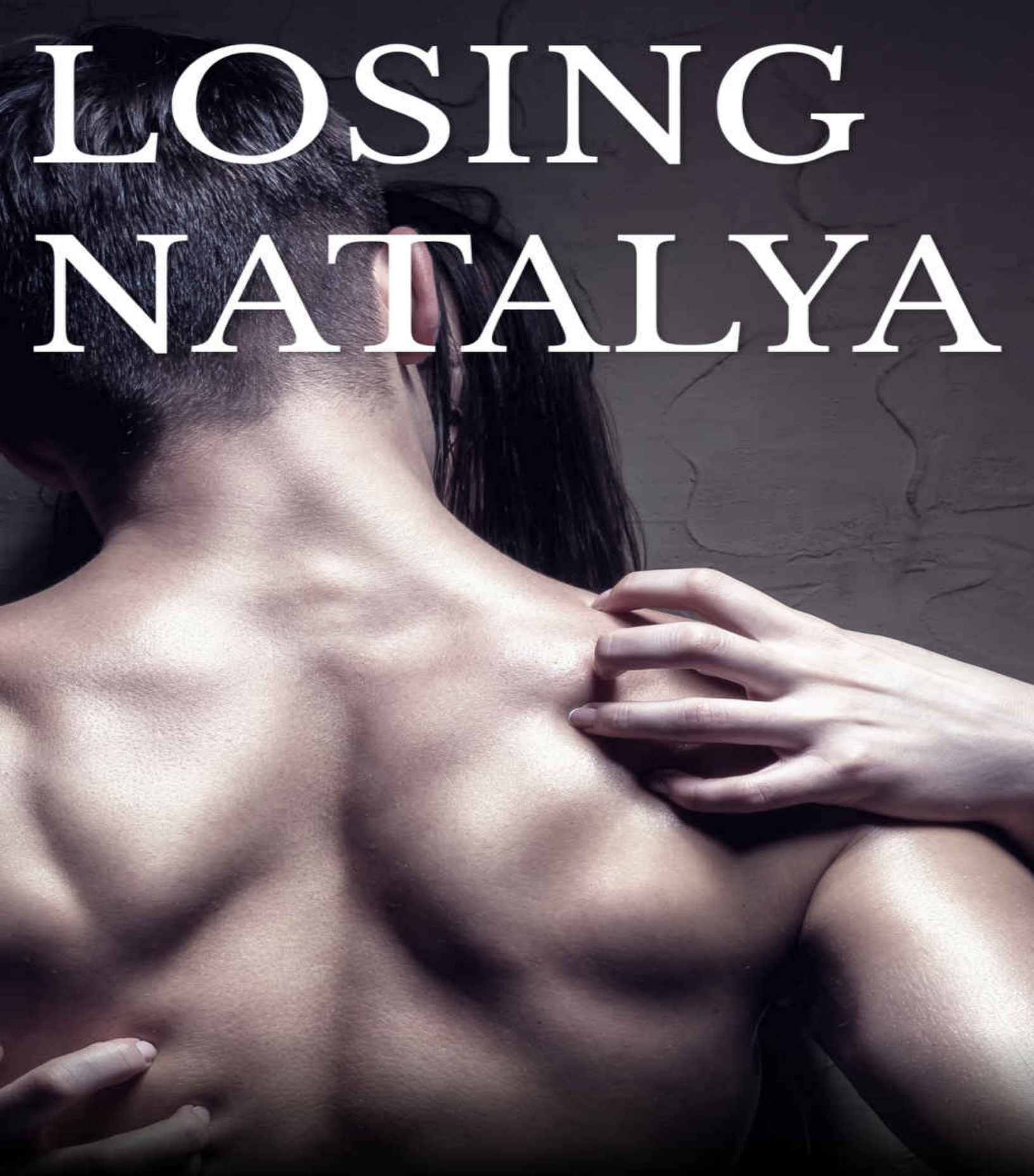
LOSING NATALYA



Cuckold Sizequeen Erotica

BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Losing Natalya: Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

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Chapter 1: The Video

Natalya was too good for me. I always knew it somehow.

We'd met in college. I still remember the day that I saw her, walking across the quad, her blond hair shining in the sun like a beacon. Imagine my delight on that day when she stopped and asked me the way to the student center, the same place I happened to be going. I often wonder if she had picked another guy to ask that day, and not me, if she would be married to him instead.

Those first few months together were intoxicating. I'll never forget the first time we made love, in a sun-filled dorm room on a tiny mattress. It was an awkward location, but our bodies fit together perfectly. She was so beautiful as she looked me in the eye as I penetrated her for the first time, her face a perfect mixture of innocence, lust and devotion. Afterwards, she told me it had been her first time, and then I was free to admit that it had been my first time, too.

I'd never had any reason to look back on our college days of bliss with anything except for sweet nostalgia.

Unless one rainy day in November, about ten years after I graduated, when I received an e-mail with the subject line "Your Wife's Past," which contained nothing but a single link.

My first impulse was to erase it. I remember wondering how it had even gotten past my spam filter. The sender's name was "Vladimir Sichrowsky." I thought at first, of course, of some kind of scam involving my wife's relatives back in Ukraine. I knew that some of them were into some unsavory business. Natalya had hinted as much to me, but I had always been careful not to ask too many questions.

I was about to erase the email entirely until I saw the name of the link: "Her First Time with a Big One: Natalya."

At least the spammer/scammer had gotten her name right. And I have to admit that something about the obscene title also caught my fancy. I have to admit that I'd often wondered if my wife would have preferred something a little bigger than my own meager endowment. Not that she'd ever complained about it. The few times that I'd brought it up with her, she'd always assured me that my size was perfect. And that was enough for me.

So I made sure my browser was in private mode, and I copy and pasted the link, which led to a porn site. At least I'd get to see a cute young woman introduced to a huge cock, even if it was a case of mistaken identity. At that point, I was positive it couldn't really be the same Natalya. She was simply too shy and wholesome for something like that. That was true even ten years after we met, but definitely would have been true when she was in college.

What I saw next changed my life forever. There, sitting on a black leather "casting couch," and wearing a cute white button-down shirt and tartan skirt, was my wife. She was ten years younger than she was now, but it was unmistakably her.

