

Confessions of a Size Queen Wife

cynthia sizemore

Confessions of a Size Queen Wife

by

Cynthia Sizemore

Copyright © 2018 Cynthia Sizemore

cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older.

Confessions of a Size Queen Wife

Hi, honey. Now that I'm out of town for a while I thought it might be a good opportunity for me to come clean about some things. In the past, you've pushed me to tell you the truth about my past. And about my...preferences. You ***promised*** that you'd love me ***no matter what*** I told you.

I believe you, honey. And I hope you believe me when I tell you that ***I still love you***, whether you "measure up" to the men in my past — and present — or not.

I hope by the end of what I have to tell you, you'll see that our marriage can be even better than before if we acknowledge certain needs of mine that you can't come close to fulfilling, and discuss how I can be fulfilled – that is to say, ***filled*** – outside of our relationship.

—

Things began my first year of college. You already know that I was raised in a very religious family. They succeeded in keeping me away from anything sexual all through high school. I had an idea of how sex worked, but I didn't really understand the mechanics until I was a lot older.

I arrived on campus as a naive, innocent 18-year-old. It was a big state school, so I was in for a shock. The first week of freshman year I went to a party with my roommates. Becca was a sweet-looking blonde like me, and Rachel was a petite yet busty redhead. They were both *much* more experienced than I was, and made no secret out of the fact that they were looking to get laid that night.

Get laid. It sounds so stupid to me now, but I had no idea what that even meant! That's how naive I was.

At that party freshman year which would have such a momentous effect on my sexual development, it was getting late. Becca and I wanted to go home. We had promised we wouldn't leave without Rachel, but she was nowhere to be found!

We asked around a little bit, and one of the guys told us that she'd disappeared upstairs with Michael, a tall African-American football player who was a senior. Not understanding exactly what was going on, I volunteered to go upstairs and look for both of them. I didn't understand the smiles and laughs of the other partygoers when I announced my intention.

I feel so silly telling you all of this now! But I hope it will help you understand how I developed my preferences.

I walked up the stairs confidently and found myself in a dark hallway. The music from the party was a muffled boom through the floorboards.

I realized that I had no idea which room was Michael's. Luckily there was a light coming from a crack in the door at the end of the hall, so I walked down towards it, only stopping when I was finally able to see what was happening inside.

There, on her knees, was my cute little redheaded roommate, Rachel. She was still fully clothed, but Michael had his shorts around his ankles and was stroking her hair and encouraging her in soft tones as she did something that I had never even imagined possible before that moment.

You have already guessed that she was sucking his cock. And I know there are lots of frankly racist stereotypes about

black guys having big dicks, but in this case it was **absolutely true**. It might have had to do with the fact that Rachel was so small, but in any case his cock seemed like it was as long and as big around as her forearm. It was **huge**, **intimidating** and **absolutely gorgeous**.

A strange mixture of arousal, awe and fear filled me in that moment. As if I were witnessing something sacred, and not just a sordid college hookup. Of course I couldn't interrupt them; I stood there fixed to the spot as I watched Rachel worship that big black dick.

I marveled at how she managed to take his cock into her throat. It didn't seem possible, honey! I had ***no idea*** that women had to do this during sex. I knew that the penis went into the vagina, but not that it could go anywhere else. Or even that a guy would like it.

But what surprised me even more was how much my roommate was obviously loving it. Rachel was slurping on the head of his dick as if it were an ice cream cone. Licking it, teasing it with her tongue and thoroughly enjoying it.

Maybe that was part of the reason I eventually came to believe that my purpose as a woman was to serve alpha males with large cocks. Because of the pleasure that I thought it would give me as a woman.

Michael, for his part, started getting a bit rougher with her. He was guiding her head more and more firmly as she bobbed up and down on him. Eventually, he was full-on fucking her face with his huge black monster.

His language got cruder, too. He called her his "good little bitch," and asked her if she liked choking on his big black dick.

