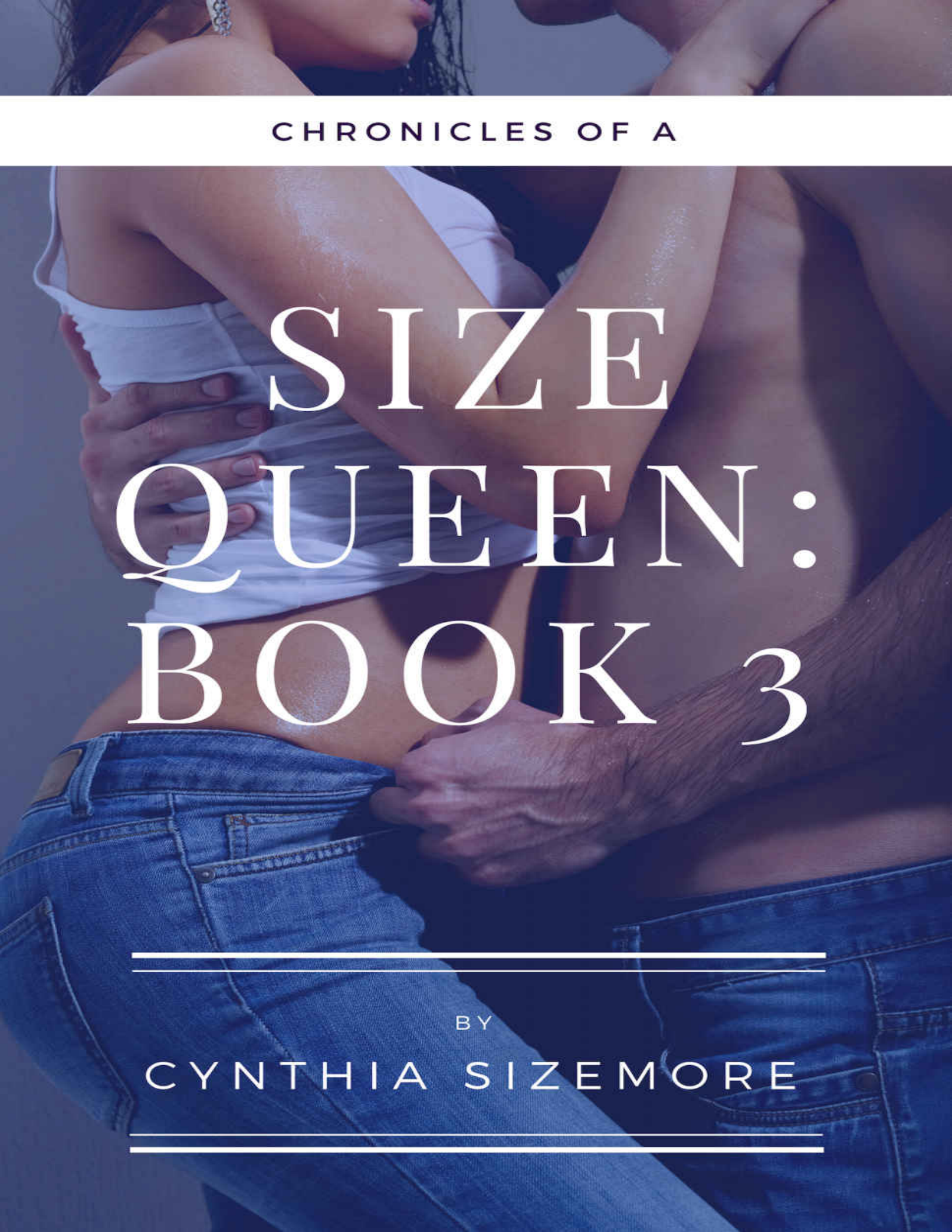


CHRONICLES OF A

SIZE QUEEN: BOOK 3

BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Chronicles of a Size Queen Book 3

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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Carl

Hi, please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Carl, and I'm your wife's lover. That's right. You read that correctly. You might call me her "bull," but I find that term a bit crude for describing the kind of relationship we have. Of course our relationship sexual — intensely so — but there's so much more to it than that.

