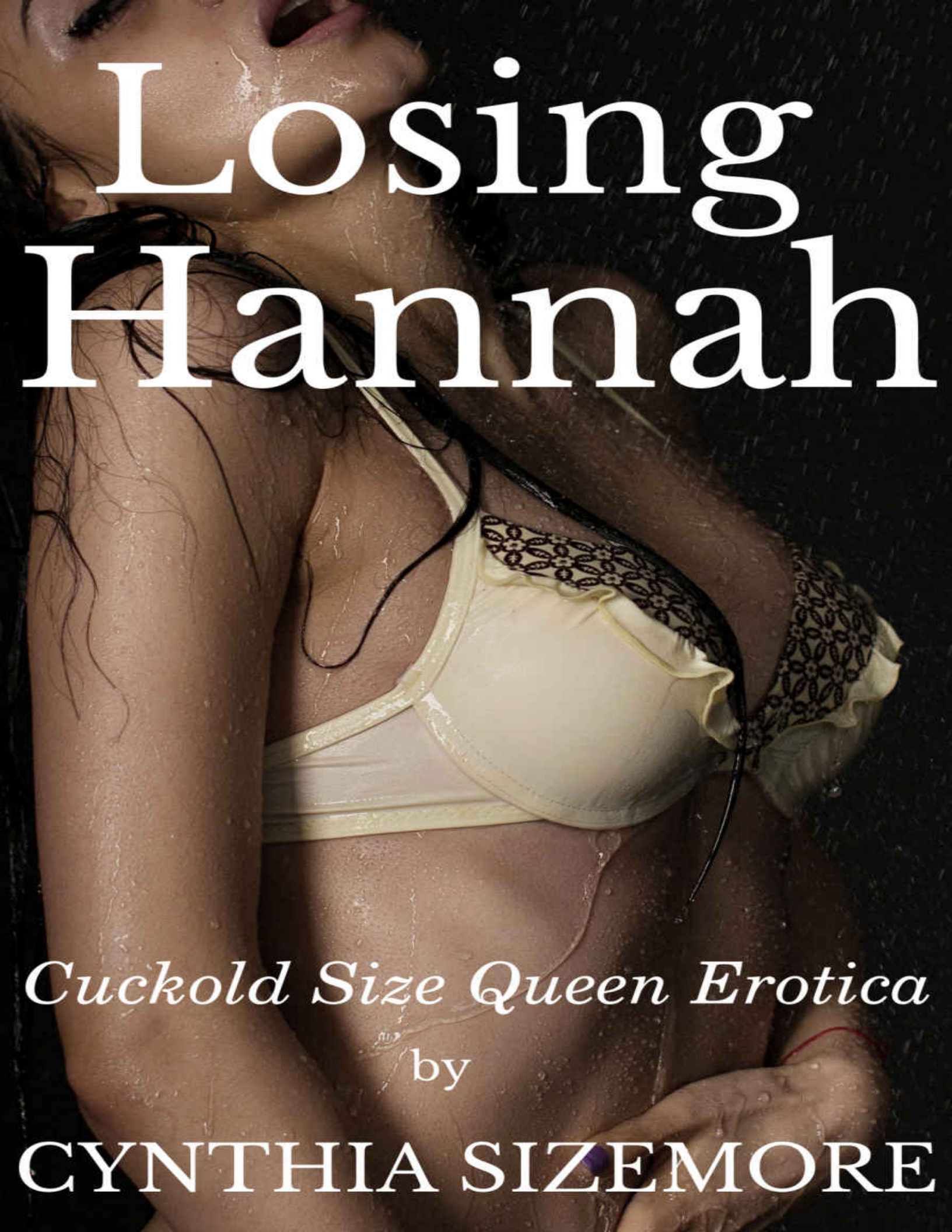

Losing Hannah
Cuckold Size Queen Erotica
by
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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Losing Hannah

It started out innocently enough. Hannah asked if I liked the outfit she was wearing to the office Christmas party. It was a short black dress, the kind that pop culture has told us that every young woman looks great in. Hannah did too. The thing was, she didn't think she was young anymore.

"You're 30," I said, "and you're beautiful. Your coworkers are going to love it. The women will be jealous, and the men will all want to fuck you."

"Ha," she laughed, "very funny, Bill. It's not like I'm some young knockout. Not like all the 22-year-old interns we get."

"Trust me," I said, pulling her close, "all of those interns are nothing compared to a confident older woman like you."

