

MEASURING UP TO HER EX

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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Measuring up to her Ex

Chapter 1: The Beginning

"*Yes.* Ok? Are you *finally* satisfied?"

Jessica was exasperated. What had gotten into Mike recently? Her husband of 15 years had suddenly become obsessed with her past relationships. Specifically, how her exes had stacked up – or, rather, *measured* up – in one particular department.

Men. All they wanted to do was get out the ruler and see whose was longest. But it didn't really matter in the end. Did it?

"So which guy was it. James?"

All of them, she wanted to say. *They were all bigger than you. Are you satisfied? What difference does it make anyway?*

"Yeah," she sighed, "James was bigger."

"Just how much bigger was he?"

"I don't know...I never measured him! Why would I do something like that?"

"He must have been pretty big, then."

"I don't see why this matters so much to you."

Jessica folded her arms defensively.

"Did you expect me to be some kind of virgin when we met? In this day and age?"

Mike sighed, then shrugged his shoulders, which he always did when he was upset. It drove Jessica crazy. For a long time, he said nothing. Then, he looked her directly in the eye and dropped the bomb:

"It turns me on, ok?"

"What turns you on? Other guys' dicks?"

He laughed casually.

"Not at all. The idea of you being satisfied by a well-hung guy."

"So you want me to talk dirty to you about getting fucked by my ex?"

"If you want to."

"I guess we could try that," she said, a look of mischief entering her face, "as long as you understand that there's nothing wrong with you. Or with our sex life. Even if he was bigger."

"Just how *much* bigger?" he insisted.

"Let me tell you all about it," she said, grabbing a bottle of lube from the nightstand and squeezing some onto her hand, "take down those shorts and I'll give you a handjob."

Mike obeyed immediately. Jessica began stroking his prick in her right hand, massaging his balls with the left while she whispered dirty details about her favorite memories of her ex. It seemed to her like a bit of harmless fun. What was the big deal? It clearly excited Mike, who shot the biggest load she'd ever seen him produce after she told about the time that James had fucked her up against the washing machine in her parents' basement during Thanksgiving dinner her freshmen year in college.

Over the next few weeks, Mike was obsessed with hearing about her and James' sex life: how often they'd done it, where and when, in what positions. And of course what advantages he'd enjoyed by having such a large endowment. By the third or fourth time they'd made love in a week, she was beginning to think that bringing up her hot past was the best thing that could have happened to their relationship.

That is, until Mike came home from work one Friday and announced that they'd just made a new hire.

"Oh? Is it someone interesting?"

"You might say that," he said, slyly.

"Ok, why the suspense? Do I know him."

He nodded slowly.

"You know him very well."

She looked at him blankly.

"You're intimately acquainted with him to be precise."

"What? How is that possible? Just tell me his name already."

"James."

"James who?"

"James Haverford."

"You're kidding. *That* James?"

Jessica felt like the floor was disappearing out from under her feet. Surely not her ex James, the James Haverford whose sexual prowess had been enlivening their sex lives for the past month or so?

"I want to have him over for dinner. He knows we're married."

"What? Absolutely not!"

Jessica was blushing.

"Come on, he said he'd love to see you again. And he has no idea what we've been talking about these last few weeks. How could he?"

"I don't know, Mike..."

"He said he'd really love to catch up on old times," said Mike, a glimmer in his eye.

"Listen, Mike," said Jessica, "I don't know what you think could possibly happen. But it's not, ok? I'm married to you now."

"I understand that, honey," said Mike, drawing her closer to him and kissing her on the cheek, "nothing has to happen between you. But can't you admit that you're just a little bit curious?"

She paused for a long time.

"Ok. I admit that I'm curious about what brings him back to this part of the country after so long away. And how he ended up in the same line of work as you. Last I heard, he was doing consulting for an energy company out east."

"Exactly. He did IT systems for them, and that's what he's doing for us, too. Medical device manufacturers need to worry about database security just as much as oil companies. More so, in fact!"