She smiled and looked directly into the camera as a man asked her questions from behind it.

"So," he said, "I'm here with Natalya. It's April 24," he paused for a moment, then said the year as well. I was shocked to realize the date was four months after we'd started dating. Right when we'd been in the throes of total bliss. Everything had seemed perfect back then. Why hadn't she told me about this?

A strange mixture of humiliation, lust and curiosity rose in my chest. I'd seen porn videos like this before, and I knew what was probably going to happen next: they'd conduct an interview with her, asking her all kinds of questions about her sex life. Then she'd probably get a very thorough and slightly humiliating fucking.

It was very difficult for me to imagine my sweet wife in this situation, especially as I'd known her so many years ago. I had a

million questions: why had she done it? Had it been for the money, or had she enjoyed it, too? Why hadn't she ever told me about it?

It's funny, but my first reaction wasn't to be angry about her cheating, even if this video was the clearest evidence I could have gotten that she had betrayed me during our relationship, even if we weren't married yet.

I paused the video to think. What were the pros and cons of watching a video like this? It was so old at this point that I knew it would be easy to forgive her if she came clean with me and told me it had been a simple youthful mistake. It seemed so unlike her that it was improbable that she'd continued making videos like this up to the present day.

At the same time, the fact that it was so out of character made me all the more curious. What if the Natalya in the video was more real than the Natalya I was married to? And didn't I have a right and even a duty to know what kinds of videos of my wife were out there on the web for anyone to see?

I took a deep breath and stood up to lock my office door. I didn't want any interruptions for the next forty minutes.

"So, let's start with the basics. How old are you, and where are you from?" asked the interviewer in a friendly tone.

"Certainly. I'm 20 years old, and I'm originally from Ukraine, but I've been living in the United States since I was 15."

"So that's why you have that cute accent."

Natalya blushed. That was the shy girl I was used to.

"So, Natalya, you've seen the kinds of videos we make on this website, and you understand what you're getting yourself into, right?"

She nodded. I thought I could detect a hint of excitement in her eyes.

"Great. So normally we start with some questions about your sexual history. Let's start. How many guys have you slept with, not counting what's about to happen today?"

"Just one," she said, smiling.

I felt a weird sense of relief combined with a pervy interest in my wife's sexual past. I was relieved that she'd really only been with

me, but I was also intrigued by what other facts this interview might dredge up. Of course, I considered the (very likely) possibility that the entire interview had been scripted by the producers of the video as a way to titillate their audience, but the fact that she had answered truthfully (as far as I knew) to the first question made me think that there was a chance that she was answering honestly.

"Ok," continued the interviewer, "just one guy. Is he your boyfriend?"

"Yes," she giggled.

The giggle hurt me. I'm not going to lie. But at least she had admitted she was in a relationship with me.

"Would you say your boyfriend is big?"

She gave a look of confusion.

"Like, does he have a big cock?"

She blushed and smiled.

"It's not so big," she whispered.

I felt a wave of humiliation, but also arousal. What was happening to me? I considered stopping the video there, but I couldn't tear myself away from the computer screen, and I had a huge erection (ok, according to Natalya, not so huge) tenting my pants.

"That's too bad," teased the interviewer, "is his the biggest you've ever seen? Ever fooled around with a bigger dick?"

My wife's cute, innocent face filled the frame.

To my utter surprise, she slowly nodded.

The interviewer laughed.

"I knew it. We always get the slutty ones. Please tell us about the other, bigger cocks you've played around with. Were they before your boyfriend?"

She nodded.

At least there was that.

"The first was a guy I met in freshman biology," she said, "we were study partners. He invited me to his place one night and we started fooling around, grinding on each other…"

It was very strange to hear my wife talk about making out with another guy what must have been just a few months before we met

and fell madly in love. Even though the events she was describing were more than a decade in the past, this was still the first I'd heard of them.

"And I was very curious about what was in his pants," she said, "because it felt so big. And so we went into his bedroom, and he took it out, and asked if I wanted to play with it."

"Wow," said the interviewer, "you're a great storyteller. Please keep going."

Natalya blushed again and then smiled.

"I was just staring at it, thinking that it was like impossible to be this big," she continued in her slightly incorrect but adorable English, "and he told me to stroke it. So there I was, sitting next to him on his bed and stroking this huge cock for the first time."

"What did it feel like?"

"It was exciting and scary all at once."

"Did you fuck him?"

"No," she giggled, "I wanted to, but I was too scared. I was really wet. He ended up eating me out. I loved it, but I was still too afraid to let him anywhere near my pussy with that monster."

"How big would you say he was?"

"I think maybe 8"?" she said, "he was about as long and thick as my arm."

"Well, we've got one for you around that size today," he chuckled.

Natalya's face flushed and she giggled with delight.

"So did you make that big dick come?" asked the interviewer.

Part of me couldn't even believe that Natalya was letting a guy use this kind of language around her. She normally acted scandalized when she heard someone swear.

Acted.

I was beginning to realize that a lot of what I thought I knew about Natalya was probably acting. But who was the real Natalya? My sweet wife of nine years, or the slut on the video? Could they both be the real her?

Which one of them had I married?

“Mmm-hmm,” she answered, giggling again, “he came a lot. Much more than I expected.”

“How did it make you feel to see that much cum, and know that you caused it?”

“Surprised,” she answered, “and proud as well. It was fun to know that I could have that kind of power.”

“So was that the only time you fooled around with that guy?”

“No,” she admitted sheepishly, “about a week later he invited me over again and I gave him a blowjob.”

I paused the video, my emotions overwhelming me. My adrenaline was pumping. I needed a distraction. I needed to walk around for a while. I needed to do anything but face the reality that my marriage might have been a lie.

I started to think back to our conversations after we met. She had definitely told me that I was the first guy she’d fucked. But had she ever said that she’d never given a blowjob before? I couldn’t say for certain that she had. I also hadn’t exactly quizzed her on how many dicks she’d seen before mine. The fact that she’d been a virgin had been enough for me.

I pressed play again.

“How was the blowjob,” asked the interviewer.

