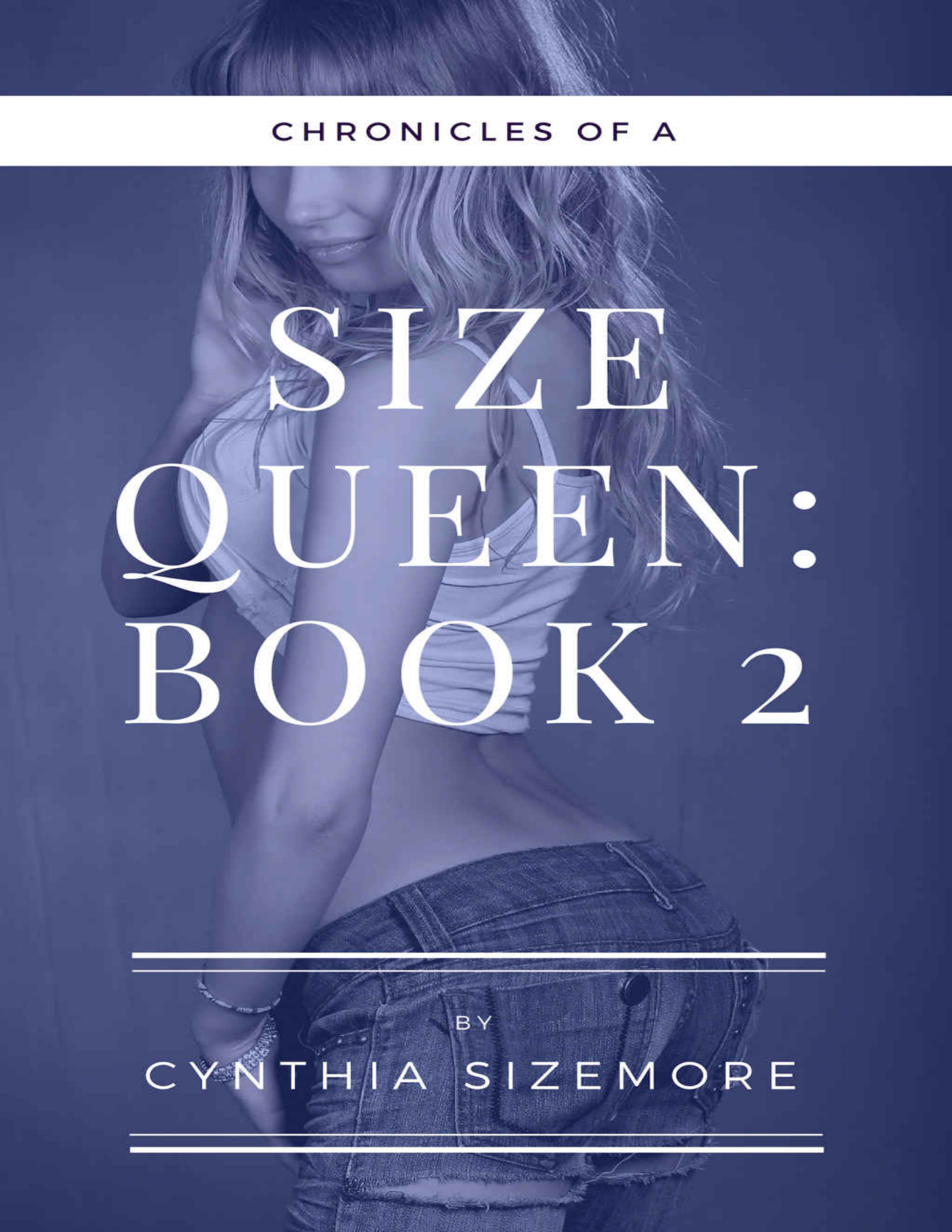


CHRONICLES OF A

SIZE QUEEN: BOOK 2

BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Chronicles of a Size Queen
Book 2

by

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CAN YOU HANDLE HER HOT PAST? WILL THE TRUTH ABOUT HER PREFERENCES CHANGE YOU FOREVER?