"Older?!"

As soon as I'd opened my mouth I knew I'd made a mistake.

"Um, but you said…"

She looked at me for a long time, and for a moment I thought she would cry or explode in anger. But then a smile spread across her face.

"Don't worry, honey. I'm just messing with you. You're so cute when you're upset."

"Ok," I said, straightening my tie in mirror, "let's get going."

I hate going to my wife's office. She's in Human Resources at a large company, and I'm an IT guy who works remotely. Her coworkers are all outgoing and kind of loud; I'm the kind of guy who enjoys solitude. But over the years, I'd learned to tolerate spending

time with them. I even liked some of her male coworkers. We talked about football or movies. It wasn't so bad.

But this want a normal event. This was the office holiday party. And the HR people loved to cut loose. Maybe because they spent the whole year making sure everyone else stayed out of trouble, they tended to create opportunities to get into it during the party.

That's where Hannah's obsession began. At least from what I can tell. I remember that we split up and were talking to other people. I was chatting with Tim, a coworker of hers who I had known casually for about five years, without ever going beyond exchanging banal small talk. This time was no different. As he prattled on to me about the upcoming playoffs, I watched my wife from across the room. She was looking at her friend Molly's phone, holding her hand over her mouth in a gesture that seemed to convey either astonishment or disgust — possibly a mixture of both. When she lowered her hand, however, it was clear to me that she was in awe of what she was seeing.

I'll never forget the words I read on her lips from all the way across the room:

"It's so BIG!"

I'm not a professional, or even a very experienced lipreader — this message was as clear as could be. And it fit with her expression perfectly.

I got a sinking feeling. On some level, even then, I knew what she had been looking at. But it wasn't until later that I found out the truth.

"Molly's got a new boyfriend," she said to me as we were getting ready to go to bed that night.

"Oh? Is that what you were talking about with her? I saw the two of you laughing about a picture on her phone."

"Ha, oh, *that*?"

Her tone was casual.

"She showed me some pictures. He's got some…rather interesting qualities."

"good ones, I'm sure," I said.

"I'm not so sure about that," she said.

"Well, What exactly are you talking about?"

"He has a really big…you know."

"Nose?"

"Don't be silly," she said, blushing, do I really have to say it?"

I knew, of course, what she was referring to, but I enjoyed teasing her.

She rolled her eyes.

"He has a really big dick, ok?"

"And you're not sure if that's a good thing?"

"Molly definitely thinks it is. But I think it's scary looking. I'd never want something like that near me. I'm much happier with your little guy, honey," she said, kissing me briefly on the lips.

Her term of endearment didn't exactly comfort me. No man wants to hear his penis called "little," even if it happened to be the truth. I wasn't insecure about my performance in bed, but I knew that my cock was slightly below average. It never seem to bother Hannah before.

But despite her assurances, I began to find more reasons to be insecure. Hannah didn't do much to assuage my fears, because she started to behave a little strangely. At first it was just little things. I noticed her using a tape measure – the one she used for sewing sometimes – to measure household objects. When I caught her measuring a vase, I asked her what she was doing.

"Oh, just curious about how tall it is. I'm thinking about putting it on the bookshelf upstairs in the guest room."

She never ended up putting it there, though.

Another time I saw her measure a pencil.

"So that's how long six inches is," she said.

Of course my mind went the same place your mind is going, but that's not what all of this was about. At least not at first. At least I don't think so.

I asked her point-blank about it one night after we'd just finished making love.

"So is Molly still with that hung stud?"

"Who?"

"Molly's boyfriend. The guy with the really big...you know?"

A look of confusion crossed her face for a moment, as if she really had forgotten about the distinguishing characteristic of Molly's boyfriend.

"Oh," she laughed, "yeah. Apparently they're still together, and the sex is absolutely incredible."

She rolled her eyes.

"I just don't get it. I mean it can't possibly be fun for her to be with a guy that size. He must hurt her."

"I guess," I said, "I wouldn't know."

"Ha," she giggled, "no, of course you wouldn't."

That remark hurt. But it didn't start to bother me until other things started to change as well. A few days after that, though, she asked me something that I never thought I'd hear her ask.

"Hey, honey. You watch porn sometimes, right?"

"Um…," I said, eyeing her suspiciously, "is this a trick question? If I say no, you'll say I'm lying, and if I say yes, you'll get mad at me?"

