

HER FIRST BIG ONE

CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA

BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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By Cynthia Sizemore

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Table of Contents

HER FIRST BIG ONE

Introduction

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Other books by Cynthia Sizemore

HER FIRST BIG ONE

Introduction

"It's true," said my wife's friend Penny, "and I'm standing by it. Even if I have had three drinks tonight."

She guffawed loudly, almost spilling her *fourth* drink, which was perched precariously on the small table next to the couch.

It was Friday night, after work, and we were all drinking. Probably a little too much.

Penny was a very attractive woman, but a sloppy drunk. I'd always enjoyed it when we socialized with her, because it gave me a chance to steal a glance at her ample cleavage and shapely ass. The fact that she had fire–red hair and dark green eyes only added to her charms. Of course, as my wife's best friend, she was off limits. And I wasn't interested in cheating anyway. I loved Emma.

"No, I swear," Penny continued, nudging my wife, who was covering her mouth in amusement or disbelief, I couldn't be sure, "it's *way* better than it's ever been. And it's all because of his size."

My wife shook her head and then let out a shriek of laughter. You have to remember that we'd *all* had three or more drinks.

Penny held her cellphone up to my wife's face, practically smacking her with it.

"Take a look," she said.

"Oh my God," said my wife, looking at the phone screen through her fingers, "I didn't need to see that!"

She pushed the phone away and scooted across the couch away from Penny.

"You can spare us the dirty details of your next hook–up," she said, covering her face in her hands, "and I'm sure that…Greg, or whatever you said his name was, wouldn't appreciate you showing strangers pictures of his dick!"

"That's where you're wrong," laughed Penny, "he *loves* showing off, and he loves it when I tell people about how great he is in bed. I'm not kidding. He'd drop his pants and show all of us right now if he were here."

"Wow," I said, finally sensing a place where I could break in, "this conversation has taken quite the turn. I think I'm going to go see if we have enough ingredients for another round of Negronis."

I stood and walked into the kitchen, shaking my head demonstratively at the silliness exhibited by the two women.

Emma and Penny had been friends for years. Since childhood, in fact. In many ways, they were complete polar opposites. Emma was quiet, diligent, elegant and largely conservative. Penny was wild, impulsive, liberal and promiscuous. Emma and I had been married since we graduated from college (almost seven years now). Penny had bounced from one boyfriend to another for as long as I'd known her. I knew that this guy, Greg, was going to be out of her life in a matter of months — regardless of how impressive his cock was.

Besides, Emma had always told me that she couldn't imagine being with anyone bigger than I was. Mine was almost too much to handle as it was!

At least, that's what she told me. And I never had a reason to doubt her.

Not until a week from that fateful night.

Chapter 1

"So I told Penny that she could bring Greg with her when she comes over tonight," said Emma that morning (a week after the inciting incident), rolling over and looking at me in the light of the sunrise.

"Who could forget about Greg?" I asked sarcastically, "should we get an extra chair for his extra–big dick?"

She hit me with a pillow playfully.

"Are you jealous or something? Penny was drunk and running her mouth a little more than she should have. Can't you cut her a little slack?"

"I'm happy to cut her some slack," I said, "but you have to at least let me make fun of her if she's going to be bragging about her boyfriend's cock. And showing my wife pictures of it!"

"I have to admit," said Emma, "that was very inappropriate. I kind of can't believe that she even did that. But she did say that he likes to show off. That still doesn't mean that other people need or want to see it."

"So what did you think?" I asked, stroking her head.

"About what?"

"About his dick of course."

"Oh come on! You men are just obsessed with size. Don't you know that that's like the fourth or fifth most important thing about a man? If that…"

"Oh really? Interesting that you've ranked it so precisely."

"It's not precise," she retorted, "I said fourth *or* fifth!"

"Ok," I said, "but it does matter a little."

"It matters a lot. Like if it's too big," she said, "then it's going to be uncomfortable. There's no way that it's going to feel good. So a

guy like Greg probably has more disadvantages than advantages over a smaller guy like you."

"So now you're saying that mine's small? I'll try not to be offended, I guess."

I was pretending to be upset, but the truth was, her words also stung a bit. I knew that I wasn't huge, but I was at least around average. Or at least I'd always thought so.

"Of course not, honey. You're not small at all."

"But you've never been with another guy. So how do you know if you wouldn't actually like a larger one."

She was quiet for a long time. Too long, I later realized.

"I think…" she said, finally breaking her silence, "I think that I don't need to try a huge cock to understand that I wouldn't like it. After all, I don't need to be hit in the face by a professional boxer to know that that's bad, either!"

"Ok," I said, "fair point. But tell me the truth. If I gave you a 'free pass,' that is to say, if I gave you my blessing to be with a larger man — in a purely hypothetical situation with no actual consequences — would you do it?"

She was quiet for a long time again.

"In a purely hypothetical situation with no consequences? Would I do it?"

"That's the question," I said, stroking her cheek as she stared out the window over my shoulder at the morning sky.

"I think that yes, I would."

"So you must not be so scared of big ones after all," I countered, "in fact, I bet you're a little curious."

"It sounds like *you're* the curious one, buster," she said, pulling me in for a kiss and then reaching down and groping my morning wood through my boxers, "and I think that the problem here is that your little guy needs some attention. Am I right?"

"I think," I said, kissing her earlobe and down her neck as I whispered my response, "that there isn't a single man out there who *likes* having his cock referred to that way, but I will give you the benefit of the doubt because of how good that feels right now."

"Mm..," she said, closing her eyes as she grabbed my balls gently in the other hand while she continued to work my shaft, "thank you for that."

A few moments later, I had her panties off, and was buried inside her, looking down at her beautiful blonde hair as it spilled onto the pillow as her head was thrown back in ecstasy. Emma was a stunning woman, a picture of innocent nordic beauty. And she was all mine.

At least for the next few hours.

"God, Evan," she moaned, "just give it to me as hard as you can. Fuck I'm so horny for you right now."

