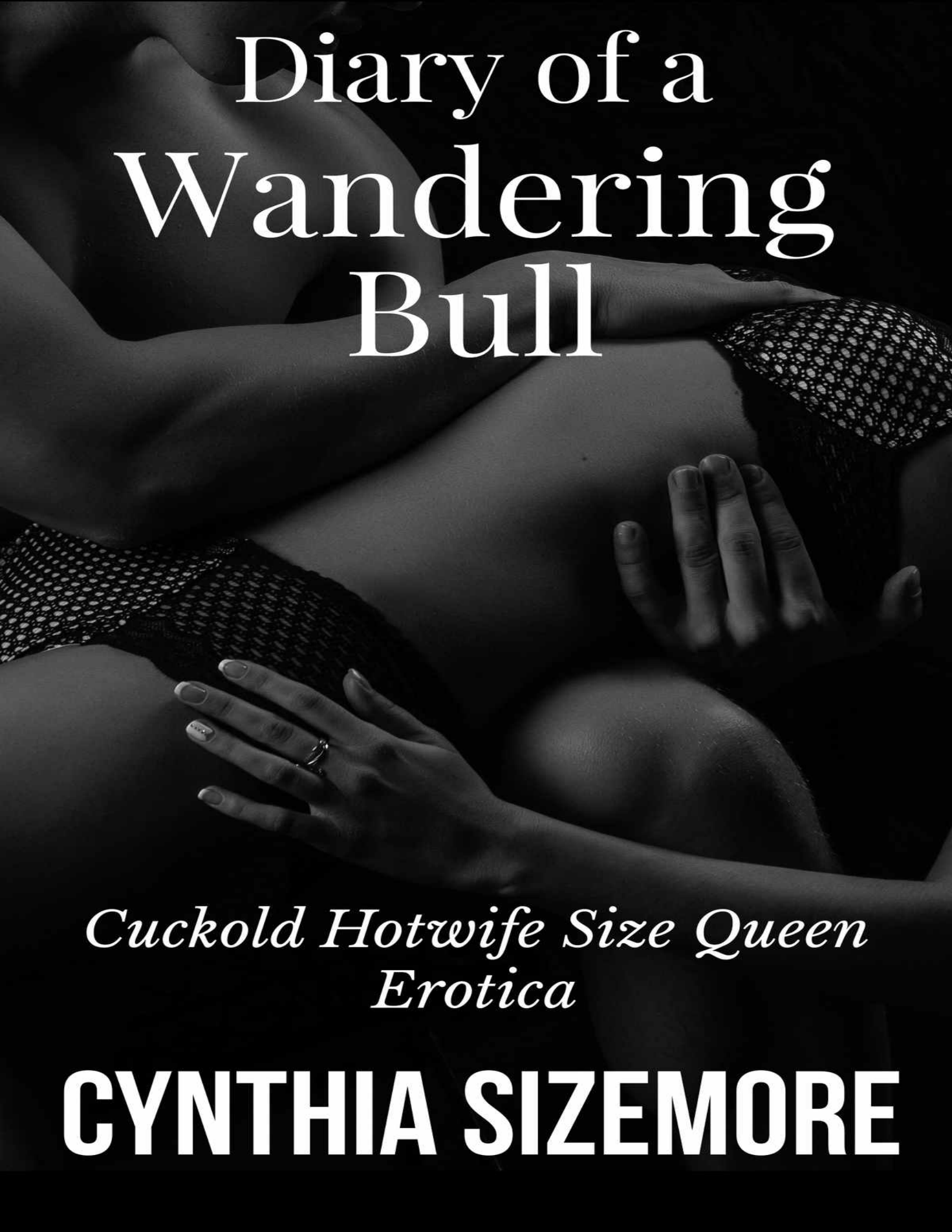


Diary of a Wandering Bull

Cuckold Hotwife Size Queen Erotica

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Diary of a Wandering Bull: Cuckold Hotwife Size Queen Erotica

by

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Diary of a Wandering Bull

Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Marcus A. Carver, but I usually go by Mark. I like to consider myself a man of both wealth and taste. Actually more *taste* than *wealth*. Sure, I make plenty of money in my job as a management consultant, but I know I could make even more if I wanted to. *Money* isn't the reason I love my job – and besides, there are *some* things that money can't buy.

I love my job because it allows me to pursue my real passion: cuckolding other men. Because I travel almost constantly for work, there is a never-ending supply of women who want to step out behind their husband or boyfriend's back and find out what all the fuss is about. To answer that age-old question: **does size matter?** Sometimes they do it with their husband's permission, but it's actually *much* more common for these women to be cheating. That makes it even hotter for me. I love being the "back door man" – in more ways than one.