"No, silly," she said, smiling at me, "the thing is...I've been kind of curious about it lately, and I thought maybe we could watch something together."

"Wow," I said, "I guess that would be fun. What kind of thing did you have in mind?"

"Why don't you pick something."

Now I knew I was in dangerous territory. Choose something too hardcore or too startling, and she might never want to watch it again. And if I choose what I really like to watch, then she might feel jealous of the women. What to do?

She was snuggling next to me in bed, watching as I typed on my laptop.

"Ok," I said, "how about something on the softer side?"

"Nah," she said to my surprise, "I'm in the mood for something a little more hardcore. How about one where a sweet-looking girl gets fucked with a nice big cock."

I gulped when I heard the word "big." Pretty much every guy in porn was bigger than me. Was she curious about what it would be like to actually be with a larger guy, or was it all just a fantasy?

“Mm, how about that one!” she exclaimed, pointing to a video of a woman in a schoolgirl outfit kneeling in front of her “teacher.” The “teacher’s” cock was still in his pants, but his bulge looked massive.

“Should I skip to the good part?” I asked as the screen faded in on a shot of the “schoolgirl” doing her homework.

“No,” she said, cuddling up next to me, “I want to watch the whole setup. We have to understand the plot!”

“Alright.”

She had one hand under the blanket, resting on my leg, and the other hand seemed to be on her own leg. I put my left arm around her as the video started.

The “plot” was, of course, ridiculous. The “schoolgirl” (who was at least 22) had been asked to stay after class for misbehaving during the lesson. Specifically, she had been caught crossing and uncrossing her legs within the view of the teacher, a beefy looking guy who looked like he hadn’t seen the inside of a classroom since he dropped out of high school.

“Ooh,” said Hannah, “it looks like she’s in trouble. I wonder if he’s going to punish her?”

Why was she talking like this? She’d never shown any kind of interest in kinky sex before. She was quite vanilla, in fact. Little did I know, there was a lot more I had to learn about the woman I thought I knew so well.

We watched as the schoolgirl was scolded by her teacher. She protested at first, but soon acquiesced to the punishment he prescribed: a bare-bottom spanking, over his knee.

I noticed Hannah’s hand moving under the blanket. I couldn’t believe it – my wife was masturbating in front of me! She was being subtle about it, but it was unmistakable: she was getting off on the video of the young woman being spanked by her “teacher.”

“Seems like you’re enjoying this,” I said hesitantly, afraid of jinxing it.

“Mm-hmm,” she answered, never taking her eyes from the screen.

The man began to finger the schoolgirl's tight pussy, pulling apart her pink folds gently for the benefit of the camera. You could see that the actress was really turned on.

So was Hannah.

It was impossible to ignore, now: my wife was masturbating at the site of a young woman being spanked. I couldn't believe it. She had never even masturbated in front of me before, and would barely even admit to masturbating at all. She had told me in the past that she wasn't a very sexual person. It seemed like all of that was changing now – and fast!

The actress onscreen promised her "teacher" that she'd be a "good girl," now, and begged him for the opportunity to show him exactly what she meant.

"Please let me suck your cock, sir," she said.

Hannah moaned. Was she getting off on the idea of begging for a man's cock?

"You like this, huh?" was all I could manage to stammer.

The answer was obvious.

She merely murmured her approval, her eyes remaining fixed on the screen as she bit her lip.

Finally, the moment of truth arrived: the schoolgirl reached up and pulled down her teacher's underwear, exposing his massive cock.

"Oh my God!" said both the actress and my wife at the very same time.

"Ha ha," I said, "that's a big one, isn't it?"

"God yes," panted Hannah, her fingers furiously circling her clit, "I can't wait for him to fuck her."

"We can skip to that part…," I offered.

"No!" she interjected, "I need to see the whole thing!"

"Ok," I said.

It was clear that she knew exactly what she wanted.

My own cock was rock hard now, and it was as if she suddenly realized this fact. She began to use her right hand to stroke me, just enough to keep me on the edge without pushing me over. It was a sweet torture.

We watched as the porn actress sucked the gigantic cock, slurping at it as if it were made of the most delicious chocolate.

"Fuck," moaned Hannah, "I want to try that. So bad..."

Did she mean she wanted to try giving a blowjob? Because she'd done that before, and it was never as enthusiastic as the woman on screen. Was she talking about roleplaying as teacher and student? I certainly would have been willing to do that.