So you want to know the truth about your wife in college? Are you absolutely certain that you can deal with knowing ***everything****? If not, you should stop reading now. But you asked, and so I'm going to tell you everything about my* ***hot past.***

CHRONICLES OF A SIZE QUEEN: BOOK 2

It all began my freshman year. I hadn't met you yet — that would happen in just a few weeks — but I wasn't as innocent as you probably thought. And maybe still think.

Far from it, in fact. The moment of my awakening to my true nature goes all the way back to one night that I came back to my dorm suite a little bit early and saw something I shouldn't have.

My roommate, Abby, always seemed kind of promiscuous. She was always hanging around with these older guys who I didn't know.

That night, I came home and walked into the darkened common area of the suite and saw a ray of light coming from a crack in her door.

I heard something strange: a deep male voice talking in low, encouraging tones, and the sound of very feminine muffled moaning sounds.

Curiously got the better of me. I left the light off and I tiptoed closer to the door of Abby's room.

Because it was still lit, I could see directly inside. And I'll never forget what I saw.

Sitting on Abby's bed was Danny, a tall, muscular football player who I'd seen her hang out with before.

Danny's legs were spread and his eyes were closed as if in concentration. On her knees on the floor in front of him, looking up at him in devotion was Abby, my cute brunette roommate.

I was actually pretty innocent about sex. Until that moment. I had heard about blowjobs and stuff like that, but it never occurred to me that girls might like doing it too.

Now, I got to see my roommate showing me that not only could girls like it, they could absolutely love it. She was slurping up and down the length of Danny's girthy pink rod, flicking her tongue against his head and shaft as if they were a delicious treat. She was treating his cock as if it were an object of worship, and the longer I looked at it, the more I could see why. It was huge — larger than I had ever imagined. It was the first cock I'd seen in real life, and I'm afraid that I imprinted on it. I felt myself getting wet right then and there, and as ashamed as I was about watching my roommate in this intimate moment, I was too aroused to move from the spot.

I watched as she stroked it and sucked on the head, looking up at him for his approval and moaning as if the act was bringing her intense pleasure.

I reached down and pushed a finger under my panties and felt my pussylips. I was soaked. I started to play with my clit as I watched what happened next.

He opened his eyes, pushed Abby's hands away from his dick and folded them together behind her back. She kept them there as he stood up and grabbed the back of her head, taking complete control of the action. I watched as my innocent young roommate took this man's enormous rod down her tight throat. It seemed impossible, but I watched it happen. Her eyes began to water. They were bright red as he fucked her face, groaning and sighing with each thrust. The next thing I remember is that he started talking dirty. That was the part that turned me on the most. I don't remember everything he said to her, but a few things are seared into my memory.

"Yes you little bitch," he growled, "I know you're desperate for this cock. You'll do anything for it, won't you?"

She moaned in affirmation as she gazed into his eyes.

"Reach down into your panties and play with that tight pussy for me, slut," he ordered.

My roommate's hand immediately flew down between her legs, and I followed suit. I wanted nothing more than to become a submissive little whore for this man's cock.

Danny smiled and grabbed her head with one hand while he took out his cock with the other and held it like a weapon, comparing its length to the length of her entire face.

"Tell me what you want, whore."

"I want to suck your cock?" she stammered.

He laughed and slapped her across the face with his gigantic erection. I gasped at the humiliating nature of this move, but my roommate clearly loved it.

That was perhaps the moment I realized that normal rules didn't apply to well-hung guys. If a guy with an average cock tried something like that with me, I'd send him packing. But i knew then that if a big-dicked stud slapped me with his cock, I'd do exactly what my roommate did: look into his eyes and sweetly ask him to do it again.

"Did you like that, you slut?"

"Yes sir," she moaned, still playing with her pussy, "please slap me with it again."

He laughed and slapped her across the other cheek and then pulled her up roughly by the hair and bent her over the bed.

"It's time for me to ruin this pussy," he growled.

