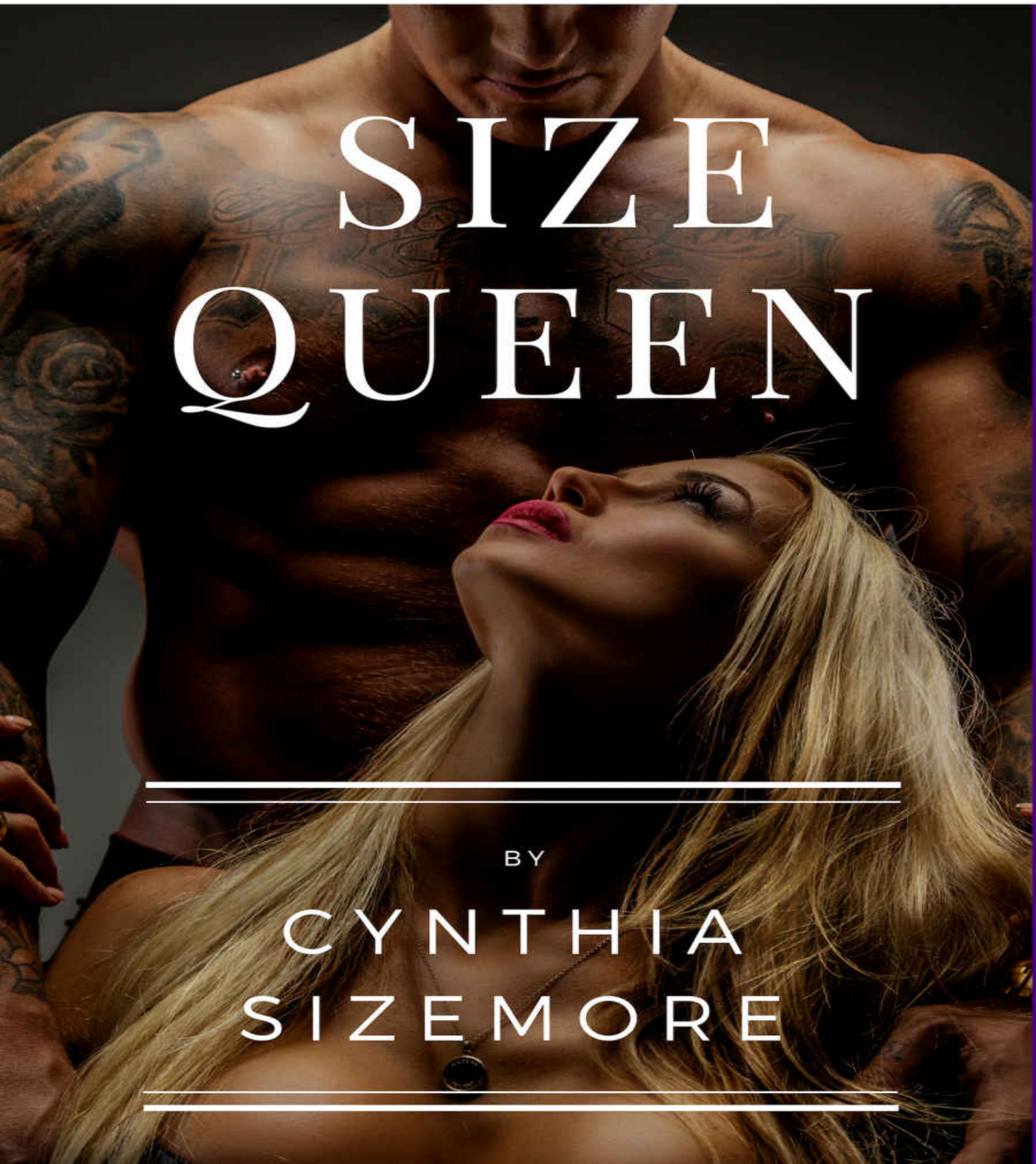
COMPLETE SERIES BUNDLE

CHRONICLES OF A

SIZE QUEEN



BY

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Chronicles of a Size Queen:
The Complete Series Bundle

by

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Chronicles of a Size Queen, Part 1