But there was another possibility – a possibility that I wasn't ready to accept: that she was talking about sucking a huge cock. A cock that wasn't mine. Because there was **no way on earth** I could compete with the guy in the video. Even if they were using tricky camera angles and a petite costar to make his cock look bigger, he had to be at least three inches longer than I was. I never would have been insecure about that fact before, if I hadn't seen the look of absolute, wanton lust in my wife's eyes.

She really wants to try a big cock, doesn't she? I thought to myself.

Finally, the blowjob was over. The teacher positioned the young woman so that she was bent over the desk. Her panties came off, and he pushed his cock into her tight young pussy from behind.

Hannah groaned as he penetrated the young woman, as if she herself had been penetrated. God, what was happening to her?

"Oh yes," she panted.

It appeared that she was fucking herself with her fingers under the blanket. Her hand was still resting on my cock, but it wasn't moving at all. She was completely focused on her own pleasure now. And on the action on the screen.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, as the teacher spanked his student as he fucked her hard from behind.

She was biting her lip now as if trying not to cry out. And indeed, she was also whimpering as if on the edge of an enormous climax.

My wife was about to have a massive orgasm due to a huge cock. One that wasn't even touching her. One that wasn't even **REAL!**

But her orgasm *definitely* was.

"Wow, Hannah," I said, pausing the video, "that was...amazing."

"Don't stop it," she panted, slapping my hand away from the keyboard, "I need to seem him fuck her some more."

I started the video again. Who was I to refuse such a heartfelt offer like that?

The teacher was pounding the girl from behind, slapping her ass relentlessly.

"You like that, you little slut?" he growled.

"Yes!" answered Hannah.

What the hell? Was she talking to a porn video and completely ignoring the man who was laying beside her, the man with the hard (if not exactly large) cock?

It seemed that she was.

"Give it to me," she panted, closing her eyes tightly as her fingers raced around her clit, "oh fuck...I need that cock...so bad..."

She had let go of my cock completely now and was using that hand to play with one of her nipples. I had lost her completely now. I decided to make the best of things, and started jerking off myself.

"Oh yes, Professor. Give me that big cock," moaned the starlet on the screen.

Hannah's eyes were tightly closed. She was on the edge of another orgasm. Already.

She mouthed the same words as the porn actress as she threw her head back, lost in ecstasy: "Give. Me. That. Big. Cock."

And then her legs launched themselves into the air and I had to grab the laptop to keep it from flying off the bed. The sounds she was making now were like nothing I'd ever heard before. They were like the cries of a woman completely beside herself. When she was finally finished, she gave me a slightly sheepish glance.

"Sorry, honey," she said, "that was kind of embarrassing. I don't know what came over me."

"It's ok," I said, "I thought it was really hot."

"You did?"

"Yeah, I loved seeing you like that."

"Mmm, that's great," she said.

"If you want to try any of that stuff...I'd love to help."

She seemed slightly confused.

"Try it...with you?"

"Yeah…," I said, now feeling strangely awkward.

"Ok, honey," she said, "yeah of course. It's just that the part that really turned me on was something you can't really help me with."

I blushed. I knew exactly what she meant.

"I'm sorry, honey," she blurted, "I didn't mean it like that. You know what I always say: it's not the size of the boat, it's the motion of the ocean. It's just a fantasy for me. I would probably be too scared to actually do it in real life."

"Ok," I said, a bit reassured, "but if you ever wanted to try something bigger, like a toy or something, I'd be happy to help you."

"Thanks," she said, smiling at me, "I'll keep that in mind."

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She didn't need me to use a large toy, of course. That point was illustrated for me quite vividly one Tuesday a few weeks later when I forgot my lunch and decided to drive home to make a sandwich. Usually, Hannah would have been at work as well, but I arrived home to find her car in the driveway.

"Hannah?" I called as I entered the kitchen from the garage.

There was no answer, but I heard some indistinct sounds coming from the upstairs. It sounded like she was talking. Maybe she was on a business call?

I walked to the bottom of the staircase and listened. She wasn't talking, or at least not only talking.

She was moaning.

Adrenaline shot through my body. I clenched my fists and my mouth went dry. Was she cheating on me, in my very own house?

I tiptoed up the staircase, listening intently to the sounds emanating from our bedroom. To my relief, I detect no sign of another person. Only Hannah.

I came to the top of the stairs. Now I could hear three voices. But it was clear that the other two were coming from the television

set in our bedroom. I breathed a sigh of relief and walked quietly to the door.