Fuck. Hearing him talk like that almost made me cum, but I was too determined to follow the instructions he was giving Abby from my place on the floor outside the door. Your young wife's fingers circled her clit frantically; I felt completely empty inside. I needed to be filled. I knew then that a guy like you would never measure up to a man like Danny, but I also knew that a man with a cock like Danny's would never commit to fucking just one pussy.

I watched him bend Abby over the bed and spread her legs apart, exposing her petite, wet, swollen pink pussylips. He pushed his massive cockhead against them, holding himself in place with one hand and using the other hand to press her down onto the bed. When his cock finally slid part way into her pussy, she let out a shriek that sounded like pleasure and pain combined.

"Ugh," he groaned as his oversized rod slid in and out of her tight tunnel, "this pussy feels amazing."

"Mm hmm," Abby moaned, as if holding onto the sheets of the bed for dear life as her well-endowed lover plowed her from behind.

"I know that I can do anything with you and you'll still come crawling back for this big dick, won't you?"

"Mmm hmm," she groaned.

He slapped her ass hard.

"I didn't hear that, slut. You'll have to speak more clearly."

"Yes," she moaned.

"Yes what?"

"Yes I'll do anything for you dick. You can do anything you want with me."

"Good little slut," he growled.

In the meantime, my hand was racing around my clit, tracing a pleasure path across it and slowly working down to my pussy.

I'd never before wanted to be filled as bad as I did in that moment.

Fuck. What do you think of your wife now, honey? Knowing that watching my roommate get absolutely manhandled by a random big-dicked stud was one of the highlights of my freshman year in college? Does it change the ideas you have about me?

Does it make you want to get out your cute little dick and start to stroke it while you hear your wife talk about how it will never really satisfy her?

That's ok. Go ahead and do it. Get it out and get it nice and wet. But don't expect me to pay any attention to you while I finish my story.

I watched him slide that big prick into Abby's tight little cunt for what must have been close to five minutes. Five minutes of unrelenting pounding of Abby's cervix and slapping of her ass.

Her butt was fiery red and her moans were completely uncontrolled now. Even if I had been in my own room instead of kneeling there on the carpet, it would have been impossible to mistake what was going on: a woman was bent over taking a gigantic cock and loving it.

I watched in excitement as Abby reached orgasm, her entire body shaking as Danny held her down and thrust into her mercilessly.

"That's it you little whore," he growled, "come on this big fucking dick. Show me how much you love it."

"I love it," moaned Abby, shaking in pleasure, "I'm in love with your cock!"

"Good girl," he panted, "I'm going to train you to be a good little whore."

"Yes, Sir," she moaned, gripping the bedsheets for dear life as he continued to pummel her cervix, "I want to be your slut..."

Just then, he pulled out of her and yanked her up roughly by the hair.

"I'm going to come," he moaned, "get on your knees."

I had never seen a facial before. The idea that a guy might like to ejaculate on a woman's face wasn't something that had ever occurred to me before. I had no idea what might be about to happen.

I watched Abby, her face completely flushed and her makeup totally ruined, drop to her knees in front of Danny as he stroked his gigantic rod just a few inches from her face. She stuck out her tongue and closed her eyes.

"Beg me for it, slut," he growled.

"Please give me your cum," she moaned, "I want it so bad."

He let out a primal groan as he began to shoot rope after rope of thick white liquid from his cock, completely coating my young roommate's face. Much of it landed in her hair as well.

I watched as she began to feed herself his come by scooping it into her mouth with her fingers.

"You know what I like," he chuckled, wiping his cock on her forehead, "make sure you get it all."

At that moment he turned towards the door and gazed out into the darkened livingroom – that is to say, right where I was kneeling and playing with myself. For a moment, I thought he'd spotted me, but to my relief he looked at the floor of the room and picked up his discarded boxer briefs.

I took the opportunity to crawl quickly away from Abby's door and into my own room, where I shut the door gently behind me and kept the light off. I immediately bent over the bed, closed my eyes, and began to fuck myself with my fingers, imagining they were a gigantic, veiny cock. They were a poor substitute for the real thing, but I did manage to give myself the hardest orgasm I'd ever had in my young life up to that point.