I find that the women who I have to work at to get into bed are so much more fun than those that just throw themselves at me on Tinder or Facebook. That's how I met the girl I was screwing before I met Cynthia, who is the woman I really want to tell you about. This girl (*not* Cynthia) was named something like Jessica or Jessie – I really don't remember much about her to be honest. Mainly, that she was 19 years old, a college student in Long Beach, and sucked my cock like an absolute pro on the balcony of the hotel where I was staying. She was a petite redhead with curly hair and a large bust that her skinny frame barely seemed capable of supporting. She looked like the platonic ideal of a cute co-ed, an innocent girl ready

to break free from the strictures of her parental home and cut loose with older men.

I was *certainly* ready to help her do that.

I remember her begging for my cum all over her face. Though I had reservations about performing such a debauched act with such an attractive young woman, I decided it wasn't my place to police her desire, and gave her exactly what she wanted.

Just after coating Jessie or Jessica's cute young face in warm spunk, I looked down into the hotel courtyard and saw Cynthia for the first time. I stared at her so long that Jessie or Jessica actually asked me if something was wrong with her performance.

Normally I never lose my cool when I'm checking out women, especially right after I've blown my load. It's usually the clearest thinking a man ever does. But even in the state of nirvana I found myself in after coming, something about Cynthia awakened my desire. She was certainly older than the girl whose face I'd just finished splattering, but there was something alluring, almost sad about the way that she carried herself, as if she had a dark secret of some kind. Of course, it didn't hurt that her body was absolutely amazing: she had the curves of a mature MILF but still retained the tightness of a 20-year-old.

I decided I had to meet her.

"Hey Jess," I said, "mind if I get you an uber?"

She sneered at me.

"What? Done already, old man?"

I laughed.

"I'll give you a call tomorrow sometime. I've got an early meeting, and I want to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed."

She rolled her eyes and headed for the bathroom.

"Whatever," she said, closing the door.

A few minutes later, she was gone. I decided it was time to go for a swim. Time to meet the woman I'd seen from the balcony.

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Luckily, she was still there. She was reclining in a deck chair, reading on a kindle. It was completely dark now, but the pool area was lit from several angles, and the lights cast striking shadows on her face, making her features appear even more angular than they really were.

"Hi," I said, using my all-time most successful opening line, "I'm Mark."

"Hi Mark," she said, looking up from her kindle, "so I guess we're the only ones who like late-night swimming."

"Sure," I said, giving her my best mischievous smile, "if you consider lazing around on a chair sitting."

She was surprised, but also delighted by my teasing. Her face lit up with mock reproach.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "I'm just trying to relax while I have a few moments alone."

So she was a mom. Or at least a wife. Either way, I now had some interesting information about her.

"If this pool is the only place you can go to be alone, I feel sorry for you. I mean look at it: terrible lighting, cracked concrete, and what's worse, you're not really alone. I'm here!"

She sighed and smiled, looking back at her kindle.

"Well if there has to be someone else here," she muttered, loud enough for me to hear her, "at least he's good looking."

I was already facing the pool, ready to climb in, but I smiled when I heard her say that. I knew, in that moment, that it wouldn't merely be possible to seduce Cynthia. She herself would be the seducer. All I would have to do is react correctly.

Part of that proper reaction would be not to rush anything. Cynthia needed to feel like this was all her idea.

After a few minutes of swimming laps, I went to the end of the pool to take a break. Cynthia put down her kindle once more and looked at me.

"It seems like maybe you are also taking a chance to spend some time alone," she said, "if you don't mind me saying so."

"That's right," I said, "I'm actually here alone on business. I do a lot of traveling."

"Oh, is that right?" she said, "you didn't seem so alone before, when you were watching me from the balcony. In fact, it seemed like you were very much engaged in a certain act of...shall we say, 'social intercourse'? with a very young woman."

I let out a low chuckle, careful not to let her rattle me. I knew this was all part of the test.

"Why shouldn't a man my age have a little fun when he gets the chance? I've earned it. She's 19 years old. Besides, it's not like I have a spouse at home. I don't know if I can say the same about everyone in this pool area right now."

Once again, she was shocked, but clearly in a pleasant way.

"Ok, Mark," she said, "I might have a spouse, but that doesn't mean that I automatically want to fuck you, ok?"

"Hey, lady," I said, standing in front of her with my legs apart, under the light of one of the lamps, with my hands at my side and my bugle prominently displayed in my wet trunks, "you're the one who's talking about 'fucking' now. Those are *your* words, not mine."