"Well, I guess if you wanted to have him over this weekend, I could take the kids to my parents'," said Jessica.

"But why would we have to do that? Especially if nothing's going to happen? I bet he'd love to meet the kids."

Jessica felt like she'd been caught in a lie. Why had she said that about the kids? She tried to hide the guilt in her voice.

"Oh yeah, of course. We can make tacos. That's always a crowd-pleaser."

Chapter 2: Escalation

That night, Jessica tossed and turned, trying to sleep. All of the dirty talk with her husband lately had called up the most erotic memories of her ex. Now all that remained of their relationship in her memory were a series of steamy moments. She'd forgotten all about the petty disagreements and the selfish behavior on the part of them both that had ultimately spelled the end of their relationship. Now it was just one big stream of fantasmatic orgasmic bliss. Emphasis there on *big*.

Jessica had never really attributed the pleasure she'd experienced with James to the size of his cock, until Mike had brought it up so frequently that she'd become convinced herself that it was the cause of his skill in bed. Maybe the fact that he had a big dick made him a better lover, whether it was the organ itself or the extra confidence it brought with it.

That night, with all of these thoughts racing through her mind, Jessica did something that she hadn't done in years: she went to the closet and found the box where she and Mike kept their sex toys. In it, was a toy that Mike had bought for her, but she'd only ever used a handful of times. It was a large, realistic-looking dildo that had to be about eight inches long and almost the same diameter. It was a monster dong, and more dick than she could ever need or handle. Or was it?

She tried to remember just how big James really was. She rinsed the dildo in the sink, shook it dry, then went back into the bedroom to grab the lube they kept in the drawer in the nightstand. Her husband snored in their big king bed, completely oblivious to his wife's nocturnal activities.

Jessica went to the loveseat in their bedroom, just a few feet away from where her husband slept, then squirted some of the lube onto the enormous dildo. She stroked it up and down, ensuring that

the entire shaft was covered. She felt herself getting even wetter, imagining it was James' cock, and he was about to take her. There was something unsatisfying about a piece of rubber standing in for the real flesh she craved, but it was all she had, so it would have to do for the time being.

Slouching in the loveseat, she spread her legs as wide as they would go, trying to make the insertion of the huge artificial cock as easy as possible. She slid her panties to the side with one hand while she guided the dildo into her tight tunnel. She had to suppress a moan of pleasure as it penetrated her outer folds, its girth great enough to stimulate her clit indirectly as it slid inside.

Oh God, she thought, *I've needed this for so long. Mike is right, I'm really missing this from my life.*

She looked down. In the dim light of the moon seeping through the window, she could see that the dildo had penetrated her with only 1/3 of its length. Biting her lip once more, she grabbed it with both hands and began to fuck herself with short, shallow strokes, allowing herself to concentrate on the delicious sensation of being stretched.

In her mind's eye, James was standing over her, his face a mixture of concentration and pleasure tinged with cruelty. A guy with a cock that big had to enjoy inflicting a bit of pain when he fucked, and Jessica always enjoyed it when a guy hurt her a bit.

She began to fuck herself harder and deeper, responding to her body's cues as she opened even wider for the mammoth member. She stifled little groans as the artificial phallus pounded her. Her eyes shut tightly, she imagined James whispering dirty words in her ear, telling her to take his big dick like a good girl. He'd been great at using dirty talk to spice up their sexual encounters. That was something that Mike had never really gotten the hang of.

Finally, she was fucking herself with the full length of the dildo, the molded plastic balls of the dildo colliding with her taint. She paused for a moment from time to time to enjoy the sensation of the well-lubed balls of the dildo rubbing against her asshole. She'd never done anal before, with James or anyone else, and she'd never really thought about it one way or another, until now. It was as if she was

experiencing some kind of sexual awakening, one that had been occasioned only by the pure fantasy of fucking James again. But now he was coming to dinner...soon. Why did the idea excite her so much?

She aimed the dildo for her g-spot as she began to absolutely pound herself with it, moaning now through clenched lips as she abandoned herself to the sensation, completely heedless of the possibility that she might be making enough noise to awaken her husband.