From that night one, I knew that average guys wouldn't cut it for me. I'd never really done much more than make out with guys, but now I had absolutely no interest in guys who weren't completely hung. Danny had ruined me with his cock without even touching me.

A few weeks later is when we had our first date, honey. We went on a couple of dates but we weren't really "official" until several months later. I'll never forget how cute it was when you finally got up the courage to kiss me. And the first time you asked for a blowjob. I was of course happy to do it for you, but if you'd been a hung stud like Danny I would have dropped to my knees without any kind of prompting from you. Alpha males get that kind of treatment. Naturally dominant guys don't even have to try to take control of girls like me. Their big swinging dicks do all the work for them.

And that's what happened a few weeks after we met. Like I said, we weren't "official" so this wasn't exactly cheating. It wasn't exactly not cheating, either, though...

There was a party that night, at my friend Rebecca's place. She shared a big house with 5 other girls. A typical crappy college house in a crappy town. I think maybe we even went to a party there together once or twice. Anyway, you were definitely not at this particular party. I think you were back at your dorm with some dorky friends playing a game or

something. It just goes to show you: if your girlfriend is bored, she's going to seek out big cock behind your back. I never failed to do that, honey, and I never, ever regretted it.

But I want to tell you about the very first time I cheated on you. It was at that party, at Rebecca's place. I'd had a few beers and was feeling great. You know me – one beer is really my limit before I start doing embarrassing things. This time, my friend Rebecca told me a rumor about one of the guys she'd slept with who was coming over that night. His name was Jason, and she told me a few things about him that made me want him right away. First of all, she said he was a cocky bastard. He'd just assumed that they were going to sleep together, even though it was their first date. Rebecca acted like she didn't like that, but I knew that she did. She wouldn't have invited him in if she hadn't.

The next thing that she told me was that he was hot. Like super, super hot. He apparently worked out all the time and had the body of a Greek god.

There was only one part of him that wasn't like a Greek statute. Not one bit. Have you guessed that part, honey?

It was his cock.

Don't let anyone tell you that girls don't talk about guy's dicks, honey. We definitely do. We just don't talk about talking about them. And Rebecca gave me some very interesting information that night, right before Jason – the man himself – walked through the door.

She told me that Jason's cock was so big that she didn't want to fuck him. She had to jerk him off all over her tits. She giggled while she told me this.

"Can you believe it?" she said, "he's like this long."

She held her hands about a ruler's length apart.

I laughed and slapped her on the shoulder.

"You're drunk!"

"No, I'm serious!!"

"Com'n Rebecca. No guy's cock is really that big."

"You don't believe me?"

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Well, I can show you."

"Ha ha, what do you mean?"

"I mean...do you want to help me suck his dick?"

I blushed. I was completely sober at that point. We all were. There was nothing to lower my inhibition or to give me an excuse of any kind for what happened next.

"Yes," I whispered, "I'd love to try it, if he doesn't mind."

"Ha ha, 'doesn't mind,'" she laughed, "I don't think there are many guys out there who would refuse a chance to get their dicks sucked by two cute co-eds. I'll go ask him."

I watched her wind her way across the room to Jason, who smiled at her as she whispered in his ear. I saw his eyes widen, and then wander over across the room, where they met mine.

I looked away quickly, too shy to meet his gaze.

If I was too shy to look him in the eye, how was I going to suck his cock?

It turned out not to matter, honey. Your wife's lust for big dick simply overcame every scruple of my upbringing, every part of me that was still the good little girl from the bible belt.

Rebecca led Jason over by the hand. He seemed a little nervous himself, which put me at ease. We shook hands, which seemed like an odd thing to do, given what we had planned.

"So," he laughed, "Rebecca tells me you're looking to try something...on the larger side?"

I blushed and looked down, nodding.

"It's ok to admit it," he said, "a lot of girls are curious. Most of them, even. It's a myth that girls don't care about cock size, even though a lot of them say that. It's just too taboo."

I nodded again, knowing he was right.