"Well…," she said, at a loss for a moment, "well…," she said, "where are you off to next?"

I smiled.

"St. Louis," I said, "then on to Omaha."

"I'm from St. Louis!" she exclaimed.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah! It's such a great place to visit."

"I've been there a couple of times," I said, "but I have to admit I find the city a little boring. It's no Kansas City."

I had really gotten to her this time.

"What?!" she said, flinging her kindle onto her bag, "now you've really crossed a line, Mr. Why don't you give me your phone number, and I'll show you exactly how exciting St. Louis can be. Much more exciting than Kansas City."

What did I tell you? Cynthia was doing the seducing. I was just reacting. And so far, I'd reacted exactly right.

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I took Cynthia's phone number and excused myself for the night, promising to text her before my trip. Part of me wanted to make a play for her that night, but another part of me knew that fucking her would be much better if I drew it out for a while. Cynthia also seemed like a gal who thrived on the taboo nature of fucking behind her husband's back, and everyone knows that if there's no risk of getting caught, it's not nearly as hot. I had a feeling that if she'd fucked me in a hotel room hundreds of miles away from her family, she wouldn't have been nearly as into it as if her husband were upstairs.

I didn't know then how right I was. I finished my time in Long Beach, appropriately enough, with a long run on the beach the next morning before my meeting. Then I texted Jess or Jessica and told her thanks for the good time last night and that I'd hit her up again the next time I was in town. Then I hailed an uber to the airport and texted Cynthia. I knew I had to have a good opener.

"My flight to STL leaves in a few hours," I said, "I'm preparing to be incredibly bored."

I wasn't sure if the same joke would work on her again, but she responded immediately. People from the Midwest sure are sensitive about being called boring, I guess!

"As if," she wrote, "unless you call this boring."

A picture began to download. I was hoping that she was going to show some skin, but alas: it was a picture of the Gateway Arch.

"I guess if the year were 1907, that would be pretty exciting," I wrote.

She sent back an emoji signaling exasperation.

"Well," she said, "just text me your hotel address, and I promise to make STL **very** exciting for you."

I purposefully waited a long time to answer, as if thinking it over. I decided to tease her a bit more. She seemed like the kind of woman who responded well to that.

"Wait a second," I finally wrote back, "I don't know you at all. What guarantee do I have that you're not going to kill me and throw me in the back of your suburban Mom SUV?"

She didn't take long to respond.

"You guessed correctly what kind of car I drive. And I do want to show you the back seat, but for that I need you alive, not dead ;)."

It was on. This woman needed cock, and bad.

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The plane landed fifteen minutes late after a fairly turbulent ride. I would be lying if I said that the flight had put me in the mood for sex, but I quickly changed my mind when I saw a text from Cynthia as I rode in the taxi to my hotel.

"I'm going to be a little late," she wrote, "have to do some stuff at home before I can sneak away."

"Alright," I said, "but I don't like to be kept waiting. There will be consequences for this, young lady."

She responded with an emoji expressing shock, but I knew that I had just succeeded in ramping up the sexual tension even more.

Finally, I arrived at the hotel and checked into my room. I took a shower and changed into a shirt and sport coat. Nothing too flashy, but not too casual either. I didn't know where the night would lead us.

My phone buzzed a few times as I was getting dressed. I checked it out. It looked like I'd matched with a very cute co-ed from Washington University. She apparently had a "daddy" fetish that she wanted to explore. I swiped through her pictures and nodded approvingly. She was the perfect size for me to manhandle. I knew I could probably have a lot of fun with her, but she would have to wait. Cynthia had top priority. I wrote the girl – her name was Madison – a quick, flirtatious message, and then closed the app. I'd let her stew while she waited for my next message. With any luck, I'd go balls deep in two very different women before the visit was over.

Once I was dressed, I texted Cynthia.

"Where's my tour guide?" I wrote, "I'm dying to find out what you've got planned for me."

She texted back immediately.

"Actually, I just pulled into the parking lot at your hotel. I'll drive up to the front and pick you up. Are you ready to go?"

"Yes," I wrote, "be right down."

It wasn't at all difficult to spot Cynthia's car. She was driving a large SUV, definitely a "mom" car. But she didn't look at all like a mom, or at least not like a mom who was ready to spend an evening with her kids. She was wearing a low-cut blouse and a knee-length black skirt accompanied by tall "fuck me" boots. She was definitely out to get laid.

"So," she said, after shaking my hand and giving me a quick peck on the cheek, "are you hungry at all?"

"Sure," I said, "but you're not going to take me to someplace like Panera, right? I hear that's popular around here."