I was shocked by what I saw. Hannah was lying on our bed, completely naked, with her legs in the air. In front of her, on the television set, was a porn video. It was the point of view shot of a man with a very large cock fucking a young woman from behind. He was slapping her ass and calling her names like "slut" and "whore." She was begging for his cock.

So was Hannah.

What's more, Hannah wasn't just using her hands this time. Every once and a while I could catch a glimpse of a large dildo or vibrator that she used to fuck herself.

"Fuck your cock is so big," she moaned, "I need that big fucking dick..."

I watched her for several minutes, rooted to the spot. It was as if she were envisioning herself in the place of the young woman on the video screen. When the couple on the screen switched to doggy, Hannah flipped forward and began to try to fuck herself with the dildo from behind. I had to dart out of view for a moment so that she wouldn't see me standing in the doorway.

This angle proved to be a bit awkward for her, and she was forced to break her rhythm. Luckily, however, the couple onscreen had changed their positions once more. The man was now fucking the woman's face aggressively. To my absolute surprise, Hannah pulled the dildo from her pussy and pushed it into her own mouth, fucking herself until she gagged, then pulling it out for a moment and continuing.

She was turning into a size queen slut before my eyes. If I had been smart, I would have realized right then and there that she was lost to me. I would have accepted her new preferences, including the fact that I would never be able to fulfill her sexual needs. But I wasn't ready to do that. Not yet.

Instead, I simply watched as my wife brought herself to one orgasm after another as she pretended to submit to the big-cocked stud on the TV screen. Now she could no longer pretend that the idea of a big cock was just a fantasy for her. She was fucking herself

with a dildo that absolutely dwarfed my own meager endowment. I would never be able to compete with it.

After watching her come once more, I'd had enough. I tiptoed back down the stairs and went into the bathroom off of the kitchen, pulling out my cock and jerking off frantically. What I had seen upstairs had frightened me, but it had also given me a raging boner. If my wife was having a sexual awakening of some sort, I was determined not to be left behind, even if it meant that I would be reduced to the role of a voyeur.

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I never admitted to Hannah what I'd seen. Instead, I began to pay close attention to her daily schedule – to where she went and what she did. I was looking for tell-tale changes that would alert me to the fact that she was trying to live out her fantasy in real life. I didn't have long to wait.

"I'm thinking of doing an evening yoga class," she announced one day, "it's getting to be such a drag going to the gym in the morning. There's this woman I met there who gives classes at her house across town. It's only once or twice a week. What do you think?"

"Of course, honey," I said, "I want you to do what you need to be happy."

"Thanks!" she said, kissing me excitedly, "the first session is tonight. You don't mind if I skip out on our movie night, do you? Just this once? Next time we can reschedule it."

"No, of course not," I said, trying to conceal my disappointment.

Our "movie night" was actually also our "date night," that is, the day of the week we set aside for intimacy. And she hadn't been sexually intimate with me in a long time. Not since I'd caught her with her new toy. Not that she knew about that, of course…

"I knew you'd understand," she said, smiling and giving me a peck on the lips, "it might go late the first few times. I have a lot to learn, still, and Cynthia has offered to give me some tips if I stay after."

In my mind, I had already decided that "Cynthia" had to be a man. A very well-hung man. But I didn't mention my suspicions, of course. I merely waited until she left, then turned on the "find my iPhone" feature on our shared account so that I could track her. She headed to an expensive neighborhood across town.

Great, I thought, *not only does this guy have a bigger dick than me, he's also a millionaire. I might as well give up.*

She parked at an address I didn't recognize, but thanks to the internet, I was quickly able to look up the owner. It was currently occupied by Molly Whorton.

Molly Whorton from Hannah's office. The one with the extremely well-endowed boyfriend.

Could she be cheating with Molly's boyfriend? In Molly's house? That didn't make any sense. Maybe she really was doing yoga there with Cynthia. I began to wonder if I was being paranoid. After all, she was entitled to a personal life. I didn't tell her about every single video on the internet that I jerked off to, so why would she have to tell me? I was clearly being nosy.

I switched off the computer, telling myself to butt out and stop being paranoid.

But when Hannah came home that night, my suspicions were raised again.

"How was yoga?" I asked as she took off her clothes and prepared to shower.

"Oh, wow. It was AMAZING," she said.