"Plus it would just hurt all the guys who weren't born with what this guy is," laughed Rebecca, taking us each by the hand and leading us up to her bedroom, "let's continue this conversation where we can make Jason more comfortable."

My heart pounded the entire time that we walked up the stairs to her room. What was a rather short distance seemed like miles and miles. And it was a long way, honey: a long way from my old, innocent life as a good girl to my new life as a sizequeen slut.

Rebecca closed the door behind us and went over to the stereo and put on some soft music.

"Have a seat on the bed," she gestured, and I started to sit next to Jason.

"Not you, silly," she said, pulling me back up, "your place is down here, next to me. On your knees."

I gulped as I felt my pussy lubricating. Here goes. I was about to be introduced to what I hoped was a cock as big and beautiful as the one I had seen my girlfriend Abby enjoying earlier.

"Just relax," said Rebecca, sending my nervousness, "I promise that this is going to be great."

"That's a sight that I love to see," laughed Jason in a low, masculine voice that oozed confidence, "two bitches on their knees ready to worship my dick."

"Ha ha," I laughed, nervously, "go easy on me, please. It's my first time."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Well this is going to be a special treat, then. The only drawback is that you're going to be ruined for smaller guys for the rest of your life."

I wasn't really sure what he was talking about until I met you, honey. Then I realized that he'd been exactly right. It was absolutely soul-crushing to realize that a guy so perfect for me in every other way (that's you again, honey) wasn't packing the monster cock that I'd come to expect. That I craved.

"Let's quit talking and get down to business," said Rebecca, unbuckling Jason's belt and unzipping his jeans, then popping the button.

"Do you want to take down his boxers?" she asked me, smiling.

I could already see the outline of his rapidly-hardening monster, and it caused my eyes to almost bulge out of my head.

"Oh wow," I laughed again, "I don't think I can..."

Jason chuckled in that long, low masculine way of his.

"You don't think you can take off my boxers?"

"No, I mean I don't think it's going to...fit," I whispered.

"Fit where?" Jason teased.

"You know..."

"Relax!" said Rebecca, interrupting me and taking charge by pulling down Jason's shorts at last and letting his anaconda spring free, "we're going to make sure it fits wherever Jason wants it, because big-cocked guys like him always get what they want."

"That's right, honey," said Jason, smiling at what must have been a look of utter astonishment crossed with lust that flitted across my face.

"Get over here, slut," he growled, grabbing Rebecca's hair in one hand and wielding his erection in the other like a club, "tell me what you want."

"I want that dick in my mouth, Sir."

"I know you do," he laughed, slapping her across the face with his erection, which was approximately the size of my arm.

She opened her mouth obediently and he fed the first few inches inside, grabbing her head and guiding her as he began to fuck her face. I'd never seen something so primitive and brutal in all my life, and I couldn't help but be reminded of the deep-dicking my friend Abby had received and that I'd witnessed. This guy had to have been at least the size of Abby's guy, but possibly even thicker. And he definitely had the same alpha confidence and vibe. Rebecca's eyes were aimed up at him in devotion as he stretched her poor mouth.

"Oh yeah, bitch. I know you love my big dick. All girls do. They might pretend like they don't care, but we all know that they do. Size matters, doesn't it, slut?"

I realized he was looking at me. He was calling me, your innocent wife, a slut. No one had ever dared to be that direct

with me before. That insulting. That dirty.

I absolutely loved it, honey.

No, I'm not saying that you can call me that. I only want to be humiliated by a guy who can earn my submission. And you know who will never be able to do that? You. And any other small-dicked guy.

But Jason certainly could earn it, and did.

I nodded and murmured, "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl," he said, smiling at me, "I didn't even have to teach me to call me that."

I blushed. I still love being a "good girl" for a man with a big dick.

He pulled Rebecca off his cock and turned towards me. She gasped for air and wiped the spit off of her chin before smiling.

"Be gentle with her, it's her first time, remember?"

"Of course."

He put a hand under my chin and directed my gaze up towards his.

"Ok, little slut. Ready to open that mouth and get my cock nice and wet?"