She punched my arm.

"We don't call it Panera. It's Bread Company! And no, we'll go somewhere a little classier."

"Alright," I said, "but I'm still a little skeptical about the cuisine in this city."

She shot me a withering look.

"I'm going to make you regret saying that."

"I'd like to see you try."

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After an absolutely delicious Italian meal, and another hour of suggestive conversation, I had to admit that I'd been wrong.

The waiter came, and I grabbed the check.

"No," said Cynthia, putting her hand on my wrist.

It was the first sustained physical contact we'd had, and her touch was electric. I knew it wouldn't be long now…

"I'm the hostess. I pay the bill."

"But I insist," I said, "I'm the one that was such an asshole about the food here. Clearly I was wrong. Even about the toasted ravioli."

"How about this," she said, "you can pay for dinner, but I get to decide what we do for dessert."

I noticed her choice of words: "what we do," not "where we go," or "what we eat." The innuendo was unmistakable.

"Alright," I said, "it's a deal."

I handed the waitress my AmEx card and then reached under the table and put my hand on her leg.

"Weren't you going to show me the back of that vehicle of yours? Or are you really planning on killing me first?" I whispered with a smile.

Her eyes filled with lust. She smiled back at me.

"Patience. We have to get your card back first."

It seemed like it was taking an eternity for the waitress to run my card. I kept my hand on Cynthia's leg and extended my own leg under the table to rub against hers.

"I think it's more about what you're going to show me when we get back there," she whispered, her hand groping for my crotch, "I've been thinking about that bulge in your swim trunks ever since I saw you next to the pool."

So she was a size queen. Or a wanna-be size queen. In either case, she was going to get what she wanted. In my experience, there are two kinds of women out there: those who are size queens, and those who just don't know yet that they're size queens. Every woman – if properly prepared to take it – prefers a big cock. It's only natural. The girls who already know this about themselves can be especially fun.

"Well," I said, "I suppose I might show it to you. But you're going to have to earn it first."

She liked that.

"Oh," she whispered, "come on, don't tease me! I've been thinking about nothing but riding you for the past few days."

"You're getting way ahead of yourself," I teased, "I need to see if you've got what it takes before I let you ride anything."

She gave me a faux-exasperated look and slapped my wrist. Just then, the waitress came back with my card and receipt. I signed the slip, writing in a healthy tip, before grabbing Cynthia by the hand and leading her out the door. The time for her to be the seducer was over. My dominant side was out now, and I knew that I would have free reign to do whatever I wanted to with her.

"Ok," I whispered in her ear as we walked to her car across the parking lot, "we're both going to get in the back seat, and you're going to show me if you deserve to ride my cock. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied breathlessly, her former assertiveness now replaced with a solicitous submissiveness.

"Sir," I said, "I like that. But maybe you'll earn the right to call me 'daddy.'"

"Oh fuck," she whispered, "I'd love that."

"Then you'd better prove yourself, Cynthia," I said.

I heard the doors of the car click open as we approached it. I opened the door to the backseat and guided her inside first. Luckily, one row of seats had been taken out, so there was actually a considerable amount of space. The other lucky thing was that the rear windows were tinted black as night, and we were parked under a burnt-out streetlamp. In short, nothing would give away what was going on inside, except, perhaps, for the motion of the vehicle once things got going strong.

"Stay on your knees," I ordered, following her into the vehicle and closing the door, "I'm going to sit down."

I slid onto the back seat and immediately undid my belt buckle.

"You want to see what I was packing in those trunks?"

"Yes, daddy," she sighed.

"I don't know if you've earned the right to call me that yet," I said, "I don't even know if you know how to suck dick."

"Well let me prove it to you," she said, leaning forward and grabbing my trousers and briefs, pulling them down to my knees.

"Good girl," I said, "I think you're going to be a fast learner."

"I want you to teach me," she said breathlessly, just before grabbing my shaft and enclosing her warm, moist mouth around it.

She began to moan in pleasure as my cock got harder and harder and longer and longer. She worked her mouth on my head, using her hands as well as my shaft got wetter and wetter with her saliva.

"That's it, Cynthia," I encouraged her, "show me how good you can suck that cock and you just might earn the chance to take it in your tight little pussy."

This clearly had the effect of encouraging her. She moaned in satisfaction as she used both hands to work my shaft now. I reached down and flipped up her skirt, giving her ass a few sharp slaps. I love spanking a woman when she has my dick in her mouth. Not only does it remind them who's in charge, it also causes a great reaction. This time was no different. Cynthia yelped in surprised delight, sending vibrations through my shaft.