Lisa is tired of sneaking around and keeping secrets, so she asked me to write to you and explain everything.

Get comfortable, because what I'm going to tell you will come as a shock.

The first thing you should know is that I'm your wife's boss. Not her immediate supervisor of course — that's Michael, who I think you know well — I'm the guy that Michael reports to. So I don't even work with Lisa on a daily basis, which is why I was so pleasantly surprised when I finally met the new analyst whose work Michael had been gushing about.

I told Lisa as much the first time she came to my office. She smiled and blushed.

"Thanks," she said, "I'm just doing my best to promote the brand."

What Michael didn't tell me was how attractive our new analyst was. I don't need to tell you that of course - you married her — but I'll just say that I hardly ever meet a woman of Lisa's age who makes me think the kind of thoughts that I did about Lisa that day in the office. Looking at her in her low-cut blouse and tight skirt, I knew that I was going to have to find a way to ensure that we worked more closely.

The opportunity wasn't hard to find.

You remember the conference that Lisa went to in Boston a few months ago? Well I was there too. And before you jump to conclusions and assume that we had a few drinks and one thing simply led to another, let me give you the real story.

The banter between your wife and I had been sexually charged since the first day we'd met and I'd made a clever comment about the skirt she'd been wearing. I could tell that she liked the attention, so I made all kinds of little remarks about her appearance every time I saw her.

The first day of the conference she was wearing a tight-fitting white button-down blouse and a pencil skirt.

"Does this outfit meet with your approval, boss?"

She smiled at me from the door of my suite.

"Come inside and let me have a closer look at you," I ordered, closing the door behind her and giving her a smirk.

"Yes, Sir," she said, stepping into the room.

I took a seat on the couch and gesture for her to spin around for me, which she did.

Wow. I gave a wolf-whistle and chuckled softly to myself.

"Those booth girls have nothing on you, Lisa. You're going to draw in all kinds of clients today.

"Does that mean my boss approves?"

"I didn't say that," I said, giving her a suggestive look, "I'd need to do a closer inspection first."

"Oh? What kind of inspection you have in mind, Sir?"

"Well, for starters," I said, gesturing for her to come towards me, "I need to inspect your mental state."

I patted my lap, and she sat down on it without hesitation. I felt my cock getting hard as I felt your wife's touch for the first time.

"What do you mean, Sir?" she whispered seductively, "you mean you want to know what I'm thinking?"

"That's right," I said, "I want to know your every thought. Starting with what you were thinking when you decided to dress

like this today."

"What I was thinking? I'm not sure what you mean."

"Why did you consider this appropriate work attire?"

Lisa

Honey, this is Lisa writing now. Carl said it was important that I also tell you my part of the story. It's a little hard for me to be absolutely honest with you, but honesty is what every marriage needs, isn't it? So here goes.

From the moment I saw Carl I'd fallen in lust with him. I still loved you of course, but I'd really lost my attraction to you over the years. There's only so much a woman can do with a guy your size. I'm sorry if that's difficult to hear. I know it will be even tougher to accept. Your cock just doesn't do it for me, honey!

So when I heard that my new boss Carl wasn't just fit, handsome and in charge, he was also really really hung, I couldn't wait to try to get a chance to take his cock. Did I feel guilty?

A little. Of course I knew it would hurt your feelings, but ultimately I hope that you can understand my needs, and the fact that I still love you and always will.

So, when he called me into his hotel suite that day and asked me why I was wearing such sexy clothing, I was lost for words. I couldn't tell him the truth, could I? But at the same time, it was all too obvious what I really wanted.

So I played coy as I sat on his lap, feeling his big dick grow underneath me.

But he'd seen right through me.

"I think you know exactly what I'm talking about," he whispered in my ear, placing a hand around me and grabbing my ass.

"Mm-Mm," I protested.

Fuck. I was so wet in that moment, honey. All I wanted to do was for him to bend me over that couch and just nail me with that big dick. But he made me wait…

"I guess I'm going to have to try another way of making you talk."