I nodded.

Can you imagine the sight, honey? Your petite, innocent virginal wife, on her knees next to a practiced college slut, ready to be face-fucked with a cock that is literally twice the size of yours in length and in girth? Does it surprise you to know that I was never your sweet little girl, that I the entire time you've known me I've been nothing but a sizequeen slut, horny for big cocks?

It's true.

I opened my mouth and closed my eyes as Jason put the head of his enormous cock on my tongue and then pushed it into my mouth, gagging me as he did.

"I told you to go easy on her," scolded Rebecca.

"I am," he laughed, "this is me going easy on a slut. I'll show you rough in a minute."

Rough. That word made me cream my panties even more than before. I let out a long, low groan that let him know that rough was exactly how I needed to be treated. I wanted to be taken. Dominated. Abused by his big prick.

Can you imagine the scene, honey? Your innocent wife about to take the biggest cock you can possibly imagine? Does imagining me sucking a big dick make your little dick nice and hard? It's ok if you want to play with it, but just realize that I'm not going to touch it for you.

He started face-fucking me with it hard now, grabbing my head on both sides and sliding his big dick into my mouth as if it were a warm, wet pussy. I had one of those, too, of course, and it wanted nothing more than to be stretched and filled by his big hard dick.

"Ohh, that looks so hot," cooed Rebecca, "the way you're fucking that little slut's mouth."

I was vaguely aware that she was touching her pussy now, but to be honest all I could really concentrate on in that moment was the sensation of the big hard piece of man-meat being forced between my lips and into my throat. I felt so used. So violated. So submissive. And I loved it.

He kept gagging me on his big prick until I felt like I couldn't take it anymore. Then he pulled out and slapped me across the face with it and laughed. I never knew how much I would enjoy being treated like a whore, honey, but your innocent little future wife loved the rough treatment she was getting from that big-dicked alpha male.

Rebecca and I took turns for several minutes, switching off between sucking his dick and licking his balls. Jason moaned and called us names, degrading us for loving his huge cock so much. Hearing him talk like that only made me wetter, and I'm sure the same was true for Rebecca.

"Ok," he said, catching his breath after a while, "I bet those pussies are nice and wet now. I know sucking dick gets sluts like the two of you in the mood for a hard fuck."

It was true, and he knew it was true. You know how I'm always telling you I need more foreplay, honey? Well, when I'm with a big-dicked guy, I actually need a lot less of it. My body reacts instinctively and prepares itself to be violated. I get so turned on, the guy doesn't even need to kiss me first. He can just bend me over wherever we are and take my tight little pussy. There's no such thing as "getting in the mood" when I'm with a well-hung guy. I'm always ready to go.

Jason had Rebecca and I lay on our backs on the bed and spread our legs for him. It felt so slutty doing this in the first place, but having another girl there as well took things to the next level.

I was so wet, honey. So ready to be taken by this superior man. But I had to wait while he slipped his dick into Rebecca's tight little cunt. I looked over at them and played with myself as I enjoyed the site of my friend on her back being penetrated by the biggest dick I'd ever seen.

She bit her lip as he slid his prick into her, and then gasped a bit when he finally bottomed out. I'll never forget the look of ecstasy in her eyes as he began to fuck her with smooth, even, long strokes. He was clearly experienced and knew how to pace himself. I started to touch my pussy while I watched them, but he reached over and smacked my hand away.

"Not until you have my permission, slut."

I gave a little whimper of frustration, but I did exactly what he said. All I wanted to do was be a good girl for a big-dicked dominant man. The fact that he was so effortlessly dominating not just one but two girls made him all the more irresistible.

He picked up his pace now, pushing Rebecca's legs back so far that her ankles were at her ears.

"You love this dick, don't you?" he asked, reaching up and holding her arms down while he pounded her.

"Yes, Sir," she gasped between moans.

I was starting to get jealous. Why did she get to go first when I needed his cock so badly as well?

"Don't worry, slut," he said, smiling at me as he pounded my friend, "you'll get your turn. I know you need this dick, but don't worry: there's enough to go around."