"Such a good girl," I said, "you're doing a really good job, but I think it's time you put those balls in your mouth."

She immediately popped off my dick and looked up at me. I could barely make out her face in the dim light of the backseat, but my eyes were slowly adjusting.

"I can't believe how fucking big this is," she said, panting from exertion, "I knew you were big when I saw your bulge. But this..."

She held up her forearm as a means of comparison. She wasn't the first woman to do that.

"...is as long as my arm. And thicker in places."

"You're not scared, are you? I thought you seemed like a woman who could handle herself."

"I have to admit, I'm a little scared," she said.

"Aww," I said, taking the shaft in one hand and rubbing it across her face and lips, "don't be afraid of the big, bad, cock. Submit to it, but don't fear it."

"I'll do my best," she said.

"Good girl. Now suck those balls."

She began to massage my balls with her tongue eagerly. I held my shaft in my hand and used it to slap her face a few times. I wanted to see just how submissive this woman could get.

"Thank you for slapping me with your cock," she said, "I love being treated like a dirty little slut."

That was all the permission I needed to really start the dirty talk.

"Alright then, you little whore," I said, grabbing her hair, "it's time for Daddy to fuck your pretty face."

"Oh I finally get to call you that?"

"Mm-hmm."

“Thank you so much, Daddy. Now please fuck my face.”

I pulled her down on my dick and began to use her mouth like a pussy. I loved the filthy slurping sounds that filled the car.

“Oh yes,” I moaned, “choke on that big fucking dick you cheating slut. What would your husband think if he knew his wife, and the mother of his children, was in a parking lot choking on a stranger’s cock in the back of a car like a prostitute.”

“Mmm mmm mmm,” I could tell she was enjoying the mind game.

I reached back and slapped her ass a few more times, then grabbed her head with both hands once more and began to fuck her face again.

“You’ve never had a cock this big, have you, slut? I know that your husband must be a lot smaller or you wouldn’t be here now, would you?”

“Mmm-mmm,” she moaned.

I pulled my cock out and slapped her with it.

“No, Daddy,” she gasped, “I’ve never had a cock this big. My husband is really small. I need to know what I’m missing.”

“Does your husband know about any of this?”

“No, Daddy. He thinks I have a work meeting.”

“You’re a filthy little whore, aren’t you? Exactly what I like.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

I gave her a playful slap on the cheek with my hand and then pulled her in for our very first kiss. The feeling was electric.

“Is that pussy wet for me, slut?” I whispered.

“Oh yes, Daddy,” she whispered, “so wet. I’ve been wet since the second we started texting. Since the moment we met at the hotel. I need to feel your dick inside me so bad.”

“Alright you slut,” I said, “take off those panties and hand them to me.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, working as quickly as she could given the close quarters of the car.

She reached for her boots as well.

“Leave those on,” I said, “I like them.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Just the panties.”

“Yes.”

She pressed the pink, sheer lace thong into my hand. It smelled of sex.

“I’ve got an idea,” I said, “we don’t want you making too much noise in here. Why don’t you open your mouth for me?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, still on her knees in front of me, now opening her mouth obediently.

I pushed the panties into her mouth.

“Bite down on these, whore.”

“Mmm...” she moaned.

I knew women like Cynthia. I knew exactly what they were looking for when they strayed from their husbands. Especially if it was a big cock that made them stray.

“Now turn around and get that ass in the air,” I growled, “it’s time for me to properly break in that pussy.”

She spun around instantly, wiggling her ass up at me as if desperate to be fucked. I climbed onto the floor behind her, squatting on one knee to get my cock aligned properly. It was a cramped space, but I wasn’t going to let that stop me from giving this hot little slut the fucking of a lifetime. If she was going to cheat on her husband, it was my job to make sure she had the best time possible. She might have all kinds of reasons to regret this later, but bad sex wasn’t going to be one of them.

It didn’t take but a second to find her warm, wet pussy in the dark. I slipped a finger in, astonished at how tight she was, despite being completely soaked.

“This is going to be a tight fit,” I laughed, “but that’s exactly what Daddy likes.”

She groaned at me through the gag, wiggling her butt at me again, as if begging to finally be penetrated.

I fingered her pussy for a few minutes, very gently at first, just one finger slipped inside her to the first knuckle.

Her muffled moans filled the car. I loved hearing the sounds she was making through the gag.

Then I remembered one thing that a woman like Cynthia was bound to like. Something I should have done to her already. Spanking.

While I fingered her pussy with my left hand, I began to massage her as cheeks with my right hand.