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"I'm going to spank you, Lisa."

Oh god, honey. If you only knew how wet I got when he said that. I had fantasized about really being taken in hand by a dominant big-dicked guy ever since my college days, when I had been lucky enough to encounter several of them. But since we'd been married, I'd been aching for rough treatment. But I knew you were just too nice — and, let's face it — too beta to really take me in hand.

But lucky for me, Carl wasn't.

I felt him pull my skirt up and peel my panties down. I hadn't felt a tingle like that since my college days. My pussy responded involuntarily to his dominant touch, opening as his hand ran up and down my now-bare buttocks.

Carl

I knew I was going to enjoy spanking Lisa, but I was beginning to think that she would love it even more than me. I could smell her arousal as I peeled the panties down her perfect ass. I couldn't resist slipping a finger inside her.

"You're quite tight," I laughed, "I guess you're here because you heard the rumors and thought you could get something you're not getting at home?"

She squirmed a bit and I could tell she was blushing. I was definitely right in my guess.

"Sir," she stammered, "I'm not sure at all what you mean."

I just laughed and gave her three hard slaps. I loved the way her buttocks bounced.

"I think you know exactly what rumors I mean."

Here's the thing you should know as a guy with a small dick. No one else is going to tell you, but here it is. Basically all women love large cocks. Some of them think they don't, or are in denial about it, but if they actually get to try one, they are ruined for anything else. I've seen it probably 100 times. At first the girl is reluctant because they don't understand how it's going to fit, but then after their first few times, they realize what they've been missing and they never turn back.

I'm sorry to tell you that's exactly what happened to your wife, Lisa. I was about to convert her from normal housewife to slutty sizequeen. However, little did I know, she'd always been a sizequeen. I just brought it out of her again for the first time in years.

As I continued to pummel her ass, turning it a nice shade of red, I noticed how her moans too on a decidedly pleasurable tone. She loved every second of the spanking I was giving her. There was no doubt at all about that.

"Ok, Lisa," I said, pushing a finger back into her sopping pussy, "you can tell me the truth now. If you do, I'll give you what we both know you came here for."

Lisa

What could I do? He knew the truth already. He'd seen right through my slutty behavior and was ready to make me accountable for it. Each sweet sting of his hand across my ass was a powerful blow to my marriage vows. By the end of his "punishment" I was nothing but a submissive sizequeen aching to be filled.

"Ok," I said, my voice quivering, "I admit that I heard a rumor about you."

"Now we're getting somewhere," he said, "tell me about this rumor."

"I heard that you're…," I paused, not wanting to say it out loud, "well-endowed," I finished in a whisper.

He laughed, helping me off of his lap and onto my knees.

He placed my hands on his belt buckle.

"Take it out and find out for yourself," he smiled, stroking my hair with one hand while he stroked my cheek with the other.

I bit my lip and looked up at him in hunger. Finally it was going to happen again! I'd finally get the cock I deserved after being with my small-sucked husband for years.

I pulled open his belt as quickly as I possibly could, then tugged greedily at his boxers and pants, pulling them down in a single stroke. His huge dick flopped out and almost smacked me in the face. It wasn't even fully erect and it was almost twice as long as yours already, honey. I felt my mouth start to water as I looked at it.

"To really judge how big it is," he said, tightening his grip on my hair, "you're going to have to get it completely hard."

"Yes, Sir," I moaned, grabbing his shaft in one hand as I wrapped my lips around his cockhead.

Fuck I needed that.

Carl

Lisa told me that she doesn't usually enjoy giving head. At least not to you. I saw no sign of that the first time she went down on me. It was absolutely passionate. It wasn't a simple blowjob. It was like she was worshiping at the altar of my dick. Licking it, sucking it, stroking it, moaning as if this very action gave her immense pleasure: this wasn't anything short of cock-worship.

And then there was the dirty talk. The longer she sucked my cock, the more uninhibited she got.

"Do you like that dick, Lisa?" I asked.

"Mm hmm," she moaned, the head still in her mouth.

I reached down and slapped her ass.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," I laughed.