Dearest Husband,

It may seem strange in this day and age that I have chosen a letter as the form to express my personal history and innermost feelings to you. I hope you will understand that my modesty prevents me from telling you these things directly, even if that may be hard to believe given the immodest behavior I am about to confess to you. You know that I love to read old romance novels and watch television movies where the two happy members of the couple save themselves for marriage and live happily ever after, and I've lead you to believe that I was also a chaste, virginal "good girl" on the night of our wedding.

This couldn't be further from the truth. I think it is time for me to finally come clean about my history and my proclivities, no matter how painful this may be to you. In the end, we may even find a way to save our marriage.

***

I guess you could say it all started the summer after I graduated. I was 18, living at home and working at a fast food restaurant where I met Jim. Jim was actually twice my age (36) and married. But he was cute, funny, and everything I thought I wanted in a boyfriend. It wasn't hard to flirt with him during our work shifts (he was the manager) and I found myself hoping that we would be closing the store together.

I didn't have to hope, however, because he started scheduling us to work late nights. We would joke and flirt until the last customers left, then we'd take our time cleaning up.

That's when things turned from innocent to sexual. He started asking me about my time on the cheerleading team. He casually mentioned that he always liked our uniforms. I knew that this was his way of coming on to me, and I liked it.

"You know," I said, "I actually still have mine, and I love wearing it. Maybe I'll show you sometime."

That certainly got his attention. I looked him up and down and couldn't help but notice that it had suddenly gotten a little difficult for him to walk. That was due to something growing in his pants.

I wasn't naive enough not to know what it was of course, but I'd never seen a cock in real life at this point, and had never imagined that one would be so big.

(That's right, your sweet little wife used a naughty word. It's one I reserve only for specimens that truly deserve the name, not for anything smaller than 7", which is why you've never heard me say it).

I was extremely curious and also turned on. At the same time, I was scared. I knew that I wanted to see his cock, but I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do with it. So I resolved to take our flirtation to the next level.

The next time we closed together, just before I was about to say goodnight, I came into the back office where Jim was counting money.

"Hey," I said, "I brought my uniform. Do you want to see me try it on?"

He looked absolutely stunned, and I loved the fact that I had that effect on a man twice my age.

He nodded vigorously.

I smiled and disappeared into the bathroom, changing quickly into my cheerleading uniform and putting my hair back in a ponytail.

My heart was pounding because I had no idea what to expect.

Was it just a harmless flirtation or something more? Could I really go through with teasing a married man like this? And just big was his cock anyway?

He was sitting back in his office chair when I came in, clearly tense. He smiled though when he saw me.

"Jim," I said, walking into the office, "you never told me exactly why you like these uniforms so much. Is it because you like seeing cute girls like me in short skirts?"

He nodded.

"We can't tell anyone…" he said, a note of concern entering his voice.

"Ha ha don't worry. I'd never tell your wife that I made your dick hard."

He seemed a little embarrassed, but I looked down at his crotch.

"It is hard, isn't it? That looks uncomfortable."

"It is," he admitted, "these pants are really tight."

"Are they now?" I said, doing a little twirl for him so he could catch just a glimpse of my panties, "maybe you should change."

I knew I was teasing him, and I loved it.

"I don't have anything else to wear," he said, leering at my young body.

"You could just take them off then," I said, giving him a mischievous look, "remember, your wife never has to know about this."

"Fuck," he said, "this is so wrong, but really want you to see it. It's always great to see how girls react."

I was about to say "react to what?" but he managed to take down his pants quickly enough that I simply drew in my breath in a spontaneous expression of surprise.

"Oh my god," I said, "is that real?"

"Yep," he said, "would you like to see it up close? It's not going to hurt you."

I laughed nervously.

"At least it won't hurt you if all you do is look."