That was a question I was curious to know the answer to as well. It didn't surprise me at all, however, when she looked up at him and said "yes." I'm not sure why, but it was readily apparent to me that she was having **the time of her life** pleasing his big cock.

"I want to feel that tight little pussy," he said.

Luckily, Rachel was wearing a sun dress, and it was easy for her to slip it off over her head so that she stood before him in nothing but her bra, panties and a pair of heels.

"Get those off too," he ordered.

While she was stripping out of her clothes, he kicked off his shorts and pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a well-trained torso.

Soon, they were kissing, and I watched as he started to finger her pussy. To my surprise, I felt my own pussy get wet, too.

It may sound strange for me to say this, but up to that point I had never masturbated before. My parents had taught me that it was sinful to please myself in that manner. The church I had grown up in had believed that only a woman's husband was allowed to touch her between the legs.

That was the first time I can remember having the urge to try it myself, but I didn't get up the courage to actually do it until later, when I was alone.

The next thing I saw shocked me almost as much as watching Rachel service Michael's large cock. As they were making out, Rachel played with his cock, grabbing it between

her two hands. Her fingers barely fit around it. It was *that* girthy.

After a few minutes of foreplay, it was clear that they were both ready to take things further.

"I want to ride you," I heard my roommate say, pushing the much larger man gently onto his back on the bed.

His big prick stuck in the air obscenely. I had a perfect view, watching as Rachel slowly impaled herself on his large erection, one centimeter at a time, until it had totally disappeared into her petite body.

"Oh God," she groaned, "I can't believe how big it is. This feels so fucking good."

Hearing and seeing things like this led me to believe that the sexual pleasure produced by a man's cock was directly proportional to its size. I have since discovered for myself that this is *undoubtedly* the case.

I watched as Rachel began to bounce on Michael's dick, sliding up and down it as if it were a greased pole.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I love this big fucking cock."

"Ride that cock, bitch," said Michael, betraying no signs of losing control of the situation, "I know you've never had one this big. I'm going to stretch that pussy out so much you'll be ruined for white guys forever."

Michael obviously believed in the racist stereotype, too. But in that moment, I had no reason to doubt it.

He reached behind her and began to spank her pale white buttocks as she fucked him, calling her a "nasty little slut" and "bad girl" as he did. I was a little confused by why he seemed to be insulting the woman he was having sex with. It was called "making love," wasn't it? So shouldn't it be loving?

Or was this something else? Something more raw and primitive?

Even if they weren't "making love," it was clear that Rachel was loving it. She had her eyes closed now and was biting her bottom lip as he took control now, grabbing both her hips and slamming her down onto his big prick. She reached down and played with her clit for several seconds before screaming his name and then stopping entirely as her entire tensed, then shook from head to toe. She let out a high-pitched squeak and flushed bright red, before opening her eyes again and slowly regaining her original color.

"That's it you little bitch," he growled, "come on that big fucking cock. I know you love it."

"Oh God," she purred, collapsing onto his chest, "that was amazing. Your cock is soo good."

I was jealous of the look of absolute contentment and bliss on her face. I had never been told that sex could be so much fun for the woman before. My mother had always strongly implied that sex was something that women did to please men. And I'd believed it.

"I've gotta get my nut now, you little snowbunny slut," said Michael, kissing her tenderly.

I was a bit confused by his mixture of passion and coarse language, but I'll never forget what happened next. He picked

up my roommate and flipped her over onto her hands and knees, then mounted her from behind, skewering her on his enormous dick in one long slow stroke.

"Aaah," she moaned, "I'm still so tight…"

"That's right, bitch," he growled, grabbing a handful of her luscious red hair, "and you'll never be this tight again."

The whole scene was so incredibly raw and primal: the large, muscular black man pumping his dick in and out of my petite roommate, who struggled to support herself on her hands and knees under this absolute onslaught. He slapped her ass and called her names like "slut" and "bitch" as he stroked in and out of her tight wet cunt. The sounds of her moans and his filthy language filled the room as she seemed to approach yet another orgasm.