She reached down and ran her ringfinger around her tight rosebud, slowly penetrating herself with it as she fucked herself harder with the dildo. The sensation was incredible. She was just on the edge of a powerful climax now. She pressed the finger inside her tight hole up to the first knuckle, then let out a long, high moan of pleasure that she couldn't suppress as she finally came hard, her pussy clenching around the girthy dildo as her hips bucked up into it. She lay there for several delectable seconds, basking the afterglow of her orgasm. Then she opened her eyes, only to find her husband Mike standing there with a big grin on his face.

"Were you thinking about James, honey?"

Jessica was mortified. All she could bring herself to utter was "I thought you were asleep."

"I was. Until I heard you moaning like a porn star."

She blushed, slowly pulling the gigantic fake cock out of her pussy, "I'm sorry. I don't know what happened. I just got carried away, I guess."

"It's ok," said Mike, excitedly, "but I think we both know 'what happened.' And let me just go on the record as saying that if something else were to 'happen' in real life – say, this weekend – I'd be completely fine with it."

"Oh, Mike," she said, a note of disapproval in her voice.

"*Completely* fine," he repeated, touching her arm gently, "I just want you to experience the most pleasure possible."

She smiled and then laughed, looking at the huge dildo in her hand.

Mike smiled as well.

"Let's not make too much noise. We don't need any of the kids seeing their mom like this."

Chapter 3: The Encounter

They didn't speak about the "curious incident of the dildo in the night" for the next few days, but it was clear to both of them that the sexual tension in the house was building during the lead-up to James' visit on Saturday night. When Melanie, their 11-year-old daughter announced that her friend Megan had invited her to spend the night, both Mike and Jessica offered their enthusiastic approval. But they were both a surprised when Jessica's mother called and requested the privilege of having their youngest, Mike Jr., spend the night with his grandparents on Saturday.

"That means –," said Jessica.

"We'll be all alone. With Mike."

Jessica blushed.

"Not that it matters," she said quickly, "it'll just be nice to catch up is all. Adult to adult."

"Right," said Mike.

Finally, Saturday came. The kids were gone, the roast was in the oven, the flowers were in their vase on the kitchen island, and Jessica's pink lace thong panties were completely soaked through.

No time to change them now, she thought, looking at her watch, *if I know James, he's going to be right on time.*

Ding-dong.

She gulped as she heard Mike go to the door.

"James!" he said cheerily, "come right on in."

Jessica's knees went weak as she stood in her apron in the middle of her kitchen, waiting to see her well-hung ex for the first time in sixteen years.

Suddenly, there he was: tall, handsome and smiling, extending a bouquet of tulips in her direction as Mike appeared behind him.

"Jessica!" he said, handing the flowers off to her as she leaned in for a hug, "it's been forever! You look great!"

She blushed.

"Thanks," she stammered, holding his flowers and looking around herself for somewhere to put them, "you look great too."

"No need to be shy," said Mike, "go head and give him a hug."

She blushed. How much had Mike told him? And what exactly did she mean by that, anyway? Nothing was going to happen – right?

She lay the flowers on the counter and embraced James, standing on her tiptoes like old times, but this time kissing his stubbly cheek, not his lips.

As his strong arms enclosed her and pulled her to him, Jessica's pulse began to race.

Fuck. She needed him so bad. All she wanted to do was skip dinner and have him bend her over the couch, hike up her dress and do absolutely anything he wanted to with her.

Instead, she simply blushed and asked him if he'd like something to drink.

"Some sparkling water, please," he said, "one of the things you don't know about me is that I gave up drinking about a year after we broke up."

"So you're totally sober?"

Jessica was surprised.

"Yeah. For almost 15 years now."

"Well then," she said, "I guess I'll put away the wine glasses."

"Oh no -," he said, "I don't mind at all if you and Mike want to."

"No," she said decisively, "I'll get out the sparkling water."

I'm intoxicated enough without the wine, she wanted to add, but didn't.