I thrust into her harder and harder, pinning her to the bed with the weight of my body and sending the bedframe hurtling into the wall with each stroke. I knew from experience that Emma loved the theatrics of this kind of fucking almost as much as the pure physical aspect. She liked the sound effects caused by the crashing bedframe and the exertion on my face as I plunged into her.

I reached down and fondled her pert pink nipples over her sheet lace nightie. She cooed in pleasure as my fingers toyed with her young body.

"Evan," she moaned, "I think…I think I want you to come inside. I want to…make… a baby…"

This last admission, unexpected but not entirely unsurprising, sent me over the edge. I groaned in pleasure as I emptied myself into her. She seemed to reach her own modest yet detectable climax in the same moment, or at the least I felt a shudder move through her delicate limbs as I deposited my seed inside her.

It was the first time I'd done so since she went off the pill more than three months ago. It had been in preparation for starting a

family, but she'd been having second thoughts almost continuously since the day she'd quit the pill, and so we'd been using condoms, or, at the very least, I'd been pulling out.

Not this time, though. And this fact only served to strengthen my orgasm. It felt like an earthquake as I plumbed her depths and planted my seed there.

I rolled off of her feeling like a man in full. A consummate alpha male.

That feeling wouldn't last very long, however.

Chapter 2

I'd almost forgotten about Penny and her guest when I arrived home from work that night. The clarity that I always experienced post–orgasm no doubt helped this, but I suspect now that there was also a measure of what psychoanalysts refer to as "repression" involved. That's right: despite my wife's frequent assurances to the contrary, I couldn't shake the idea that there was something inadequate about my endowment, especially after the conversation this morning.

It hadn't been what she'd *said*. It had been about what she *hadn't* said. About the gaps and pauses in her speech which seemed to conceal a secret desire.

A desire for huge cock.

To make matters worse, I had willingly invited into my home a man who was purported to be in possession of such a monster, if "possession" was the proper verb to use, here, as if a cock were nothing but a piece of clothing that one could take on or off, or exchange at will.

No, it seemed to me that a cock was more than a mere position: it was part of a man's character and personality, and more than that, tied to his fate in a peculiar way that wasn't true of any other part of a man, except, perhaps, his mind.

These thoughts might seem strangely intellectual, but that is how I have come to deal with being completely outmanned by Greg from the moment he crossed my threshold.

"Mr. Stuart," he said, shaking my hand firmly as he and Penny stood in the entryway.

"It's Schmitt, actually," I corrected him, "but please, call me Evan."

"Ok, Evan," he said, still smiling broadly.

It was funny. I knew from what Penny had told Emma that Greg was actually two years younger than I was, but his sun–baked skin made him appear to be at least a couple of years my senior. He was an unskilled day laborer by trade, but was training to be a bricklayer. My smooth hands must have felt positively feminine in comparison to his weather–beaten palms.

"Great place you got here," he said, looking around the room, "I was just working on a house like it over across town. Would you call this a colonial?"

"That's right," I said, unable to conceal the surprise in my voice that he'd correctly identified the architectural style of my house."

"Greg used to be an architecture student, actually," exclaimed Penny, "but he couldn't stand being in a classroom or an office all day. He just loves working with his hands too much."

She gave this last remark a bit of a lewd undertone, and punctuated it with a giggle. I wondered if the two of them had already been drinking, but then I remembered that she'd told us that Greg had given up alcohol years ago.

I knew it wasn't polite to ask about decisions like that. More for us! I thought to myself.

Emma came down the stairs behind me and greeted Penny warmly with an embrace and kiss on each cheek. As she shook Greg's hand, I examined her face for any trace of curiousity or even lust.

I didn't see anything. Just her usual friendliness.

"Leave your coats right there," she said, gesturing to the hall closet, "and let's stoke the fire. I can't believe how unseasonably cool it's been — and it's barely even October!"

Greg walked to the fireplace and began to examine the brick around it.

"Nice work," he said, staring at the mortar joints, "the guy who did this knew what he was doing."

"I suppose he probably did," I said, standing beside him, "this place was built in about 1940, and back then…"

Just then, Penny appeared with a drink and shoved it in my hand.

"That was fast," I said, "you really make yourself at home, don't you?"

"Relax," she said, "Emma told me I could do whatever I wanted to. I mixed up a couple of gin and tonics for us. Emphasis on the gin. It looks like only the two of us are drinking tonight. What's the matter? Is Emma sick or something?"

I remembered that morning and how Emma had finally decided that we should try for a baby. I had to smile to myself.

"No, I guess she's just not in the mood," I said, clinking my glass against hers.

"Cheers."

"Cheers," laughed Penny, then winked at Greg.

"This guy doesn't need booze to get crazy, now do you, big boy?"

"Ha," said Greg, "I love it when you call me that. No, I don't suppose I do. But I would appreciate a sparkling water if you've got it on hand."

I nodded.

"I'll get it," said Penny, disappearing into the kitchen.

She appeared a moment later with Emma, who was carrying two glasses of sparkling water, each garnished with a lime.

She handed one to Greg.

"Cheers," she said, clinking her glass against his, "to abstention."

"To abstention," he replied.

"Though not from *everything* I hope!" laughed Penny.

"You're so bad," giggled Emma, slapping her friend playfully on the shoulder, "let's sit by the fire."

We all did.

"Greg," said Emma, "tell me more about yourself. Penny told me that you're a…pipe–layer?"

Penny giggled.

"Actually," she said, "he's a bricklayer. But he really *could* be a professional at laying pipe. If you know what I mean."

I watched my wife's face as she slowly processed the innuendo.

"Penny!" she exclaimed, "such a dirty mind!"

I sipped my drink, hoping the awkward moment would pass, but the conversation seemed not to have perturbed Greg in the slightest.

"No," insisted Penny, "it's totally true. In fact, he used to do it for money. In college."

"Oh now," said Greg, "we don't need to talk about that, do we? Not in mixed company…"

"Talk about what?" asked Emma, clearly (and to my dismay) intrigued.

I had to admit that I was a little curious myself, and I said as much.

"You mean you were some kind of…jiggalo? Is that what they call it?"

Greg looked at us, a little sheepishly.

"It's kind of embarrassing for me to be talking about this with people I just met," he said, "but yeah. What Penny said is basically right."