She took my dick out and immediately looked up at me and said, "yes, Sir. I like your dick."

"Good girl," I said.

She slurped on it for several seconds more, then began to work her way down to my balls.

"Is this cock bigger than your husband's?" I demanded.

This time she didn't need any encouragement at all. She pulled the cock out of her mouth, looked me in the eyes and said "much bigger."

I grabbed my cock and held her head with the other hand.

"You love being treated like this, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," she said, "I need it rough."

"Rougher than your husband can give to you?"

"And bigger," she said, nodding.

I slapped my cock across her face and tongue.

"Good Girl."

Lisa

I absolutely loved being manhandled. But I'd never let you do something as degrading as that to me. Only well-endowed guys like Carl get the privilege of treating me like the sizequeen whore I truly am. I'm naturally submissive, but my submission must be earned. You'd never be able to do that, honey. But Carl commanded my attention only with his eyes. And of course his cock.

What a magnificent cock it was, sweetheart. I bet you'd never have guessed that I'm such a connoisseur of cock, but I am! I think a lot of girls like me put on a show of being innocent

and not really caring that much about dicks. Society encourages this. But that's not the whole truth, honey. Not by a long shot.

I dream of dick almost constantly. And when the platonic ideal of cock drifts by my mind's eye, it corresponds roughly to exactly what Carl had between his legs: a long, thick, perfectly curved and perfectly hard weapon that made me want to surrender my body to it.

I wanted that thing in all of my holes.

What I really wanted was for Carl to impregnate me, honey. But unfortunately I was still on the pill back then.

I'd never known there was a word for what he did with me next, but I've since learned it's called "face-fucking." It wasn't the first time a guy had done something like that with me (that was in college, lol), but it was the first time that I truly understood how amazing it could be. Carl didn't just use my mouth and throat like a pussy, he understood exactly how to heighten the pleasure that I got from the entire action. He rubbed his delicious bulging cockhead across my swollen lips and then smacked them several times, calling me names like "slut" and "whore."

I simply loved this degrading talk, and the degrading position I was in. To me it wasn't degrading at all; it was where I belonged. "Degrading" would have been if it had been an inferior man like you trying to do this with me (which you would obviously never try because you're tool much of a wimp, honey. That's ok - I like that about you, actually. Just not in bed).

Then he slowly began to slide that dick between my lips, massaging my face and hair and calling me his "good girl" as he did so. It was like I was some kind of innocent teenage girl again, and he was breaking me in for the first time. In a way, it was as thrilling as my first time, since it had been so long since I'd been with a real dick. Or a real man.

After warming me up like this for several minutes, he began to really fuck my throat. My eyes were watering and I was gagging on his huge rod, but all I wanted was to please him, and a little pain was more than worth it for me.

When he let me come up for air, he'd also make me say things, honey. Dirty things.

You'd like to know exactly what I mean, don't you?

Can you handle it, honey? Can you handle the truth about what a cheating sizequeen slut I really am?

Ok, since I know that you want to know, no matter how much the truth will hurt, I will tell you.

He made me talk about your cock, honey. About how small it is. About how it can never satisfy me.

And he made me admit that I think about him when we have sex, honey. That I masturbate with the huge dildo I keep in a secret hiding spot and cry out his name whenever I get a moment to myself.

He heard all of these confessions, honey. Then he made me beg him. Beg to take his big hard cock in my tight little pussy…

Carl

Lisa had a filthy mouth. That's for sure. And I loved it. A lot of times girls really need to be warmed up before they'll admit to all of the filthy stuff that we both already know is on their minds, but that wasn't the case with Lisa.

Sure, she blushed. That's natural when you're telling your hung alpha boss that his dick is better than your husbands and that your husband will never be able to satisfy you.

But she said everything I asked her to, and even threw in plenty of improvised lines. Like saying that your dick was about the thickness of a pencil. That she couldn't even tell if you were inside when you were fucking her. Pretty cruel stuff.

But absolutely true.

Finally, I told her I was ready to take her tight little pussy. To show her how a real man fucks. She was more than ready for that.