Dinner was friendly enough, but Jessica couldn't escape the feeling of tension in the air. It was sexual, to be sure, but it was also somehow broader than that. It was as if the two men shared some sort of secret. Were they keeping something from her? Surely Mike wouldn't have told James about their silly fantasies. Right?

She concentrated on making small-talk with James, who filled her in happily on the decade and a half that she'd missed of his life. He hadn't married, and didn't have a girlfriend at the moment. His last two jobs had taken him abroad: to Hong Kong, and to Frankfurt,

but he was happy to be back in the US, and excited about his new position with Mike's company.

She stole several glances at her ex's body, noting with pleasure that he'd kept up the same workout routine that he had when they'd been dating: his shoulders were broad and muscular, and his upper arms bulged in all the right places. She wondered if he still had a six-pack. The only thing that had changed about James, appearance-wise, were the gray hairs that had appeared around his temples, lending him a distinguished air.

After dinner, James insisted on helping her with the dishes. Mike withdrew to the living room.

"You too surely have more private things to catch up on," he said, "take your time, and don't worry about me."

God. The feeling of being this close to him, after years apart and so many weeks fantasizing about him was almost too much for Jessica to take. She thought she would faint when he rolled up his sleeves before he began to scrub a pan. She used to love it when he did that, and seeing it now after so many years had the exact same effect on her. She was ravenous for him.

"So," he said, "had any adventures lately?"

"God no," she said, "what kind of adventures can a mom of two with a full-time job have?"

"For example," he said, rinsing the pan, "you could have an adventure like that one we had that time in the hotel room in Vegas."

Oh God. He'd mentioned one of her favorite memories of their time together. The time that she'd bought a "naughty schoolgirl" outfit for their vacation, and he'd pretended to be her "teacher." He'd spanked and fucked her for hours, giving her dozens of orgasms and making her feel thoroughly used.

"I'm a little too old to be a schoolgirl now," she said, trying to keep the tone light and playful, "don't you think?"

"I think you'll always be younger than me," he grinned.

"Only by three years."

"Isn't that enough?"

She didn’t know what to say. After a long, tense silence, where the only sound was the water from the sink, she said.

“Besides, I haven’t done anything to deserve a spanking recently. My life is much too boring for that.”

“Nonsense,” he said, picking up a clean wooden spoon from the counter, “every woman has done something naughty. Even if it’s only in her thoughts.”

“Maybe you should spank me then,” she mumbled, her voice quivering.

“Maybe I should,” he said, drawing back the spoon and swatting her behind with it three times, playfully.

She yelped in a mixture of surprise and delight. God she’d missed that.

Suddenly, his hands enclosed her from behind, and she felt his hot breath on her ear.

“Mike explained everything,” he whispered, “and I understand.”

She gasped, but before she could say anything, his lips were on hers and the tension in the room exploded into a raw, primal passion.

“I’ve missed you so much,” she panted, clawing at his shirt, “I want you to do whatever you want to with me. Spank me. Just take me. Please.”

He kissed her again, his tongue finding hers as his hands reached up under her dress and freed her breasts from her bra, his fingers playing with her nipple. With his other hand, he gave her ass another slap with the wooden spoon.

“I’m going to do just that,” he whispered, his voice hoarse in her ear.

The spoon went clattering to the floor as he pawed at her breast with one hand while using the other one to explore under her dress, probing her wetness.

“You’re not going to need these,” he said, pulling down her panties in one dexterous motion.

She couldn’t walk now, with her panties around her thighs. She didn’t need to, though, because he simply lifted her in his powerful arms and bent her over the kitchen table, where not fifteen minutes

ago they'd engaged in polite, yet awkward conversation with her husband.

"I know you've missed this," he growled as he unzipped his pants.

He grabbed her arms and pulled them behind her back as he flipped her dress up, exposing her completely to his gaze and the cool air of the kitchen.

"I've missed it too," he said, slipping a single finger inside her and eliciting a gasp of pleasure.

