

Lindsay and I met as couples so often do through mutual friends. I'd known her for some time, meeting her for the first time while she was dating one of my best childhood companions. Skinny and small-breasted, she was nonetheless remarkably lovely. Long, crimson hair and green eyes that contrasted brilliantly with her pale skin and ruby locks. Ever quiet and reserved, we made an unlikely pair. But a pair we did make, and before long we were inseparable. This is the story of how I lost her two years into what I believed would be the relationship that would last the rest of my life.

There were indications that something was amiss, of course. The first was shortly after we had began dating. The three of us had been drinking scotch at my house - Lindsay and Slim, my close friend and her ex of some 5 years. I cannot recall the exact conversation that lead to his comment, something to do with sex workers perhaps.

"I wonder if sex is even enjoyable after enough time," I remarked. "Is it even fun or is it like throwing a hotdog down a hallway?" I laughed, stupid enough from drink to find the silly cliché amusing.

"Maybe for you," my friend smirked.

An obscure comment, to be sure, and I paid it no mind. I mention it now because looking back I can now see the signs I had sadly missed at the time.

Again, in retrospect, there were other... "things" I failed to notice. Shortly after I began dating Lindsay I had gone to Slim.

"Listen, Lin and I are getting close. I need to know that things are cool with you before anything conclusive happens. I absolutely will not risk our friendship, so if you feel uncomfortable in any way, just say so and I'll end it now. No resentment, no nothing."

"Don't sweat it!" Slim laughed. "We haven't been together in years, I'm fine with and I think you guys look good together."

And that was that... almost. Despite his words, I noticed that Slim began to sort of "posture" around me, and moreso when Lindsay was present. He had a bit of an attitude, a bit of bravado. Trying to show me up in subtle ways, showing off and the like. I assumed that some part of him was jealous of us.

Now, I should point out some contrasts between Slim and I. I'm an athlete, born and raised, and I look like one. Toned and strong with the obvious benefits of a career in sports. Slim was, well, slim. Slightly

taller than I but slender of limb and a bit doughy about the midsection, with a bland face and moppish hair. I am no great beauty, but the sheer quality of my physique would likely put me in another league when it comes to what most agree on in regards to attractiveness. I never considered him a competitor of any sort.

Time has gone by. Lindsay and I are closer than ever. We'd found a small apartment for us and our dog, and life had stabilized into a comfortable routine. I was as content as I could ever remember being, with a decent, well-paying job and the every day prospect of returning home to a lovely woman and a slightly irritating German Shepard. Tasty meals followed by tastier bedroom activities were the norm, and our friends agreed that Lindsay and I made an attractive couple.

My athletic pursuits had me in the finest physical condition of my life, and Lindsay's slight build was more toned and admirable than ever. I always had a thing for waifish girls, and I was never disappointed in my slender companion. Gods, but she was beautiful.

We still saw Slim, either together or apart, from time to time but mostly we kept to ourselves. He and I had grown apart as a consequence of Lindsay's and committment to one another, and partially because of the weird tension I'd felt between us as a result of his previous posturing. None the less, I still considered him a friend and we'd meet for beers or grab a bite when both of us could find the time.

The situation had come to a head one night after Lindsay and he had gone out for a drink. Lindsay had returned visibly upset, and told me that after sufficiently inebriated, Slim had confessed that he felt a terrible sense of jealousy concerning Lindsay and I. She knew as well as I that I had been nothing but upfront with him from the start.

"Well who could blame him," I chided her gently. "Knowing he let such a catch slip away." I hugged her and kissed her neck in spot she loved.

"Yeah but still," she said, pouting. "He really needs to move on and stop thinking about other people. Just shows he hasn't totally let go."

"I know, I know. But let's try and maintain some sympathy for the guy. Come to think of it, I haven't seen him in a bit. Maybe he's feeling a bit lonely. There's some scifi flick at the movies, I'll see if he wants to go with me," I smiled. "Since someone doesn't like aliens and lasers or whatever." Lindsay rolled her eyes.

So I gave Slim a ring and we set up a meet.

From the moment we met up, I could sense something was wrong. Slim seemed uncharacteristically antagonistic, almost nasty. I'd never seen him behave that way before, with me or with anyone else. Eventually conversation turned to Lin, and he said something that caught me off guard.

"I was her first, you know." Slim looked at me across the table of the burger joint we'd chosen to eat at before the film.

"Uh, yeah, she told me actually," I said uncomfortably. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Oh no reason," he smirked. "Just saying you've got a tough act to follow, you know?"