I told her I was going to claim her pussy. That I was going to own her officially after I came inside her, and that she wouldn't be allowed to fuck you or even let you touch her without my explicit permission.

For a moment, she hesitated and kind of smiled.

"I'm dead serious," I told her, "I want you to get my express permission before letting your husband anywhere near this pussy. It's mine now. My property."

Fuck she loved that. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but she practically melted. She beamed up at me in devotion and said "yes, Sir. My pussy is your personal property, Sir."

I told her to bend over on the couch and spread her legs apart for me. She was a good girl and did exactly that.

Unlike when you fuck her, she had no trouble knowing when my dick was inside her. It took so long to even get it in the first time, I thought she might have been a virgin. Or would have thought that, if I hadn't known she was married. I guess being married to a small-cocked guy is a lot like being a virgin. Your cock is so small, it was as if she'd never been fucked!

Like I said, I know this must be a lot to take in all at once. Go take a break if you need to. Jerk off and come back. I know you're probably jerking off while you read this, because that's what all you cucks do, isn't it? Jerk off to the idea of your hot wives being with superior-cocked men?

Well if that's your thing I've got a treat for you. But I think Lisa can take things from here…

Lisa

This part might be particularly difficult for you to hear, honey. I have to tell you something now. I've never actually had an orgasm with you during intercourse. You're good with your

mouth and hands, but it's just not the same for me. All Carl had to do was put his cock inside me and I was coming immediately.

That's right. I'm not exaggerating. I came on his cock as soon as it was buried all the way to my cervix. Of course it took a long time for him to make it that deep inside me, and he had a lot of cock to push into me.

There I was: bent over the couch in a hotel room in Boston with my alpha boss standing behind me, feeding his huge cock into my ultra-tight pussy while I moaned like a cheap whore.

That's exactly how I felt, honey. Like a cheap whore, not a faithful wife. And I'm sorry to say that I was extremely happy to be a whore for Carl.

Actually, that's not true. I'm really very happy to say that I was a total whore for Carl that day in the hotel room, and from then on.

Once I'd come for the first time, my pussy stretched a bit and he was able to thrust. He grabbed my hips and simply started slamming the entire length of his rod into me. I was so turned-on it was exactly what I needed. I didn't need anymore foreplay from him; being spanked on my bare ass and sucking his dick were enough.

He kept slapping my ass, too, calling me his dirty little girl and telling me how good his big dick looked sliding into my tight little pussy. I told him he should take a picture, so he did. I bet you'd like to see it wouldn't you? That would be typical of a cuck like you. You love nothing more than the idea of your pretty little wife getting the deep-dicking of a lifetime.

Well as it happens, there's nothing I love more either. Carl's cock felt so amazing. All he had to do was move it just a little bit in order to send waves of pleasure through me. He gave me multiple orgasms and he wasn't even trying.

After he'd turned my ass a darker shade of red through the spanking he'd given me in that position, he told me to stand up and get ready for something different. I obeyed him immediately of course. I always follow orders given by well-hung guys.

But I'll let him tell you what happened next.

Carl

What happened next was that I picked your wife up in my arms and lowered her onto my massive cock. That's a trick I wouldn't suggest a guy like you try at home — no offense. It requires a lot of upper-body strength, and a big dick to boot. Not something you're going to be doing anytime soon.

I loved looking in the mirror and seeing your wife slide up and down my massive pole. She was moaning my name so loud that I'm sure half the hotel could hear her. But not only that, she was also talking about how much bigger my dick is than yours.

As much as I loved that position, I was ready to cum, and I wasn't ready to claim her pussy quite yet, so I set her down on the couch and had her get on her knees. I pulled her hair back and told her to beg for my cum all over her face while I jerked my big cock off right in front of her.

It didn't occur to me to ask if she liked cum on her face. It didn't matter, because she was like a lot of other sizequeen sluts: naturally ready to submit to the desires of a big-cocked man.

"Yes, please, Sir," she begged, playing with my balls and looking up at me with pleading eyes, "coat your little whore."