"People *paid* you to have sex with them? *Women?*" Emma's voice was incredulous.

"Sort of. The women weren't the ones paying."

"So you were sleeping with men?" I asked.

He shot me a withering glance.

"I've got no problem with people being gay, or with whatever a guy wants to do in his spare time," he said, a trace of menace in his voice, "but I've never touched another man's junk, or let another man anywhere near mine."

"Of course," I said, "I didn't mean to imply that. I'm just trying to understand what you're talking about."

"Then just give me a chance to finish, all of you," he said, raising his hand.

"Ok," said Emma, "tell us."

"It started back when I was waiting tables at this country club," said Greg, "word got out with some of the members that I was… well… I guess I might as well say it."

"Hung," laughed Penny, "he's hung like a freaking *horse*!"

"That's right," said Greg, "they found out that I was on the larger side."

I took a large gulp of my drink as I looked at my wife's face. She was completely enraptured by the story. I was hoping that I'd see a trace of mockery or disdain, but she was clearly hanging on his every word.

"And it turns out that there were a couple of them married to these women who were a lot younger than them. Trophy wives, I guess you'd say. And they couldn't…how shall I put this?"

"We're all adults here," interjected Emma, "you can put it however you want!"

"They couldn't fuck their wives like they used to. But their wives liked to fuck, and they liked to watch their wives get fucked. That's why they hired me."

"But why did they pay you?" I asked, unable to resist, "were the women ugly or something? I can't imagine a young guy who wouldn't fuck a beautiful woman for free!"

“It’s a fair question,” said Greg, “and one that I’ve thought a lot about. I think it was for two reasons: first of all, if they pay me, it’s easier to make sure that I keep my mouth shut. Second of all, they put a kind of psychological layer between me and their wives, making it less likely that we’d actually fall in love. Third of all, it’s the fact that all those guys were filthy rich and used to being able to buy whatever they wanted.”

I was dumbfounded at the intellectual clarity of these remarks. This guy was no idiot. Not only did he have a horse cock, he had a brain to match.

I drained my drink, tasting much more gin than tonic. That Penny!

“Want another one?” I asked, walking into the kitchen.

“I do!” yelled Penny.

I came out with the entire bottle of gin and bottles of tonic and seltzer water on a tray. When I sat back down on the couch next to Emma, I could tell that the topic hadn’t changed very much.

“It was actually surprising how much they liked it,” said Greg, “even though it was obviously also a sort of strange set–up. I learned later on that there’s this whole fetish scene built around this kind of thing. It’s called ‘cuckolding.’ And I was playing the role of the ‘bull,’ that is to say, the guy who fucks another guy’s wife.”

“And the wives really enjoyed this? It wasn’t just for the husband’s benefit?”

Emma’s question was clearly serious.

“Trust me,” said Greg, looking her square in the eyes, “in *every* case it’s the husband's idea to begin with, but in *every* case, it’s the **wife** who ends up having the time of her life.”

I sensed something change in Emma in that moment, and I thought I could feel her quiver ever so slightly. Looking back on it now, I think that might have been the exact instant when she decided to go through with what happened next.

“So,” she said, “it all comes down to your cock size, huh? That’s why these guys hired you, and that’s why you were able to please their wives so well?”

“Well, not the only reason…,” he began, glancing at me for a moment in an attempt to gauge my reaction to my wife’s suddenly rather forward behavior.

“But they wouldn’t be interested in an average–sized guy being the ‘bull’, right? Neither the husbands nor the wives.”

“I guess not.”

“So it must be the primary factor.”

“Yes,” he said, “the primary factor, certainly. I guess you could say that.”

Penny had been uncharacteristically quiet during this exchange, but now she sat up and said with a devilish smile:

“Enough about the ‘primary factor.’ Why don’t you just show it to them? She’s practically begging for it anyway.”

She gestured towards Emma.

“I am not!” protested Emma, “we’re just having a conversation here about adult topics. As adults.”

“Come on, hon,” said Penny, tugging at his shorts, “let’s just show her, please?”

Greg looked at me.

“I never take my pants off in another man’s house without his permission,” he said.

“I’m not sure…,” I began, but then Emma flashed me a look, as if reminding me to be a polite host.

“…ok, why not,” I concluded, having been corrected by my wife.

What choice did I have? If I told him no, I’d seem like a prude. Or, worse, like someone who was insecure about his cock size, which I clearly —

Holy shit.

Emma gasp as Penny helped Greg out of his shorts and his trouser snake flopped out between his legs. He must have been six inches already, totally flaccid.

"Just wait," said Penny, "he gets even bigger. We just have to get him a little turned on…"

"I don't know about this…" I said, raising my hand, "Greg, are you sure…"

"Come on, honey," said Emma, fixing me with her big blue eyes, "what's the big deal? Can't you indulge my curiosity?"

I backed down.

"Ok," I said, "but I'm going to go into the kitchen for a while."

If they were going to ogle this man's cock, that didn't mean that I had to be around to watch it.

"Suit yourself," laughed Penny.

I grabbed the bottle of gin and took it with me into the kitchen, topping off my drink as the sound of female laughter filled my ears. These were not laughs of ridicule, but delight.

"Go ahead and touch it, it won't bite!" urged Penny.

Touch it? What? Was my chaste–looking, innocent wife Emma about to *touch* a gigantic cock?

I dashed out of the kitchen just in time to see my wife trying to wrap her thumb and forefinger around Greg's girthy shaft.

"My fingers don't even touch!" she exclaimed.

"I know. It amazes me every time," Penny said, "and if you think touching it is fun, you should experience what it's like when it's inside you…"

"Emma," I said, "I'd like a word with you please."

"Ooh," laughed Penny drunkenly, turning to Greg and smiling, "sounds like someone's in trouble!"

Emma and I walked into the study adjacent the livingroom and I closed the door behind us.

"What the hell are you doing in there? Touching another guy's cock? Are you out of your mind?"

"Look," she said, "remember our conversation earlier today? I guess…I guess I'd like that 'free pass' that you mentioned."

"That was hypothetical."