It's hard for me to describe the mixture of emotions that went through me in that moment. On the one hand, I was simply overwhelmed by the taboo nature of the situation. But some other part of me (a much stronger part) simply wanted to get on my knees and worship that token of superior masculinity.

His cock was huge, and he wasn't even fully erect yet. That would come later. It looked like it was as long and thick as my arm. I didn't even entertain for a moment the idea of putting it inside me, but I was immediately seized by the urge to touch it.

"Can I touch it please?" I asked, walking closer to him.

He only nodded. Clearly he was incredibly aroused at the idea of this young woman touching his big hard dick, but was also probably conflicted about the fact that he was married.

I didn't care. All I wanted to do was play with it. I felt myself getting wet just at the thought.

"I think I can get a better look from down here," I told him, dropping to my knees and reaching out gingerly with one hand.

"Go ahead," he said, "just grab it."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Oh you'll do quite the opposite, trust me," he grinned.

I reached out and touched the head of his cock, then slowly gripped the shaft. I had no idea what to do or how to do it, so I just followed my instinct.

"That's a good girl," he said, "just go ahead and stroke it a little."

"Ok," I said, "I'm not hurting you?"

"No," he said, "quite the opposite. You're really turning me on."

I loved hearing that from him. Maybe that was the moment that I realized that I loved nothing more than pleasing men with big cocks. But it took me a lot longer to realize that I was a size queen.

I grabbed his shaft with my other hand now, and was surprised to see that my hand couldn't even close around it. Fuck. How was that thing supposed to fit inside a girl? Especially a girl as petite as me?

"Here," he said, opening a drawer, "squirt some of this on there."

He passed me a bottle of lube. Later I realized he must have kept it there so he could jerk off in the office, which was a little gross, but whatever.

I let the lube trickle down my hands then I grabbed his big dick once more, slowly and sensually rubbing it up and down.

"Do you like this?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Fuck yes," he groaned, "you look so good there on your knees stroking that big cock."

"I've never done this before," I said, "but I think I really like it."

"I'm going to show you how much I like it soon," he said, his cock getting even harder in my hands.

I looked down and noticed how swollen the head was. I knew that guy's shot sperm out of there, but I'd never seen it happen, or even really thought about it.

"Oh, really?" I said, looking up at him with my innocent eyes, "does that mean you're going to...come?"

"Yes," he gasped.

I stroked him harder and faster, not sure exactly what I was doing but just overcome in that moment with lust for his big hard dick. A few seconds later I watched in awe as he shot rope after rope of come from his big prick, absolutely coating my hands and even shooting some on my chin. I scooped it up with my finger and tasted it. I wasn't sure what to think, but I knew that I love show his face lit up when he saw me eat his cum.

So I gave him a little show. Something I'd never do for my sweet husband. I licked both of my hands clean, taking my time as I showed him how much I loved it.

***

A few months later, that's when I met you, honey! You know, I really was a virgin when we first made love, but I couldn't help but think that it didn't really count with you because your dick was so small. All I could think about that first night in your dorm room was how much I would have loved it if you had been as big as that guy who I jerked off.

I thought you were really sweet, honey, and I loved you. I still do. I just didn't know if you were actually inside or not. I

couldn’t tell.

I really loved hanging out with you. You were -- and still are! -- a really sweet guy. But I quickly realized, even back then, that I wasn’t made to be monogamous.

I was made to be used by guys with big cocks.

So I set out to lose my virginity...for real this time.

This might be hard for you to hear, but you remember your roommate Richard, right? I know you two aren’t in contact anymore, but I certainly remember him well. One part of him, especially. He was a tall, funny guy that would hang out sometimes with us in the lounge, playing video games or just shooting the breeze. I always thought he was funny, but I never really considered fucking him until I heard a rumor from my friend Jessica that he was hung like a horse.

Fuck. The memories of my boss came flooding back to me. Pretty soon, I no longer saw him as a friend, and only as a potential conquest. And what’s more, I was pretty sure I could have him if I wanted to.