"We haven't addressed the issue of you keeping me waiting at the hotel," I said sternly as I slipped yet another finger inside her.

She moaned in pleasure.

"I thought the best thing to do would be to give you a nice long spanking," I continued.

She moaned even louder.

"I knew you'd like the sound of that, you little whore."

I smacked her ass hard, letting my hand linger in place for a moment before lifting it and smacking her again in the exact same spot. I smacked her four or five times in a row there, leaving what I knew would be a red hand print. I wanted Cynthia to feel claimed. I knew that's what she needed. What was missing from her life with her husband.

"Cheating sluts like you need to be punished," I growled, fingering her pussy faster now.

She kept wiggling her ass in the air at me as she whimpered in pleasure and frustration into the panty gag.

I slapped her other asscheek hard, a few times fast, then I switched back to the one that I had left a hand print on, causing her to practically scream into the gag.

"Mmm," I growled, "your ass looks so good when I spank it. I love putting women like you in their place. Showing them what submissive sluts they can be."

She shrieked her approval into the gag.

I started spanking her in a rhythm now, first slowly and steadily, then faster and faster and harder and harder. Soon her entire ass was red and tears were running down her cheeks as she whimpered with desire.

"Ok," I said, pausing for the moment and rubbing her asscheeks gently, "I think that's enough foreplay. Get ready to take my cock now, slut."

She nodded vigorously. My eyes were now completely adjusted to the dim light of the car, and I could see the mixture of desire and submission that had spread across her face.

I re-positioned myself and stroked my cock a few times to make sure I was as hard as possible, then I grabbed one of her hips as I pushed my cock inside her. Slowly. Just a centimeter or so at a time. When I was finally all the way inside her, I remembered that I wasn't wearing a condom. Shit. How had I forgotten to have that conversation with her? I was usually totally responsible about stuff like that. I decided to make the best of the situation; to make it into a kind of kinky game. I used one hand to pull her head up by the hair, then reached forward with the other one and pulled the panties out of her mouth. I relaxed my grip on her hair, and she looked back at me in a mixture of desire and confusion.

"Before I fuck you," I said, my cock pressed into her as deep as it could possibly go, "I need to ask you a question. How many men have been inside this pussy?"

"Just my husband," she moaned, "and he's so small, I'm not sure that even counts."

"And before him?"

"Why does that matter?"

I spanked her again a few times.

"I need to know what kind of slut I'm dealing with," I said, loving the expression of pleasure mixed with pain that had flitted across her face as I spanked her.

"Yes, Daddy," she said, "in college I had sex with four guys, and sucked five other guys' dicks."

"You little slut!" I exclaimed, "you deserve a spanking with my belt. But that'll have to wait for another time. You have, however, earned the right to be fucked."

I grabbed her arms and pinned them behind her back with one hand, while I used the other hand to control her head, gripping a full handful of her luscious hair.

"Take this cock you little slut," I groaned.

"Yes, Daddy!" she moaned as I began to piston into her tight cunt with increasing speed.

"Tell me what you are," I commanded, "and what you want."

I spanked her to accentuate the urgency of my order.

"I'm a cheating whore," she wailed, "and I just wanted to be fucked with a real cock."

"What's real about my cock, whore?"

"It's… so… fucking… big," she groaned.

"That's right you whore. Did any of those guys you fucked in college have a dick this big?"

"No...Da...dee…," she panted as I fucked her harder, "yours is the biggest. It's so fucking big. I think you're going to make me come. May I please come for you, Daddy? Please?"

"Not yet, you little whore. First tell me who owns this pussy now."

I slapped her ass.

"You do, Daddy!" she exclaimed in desperation, "please let me come..."

"I what?"

I spanked her again.

"You own my pussy now, Daddy," she said obediently, "it's your property."

"That's more like it," I said, "you may come now. Come on this big cock like the cheating little whore you are."

She bounced back on me know, fucking herself on my massive rod. Then, suddenly, she held her incredible ass against me, her pussy flexing and squeezing my cock as she climaxed. She screamed into her mouth, barely able to contain the cry of passion that seemed to originate deep inside her.

"Now I'm getting close, bitch," I growled, "I'm going to be the first man to come inside you since you've been married. How does that make you feel?"

"Like a total slut, Daddy," she moaned, "please fill me up. Please shoot a big load inside me and claim my tight pussy. Make me never want to fuck my husband again."

I had to give it to Cynthia: she had a talent for dirty talk. I respected that. I also knew from experience that I was very

susceptible to the types of things that she was saying, and wouldn't be able to hold back much longer.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned, "your cock feels so big. I've never been filled like this. I want you cum, please. Please cum inside me..."