"Hold up your ring," I commanded, and she put her hands with her wedding and engagement rings up to her face.

That move sent me completely over the edge and I emptied my big heavy balls all over her face. I made sure to coat the rings as well, as proof that she was no longer yours.

"Get your phone and take a selfie," I ordered.

She was all too eager to comply with my request, holding up her cum-covered wedding ring and face to the camera and even blowing a little kiss. I like to use this picture for my phone background, actually. Maybe I'll show it to you sometime!

Lisa

After Carl came on my face and my wedding and engagement rings, I almost had second thoughts about being such a whore. Almost. The truth is, I'm a sizequeen and you're a cuck, and now we both know it. So what's to be ashamed of? I couldn't get enough of Carl's cock and I wanted more, so I immediately began to suck him again, even though my face was still totally covered in spunk.

"Fuck," he moaned, "You're such a good little cocksucking whore. Get that dick nice and hard again and I've got another treat for you."

I did my best to slick down his pole with my mouth and hands, and it wasn't long before he was rock hard once more. I compared his dick to my forearm and was astonished to see that not only was he longer, he was thicker as well!

"I'm going to fuck your ass next, slut," he announced, going over to his suitcase and grabbing a bottle of lube.

Oh my god. If you could have known how hard my heart pounded when I heard him say those words. Not because I was afraid of being fucked in the ass (I hadn't done it since college) but because I wanted it so fucking bad. I wanted it because it was so wrong. And so wrong for me to want to do it with my boss and not my husband. (I don't need to remind you of course that I've turned you down for anal sex every time you've asked for it).

I knew that I was going to love being fucked in the ass by Carl, so when he told me to bend over the bed and spread my asscheeks for him I didn't hesitate for a second, even though I still had cum all over my face. He came up behind me and pressed his well-lubed prick against my asshole, slowly pushing it inside while he whispered dirty things in my ear. I don't remember absolutely everything he said to me, but I do

remember that he asked me if I'd ever done something as slutty as this with my husband, and I had to say no of course.

Carl

Lisa's pussy was one of the tightest I've had recently. And of like to thank you for keeping it that way throughout your marriage to her due to your small cock.

But if her pussy was tight, her ass was like fucking a fleshlight. I couldn't believe how great it felt to work my big, well-lubed dick into her tight tunnel. She looked so good grabbing the sheets, wincing a bit as I slid it in. Lots of women who don't like anal sex warm up to it after they have the proper time and lubricant, but Lisa didn't really need much warming up at all. After just a few minutes she was moaning, and her moans were nothing short of primal.

"Oh God, Carl," she moaned, "your big dick feels so fucking good. Please don't stop."

"You like this cock in your ass, you little cheating whore?" I growled, grabbing her hair and pulling her head back so I could look into her eyes in the mirror over the bed.

"Yes, Sir," she moaned, "I love getting assfucked by you."

My cock looked amazing pumping in and out of Lisa's well-punished ass. Maybe if you're lucky, I might let you watch me assfuck her sometime. I kind of doubt it, though. Once a guy with a cock like mine finds a true sizequeen, there's not much that can make him share.

But soon even I couldn't take it anymore. I didn't know if Lisa's moans meant that she was getting closer or not, but I decided I didn't care. I was going to shoot another load and I was going to do it soon.

Lisa

God it felt great to be fucked in the ass again with a big cock after so many years. Later I wondered how long it had actually been. Since college? Definitely. But what year was I in college? Probably a sophomore. Oh god, did I get an assfucking from one of the football players. But I digress.

In any case, it wasn't long until I was moaning like a cheap whore. Telling him I wanted his dick in my ass so bad and I didn't care who knew it. To my surprise, having his dick in my ass stimulated all the places that having it in my pussy had (places that a cock like yours has absolutely no chance of reaching), and some others besides. I grabbed the bedsheets as he pounded me, pushing my ass back and up to meet his thrusts.

"Faster," I groaned, "harder please, Sir!"

I needed it so bad, honey. I needed it so bad that I came on his cock so hard that I don't think he even noticed because I just kept moaning at the same volume through the whole thing.