I knew that I was hot. I knew that guys couldn’t resist my natural blond hair, perky tits and curvy ass. They still can’t.

I just had to find out if what Jessica had said was true.

Then came homecoming. Do you remember the game? I’d be surprised if you could, because you drank way too much in the morning while we were tailgating, and Richard and I had to take you back to the room to sleep it off.

Which left Richard and I alone.

All it took was a single suggestive remark from me, and he understood exactly what I had in mind. A few minutes later, we were in my room and his hands were all over me. He was clearly very experienced. He had no problem turning me on. There was no awkward fumbling like there always was with you, honey. My body reacted to him as if it was the most simple, natural and sensual thing in the world.

He went down on me for a few minutes, but I eventually got impatient and told him to take his dick out. This might

surprise you to know, but I actually much prefer being fucked to getting my pussy eaten. But only if the guy has a big dick.

And Richard's was huge.

Jessica hadn't been lying. He lay back on the bed and I got to take a look at the monster he'd had in his pants this whole time. I'm not sure exactly how long he was, but he had you beat by a factor of two easily, honey. And his girth made my mouth -- and pussy -- water.

I immediately started sucking him, giving him the most passionate blowjob I'd ever given. I could barely fit him in my petite mouth, but I was determined to show him how much I appreciated his big cock. I started tearing up, and much to my delight, he put his hand on the back of my head and started pushing me down further until I choked on it.

He seemed like a nice guy, but he was a big cocked guy, honey. He knew that a girl like me wants to get fucked by a guy like him for one reason and for one reason only: to be shown her place. And that's exactly what he did.

He made me feel like such a filthy whore, honey. Even though you had fucked me dozens of times before, I felt like fucking Richard that first time was when I really lost my virginity. He was relentless. He was hung, hard, horny and ready to go forever.

After I'd slobbered on his big fucking dick for so long that my lips were swollen, he told me to strip off my clothes.

I pulled that tight college t-shirt over my head and unbuttoned my bra as quickly as I could. All I wanted to do was obey him as quickly as possible. His huge fucking cock gave him a sense of authority that you couldn't possibly hope to match (and still can't).

I took my jeans and panties off and looked at him, waiting for him to tell me what to do. He stood there and told me to bend over the bed. I did exactly as he asked, looking into the mirror directly in my line of vision as he came around behind me. His torso was muscular and without an ounce of fat. I loved watching his chiseled abs and chest as he got into position,

putting his big fucking cock right at the entrance of my tight little cunt.

This is the part where he started teasing me, honey. Some of this might be a little hard for you to hear, but it's ok. I want to be totally honest. And that's what he wanted me to be as well.

"Tell me what you want you little whore," he growled, then slapped me on the ass, hard.

I never would have tolerated it if you'd talked to me like that. Small-cocked guys have to be respectful to girls like me. You can only get away with acting like that if you have a big dick.

"Mmm I want you to fuck me," I panted, my eyes filled with tears and desperate lust.

He made eye contact with me through the mirror and slapped my other asscheek hard.

Then he slid his cock inside me. At first it hurt, and I squealed.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

"Mmm...hmmm…"

"Good," he said, laughing, "cheating whores like you deserve a little pain."

Fuck honey. Talking to me like that was a guaranteed way to get me super fucking turned on. All I could do was moan as he started to pound my tight little college student cunt. He was taking his time, making sure that I felt every single inch of his glorious monster prick while at the same time punishing me for being such a dirty slut.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you're a whore," he commanded.

What could I do? I was being a whore. A total whore. I obeyed him.

"I'm a whore," I moaned, the tears flowing down my makeup-stained face even as I pushed my hips back on his cock, trying to take him even deeper.

"Tell me you love this cock," he urged, "tell me this is the biggest fucking dick you've ever had."

That wasn't hard for me to say. It was completely clear that your cock didn't come anywhere close to the monster that Richard was now impaling me with. I felt like he was going all the way up into my stomach, and even though it was slightly uncomfortable at times, the feeling of being completely filled was incomparable to any kind of experience I'd ever had with you up to that point or since, and before I knew it, I felt my pussy clench around his cock as I reached my first climax ever while fucking.