"Yes, you little bitch," he yelled, "come again on this big black dick. I know you love it."

"Oh yes," she moaned, "I love your cock so much..."

And I watched as her face flushed again and her eyes seemed to roll back into her head as her body was once more overtaken by waves of pleasure.

I wanted to experience that type of pleasure. I wanted it **so much**, honey.

Then he did something else that I'll never forget. He pulled his cock out of her tight pussy and stripped what I later realized was a condom off of it. I hadn't even realized he was wearing one somehow; he must have slipped it on when she was stripping off her clothes.

Then he said "come get this nut, bitch."

I had no idea what that meant. I was very naïve, remember?

She immediately turned around and looked up at him as he stroked his dick a few inches from her face. Before I understood what was happening, he unleashed a fountain of white, sticky-looking fluid from the end of his cock, absolutely coating my poor roommate. I had never known that sexy could be so messy. I was both attracted and a little disgusted at the same time. I think that's probably normal the first time a girl sees cum. I had no idea how much I'd come to love it. Especially when it comes from big-dicked alpha male...

My roommate Rachel absolutely loved being covered in this man's cum. She licked every bit of it off of her face, then used her fingers to make sure that not a trace went to waste. Michael snapped a picture of her on his phone while she did it, and she scolded him for it.

"Don't worry," he said, "it's just for my collection. I promise not to show it to anyone."

"Ok," said Rachel, "just as long as you promise to give me more of that wonderful cock the next time I need it."

"We'll see," he said, smiling at her, "if you deserve it."

If she "deserved" it? This whole world of sex was very strange to me. I wasn't sure at all what to make of it.

Over the next few months, I tried to sort out the experiences that I'd had. On the one hand, I had been taught that sex was about love and commitment, and it was something you should only do with the man that you married. On the other hand, however, I had seen my roommate experience

unimaginable pleasure with a man who she clearly didn't love at all. It seemed like an amazing experience, totally without commitment.

What was the truth about sex?

I started talking more and more to my roommates Rachel and Becca, who were both much more experienced than I was. I couldn't ask them directly at first, because it was simply too embarrassing for me to talk about, but I eventually started to form a theory about sexuality.

It seemed to me that **small-dicked guys were the ones that would love you, and guys with big dicks were the ones that could make you feel incredible**. This seemed to be the consensus based on the stories that they told me. Not that you couldn't have sex with a small-dicked guy. It was just never going to fulfill you – or fill you – the way a nice big cock would.

To me, these girls were not "size queens." They were just normal woman. And so was I.

It took a while, but I finally got a chance to encounter a large cock in real life. I was still naïve and still only a freshman.

My friend Becca brought home two guys one night: Aaron and Liam. Liam went to a nearby school and I had never met him before; Aaron was kind of fooling around with Becca off and on, without any kind of commitment.

It was just the four of us that night, and since Aaron and Becca were already a couple, it was only natural that after a while they left us and disappeared into Becca's room.

"Here we go," said Liam, as Becca's moans began to issue from behind the door, "they get to go in there and have fun while we wait out here."

"Hey," I said, suddenly feeling bolder, "who says that we can't have a little fun of our own?"

"What did you have in mind?" he asked mischievously.

I leaned in and looked up at him innocently.

"I don't know," I said, tracing a finger along his collared shirt, "I keep hearing about how great making out is, but I've never tried it. Want to show me?"

"You've never made out?"

"No. I had a sheltered life," I said truthfully.

The next second, we were all over each other. I was hungry to finally try to be sexual with someone, and it was an amazing feeling when his lips met mine for the first time. After a few minutes of very heavy kissing, he picked me up and set me in his lap. I could feel a very large, distinct bulge in his pants.