I was annoyed. "Oh sure, super tough. Having you to measure up to," I said sarcastically.

"Hah, exactly." He winked at me. I was starting to get pissed.

"Look, let's not make this an issue. We're here to eat and check out some futuristic drama. Leave Lin out of this. You already bugged her the other night."

"Oh sure, sure." He said, raising his hand placatingly. "Let's go."

We headed over the theater, and I felt tensions had eased a bit. After buying our tickets - I insisted on treating him - I went to the restroom to take a leak. I was standing at the urinal when Slim stepped up beside me. Now, I know bathroom etiquette. No eye contact at the pisser, and you take the urinal furthest from the next dude. It's the unwritten rule. Not only was he standing next to me, but he had unzipped and was peeing loudly with his hands on his hips. I'm not sure why, but this made me slightly uncomfortable. I'm a reserved person and I felt like he was almost being vulgar. I kept my eyes forward, but I noticed something from the corner of my eye, a shadow.....

Things were not going well. After the events a few nights earlier, I'd been feeling increasingly insecure. It was absurd, I told myself. I hadn't even seen anything, and if I had, so what? Lindsay isn't a shallow person. Plus she's so tiny, a big guy were probably hurt. And I hadn't even seen anything. I was being silly.

The trouble was, these thoughts kept circulating in my head. I started acting out in odd ways, losing my patience, feeling resentful without good reason. Lindsay noticed of course, but I refused to communicate my feelings. I was ashamed of how I felt. But eventually I had to come clean.

"Come on, tell me what's going on," Lindsay asked for the n-th time. "I know somethings been bothering you." She was genuinely concerned.

"Look, I know this is stupid, but I've got to ask you something." I looked down. "Does Slim have a bigger dick than me?"

Lindsay was clearly not expecting this question, she was momentarily taken aback. "What? I... why are you asking me this?"

I told her about how Slim had been insinuating as much, but didn't mention what I "thought" I saw.

She chuckled and shook her head. "Wow, what an asshole. You're worrying over nothing." She smiled and took my hand.

"But... does he?" I needed to know.

"Well... a little. But I have no complaints. I never think about it. All I think about is you when we're together." She smiled again, reassuringly.

I felt slightly better, but it bothered me still. None the less, I smiled back and let it go. Or at least I tried to.

As time went on, the sense of insecurity returned. I ran her comments through my mind, recalling the phrase "when we're together", and wondering what she thought about when we were apart. I started getting paranoid. It was entirely ridiculous, I knew that, but I couldn't shake it. Eventually I did something I never imagined myself doing: I took Lindsay's phone. It felt terrible. But I had to know if she'd spoken to Slim, and if so, what they'd said. While she was in the shower one night, I snatched off the bedstand and looked at her call history. Nothing. Pull up her text messages, and at the top, was Slim.

L: Hey

S: Hey

L: You need to stop messing with E

S: Huh? What you mean?

L: You know what I mean. Screwing with his head

S: Lol

L: Not lol. Stop

S: You mean the dick stuff

L: I mean everything

S: Cmon Lin, you know it's my best asset, I should be allowed to show off a little

L: No you shouldn't. Leave E alone

S: Wow you're pretty mad. Maybe too mad. Maybe you're covering something

L: Ugh, please

S: Since E is acting so insecure, I assume he can't match me

L: Yeah yeah, keep telling yourself that a 9" cock is all that matters

S: 9 inches? I'm hurt. I hit 9 before I'm even fully hard

L: Lol. 9 "man inches". You just can't stop exaggerating, it's sad. Anyway I don't care, just stop fucking around

My heart was racing. In part because of the conversation I was reading, and in part because of the massive invasion of privacy I was committing. Plus it was obvious Slim was exaggerating, and probably by a lot. Even I knew 9" penises were super rare. What he was claiming was basically not possible. I laughed to myself. Nine inches semi-hard, ok buddy. I scrolled down through the rest of their conversation which was essentially more of the same. But the last message from Slim was a picture. And it looked something like [this](#).

The pic was in black and white, and it was blurry, but there was no confusing the contents. A massive, semi-flaccid cock with a cloth tape-measure running along its top. And though the details were difficult to make out, I could still read the markings at the end of the tape where it reached the end of Slim's member.

Nine inches plus.

Things had to continue to worsen between Lindsay and I. I continued sneak looks at her text messages, and although she had never responded after Slim's unsolicited picture of his nine-inch semi-hard dickpic, more pictures from Slim continued to arrive. Although Lindsay had done nothing to encourage him, she had done nothing to dissuade him either. This infuriated me and my resentment toward Lindsay increased.

