet some people at a house party down that way, but I'm too short to fight my way through the crowd. I'm the designated driver, so I really want to get there at some point before everyone passes out."

"That might have happened already, given the pace that this crowd is drinking at," I said, "we might be the only two sober people in it."

"Good point," she said, "I guess if you're sober too, it only makes sense to stick together. My name's Vera by the way."

"Jake," I said, extending my hand and giving her soft, petite hand a firm shake, "great to meet you."

"So," she said, "I've got an idea. Why don't you help me fight my way through the crowds to the house party? I'll make it worth your while."

The flirtation had begun.

"That's a very attractive offer," I said, "I suppose I could accompany you part of the way."

"As a tall person, you have an ethical obligation to make sure I don't get fucking trampled by these maniacs," she said, extending her hand, "lead the way."

I took her hand. It was strangely intimate, and strangely erotic at the same time. Here I was, leading an attractive young woman through the throngs of drunken revelers like some kind of latter-day knight escorting a lady.

After about 15 minutes of struggling down the main thoroughfare, Vera indicated that we should turn off into a side street.

There, the crowds finally thinned a bit.

"The party is down the street there," she said, pointing to a cross street several yards ahead of us.

"Can you take it from here?" I asked, remembering my appointment with Monica.

"Well I could," she said suggestively, "but then I wouldn't be able to give you your reward for escorting me like such a gentleman."

"I guess I don't want to forego something like that," I said, "but you can't really want to take me to a college house party. People are going to stare!"

"Nah," she said, "it's not like that. I've just got to check in and make sure my friends are ok. Then we can do something else. That is, if you're up for hanging out with a 19-year-old girl."

She flashed me a suggestive smile.

"That sounds like a tantalizing idea."

"What about those friends you were meeting at O'Shannigan's?"

"I have a feeling I can reschedule."

"Good."

We approached the side street, still holding hands, despite the fact that it was no longer necessary. At the end of the street, the house was visible. The yard was overflowing with people, and there was a police perimeter around it.

Two frat boys walking our direction stopped to give us a warning.

"That party is over," one of them slurred, "the cops are sending everyone home."

"Thanks," said Vera, dropping my hand and then pulling out her phone, texting with an impatient look on her face.

"No problem," said the frat guy, looking at me a little suspiciously.

I was obviously out of place, and I knew it.

Vera's phone dinged.

“It’s Ashley,” she said, “she’s fucking wasted and is going to a different party. At least she’s leaving her car in the garage all night. I guess I’m not needed as a designated driver.”

She turned to look up at me.

“Want to go up to my room? It’s probably been a long time since a guy like you has seen the inside of a dorm.”

“It’s true,” I said, “I have to admit that I’m curious.”

The sexual tension was palpable. Was I really about to fuck another cute coed, and this time in her dorm? It seemed so wrong, and so hot at the same time.

“I’m going to stick out like a sore thumb there,” I said as she led me by the hand down the street.

“I know,” she said, looking back at me and winking, “that’s actually part of the fun. Besides, everyone else is going to be too drunk or high to know what’s happening. I don’t do drugs or drink, so I need to find some other way to get my kicks.”

“Fair enough,” I said.

I only hoped that she didn't have a roommate who was intent on interfering with her private life.

We walked back to Vera’s dorm for about ten minutes, still holding hands.

I got a bit nervous as we approached the front desk, but Vera swiped her ID and a bored-looking student attendant passed me a clipboard to sign. I scrawled my name, then followed Vera through the door and into the elevator. The sexual tension rose to indescribable levels along with the elevator’s ascent. Finally we were there: the fourteenth floor.

When we finally arrived at Vera’s room, she pounced on me immediately and we began making out furiously on her bed. My hands were all over her large breasts, then under her shirt, where I skillfully unhooked her front-clasping bra with one hand.

She stopped me for a moment to pull her shirt over her head and throw her bra to the side, smiling as she saw the look on my face when I saw her enormous tits, one slightly bigger than the other, both crowned with small pink nipples. They were absolutely magnificent, and I told her as much.

“Thanks,” she blushed, “I’m kind of embarrassed by them because they get me a lot of attention, much of it completely unwanted.”

“I guess I can see that,” I said, “but they are really something to be proud of. Most women would kill for tits as gorgeous as these.”

The sounds of the festival were loud enough that we could hear the jam band playing nearby as clearly as if their music had been coming out of her stereo.

A few minutes later, I was on top of Vera on her bed, savoring her sighs as I paid her nipples close attention.

“I’m so glad I lost  Ashley,” she said slyly, running her fingers through my hair as I kissed up her neck, “she would hate what we’re doing here. Even though she hooks up every weekend, she still loves playing the slut police for her friends.”

“I know,” I said, “don’t worry -- I won’t prevent you from being as slutty as you want to be.”