Part of me was a little disappointed, to be honest. If he really did have a big dick (so my reasoning went) he would be great as a one-time hook-up but bad as a boyfriend. In that moment, I wasn't sure if I was ready for sex yet, but I definitely wanted a boyfriend.

But I quickly got over that minor disappointment when he slipped a hand down my top and started playing with my nipples. I'd never had a man touch me there and I had no idea how good it would feel. He didn't have to talk to me long to convince me to move into my bedroom and take off my shirt and bra entirely so that he could lick and fondle my breasts.

I'll never forget that feeling. After about half an hour of nipple play I was so horny I would have let him fuck me right then and there had my moral scruples not stood in the way.

I pawed his cock through his pants.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked.

I nodded eagerly. He was more than happy to show it off.

My jaw dropped on the floor when I saw it.

"Just how big is that thing?" I asked in surprise.

"It's about 8, sometimes 9 inches if I'm really aroused."

"Are you really aroused now?" I asked eagerly, absolutely transfixed by the sight of his monster dick.

"I think I might be," he said, "looking at those cute tits of yours."

I blushed.

"I've got an idea," I said, going over to my desk, "let's measure it."

He smiled. I've since learned that really well-hung guys absolutely love it when girls want to measure their dicks.

I grabbed a measuring tape I'd used for clothes and pressed it to his cock, giggling in delight as I pulled it tight and read the number on the end.

"It's 8.4," I said, "I guess that means you don't really like me."

He laughed, "it just means you have to provide some other kind of stimulation."

My heart pounded. I wanted nothing more than to submit to a well-hung man. But I wasn't quite ready to go all the way.

"I don't know…," I said, feeling my mouth go dry and my pussy moisten.

"It's ok," he said, "a lot of girls are scared of it at first. Grab some of that lotion over there and I'll help you get acquainted with it."

I smiled and grabbed the bottle of hand lotion on the dresser. I squirted some onto my hand and then slowly began to massage it into his enormous erection. I loved every sensation of stroking that huge dick: the way it responded to my touch, getting even harder and even slightly longer and thicker than before, the beautiful sight of his enormous head that pulsed

with every stroke. His two gigantic balls, which seemed to be filled with that magical fluid I knew would shoot out if I did a good enough job.

"I need a better angle," I said after a minute.

I remembered what I'd seen Rachel do.

"Let me get on my knees and stroke it," I said.

I saw a look of delight pass his face.

"Yes, please," he said, "let me see your tits, too."

I blushed a little, but was happy that he liked my body so much.

"Ok," I said, "but I've got lotion all over my hands. You're going to have to help me."

He was all too eager to assist me in removing my blouse and bra. I knelt in front of him, completely bare-chested. You remember how perky my tits were when I was 18, don't you honey? You won't be surprised, then, when I tell you that I felt his dick grow another few centimeters while he stared at them as I smiled up at him, jerking his big cock.

"You love that big dick, don't you?" he moaned, grabbing a nipple in one hand.

"Mm hmm," I said, "do you think it's nine inches now?"

"Fuck," he groaned, "at least. But if you keep this up I'm going to cum."

"That's what I want!" I exclaimed, a little surprised at the excitement in my voice, "I want you to shoot it all over my face and breasts!"

Remember, honey, I thought this was just the normal way that encounters with big dicks ended: the guy spraying down the girl and the girl showing her appreciation by licking up all the tasty gooey cum.

This clearly excited him because not a split second later he was shooting his load all over my face and chest.

"Oh God," he moaned, "that's so fucking *slutty*."

I didn't really understand what he meant. I knew that girls who did "bad" things with guys were sluts. That was pretty much everyone according to my parents. But according to the new rules I'd learned from talking to (and watching) my roommates, making a guy cum all over you and licking it up wasn't particularly naughty – it was just what girls do. For guys with big cocks of course.

That's when I decided that I must be a slut. A slut for huge cocks, and a nice girl for everyone else.