That's right: I said my first. You didn't really think that I actually came from your pathetic little dick, did you, honey? I'd been faking for months, but now I finally found a guy who could give me exactly what I needed.

He seemed to sense this, because he laughed as I climaxed and said "I bet your boyfriend can't give you dick this good. Just admit it. This cock is bigger and better than his."

"Your cock is bigger and better than his," I said, my face totally aglow with the ecstasy of orgasm.

I didn't think about how hurtful and humiliating it would be for you if you knew that I'd said something like that because it was simply the truth. Besides, in that moment, all I cared about was serving this man's superior cock.

Hearing me say that seemed to drive him into a frenzy, because all I remember next is that he grabbed a handful of my hair and pressed my face into the bedspread as he started thrusting into me as hard as he could. He was calling me names now, like "cockwhore," "cumslut," and "big-cock whore."

What could I say? I think I was all of them.

He slapped my ass raw and then pulled out and told me to get up on the bed, flip over and spread my legs.

Then he fucked me in the missionary position. But he wasn't sweet and loving like you are, honey, he was rough and brutal, and I loved every second of it. He pushed my legs back as far as they would go, then pushed his big prick into me until he bottomed out. He ordered me to look down and tell him how good his big dick looked as it split me open.

And I did, and it was the truth. It looked incredible stretching my tight little pussy. Absolutely ruining me for any man with a cock your size, honey. As if I hadn't already been ruined for that long before. But still, this was a new sensation.

Then he grabbed me by the throat and started to choke me, just a little, enough to show that he was totally in control. I absolutely loved being manhandled by a guy like him, one who clearly knew exactly what he was doing.

He was getting close to cumming and I could tell because he stopped and asked if I was on birth control.

Did I mention we weren't using a condom?

Condoms are only for guys with small cocks. I let big-dicked alpha males shoot their cum wherever they want.

I shook my head and told him no, and he smiled. I expected him to take out his dick and shoot it on my stomach, tits or face, but he had other ideas. He held me down and started pounding my cervix now. It hurt, but I was determined to do anything I could to make him feel good. A few seconds later, he was unloading his big balls into my tight, wet, completely unprotected pussy. That's a privilege you've never had, honey. I only let real men come inside me, and Richard was the first. He wasn't the last, either, but that's another story.

After you come, you usually want to cuddle until you fall asleep, but that wasn't Richard's way. He was ready to go again almost immediately.

He pulled his big fucking prick out of me and then moved up to straddle my face. The next thing I knew, he was pumping his cock in and out of my mouth, fucking me until he was rock hard again. I wonder what you would have thought of the sight of me on my back on my bed where we'd made love dozens of times, being throatfucked by your well-hung friend like I was some kind of cheap slut.

"You love being used like this," he said, looking down at me, "just admit it."

Of course I couldn't admit it, because my mouth was absolutely jammed full of cock. All I could do it whimper and try

to open my throat to take him deeper.

He took out his prick and slapped my face with it. That's right: your cute little wife was cockwhipped by your college roommate and absolutely loved it. My pussy was soaked again (and still filled with his cum of course).

He told me to rub myself, that he wanted me to make myself cum with his cock in my mouth. I was happy to oblige. I started rubbing my clit and swollen lips, circling around them frantically as he pummeled my tonsils with his mammoth dong. My eyes were watering and I was choking, but I couldn't stop him and I didn't want to. He was using me like a fucktoy, his personal cocksleeve, and I absolutely loved it. I know that you've wanted me to touch myself in front of you, honey, but I just don't think you deserve it. I only get really dirty for guys with big dicks.

Pretty soon, I couldn't hold back anymore. Your cute little wife made herself come with your roommate's big dick in her mouth. I came so hard my hips bucked up into him and he almost broke his rhythm while still fucking my face.

Almost.