She laughed.

“I don’t know if you could prevent me.”

“Oh yeah? So you like being a slut?”

“Let’s just say that I like older guys who know how to treat slutty girls,” she said, “but I’ve never been with a guy as old as you.”

This admission made my already rock-hard cock even harder.

“I think you’re in luck,” I said, “because I happen to know exactly how to treat slutty girls like you.”

I looked into her eyes, expecting her to at least blush a little bit at being basically called a slut so directly, but she had the biggest grin on her face.

“Show me,” she said.

I grabbed her hair and the base of her neck and pulled her in for a long, slow, slightly forceful kiss.

Then I decided to play on a hunch.

“What would your boyfriend say if he saw you here on your back in your dorm room, making out with an older guy?” I whispered, my lips teasing hers.

She let out a low whimper.

“Well?”

“He’d think I was a cheating whore,” she whispered.

I knew it. I knew that she had a boyfriend.

“What was that?” I asked, more loudly and forcefully.

“He’d think I was a cheating whore,” she said in a louder, firmer voice.

“You are a cheating whore,” I told her, “and do you know what happens to cheating whores?”

“Mmm mmm.”

“They get punished.”

“Mmm,” she said, reaching down to stroke my cock, which was practically bursting out of my pants, “how?”

“They get spanked,” I said.

“Then I guess you better spank me,” she teased.

“I’m going to do exactly that,” I said, breaking our embrace and sitting up on the side of the bed.

She eagerly crawled over my lap and then arched her back briefly so she could unsnap and unzip her jeans.

It was no small task pulling the tight-fitting jeans over her curvaceous rear, but she was determined to help. In a matter of half a minute or so we’d overcome the obstacle presented by her rear and her pants and panties were at her ankles. The musky smell of pussy filled the small dorm room.

“It seems like being a slut makes you wet,” I commented, running a finger along her slit and slipping a finger gently between her lips. She was already ready to be fucked, but I wasn’t anywhere near ready to fuck her, even if my cock was leaking precum all over my jeans.

I knew that by spanking Vera for the first time I was walking into a minefield of sorts. I had to be careful to respond to her signals and not push her beyond her comfort zone.

“Vera,” I said, “I’m going to spank you, but first I need to tell you some ground rules.”

“I know what you’re going to say,” she said, “my safeword is ‘clover’ to slow down and ‘dragon’ to stop.”

“What? Those are the craziest safewords I think I’ve ever heard. How am I supposed to remember that?”

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I’ll make sure you stop if I want you to stop. I don’t want you to go easy on me, though. I’m a cheating slut, remember?”

“I remember.”

The most important thing about giving a spanking -- at least a long spanking -- is making sure that the spankee is warmed up. You shouldn’t just start smacking her as hard as you possibly can (well, you can, and some girls actually like that (for example, Molly), but it makes for a shorter and, in my opinion, less enjoyable experience).

You have to slowly increase her pain tolerance.

This is exactly what I did with Vera. I would give her two softer spanks, one on each cheek, then I’d follow up with a single much harder spank on a different area of her ass.

At first, she began taunting me, asking if that was really the best I could do, but I remained quiet. I did, however, reach down and place her two arms together at the small of her back, holding them firmly there for a moment so that she knew she was not to move them.

I varied the rhythm to keep Vera guessing, taking her through peaks, valleys and plateaus of intensity. After several minutes of this, accompanied by the noodling of the jam band outside, I began to hit her harder and harder. I also started landing a few blows across her warm, wet pussy lips. Every once in a while, I would stop spanking her completely and just finger her until I had her right on the edge of orgasm, then I’d withdraw and leave her frustrated. I knew that the more I managed to draw it out, the harder her orgasm would be when she finally let loose.

She moaned each time I hit her. I  decided it was time to step up the simple fingering I’d done before, and so I and slipped the thumb of my right hand into her pussy while I spanked her with my left. The fingers of my right hand teased her clit, while my thumb massaged her g-spot.

“I want you to come for me,” I whispered.

My efforts soon had their intended effect. Vera kicked her legs downward onto the bed and her toes curled involuntarily as her

pussy began to spasm. I spanked her even harder as she came, smacking her shapely ass so hard that my hand hurt.

"Fuck!!!" she shouted, "Fuck that's good!"

I held my thumb deep in her pussy as her spasms slowly relented, then slowly extracted it, her pussy fighting me the whole time.

"Fuck," she gasped, "I've never been spanked, but I always fantasized about it. That was better than I ever imagined."

"You have a couple of silly safewords ready to go, but you've never been spanked?"

"I've always fantasized about BDSM. I read a lot of books about it online, but my boyfriend is totally vanilla so I've never actually tried it."

"I see," I said, happy that I'd taken things slow.