Her face was flushed and her hair was tousled. It was impossible to tell if she had just been exercising, or getting the fucking of a lifetime.

"It felt so great being stretched like that. By Cynthia I mean."

"Great!" I said, her choice of words not having been lost to me, "was anyone else there? Anyone I know?"

Now was the moment of truth. Would she admit that she'd been at Molly's house?

"Didn't I tell you?" she said, "Molly has offered to let us use her house. She's got this amazing sunroom that's perfect for yoga. She and Mark were there too."

"Mark?"

"Yeah, that's her boyfriend."

"The same one with the huge cock?"

She looked at me, as if baffled for a moment.

"Yeah…," she said, "but why would that be the first thing that occurs to you? He's a really sweet guy and treats Molly great. That's much more important than the fact that he has an 8 and a half-inch cock."

"If that's so unimportant, how do you know his measurement so exactly?"

She gave me a look.

"Look, honey. I'm sorry you're insecure about being small. But that has nothing to do with what we're talking about."

Wait – I was "small" now? She'd never said that before!

"Ok," I said, "did he do yoga with the ladies?"

She gave me a smile that was hard to read.

"No. Not exactly."

"I see."

It was clear that she wasn't going to give me any more answers. But I was convinced that something suspicious was going on. The next time that she went to "yoga," she came home even more flushed and guilty-looking. Each time she retreated to the shower immediately. This would have been totally normal, of course, for someone who had just finished exercising, but there was something about her demeanor that told me something else was going on. That and the marks on her body.

The first thing I noticed were red marks on her neck. Not like hickeys – almost like she'd been choked with something. But not hard enough to actually bruise her.

Then one time I caught a glimpse of what looked like a handprint on her ass. I remembered the girl being spanked in the video that we'd watched together. Could she be playing the "naughty schoolgirl" with another man? It seemed more and more like she'd use any excuse possible not to let me see her naked.

We hadn't made love in weeks. I finally pressed the issue, asking her point blank if something was wrong.

"Nothing's wrong," said Hannah, "I just haven't been in the mood recently. But let me give you a handjob, ok?"

I agreed. I had to take what I could get.

"Let's watch porn," she suggested.

Suddenly it seemed like her libido was back. She chose another video of an older man and younger woman – this time with BDSM elements.

The girl on the video was crawling around on a leash and calling the older man "Daddy." This clearly appealed to Hannah, whose eyes got bigger every time she heard the woman say the word. I had to admit I enjoyed watching the young waif suck the huge dick on offer, and soon I was groaning as Hannah pumped my dick in her hand.

"Look at her worship that huge cock," she murmured, "it just looks so right. A young woman serving a big-dicked older man."

I was too close to my own orgasm to register the significance of what she was saying, but it should have been obvious. After I shot my own load and had a moment to reflect, I was sure that she was seeing someone else. I decided to follow her the next time she went to "yoga."

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It helped that I knew exactly where she was going. I'd continued to track her phone each time that she left for yoga, so I knew that she was telling the truth about going to Molly's house. I just didn't think she was really doing what she said she was. I was about to discover how right I'd been.

I decided to give her about a ten-minute head start. I couldn't risk passing her in traffic or running into her while I was looking for a parking space. I knew from the Google Maps view that Molly's place was on a private drive, back in the woods a way. I'd have to park somewhere nearby and make the rest of the trip on foot.

It was an easy drive, and a beautiful, clear, warm summer night. I finally arrived at the road that led to Molly's place. I drove a few

hundred feet further until I saw a place where I could pull in and my car would be concealed.

I got out and doubled back along the road to the private drive. I took a deep breath, then walked in the trees along the path to the house, prepared to jump into the bushes at the sound of any oncoming cars.

Finally, in the distance, I saw it: Molly's house. It was a boxy, modernist building, which meant it was basically all right angles, glass and steel. So much glass that it wasn't at all difficult to figure out where the famous sun room was located. It was on the south end of the house (predictably enough) and overlooked a large deck. I found the back stairs to the deck and began a silent ascent.

When I reached the top of the deck, I had a clear and unrestricted view of the sunroom, which actually looked more like a gymnasium of some sort. There was a polished wood floor, and there really were what appeared to be a set of yoga mats rolled and stacked neatly against one wall. There were also a few couches and chairs. Nothing seemed out of place or at all suspicious. That is, until I saw Molly and Hannah come into the room.