"Oh God, James," she sighed, craning her head backwards to look at him, "I need your cock so bad. Please give it to me."

The next thing she knew, she could feel the head of his prick poised at the entrance to her warm, greedy tunnel.

"Please, James. Put it inside me."

"I love it when you beg," he laughed, "just like old times."

"Yes, James," she panted, "just like the time during Easter Break. Remember?"

"I do," he said, sliding his prick forward now, penetrating her just an inch or so as he worked the head back and forth to lube it better.

"I believe I fucked you within an inch of your life in your childhood bedroom at your parents' house while they were asleep upstairs."

"Oh God," she moaned, as his prick finally entered her with its full girth, but not length, "I've needed this so bad for so long."

"You missed this big dick, didn't you?" he growled, grabbing her ass with one hand while he used the other to pull her hair, "tell me. Say it loud enough for Mike to hear."

"Fuck," she gasped, as he began to move in and out with long, smooth and steady strokes, "I missed your big cock, Mike."

"That's a good girl," he said, beginning to slam her harder now, "I know exactly what you need. And you're a lucky woman, because your husband knows it, too. He knows that he can't satisfy you with his cute little thing."

"Fuck no," she groaned, "I need a big cock. I understand that not. Fuck me, James. Hurt me with that big prick, please. I want you

to do anything you want."

She was moaning now, gasping as he impaled her repeatedly with his long, thick cock, his thighs slapping into hers in an unrelenting rhythm.

"I need your dick so bad, James," she moaned, "I love it. I realize now that I'm in love with your cock."

"I know, you little slut. It's ok to admit it. You're a size queen. A cheating size queen wife who can't get enough of her ex's big cock."

"God yes. I'm a fucking size queen, and I love cheating with a big cock."

Just then, she saw Mike walk into the kitchen, his cock out of his pants and stroking it.

"Just take a look," said James, holding her head so that she could see Mike as James fucked her from behind, "look at what a small dick your husband has compared to me. How could you ever think something like that was adequate?"

"It's not," she groaned, "I need it big. I understand."

"Tell him. Tell him he's not enough for you."

She looked into Mike's eyes and saw a curious mixture of humiliation and arousal. He nodded gently.

"You can never measure up to him, honey," she moaned, the rhythm of his fuckstrokes audible in her breath, "you don't have a chance. I need a real man and nothing less."

"Fuck yes you do," groaned James, "I'm going to break you in again. Get you used to taking a man's dick."

"Please," she groaned, "I need it so bad. I need to be taught a lesson."

He slapped her ass hard, twice on each cheek and chuckled.

"It's clear you're overdue for a proper spanking. Maybe we'll do that next. But first it's time for me to reclaim this pussy."

"Please…," she gasped, giving herself over to the rhythm and flow of his fucking now, simply letting his body melt into hers as her orgasm began, "use me like the slut I am!"

"Oh FUCK!" he exclaimed, lurching forward and pressing directly against the entrance to her womb as he spurted shot after powerful shot of semen into her.

She climaxed at the exact same moment, having the strongest orgasm she could remember having in the past decade. It was as if her entire body were involved instead of just a few single parts of her. She remembered what it felt like to be really and truly fucked. To be made love to. What it really felt like to be with a man, not a boy.

"Oh my God," she panted, the afterglow suffusing her entire body, "that was incredible. I needed that so badly."

"I know you did," said James, slowly pulling his cock out of her, "and I think Mike needed to see that."

"I definitely did," he said, grinning, still holding his erect cock in his hand, "but I don't think there's any way James is done with you."

"You're right about that," he said, gently letting go of her hair and smoothing it down tenderly, "I've missed your wonderful blowjobs. I think it's time your husband got to see how you suck a man's dick when you have a *true* urge to please him."

"Yes please," she said, biting her lip and looking for the first time in years at the fearsome member that had just given her such a wonderful fuck.

"Wow, have you actually gotten *bigger*?"

"No, I don't think so," said James, guiding her hand to his flaccid member, "but maybe being around you again has given me a half-inch more."