"So what happens now?" she asked, looking up at me with tears in her eyes and a look of lust on her face.

"Now you show me how grateful you are."

She didn't need any clarification. A moment later, she was on her knees in front of where I sat on the edge of the bed. She tore at my belt buckle and pulled down my briefs, letting my erection spring up into her face.

She looked up at me and said the three words that I never get tired of hearing:

"It's so fucking big! Jesus!"

"I know, but it's hot to hear you say that, slut."

"We have a saying in Russian," she grinned, "it's not cheating if he's bigger."

"I don't believe you," I said, "I think you made that up."

She shrugged her shoulders, grinning up at me as she took my cock deep into her throat, swallowing me all the way on the very first stroke. Of course this proved to be too much, and a second later she was coughing and choking, a string of saliva leading from my cock to her mouth.

"God damn you're big. Let me try that again."

"Please do."

Now it was my turn to groan. She deep-throated me expertly, again and again, working my balls with her hands and moaning as she did so.

"This is very impressive, Vera," I groaned, "most girls your age need weeks of training to take a cock this size so deep."

"Most girls haven't been practicing with an 8-inch dildo," she laughed.

"Well then, you'd better suck that fucking cock like you mean it, bitch," I growled, grabbing a handful of her hair.

Vera moaned in response, redoubling her efforts.

"Good fucking slut. What would your boyfriend say if he saw my big prick in your mouth?"

"Mmmm."

"Fucking look at me, slut."

Vera looked up at me with her big brown eyes that were slightly watering now from the force of the deep-throating she was performing.

"Tell me that my cock is bigger than his."

She immediately complied.

"Your cock is bigger than my boyfriend's. A lot bigger. So this doesn't count as cheating."

She smiled and began to lick my balls.

"You love sucking cock don't you?"

"Mm hm."

"Tell me you're a size queen slut."

"I'm a size queen slut."

"Tell me that your boyfriend can never please you."

"He can't please me," she panted.

"Play with your pussy," I ordered, "get yourself ready to get fucked by the biggest cock you've ever had in your life."

She reached between her legs with her free hand and began to pleasure herself, moaning on my cock and sending amazing vibrations along its length.

I groaned in pleasure, looking in a mirror above a dresser at the beautiful young woman on her knees servicing me. I could see her naked ass as well, still quite red from the spanking I'd given her.

“Get up,” I commanded, “I’m going fuck you.”

“Do you have a condom?”

“No. Do you?”

“No,” she said, a look of concern crossing her face for a moment, “but my roommate does.”

She went to the other side of the room and opened her roommate's dresser. She handed me the condom and then began to lick my balls as I fiddled with the wrapper. It was a regular-sized condom, not the magnums that I was used to, but it would do in a pinch. There was no way I was going to let choice coed pussy like this get away. I rolled the condom down over my oversize prick, fitting it as best I could.

I grabbed Vera and pushed her back onto the bed, spreading her legs and positioning my cock at the entrance to her pussy. She reached down to help me get the angle right, and smiled sweetly as I began to enter her.

“You’re so fucking cute,” I panted, pushing her legs back further, “I can’t wait to see your face when you come for me again.”

She blushed.

“You’re cute too. Please fuck me?”

I reached down and placed her arms up over her head and held them there with one hand while supporting myself with the other. She responded to this dominant gesture by pulling me in even closer with her legs.

Even through the condom, her pussy felt amazing. There is absolutely nothing in this world comparable to the pussy of a 19-year-old girl.

It took a few strokes for her to get used to my size, but finally I was sliding smoothly in and out of her, her lips gripping my member tightly on each out-stroke.

I took the same strategy I had during the spanking: a slow, rhythmic build followed by periods of more rapid fucking to keep her guessing.

“Fuck me Jake,” Vera moaned, using my name for the first time, “I need your cock.”

“Tell me you love it.”

“I love getting fucked by your big cock, Jake. Fuck, I’ve always dreamed of finding a guy your size.”

I started to slam her as hard as I could, and an obscene slapping sound filled the room as I drove my prick into her dripping pussy again and and again. Her flimsy wooden dorm bed was crashing into the wall now with each thrust, and Vera was moaning and urging me on with a lack of inhibition that only pure lust can provide.

"Yes, Jake," she yelled, "oh fuck yes!"

Neither of us thought about the noise we were making, of course, until suddenly someone from the hallway yelled, “SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

I stopped immediately, mid-stroke, looking into Vera’s terror-stricken eyes.

“I can’t get written up,” she whispered, “we have to keep it down. God it's so hard when you're fucking me like this."

I had an idea. I slowly pulled out of her and adjusted the condom.

"Give me the pillow," I said.