My wife’s face lit up.

“Really fun,” she said, “I love a challenge. My lips were swollen and my throat was sore the next day.”

“So you deepthroated him?”

“Mmm-hmm. I didn’t even really know what that meant. He just kept asking me to take it deeper. And he said he didn’t mind if I choked on it. So I did. And eventually I was able to take the whole thing.”

“It’s hard to believe that a little thing like you could ever take a big cock that deep. But you’re going to do it for us in a moment, aren’t you?”

She nodded.

“I’ve got one more question before we get started. How did you get over your fear of big cocks and agree to do this video? If your

boyfriend is so small, what makes you think you can take my monster?"

She giggled.

"Because I've been practicing a lot. With a toy."

"That's very naughty, young lady. You look like such a sweet, innocent girl."

"Sometimes appearances can be deceiving," she said, reaching into a bag next to the couch.

Indeed. Deceiving even to those closest to you, I thought.

I watched as my wife, giggling, produced a large, anatomically correct hot-pink cock. It was gigantic. It seemed to be half the size of my own.

"Wow," said the interviewer, echoing my own thoughts, "that actually fits inside a girl your size?"

"Mm hmm," grinned Natalya, "but like I said, it took a lot of practice."

"I bet. Are you going to demonstrate for us?"

"Mmhmm."

Natalya licked the dildo, looking into the camera suggestively.

I closed the video window. I couldn't take it anymore. I felt incredibly aroused, humiliated and betrayed, and even more humiliated at the fact of my arousal.

To make matters worse, I had a raging hardon, and I knew I wasn't going to be able to think straight until I took care of myself. Unzipped my pants and did something I'd never done before: I masturbated in my office, thinking of my cute innocent wife, ten years younger than she was now, taking a gigantic cock. I couldn't help it. I knew I wanted to see her do it, even if the unbearable weight of the revelation and its significance for our relationship oppressed me.

As I stroked myself, I imagined her on her knees, deepthroating first the huge pink dildo, then the cameraman's large, veiny prick.

Reaching my own climax, I imagined her smiling up at the cameraman with her eyes tightly shut, begging for him to coat her face with his warm, sticky come. It was such an unbelievably slutty and humiliating prospect, it didn't seem possible. But it most likely

was, and it was so arousing that I had a tremendous orgasm, which I caught with a handful of kleenex.

My mind cleared, I knew what I had to do. I had to confront Natalya and let her know that I knew the truth, no matter what the consequences might be.

I briefly considered erasing the e-mail with the link, then I thought better of it and downloaded the video to my computer. I didn't know if I'd ever have the heart to watch the whole thing, but I wanted the option anyway.

Chapter 2: Surprises

Natalya wasn't home when I came through the door from the garage into the kitchen. The entire familiar environment had been rendered strange by what I had seen on the video. I felt as if I were in an alternate universe, a kind of fever dream of my real life.

I raced up into our bedroom and into Natalya's walk-in closet, looking for something that would confirm or deny what I already knew to be true.

I'd never been one to snoop in my wife's private things. I let her have her life and I had mine. But I'd also never had a reason to be suspicious of her.

I reached up into the top of her closet and pulled down a shoebox. I opened it up, and, much to my surprise, there was the large, hot-pink, anatomically correct dildo that I'd seen in the video.

I held the box in my hands for a moment, then took the dildo out, tossing the shoebox on the closet floor.

What did it mean that she had kept it for so long, if it even was the same one? It seemed to be in perfect condition.

I was turning it over in my hand, examining it, when I heard the door to our bedroom open and Natalya walk in.

I was busted.

"Find something interesting?" she asked me with a smirk, folding her hands across her chest like an elementary school teacher who had caught a naughty student.

"Natalya," I started, "I think you're the one who owes me an explanation."

"Oh really?"

Her bright blue eyes were piercing.

"I...someone sent me a link today."

"Ok, what does your e-mail or whatever have to do with me?"

"To a video…"

She smiled broadly.

"Tell me what was on the video, honey."

"You were."

"What was I doing?"

I'd never seen her like this before. Her sweet exterior had melted away, but there was somehow still a solid, icy core behind it. Icy but beautiful.

"You were using this," I said, my hands trembling as I brandished the dildo.

"How did you feel about that, honey? Tell me the truth. Did it make your little dick hard?"

I cringed internally when she called my dick "little," but I knew it was the truth.

"Natalya, I…," I stuttered, "I couldn't even finish it…"

"You couldn't? That's too bad," she said, grabbing my hand and pulling me out of the closet, "I know you'd love it if you did. I know you'd love nothing more than watching your sweet petite wife taking a cock the size of her arm. Wouldn't you?"

She was holding my arm now, standing beside our bed.

I was dumbstruck. I'd never experienced her acting this way.

"Don't act so surprised, honey. I've watched a few videos of my own recently."

"What are you talking about? Natalya…"

She patted the bed and then picked up the remote control for the big TV mounted on the wall.

"Let's take a look at your internet history, honey."

Fuck. Somehow throughout all of this, I had failed to even consider that she'd somehow discovered my porn habits. I was so used to compartmentalizing this side of my life that it had never occurred to me that it had any kind of connection to what I'd seen on the video.

But of course it did.

“Let’s see,” she said, navigating to the built-in browser, “cuckold size queens, Russian size queens, cheating Ukrainian wives.”

I was silent. I had no defense.

“You search for those things, and then you get upset when you discover that your Russian-speaking Ukrainian wife is secretly a size queen?”

“It’s not that I’m upset...”

“Bullshit,” she said in her adorable accent, “you’re upset that I know your secret now. But you know what? I’m tired of secrets. I’m tired of you keeping them from me, and I’m tired of keeping them from you, too. It’s time we put the cards on a table.”

Normally I would have smiled at her slightly incorrect version of that idiom, but this was too serious.

“Ok,” I said, “what’s your secret.”

“You know part of it already.”

“What else is there to know?”

“Let’s finish the video and find out. Take out your cock, honey.”

I gulped, my heart pounding as I took down my pants and underwear. Natalya remained fully clothed.

My cock hardened as Natalya’s smiling image appeared on our television in high definition.