I knew right away that they were not about to do yoga. Both of them were completely naked except for collars around their necks. I thought about the marks I had seen on Hannah, and her enthusiasm for the leashed woman on the video. It all started to make sense.

But it certainly didn't seem like she had come there to cheat on me with a big-dicked lover. More like she was going through a lesbian phase. In any case, it wasn't exactly a turn-off to see my very attractive wife and her very attractive coworker holding hands completely naked. However, a moment later, I realized that they were not alone.

There was a man walking behind them, holding two leashes in one hand and a wooden paddle in the other. It had to be Molly's boyfriend. What was his name? Oh yeah: Mark.

And it certainly had to be Mark – or else Molly had a lot of friends who had tremendous endowments, because Mark (who was also completely naked) had a huge dick. It hung flaccid at the moment, but it swung between his legs like a small club.

I watched as the women paused in the center of the room, then turned to face him.

"On your knees," he ordered, placing the paddle on the couch nearby and then attaching the two leashes to each of the women's collars after they followed his orders.

I was surprised that I could hear and understand his words clear as day until I realized that the windows were all open on this warm summer night, with nothing but window screens between me and the three people I was watching.

I watched as the two women kissed, clearly putting on a show for Mark.

"Daddy likes that," he said approvingly, slowly stroking his cock, which slowly began to lengthen to a truly impressive extent.

I watched my wife, who had never confessed same-sex feelings to me before, making out with another woman as passionately as she'd ever done with me. More passionately, in fact. I was clearly dealing with a very different woman than the one I thought I had known for years. Her hands wandered to her friend Molly's nipples, and Molly began to tease Hannah's nipples as well.

"Oh, yes," said Mark, "you two little bitches look so good. Come over her and suck Daddy's cock."

The two women broke their embrace and turned towards him eagerly attacking his massive erection. Molly took the tip of his cock in her mouth while Hannah kissed down the shaft, then began to lick his balls. The whole time, the two women looked up at him in devotion. They seemed to be in love – or at least in lust – with this man and his magnificent cock.

"Oh, that's so good," he groaned, grabbing Molly's head in one hand as he held the leashes with the other.

"Give me a turn," said Hannah after finishing her work on his balls.

Molly popped off the end of Mark's cock and took a deep breath.

"Ok," she said, smiling.

Now I got to witness my wife's true cocksucking skills. Skills that I had never experienced and would never experience. I was shocked at her ability to take the entire girth of Mark's cock into her petite

mouth without gagging. He grabbed her head and pushed it down on his shaft, calling her a "good girl" as she took it further and further.

All the while, Molly was licking his balls, and, it seemed, perhaps even rimming him. In any case, it was clear that all of this attention was having an effect on Mark.

"God yes, you little sluts," he groaned as he fucked my wife's face, "I love this. You two are such good little whores for Daddy."

Hannah popped off of his dick for a moment, looking up at him in what I took to be devotion.

"I live to serve your cock, Daddy," she exclaimed, out of breath from deepthroating him so hard.

What the hell? She had only known that she liked big cocks for a few weeks, and she was already pledging her life to this guy? Either he was an amazing stud in bed, or my sweet, innocent wife was in reality a total whore.

Perhaps it was a bit of both. That wouldn't be unheard of, just totally unexpected.

I didn't know what to think. I was still wrapping my head around the whole situation. But at the same time, I was also incredibly aroused and took my cock out of my jeans. It felt so small compared to the mammoth cock that Molly and my wife were currently pleasing. I was totally inadequate and I knew it. I almost understood Hannah in that moment as she knelt in front of an older man, serving his enormous cock. It did seem completely natural. I couldn't even bring myself to be mad at her.

"I want this pussy," he said, to Hannah, "I need to stretch you out again. You haven't let that limp-dicked cuck anywhere near your cunt, have you, slut?"

He grabbed Hannah's hair and pulled her head back, expecting an answer.

"No, Daddy. He hasn't touched my pussy. That's your property. All I did was jerk him off. But you said that was OK."

"Good girl," he said, "now bend over the couch and get ready for Daddy to claim you."

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, “please claim your whore’s tight little pussy.”

She turned around and bent over the couch. I had a side view now, as Mark dropped Molly’s leash and, still holding tight to Hannah’s, pushed his cock into my wife from behind. She moaned in ecstasy as he slid into her. I’d never heard her make a sound like that before. Not even when I caught her fucking herself with the dildo. This was like a woman possessed.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I’m going to come. Please let me come for you, Daddy?”