"It didn't really seem like it then, and it doesn't now."

"It was entirely hypothetical," I protested, "if you think that I'm going to give you permission to touch another man's cock again…"

"Look, honey," she said, fixing me with her beautiful eyes, "we're serious about starting a family, right?"

"Of course."

"So once we start a family we're going to have to have a stable home life."

"Yes. What are you getting at?"

"What I'm getting at," she continued, "is that I think you should loosen up a little. Give me some room to experiment. Once the baby's here, there won't be any more nights like this, or if there are, they'll be few and far between. You know how it is. Remember how your sister's life changed after her little ones?"

"Yes, but…"

I could feel my defenses starting to crumble.

"I know for a fact that you're turned on by the idea of me fooling around with a huge cock like that."

There it was. She had me pinned. It was impossible to deny.

"Uhh," I began.

"Don't even try to lie," she said, "you're terrible at it."

The other room was strangely silent. Had they gone outside?

“Just sit back, relax, and let your wife experiment a little. You can always go upstairs if things get too intense.”

“Ok,” I said, “but what do you actually have planned? How far are you going to go?”

“Planned? I don’t have anything planned. I’m just trying to live in the moment. But how about this: I’ll ask your permission before I do anything with him. You can veto every step. Sound fair?”

“And if I tell you to stop, you’ll stop?”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I?”

“I don’t know…”

“Don’t you trust me? Think how hot it will be. I know you’ll love it.”

She definitely had me there. I knew that I would love it. But that didn’t mean that I wasn’t conflicted.

“Ok,” I said, finally, “let’s do it.”

“Great!” she said, her eyes lighting up like a child who had been told they could get a new puppy.

She threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek, then we walked side–by–side back into the living room.

Chapter 3

The reason for the sudden silence was immediately apparent. Penny, unable to help herself, was on her knees between Greg and the coffee table, fellating the monster between his legs which seemed to have almost doubled in size.

Greg, making eye contact with me as I came into the room, simply shrugged.

"She insisted," he sighed, running his fingers through her hair as she moaned in pleasure.

"Oh wow," said Emma, moving closer to them to get a better look, "it really does get a lot bigger."

This comment got Penny's attention, who now looked up from her task and grinned at Emma.

"I told you," she said, "what are you waiting for? Are you going to help me or what?"

Emma looked over at me with silently pleading eyes.

I nodded. I couldn't believe it, but I was giving my wife permission to help her friend suck this man's gigantic cock.

Did this make me a cuckold?

I wasn't sure, and in that moment, I also didn't care to parse distinctions or definitions. All I knew is that my own cock was already hard, and was getting even harder at the thought that my wife would soon be joining her friend on her knees in front of this alpha male.

Emma dropped to her knees and Greg spread his legs a bit to make room for her.

"You take the balls," said Penny, "and I'll work the shaft. Then we switch off."

"Oh fuck, you ladies are spoiling me," groaned Greg as my wife's tongue began to eagerly lap at his ballsack.

I'd never seen her like this. She gave me head once in a while of course, but never with the passion that she was now displaying. Was she putting on a show for Greg? For Penny? For *me*, even?

Maybe for all of us. Maybe for herself. Maybe the line that she'd given me in the kitchen, that now was the time for us to experiment before the baby came, was the truth.

Maybe there was a cock–hungry wild woman underneath my wife's staid exterior. I was certainly seeing evidence of that now.

"My turn for the shaft," said Emma after a few minutes, "it's no fair hogging it."

"Mmm," said Penny, popping off of it for a moment, "I wouldn't dream of hogging this hog. There's plenty to go around after all."

"There certainly is," said Greg, looking up and winking at me.

"Why don't you have a seat and make yourself comfortable," he said, "this is going to take a while. Some guys like to jerk off. Or take pictures."

Wait — did he think…that *I* was one of *those guys*? Like the old rich guys who had paid him to fuck their wives back when he worked at the country club?

What really separated me from those guys, though, anyway?

I wasn't paying him, that was probably the main difference, if I were honest with myself. But I didn't want to get into all of that now anyway. I realized that the main issue is that I looked like an idiot just standing there while my wife and her friend were sucking his cock, so I sat down.

I noticed that Emma was really going to town now. There was saliva all over her chin, and her eyes were reddened with the exertion. At least that was all I could see from the side. The other thing that I noticed about her eyes, besides their redness, was that they were clearly focused on Greg's.

She was maintaining eye contact with the man she was fellating, as if under some kind of submissive spell.

She was in the zone. A cock–drunk zone.

"Fuck," said Penny, coming up for air again, "watching you do that is making me so wet. Would you like to kiss me?"

Emma popped off his shaft for a moment and looked over at her in surprise.

This was going to be the dealbreaker. I was sure of it. Emma had often told me that, while she appreciated the physical attractiveness of other women, she had no interest in actually experimenting with them.

That conviction was also shattered a moment later, though, to my utmost surprise, as she grabbed her attractive friend and planted a kiss directly on her lips.

A few seconds later, the two women were making out, completely consumed with passion. Once again, Greg looked over at me, slowly stroking the massive erection that had been forgotten temporarily.

"Big dicks tend to bring out the slutty side of a lot of women," he said, "it's totally normal."

I was too turned on to be shocked, however, looking down at my pants and seeing the precum leaking through my work trousers. It was finally time to take Greg's advice and unbutton them.

Once I had freed my cock, I felt much better. At least physically. It was now impossible to ignore that this man who I'd only met an hour or so before and whose dick my wife had just been enthusiastically sucking was close to twice my size when erect.

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes.

The two women had cast their tops off now, and were working on the bras. To my surprise, it seemed that Emma was taking the lead here, pawing at her friend's large chest, while Penny worked on taking down Emma's panties from under the skirt she was wearing.

I'd never seen my wife like this, and it seemed for a moment that she'd forgotten all about the star of the show, Greg, and his gigantic tool.

But then, after a few more minutes of frantic kissing during which both women were rendered naked from the waist up and, in Emma's case, without panties, I saw my wife lean in and whisper something in her friend's ear.

"Good idea," said Penny, "I think he's certainly ready."