Fuck. I couldn't take this anymore. I grabbed her hips with both hands and slammed myself to the hilt, shooting a gigantic load directly against her cervix and holding myself in place for a few seconds as waves of pleasure passed through my body.

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"That was great," she said, "can I clean you off, please, Daddy?"

I chuckled, then sighed in satisfaction.

"I *insist* on it, Cynthia."

She spun around and took my cock in her mouth, greedily sucking out the last drop of cum with several moans of satisfaction.

"God," she moaned, looking up at me, "if you had just one more load for me before I go home, that would be great."

"I think that could be arranged," I said, smiling at her.

"I want to try something," she said, grinning up at me and playing with my rapidly hardening dick, "I have to admit that I loved catching you with that young college student on the balcony. I love the fact that you seem to be able to get any woman that you want."

I nodded, amused.

"I want you to tell me about fucking other women while I suck you off," she said.

"Ok," I said, "I've got plenty of stories. What kind of thing are you interested in?"

"How about the girl you fucked before the one on the hotel balcony. Just tell me about her. I'll just suck your dick and play with my pussy while you talk. Does that sound good, Daddy?"

"That sounds like a lot of fun," I said, and I wasn't lying.

I loved it when women admitted that they enjoyed the competition. And the fact that she was kinky enough to get off on it, too, made it even better.

“So the girl before the girl on the balcony,” I said, closing my eyes and remembering.

“Her name was Hannah. She was petite, around 23 years old. She had curly brown hair that was about shoulder length, and light brown eyes. Her skin was pale and smooth. She was in great shape physically. She worked out all the time and it showed.”

“Keep going,” said Cynthia, coming up for air for a moment before continuing with her expert blowjob.

“She worked at the bar at a hotel where I was staying,” I said, “it was a slow night – the middle of the week in summer – and only me and one other guy were drinking there. We were both talking to her, but the other guy was really wasted and started saying all of this inappropriate stuff to her. I could tell she was upset and didn’t know what to do, so I told him to stop it. It seemed like he was going to start trouble, but he finally backed down, paid his bill and went to bed. She was so happy not to have to deal with him anymore that she offered to buy me a drink, and invited me to have it with her back at her room. It seems that she slept at the hotel on nights that she closed, because her apartment was like an hour away.”

“I love the detail you’re giving,” said Cynthia, moving down to lick my balls while she stroked my shaft.

“I guess I should get to the good stuff,” I said, “it didn’t take long until we were making out. Then, the next thing I knew, she was on her knees with my dick in her mouth. She was really surprised by the size at first of course. All girls are.”

She stopped licking my balls and took another break, stroking my shaft.

“I love the fact that you turn all these girls into size queens,” she said, “me included. I don’t think I’m ever going to look at my husband’s cock the same way again.”

“You’re not the first woman to tell me how hot it is to hear about this stuff,” I said, “maybe I should start a podcast. Just of me telling stories about turning good girls into total sluts.”

“Mmm,” she said, licking my shaft, “I’d listen to that.”

She reached down and started playing with her pussy.

"Mmm, please keep going, Daddy. Tell me about fucking Hannah's tight little cunt."

"Good girl," I said, "get that dick in your mouth and I'll tell you all about it."

She began to bob on my cock again, and I continued my story.

"So at first she panicked when she saw it. She was super horny, though, so she said she'd give me a blowjob, but not fuck me. I was fine with that, of course. She was a great little cocksucker, and I am all about taking things slow. I never try to talk a woman into doing anything she doesn't want to, and I never have to, either. It's amazing how easy it is to get a woman – even a taken woman – to drop her moral stance. All it usually takes is for them to get this cock in their mouth."

"Yes," she said, popping off again and stroking me, "that's all it took for me."

She giggled a bit, as if intoxicated, then returned to her efforts.

"So Hannah did a great job sucking me off. I ended up shooting a load all over her face, then taking a picture. If you give me a minute, I think I can find it."

I reached for my phone and flipped through the pictures on it as Cynthia continued to work her pussy with one hand. There it was. Hannah's cute face covered in my spunk.

"Oh God, that's hot," moaned Cynthia, playing with her pussy with one hand, moving it faster and faster around her clit while she stroked my cock in the same rhythm, "keep going. That wasn't all that happened, was it?"

"No it was not," I said, "she made a big show out of licking all of my cum off her face while she played with her pussy. She looked so good doing it that I was hard again within a matter of minutes. It took a little convincing to get her to try fucking me, but after I went down on her for about 15 minutes she was finally ready. She was on her back, her legs up in the air and spread as far as she could spread them. She looked so amazing like that. It's really wonderful introducing girls her age to big cock. There's something so magical about the first time."