“Where did you stop?”

“I think right after you were about to use the dildo,” I muttered.

She smiled.

“Oh, you’re going to learn a lot about your wife today,” she said, fast-forwarding a few minutes.

“Don’t you dare touch your dick without my permission,” she said, glaring at me.

I couldn’t believe this. Her dominant behavior was like a dream come true for me.

She smiled as she watched her younger image on screen as she lay back on the couch, flipping up her tartan skirt and pushing her panties to the side to expose her already-wet pussy. It was so small and tight-looking it seemed impossible that she’d ever be able to fit the dildo inside it.

“You’ve got a very cute pussy,” said the cameraman.

“Don’t you agree, honey?” asked Natalya, “don’t you want to see your young wife get her tight little pussy destroyed with that dildo? Or do you want to skip straight to the dicking?”

My cock stood fully erect now, pathetically small compared to the fake pink phallus on the screen. I watched as she forced the tip between her tight pink pussy lips.

Natalya, (the real one, not the one on screen) reached out and touched my cock, smearing the precum over my head and slowly jerking me.

“Fuck,” I panted, “that feels so good.”

“You like that, you little cuck? You like watching videos of women cheating on their boyfriends, huh? What if that woman was *me* and the boyfriend was *you*?”

I groaned in response.

“You love watching your young girlfriend fucking herself for a strange man with a big fat dildo, don’t you, honey? You don’t need to answer. The fact that your cock is so hard gives me the only answer I need.”

My eyes were glued to the screen as the younger version of my wife slowly began to fuck herself with the dildo, her eyes closed in concentration and her bottom lip under her top front teeth. She made the most adorable sounds as she penetrated herself with the first fourth of the cock.

“You look like a total slut doing that,” remarked the cameraman, “do you feel like a slut?”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

“Do you want to taste a *real* big cock while you fuck yourself with that fake one?”

“Yes, please, Sir. Please let me suck on your big cock,” she moaned, pushing the dildo a bit deeper with each stroke.

It was an incredible sight to see.

Suddenly, the cameraman’s cock entered the frame. Even half-hard, it clearly dwarfed mine.

“Fuck,” said the real Natalya, “I never get tired of seeing a *real* prick.”

I didn't have the nerve to ask her then how many "real" pricks she'd already seen in the course of our relationship.

I watched as the Natalya onscreen smiled in pleasant surprise at the size of the rapidly hardening cock that had been presented her.

"Is this about the size of that guy you jerked off?"

She reached up and compared the cock to her forearm with her free hand.

"Maybe a little bigger? It's so nice and thick."

"Do you like it that way?"

"I think I do," she smirked.

"Why don't you put down that dildo for now."

Natalya on the video put the dildo to the side and then, to my surprise, dropped her hands to her side submissively and opened her mouth wide.

"You're with the program, aren't you?"

"I've watched your videos before. I know that you like to face-fuck girls. So here I am."

"You've never been facefucked before, have you?"

"Ha, no."

God the tension was unbearable. Natalya's hand was poised on my prick, slowly stroking it. I would have begged for relief in that moment, if I hadn't been so captivated by the moving image of my wife doing her best to accommodate the cameraman's gigantic cock as he pushed into her throat. The sounds of slurping filled the room.

"God, I love a guy who really makes me work for it," said Natalya, watching the screen with interest, "I'd love to find a guy like that again. And I bet you'd like me to find that too, wouldn't you?"

I couldn't answer. I watched as the girl who I thought had been the picture of sexual innocence and purity took the largest cock I'd ever seen so deep in her throat that her eyes watered. Throughout it all, she maintained perfect eye contact with the camera, as if she'd been a born porn star.

Who had I married? I couldn't believe my good fortune. I'd always fantasized about being cuckolded, and here it was, really happening!

Well, sort of…

After a few more minutes of face-fucking, Natalya looked up at the camera and said something that surprised me even after everything else I'd already heard:

"Please break in my pussy with that huge cock, Sir."

The man handed off the camera to someone else and then gestured for Natalya to turn around.

"Let's see that cute little ass, slut," he growled, flipping up her skirt.

She wiggled her ass, looking back over her shoulder at him.

He smacked her backside hard, and Natalya shrieked playfully.

"I love to be spanked by a real man," sighed my wife, staring at her image on the screen, "not that you'd know that. You've never wanted to do anything remotely rough."

I wanted to tell her that I'd spank her if she wanted, but I knew she was right: I wasn't the kind of guy who could really spank a girl in the bedroom. At least not convincingly.

I watched as she squealed in delight as the guy in the video turned her young ass bright red.

"You're a naughty little slut, aren't you?" he laughed.

Natalya, still stroking my cock in a painfully gentle manner, laughed as well.

"God I'd love to find a man who could do that to me well. I bet you would too, wouldn't you, cuck?"

I didn't answer, I only nodded. I was so close to orgasm I could barely stand it, and the man on the video hadn't even penetrated my wife yet.

"I don't know if you deserve to see the rest of the video," she taunted me, "maybe if you beg me. Do you really want to see it?"

I nodded vigorously.

"Then say it."

"I want to see it."

"Tell me you want to see your cute young wife fucked by a real man."

I blushed in shame. She knew exactly what I wanted, and that made this feeling amazing.

“I want to watch my cute young wife get fucked by a real man,” I murmured.

In exactly that moment, I groaned and shot my load all over her hand. I simply couldn’t take it anymore.

“Bad boy!” she scolded, “you don’t get to see the rest of the video now.”

Of course, I knew that I had the video saved on my computer and could watch it anytime I wanted to, but her admonishment stung nonetheless.

“Let’s be clear about something,” she said, throwing me a box of tissues with a laugh, “I’m the one who sent you that video, ok?”

For some reason, it had never occurred to me that my sweet wife herself could have been the one to disrupt my life so completely, but it made total sense.

“But why?” was all I managed to get out, dabbing at my stomach and cock with the tissues.

“Because I’m sick of it, honey. I’m sick of our boring sex life. I’m sick of the same routine, and most of all,” her eyes came to rest on my rapidly shrinking member, “I’m sick of that thing. It’s so small. All I can think about is how good it felt to be filled with a real cock for once. I made that video years ago, but I’ve been faithfully to you ever sense. And I can’t take it anymore.”