"Can we go to the bedroom, honey?" said Emma, looking at me with a wild expression of lust, "pretty please?"

She pouted a bit. It was very cute, but also uncharacteristically coquette. What had gotten into her?

I nodded. What else could I do? I wasn't thinking of the possible consequences of allowing my wife this kind of freedom. I was thinking only of — and with — my own cock. And all that I could see in my aroused state were two very attractive females and a man with an absolutely gigantic cock who was eager to take them both.

"Up to the marriage bed," laughed Penny, "very brave of you, Evan."

I didn't have time to think about why she would use that particular word. Brave. As if I had something to lose by indulging my wife's desire like this.

I knew somewhere deep down that I did, indeed, have a lot to lose. But my own desire wouldn't let me think about that now.

I watched as Greg, who quickly stripped off the rest of his clothes, took each woman by one hand and led them up the stairs to our bedroom. I was the last one to enter the room, and by the time I entered, Penny and Emma had both managed to shed the remainder of their clothes, and were entangled on the bed with Greg in a massive pile of flesh.

Emma's mouth was on his cock once more, rapidly restoring his full erection as Penny kissed her lover full on the lips.

"God this is hot, honey," panted Emma, looking up at me, "you don't have to watch, though, if it's making you uncomfortable. Just tell me, remember?"

As if she would have actually stopped at this point if I'd asked her, I thought. The look in her eyes told me everything I needed to know. It was a look of pure, animal lust. Anything that she told me now was merely a ploy to make herself feel better about what she'd already decided to do.

I shook my head.

"Well, you can at least get some pictures!" said Emma.

This made Penny giggle.

"Wow," she said, "I never thought my sweet little friend had it in her. She wants to commemorate her first time with a huge cock! I can't say I blame her."

"I'll just…," I stuttered.

"My phone is on the counter downstairs," she said, ducking down and kissing his mushroom tip lovingly, "you know the code."

I did indeed. It was hard for me to shake the feeling that she wanted to get rid of me, but then again, she had asked me to take pictures, so I did have *some* kind of a role after all.

When I came back into the room, having retrieved the phone, I found that the scene had shifted a bit.

Penny was on her hands and knees on the bed, and Emma was behind her, licking her pussy from behind while Greg fingered *her* pussy with one hand while fisting his cock with the other.

"That's it," he said, encouraging Emma, "get her pussy nice and wet for this big cock."

"I love the way you eat pussy," moaned Penny, "you're a natural. Is this really your first time?"

“I guess I just know what girls like,” laughed my wife, before diving back into her friend’s muff.

I snapped a picture of my wife with her face buried in her hot friend’s pussy, then I walked around the bed and viewed the scene from a different angle, eventually sitting down on a small loveseat in the corner.

“That pussy looks so nice and wet,” said Greg, when Emma came up for air, “will you help me get inside?”

Emma seemed to know exactly what he meant, and she leaned down and gave his cock a few short sucks and then a kiss before guiding it into her friend from behind.

“Ohh, God. I’ve fucked you so many times, but I never get tired of how much you stretch me.”

“Lick my balls,” ordered Greg, talking to my wife.

She didn’t need to be told twice. She shifted herself onto her back and then slid down between his legs, licking his balls as he slid in and out of her friend.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, “that’s so fucking amazing. Hey, John, get over here and take a picture of your wife being a slut. I know cucks like you love this.”

There it was. He’d called me a “cuck.” And could I really deny it?

He’d also gotten my name wrong – was it on purpose?

I looked down at my small dick, still standing up at attention, and wondered if my wife would left me join them by fucking her while she pleasured Greg’s sack. I stood up and walked closer to the bed, snapping a few pictures as I went.

“Good, get some pictures,” she cooed, “this is so hot. Don’t you think so?”

She looked up at me, her head just below Greg’s ass as he plowed into Penny. Her eyes were just as affectionate as ever, but they registered a concern. Probably as a response to my own unconscious reaction.

"Oh, baby," she said, "don't be sad. I'll take care of your little guy later, I promise. Just let us have our fun."

I nodded, doing my best to smile, before going back to my place on the loveseat.

"Little guy"? Was she *trying* to humiliate me? If so, she was doing an excellent job of it. But why was it turning me on so much?

I looked to my side, and caught Penny's eye in the mirror as Greg fucked her.

"Mmm," she said, directly to me, "I bet you always wanted to see me naked, didn't you, Evan? You probably wanted to fuck me, too. You probably imagined yourself in this threesome, didn't you?"

Why was she taunting me all of a sudden?

"Well sorry," she said, looking down at my cock, "guys hung like that only get threesomes in their dreams."

Greg grabbed her hair and began slapping her ass in that moment, causing her to roll back her eyes in pleasure as she bit her lip.

"Don't stop, baby," she moaned, "I'm going to come on your big fucking cock…"

I couldn't help but reach down and stroke my cock in time with the rhythm of his fucking. It was so amazing to see my wife's hot, slutty friend getting plowed by such a well–hung man. Completely apart from the fact that my wife was also involved (and all the emotional complications that entailed), it was simply an incredible pornographic spectacle.

"Come on this big dick like the slut you are," he urged her, a primal growl entering his voice.

"Yes, Daddy!" she moaned, and this final dirty name — even though she herself had intoned it — seemed to push Penny over the edge.

She fell forward onto the bed as her backside quivered. I lost sight of Emma in that moment, because Greg also fell forward at the

same time, almost (but not entirely) losing his balance. He recovered quickly however, thrusting into Penny's pussy even during her climax.

"Oh God," she sighed, "that was so good. I still can't believe what a difference that huge cock makes. Did you come?"

"No," said Greg, "I wanted to save it for the lady of the house. After all, that's what he wants, isn't it?"

I felt his gaze bore into mine as an obscene smile passed his lips.

"You want to see me come inside your wife, don't you?"

It was like time stood still in that moment as his question hung in the air, and both women looked up at me, multiplying his gaze.

"That's ok, cuck," he said, "I understand the psychology of guys like you. And so does your wife. You don't have to answer. Like I said, it's always the guy's idea to start something like this, but it's always his wife who gets the most pleasure from it."