“Fuck,” said Cynthia, “I’m so close...I want you to come too, Daddy!”

“I’m getting close,” I said, “let me finish the story, then I’ll finish in your slutty mouth.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

She took my dick in her mouth once more, moaning on it as she bobbed up and down, her hand still racing around her clit.

“It took a long time to get my big cock inside that tight little cunt,” I sighed, “but the moment I finally bottomed out, she had a huge orgasm. She was actually crying because it felt so good, and I had to stop to make sure she was OK. She told me that she was better than ok, but that the feeling of being filled so completely was so overwhelming that she couldn’t contain her emotion.”

“Mmm,” moaned Cynthia. I knew it wouldn’t be long.

“Once I was sure she was ok, I started fucking her. Really slowly at first, but then she told me that I could be rougher. She wanted to be really broken in. Shown what rough sex was like. So I pounded her. I pounded her really hard until she came a second time, crying again. This time I just kept going until I couldn’t take it anymore, holding her down on the bed and filling that tight pussy with a huge load of cum. I stayed inside her for a very long time afterwards.”

“MMMMM.”

Cynthia trembled as she climaxed, but didn’t break rhythm as she sucked my cock.

I was almost there. I grabbed her head and pushed my cock deep, then let out a long groan of satisfaction as I shot my load directly into her throat.

“Fuck, Cynthia,” I said, “that was definitely the best head I’ve had this month.”

“Better than that little slut on the balcony?”

She looked up at me with a smile. There was a bit of cum on her upper lip that she wiped away with her finger. Then she licked her finger clean.

“Well thank you for giving me one more load before I go back home.”

“And thank you for proving me wrong about St. Louis.”

"Of course. Now that you know how wrong you are, I hope you'll be back soon."

"I actually will be," I said, "in about three months."

"Maybe I'll come by your hotel next time," she said, "it's going to be hard to wait that long, but I'm sure you'll collect a lot of filthy stories to tell me when we get together again."

"I'd really like that," I said.

It was the truth.

"You always know how to get in touch with me," I said, tapping my cell phone.

"Of course," she said, grinning at me.

Oh, if husbands only knew what their wives were *really* doing when they're supposedly "working late"!

"I can't wait," I said.

"Me neither."

She took me back to the hotel and said goodbye again. I checked my messages. The girl from Wash U had written back. Maybe she'd be up for meeting up tomorrow after my meeting. It would be a great way to finish up my visit. But I knew that no matter how fun this girl was, she couldn't possibly compare to Cynthia.

I looked at my calendar. The next city on my itinerary was Minneapolis. I ended up having a lot of fun there, too. Fun that I told Cynthia all about on my next trip to St. Louis. But that's a story for another time.

The End

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



Snow Bunny Size Queen

When Stephanie (an attractive neighbor a few years his junior) gets his mail by mistake, Jason Jones doesn't miss the chance to strike up a conversation with her. Stephanie is intrigued by Jason's past as a college skier, and wonders if she could be a **"snow bunny" herself**. Perhaps one that doesn't ride the *slopes,* but rather ...*something else* entirely?

After all, she's never been with a black guy before, and the bulge in Jason's shorts is making her wonder if the rumors she's heard just might be true...

As her flirtatious behavior escalates, Jason seizes the opportunity to show this hot white housewife what she's been missing. But is there more to the situation than it seems? Has Stephanie's husband been in on the plan since the beginning? Is Stephanie a cheating size queen, or is she a devoted wife, helping her husband get what he wants?

One thing's for certain: after Stephanie's first time getting it **hard and unprotected** from a black man, her life and her marriage will never be the same.

Taken by Her Black Professor

By Cynthia Sizemore



Prof. Lorrain is known for more than just his entertaining lectures and sage advice on academic and personal matters. There are rumors that it's not just his *intellectual* endowment that's impressive. Not only that, he has a reputation for offering former students rough, primal, and extremely satisfying postgraduate encounters.

Jessica, one of his favorite students, sets out to discover if the rumors are true, and if they are, if size *really* matters or not. It's a pressing question for her because her boyfriend Christopher is somewhat lacking in the size department.

After years of admiring him, this aspiring size queen is determined to stop at nothing to get closer to her big black professor.

Even if it means pushing Dr. Lorrain until his dominant side comes out.

Read along as Jessica goes **behind her boyfriend's back** to have a series of first-time experiences that **only** Dr. Lorrain can give her.

About the author

Dear Reader,

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

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

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

--XX

Cynthia