I was speechless. What could I say to a revelation like this one?

“So let’s get something straight. I’m going to do whatever I want, sexually speaking, from now on. And if you’re lucky, you’ll get to watch sometimes. Understand?”

“Yes,” I murmured.

“Good,” she said, “I have a date.”

She threw the remote control on my lap.

“Go ahead and watch the rest if you want. You’ll have an idea about what’s going to happen to me while I’m gone tonight...”

I’m ashamed to say that that’s *exactly* what I did. As soon as I heard her car leave the garage, I didn’t stop to think about what my wife might have been doing or where she might have been going, I just started the video again.

I watched as the man began to work his huge prick into my tiny wife. I listened to her moan in delight as he slowly slid it inside her, a little further each time. She was wet – you could see that clearly on the video – but he was so girthy that it seemed an impossible task to fit him inside her. It was clear that she loved the challenge, however.

Soon, he was buried balls-deep in my college-aged wife, and grabbed her hands with both hips as he started pounding. I had never been able to stay inside her during doggystyle, and now I understood why. He was at least twice as long as I was, so there was no danger of him slipping out like I tended to when fucking me wife.

"Take this huge cock you little whore," he growled, "you love this dick, don't you? Just admit it. Go ahead."

"I love your cock," she groaned.

I knew my wife. Even if she'd lied to me about a few things, I was still sure of that. And based on what I knew of my wife, this was no lie. She really did love his cock. So much so, in fact, that ten years after being fucked with it she was out on the prowl looking for more.

After fifteen minutes of vigorous fucking in several positions that had never occurred to me as possibilities, the man on the screen deposited a huge load of sperm into my young wife's pussy, letting it slowly leak out on camera.

It was only after I shot my own load as well that I remembered that she hadn't gone on the pill until more than two years after the video had been shot. I had just watched my wife take a huge load in her unprotected pussy.

I had another mess to clean up now, and a lot of thinking to do.

Chapter 3: Watching and Waiting

That night Natayla appeared in the bedroom around midnight, her hair mused and her makeup ruined. She quickly slipped off her dress and flopped onto the bed beside me, sighing in satisfaction.

"His name is Mike. He's tall, dark, handsome and hung. I think I'm in love with his cock, honey."

I made a sort of groan. After all, she'd just woken me up.

"I still love you of course, honey. Nothing will change that, no matter how many other dicks I suck and fuck. You're my husband. You understand that, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good," she said, reaching down and grabbing my rock-hard dick, "now let me tell you exactly what he did to me..."

Over the next few minutes as she stroked me, I realized what a remarkable woman my wife was. Seething with hidden passions and desires, she had led the repressed life of a boring housewife, all the while longing to live out her wild fantasies with a big-cocked man. Then, a few weeks ago, when she could barely stand it anymore, she had happened upon the web history in my browser and discovered that I was watching cuckold porn.

I didn't deny it. She had discovered exactly what I liked.

She told me how that night she had met up with a man she'd been talking to on tinder, a younger guy who was still in college, but who had an enormous endowment. She'd met him at a bar downtown and demanded that he fuck her silly in the restroom. He'd taken her into a handicapped stall and bent her over the toilet, giving her three orgasms in the space of as many minutes as he

pulled her hair and spanked her ass. He finished inside her and she cleaned him off with her mouth before coming back home to me.

"It was great, honey. But it wasn't enough. I need your permission – your blessing, actually – to be with as many big-cocked guys as I need to be with. You'll say it's ok, won't you? You'll give me permission to fuck real men?"

She began to stroke my cock harder and faster.

"Tell me I can fuck real men, and I'll let you come," she teased.

"You… can..." I panted, imagining the horsecocked college guy railing my wife in the bathroom, "fuck..."

She pulled her hand away.

"Say it, honey."

"You can fuck real men," I blurted, ready to say anything just to come.

"Good cuck," she laughed, "now come for me. You're never going to come inside this pussy ever again, so get used to handjobs when you're lucky."

Those words pushed me over the edge. My cuckold dreams had come true. I shot a huge load all over my chest and stomach as she aimed my shaft downwards.

"Good cuck," she said, "now go clean up."

◆◆◆

A few days passed and we lived our normal routines as if nothing had happened between us. Of course, we didn't have sex, but that wasn't so unusual either. Then came Wednesday night, which was typically designated as "date night." Usually, we'd trade off picking a restaurant or an activity. This week, it was Natalya's turn.

"So where do you want to go tonight?" I asked her innocently that morning.

"Hmm, I think Marc wants to try this new Asian fusion place downtown."

"Who's Marc?"

"My new boss! I thought I told you about him."

"What does he have to do with our date night?"

She smiled at me, patting my shoulder condescendingly.

"It's not *our* date night anymore," she laughed, "it's *my* night to do whatever I want. And fucking Marc might even help my career. But I'm not doing it for that reason. I'm doing it for us, honey."

"For us?"

"Yeah. I know this is your biggest fantasy. Just admit it already. And I'm going to take it even farther tonight."

"What does that mean?"

"I guess you'll have to wait and find out. If my guess is correct, Marc and I should be back here by 10:30 to give you the show you've been craving. You're only going to be allowed to watch, of course."

My mind was reeling with dozens of questions, but I could tell that my ice-cold Ukrainian wife was in no mood to answer them. She simply smiled at me and patted me on the cheek.

"Be a good little cuck and wait in the armchair in the living room tonight and you might get to see exactly how I need to be treated. You might see a real man use your wife in a way that you'll never be allowed to again. And wouldn't be physically capable of even if you were allowed."

She punctuated her final remark with a laugh and a quick glance down at my crotch. It was so humiliating, and I loved it.

"Thank you," I mumbled, "I'll wait up after work."

***

The day seemed to drag on. I didn't hear anything from Natalya while I was at work, which wasn't totally out of the ordinary. But of course I had thousands of scenarios playing in my mind. It was impossible to concentrate at the office because my cock was constantly hard at the thought of my wife being pleased by well-endowed men.