I opened my mouth to respond, but my reply was stuck in my throat. All I could do was nod faintly. It was like I was in a dream: a combination of my wildest fantasy and my deepest nightmare all at once. This evening had taken a turn that I'd never (consciously) intended, but probably secretly longed for.

Greg was right. He *did* understand the psychology of guys like me. And I was beginning to suspect that Emma did too.

"Get over here and fuck me then," said Emma, her voice hoarse with desire.

She lay on her back behind him, her legs spread, playing with her clit. It was the same position I'd fucked her in last night. The same place on the bed, even.

Our bed. Our marriage bed.

Chapter 4

"Yes, ma'am," laughed Greg, pivoting around to get in the correct position to impale my wife, "I never refuse a request like that."

She looked over at me as she spread her legs for him, giving me a look that seemed full of pity.

"Honey," she said, "would you come here for a minute?"

What did she have in mind?

I stood and walked over towards her, my gait hampered a bit by the fact that my pants were partway down my legs and my cock was swinging free.

"I just wanted to compare you with Greg for a second," she said, almost mischievously.

Why was she doing this? What had gotten into her? Didn't she understand that such a comparison was bound to hurt my feelings?

"Oh, great idea," said Greg, chuckling a little bit, "I'm extra hard now after fucking Penny. But I bet that got this little guy excited too! Betas like him love watching real men fuck."

I'll never forget Emma's squawk of laughter at this cruel remark. But he was right. I was hard as a rock from seeing my wife's hot friend take a long, deep–dicking from his monster cock, and I was almost beside myself with excitement at witnessing my loving wife do the same.

"Come closer," she urged, beckoning me to the edge of the bed, "let me get you two side by side."

I shuffled up to the edge of the bed, and Emma took my cock in her right hand and Greg's in her left. The difference was immediately apparent. They weren't even close in size. While her hand easily encompassed my entire erection, her thumb and forefinger didn't even close around his massive member. This, of course, had already

been demonstrated in the livingroom, but seeing the comparison in the flesh made the contrast all the more apparent.

There was truly no way I could compete with this huge–cocked alpha male who had positively invaded my home, and was about to invade my wife.

All I could do was watch.

"Wow," laughed Emma in delight, "honey, it's not even close! He's *so* big I can't believe it! Thank you so much for giving me permission to fuck him."

I wanted to reply that I hadn't actually ever granted my permission — at least not explicitly. But I knew that it didn't matter. All her remark served to do was humiliate me further.

Penny was standing by, somewhere off to my side, her big beautiful breasts swaying in my peripheral vision. Normally, I would have welcomed the chance to ogle her, but not in this particular moment.

Not in the moment that my wife was about to be penetrated for the first time by a man besides me. By a man with a cock the size and girth of her arm.

A cock that she was lusting after with her eyes and her mouth, which was visibly watering. I remembered watching her blow him down in the living room, how I'd never seen such utter enthusiasm or sexual submission from her before. And I knew that I had no reason to expect said devotion in the future.

"Honey," she said, as Greg got into position, rubbing his cock against her swollen slit to ensure that there was proper lubrication, "I know this is going to feel great, but I'm a little scared it's going to hurt at first. Would you hold my hand?"

Hold my wife's hand? While she was getting fucked by another guy? Was she *serious*? Was I really going to see myself relegated to some kind of auxiliary role in the relationship? A kind of best friend?

At the same time, I knew that something about this gesture turned me on incredibly. Maybe because it was an admission that I was submitting to Greg as well. To his superior masculinity. I was admitting the overwhelming power of his cock, and my own inferiority before it.

"Thank you, honey," she moaned, her hand clenching mine as he began to sink his oversized head between her folds.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I can't believe how big it is…yes…just like that…"

I couldn't tell if the little whimpers she let out were of pain, pleasure, or both, but I felt her clamp down on my hand, even as she looked up, making eye contact with Greg.

"That feels…," she panted, as he slowly stretched her wider with every inch, "so… fucking…"

"…**GOOD**!

Even though she was still grasping my hand, she had now totally forgotten me. That was clear by the look in her eyes, which was one of pure devotion, focused on Greg and Greg alone.

Greg began to slowly move in and out, taking his time to get her used to his considerable girth.

"That's it, baby," he said soothingly, "you're doing such a good job taking this big dick. I know it's not easy. There are plenty of women who don't even want to try. But you're clearly up to the challenge. A real size queen."

"Yes," moaned Emma, wrapping her legs around him, "that's what I am. A size queen!"

"I knew it," he said, slowly making his strokes deeper and more regular, "Penny told me she could read it from the look on your face when you saw my picture. I love it when she finds me girls to break in."

I looked over at Penny in astonishment. She smiled at me, then shrugged her shoulders.

"Sorry, Evan," she said, "I could tell that you weren't packing enough to really satisfy Emma, so I did what any friend would do."

"So this was all…"

"Yep," said Penny, "it was a set–up. We all knew that this was going to happen. Everyone, that is, except you…"

"Emma," I said, turning back to my wife with tears in my eyes, "is this…"

But before I could finish my sentence, she'd dropped my hand and was completely focused on the act of being fucked by Greg. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was partway open. I'd never seen her like this before. Their were beads of sweat on her face and her brow was furrowed as if she were concentrating on an important, insoluble problem.

She was about to come. I could tell.

"Yes, Greg…," she moaned, "oh my God… I love this cock…I love your cock…I love…"

He growled in exertion, thrusting into her harder and harder, his cock a well–lubed piston in their co–created engine of desire.

I grabbed my own cock and started stroking it. If I couldn't join them, at least I could satisfy myself a bit. Even if it wasn't comparable to actually being inside Emma.

It never crossed my mind for a moment to try to fuck Penny. It was crystal clear to me now that she, like Emma, was a "size queen," and would never be satisfied by what I was packing.

"I love it," continued Emma, clearly on the edge of orgasm now, "Greg, I love…"

"YOU!" she exclaimed, her hips bucking up towards him as the orgasm wracked her body.