I positioned her crosswise on the bed, face down with a pillow under her hips. Now I wouldn’t be slamming the bed into the wall each time I entered her.

Then I untangled her panties from the legs of her pants and held them up.

"This is how we'll keep you quiet."

She smiled at me, then opened her mouth. I pushed the small piece of fabric into her mouth and then got onto the bed behind her.

She lifted her ass to help me get inside her pussy once again. It took a few moments for us to adjust to this new position, but soon I was gliding smoothly into her from behind, and we were making much less noise.

And, because I could once again see into the mirror above the dresser, I had an incredible view of the whole scene.

From this vantage point, I noticed what could only have been a prom picture of Vera and her boyfriend in a frame displayed on the dresser.

This made the whole scene even dirtier for some reason, and even hotter.

"You fucking slut," I growled, slamming into her, "cheating with an older man. You're a fucking cheating whore and you love it."

"Mmmmm!" she groaned, clearly aroused by my dirty talk.

"I'm fucking you better than he ever has or could," I groaned, "just fucking admit it, whore."

Of course, with the panties in her mouth, there was no way for her to actually admit it, but I took her whimpers of delight for the confirmation I was looking for.

I reached down and started to slap her ass, hard, as I fucked her. I'd forgotten about the noise, and only wanted to give this hot little slut the punishment she was craving.

"God this pussy is good. You're so fucking tight. I want you to come on this fucking cock, whore. Come for me, slut. Fucking come!" I ordered, slapping her ass as I drove my prick into her harder and harder.

I felt her tense up again, and she shrieked into her panty gag.

"Come for me. Come like the fucking slut you are."

I slapped her ass again and again with my right hand, and then, as I felt her reach what I took to be the point of no return, I pressed my thumb to her puckered asshole. I didn't push it inside her, just put pressure on it while she orgasmed.

She screamed into her panties, her cunt clamping down on my cock and forcing me to stay inside her until her orgasm subsided.

"Good girl," I said, "come on that fucking cock."

She pressed her ass back against my thumb, clearly enjoying the way I was probing her hole.

Finally, her orgasm faded and her pussy relaxed enough that I could start fucking her again.

Now it was my turn to get off. I stopped caring about her pleasure, and started using her hot teenage body like a fuck doll.

I grabbed her hair and pulled up her head so that she was looking into my eyes in the reflection of the mirror. Her face was flushed from the exertion of orgasm and the heat of the poorly-air conditioned dorm room.

“Look at yourself, getting fucked like this right in front of a picture of your boyfriend. Does he know what a fucking whore you are?”

Vera only moaned in response. I grabbed her hips and slammed into her as hard as I could, feeling my own long-delayed orgasm approaching rapidly.

“I’m going to come,” I announced, pulling out and pushing her onto her back. Vera knew exactly what I wanted. She lay back, took the panties out of her mouth, closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue.

“Give me your cum, please, Jake.”

I stripped off the condom and aimed for Vera’s face, stroking my cock only a few times before I exploded all over her, sending spurts of semen onto her tongue, lips, neck and tits.

“Jesus,” I panted, lying next to her, “that was intense.”

“Mmm,” she said, “you taste so good.”

I looked over to see her licking my cum off her fingers.

“That’s so hot,” I gasped, still catching my breath, “god damn it.”

“Mmm... I love being a slut,” she said.

“I told you I know how to deal with girls like you.”

She slid down towards my cock and smiled up at me, taking my tender member into her mouth and gently licking up the last of my cum.

We cuddled for a few minutes, then fell asleep with the sounds of a country western band filling our ears.

When I woke up a few hours later, it was dark, and I could hear Vera in an intense whispered discussion with someone on the other side of the dorm room door.

I propped myself up and asked her what was going on.

“It’s my roommate,” she said, “you’ve gotta go.”

“No problem,” I said, trying to get my bearings in the dark room.

“I’m coming with you,” said Vera, pulling on a new pair of shorts.

A few minutes later, we were standing in the hallway.

"Where should we go?"

"Back to your hotel or whatever. It's only 9:00. Ashley is probably still partying."

Luckily, Vera's roommate had disappeared into the lounge for the moment, so we were both spared the embarrassment of introductions. Soon, we were back on the street outside the dorm, where the party was still in full swing.

I pulled out my phone and tried to find a Lyft.

"It's going to be like 45 minutes before we can get a ride," I said, frustrated.

"Damn it," she said, looking at my phone, "the buses are totally backed up too. Let's find somewhere else where we can be alone for a while until we get a ride."

"Sounds great," I said.

She took my hand once again, leading me down the block away from the crowds.

As we walked, Vera kept telling me how hot it had been to be spanked. She'd been trying to get her boyfriend to do it for years, but he'd never gone beyond a couple of weak taps. She started asking me more questions about things I liked to do in bed, and I told her about some of the things I enjoyed introducing women to: rough sex, restraints, dirty talk, and of course, spanking.