He called me a "good girl," and said that I was about to earn my reward.

I'd never seen porn at that point, honey, so I had no idea what he was doing when he stroked his cock above my face for a few seconds. I didn't know that he was about to coat your cute little wife (girlfriend at the time) with his load.

When it happened, though, I completely understood what he was doing. It was a sign of dominance, not just over me, but over you of course. He was marking me — your woman — showing me that he owned me. That he could fuck and degrade me as much as he wanted. And I knew it was true. I loved being treated like a whore by him because I instinctively recognized him as an authority because of his big dick.

That was it.

That was all. No mystery, honey: I wanted to submit to a large cock, and I did. And I would continue to.

After he came on my face that first time, snapped a picture with his phone, wiped his cock off on my hair, pulled up his boxers and pants and then left.

It was so fucking humiliating being treated like that, honey. But also such an amazing turn-on that I lay back and played with my pussy until I came not one, not two, not even three times. I made myself come four times there on my bed, your friend's load all over my face, my pussy filled with his seed, and both sets of my lips aching from the abuse he'd dealt out to them.

I had been thoroughly fucked. Owned. Degraded, humiliated and completely satisfied in a way that I knew you'd never be man enough to duplicate.

That day, I took a long shower, replaying the events of the day in my mind as the warm water cascaded over my punished body.

The next day I went to check on you, honey. Maybe you remember that day. It was a day that I fucked you harder than I ever had in my life. I wanted nothing more than to please you and for you to do whatever you wanted to to me. Except of course to come in my unprotected pussy. But you'd never been man enough to try that before, so I was fine restricting that privilege to well-hung guys.

Richard was just the first big-dicked guy I fucked behind your back, honey. There were others. Sooo many others. My question to you now is this: do you want to stay married to me? I'm guessing you do. If so, let's establish a few ground rules. If you agree to the, we can be happily married. If not, we can go out separate ways. But I think you'll agree to whatever I say, won't you, honey?

First of all, there's one very important ground rule: my pussy is entirely off-limits to your cock. You may be permitted to give me oral pleasure (if I require it) but that is as far as your privilege in this area extends (about as far as your laughable penis, lol).

Second of all, you may not restrict what I do sexually, or who I do it with. That same privilege does not (once again!) extend to you, however. On my nights out, you are to wait at home for me and be prepared to clean my well-fucked pussy of the semen of men who are more endowed and virile than you are. That's simply the nature of things.

Finally, if you prove to be a good husband, on the terms that I've laid out here, you may be allowed to come (perhaps once a month, if you're lucky?) via the manual stimulation of your wife.

In plain English: a handjob. That's all you get. You don't deserve anything more. You're not well-hung enough for a sizequeen like me. Does that sound like fun to you, sweetie?

It does?

I knew that's what you'd say. You don't even have to answer this letter. You've probably got that little dick out and are stroking it right now, picturing your pretty little wife serving the cocks of superior men. And you know what? That's exactly how it should be.

So go ahead, honey. Shoot that pathetic little load all over your stomach. I'm probably out partying right now, bent over some young stud's bed as he pounds my tight little pussy from behind with the force and vigor that you could never give me.

But that's ok, honey. It's more than ok. It's natural.

I'll talk to you when I get home.

I love you!

The End

Chronicles of a Size Queen
Book 2

by

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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 your 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

Chronicles of a Size Queen Book 3

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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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 is 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, worshiped — 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!

THE END



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

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

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

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

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



Also from Cynthia Sizemore

A wife finally tells her husband the truth about what she's been up to during all of those late nights at the office and out-of-town business meetings. Along the way, she also tells him the true story of her promiscuous past, going all the way back to college. She has needs that he is psychologically -- and physically -- incapable of fulfilling.

But her lust for well-endowed men doesn't have to mean the end of their marriage. She proposes a solution to their dilemma, a solution that will keep her happy -- and filled -- while he watches.

Read more to discover the story of a sweet, innocent-seeming young woman who is anything but...

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.

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