The fact that Marc was her boss made it all so much more deliciously humiliating. I remembered meeting him at one of her work parties. He was 6'3" or 6'4", an absolute giant of an ex-army officer who'd started a successful business and still found time to work out four days a week. A few years older than me, in his mid-

40s, he had remained unmarried and was a legendary womanizer. He was superior to me in every way, and now he was going to fuck my wife.

While I watched.

It was a huge struggle not to masturbate at the office, but luckily there was enough to do that I stayed sufficiently busy for the urgency not to become unbearable.

As soon as 5:00 rolled around, I went straight to the gym and did a full cardio workout, followed by weights. Normally I would have divided this workout into two days, but I had so much nervous energy I had to get it all out of my system before I headed home. Besides, it was a long time until Marc and Natalya would be done with their date and the show would begin. Just as I was leaving the gym and walking to my car, I got a text message.

Hi, this is Marc, your wife's boss and new Bull.

My heart pounded. This was an unexpected twist.

I *want you to know that everything that you're going to see tonight is something that Natalya wants desperately. She's been telling me about her needs, and how you can't fulfill them, for months now. We've worked out the ground rules and established safewords. She is in complete control of everything that happens, and can stop me anytime. Do you understand?*

Yes, I wrote back.

Yes, Sir, he responded, *you're going to refer to me as "Sir" from now on, and she will call me "Daddy." This is her choice. Understand?*

Yes Sir, I responded quickly, *I understand.*

Good cuck, he wrote back, *see you around 10:30.*

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I don't know how I managed to pass the time. I cleaned and vacuumed the living room and bedroom, a weird sense of humiliation filling me as I realized that I was tidying up so that another man could fuck my wife in my house. Still, I had a sense of pride, and I wanted Marc to see our home at its best, even if he was

going to invade it in the most spectacular way. I scrubbed down the fixtures in both bathrooms and I even mopped the kitchen and bathroom floors. The place was sparkling. I was thinking about whether or not to put out refreshments when suddenly I heard my phone buzz. It was Marc.

A preview of coming attractions, he wrote.

A photo was attached. My heart pounded as I waited for the file to open.

It was Natalya, smiling at the camera as she held the largest cock I had ever seen up to her face. She was wearing the black dress that she'd put on when she went to work this morning, so the picture appeared to be recent. She was kneeling on the floor of what seemed to be a restroom, and one not nearly as clean as the floors in our house were now, thanks to my hours of manic cleaning.

Did you get the picture that Daddy sent? See you in a few minutes, honey!, Natalya wrote.

I looked at my watch. It was only 9:00pm. They were ahead of schedule. But at least the waiting was over.

Chapter 4: Long, hard truths

I was sitting in the living room armchair five minutes later with the lights out, just as instructed, when I heard voices on the doorstep. It was clearly Natalya's giggle that rang out in the night air as her lower-voiced male companion said something that I couldn't understand.

Then I heard a key turn in the lock.

They walked into the foyer, and I caught a glimpse of Natalya's purse as she swung it towards a hook on the wall. Then I saw her start to slip out of her pumps, but then stop as Marc grabbed her wrist.

"No," he said authoritatively, "I want you to keep them on."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned submissively.

I had never heard that tone in her voice. Well, *almost* never. The last time I'd heard it was on the video that she'd made as a coed.

"Let's see if your sorry excuse for a husband is where he's supposed to be," laughed Marc, stepping into my living room as if he owned the place.

"There he is," said Natalya, "ready to see his wife get the fucking she's been craving for a long long time."

"Good," he said, "now forget about him. This is all about you. About us."

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered breathlessly.

In that moment, I would have given anything to have been able to get her to say that same thing in that same tone of voice to me. But I knew that was never going to happen.

I was losing Natalya right before my eyes. Perhaps I'd already lost her.

The two of them shared a series of long, hungry kisses. I couldn't see everything from where I sat, but I could hear the interplay of their lips and the low, soft moans that Natalya made. Then he was leading her by the hand into the living room, where he sat on the couch and then pulled her unceremoniously over his lap, hiking up her dress in the process and exposing the lacy white thong she was wearing underneath.

"Time for me to show you what a spanking can really feel like," he said as she kicked her legs in surprise, "you do want to be spanked, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, clearly trying to rub her pussy into his leg.

She was like a bitch in heat. So horny for him already, and they'd barely kissed.

For the next twenty or thirty minutes, I witnessed an absolutely amazingly erotic sight. Marc started to spank my wife, slowly at first, just giving her small pats on the ass followed by kisses and caresses, then building in intensity as he began to give her a sharper slap here and there. Then he would back off again, massaging her buttocks and slipping a finger into her dripping slit.

After the first ten minutes, he finally took down her panties, placing them on the table nearby.

"You look so good like this, Natalya," he said, smiling, "like such a perfect little cheating slut. You love being spanked like this, don't you?"

"Fuck," she moaned, "I had no idea I'd love it this much. You're driving me crazy."

He began to spank her a bit harder now, never establishing a rhythm, letting her guess where each blow would fall. I watched her face, flushed in pleasure and anticipation. She bit her lip as she awaited the next sweet blow of his open hand.

Finally, almost unnoticeably, he transitioned from the softer, arrhythmic spanks to a series of sharp, harder and rhythmic blows.

The slapping echoed through the house, as did Natalya's shrieks of pleasure.

"You love this, don't you, slut?" he growled, "you love being spanked by a real man."

"Yes, please put me in my place, Daddy!" she moaned, whimpering in pleasure with each smack.

Her sexual arousal was unmistakable. It was clear she was going to reach climax soon, merely from being spanked by her alpha male boss.

Marc clearly understood this as well as I did.

"If I let you come," he teased, "are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes," she moaned, "I promise to do anything you want. Anything."

"Do you promise to look your husband in the eyes while I fuck you?"

"Yes. I want to. I want you to show him how a real make fucks a woman, and I want him to see it."

I was rock hard now, and I simply *had* to unzip my pants. I couldn't help it.

"It looks like he's taking out his little dick now," she said.

I winced a bit at the humiliation, but I was too excited to say anything. I couldn't wait to see my wife get the dicking of her life from her dominant boss.