"I want to do all of those things," she said, smiling up at me as we walked through the dark.

I started getting hard again at the prospect of teaching her about rough sex, but I also knew how careful I would have to be.

Finally, we made it to our destination: a small park next to the lake.

It was completely dark now, and we sat on a bench side by side. I put my arm around Vera.

"Is that one of your seduction techniques?" she teased.

"I don't think you need to be seduced anymore," I said, running my hand through her thick hair.

She put her hand on my leg and slowly moved it up to my inner thigh until she found my rock-hard cock.

"I hope we're not done for the night. I really need to see what else this monster is capable of."

"I hope not too."

I leaned in to kiss her, and we made out furiously for a few minutes on the park bench in the dark, until a woman walking her dog came by and interrupted us.

When she had passed, Vera whispered: "I really need to get fucked again."

"Maybe we can get a Lyft now," I said, "I'll check."

I fired up the app and was surprised to see that a car would be available in just under five minutes. We just had to get to a street corner a few blocks away.

I stood, taking Vera by the hand and racing with her to the corner, where we waited for the ride.

"God," she said, "this is going to look just as sketchy as you going to the dorm. The people at the front desk will think I'm some kind of whore."

"They won't be wrong about that," I grinned, sighting our Lyft in the distance, "come on – let's get in!"

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When we got into my room we were all over each other.

"God Jake," she moaned, "I want you to punish me again. Show me how you treat girls like me."

I slapped her ass playfully while I kissed her.

"Do you think you can handle my belt?" I asked.

Her eyes widened as she grasped my meaning.

"Are you going to spank me with your belt? God, that's so hot."

I unbuttoned her shorts and pushed a finger into her cunt. She was sopping wet.

"Fuck," she groaned, "God, I just want to get fucked again now."

"Not yet," I said pushing her back onto the bed and then pulling her shorts off over her sandals, then removing those as well.

"Bend over."

"Oh my God this is so hot."

She bent over the bed as I coiled the leather belt in my hands.

"You remember my safe words, right?"

"Clover and stegosaurus?"

"Half right," she said, "clover to slow down, and dragon to stop."

"Ok," I said, "I think I've got it straight now."

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"Oh fuck!" she yelled, "God that stings so good."

She was holding back tears, but still wiggling her ass at me.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

I gave her three more hard strokes with the belt.

"Fuck," she moaned, choking back tears, "damn that hurts."

"Just say the word and I'll stop, remember."

"I know," she said, "but I don't want you to. I need you to show me my place, remember?"

"I do."

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

After three more good strokes with the leather, she collapsed into a quivering mess on the bed, her hand shooting between her legs to play with her clit.

I took off my clothes quickly and spooned her, holding her as she played with herself.

"Fuck," she moaned, "I'm going to come. May I please come?"

"I think you deserve it," I whispered into her ear as my cock pressed against her asscheeks, "you took that spanking like a very good girl."

"Mmm," she moaned, "I love hearing you say that. I love being a good girl for you."

I held her against me as she climaxed, letting out an adorably feminine yelp.

"Well, well, well," I said, after cuddling her for several minutes, "we've taken care of you, but what are we going to do about this?"

I slapped my erection playfully against her ass.

"I think you should slip that monster into me and fuck me just like this," she said, "whisper some filthy things into my ear and tell me what a good girl I am."

She lifted her leg slightly and I slowly worked my cockhead into her tight pussy. Both of us forgot about the condom this time, which wasn't like me. Of course, this whole trip had been completely crazy as well.

Her high-pitched whimpers as I stroked my cock in and out of her started to drive me absolutely crazy.

"I love how big you are," she moaned, "you fill me even better than my dildo."

"Even better than your boyfriend?"

"Oh God, yes."

"I've got an idea," I said, "why don't you call him now, and talk to him while I fuck you?"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"Oh God," she groaned, "that's so fucking wrong...but so fucking hot. He's so naive...it just might work."

She stretched her hand out towards the small purse that she'd brought with her and discarded on the bed, right next to where we were laying.

"I bet you don't think I'm really going to do it," she said, "but I'm totally calling your bluff."

"Go ahead," I said, "surprise me."

She flipped through her contacts as I stroked slowly in and out. I had come so many times in the last few days that there was no sense of urgency at all to this fuck. I could rail her for hours if I had to.

I watched her flip through the contacts until she stopped on the name "Brian."

So that was his name. I resolved to make good use of it.

"Hey honey," she said, a bit breathlessly, "what are you up to?"

I grabbed her hip with one hand and interlaced the fingers of my other hand with several chunks of her thick hair, then looked down at the wonderful sight of my long, thick shaft stretching her tight teenage cunt.