A few minutes later, he let out a huge moan and pulled out, shooting rope after rope of thick hot cum onto my back and even reaching my hair.

I lay there wearing his cum on my face and on my back. I felt like such a slut. Totally owned by my boss's big dick.

I'm a sizequeen honey. It's what I crave. And what I deserve.

There was no question of going to the conference. It was clear that wouldn't happen now. Instead, we took a shower together and he helped clean me off, giving me another powerful orgasm under the shower. Afterwards, he helped rub me down with lotion and I put on one of the bathrobes and collapsed onto his bed for a long nap.

When I finally woke up, it was almost dark. I couldn't believe that we'd spent practically the entire day fucking. But I

still needed more of his big. I begged him to fuck me again. To claim my pussy.

"You can't send me back to my tiny husband without a big load inside me," I pouted.

"I guess you're right," he said, smiling, "get on your knees and get this dick hard again."

Carl

She didn't have to be asked twice. A moment later my cock was back in her mouth and rapidly growing to its full length. I really wish you could have seen the devotion in your wife's eyes as she serviced — no, worshipped — my huge cock.

"Play with yourself and get yourself nice and wet for me," I ordered.

"I'm already soaking," she answered.

"Good girl," I said, "give my balls a lick and then lay back on the bed."

She did exactly that.

It was almost as hard getting inside her the second time. But it was exactly as much fun. This time I could see her face as I worked my cock centimeter by centimeter into her tight cunt. She looked like she was on the edge of orgasm the entire time. Finally, when I announced that I was totally inside, it was like I flipped a switch. Her eyes closed, she bit her lip and then let out a huge moan. I felt her pussy spasm around the length of my rod as she climaxed.

Tears were streaming down her face. I'm not exaggerating. Tears. She'd come so hard she was crying. Has she ever done that for you? I doubt it.

Lisa

It's true honey. And my story is going to end soon, so I hope you're stroking that cute little cock of yours. Emphasis on the "little" of course. I know how much you like to imagine this scene. And it's what actually happened that day.

Imagine this: your sweet wife, on her back with her legs spread, ankles almost to her ears. She's looking down in absolute rapture at the huge cock disappearing into her petite pussy, balls deep each time.

He pounded me, honey. He gave it to me good. Just like I needed it. I couldn't even talk near the end, but he could. He kept growling about how my pussy was his property and that i couldn't let you near it without his permission. I just moaned and nodded as he brought me to orgasm again and again.

I thought I wasn't going to be able to take it anymore. The pleasure was too intense.

But finally he pushed my legs back even further and whispered hoarsely, "I'm going to fill that tight little cunt now, slut. You're my whore now."

I nodded at him obediently, pleading with my eyes. He let out a huge grunt and shot a gigantic load into my pussy. I looked down and watched his cock pulsate as he filled me.

"Damn that was amazing," I said, finally catching my breath.

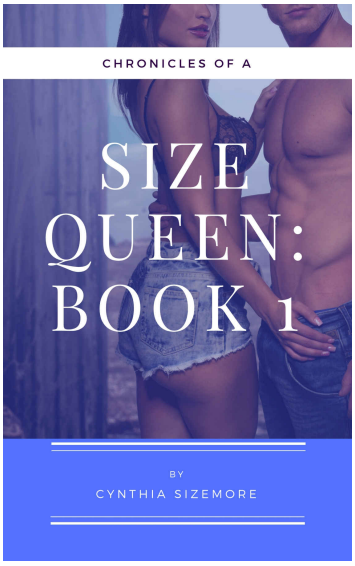
"For me, too," he said, but then added, "but I want you to stop birth control as soon as possible."

I think I'm going to say yes, honey. What else can I do? I'm a sizequeen slut who can't resist a commanding man with a huge cock. And now you know the truth.

Did that make you cum, honey? Good. I want your balls drained before I come home. You see, I've been with Carl all night writing this, and he came inside my pussy three times. I'll tell you all about it if you're lucky, but there's no way I'm letting you touch me.

I love you, honey! See you soon!

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



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

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

About the author

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

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

E-mail her at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.