Marc merely looked over at me and smiled as he saw my cock.

"It's no wonder you're looking for something better," he said to Natalya, massaging her sore ass, "there's no way you can feel that little thing."

"I know," she moaned, still on the edge of orgasm, wiggling her ass and trying to push it back against his hand, "I just can't wait to feel you inside me. I need to be fucked by a real cock so, so bad!"

He slapped her ass twice more.

"First come for me, slut. Show your husband how a real man doesn't even have to fuck a woman to make her come."

"Yes, Daddy!" she moaned, her ass arching in the air as his dexterous fingers coaxed an orgasm from her sopping wet pussy.

"FUUUUCK!"

I couldn't help it. Watching my wife reach such a tremendous orgasm caused me to climax myself. I shot several spurts of come onto my hands and the carpet, a bit embarrassed that I hadn't lasted longer. Not that I was really included in what was happening anyway. It certainly wouldn't have mattered how long it took me to shoot my load.

Still, I hoped they wouldn't notice. Unfortunately, Marc certainly did.

"Looks like the cuck couldn't control himself," he laughed, "can't say I'm surprised. Small-dicked guys often have problems with staying power."

Natalya was coming down a bit from her orgasmic bliss enough to smile at him and nod her head slightly. She was still ignoring me almost completely. She looked back at him over her shoulder and asked submissively if she could please feel his cock inside her now?

"Not in your pussy. Not just yet," he grinned, "I want you to show your husband how a woman sucks a cock that she *truly* loves."

Love. That word hurt, I have to admit, even if he had been the one to use it, not her. I had to grapple with the fact that it might be true, and that even if she loved me as a husband, she might love this man's cock just as intensely. There was nothing I could do about it. No way to compete. All there was to do was watch him have his way with my all-too-willing wife.

"Yes, Daddy," she panted, climbing off his lap and onto the floor, "I just want to make you feel good."

I watched as my wife of over a decade began to make love to another man's cock with her mouth. "Love" really was the word for it, too. She seemed to devote herself completely to pleasing every inch of his manhood. She started by looking up at him in devotion while licking a single drop of precum from his circumcised head. Then she began to swirl her tongue around the tip, slowly taking him deeper and deeper, until finally she was swallowing the first third of his massive dick. The entire time she did this, she maintained her gaze pointed upward in devotion to her lover. She was completely absorbed, completely his.

He held handfuls of her hair in his hands, running his fingers through it affectionately as she pleasured him.

I was getting hard again, but I was also covered in my own semen, so I decided to take a break and clean myself off.

"He's gone now," I heard Marc say as I went into the bathroom.

I waited a while before I came out. I wanted to give the two lovers a little more time alone. When I finally emerged about ten minutes later, I was surprised to find the living room empty. It didn't take a genius, however, to figure out that my wife and her lover were still in the house, and where they were.

The first thing I heard was Natalya, moaning "Daddy," softly, clearly in the throes of sexual pleasure. The next thing I heard was the creaking of a bed upstairs. Our marriage bed, to be precise.

It only made sense. He wanted to fuck my wife in the bed we shared. It was the ultimate humiliation, but also the ultimate turn-on. I slowly crept up the staircase, hoping that I would be able to see them in the act.

I was pleased to discover that they had left the door to the bedroom open several inches, so it was easy for me to see directly inside.

What I saw was nothing short of awe-inspiring. I knew in that moment viscerally what I had previously understood only intellectually: there was absolutely no way for me to compete with a man as hung as this. Not when it came to the affections of a woman like Natalya. The fact that she was my wife almost didn't make a difference. She was first and foremost a woman. And not just any kind of woman. She was a particular kind of woman.

A size queen.

I realized this when I saw them on the bed. She was riding his cock slowly, sensually. Her eyes were closed and she was biting her lip as she propelled herself up and down on his shaft. He held her hips in place, guiding her as she rode him. Her ass was still a burning red color from the spanking he'd given her before, but it was clear that she was the one in control now, even if he reached up and spanked her every once and a while, encouraging her to be "a good little slut" as she rode his cock.

"Tell me how much you love this dick," he growled.

"I love it," she moaned, grabbing onto his torso as she began to ride him faster, "I've been waiting years to feel a cock like this again. It's so much better than my husband's."

I cringed when I heard that, because her enjoyment of my rival's over-sized member was manifestly obvious. This wasn't some kind of show she was putting on. She really believed it.

And it wasn't hard to see why. From where I was standing in the doorway, I had a perfect view of the way his massive member split her pussy with each stroke. There was no doubt that she felt every single millimeter of his thick cock in a way that I could never match.

"I've been waiting so long to feel this again," she groaned, "to feel completely filled. To feel like a real woman again..."

"I know, you little slut," he laughed, slapping her ass, "how long has it been since you've had a real cock?"

"About ten years," she moaned.

At least there was that. She hadn't cheated on me since the time that was captured no video. That was little comfort, of course. But it was something.

"We've got to make up for lost time," he said, slapping her ass, "so you better ride that cock until you come for me."

"Yes," she moaned, "I'm so close. Keep spanking me. I'm going to come on your big fucking cock."

I had my own, completely unimpressive cock out now. I was a bit ashamed to be jerking it again while my wife was proving that I was totally unable to satisfy her, but the sight before me was so erotic that I simply couldn't help it.

"Yes, Daddy…" she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she concentrated on the sensation of his prick filling her so totally that she moaned each time he bottomed out again.

"I'm so close…"

I was close again, too, standing out in the hallway with my dick in my hands, watching my wife (if I could even call her that anymore) being pleased in a completely profound way.

"Yes!"

I watched as Natalya's hips bucked uncontrollably as her mouth opened in ecstasy as she climaxed on her lover's superior cock.

"Good girl," he said, encouraging her, "You look so good when you come. I bet your husband's never seen you like this before."

It took her several seconds before she was able to answer.

"No," she gasped, "he's never made me feel like that. He couldn't…"

"Aw," said Marc, "why not?"

"I think that's obvious," she laughed, "I mean, just look at him."

She gestured in my direction. They had known I was there the whole time! I blushed instinctively as I felt her lover's gaze on my diminutive member. I realized that they could see me clearly by looking in the large bedroom mirror on the wall opposite to the door.