It would be superfluous to say that this admission, even if it had been uttered in the heat of passion, was absolutely devastating to me emotionally. To hear my devoted wife declare her love for this

stranger, whose only redeeming feature that I could identify was his huge cock was heartrending to say the least.

But it was also the hottest thing that anyone had ever said in my presence.

The moment that my wife came, I came two, spluttering a small stream of cum out all over my hand.

Penny noticed and gave a little giggle.

"Looks like someone likes watching his wife take a real cock," she laughed.

I was immediately embarrassed, but also too transfixed by the wife's face of post–orgasmic bliss to move from my spot.

"Greg," she moaned, her face transformed by what I assumed to be feelings of love and pleasure, "please come inside me. Please claim me with your big cock."

Greg's only reply was to begin fucking her even harder and faster, with even more abandon.

"Yes, Greg," cheered Penny, "give it to her. She wants your cum so bad…"

"But Emma," I managed to croak in a weak voice, "you're fertile…"

"Mmm–hmm," she groaned, biting her lip as he slammed her to the bed.

"I think that's kinda the point," said Penny, chuckling to herself again, "I'm guessing she wants a son with a big dick, not one that's hung like a pencil lead."

She looked down at my member demonstratively. I had to admit that I could understand where she was coming from.

"Please…claim me…," panted Emma.

It was clear that she was close to yet another orgasm now as Greg came closer and closer to emptying his balls into her fertile womb.

“Yes! I need this so bad…,” she begged.

“Here it comes, baby,” moaned Greg, “get ready for a really big load.”

He moaned in pleasure once more and held himself deep in my wife’s pussy. He was so big, and Emma was so skinny, that I could actually she the contours of his gigantic cockhead as he pumped her full of spurt after spurt of come. I tried to count the number of spasms that I witnessed in his cock, but I lost track after seven.

At least seven spurts of potent cum, shot directly into my wife’s fertile womb.

Emma was looking down, witnessing the exact same scene that I had, and the sight of his throbbing cock inside her caused her to moan once more in ecstasy, biting her lip and pressing her eyes closed as she climaxed on his stiff rod for the second time.

“Wow,” she said, a few minutes later, “I don’t think I’ve ever been so satisfied. Thank you so much for giving me your sperm.”

She smiled up at him, and he bent down to kiss her. The sight of their passion made my own heart practically rip in two, but at the same time I could understand the feelings involved.

It was only logical, after all. Emma had always told me that for her, sex was linked with emotion, so why should I be at all surprised to discover that the mind–blowing sex that she’d just enjoyed with Greg would be accompanied by intense emotions.

I stood there for a few moments, watching them kiss and whisper in each other’s ears things that I couldn’t quite make out. I must have been expecting Emma to acknowledge me in some way, but after a minute or so, the awkwardness of the situation began to overwhelm me, and I retreated to the bathroom to clean myself off, passing Penny along the way, who gave me a smirk.

I decided that this was the perfect moment to take a shower. To give the lovers (all three of them, but especially, perhaps, Emma) some time.

When I emerged from the bathroom about ten minutes later, wrapped in a towel, I found the three of them locked in an embrace, with Emma on Greg's left side and Penny on his right. He was trading kisses with each of them in succession, turning first to one woman, then the other.

Each woman had a hand on his cock, which stood proudly erect once more, unvanquished even after its impressive performance fucking both of them.

"Hey," said Penny, "it looks like the cuck is back. Maybe he'd like to film us this time? I know that Greg loves watching himself fuck."

"That's a great idea," said Emma, nuzzling Greg affectionately with her nose, "this time I want to try riding this monster. Would you be a good husband and record me?"

Husband. At least she was still calling me that.

I didn't respond, but she didn't seem like she was really expecting a response, either. She was completely lost in his eyes, still stroking the top of his shaft with one hand while Penny worked the other.

"This time I want to watch you fuck her first," said Penny, giving Greg a lustful look, "you have such a nice cock for riding."

"Mmm, ok," said Greg, "but I think that our cuck over there should be allowed to get some pussy too."

My heart leaped. Did he mean that I was going to fuck my wife?

"Hmm," said Emma, "to be honest, I'm not really into the idea of him fucking me right now. Or ever again. Sorry honey!"

I barely had time to register the seriousness of this comment before Greg interjected.

"Don't be silly," he said, "I'm not letting his little dick anywhere near your pussy. That's strictly for me now. But I did think he could help clean you up a little."

"Oh, that sounds nice," she said, "my cunt is pretty sore from the fucking you gave me earlier, and my husband's tongue might be

just the thing I need to cure me."

I couldn't believe what they were suggesting: that I go down on my wife right after she'd let another man come inside her.

I felt my legs moving my body towards the bed. Almost without thinking.

"This cuck seems pretty eager if you ask me," laughed Greg, "Penny, why don't you help him?"

He rolled off the bed as Emma spread her legs, pointing her pussy towards me. At the same time, I felt Penny grab the back of my head and push it roughly up to Emma's cunt.

"Start licking, cuck. If you do a good job, you can stay in the room while he fucks us again."

I immediately obeyed, opening my mouth wide and drinking in my wife's juices which were intermingled with a salty flavor that I knew to be Greg's cum. It was completely humiliating to be brought to this point in my own home, in my own bed, with my own wife, but it was also making my cock stand at attention once more. I knew that this was the only kind of sexual satisfaction I was going to get from my wife for a while — or ever again, perhaps — and so I was determined to make it count.

I began to lap at Emma's clit with long, slow strokes, eliciting a moan of pleasure.

"*He's* licking me," she panted, "but I'm imagining *your* cock, Greg. Oh fuck. I can't wait to ride it…"

This admission only caused me to redouble my efforts, licking and sucking my wife's pussy until she was kicking her legs, Greg's cum totally intermixed with her fluids.

Finally, she stopped me.

"That's enough," she said, "I can't come with him. I only want to come with Greg's dick inside me."

Penny grabbed my hair at the nape and pulled my head back, practically throwing me off the bed in the process. I realized that it

was my cue to get out of the way, so I stepped back and wiped a trace of Greg's cum off my face.

"Get the phone," directed my wife, gesturing for Greg to rejoin her on the bed.