I kept the pace steady as she exchanged pleasantries with her boyfriend.

"Yeah," she said, "just hanging out with Ashley. She drank too much again. Yeah..."

I reached up and put my hand over her mouth as I began to pound her harder. Her yelps and whimpers were caught by my hand, and she moved the mouthpiece of the phone away from her mouth.

"Mmmfpf, mpf. Mpff," she moaned as I fucked her.

I pulled my hand off her mouth and she panted into the phone.

"Yes, Brian!" she yelped, almost losing control for a moment, "no sorry…," she panted, "I'm at a party… I've gotta….I've gotta go!!"

She managed to end the call, then she flung the phone onto the bed. It bounced once then fell on the floor. She was too intent on getting fucked with my big dick to care.

"Oh God, Jake," she moaned, "that was so fucking wrong. But it turned me on so much."

"Good little slut," I growled, slamming her harder, "you know what? I think you should tell him about us. Tell him that his cock isn't good enough for you."

"Oh fuck," she groaned, "I want to do that so bad. I want to tell him exactly what I think about his tiny little noodle."

"You're a fucking size queen slut now, aren't you?"

"How could I not be," she groaned, "it's so fucking good to get fucked by a real man with a real cock like this."

"You met the right guy," I groaned, going harder and harder, loving every moment of being balls-deep in tight teenage pussy.

A few minutes later, we were in the same position we'd fucked in her dorm bed: me on top, giving her the dick hard in the prone-bone position.

"Fuck, Jake, I think I love your dick," she groaned, "it's so much better than Brian's."

"Say it again," I growled, pulling her hair, "tell me it's bigger than Brian's."

"It's so much fucking bigger than Brian's," she yelped, "I'm not going to be able to feel his the next time we fuck. I swear I won't."

"Are you on birth control, slut?"

I was getting close to coming, and had no intention of pulling out, but I still wanted all the information available to me.

"Yes," she moaned, "but no one's ever come inside me before."

"Sounds like it's time for your very first cream pie," I said, fucking her as hard as I could.

"Oh yes," she groaned, "shoot a huge load inside me. I want it so fucking bad..."

The next thing I knew, I was overcome with pleasure as I held down the cute 19-year-old and filled her with my cum. It felt so primal, so perfect, claiming her like that. Part of me – at least in the heat of the moment – wished that she hadn't been on birth control, and that I would have had a shot at the ultimate act of claiming a woman: knocking her up.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her, smiling at the sheet amount of cum that I'd pumped into her young pussy.

"Your boyfriend would definitely know something was going on if you went to meet him now," I laughed, "between the marks on your ass and all the cum in your pussy."

"Mmm," she said, her face flushed and her eyes red from our fucking, "I want to tell him so bad. I think it would be so hot. Because it's so fucking wrong."

"I know what you mean," I said, "I wish I didn't, but I do."

# Monica the MILF

That morning, after giving Vera a kiss and a slap on the ass and kicking her out the door, I lay back on my bed and decided to check my messages. There was one from Monica, the MILF I'd met the same night I went home with Molly.

"Sorry it didn't work out," she wrote, "my flight is at one this afternoon."

I opened my e-mail to check something.

"My flight is at 1:30," I wrote back, "blowjob in the security line?"

"Haha," she responded, "but I am sorry I won't be able to put that huge fucking cock to good use."

"Well," I said, "let's stay in touch."

"K," she responded.

And that was that, I thought. Even if I didn't get to help Monica cheat on her husband, it had still been an absolutely incredible weekend of turning two incredibly slutty college women into size queens for life. I had already been exchanging dirty messages with both of them, wondering what kind of cock-magic I would have to perform in order to get the both of them into a threesome. It probably would have been easier than I thought. Girls like that are up for pretty much anything – especially while they're in college. It would probably have been a question of simply asking. Most men didn't realize how slutty women could really be if you just approached the question simply and frankly.

After a long shower, I packed up my things and got ready to go to the airport. I had enough time before my flight that I could have probably fucked either Vera or Molly again, but I'd busted so many

nuts in past few days that my balls still ached. Not that I couldn't coax a load or two out of them with the help of a woman who was committed to the project, but I wasn't exactly looking to go out of my way to get laid.

I checked out of the hotel and got in the back of a cab to the airport. I opened up my messages, and there was a shot of Monica, taken in a bathroom.

"Just thought you might like to see what kind of panties I'm wearing," she wrote.

"Why don't you take those off for me," I wrote, "and stuff them in your mouth while you lean over that counter and finger-fuck yourself."

I was having fun flirting with her. At this point, there was no chance of anything actually happening between us.

Or so I thought.

I had forgotten all about my half-serious order, until my phone buzzed as I was getting out of the cab. It was a file attachment: an audio file.