For guys like *you*, honey.

Would you believe that the night I jerked off Liam all over my face and tits, then slowly ate his load, was the same night that I went on my first date with you, honey?

Remember how I told you I had to get home early to study?

Now you know the truth.

A few months later, I finally let you fuck me. *Only* after you told me that you loved me. The truth is, ***I loved you too. And I still do!*** I just never lost my fascination with — and need for — huge cocks. You were the small-dicked guy who loved and cherished me at home, while I went out and satisfied my needs (discreetly, of course!) elsewhere.

I know this might come as a shock to you. But admit it: you suspected it all along. Maybe even hoped for it a little. Otherwise you wouldn't always be pressuring me to tell you about my hot past.

I guess you want to know how many there have been. The truth is, I don't actually know for sure. There are of course a few that stick out in my mind. There was Liam, of course. Naturally we couldn't stop with a handjob, but since I was dating you it took a while before I got a chance to be alone with him again. All he had to do was tell me to come over to his dorm room one night, and I left you at the library where we were studying and knocked at his door.

All I had to do was tell you that I needed to go to bed early because of the test I had the next day. You bought the lie: hook, line and sinker. Your angelic, virginal and very religious girlfriend would never be responding to a booty call made by a guy whose only redeeming quality was what hung between his legs. This truth would have shattered you back then, honey. I hope you can understand why I kept it to myself.

That night, as soon as he opened the door, I didn't give him a chance to say anything at all. I simply pushed him back to his bed, then got on my knees and took out his huge dick. This time there was no shyness on my part about sucking that monster. I'd been fantasizing about nothing else but his huge cock the entire time I'd been seeing you.

Do you want to understand how big his dick really was, and why yours can never measure up, honey? How your cute little guy can never compare to the big, hard tool that a real man packs. Get out a ruler or measuring tape. I know that you're hard right now, imagining your innocent wife in college pleasing big-dicked guys.

Take a look at the 9" mark. Now look at where your cock falls. Do you see how I would consider your cock cute and a little bit pathetic after encountering a 9" prick? Your penis doesn't even really deserve to be called a "cock," if you ask me, since to me the term "cock" conveys masculinity and power.

Anyway, you can look at that ruler while I tell you the rest of what happened that night while you were studying at the library, imagining your sweet future wife resting her pretty blond head.

In reality, I was giving head. Doing my absolutely best to please Liam's huge prick. Slobbering all over it. Worshiping it, even though I could barely fit the head in my petite mouth.

He absolutely loved it.

"Fuck yes you little slut," he moaned, "you sizequeens are all the same."

That was the first time I'd ever heard that term. I didn't have a good idea of what it meant, but later I came to realize that it described me perfectly. That's who I was: a sizequeen slut.

"I've seen you with that little boyfriend of yours," he said, slapping my ass and making me yelp a bit as I pleasured him, "he clearly isn't giving you what you need."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to tell him that I could barely feel it when you were inside me and that I was desperate to be filled by a real man.

That's right, honey. I still can't feel it when you're inside me. I told you that I just can't come from penetration, but that's actually only partially true. The fact is, I absolutely can come from penetration — from a big-dicked alpha male. Your little cock doesn't even register as a cock. It's not personal, honey! It's just biology.

Liam smacked my ass and then started fingering me. I was wearing a short sundress and all he had to do was push my panties to the side and slip a finger inside my tight wet cunt.

Soon, I was absolutely begging him to take me. I'd had sex with you a few times, honey, so I wasn't afraid of losing my virginity anymore.

He wasn't the romantic type, honey. Not like you. He knew that a girl like me doesn't need kisses and caresses if she's really turned on. All she needs is a big cock in her tight little pussy. And that's what he gave me. He bent me over his bed and pulled my panties to the side, then slowly slid his gigantic, oversized dick into my wet eager young hole. I bit my lip and grabbed his sheets for dear life as he stretched my poor little pussy to the limit, hitting places that I never thought a cock could go before.