I watched as Rebecca climaxed, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him close to her. For a moment, I thought that he had ejaculated inside her, and a sigh of frustration escaped my lips.

"What did I tell you?" he smiled, slowing pulling out of my friend, "there's more than enough of this big dick to go around."

I gasped as he mounted me, then gulped as I looked down and saw him align his bulbous head with my tight pussy. He pressed himself forward and impaled me completely, all on the first try.

Like I said, I was wet. And open for him. But I knew as soon as he entered me, that I'd never be the same again. Mentally or physically.

I looked up into his eyes and was filled with a raw, primal lust for his seed. A lust to be taken and put in my place by a powerful, hung man. I knew I would do or say anything he wanted me to.

He pushed my legs back and held my hands above my head, fucking me slowly at first, just as he'd done with Rebecca.

"Mmm do you like that big dick?" laughed Rebecca, her face appearing in my field of vision.

"I love it," I gasped.

"Good," said Rebecca, "I knew you'd be a sizequeen. It takes one to know one."

"Every woman is a size queen deep down," grunted Jason, thrusting into me more quickly now, "they either don't know it yet or they're afraid to admit it. But you can tell me all about it," he laughed, "you horny little bitch."

I was too much in the throes of ecstasy to respond. Do you like imagining that, honey? Do you like thinking about your young wife on her back with her legs spread, her tight little pussy getting plowed by a gigantic cock, never to be the same again?

I want you to stroke your little cock for me, honey. Go ahead and get it nice and wet and stroke it while you imagine me being pleased by a real man. A man who's earned my respect and the right to my pussy.

The man who claimed me forever just a little while before we started dating.

You never even had a chance.

Sorry, honey! That's just the way it is. If you want, though, I'll let you make yourself cum while you imagine him pounding my tiny little pussy.

Do you know what happened next? He turned me around and slammed me from behind, doggy style. I never knew such a thing was even possible, but after I came three times (that's right, sweetheart, I said three!) I knew that I could only be with a guy who would give it to me like this.

And do you know what happened next, honey?

He had me and Rebecca get on our knees and make out while he jerked himself off. I'd never kissed a girl before. I'm not even really attracted to other women. But I'll do anything for a guy with a big dick. I didn't even pause or hesitate. I just started kissing my friend, full on the mouth, as if there was nothing in the world that could have turned me on more.

And in that moment, there's nothing else that could have. I was serving a guy with a huge cock, and that's all that mattered to me.

"Keep going you little sluts," Jason groaned, stroking his dick just a few inches from both of our faces.

"Ok, open your mouths and look up at me," he ordered.

He didn't have to tell us twice. We both looked up at him in adoration as he baptized our faces and mouths with his holy liquid.

Somehow, miraculously, he'd missed our eyes, and we turned and looked at each other, laughing in delight and surprise at the sheer amount of semen he'd produced.

Then, without being told to, we began to eat his cum, feeding it to each other. It felt totally wrong. Totally filthy.

Nothing like the girl I had been brought up to be, and nothing like the girl that you would know and marry someday.

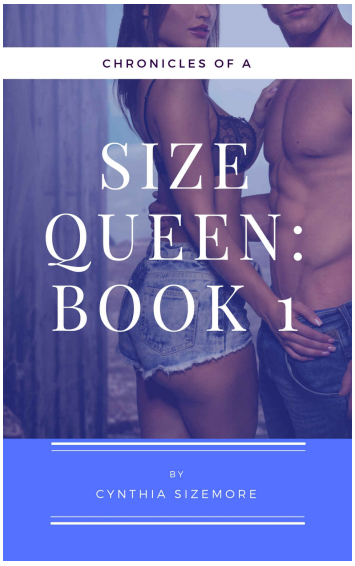
And that wasn't the last time I'd serve a big cock, honey.

Not by a long shot.

You can come now, if you want. It won't mean anything to me, but it might help you clear your head while you read my next story. I can't wait to tell you more about my days as a college size-queen slut.

THE END

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



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

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

About the author

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

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

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