"Just how big is it, actually?"

She gave it a gentle tug, awed by its sheer heft, but then let it drop, afraid of hurting him in his sensitive post-orgasmic state.

"I think we should measure. Don't you, Mike?"

Mike nodded eagerly.

"I've got a tape measure for fabric in the living room," said Jessica, standing slowly and sliding her panties down her legs and stepping out of them.

Chapter 4: Measuring up

The threesome regrouped in the livingroom, Jessica in her somewhat-rumpled dress, now without a bra or panties underneath, James and Mike now both completely naked, having shed their clothing in the kitchen.

"How would you like to do this?" she asked awkwardly.

"I'm going to sit here," said James, taking a seat in an armchair, "and you're going to get on your knees and show me how a good slut services a big dick."

Fuck. How she missed being talked to like that! She would have hated it if Mike had dared to be so direct with her, but with James it seemed so natural that she had no problem dropping to her knees and obeying him immediately.

"You sit over there," he ordered, pointing to the couch.

Mike obeyed immediately. She couldn't say exactly why, but Jessica loved the fact that he was ordering her husband around too. There was no doubt about who was in charge in the situation: the guy with the biggest cock.

She took the shaft of his cock (which now stood at approximately half-mast) and licked along its length, marveling at how long the journey from balls to tip took.

"God, Mike," she said, "I swear it's even bigger than I remembered."

Mike nodded eagerly, stroking his cock from the couch.

She took the tip into her mouth now. The only reason she was successful immediately was that he was not yet fully hard after the powerful orgasm that had resulted in filling her pussy. In fact, she could still feel the cum leaking out of her as she knelt obediently in front of him.

"Such a good little slut," he sighed, stroking her head tenderly as he relaxed in the chair, "show me how a good girl sucks cock."

"Mmm hmm," she said, grabbing his balls now, slowly beginning to bob up and down on his magnificent prick as it rapidly hardened.

She looked up at him for his approval as she opened her mouth as wide as possible in an attempt to avoid her teeth as she struggled to accommodate his girth. She worked the shaft with her hands, slicking it down and letting out low, soft moans as she did.

"You love this cock," he groaned, "just admit it."

"I love your cock," she said submissively, looking up at him in adoration, "I just want to please it. And you."

"You're doing a great job."

He reached down and cupped her ass with one hand.

"Still as sexy as I remember it," he said, giving her a slap that caused her to yelp in delight, "I should really give you a nice, long spanking across my knee."

"I'd love that," she cooed, removing his cock from her mouth for a moment while she looked up at him with lust in her eyes.

"How long has it been since you've been spanked. I mean really spanked by a real man."

"Since the last time you did it," she replied, glancing over at Mike, "he's never shown any interest, and besides, I probably wouldn't take it from him."

He clicked his tongue.

"Mike," he said, "a woman like Jessica needs a strong hand. A bit of male guidance to keep her in line. Plus there's nothing that gets her wetter than a burning behind. Isn't that right?"

"Mm hmm," her mouth was filled with his cock again.

"Well then," he said, "I think it's time you get over my lap and we show Mike the type of disciplinary skills he lacks."

"Yes, Sir," she said, standing eagerly and then lowering herself over his knee.

Even though the pose was a bit silly for a grown woman, it turned her on to be in this familiar submissive position that she hadn't taken for years. She was giving her submission as a gift to Mike, and it felt wonderful that he still enjoyed accepting it so much.

He slowly pulled up her dress, exposing her ass. Leaning on the arm of the couch, she was able to look her husband directly in the eye as she submitted to her ex-boyfriend.

"Well now," said James, "there are a whole lot of things I could probably spank you for. But I think just on general principles, you need a nice long punishment. What do you think?"

"Yes, please," she whispered, already trying to rub herself against his erect cock, which jutted out from his lap, "punish me the way you know that I need it."