The two of them exchanged a long, slow kiss, and then Greg lay on his back, helping Emma adjust the angle as she lowered herself onto his enormous member, skewering herself one delicious inch at a time.

Her sounds were soft and feminine now as she rode him slowly, almost romantically, determining the pace herself and savoring every moment of her ride. She looked down at him adoringly, running her fingers through the hair on his chest and biting her lip from time to time as the tide of pleasure ebbed and flowed.

Penny stood to the side, sometimes kissing Emma on the lips and sometimes fondling her breasts as she rode her well–endowed lover. A couple of times, she even bent down and licked Greg's balls as Emma moved slowly up and down on top of him, eliciting from him a low moan.

"Oh God, girls," he groaned, "you're spoiling me. This feels so great. I'm so lucky…"

"No," said Emma, with an insistence that cut me to my core, "*we're* the lucky ones. Thank you for sharing this big beautiful cock with us. All I want to do is worship it. Ride it all day and all night."

"Fuck…," he groaned, as Penny continued to massage his ballsack with her tongue, "I don't know how much more of this I can take…"

"I'm totally cock–drunk," laughed Emma, "I've never had this feeling before. It's like a state of permanent bliss…"

"That's what we call a big–dick orgasm," laughed Penny, "and you'll have a lot more of those if you keep hanging around Greg."

"Mmm," she moaned, "I hope so…I want to feel like this forever…I… I…"

She squealed and then reached yet another climax, but not before exclaiming, “I love you, Greg!!”

“Oh God,” moaned Greg, “girls, I’m going to come. I want…I want you to share it.”

I wasn’t sure exactly what he meant, but Emma must have understood instinctively, because she popped off of his member and dropped down next to Penny, stroking his prick with one hand while Penny continued to lick his balls.

A moment later, he sprayed a geyser of cum into the air, several spurts of which flopped down onto my wife and her hot friend’s faces. The two women immediately began a pornographic display of devotion, sucking up his man–essence from each other’s face and lips, and ending with a long French kiss accompanied by deep moans of satisfaction.

I caught it all on video.

“I love you girls,” sighed Greg, “you’ve made me so happy.”

They looked at him and smiled, then crawled back up next to him in bed, closing their eyes and resting their heads on his barrel chest.

I decided it was time to stop filming.

“Hey,” he said, looking over at me, “would you mind leaving us alone for now? I think the ladies are tired. They’ll probably be asleep for the night. You must have a guest room or something, right?”

I couldn’t believe it. I was being asked to sleep in the guest room of my own house. But what choice did I have?

“Yeah,” I replied, “it’s no problem.”

“One thing,” he said, “leave the phone here with me. The girls and I might want to relive that moment soon. And I certainly don’t think that you should be allowed to keep that footage.”

I looked down at my wife’s phone in my hand, then silently walked over to Greg, depositing it in his outstretched palm.

“Thanks,” he said, “if you’re lucky, you’ll be allowed to jerk off to this video or one like it. But you’re going to have to earn that privilege. And Emma’s going to have to say if it’s ok. Understand?”

I nodded. I understood.

Chapter 5

It's hard for me to believe it looking back on it now, but that first night that Penny told Emma about Greg, and, more importantly, showed her his photo, changed my life forever.

Not only did Greg move into our house a few days after the first time he fucked Emma and Penny in front of me, he also made me move into the guest room. Permanently.

This was a difficult blow to take, but it was even more difficult when Emma approached me and laid down the rules for our future together in no uncertain terms: 1) we would stay married. 2) Greg was going to continue to use her pussy however he saw fit. 3) I was no longer allowed to touch her sexually, or even see her in her panties. This was on Greg's orders. I wouldn't even be allowed "clean–up duty" again, except on special occasions.

As the weeks drew on, those occasions grew increasingly rare.

Still, almost every night, I crept to the door of the bedroom I used to share with Emma, hoping to hear a bit of their lovemaking.

Almost every night, I was rewarded with the sounds of female ecstasy, as Greg used his prodigious gifts to ejaculate inside both women again and again.

About three months later, they called a "family meeting" in the living room after work.

"We're pregnant," announced both women at once, beaming at me and Greg.

"Greg's the father, of course," said Penny, "but Emma and I have been discussing this quite a bit, and we've decided that we want you to be involved too."

"That's right, honey," said Emma, smiling at me, "you can be our live–in nanny, and help us take care of the kids. Our very own 'Manny!'"

I flushed in humiliation, but I of course immediately agreed. Anything for the chance to remain close to my wife.

"Thanks, honey. I knew you'd understand," said Emma, drawing in to give me a kiss on the cheek, but then backing away when she caught herself.

"You know that we're going to have to devote most of our attention to pleasing Greg," she added, "it takes both of us to keep his balls drained, and if we don't do that, he's going to just go out and find two other hot bitches to fuck. Aren't you, sir?"

Greg looked at me and smiled, shrugging his shoulders.

"Guilty as charged, I guess."

"Good," said Penny, "then it's all settled. To celebrate the good news, I suggest that we give Greg a nice sloppy blowjob. And this time, you can not only watch, but also jack off if you want. What do you say?"

"Congratulations," I said, unzipping my pants as I watched my wife and her friend drop to their knees in front of where Greg was sitting.

If this was my life now, I might as well enjoy it!

THE END

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Dear Reader,

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— XX
Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike's wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He's very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike's workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn't: a BBC. And that doesn't have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

ON HER BACK FOR HIS BULYING BOSS

Will's wife Marisa is intelligent, vivacious, and extremely attractive. She supports him in every aspect of his life. Which is why it stings so badly when he notices her flirting with his boss, Tony, the man who has made his life at work unbearable for the past few months.

Tony is everything that Will is not: confident, dominant and hung. The ultimate alpha male. Soon, he makes an indecent proposal to Marisa and Will that will change their marriage forever.

Before they know it, Will's beautiful and innocent wife Marisa is on her back for his bullying boss. Right before his very eyes. Both of them are about to get a lesson that they'll never forget about how much size matters.

Table of Contents

HER FIRST BIG ONE
Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Other books by Cynthia Sizemore