"Yeah," said Marc, as if a bit bored, "I see him. Maybe it's time I showed him how a real man fucks a woman. What do you think?"

"I think my little cuck husband would love it," she smiled.

He rolled off the bed and walked around behind her, turning her so she faced the mirror. I could now see both ends of my wife: her pussy and ass, which she presented for her lover's pleasure, and her eyes, which connected with my own through the mirror as he penetrated her form behind, grabbing her hair in one hand as he guided himself with the other.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, "I'll never get tired of feeling that big fucking prick slide into me like that."

"You never have to settled for a small dick again," he growled, beginning to fuck her hard.

"Oh...yes…," she moaned, breathless already from the pace of his strokes, "I never want to let him near my pussy again, Daddy."

"It's my property now, isn't it, you little slut?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned.

Then, looking me in the eye, she added, "I'm sorry, honey. You can't compete with this dick. My pussy belongs to him now."

I nodded slowly, resigned to the situation. What else could I do.

"There's something else," she moaned, "something I have to tell both of you."

"You'd better tell us, then," growled Marc, slapping her ass.

"I stopped my birth control," she gasped, "I had my IUD removed last month."

I did a mental calculation in my head. When had we last had sex? And, more importantly, when had I last come inside her?

I decided it had been more than a month. Much more.

"I want Marc to knock me up," she moaned, "I want him to claim me totally. Do you understand, honey? You're such a fucking loser that your wife is going to let herself get knocked up by another man while you sit there and watch it. And you love it, too, don't you? You wouldn't stop this if you could."

I had to admit it to myself, even if I was too embarrassed to say it aloud: she was right. I wouldn't have stopped it for anything. I loved watching my sweet, formerly innocent wife take a big cock, and I was suddenly very grateful that she'd done that porn video as a young woman. Now her enjoyment of big dicks would be available for me to watch at any time, regardless of what happened in our relationship. While I would have been happy to stay on as her cuck and watch her take big cocks for the rest of our lives, it was clear that that particular situation wasn't mine to make.

"Fuck yes, you little slut," moaned Marc, "I can't wait to claim this tight little pussy with my seed. You know that I love fucking married sluts like you. You're going to be the third pussy that I've broken in this month, and it's only the 4th."

It was somehow even more humiliating, knowing that he fucked so many married women he had a different one practically every night. My wife was just another conquest for this alpha male.

If this fact bothered Natalya, she didn't show it. On the contrary, her moans and cries got even more intense as he pummeled her tight pussy from behind.

"God, fuck yes," she groaned, "take that pussy like a real man. I want you to conquer me. Destroy my pussy and fill me with your sperm. Ruin me for my husband – or any other man."

I'd never heard her wax so poetic about anything. Certainly not about sex.

"God yes, Marc," she panted, "I've wanted this so bad, for so long. I've wanted nothing more than to submit to you totally. You and your big fucking cock. I'm a size queen, and I always have been. It just took you to make me remember it."

He slapped her ass hard with his open hand.

"Marc?" he laughed, "what are you supposed to call me?"

"Daddy!" she corrected herself.

"Good girl," he said, "now I'm going to shoot my load inside you and hopefully earn that nickname by knocking you up."

"Yes, please," she groaned, "knock me up. Shoot a baby inside me. I need your cum so fucking bad."

He grabbed her hips with both hands as he emitted a primal yell, holding himself inside her as he pumped her full of his seed.

The look of absolute contentment on my wife's face as I stared at her in the mirror told me everything I needed to know. It was over. I'd lost Natalya forever.

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The next few months bore out this premonition. Almost, that is. That night after Marc had left, Natalya and I had a long talk and were completely honest with each other. More honest than we'd ever been before over the years that we'd known each other. I was honest with her about my wish to stay married to her and watch her fuck well-hung men. She was honest with me about her need for cocks (and especially cum) from large-dicked studs. It was her biological imperative, she explained, to seek out and reproduce with the most well-endowed guys. And she wasn't going to let me get in her way.

I wouldn't have dreamed of it.

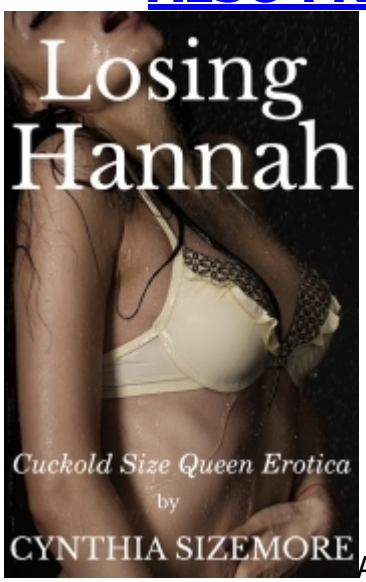
Now, she's three months pregnant. We're not sure who the father is – it could be Marc, or Jason, or Christopher – but one thing's for sure. It's definitely not mine.

And I'm ok with that. I'm ok with a lot of things I never thought I would be. I love being married to Natalya, and I know I'm going to love raising her child with her. She says that if I keep following the

rules, I'll be allowed to watch her get fucked again sometime. But until then, I have the video that she sent me that day several months ago to remind me. Remind me of how much my life has changed, and how much I've enjoyed the process of losing her and becoming a cuck.

THE END

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



After a naughty conversation with a coworker at the office holiday party, Hannah begins acting strangely. Although she assures her husband Bill that "it's not the size of the boat, it's the motion of the ocean," she has clearly developed a preoccupation with the dimensions of one particular part of the male anatomy.

Soon, what starts as a casual interest becomes an obsession.

What will happen when Hannah figures out that what she's been told all her life is 6 inches is really more like 4 ½ inches?
Why is she suddenly interested in watching dirty videos on the internet? And where is she *really*going when she starts leaving the house to do "yoga" at night?

Learn the answers to these questions at the same time as Bill as he witnesses his wife's transition from **sweet, innocent young woman** to an **insatiable size queen** who loves to take it **hard, rough,** and **unprotected.**

Who thought that losing Hannah could be so arousing?

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

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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