He was all too happy to oblige. The first few spanks were gentle, almost firm touches, really, but his rhythm became more regular and the blows harder so gradually that she couldn't have said herself where the transition between playful slapping and full-blown open-hand smacks had occurred. All she knew was that being taken in hand like this drove her wild in a way that nothing in the many years of her marriage to Mike ever had. The more her punished her, the more intent she was on pleasing him. The more often his hand fell across her ass and pussy lips, the more her ache to be filled with his cock intensified.

"Please, please," she begged, tears welling up in her eyes, "I promise to be a good girl. Please let me ride your cock like a good girl."

He wasn't ready for that yet, though. He pressed his thumb up to her gspot, causing her to squirm and writhe with pleasure as his other hand reigned blows down on her punished backside. She was in no condition to pay attention to what Mike was doing, but had she been, she would have seen him absolutely beside himself with arousal, on the verge of coming but trying his utmost to suppress his orgasm and prolong his enjoyment of the way his wife was being treated.

"Come for me you little slut. Come like the slut we all know you are," ordered James, working a finger partway into her ass now.

The sensation of anal penetration combined with his dominant dirty talk was enough to send Jessica over the edge again. She felt her toes curl as she climaxed across his lap, like the perfect submissive slut. She was proud of herself for being able to obey his commands so easily, after so many years.

"Such a good girl," he said, lowering her to the floor, "and as a reward, you may now ride my cock."

"I want to suck it some more first," she said, taking his pole between her lips once more.

It was like she couldn't get enough of his flavor, the soft stiffness of his cock, this physical manifestation of his masculinty that lived between his legs. She felt as if it were her mission as a woman to worship it.

"Oh God, honey," said Mike, his own cock in his hand, "I love watching you pleasure that big dick."

"I know you do," she grinned, looking at her husband, "would you like to finally see how you measure up? Hand me the tape."

A moment later, both men were standing in front of her, their cock in their hands, as she looked up at them mischievously.

"To be completely fair," she said, "I'm going to measure both of you the same way. From the top, pressed all the way to your pubic bone, the curve included."

Mike nodded. The contrast between their two members was clear. His was completely dwarfed by the monstrous erection that sprang from James. But just how big were they?

"Let's start with little Mikey's," she said, knowing that her husband would enjoy the humiliating nickname.

Pressing the end of the tape measure to his pubic bone, she extended it right up to the tip of his erection.

"I don't think I've ever seen you so excited, honey," she laughed, "we should measure you like this more often."

Reading the mark on the ruler, she said, "it looks like you're about 4.6 inches, honey!"

"Four point six," mumbled Mike, his eyes transfixed by James' monster dong.

"Now it's your turn, big boy," said Jessica, pressing the tape to James pubic bone and stretching it to the very tip of his magnificent member.

She let out a low whistle.

"8.57 inches. You're almost twice as long as my husband."

"That's right I am," he said, grinning, "now why don't you drop that tape and get that cock back in your mouth. I want you to show Mike how a woman treats a real man's cock."

"Yes, sir," she said, her voice becoming once more completely submissive.

She began to make love to his cock with her mouth once more, closing her eyes and groaning in pleasure as she fellated him.

"Play with your pussy while you suck me," he ordered, "I want to make sure you're wet enough to ride me."

She found her clit with one hand while she continued to use the other to supplement the use of her mouth on her lover's rod.

"God I love your cock," she groaned, touching her sensitive clit gently as she looked up at him in adoration, "can I please ride it now?"

"Are you wet enough? I want you to taste yourself."

She dipped two fingers into her cunt and then brought them to her lips.

"I'm so ready for you, James," she said, "please, please let me ride it."

James nodded, sitting back down in the chair that he had spanked her in. She stood and straddled him, slowly guiding his gigantic cock into her pussy, which was eager but oh so sensitive from the orgasms he'd already given her.

"That's a good girl," he said as she slid down his slick pole, impaling herself all the way, "I want you to ride that cock. Give Mike a good show."

"Oh yes...," was all she could say, so carried away was she by the sensation of being completely filled again for the second time that night, after so many years of craving it.

"Oh God..."