The [pictures](#) themselves didn't help. I'd hoped that maybe the original picture was stolen or faked, but as [more pics](#) arrived I was greeted nightly with more of Slim's huge cock in various poses and states. Being gripped by both of his hands with his dick extending beyond his grip. Pictures of it hanging along his thigh. Pictures of it across his belly, the tip reaching nearly to his chest. And in none of the pictures was it fully erect. Accompanying his pictures were a barrage of provocative questions. "You like this?" "You want this?" "Remember this?" "Does this make you hot?" "Want to see it hard?" And on and on. And no response from Lindsay.

One night after a particularly bad fight, Lindsay had had enough.

"Ok, that's it," she said, exasperated. "I don't know what's wrong with you, but you've been acting like an asshole for weeks. I'm going to bed, you're going to the couch. Maybe tomorrow you can calm down and tell me what the hell has been going on."

Fine, I thought. I didn't even want to sleep next to her anyway, I told myself. We went to bed, her to our room and me on our couch. But I couldn't sleep. Thoughts kept running through my head, as I drifted in

and out of pre-sleep haze. Finally I gave up and went to get some water from the kitchen. As I walked back to the living room, I noticed a dim blue illumination from under the bedroom door. I checked the time. 2am. Why was she still up? She's never up so late.

And so I took yet another uncharacteristic action. I very quietly put on my sneakers, opened the front door, and moved around the side of our house to where I could peer in our bedroom window. From my vantage point I couldn't see Lindsay well, she was sitting at the head of our bed with her laptop in front of her. I could see the screen clearly. She was flicking through pictures, and by now I recognized them instantly. They were the pictures sent by Slim.

There must have been a dozen by now and she was slowly cycling through them, examining each one. Slim's hand around his member, fingers not touching. Slim's cock along a ruler. And one picture I hadn't seen, one that I assume had been sent today. It looked something like [this](#).

This is wrong, I thought to myself. So wrong. Both what I was doing, violating Lindsay's privacy, what Slim was doing, and what Lindsay herself was doing. Why had she transferred the pics to her laptop? Why hadn't she deleted them? The window was open a crack, and I became aware of a barely audible sound coming from inside the room. It took a moment for me to realize what it was. It was a wet sort of noise, like someone lightly squeezing a damp sponge. I adjust my position outside the window to see what I expected was the source.

Lindsay's right hand was between her legs. She staring intently at the last picture Slim had sent, and I could see her hand rhythmically moving. Not quickly the way she did when she was trying to get herself off, but slowly, methodically. *Shlick shlick shlick* came the sounds as she stroked herself. She must have been soaking wet.

After a few minutes she stopped and pulled her hand away. Even in the muted light of her laptop screen I could see her fingers glistening with moisture.

The next few days after seeing what I saw were excruciating. What should I do? What should I say? I couldn't very well talk to Lindsay directly; what could I say, that I'd spying? And what did this mean for our relationship?

While I was deciding what to do, I kept checking Lindsay's phone. No messages from either side. No calls from either side. Maybe I'd been overreacting, maybe it was just a "phase" or something, maybe Lindsay just needed some release as I'd been so emotionally distant the past few weeks. That was probably it, I told myself. Slim had stopped with his dickpics, and to my knowledge Lindsay still had done nothing to encourage him. I felt a bit silly.

I resolved to cease my invasive practices regarding Lindsay's phone. I decided to treat her better and to be less insecure. I felt better. Lindsay and I were sleeping together again, and I things seemed like they were on the upswing. But things still weren't quite right. Lindsay seemed somewhat distant, maybe a

little colder, more reserved. I couldn't put my finger on it exactly. I certainly deserved it, I had been acting like an ass. I thought the passage of time would make it right.

One night, I woke up in the early morning hours and went to use the bathroom. I quietly closed the bedroom door, and in passing glanced into our living room. Lindsay's phone was on the coffee table. It was only a few days after I'd pledged to myself that I would respect her privacy... but maybe just one last time I'd check and put my worries to rest. I mean it had been over a week since Slim's last message. She'd never responded. Just one last time, I told myself. Very cautiously, I moved to the living room, picked up Lindsay's phone, and opened her list of texts.

My heart lurched in my chest. Lindsay had sent one message. It was to Slim. It's nothing I'm sure, my inner voice urged uncertainly. I opened the conversation. One sent message. It was a picture. [A picture of Lindsay](#). In the clothes she'd worn to the gym the day before.