By the time he bottomed out in my pussy, I was right on the edge of experiencing the deepest, most profound orgasm I'd ever had in my young life up to that point. I couldn't form a coherent thought. All I was able to say was three words you will never hear me say about you, honey:

"It's so **BIG**!!"

He just laughed and told me to come on his cock like the cheating slut I am.

I did come. I came super hard. And by the time that I returned to my body, I felt him slamming into me hard from behind. Just absolutely stretching your tight little future wife's pussy. I was never that tight again for any man.

Not that you would have noticed, honey.

And do you know where he came? I was too swept up in the moment to jerk him off all over my face and tits like I had before. Instead, I just let him do whatever he wanted to do with my body.

He didn't wear a condom, honey.

And I wasn't on birth control.

I just didn't care. This is the general rule with all women, honey: ***if the guy's dick is big enough, the risk is worth it***. Always.

I came again when he finally shot his enormous load directly onto my fertile young cervix. I squeezed his cock with my inner muscles, milking absolutely every last drop of his potent seed from his beautiful member. I wanted it all.

After he came inside me, I sucked him completely clean. He got hard again from my enthusiastic efforts, and I ended up swallowing yet another load before heading home to my dorm room, sore, satisfied and absolutely filled with cum.

The next morning, we had coffee together. I knew then that you were the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

If Liam had knocked me up, you would have thought it was yours. We probably would have gotten married even sooner, but what difference would it really have made who actually impregnated me? None at all of course.

That night was just the start of my sizequeen slut life. I cheated on you with plenty of other guys. *Lots* of other guys. Like I said, if you really stop to think about this, it won't come as a surprise to you. The signs were all there from the beginning: your inability to bring me to orgasm, my coyness about my sexual past. All of those business trips and late nights at the office.

I've fucked a lot of guys. Lots of guys you know. I've got quite a reputation, which I've never felt guilty about because you've always emphasized how much you want me to be happy. How important it is to you for me to be sexually fulfilled.

This is it, honey. This is how I find sexual fulfillment. By fucking guys with huge cocks behind your back.

But since you hinted at your…proclivities…I thought it might be time to come clean and tell you everything. And to propose a new dynamic for our relationship. The rules of this dynamic are very simple: I get to continue to be a sizequeen slut, and you get to hear about it from me afterwards, or maybe even (on very special occasions) **watch as one of my well-endowed lovers pleases me**. You might be allowed to jerk off if he says it's all right.

Those are the ground rules, honey. What do you think?

Remember, no matter what you answer, **nothing is going to change what I need**. Or what I **do**. So let me know what you choose, honey. I'll look for your answer to this e-mail after I

get back from my dinner appointment. It's with a guy named Greg. He's only 25. Tall, dominant, handsome. And most importantly, hung like a fucking stallion.

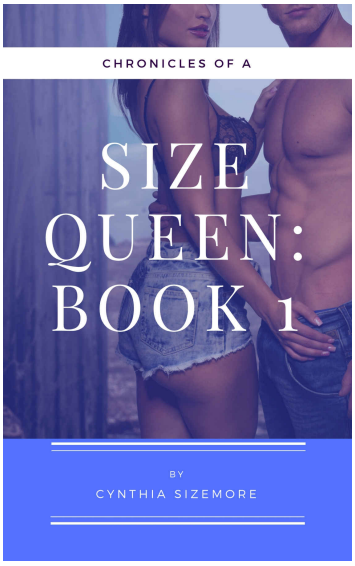
Whatever you decide, honey, you should decide quickly. Greg told me he wants to take videos and pictures of us fucking. I might let you watch them together with me while I give you a handjob. But only if he allows it.

I love you, honey! Please let me know what you think. I just **know** that our marriage can be better than ever, now that we can face the truth together.

Sincerely,

Your loving wife, the sizequeen slut

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.