She began to ride him, closing her eyes and focusing on the motion of their two bodies. She knew that she must have looked beautiful like that, her hair loose and flowing as her well-spanked ass bounced up and down on the biggest most beautiful cock she could imagine. She wanted her husband to see everything. To see the way that she could be with a man who truly attracted her. With a man who knew exactly who she was and what she needed.

"Tell me what you need," James groaned, as if reading her mind.

"I need this big cock. I need it to cum inside me so bad," she moaned.

"You want me to fill that little cunt?"

"Please. Please," she wailed, riding him harder.

"Honey," she said, gazing over at Mike, "I forgot to tell you. I'm not on birth control anymore. I threw out the pills last month when we started talking about James."

Mike's face went through a range of emotions in a matter of seconds, then he twitched completely lost control, dribbling a load of cum all over his hand as he stroked his diminuitive cock.

"God that's hot," he panted.

"Looks like you won't be giving her a baby tonight," laughed Mike.

"Please, please," panted Jessica, "I want you to shoot a baby up inside me, James. Give me what my husband can't."

"God yes," gasped James, "I'm so close..."

She began to ride him faster, moaning his name.

"James, James... give me all of your cum from that 9-inch cock."

She realized she was rounding up in the heat of the moment, but neither James nor Mike seemed to be bothered by the inaccuracy.

"Oh God," moaned James, "here it comes..."

Grabbed her hips, he slammed her down onto his lap for a final time, climaxing inside her and flooding her with warm liquid as she reached yet another climax for the night. When their breathing had returned to normal, she opened her eyes and smiled at him, then dropped to her knees and began to lick every last drop of warm precious cum from his magnificent cock.

"When will you have more for me?" she pouted, looking up at him, "it takes a lot of tries sometimes to get pregnant."

"Just give me a quick break," he laughed, "then we'll try again."

"There's no hurry," said Mike, smiling at them, "you have all night. And as much time as you want in the future, too. I'm certainly not going to stand in your way."

She smiled at him, then leaned in to give her once and current lover a long kiss.

"I'm so glad you're back, James."

James nodded.

"You can thank your husband for that. He's the one who arranged all of this. Including my job."

Jessica beamed, tears coming to her eyes. She pulled Mike in for a kiss as well.

"Mike," she said, "even if you don't have the dick I need, you know exactly what I want, and I'll always love you for that."

"Thank you, Jessica," he said, giving her a quick squeeze before standing up again.

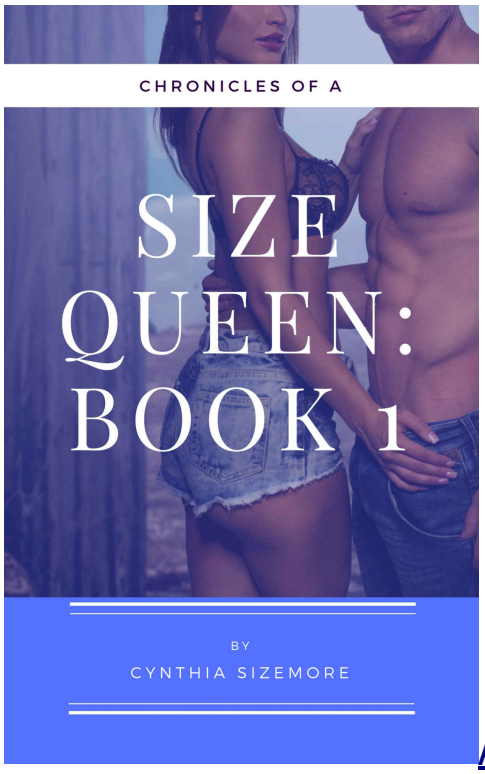
"Anything I can get you two before the next round?" he asked, heading towards the kitchen.

"Just some water," said James.

"For me, too," said Jessica.

Jessica looked at her lover, filled with exhilaration, as if a new chapter in the book of her life had been opened. She couldn't wait to see what it would bring.

THE END



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About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband (sometimes only loosely, other times *very* closely).

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