I was in shock at what I had seen. I wished that I could come up with an explanation of some sort. But there was no denying it: that was Lindsay in the pic. She was so slender, her waist almost impossibly tiny. It was her. And there was equally little chance at the significance of her "message", she was encouraging Slim. I couldn't bear it. I had to get distance.

The next morning I told Lindsay that I had to go away for a few days, that I had to resolve some personal issues and that I'd come back when I was ready. I asked her to think about what she wanted from me. She was understanding but obviously unhappy. She seemed almost.... contemptuous in her demeanour.

So I packed a few changes of clothes, and went to crash at a friend's house where presumably I could find some answers to the questions in my mind. The answers were not forthcoming. A day passed, and as evening came I found myself increasingly anxious. What was I doing? Why wasn't I talking things through with Lindsay? I decided that I should just go home.

I wasn't far away, but the 15 minute drive seemed to take forever. I rounded the final curve on the street where we lived, and signalled to pull in to our driveway. My heart nearly stopped. There was a car parked in our driveway in addition to Lindsay's. And it was Slim's.

What the fuck, I thought. I was pissed. I wanted to kick in the door and drag Slim out of our house, *my* house, by his hair and kick his ass. I parked on the street and strode up the driveway. But as I got to the door, I hesitated. I didn't really know what was going on. Maybe there was some reason why he was there. Maybe Lindsay was telling him off, saying that she'd made a mistake by responding with her last message, that I was important to her and she needed him out of her life. She was the kind of person who had those sort of conversations in person.

But I didn't go in. To this day I'm not sure why I didn't, but my hand stopped inches from the knob. I listened intently, outside in the darkness, but didn't hear a sound. The curtains on the windows were drawn. I walked around the side of the house, but the windows along the living were obscured by shades

as well. So I made my way back to where I'd been before, outside of our bedroom window.

The shade there was drawn as well, but not quite completely. There were a couple of inches along the bottom where I could see in, and the window itself was open a couple of inches. I crouched down, and peered inside.

Lindsay was seated on the bed. Slim wasn't anywhere to be seen. Lindsay was just sitting there, doing nothing. So I waited. Before long I heard a noise from deeper within the house, and Slim made his appearance. He was stripped to the waist, and wearing only a tight pair of boxer shorts. I could see a massive bulge in his shorts, and the the front of his waistband dipped slightly from carrying the weight of him. Lindsay stared at it for a moment, as if considering.

She looked up at Slim. "I'm not sure about this," I heard her say. Slim said nothing, only stepped forward till he was standing about a foot away from where she was seated on the bed, his crotch level with her face. For a minute nothing happened. Then Lindsay dropped her gaze to the knot in Slim's boxers. Slowly, hesitantly, she reached out her slender fingers and touched his thigh. The mass in Slim's shorts lurched slightly. Slim didn't move. As Lindsay began to slide her hands along his legs, Slim's bulge seem to enlarge as I watched. The elastic on his underwear stretched and sagged along his belly.

Slim stepped to Lindsay's side and sat down on the bed. I pulled back from the window reflexively, fearing that I would be seen. I don't know what was going through my mind. I was horrified, but at the same time I couldn't look away.

Slim's bulge was now a grotesque heap in the straining fabric of his underwear. Lindsay didn't move. "Still can't decide?" Slim spoke for the first time. "Let me help you come to a decision." He swivelled his body away from my vantage point, and pulled down his boxers. His back was toward me. He kicked his shorts to the corner of the room, then stood and turned slowly toward where Lindsay was still seated on the edge of the mattress.

As he turned I heard Lindsay gasp, and a few seconds later I could see why. The knot that had bundled in Slim's shorts was no longer an indistinct mass.

A fat pillar hung from Slim's abdomen. His cock extended more than halfway down his thigh, as long and thick as anything I'd ever seen in porn... and he **still** wasn't hard. My breath caught in my throat. In the momentary silence, I could actually hear Lindsay practically panting just a few feet away from the crack in the window where I watched.

Lindsay was breathing hard, her eyes fixed on Slim's enormous member dangling only inches away. She looked almost mesmerized. "I'd forgotten..." I thought I heard her murmur. "Actually seeing it...." Gingerly, she reached out and brushed the shaft with her fingertips. It throbbed once, twice. Slim stepped up so that he was standing on the mattress and crouched slightly, his cock hanging now level with Lindsay's face. His dick was still throbbing, thickening and lifting slowly from his thighs with each

beat of his heart. Lindsay shifted her position so she was sitting with her legs folded beneath herself, and with her hands resting on her knees. Slowly, she moved her head toward Slim and extended her tongue.