He had only just penetrated her, and she was already on the verge of orgasm! How could a guy like me compete with that?

“Not yet, you little whore,” he growled, thrusting a bit, “hand me the paddle, slut.”

Molly picked up the paddle where he had dropped it and brought it to him as he began to fuck Hannah.

“Are you going to spank your little slut, Daddy?” she asked, her eyes sparkling as she watched him thrust in and out of my wife’s sopping wet pussy.

“I do believe I will,” he said, grabbing the paddle and cracking it down on my wife’s beautiful pale ass.

“Oww!” she cried, “thank you for spanking your slut, Daddy!”

She choked back what seemed to be a sob, but it was clear that whatever pain she was in was completely effaced by the amount of pleasure she was experiencing.

“I’m trying… so hard… to hold back for you, Daddy!”

SMACK! SMACK!

He paddled her twice more. There was something so incredibly erotic about watching my wife humiliated and controlled by this dominant alpha male. I knew she was experiencing something that she needed on a very deep level. Something that I could never give her. And not just for the obvious physical reasons, but for psychological ones as well. I simply didn’t have what it took to please a woman like this.

“Did you complete your assignment for this week, slut?” he growled, tugging at her leash and choking her momentarily before

allowing her to speak again.

"Yes, Daddy!" she gasped, "I had my IUD removed just like you said."

Wait, what? Not only was she pledging her life and body to this man, but she'd also gone off birth control?!

It was only logical, I supposed. The final sign of absolute submission to this alpha man would be to carry his child. And it would be the ultimate sign of cuckolding me if she planned to have me raise it.

"Good girl," he groaned, pummeling her pussy even harder now, "I'm going to knock you up and that limp-dicked husband of yours is going to raise our kid. Even though he'll know it's not his."

"Yes, Daddy," she groaned, "please fill my pussy with your seed. Please fuck a baby into me."

I had no idea how long it might take for her to get pregnant after having her IUD removed, but I was already sure that this probably wouldn't be the last time he'd fuck her like this. And if the past was any guide, I also wouldn't get a chance to try to compete with the sperm that he was about to flood her womb with. It was over. I was about to lose Hannah. For good.

"Come for me, you little slut," he groaned, "I want you to come as soon as I do. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy!" she shrieked.

"Here it comes," he moaned, "one...two...THREE!"

Hannah's hips bucked in ecstasy as his cock thrust into her to the hilt and he held it there. I could see each twitch as he unloaded his balls into my wife's fertile cunt. She shook with pleasure as her pussy milked every last drop from his cock.

"Thank you, Daddy," she sighed, several minutes later, "that felt amazing."

"No fair," pouted Molly, "I want some of Daddy's cum!"

"You can clean me off," Mark offered.

Molly came around the side of the couch on all fours, greedily licking at her boyfriend's cock.

Hannah collapsed onto the couch, then eventually joined Molly on her knees in front of Mark, who quickly regained his erection.

I stood there for another five minutes or so, unable to move from the spot. Finally, I came as well as I watched Mark coat Hannah and Molly's faces with another massive load as they begged him for the privilege of taking his cum on their faces.

The two women licked each other clean, kissing each other some more as they did so. Mark approved of their show.

"You're both being such good little whores," he said, "but I think we should clean up now."

"Aww, do we have to, Daddy?" asked Hannah, "I want more of your cum."

"You'll get more soon," he said, "but I think you need to get home now, don't you? Your cuck is probably waiting for you with his dick in his hands."

I looked down at my cum-covered hand. He wasn't far off, just that I was outside and not at home. I pulled out my handkerchief and wiped my hands, then zipped myself. I had to beat Hannah home!

I raced back to the car, and somehow, by a miracle, managed to get home before her. When she walked through the door, sex-tossed as usual, I was sitting on the couch with a glass of wine.

"How was yoga, honey?"

"Wonderful," she said, positively aglow, "it was absolutely incredible. Thanks for being such a great husband and letting me go out on a weeknight."

She leaned in and gave me a kiss. It was bittersweet, for sure. But this was going to be my life from now on, now that Hannah had found her true calling as a size queen. I had lost her forever – at least the Hannah that I used to know.

I looked forward to getting to know the new Hannah. To whatever extent she would allow it. One thing was for certain, though: I was a cuckold. And I was ok with that.

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.

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore



At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard**, **rough**, and **totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

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.

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Cynthia