I tipped the driver, then dug through my bag to find my headphones. I plugged them in and heard the sounds of a woman moaning.

"Fuck yes," she panted, "give me that huge fucking dick. It's so much fucking better than my husband's."

It was Monica. But her panties definitely weren't in her mouth.

"Bad girl," I wrote, "how can you be saying those dirty things with panties in your mouth?"

"You caught me," she said, "I guess I deserve a punishment. That is, if you're man enough to enforce the rules."

I love it when sluts challenge me like that. I'm always game for putting a girl in her place.

"Ok, you little whore," I wrote back, "I don't know if you understand who you're dealing with. Meet me in the Delta Sky Lounge in 25 minutes."

"Yes, Sir," she wrote immediately.

Women like her loved being dommed. Just start telling them what to do and they immediately become submissive. It's a beautiful

thing to behold. If only more boyfriends and husbands knew about it. But of course, there's no reason to believe that a woman like Monica would be so eager to please her husband. Especially if his dick was as small as she said.

The security line seemed to take forever, but after a few minutes of inconvenience, I found myself on the other side, holding my belt in my hand and wondering if I should even bother to put it on again. After all, if I really did succeed in hooking up with Monica, it might come in handy.

I bunched up the belt and pushed it into a pocket on my bag, then headed off towards the Sky Lounge as quickly as possible.

I handed over my membership card, then quickly found the table where Monica was sitting.

"Hi," she said, beaming at me, "I have something for you."

I extended my hand. She pressed her panties into my palm.

"Very good," I said, pocketing them, "I think you might be ready for training after all!"

"I hope fucking so," she whispered, "I'm so fucking horny. I came on this trip to get fucking laid, but my friends and I ended up drinking so much that it never happened."

"Poor you."

"I know," she said, "and now I've only got twenty minutes until boarding. It looks like I'm going to go back to my husband as sexually frustrated as I was when I left."

"I've got an idea," I said, looking over at a part of the club that led to an area which was cordoned off for remodeling.

"You've gotta be kidding," she said, following my gaze, "we can't cross into a forbidden area in an airport. We'll get arrested."

"It's not a security-restricted area," I said, "it's just got some tape up around it. Where's your sense of adventure? I thought you wanted to get laid."

"I do," she said, "I guess I'm up for it if you are!"

"We have to be fast," I said, "just do what I tell you to do."

"Mmm," she said, giving me a smoldering glance, "I love taking orders."

“Good,” I said, “now stand up and go to the bathroom. When you come back, don’t come back to the table. Duck under that tape instead and meet me in the bar area. Can you see it?”

She nodded.

“Ok,” she whispered, “see you in a few minutes.”

As soon as Monica disappeared, I stood and walked purposefully in the direction of the construction area. Without so much as glancing over my shoulder, I ducked under the cordon and went around the corner to a dark, secluded area. A few minutes later, Monica joined me.

“On your knees,” I commanded without any kind of foreplay.

She obeyed me immediately.

“Good girl,” I said, grabbing my belt from my bag, “take out my dick.”

She didn’t have to be asked twice. Before I knew it, my pants were around my ankles and Monica had my dick in her mouth.

“Let’s see how well you deepthroat,” I said, “tap three times if you need me to stop.”

“Ok,” she said, “but I don’t think I’ll need to tap. I love it rough, and I really need to be manhandled now. I appreciate that you want to play safe, however. Choke me, slap me, use me however you want, just make it fast so I don’t miss my flight!”

“You asked for it,” I grinned, pushing my cock into her throat and then throwing the belt around her head so that I could control her with it.

I used the belt like a strap, fucking her throat with my huge cock.

“You look absolutely wonderful choking on my cock,” I said.

I dropped one end of the belt, then pulled out my cock and slapped her face with it.

“You’ve had a lot of practice to be able to take a cock this big for that long,” I said.

“Yes, Sir, I admit it, Sir,” she panted.

I slapped her in the face with my open palm, then shoved my cock back into her mouth and used it like a pussy.

“Get that cunt wet for me, slut. Play with your pussy while I fuck your face.”

She did exactly as she was told.

“We don’t have much time,” I said, “so when I saw go, I want you to turn around and get on your hands and knees. I’m going to use your cunt and come inside you as fast as I can. I have no intention of ensuring that you have an orgasm. The only thing I care about is using your body for my pleasure and depositing a load of cum inside you. Do you understand?”

I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

“Yes, Sir,” she gasped.

I knew exactly what I was doing. I knew that women like this absolutely loved being used for a man’s pleasure. Paradoxically, that was the way to make them come even faster: to tell them that you didn’t care if they came or not, then fuck them like that.

It works almost every time.

“Ok,” I said, “now!”

She spun around, flipping her skirt onto her back and wiggling her ass at me.