Delicately and with seeming relish, she ran her tongue from the bulbous tip of Slim's still-pulsating dick up the front of its shaft to Slim's abdomen, then moved lower where I presume she caressed his testicles with her lips. Slim's cock was still hardening, and with her head by his balls, his cock hung over her shoulder and extended into the air beyond her back. After a moment, her tongue made the return trip to the head of his penis and suckled it. Lindsay rose partially onto her knees and brought up her hands to encircle the growing thing, and it was shocking to see how far from touching her fingers were.

She moved her head back for a moment and looked up at Slim, who looked silently down at the slim girl whose hands were stroking his cock. Then she looked back at what she held, and with a gesture that suggested determination, she opened her mouth and leaned forward.

From where I watched it didn't seem possible, but with closed eyes and extended jaw, Lindsay slowly pressed Slim's cock into her mouth. I heard a low moaning and assumed it was Slim reacting to the sensation, but realized a second later that it was Lindsay making the sound. And though she could hardly open her mouth wide enough to accept even the tip, she began forcing herself deeper onto Slim's member while both her hands stroked and worked what she couldn't fit. Each time her head moved toward him, another moan escaped from somewhere deep in her throat.

Slim had been passive so far, letting Lindsay's hands and lips work on him. Now he moved his own hands, and placed them on the sides of Lindsay's head. His fingers gripped the back of her skull. Slowly, but steadily, he began pulling Lindsay deeper onto his cock. She moved her hands to his hips and tried to accommodate him, but it seemed that there was no way. She pushed herself off him, coughing. "I can't," she muttered. "You can," Slim said. He hadn't removed his hands. She looked up at him and nodded.

Again, Slim pulled her head onto his cock. I could see her jaw straining with the mass of it. For a second I was worried for her, that he could hurt her, choke her with his girth. But the moaning began anew, Slim now thrusting very slightly at the hips as he worked Lindsay's head back and forth.

They remained that way for some time, Slim moving Lindsay's head and hips, then he suddenly stopped. Lindsay looked up at him quizzically. Slim moved one of hands further behind Lindsay's head, reinserted himself in her mouth, then gradually penetrated deeper into her mouth than he had previously. But this time he didn't stop where he had before. The same worry I had previously resurfaced somewhere in the back of my mind, but Lindsay moved her hands to the back of Slim's legs and seemed to be pulling him toward her.

I watched as inch by inch Slim's massive cock disappeared down Lindsay's throat. In the low light of the bedroom, I thought I could see Lindsay's neck bulging from the size of what was in it. Once again, it just didn't seem possible. But little by little Slim was pressing all of himself into Lindsay's throat. Lindsay's fingers clutched at Slim's ass now, but she made no attempt to push him away. I was agog.

It seemed like an eternity though mere seconds had passed. Lindsay's head was pressed fully against Slim's stomach. He had somehow managed to hilt himself entirely. A long moment passed that way, then almost as gradually he pulled himself out of her and took his hands away. His cock had hardened enough to support itself parallel to the ground, and what was either spit or precum dripped languidly from the tip of his penis. I can only guess at the length of it, but I recalled the semi-flaccid picture he had sent in that first of the text messages and remembered vividly the nine inch mark he had reached. He was longer and fatter now.

Lindsay coughed a few times, then turned her head up to look at Slim again, this time with fire in her eyes. "More," she said simply. Slim grinned at her and replaced his hands where they had been. Lindsay moved so that she was on all fours on the bed, her head tilted back to make her neck as straight as possible. Her tongue hung out of her mouth and a drop of saliva fell from its tip as Slim pressed himself back into her mouth until he hilted her a second time. Again he pulled away so only the tip remained and I heard Lindsay resume her moaning. Again he inserted himself and pulled back, and again, and each time the same guttural moans escaped from Lindsay.

Slim repositioned himself slightly, and began to thrust in and out at a regular rhythm, pumping his hips as he ran his entire length into Lindsay. I realized that my own mouth was open in shock, watching as Slim fucked Lindsay's throat, the sound of her moans ringing in my ears. I caught a glimmer of reflected light that distracted me from the scene unfolding before me, and my attention was drawn to the side of Lindsay's thigh that was visible from where I was. The light glimmered again, and I realized that it was reflected by the sheen of moisture that coated the inside of her leg. A moment later I knew what it was. She was so wet that her juices had escaped her and were running down her thighs, as Slim continued fucking her mouth with long, purposeful strokes.