I coiled my belt in one hand and gave her a sharp whack with it. She cried out, but I put a hand over her mouth as I sank inside her sopping cunt and began to pummel her from behind.

“You fucking whore,” I growled into her ear, “on your knees at an airport, getting fucked by a stranger, simply because your husband can’t fill your cunt the way you need it.”

“Mm!” she was super excited, already on the edge of coming.

I slammed into her hard, grabbing her hips in both hands, but still holding onto the belt with a few fingers so that I could crack it down across her ass every few strokes. I was hard, I was merciless: I was giving her exactly what she wanted.

“Oh please fill me up,” she moaned, “please come inside me.”

“I’m going to give you such a big load, you little whore,” I growled, “out cheating on your husband with a man ten years younger than you. You fucking size queen slut.”

“Fuck yes I’m a size queen slut,” Monica moaned, “I admit it. I can’t come unless the guy is at least seven inches. My husband’s

dick is tiny. I hate it."

"I'm close," I groaned, "I'm going to...here...it COMES!"

She shrieked. As predicted, I felt her pussy tensing around my cock, just as I unleashed a huge burst of cum directly onto her cervix. She may not have been as tight as the two college girls I'd fucked this trip, but Monica was still an incredible lay. The fact that she was completely submissive was a nice bonus.

"Now turn around and lick my cock clean, whore," I ordered.

Monica was all-too-eager to comply. I gave her a goodbye spank on the ass, then kissed her on the cheek.

"It was fun," I said, "next time I'm in Chicago, I'm texting you."

"You don't have to wait until then," she said, "that was fucking amazing. I'm going to have a souvenir of you on my ass for a week."

She reached back and rubbed one of the spots where my belt had left its mark.

"Good," I said, "I'm happy you'll have something to remember me by."

"Me too."

A few minutes later, I was in the bathroom, looking over my outfit to make sure there were no telltale signs of our encounter: sperm, hair, lipstick, etc. Despite how rough and uninhibited our encounter had been, I could find no obvious evidence of it on my clothing, so I decided it would be safe to board the plane.

It was only then that I remembered Molly's kinky request: to send pictures if I fucked Monica the MILF. Damn. I guess there's always next time.

I reached the gate just as they were calling my row. Perfect timing.

The plane was crowded, but I found my seat easily, sliding in next to an attractive woman in her mid-twenties, who removed her earbuds and smiled at me when I sat down.

"Hey," she said, "I've got a really dumb question."

"Ok," I said, "go ahead and ask it."

"Are drinks always free on this flight?"

"Ha. As if. Back in the old days, maybe. But every single domestic airline that I know charges. At least in couch."

“That’s what I thought,” she said, “I guess the guy on the last flight was hitting on me after all. It can be so hard to tell sometimes.”

“Was he buying drinks for you?”

“I think he must have been.”

“Sounds like you’ve had enough then,” I said, looking her up and down in a way that conveyed interest without being too forward.

“Oh no,” she said, “when I said last flight, I meant a week ago when I came out. You can buy me a drink if you want.”

“Only if you promise not to think that I’m flirting with you.”

“I promise,” she smiled, buckling her seat belt.

It was starting again. I only hoped that I could get a chance to wash the smell of Monica’s pussy from my cock before I ended up balls deep in this girl. But such are the hazards of my life!

THE END

# ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:

## *Diary of a Wandering Bull: Cuckold Hotwife Size Queen Erotica*




Marcus Carver has a very specific set of skills: seducing other men's wives and girlfriends and turning them into **submissive, obedient size queens**. Sometimes this happens with their partner's blessing, sometimes behind their partner's backs. No matter what happens, these women are never the same after their encounters with Marcus's considerable endowment and advanced lovemaking skills. They find themselves seeking him out, again and again, begging for him to turn their **fertile, innocent bodies** into his personal playthings – even if he sends pictures to their husbands or boyfriends afterward.

Cynthia is only Mark's latest conquest, but he senses from the very beginning that she's special. When Mark sees her next to the hotel pool, he knows he has to make a move. Cynthia is married but clearly drawn to him nevertheless, especially when she gets a glimpse of what he's packing in his swim trunks. After a long, flirtatious conversation, the two make plans to meet up in a few days when Mark visits her home town of St. Louis, Missouri. That's when things get hot, and Cynthia's wedding vows are broken more quickly and thoroughly than either of them could have anticipated.

# Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore




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

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

Does size *really* matter?

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

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

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard**, **rough**, and **totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

# About the author

Dear Reader,

Thank you ***so much*** for purchasing or borrowing this book! Every time someone buys my book it helps me support myself as a writer and allows me to produce even more of your favorite smutty size queen stories. It is truly appreciated.

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

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

--XX

Cynthia